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THE
UNITED STATES MAGAZINE,
AND
DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.



THE BEST GOVERNMENT IS THAT WHICH GOVERNS LEAST."

NEW SERIES.

VOLUME XIII.

NEW YORK:
J. & H. G. LANGLEY, 57 CHATHAM STREET.
1843.

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Engraved by F* Halpin from a Daguerreotype by Chilton.

Thomas H. Benton



THE
UNITED STATES MAGAZINE,
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Prospectus

FOR THE

NEXT YEAR OF THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW, VOLUMES XIII. AND XIV.

THE Thirteenth Volume commences with the present Number—being the commencement of the third year of the New Series. It is sufficient to say that there will be no remission of the same punctuality and efficiency which have heretofore characterized the arrangements of its publication.

The approaching great struggle of parties, in a Presidential canvass, together with the assembling of a Democratic Congress, will reawaken a new interest and excitement in the political elements, in which there has been for the past year a comparative stagnation. Every indication portends that the contest is to be as stern and severe, as its consequences will be momentous to the "Good Old Cause." That department of the Review will of course experience and reflect this stimulating influence. It is hoped that the friends of the work and of its principles will see the peculiar necessity created by the occasion, of giving it a support, not only continued, but extended, for the promotion of that vigorous efficiency which it is fully intended shall not be wanting on its part. Of its merits or claims, whatever they may be, it is not deemed proper here to speak. But if the numerous letters received from all parts of the country, expressive of approbation, encouragement, and of the sense of its value and importance entertained by the writers—(added to the testimonials of the press, including not a few liberal journals even of opposite political sentiments)—afford any just indication of the disposition generally entertained toward this work by its subscribers, the request may certainly be advanced, with confidence of a friendly reception, that they would adopt the easy and simple mode of promoting its prosperity and securing its successful permanence, by procuring for it additional subscribers. If each would thus procure one—while many could without difficulty procure a considerable number—a very important benefit would be rendered to the Review, and some service, it is hoped, to higher objects than its welfare.

The Editor will be assisted by not a few of the finest and ablest pens that our country can boast.

The series of humorous papers by the author of the celebrated "Charcoal Sketches," entitled "Pennings and Pencillings in and about Town," with admirable illustrations by Darley, engraved on steel, commencing in this Number, will be continued through the volume.

Among the engravings with which it is intended to embellish the Numbers of the ensuing year, will be portraits of Mr. RITCHIE, of Virginia, Colonel JOHNSON, Mr. BANCROFT, Governor CASS, Colonel YOUNG, of New York, and others. A new font of type will be used in the printing. For further particulars of the business arrangement of the publication, see the Prospectus on the cover of the present Number.

THE
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Vol. XIII.

JULY, 1843.

No. LXI.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.*

In the very heart of the Pacific, nearly equidistant from the Old and the New World, lies a group of islands, unsurpassed for salubrity of climate, and equalled by few in fertility of soil. Uniting in their bosom the health-giving breezes of a temperate clime, with the gorgeous splendors of tropical verdure, Nature seems to have marked and isolated them for the purpose of working out there some great end, some wondrous experiment, requiring a peculiar sphere, and combining antagonistic elements; in short, a fitting battleground for barbarism and civilisation. Any one who has paid attention to the history of the Pacific Ocean, for the last fifty years, will readily understand that we mean the Sandwich Islands; a group of volcanic formation, extending from $18^{\circ} 50'$ to $22^{\circ} 20'$ N. latitude, and from $154^{\circ} 53'$ to $160^{\circ} 15'$ longitude west from Greenwich, embracing an area of 6100 square miles, nearly equidistant from Central America, Mexico, California, and the North-West Coast, and also from the Russian dominions,

Japan, China, and the Philippine Islands. They are designated, by the natives, the Hawaii-nei; a term synonymous with Hawaiian Islands.

Of this group, we have now for the first time an authentic history. The author of the volume referred to at the foot of this page, is already favorably known to us as the late editor and publisher of the *Polynesian*, a weekly journal of character and respectability, and an authority upon the commerce, religion, and general history of the Pacific.† From a residence at the Sandwich Islands during some of the most eventful periods of their history, and from the independent position occupied by him there between the parties by whose intrigues and rivalries they have been for many years agitated, Mr. Jarves is unquestionably entitled to respect for his statements of opinion, and to confidence for his statements of facts positively within his own knowledge. Unconnected with the government or with the American Missionaries, he is as reliable a witness and histo-

* History of the Hawaiian or Sandwich Islands; embracing their Antiquities, Mythology, Legends, Discovery by Europeans in the Sixteenth Century, Re-discovery by Cook, with their Civil, Religious, and Political History, from the earliest Traditional Period to the Present Time. By James Jackson Jarves, Member of the American Oriental Society. Boston: Tappan & Dennett. 1843. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 407.

† The *Polynesian*, Vols. I. and II. Honolulu. 1840—41.

rian, as, in a dispute between American Protestantism on the one side, and, on the other, French Catholicism, in partial alliance with English anti-Americanism, we could under any circumstances expect to find in a zealous American and vehement Protestant. If by an expression thus guarded, we imply some want of entire reliance on the impartial fidelity of the *whole* of our author's narrative, we neither make nor mean any other insinuation than he is a *man*. For though personally ourselves both American and Protestant, we cannot claim for even the combination of those two attributes, that unprejudiced, unerring infallibility, which both Mr. Jarves, the American Missionaries, and ourselves, would doubtless unite in denying to that Pope, whose representatives are alleged by him to have brought so much trouble and confusion, religious and political, into the before peaceful order and uniformity of doctrine prevailing in the Islands.

Who were the ancient Hawaiians, the date of the first settlement of the group, the succession of kings, and the increase of civilisation up to the time when they first became known to Europeans—are questions to which we look in vain for solution to the records or traditions of the Hawaiian Islands. For an imaginative people, their traditions are singularly barren and uninteresting. It is, however, worthy of attention, that, like most savage nations, they possess an account of a flood, said to have taken place at a remote period, in which some of the inhabitants were saved by taking refuge in a canoe which rested on the summit of Mauna-Kea, the highest mountain in the Islands. Their origin, too, is accounted for by the statement of an emigration from Tahiti, rendered probable by various points of evidence, on which we need not dwell. So vague and dim, however, had become even the memory of this tradition, that though the name Tahiti is still preserved in the Hawaiian language, it was applied to any foreign country, and to this day its actual signification answers to the English term "abroad." A communication once existed with the other various Polynesian groups, by means of much larger vessels than the canoes, alone in existence when first visited by Captain Cook; and certain points of departure, as the southern extremities of Hawaii and

Kahoolawe, are still designated as "the foreign roads."

The profession of the *bards*, though highly honorable, does not seem to have added much to the store of knowledge, and was rather confined to the excitement of religious enthusiasm, by wild and imaginative songs and odes. Their historical labors were limited to lyrical narrations of miraculous interpositions, to the battles of shadowy though blood-thirsty heroes, and to stirring relations of more than uncertain events. Their men become gods, and their gods as suddenly relapse into men, each seeming perplexed,

"*incertus scamnum, faceretne Priapum.*"

There is little doubt—indeed, none—that the group were visited by Europeans, probably by the Spaniards, previously to the voyage of Captain Cook. That great navigator found the value of iron, of which there existed no native specimens, well known. On the return of the first visitors sent to examine Cook's ships, the report of the great quantity of iron seen on board the ships excited the cupidity of the chiefs, and one of the warriors volunteered to seize it, saying, "I will go and take it, as it is my business to plunder." He went, and in the attempt was fired upon and killed. Some fragments of iron hoop and of a sword-blade, in possession of the chiefs, were said to have been left there by white men. Various traditions remain of the visits of parties of white men, either in vessels stopping at the Islands, or thrown on them by shipwreck. These were doubtless some of the earlier Spanish navigators of the Pacific. As Mr. Jarves remarks, the singularly "graceful form of the helmets, and the elegance of the feathered mantles, so unlike the usual rude arts of the islanders, bearing as they did a striking resemblance in form to those formerly worn among the Spaniards," together with other similar evidences of a better taste and knowledge, probably derived their origin from visitors of that nation. A number of Hawaiian words also exhibit a strong analogy with the Spanish. One white individual who thus landed alone on one of the islands—either the sole survivor from a shipwreck, or perhaps some zealous priest landing from a passing ship, in a solitary sublimity of self-

devotion, as a missionary—is thus remembered in tradition by the name of Paao, as having brought with him a large and a small idol, which by his persuasions were enrolled in the Hawaiian calendar of gods, and as having become a powerful and influential man; that he was a humane one, too, would appear from the tradition of his having induced the king to spare the life of one of his sons who had been ordered to execution. The last of these visits can be referred to a period nearly a century and a half prior to Cook's arrival (in 1778); a time quite sufficient, when coupled with their many bloody wars and changes, to have dimmed the recollection of events, and thrown a veil over the whole. "Enough has been preserved," says our author,

"to establish the fact that centuries since, vessels visited these islands, and that several parties landed on them, and left progeny, whose descendants are distinguished even to this day, by their lighter skin, and brown or red curly hair, called *ehu*, and who highly esteem their origin. Kaikoewa, a celebrated warrior and late governor of Kauai, traced his ancestry to one of these strangers. A party of white men, called *Hea*, are said to have roamed wild in the mountains, occasionally making inroads upon the more fertile districts, much to the terror of the inhabitants, particularly the females."

But this fact is, after all, of no great importance, nor does it detract one leaf from the hard-earned laurels of Captain Cook. If others made the discovery, and chose for selfish purposes to conceal their knowledge, it is obvious that the real merit and honor will accrue to him who first disclosed his information to the world. Captain Cook, if not the first at the islands, is nevertheless the first who made known their existence to civilized nations, and as such, must be accounted their discoverer.

The situation of the Hawaiian Islands, in 1778, at the time of the arrival of this celebrated navigator, must be understood before we can comprehend the almost miraculous changes which have taken place from their intercourse with the more civilized white man. Imagination can hardly present a more degraded picture of imbruted heathenism than was there exhibited. Virtue, as such, was not known; indolence, which was supposed to be akin to good

nature, was the nearest approach to it. Superstition the most blind and besotted, kept in continual and fearful operation by a wicked priesthood, knew no bounds to its credulity. A multitude of cruel, blood-loving, and licentious gods, and the universal terrors of witchcraft, enforced and retained a horrible power in the human sacrifices and obscene rites which they enjoined. Home had no pleasant associations, and the natural love of kin had no existence. Cruelty to the aged and infirm, and the more unnatural crime of infanticide, were so common as to pass unnoticed as the change of the seasons. Such friendship and hospitality as are practicable without kindness, were not wanting. The social virtues, which flow from the relations of the sexes, found their only acceptance in a frightful licentiousness and a promiscuous concubinage. Woman had no influence, as she was more degraded than her master. Thievishness and drunkenness pervaded all ranks. The arbitrary *tabu*, issued by priest or chief, threw a fatal chain over the common people, who, from ages of oppression and slavery, degenerated till they became the fit tools of their masters, who ruled with an unsparing rigor. Their wars were cruel, and cannibalism was not the most revolting feature. In short, a brutal fear was the holiest sentiment of their religion, and an abuse of all the bountiful gifts of the Creator afforded the only proof of their existence as free agents.

It is needless to recapitulate the events of Cook's visit to the Hawaiian Islands. They are familiar to all of us from childhood. His tragical fate furnished the natural termination of the interesting tale. Mr. Jarves gives a spirited description of that unfortunate mariner's death, from which we should be pleased to quote, did our limits permit. He attributes that untoward event to want of judgment,—added to a line of conduct, in relation to the savages by whom he was received as a long expected divinity, but little creditable to him, either as a man of humanity, or of good faith and just dealing. As Cook was treated as a God by the natives, and hesitated not to take advantage of their superstition for his own selfish ends, when they discovered their mistake, revenge, the first impulse of a savage, as well for many other wrongs

as for this deception, sought its natural satisfaction, on an occasion on which it was stimulated by a particular provocation of the most exasperating character.

The incorrect accounts of the cause of Cook's death restricted the intercourse of the natives of the islands with foreigners for some years. But in 1786, trade was opened by the vessels, King George and Queen Charlotte, which has continued to increase steadily up to the present time. Occasional outrages, for which foreigners were too often themselves to blame, were sufficient to keep up for many years the reputation of the Hawaiians for cruelty and treachery.

The arrival of Vancouver in 1792 and the subsequent publication of his narrative, had the effect of producing a more just opinion of the character and capabilities of the Hawaiians. His treatment of the natives and of King Kamehameha, was benevolent, honest, and impartial, though firm and polite, and it enabled him to prove that degraded as were the people, in their state of heathen brutality, they were yet susceptible of more moral and religious improvement than Cook had represented. Indeed, his whole deportment at the islands, afforded a most marked and forcible contrast to that of the last-named navigator, whose errors Vancouver, as a junior officer with him, had personally observed and deemed necessary to avoid. The visit produced a most agreeable effect upon the islanders, who first learned, from his example, the power of morality and religion, and the true policy of justice.

It was unfortunate for their civilisation that the death of this estimable man prevented the fulfilment of his promise to return to the Islands. No one had as yet exercised upon them an influence so thoroughly beneficial, and no one of the numerous foreigners who visited the Islands before 1810, is remembered with so much affection and gratitude. Intercourse with foreigners had alone taught them their wants and their inferiority to civilized nations; and among the more intelligent of the natives who first endeavored to possess themselves of the various qualities which were recognized as necessary to put them on a par with the strangers, was Kamehameha I., the king of the Islands. This great savage, in the

imaginative language of the Hawaiians, "the lonely one," although not born to the sovereignty of the group, eventually made himself, by his own superiority of character and resources, from the ruler of one island, the king of the whole. This master-mind at once comprehended the degradation of his race, and he put from him, by one effort, the whole incubus of drunkenness, licentiousness, cruelty and avarice, which had become the nature of the island chieftains. He felt his own superiority to those around him, and made himself the first in power as he was the first in acuteness, foresight and general intelligence. What management failed to accomplish was obtained by force, until he had rendered himself the undisputed master. Brave to rashness, and conquering his enemies as much by policy as by strength, he first gained victories which were not sullied by indiscriminate slaughter and outrage. The chiefs subdued by his arms were won over to the strongest adherence by his combined mercy and skilful policy, and the magnanimous use which he made of his victories. This extraordinary character, although he had heard of Christianity, died (1819) in the faith of his ancestors. His active mind impelled him to make the inquiry of such Europeans as were attached to his person, what was the nature and importance of the new religion; but unfortunately, not one of them possessed sufficient knowledge or belief in the truth of Christianity, to satisfy his yearnings for a more spiritual and rational faith. We regret that the restriction of our limits forbid our dwelling more at length on the character and history of this great and good old savage, who, on his scale and in his sphere, was undoubtedly one of the most remarkable men the age has produced.

He was succeeded by his son, Liholiho, or, as he styled himself, Kamehameha II., whose qualities were insufficient to retain the influence possessed by his father. Surrounded by base and designing whites, their wicked counsels kept down for a season the progress of civilisation, and at one time threatened a permanent return to heathenism. Eventually his better nature and better counsels prevailed, and the missionaries (who came to the island shortly after his accession), were enabled to continue their benevolent labors. The subse-

quent history of this king and his consort, Kamamalu, their voyage to England, and the fatal termination of their tour in the death of both of them in 1824, are familiar to the public, and it is unnecessary to record the closing scenes of the reign here. His brother, the present king of the islands, Kamehameha III., succeeded him. The policy of this ruler has encouraged intercourse with civilised nations, has protected the Mission, and bids fair to place his country in some respects on a level which many European nations might in vain attempt to attain. By his direction, a constitution has been framed and a code of laws, suited to the nature of the islands, established. Order and decorum now prevail among a people accustomed to every scene of outrage and violence. Commerce has received an impulse from his fostering hand, and the native resources of the islands have been made productive. Security of life and property have attracted a more intelligent class of foreigners, and the prosperity of the islands, if secured from external interference, will continue steadily to advance as their great advantages become more fully recognized. Of their political importance we shall speak more fully, as it is a subject comparatively misunderstood in the United States.

The arrival of the American Missionaries shortly after the accession of Liholiho or Kamehameha II., has been already alluded to. They landed on the 3d of March, 1820—an event the most important, in the consequences of which it was to be the seed, that has yet occurred in the history of the Hawaiian archipelago. The increased intercourse with foreigners, and the impunity with which they had broken through the *tabu*, in defiance of a supposed offended divinity, had already shaken the faith of the more intelligent, in the truth of the system in which they had been educated. Before the arrival of the Missionaries, the king Liholiho had given the death-blow to the old superstition, by the destruction of the idols and by his open neglect of the ceremonies which it enjoined. His observation had shown him the superiority of the whites on the islands over their native population; and if the example and influence of the Europeans did not lead him to Christianity, they

taught him at least the folly of Paganism. Although some of those whites who were about his train were outcasts from other lands, were not only debased and licentious, but even endeavored to impede rather than to aid any improvement in the character and habits of the king, which would have rebuked their own more criminal viciousness, and withdrawn him from their influence, they could not entirely suppress the evidence of their superiority to the natives, as exhibited in the greater amount of knowledge which they possessed. Commerce, even with an inferior class of whites, had smoothed the path for the Mission, and the Hawaiians had already a suspicion that there existed better civilized people than resided among them. It is a fact not generally known or believed in the religious world, that the success of missions has always been in direct proportion to the contemporaneous intercourse with white men engaged in trade. The testimony of the whole Pacific proves this to be true. The intercourse of the Society and Sandwich groups with the whites, and the traffic carried on previous to and since the establishment of missions in these groups, has elevated them above the Samoa and Friendly isles, where communication with other whites than missionaries is limited, and where those benevolent individuals themselves admit, that though the appearance of the people is flattering to their efforts, the result is still doubtful.

The few Methodists who were settled upon the Feejees, have hitherto entirely failed of success, as the barbarous character of the natives has driven foreign commerce to less treacherous shores. The Kingsmill group, though little known, is yet unprepared for missionary enterprise; while Ascension and Rotuma are predisposed by foreign residents for proper religious impressions. It may be gratifying to sectarian zeal to magnify the results attained by missionary labors, and attribute to their efforts results little short of miraculous; truly, the main bulk of the worthy men composing the glorious little army of Christian missionaries, have labored for their holy cause with a devotion unsurpassed in the annals of religious and moral enterprise; but it is no reflection on their motives, and no deduction from the value of their zeal, to tell the whole truth in an examination

of the causes which are making the isles of the Pacific cast away their idols, and turn to the worship of the true God.

The time has now passed when the finger of derision can be pointed to the Sandwich Islands, as a signal instance of the failure of missions. The narratives of missionary perseverance, self-denial, and final success, are no longer held to be exaggerated or too highly colored. To the shame of civilized man be the melancholy fact told, that the principal obstacles to the success of the Mission in the islands, until very recently, have been found among the foreign residents, who have opposed the increase of intelligence and morality, because thereby their gains were lessened. They could no longer deceive the native in the value of the merchandise which they offered for his purchase. To their misrepresentations and falsehoods may be traced most of the erroneous impressions received by various intelligent shipmasters, which were circulated so extensively at home, to the discredit of the Mission. We wish that the list of ill-doers only comprised private citizens, and we blush to record the fact that the efforts of the government of the Islands to suppress vice and preserve decorum have been violently set at naught by an officer of our own Navy. We hope never to be compelled to record a series of outrages so disgraceful as were consequent, in January, 1826, upon the arrival of the U. S. schooner *Dolphin*, commanded by Lieut. John Percival, whose personal interference obliged the chiefs to suspend the laws made to restrain the licentiousness formerly practised by the crews of the foreign shipping at the Islands. The particulars of this shameful affair may be found on page 264 of Mr. Jarves's work. Happily the interference of American naval commanders has been since thrown on the side of morality and order.

This is not the place, nor have we limits, to relate the various misrepresentations, the open and secret opposition, the cunningly-devised temptations, and the flagrant immorality for which foreigners and some of our own citizens are accountable. The following are Mr. Jarves's remarks :

"It is an ungrateful task to be obliged to record, side by side with the benevolent

efforts of civilized individuals, the diabolical attempts of others to undermine their successful labors. But the full value of the one cannot be accurately appreciated without a knowledge of the depravity of the other. In exact proportion as the mission flourished, and the doctrines of Christianity began to have a perceptible influence upon the acts of the government and the character of the nation, in like manner did the opposition of evil-loving individuals increase. Such persons, it is to be hoped, were few; but no artifice was too low for them to commit, or falsehood too gross to be circulated. In most cases, the villainess of the one, and the shallowness of the other, defeated their own intentions. As the narrative proceeds, the nature and design of the enmity to the spread of Christianity will be shown. Originating in a few worthless vagabonds, the contamination gradually spread to persons, if not of better principles, of more knowledge; and the falsities so diligently uttered by the former, found their way into journals and reviews, whose editors would have shrunk from contact with their authors, as from plague-spots, had they but known them. In no place has the triumph of the cross been more signal than at the Hawaiian islands; in none other has enmity been more bitterly manifested. Instead of adducing arguments against supposed faults of the system, or affording any tangible ground to base an attack, the characters of its advocates were assailed by the grossest calumnies, and the faith and resolutions of its converts, by the most artful designs," &c..

If the islander had no better friend than the American missionary, in too many cases he had no worse enemy than the American resident. It is sufficient for us to allude to the fact of the vast importance of religious causes in the gradual civilisation of the Islands. The subject is one of the most deeply interesting which has yet been offered for the consideration of humanity. It is in our power to view the whole contest between Paganism and Christianity upon a narrow field; and, to our great joy, it has been decided triumphantly for the cause of civilisation and the Cross. Nowhere has the whole fabric of heathenism and idolatry been demolished so effectually, and in so short a space of time. Nowhere have those, whose natural position and duties should have made them the friends of the pagan, so wantonly and wickedly interfered to oppose the progress of Christianity, and nowhere

have their malignant efforts been so righteously frustrated.

In addition to these sources of trouble, and hindrance to the improvement of the Islands, has been another, within the ranks of those who ought rather to have been united in a fraternal harmony, in the sacred mission to which both were devoted, than thus arrayed in an attitude of mutual hostility, and a spirit of embittered sectarian animosity. We allude to the Catholic controversy. On this question we had at first looked to Mr. Jarves's book with a hope to find an impartial statement of its merits, in that spirit of candor and just liberality befitting the responsibility assumed by him as its historian. In this expectation we have to confess ourselves somewhat disappointed. No one, an entire stranger to the whole subject, can go through his narrative of it, without experiencing, as it seems to us, a strong reaction of distrust against the truth of a history so manifestly one-sided,—of a picture so exclusively composed of dazzling lights on the one side and the darkest of shades on the other. None but a mind as deeply imbued as is evidently that of the author, with that spirit of violent anti-Catholic feeling—(nay, bigotry is scarce too strong a term)—so prevalent amongst most of the sects of Protestantism, can fail, as it seems to us, to feel the force of his testimony as a witness to be greatly impaired by the undisguised strength of his prejudice against the one of the parties, and the one of the sides to the controversy. Mr. Jarves puts forward in his Preface a special claim to confidence, on the score of disinterestedness in the premises, because, forsooth, he did not happen to belong to "the same sect" as the missionary body in the Islands,—as if it would make much difference in the degree of justice which the *Catholics* would be likely to receive at his hands, in relation to a controversy vehemently sectarian and partly national, whether he found his place within one particular shade or another, of the various denominations of Protestantism. Whatever comparatively trifling variations of doctrine or discipline may erect their countless imaginary barriers of separation in the midst of them, yet, in general, these differences amongst themselves are but an emulation of animosity against the common object

of the hostility and alarm of them all. We have no doubt that Mr. Jarves means to be true and just, and honestly believes himself as disinterested and as free from bias as he thus professes to be. But alas for that worst form of prejudice which is always loudest in asserting its own impartiality—yes, and sincerest in believing it!

The leading outlines of the case are simply these, so far as we have been able to derive any just conclusions from the perusal of the conflicting statements of the antagonist parties. The Protestant Missionaries sent out by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, got the first possession of the ground, having arrived at the Islands in May, 1820, at the commencement of the reign of Kamehameha II. They at first obtained permission to remain for a single year, within which time they so far succeeded in gaining the favor of the king and the chiefs, by their excellence of character and life, and by the progress which they made in the propagation of the divine truths they came to teach, that their root was already struck too deep into the soil of this new and interesting field of missionary labor, to be ever again overthrown. They speedily acquired a controlling ascendancy of influence in the counsels of the government, of which they did not fail to make the use befitting their character as ministers of the Gospel, and in harmony with the great objects of their presence there. The Mission became the principle of a new order—the animating force of a new and strong movement. It took possession of the nascent civilisation just beginning to appear, under the influence of various causes antecedent to its arrival as well as connected with its immediate labors; and while it exerted itself with a successful zeal to stimulate its development, it strove to impress upon it a strong and pervading religious character. Properly to understand the part it played, it should be borne in mind that the religion and government of the Islands have always been closely united; nor in the change in both of them—(the one from the gross brutality of heathenism before prevalent to Christianity, and the other from the savage despotism of the petty kings and chiefs to a form of government not far removed now from one of constitutional

freedom)—could it be otherwise than that the same union should continue. Christianized by the influence of the Mission, the leading members of the government naturally sought to apply to practice, and to enforce with the usual zeal of recent conversion, the ideas of religious and moral duty which they derived both from the doctrines they thus learned, and from the lives of their good and pious teachers. Hence doubtless many severe regulations for the observance of the Sabbath, the suppression of intemperance and licentiousness, &c., against which the habits of moral laxity of many of the foreign residents, and most of the seafaring classes of men who frequented the islands, would naturally dispose them to rebel, with an angry and resentful feeling against those to whose influence they very justly attributed them.

To the reports in various ways spread abroad through the agency of these influences, may be ascribed the general prevalence of the belief in the puritanical and priest-ridden character of the native government, under the controlling though subtle sway of an ambitious missionary priesthood, reproducing here on a small scale all the symptoms that have everywhere attended the domination of similar classes of men in the political affairs of governments. That the American Mission did possess the power thus ascribed to its members, is indisputable; in the very nature of things it was inseparable from their position, and their relation to the government and people of whose growing civilisation they were the nucleus. It is not impossible, too, that they may have on some occasions made a use of it, more consistent with their own peculiarly strict notions of religious duty, than judicious or conciliatory;—for we find even Mr. Jarves, their warm friend and indiscriminate eulogist, admitting respecting Mr. Bingham, (who appears to have been the most active and influential individual of the Mission), that “it must be acknowledged he possessed a tenacity of opinion, and a sectarian zeal, which at times separated him in some degree from his friends, and marred his usefulness.” But with all allowance for this, and for that peculiar severity of conscientious hostility to everything tinged with a character of Roman Catholicism, which is less individual than

the pervading spirit of their sect and body, it is yet abundantly evident that they have fulfilled the duties of their vocation well and worthily, as faithful servants of their Master and friends of their fellow-men; and their labors have certainly been the means, under God, of producing fruits of moral and social regeneration, on a larger scale, and of a more signal excellence and value, than seem ever to have rewarded a similar enterprise and devotion, in any case of missionary history within our remembrance.

It was not likely that the Roman Catholic Church should witness the rapid progress thus making by a Protestant Mission in gaining possession of such a ground, without at least an effort to dispute so desirable a conquest, by a fair rivalry and competition of missionary enterprise. Accordingly two priests made their appearance at the Islands, on the 7th of July, 1827, from the college of Picpus in France, the one M. Bachelot, a Frenchman, and the other Mr. Short, a British citizen by birth. This event had its immediate origin in an application made to the College by a Mr. Rives, a Frenchman, of whose character no very creditable account is given by Mr. Jarves, who accompanied Liholiho on his visit to England, and from thence proceeded to France. This application was stated to be at the request of Boki, a chief of rank in attendance on Liholiho. The regency of the kingdom remained in the hands of the old queen Kaahumanu, widow of the first king, Kamehameha I., and an able and distinguished chief named Kalaimoku, with whom it had been left by Liholiho (Kamehameha II.) on his departure for England. Kalaimoku, in the figurative language of the people termed the “iron cable” of Hawaii, died on the 2d of March, 1827; the old queen, a woman of great energy and imperiousness of character, remaining sole regent. Boki, who was a brother of Kalaimoku, was vested with the guardianship of the young king. It appears that the priests never obtained formal permission to establish themselves permanently on the islands; though they were favored by Boki, and allowed to erect a house and a chapel. It was not likely that they could long remain at peace with the American Mission, or with the native government which was

so entirely under their indirect control. It would seem that there was a considerable opposition party or faction in the Islands, which united all the elements of discontent generated by the rigid system of government established under the Missionary influence. The sectarian antagonism between the Protestants and Catholics, thus gradually assumed also a political tinge; and Boki, who became the chief reliance of the priests and their friends, aspiring to the regency, at one period assumed an attitude which threatened an armed revolution. The old queen, the head of the other party and of the regular government, was the firm and zealous friend of the Missionaries, of whom she is represented by the Catholics as the mere tool. In 1829, the priests lost their main support, in the person of Boki, who perished on an expedition which he undertook in quest of an island supposed to contain a rich quantity of sandal-wood, of which the Sandwich Islands themselves were by this time nearly exhausted. At about the same period, the young king began to interpose personally in the public affairs, being now in his seventeenth year. He has ever since been warm and firm in the support of the Missionaries and what may be termed their policy. The influence of the old queen Kaahumanu continued unabated, till her death in June, 1832. It was exerted in a strenuous opposition to the Catholics. Severe charges have been urged against the Mission of having stimulated this spirit, and of having been the indirect authors of the really cruel and abominable persecutions to which the Catholics were subjected. These are as earnestly denied on the other side; and the anxiety manifested to repel the imputation is an acknowledgment of the gravity of the offence, if true. We do not think that a success perfectly satisfactory attends these efforts at exculpation. The influence of the Mission could undoubtedly have prevented these persecutions, had its members seen proper adequately to exert it. The ground on which the imperious old queen justified the punishment of the Catholic converts was the law against "*idolatry*," a law having reference to the gross and pagan idolatry of the old superstition of the people. The habit of many of the Protestant sects of denouncing some of the

usages of the Roman Catholic Church as "*idolatry*," is too well known to need remark; and there is no doubt that this mode of attack against the progress of the obnoxious intruders was plied to the utmost. "As the proselytism of natives slowly progressed and the Romish mission gave indications of permanency," writes Mr. Jarves—

"the Protestant missionaries, by force of argument, teaching, and all the influence they could lawfully employ, endeavored to arrest its progress. The minds of the chiefs were sufficiently established; the variable disposition of the mass was feared. Sermons, defending the theology of Protestantism, and attacking the dogmas of the hostile church, were uttered from every pulpit; tracts gave further circulation to their opinions, and a war of discussion was commenced and actively pursued. Government lent its aid, and unfortunately for the principle, though necessarily for its support, church and state were united more closely than ever."

The English consul, Mr. Charlton, who is represented as a man of profligate character, sided against the Mission throughout all this period, and contributed greatly by his influence to strengthen the "opposition." It was at last resolved by the government to expel the Catholic priests from the Islands, and an order was given to Messrs. Bachelot and Short, on the 2d of April, to depart in three months. This order, several times repeated, they continued to evade, on the pretext of inability to procure a vessel; till on 24th of December they were placed on board a small vessel belonging to the government, and landed on the shores of California. Kaahumanu died in the following June, 1833, from which time the young king, now on the throne, Kamehameha III., assumed all the responsibilities of government. On the 17th of April, 1837, the two banished priests reappeared at Honolulu, as passengers on board of a vessel named the *Clementine*, the property of a Mr. Dudoit, a Frenchman, though wearing English colors. A few months before there had been two vessels of war at the Islands, the one English and the other French; the commander of the former of which, Lord Edward Russel, had forced upon the king, under the threat of his guns, a treaty of which

one clause permitted the residence of English subjects conforming to the laws. The king in reply to the expostulations of Captain Vaillant, the commander of the French vessel of war, against the banishment of the priests, had stated that it had been the act of the old queen, under the control of the Missionaries, and that he was willing they should return—an allegation on the Catholic side of the controversy, which is denied on the other. On their landing from the *Clementine*, the priests were immediately ordered to re-embark, which they refused to do, the destination of her voyage not being one to which they were willing to be carried. The owner, Dudoit, refused also to receive them on board, threatening to abandon his vessel, as piratically seized by the government, if they were placed on board by force. The latter measure was, however, resorted to by the government, and the flag accordingly hauled down and the vessel abandoned, under protest and heavy claim of damages. This occurrence having taken place on the 28th of May, 1837, they remained on board, prisoners, till, on the 8th of July, the British ship of war *Sulphur*, Captain Belcher, arrived, followed on the 10th by a French one, the *Venus*, Captain Du Petit Thouars. These officers were immediately appealed to, by the two prisoners of their respective nations; and in concert they demanded their release—a claim which was earnestly contested in the assembly of chiefs, by Mr. Bingham, of the Mission, acting as interpreter. Unable to obtain their demand, the two commanders proceeded to liberate and land them by force. Consent for their stay till a favorable opportunity to depart, was obtained with extreme difficulty, with the condition that they should not in the mean time preach. Mr. Short took his departure for Valparaiso, on the 30th of October following; a few days after which, arrived another French priest, M. Maigret, who was peremptorily forbidden to land. Captain Du Petit Thouars had during his stay negotiated a treaty, in which it was stipulated that “the French shall come and go freely in all the states which compose the government of the Sandwich Islands.” This was construed by the government to refer only to French citizens of ordinary pursuits, and not to have been

meant to include Catholic priests. The French consul, M. Dudoit, claimed the right for M. Maigret, under this stipulation, to land, declaring that he came to the Islands only transitorily, intending shortly to proceed on his way to another destination, and offering to guarantee that he should not give any religious instruction, nor violate any law of the country, during his stay. The government were, however, inexorable; they placed no confidence in the sincerity of these declarations; and M. Maigret was forced to purchase a small schooner, from which, on the 17th of November, he took his departure without landing for the Island of Ascension,—together with M. Bachelot, who was in an extremely reduced state of health; under which he soon sank, dying on board the small vessel in which he found himself thus compelled to embark. A truly pious, zealous, and devoted minister of Christ, his memory is justly regarded with love and veneration, by all able to do justice to those qualities in a Catholic priest, as having fallen a martyr to his faith and his mission, in the service to which he felt himself summoned by his duty, as well as commanded by his Church.

Shortly after this, December 18th, 1837, an ordinance by the king was proclaimed, emphatically prohibiting the Catholic religion; forbidding the performance of any of its services, the teaching of any of its “peculiarities,” or the landing or residence in the islands of any one teaching “the Pope’s religion or anything similar.” This was placed on the ground of its tendency to excite disturbance, and of the impropriety “that two religions be found in this small kingdom.” This edict of course issued, indirectly if not directly, from the American Mission; to which in sooth it does but little credit, though its members undoubtedly acted in accordance with their conscientious convictions of duty in the service of God. There were within the following years numerous instances of cruel persecution of the Catholics, under the old statute against “idolatry;” though we see no reason to impute to the same quarter the responsibility of such measures as these. On the contrary, their counsels seem to have been positive against them. At length on the 9th of July, 1839,

arrived a French frigate, *l'Artemise*, Captain Laplace, armed with power to coerce the native government into a more liberal and tolerant treatment of the subjects and the religion of France. He made short work of the task he came to do. He treated as an insult to France the stigma of "idolatry" attached to what was her national religion, and insisted that if the Sandwich Islands claimed the rights of a civilized community within the pale of the law of nations, they should conform to that principle of toleration in religion now at least universal among civilized nations. Captain Laplace carried matters with a high-handed energy and resolution, against which no resistance was of any avail; and the government was at last forced to consent to a treaty allowing *full and perfect freedom of religion* to the Catholics,—depositing the sum of twenty thousand dollars in his hands in guarantee for their adherence to it.

There was one particular on this occasion in which the French commander was led into a measure of gross injustice and outrage, which would merit a severer reprobation, were it not apparent that he acted honestly on an erroneous understanding of the case. Having announced his intention of commencing hostilities by a certain appointed time, if his demands were not complied with, he offered an asylum on board his frigate to the other foreigners whose lives would be exposed to danger in the midst of such scenes, with the following exception, stated in his note to the American consul :

"I do not, however, include in this class the individuals who, although born, it is said, in the United States, make a part of the Protestant clergy of the chief of this Archipelago, direct his counsels, influence his conduct, and are the true authors of the insults given by him to France. For me they compose a part of the native population, and must undergo the unhappy consequences of a war which they shall have brought on this country."

This was undoubtedly meant for the American Mission, collectively. It was so understood by them, even though its terms might not properly include them all, nor perhaps any of them, inasmuch as they deny, and successfully disprove, the greater part of

the allegations involved in it, respecting their conduct and position. Thus without investigation, without trial, to include in the horrors of the threatened war a body of men, of exemplary Christian character and life, resident on the Islands as missionaries, and denying the justice of the charges against them, was an act of most unjustifiable violence and wrong; and had it been carried into effect might have led to very serious national consequences. We regret to perceive that our consul, Mr. Brinsmade, was strangely wanting to the duty of a representative of his country on such an occasion. We look in vain for the energetic remonstrance which he should have made against such an outlawry of a portion of his fellow-citizens. We know of no act nor sign by which he exhibited to the French commander that he was even dissatisfied with his arrangements, and did not quietly submit to them. Our natural surprise at so unworthy a course on the part of the representative entrusted with the safety and honor of the American flag, is equalled only by that which cannot but be felt, that that sacred trust should have been continued in such incompetent hands, a day after the reception of the intelligence of these events by his government. Since the affair of the *Artemise*, an active rivalry has stimulated the efforts of the two competing Missions. The Catholics number upwards of five thousand converts, the Protestants about eighteen thousand. The reader need not be told that we look upon the former fact with a very different eye from that with which it seems to be regarded by our author; against whose otherwise highly valuable and interesting work the only objection we have to bring is the strong spirit of sectarian prejudice by which so many of its pages are disfigured.

It would be an interesting task, were it permitted by our space, to describe at length the vast improvement, moral, social, and political, of which these Islands have been the scene, under the influences of Christianity and commerce, within the period of scarcely half a century. Many impressive details on this subject will be found in the recent annual reports of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, as also spread through the numbers of the *Missionary Herald*.

Mr. Jarves's work contains a copy of the constitution which has been adopted for their government, a political instrument reflecting high credit on those to whose instructions and advice the natives owe its possession. Guaranteeing the protection of the leading great personal rights of person and property, and basing its system of government on the law of God and general spirit of His word, it organizes an executive, with two legislative bodies, and a judiciary, and provides for a popular administration of equitable laws. Under its operation, supported by a continuation of such favoring influences as have thus far shed their blessings on the population of the Islands, there is every reason to expect, before the passage of many generations, to behold the Hawaiians as a nation elevated into a condition not unworthy of an honorable place within the great community of civilized Christendom. The efforts of the American missionaries have not merely been limited to the religious culture of the Hawaiians. They have justly considered that no nation in the present age, can really appreciate the benefits to be derived from Christianity, unless at the same time it attains a certain degree of intellectual cultivation. In this view, having reduced the language to a written form, they have established schools, which are now supported by the native government; so that few of the younger people of either sex are unable to read. Numerous historical, scientific and religious works of an elementary nature, have been printed. The constitution which has been adopted has been already mentioned; it is one of the most remarkable documents in the history of the world, as containing a voluntary cession of power by superiors to inferiors; a code of laws civil and criminal, fitted to the nature of the islanders, has been formed; and trial by jury, so equitable as to be resorted to by foreigners in questions involving large amounts of money, have secured the judgment of his peers to any subject; and to crown the whole, the Hawaiian legislature has annual sessions—verily this has the resemblance if not the reality of a civilized country.

The physical phenomena of the islands, are well worthy of our inspection. Among them we may mention volcanic changes which have occurred,

the frequency of slight earthquakes, and the gradual increase of coast. Although no mention is made of a Hawaiian St. Patrick, there are no serpents, frogs or toads upon the islands. The climate is remarkably even, ranging only from 37 degrees to 77 degrees Fahrenheit in the winter months, and from 76 degrees to 83 degrees in the summer. The fertility of the soil and the nutritious powers of the *Kalo* plant are so great, that the group is capable of supporting an immense population, (Hawaiian Spectator, vol. 1, pp. 75.) Notwithstanding this fact there is no doubt of a large decrease of population since they have become known to the whites. This fact is, however, distinctly assignable to special causes, which are very satisfactorily explained in Mr. Jarves's work (page 397 et seq.) which have now ceased to operate. The present population is about 100,000.

Brief space only remains to us for a topic on which we had designed to speak at greater length, and with an emphasis that should give expression to the unanimous feeling strongly pervading the United States. We refer to the recent violent, and even brutal seizure of this lovely archipelago by an English naval commander, Lord Paulet, on grounds not rising to the level of even a pretext—an act of sheer, simple, downright and outright spoliation, on "the good old plan." The French had recently possessed themselves of the Marquesas, and again of Tahiti, though with rather more management, rather more decency in the mode. With a worthy rivalry in robbery, the English naval force in the Pacific makes all sail for the Sandwich Islands; and in disregard of the fact that commissioners were at the very time in England for the settlement of a treaty, he coolly commands and compels the helplessness of the native government to cede the islands to the British crown,—to give up "the life of the land," in the words of the touching address by the king, Kamehameha III., to his people. In all its circumstances this was one of the most outrageous outrages that have ever disgraced even the foreign domination of that great maritime and mercantile tyranny—so insatiate in its aims, so unprincipled in its means. It was not only an abomination of injustice in the

act itself, but in the manner, also, so bold, so brutal, it was in bad taste—shockingly bad. But we reserve further remark on this point till the reception of intelligence from England, as to the action of her government. Their officer has been the Thief—will they be the Receiver?

Others may indulge a more liberal hope, respecting the course that will be pursued by England, based on the fortunate fact that the terms of a treaty had been already arranged at London by the commissioners from the Islands, involving a full recognition of their nationality and their independence. For ourselves, we have read the foreign history of England in vain, if the great lion should give up the poor little mouse on which it has thus set its huge paw.

The emphatic and indignant protest of our government will have already crossed the ocean before this Number of this Review. To us it is a matter of scarcely less grave concern than to the plundered people themselves. Within the last five years, the Sandwich Islands have assumed a high political importance in the Pacific. Their favorable commercial position, the security of their harbors, and the necessary visits of whaling ships, have attracted thither the best part of the commerce of that ocean. The vital consequence of their independence to the interests of the United States, in the Pacific, cannot be over-estimated. Mr. Jarves says :

“If the ports of this group were closed to neutral commerce, many thousand miles of ocean would have to be traversed before havens possessing the requisite conveniences for recruiting or repairing shipping, could be reached. This fact illustrates their great importance in a naval point. Should any one of the great nations seize upon them, it might be considered as holding the key of the North Pacific—for no trade could prosper in their vicinity, or even exist, while a hostile power, possessing an active and powerful marine, should send forth its cruisers to prey upon the neighboring commerce. Their isolated position, in connection with their reef or precipice bound shores, would add greatly to other local advantages of defence, and a military colony once fairly established, might surely put at defiance any means of attack which could be brought against them.”

Their situation, too, becomes doubly

a matter of consequence, when our Oregon territory shall be more thickly settled, and when the communication across the isthmus of Panama is opened—an event now not much longer to be delayed. The number of American citizens now residing at the Islands, in various capacities, already exceeds in number 500 souls, and the amount of American property at stake, upon the Islands, had increased from \$400,000 in 1836, to \$1,000,000 in 1842. The mercantile interests, which till within two years, have been opposed to the Missionary efforts, are now found to coincide with them, and united, keep up a strong American feeling. Five-eighths of all the vessels visiting the Islands are American. The recognition of the independent existence of these Islands thus becomes a question of vital importance to American commerce, and particularly to that portion of capital which is invested in the whale fishery. We were gratified to learn that our government had given assurance to the Hawaiian commissioners, recently in this country, of the continuance of our amicable relations, and virtually recognized the established government of the Islands. The words of the Secretary of State were, that “the President is quite willing to declare as the sense of the government of the United States, that the government of the Sandwich Islands ought to be respected: that no power ought either to take possession of the Islands, as a conquest, or for the purpose of colonization, and that no power ought to seek for any undue control over the existing government, or for any exclusive privileges or preferences in matters of commerce.”

And the language of the Message of the President to Congress, of December 31, 1842, is yet fresh in the memory of the public, but may here be appropriately recalled :

“Just emerging from a state of barbarism, the government of the islands is as yet feeble; but its dispositions appear to be just and pacific, and it seems anxious to improve the condition of its people by the introduction of knowledge, of religious and moral institutions, means of education, and the arts of civilized life.

“It cannot but be in conformity with the interest and the wishes of the government and the people of the United States, that this community, thus existing in the midst of a vast expanse of ocean, should

be respected, and all its rights strictly and conscientiously regarded. And this must also be the true interest of all other commercial States. Far remote from the dominions of European powers, its growth and prosperity, as an independent State, may yet be in a high degree useful to all, whose trade is extended to those regions; while its nearer approach to this continent, and the intercourse which American vessels have with it—such vessels constituting five-sixths of all which annually visit it—could not but create dissatisfaction on the part of the United States at any attempt, by another power, should such attempt be threatened or feared, to take possession of the Islands, colonize them, and subvert the native government. Considering, therefore, that the United States possess so very large a share of the intercourse with those islands, it is deemed not

unfit to make the declaration, that their government seeks, nevertheless, no peculiar advantages, no exclusive control over the Hawaiian government, but is content with its independent existence, and anxiously wishes for its security and prosperity. Its forbearance, in this respect, under the circumstances of the very large intercourse of their citizens with the Islands, would justify this government, should events hereafter arise to require it, in making a decided remonstrance against the adoption of an opposite policy by any other power."

A brief period will suffice to determine this question—if indeed any appeal remains to the conscience of the British people from the black muzzles of Lord Paulet's guns.

THE WARNING.

BY RH. S. S. ANDROS.

It shall not always be!
 The air breathes where it will; the wind
 Is chainless, and the storm is free;
 Shall chains enthral the mind?
 Creation owns no slave; and man,
 Shall MAN bend low to scourge and ban,
 And quake and suffer, *and be still?*
 It shall not always be—
 Arise he must—and will!

It shall not always be!
 Awhile he yet may wear the chain
 In silence, like the northern sea
 Mid winter's sunless reign;
 Awhile he yet may bow him down
 To Power's red scourge and Pride's dark frown,
 And toil and weep, and be a slave;
 It shall not always be—
 The *storm* unchains the wave.

It shall not always be!
 The lightning smoulders in its mine,
 The thunder sleeps as yet—but see!
 Is there no tempest-sign?
 Ha! tyrant, see! and sheathe thy brand;
 Strike fetter off, from heart and hand!
 Nor crush God's image in thy path,
 It shall not always be—
 Be just—or brave his wrath!

New Bedford, June, 1843.

THE PRESENT STATE OF SOCIETY.*

BY O. A. BROWNSON.

WHATEVER the book he writes, Mr. Carlyle may well adopt from Schiller for his motto, *Ernst ist das Leben*; for although he plays many pranks, and cuts many literary capers, which are not much to his credit, life with him is a serious affair, and he writes always with an earnest spirit, for a high, noble, and praiseworthy end. He may often offend our fastidiousness, he may often vex or disappoint us by the vagueness or defectiveness of his views, but we can never read him without having our better feelings quickened, and getting a clearer insight into many things. We have come even to like his style,—that is, in him and for him, though by no means in and for others. It is natural, free from all literary primness and affectation, sincere, earnest, forcible,—admirably adapted to all the varieties and shades of thought, and moods of mind of the writer; responding with singular felicity to all the natural undulations of the soul; and, when read aloud, to those of the voice. This is especially true of the History of the French Revolution, —a great work, and almost the only one in our language deserving the name of History, and before which your Robertsons, Humes, Mackintoshes, and brotherhood, shrink to their proper dimensions.

Carlyle is a thorough master of language. We know no writer, ancient or modern, who so clearly apprehends the deep significance of speech; or so fully comprehends the profound philosophy there is in the ordinary terms of everyday life. True is it, in more senses than one, that our only sure way of arriving at psychology is through the medium of words; and not at psychology only, but at philosophy, the everlasting truth and fitness of things. All speech is significant; and if blest with clear insight we may

seize the profoundest and most far-reaching truth, by turning over a very familiar word, and looking at it in the light of the primitive fact it was used to designate. One sees this in the half-serious, half-sportive remarks of Plato on the Origin of Names in the *Cratylus*, and especially in Vico's Tract on the Wisdom of the Ancient Italians, as collected from the Latin language. There is scarcely a page, scarcely a sentence even, in Carlyle, in which he does not throw a new and surprising light on some intricate subject, by a dexterous use of a very familiar word. He lays open the word, and makes you see the fact, the thing, of which it was originally the sign, and of which it is still the sign, if the sign of aught. True, all this is done very quietly, by using a capital initial letter, italicising a syllable, separating a compound word into its original elements, or by giving a Latin equivalent for an Anglo-Saxon term, or an Anglo-Saxon one for a Latin; and since it is done so quietly, it is no doubt overlooked by the great majority of his readers, who, because they overlook it, call him obscure and unintelligible. "I do not understand you." "Sir, I am under no obligation to furnish you ideas and brains also." True, my dear Doctor Johnson, but if we do not furnish our readers brains as well as ideas, how large a proportion of them will catch even a glimpse of our meaning on the most familiar topics we discuss? To perceive another's sense, or sense in another's words, we must have some little sense of our own; — a melancholy fact, and which will delay some weeks the complete success of our excellent societies for the Universal Diffusion of Knowledge.

There is no wisdom in sneering at him who truly studies words. Words, even the idlest, are signs, and signs of

* Past and Present. By Thomas Carlyle. Boston: Charles C. Little and James Brown. 1843. 12mo. pp. 296.

things, realities, which things, realities, are to be come at only through the signs. The term *God* and the adjective *good*, are one and the same word; and from this we learn that our Anglo-Saxon ancestors called by one and the same name, the Supreme Being, and that which it is proper to be, to desire, to do, or to possess. Therefore, say our wise modern philosophers, our Anglo-Saxon ancestors believed that the Supreme Being is Good; thus proving that Balaam's ass, or rather that Balaam himself, yet liveth and speaketh. Say, rather, therefore, they believed and incorporated into their every-day speech, the great truth, the foundation and spring of all heroism, that nothing is proper to be sought after, to be done, or possessed, which is not Godlike, or Divine. They found not God in Good; but Good in God. What shall I be? A *God-man*, Godlike. What shall I do? That which is God-like. What shall I prize? A God-ly soul. They did not conceive of Good, independent of God,—make that conception the standard, and bring God to it, as before a tribunal, to ascertain whether he conformed to it, or not; but they regarded God himself as the standard; and whatever conformed to him, they called *good*, and said, That he, do, possess, live for, die for,—nothing else is worth a wish, or a thought.

We note in Carlyle, with great pleasure, an unceasing effort to make his readers remark the significance, the wonderfulness of what is ordinary and familiar. To him the thaumaturgic *WORD* sounds out from all, from the least as well as from the greatest; and the Infinite is spoken by the grain of sand, as well as by Andes or Himeleh. Even silence is eloquent to him, and the dumb are not mute. He has a truly genial and loving soul,—a ready sympathy with and for all in God's Universe. There is at times something startling and fearful in this universal sympathy, and the unexpected analogies it enables him to discover and disclose. All nature becomes sacred; the Universe a Temple; each living thing, each thought, each feeling a shrine; We stand on holy ground; we fall down and worship; we are filled with awe; we hold our breath; we feel that we are in the very Sanc-

tum, the very **PRESENCE** of the Infinite God.

But it is not our intention to enter into any inquiry concerning the general or particular merits, characteristics, or peculiarities of Mr. Carlyle. He is no stranger to the American public. This much, however, we may say, that he is almost the only contemporary English writer of much note, whose writings give us any signs of vitality, or that promise to leave any trace on his age or country. Your Wordsworths, Talfourds, Wilsons, Broughams, Macauleys, Bulwers, and the like—*erst ist das Leben*, we have no time to waste. Bulwer, we are told, has given up romancing, and betaken himself to serious study; we will hope that he will yet do somewhat that will survive, by a few years, the natural term of his pilgrimage. Carlyle, with all his faults, is the only *live* Englishman it is our good fortune to know; and he, though alive, we are sorry to see, like all his countrymen, is *ailing*. Yet most thankful are we, that in these days of Cant and Humbug, Puseyism and Chartism, Communisms and Manchester Strikes, there is even one Englishman, who though ailing is not dead nor dying. God's blessing on him! May he soon be restored to perfect health, and it be long before he needs his Viaticum!

The book before us is a remarkable, but a melancholy production; it is the wail of a true manly heart, over the misery and wretchedness he sees everywhere around, and from which he himself is not exempt. No man sees more clearly the comic, or feels more keenly the tragic, there is in our age, especially our English and American portion of it; yet no one views with a truer or more loving spirit the universal wrongs and sufferings of our Saxon race. He is sadly, nay, at times terribly in earnest; but his voice loses never its melody in becoming indignant; his heart is grieved, and his soul is sick, and his whole being laments over the miseries, the meannesses, the cants, the emptinesses, the quackeries, of the evil times on which we have fallen; but he laments in sorrow not in wrath,—in anguish of spirit, but not altogether without hope. In his very severity, in his most scorching rebukes, he is mild, tolerant, loving to all that is;

intolerant only to sham, mere make-believe, vacuity, Nothing pretending to be Something. We like his earnestness, and also the cheerfulness, so to speak, which he maintains even in his profoundest sorrow.

We cannot undertake to give anything approaching an analysis of the very remarkable book before us, decidedly the best Carlyle has yet given us. It is unlike anything else ever written by any other man, and no critical review can give the reader not acquainted with the general character of Mr. Carlyle's writings, the least conception of it. It has a purpose, or rather many purposes,—a general bearing, and many special and particular bearings; but these are not to be summed up and given in a line; they come out from the book as a whole, and can be gathered only by a close and attentive, we may say, a frequent reading of the whole book. The great aim of the writer is not to teach one lesson, but many lessons; and these not so much by formal statements, as by presenting the various topics on which he touches, in such light, or rather lights, as shall compel the reader to see and feel their significance, and draw his own moral.

Mr. Carlyle divides his work into four books; the first he entitles Proem; the second, The Ancient Monk; the third, The Modern Worker; the fourth, Horoscope. The work properly presents us, though in a strange, fitful, indirect, striking, not always satisfactory light, society as it was under Feudalism and the Catholic Church; society as it now is under the Protestant and Industrial order; with some glances at what it should and must become, if it is to be at all. What was yesterday? What is to-day? What do you propose for to-morrow? You are not where you were; you cannot remain where you are; whither are you tending? How will you arrive *there*? These are great questions, on which we shall do well to linger awhile.

The book opens with a chapter headed Midas, in which we have a sketch of the present state of life in England, not as Tourists may represent it, but as it actually is. We extract the greater part:

“England is full of wealth, of multifarious produce, supply for human want in

every kind; yet England is dying of inanition. With unabated bounty the land of England blooms and grows; waving with yellow harvests; thick-studded with workshops, industrial implements, with fifteen millions of workers, understood to be the strongest, the cunningest and the willingest our Earth ever had; these men are here; the work they have done, the fruit they have realized is here, abundant, exuberant on every hand of us; and behold, some baneful fiat as of Enchantment has gone forth, saying, “Touch it not, ye workers, ye master-workers, ye master-idlers; none of you can touch it, no man of you shall be the better for it: this is enchanted fruit!” On the poor workers such fiat falls first, in its rudest shape; but on the rich master-workers too it falls; neither can the rich master-idlers, nor any richest or highest man escape, but all are like to be brought low with it, and made ‘poor’ enough, in the money-sense or a far fataller one.

“Of these successful skillful workers some two millions, it is now counted, sit in Workhouses, Poor-law Prisons; or have ‘out-door relief’ flung over the wall to them—the workhouse Bastille being filled to bursting, and the strong Poor-law broken asunder by a stronger. They sit there, these many months now; their hope of deliverance as yet small. In workhouses, pleasantly so named, because work cannot be done in them. *Twelve hundred thousand* workers in England alone; their cunning right-hand lamed, lying idle in their sorrowful bosom; their hopes, outlooks, share of this fair world, shut in by narrow walls. They sit there, pent up, as in a kind of horrid enchantment; glad to be imprisoned and enchanted, that they may not perish starved. The picturesque Tourist, in a sunny autumn day, through this bounteous realm of England, descries the Union Workhouse on his path ‘Passing by the Workhouse of St. Ives in Huntingdonshire, on a bright day last autumn’ says the picturesque tourist, ‘I saw sitting on wooden benches, in front of their Bastille and within their ring-wall and its railings, some half hundred or more of these men. Tall robust figures, young mostly or of middle age; of honest countenance, many of them thoughtful and even intelligent looking men. They sat there, near by one another; but in a kind of torpor, especially in a silence, which was very striking. In silence: for, alas, what word was to be said? An Earth all lying round, crying, Come and till me, come and reap me;—yet we here sit enchanted! In the eyes and brows of these men hung the gloomiest expression, not of anger,

but of grief and shame and manifold inarticulate distress and weariness; they returned my glance with a glance that seemed to say, "Do not look at us. We sit enchanted here, we know not why. The Sun shines and the Earth calls; and by the governing Powers and Impotences of this England we are forbidden to obey. It is impossible, they tell us!" There was something that reminded me of Dante's Hell in the look of all this; and I rode swiftly away.

"So many hundred thousands sit in workhouses, and other hundred thousands have not yet got even workhouses; and in thrifty Scotland itself, in Glasgow or Edinburgh City, in their dark lanes, hidden from all but the eye of God, and of rare Benevolence the minister of God, there are scenes of woe and destitution and desolation, such as one may hope the Sun never saw before in the most barbarous regions where men dwell. . . . Descend where you will into Town or Country, by what avenue you will, the same sorrowful result discloses itself; you have to admit that the working body of this rich English Nation has sunk or is fast sinking into a state to which, all sides of it considered, there was literally never any parallel. At Stockport Assizes a Mother and Father are arraigned and found guilty of poisoning three of their children, to defraud a 'burial society' of some 3l. 8s. due on the death of each child; they are arraigned, found guilty, and the official authorities, it is whispered, hint that perhaps the case is not solitary, that perhaps you had better not probe further into that department of things. 'Brutal savages, degraded Irish!' mutters the idle reader of newspapers, barely lingering on this incident. Yet it is an incident worth lingering on; the depravity, savagery and degraded Irishism, being never so well admitted. In the British land, a human Mother and Father, of white skin, and professing the Christian religion, had done this thing; they, with their Irishism and necessity and savagery, had been driven to do it. Such instances are like the highest mountain apex emerged into view, under which lies a whole mountain region and land, not yet emerged. A human Mother and Father had said to themselves, What shall we do to escape starvation? We are deep sunk here, in our dark cellar, and help is far. Yes, in the Ugolino Hunger-Tower, stern things happen; best-loved little Gaddo fallen dead on his Father's knees! The Stockport Mother and Father think and hint; our poor little starveling Tom, who cries all day for victuals, who will see only evil, and not good in this world; if he were out of misery at once; he well dead, and the rest

of us perhaps kept alive? It is thought and hinted, at last it is done. And now Tom being killed, and all spent and eaten, is it poor little starveling Jack that must go, or poor little starveling Will? What an inquiry of ways and means!"—pp. 1-4.

These individual instances show to those who will think, the abject misery and wretchedness to which the working population of England is reduced. What poverty! and this too in England, the richest nation on earth, perhaps the richest the world ever saw; and in England now, richer, with a greater abundance of supply for every want than at any former period! Think of this, linger long, oh, reader, and thoughtfully on this, for it is full of instruction.

"Nor are they," continues Mr. Carlyle, "of the St. Ives workhouses, of the Glasgow lanes, and Stockport cellars, the only unblest among us. This successful industry of England, with its plethoric wealth, has as yet made nobody rich; it is an enchanted wealth, and belongs yet to nobody. We might ask, which of us has it enriched? We can spend thousands where we once spent hundreds, but can purchase nothing good with them. In poor and rich, instead of noble thrift and plenty, there is idle luxury alternating with mean scarcity and inability. We have sumptuous garnitures for our life, but have forgotten to live in the middle of them. It is an enchanted wealth; no man as yet can touch it. The class of men who feel that they are truly better off by means of it, let them give us their name!"

"Many men eat finer cookery and drink dearer liquors—with what advantage, they can report, and their Doctors can; but in the heart of them, if we go out of the dyspeptic stomach, what increase of blessedness is there? Are they better, beautiful, stronger, braver? Are they even what they call happier? Do they look with satisfaction on more things and human faces, in this God's earth; do more things and human faces look with satisfaction on them? Not so. Human faces gloom discordantly, disloyally on one another. Things, if it be not mere cotton and iron things, are growing disobedient to man. The Master Worker is enchanted, for the present, like his Workhouse workman; clamors, in vain hitherto, for a very simple sort of 'Liberty: the liberty to buy where he finds it cheapest, to sell where he finds it dearest.' With guineas jingling in every pocket, he was no whit richer; but now, the very guineas threatening to vanish, he feels that he is

poor indeed. Poor Master Worker! And the Master Unworker, is not he in a still faller situation? Pausing amid his game-preserves with awful eye,—as he well may! Coercing fifty-pound tenants; coercing, bribing, cajoling; doing what he likes with his own. His mouth full of loud futilities, and arguments to prove the excellence of his Corn-Law; and in his heart the blackest misgivings, a desperate half-consciousness that his excellent Corn-Law is *indefensible*, that his loud arguments for it are of a kind to strike men too literally *dumb*.

“To whom then is the wealth of England wealth? Who is it that it blesses; makes happier, wiser, beautifuller, in any way better? Who has got hold of it, to make it fetch and carry for him, like a true servant, not like a false mock-servant; to do him any real service whatsoever? As yet no one. We have more riches than any Nation ever had before; we have less good of them than any nation ever had before. Our successful industry is hitherto unsuccessful; a strange success, if we stop here! In the midst of plethoric plenty, the people perish; with gold walls, and full barns, no man feels himself safe or satisfied. Workers, Master-workers, Unworkers, all men come to a pause; stand fixed, and cannot farther. Fatal paralysis spreading inwards, from the extremities, in St. Ives workhouses, in Stockport cellars, through all limbs, as if towards the heart itself. Have we actually got enchanted, then; accused by some god?—

“Midas longed for gold, and insulted the Olympians. He got gold, so that whatsoever he touched became gold, and he, with his long ears, was little the better for it. Midas had misjudged the *celestial musician*; Midas had insulted Apollo and the gods: the gods gave him his wish, and a pair of long ears, which also were a good appendage to it. What a truth in these old Fables!”—p. 5-6.

“We have more riches than any nation ever had before; we have less good from them than any nation ever had before.” England, with fifteen millions of workers, with machinery increasing man’s productive power many thousand fold, making cotton at twopence an ell, and yet some five millions of her population sustained just above the starving point, and not always *above* it! What a theme for reflection here! Has the productive power of this God’s rich and glorious earth become exhausted? Is there not yet room on its broad and inviting surface for many millions more of workers; are there not yet immense

tracts waiting to be tilled; immense treasures yet to be dug from its fertile soil? Whence comes then this strange anomaly, that men with cunning brains, well-made bodies, strong and active limbs, can find no work to do, whereby even the simplest means of subsistence may be obtained? Here lies the question. The tendency is throughout all Christendom to bring us to the point where no small portion of the population can obtain not only the lowest wages for work done, but where they can obtain no work to do. Already in England has it come to this. Millions say, “Let us work,—for the love of God let us work, and give us in return the humblest fare and the scantiest clothing, so we do but keep the life in us, and we will be for ever grateful.”

Vain prayer! “Ye naked, starving, begging workers, there is no work for you; ye have already worked too much; ye have already produced more than we can find markets for; ye are suffering from over-production.”

“Over-production. Just Heaven, what meaneth this? We have made too many shirts to have a shirt to our back; grown too much corn to be allowed to have a loaf to keep the breath in the bodies of our wives and little ones! Over-production, is it? Ha, ha, warehouses and corn-ricks can burn! Torches, torches there! We will soon put an end to this over-production.”

So will, and may, and do, we had almost said, *should*, desperate men, forced to the starving point, reply to the taunt of over-production. These million workers, in the Manchester insurrection, last summer, striking work, standing mute, looking gloomily, are significant of much, and may tell Master-Workers and Master-Unworkers, that the mute will ere long find a tongue, and the dumb will speak, and through harsh brazen throats, startling them from their soft beds, to behold factory and palace sending up their red light on the midnight sky; ay, and it may be, to behold royal and noble blood flowing once and again on the *Place de Grève*. Millions of hands striking work, because no work is to be had whereby men can keep the breath in them, will soon find work, and that of the direfullest sort. It is not we that say it, it is all history that says it, it is the human heart that says it. Master Workers

and Master Unworkers, look to it, that ye press not the masses beyond the bearable point. Poor Humanity will bear much, go for long ages with sorrowful eye and haggard face, bent to the earth; patient as the dull ox; but there is a point where, if submission does not cease to be a virtue, it at least ceases to be a possibility; and nothing remains but for her to draw herself up and turn upon the tyrant and battle it out. Better die struggling for freedom, for life, than to die timid, crouching slaves, to be buried in graves of our own digging.

We understand,—we believe nothing of this modern doctrine of the *legal* right of revolution; nor do we believe that violent revolutions are the best method of working out social reforms and advancing humanity in freedom, religion, morality, well-being. In all countries where there is anything like established order, or where there is a governing body that admits but the slightest element of progress, and under which men *can* live; more especially in a country like ours, where there is a constitutional order in full force, which, if not perfect, yet contains in itself the elements of progress; we can countenance no measures of reform not allowed, not sanctioned by that order itself. But in this world there are specialities, and each of these specialities must always be decided on its own merits. In this country, as we have said over and over again for years, touching political organisms, we must be conservative, and study to preserve the order established by the wisdom of our fathers, aided by a beneficent and ever watchful Providence; because it is only by so doing that we can work out that higher order of civilisation for mankind, which it is our mission to work out. But they know little of the spirit that burns in us, of the deep indignation we feel towards all who wrong or neglect their fellow men, and ride rough-shod over their brethren, who fancy that we hold or teach doctrines of tame, unqualified submission. While there is the least chink through which can reach us one, even the faintest, gleam of hope, we will submit and work on; but when the last gleam expires, when nothing remains but blackness and total extinction, we parley no more; we cease to discuss, to plead; we seize the brand and turn on the tyrant, and

DIE shall he or we. It is an awful thing to see brother hewing and hacking the flesh of brother, and strewing the ground with the limbs and trunks of precious human beings; but it is more awful to see a whole nation of workmen bound hand and foot, dying starved, while there is bread enough and to spare; a thousand times more awful in time of peace and plenty, to see poor human mothers driven to devour the flesh of their own offspring, of the dear ones who have drawn life from their own breasts!

But we must pass not too lightly over this subject. Can there be a more sorrowful sight, can there be a stronger condemnation of an order of things, than this simple fact of men, able-bodied men, with a rational soul and cunning right hands, willing, begging to work, and yet finding no work to do whereby they can get their victuals! Certainly not, say all men with one voice. Well, then, friends and countrymen, is it only in England that we stumble on this fact? What, we ask, are we coming to in this country, here where there are so many millions of acres of rich, fertile lands, waiting to be tilled! We have not yet come, it may be, to the Glasgow lanes and Stockport cellars, of which Carlyle speaks, but we *have* come very near to the St. Ives work-houses; but we have come to the point where there are many thousands of our people who can keep the life in them only as fed by the grudging hand of public or private charity. In 1829, it was reckoned that in Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, there were eighteen thousand females, sempstresses mostly, unable to obtain work for more than two-thirds of the time; and yet if getting work all the time, for sixteen hours a day, receiving therefor only about sixteen dollars a year with which to furnish fuel, food and clothing; many of these wives, with sick or disabled husbands; many of them widows with two, three and four small children to support. So said the benevolent Matthew Carey. The matter must be worse now. In this wealthy, charitable, industrious, Christian city of Boston, where we now write, we have come, the last winter, to our Bread and Soup Societies! Bread and Soup Societies for the poor, already in this blessed land of America, free, democratic America, and in the very heart

of thrifty, religious New England! So alas! have we managed it. We may wince at the statement, may offer all manner of explanations of it, such as influx of foreigners, stagnation of trade, want of confidence, John Tyler administrations; but there stands the fact, in open, broad daylight, that able-bodied men and women, ready and willing to work for their food, nay, coming to you, and with tears in their eyes, begging you to give them work, have been kept through the long winter just above the starving point,—and we fear in all cases not above,—only by soup and bread dealt out by charitable societies in tin porringers. Just before the breaking out of the French Revolution, some poor peasants came to the Court, and asked for bread and got—a new gallows; which shows how it fares with the people under the monarchical method of governing. St. Ives work-houses, Glasgow lanes, Stockport cellars, and the present condition of Ireland, where, out of a population of eight millions, one-third are reduced to feed on third-rate potatoes, these scantily obtained, and failing altogether for nearly a third of the year, show how they manage matters under an aristocracy. Soup and bread societies for men and women able and willing to work, in Boston and other cities, show to what a pass things may come under the virtuous and intelligent rule of the democracy; which, considering the advantages with which we started, the vast quantities of fertile lands still lying waste, and our youth, vigor, and elasticity, is pretty well, and may be thought to prove that, if we have not as yet come up with kings and nobilities, we are in a fair way of overtaking them, and, if it were possible, of even going beyond them.

Here we are, then, in our own country, in the most favored part of it, renowned the world over for its industry and thrift, frugality and economy, and wise management, come to such a pass that a portion—we will hope as yet not a large portion—of our population can get no work, no opportunity whereby to eat their bread in the sweat of their face. The fact is undeniable. It cannot be glossed over. It is here. We can all lay our hands on it. These soup and bread societies are no fiction. Alas, the necessity there was that they should be, is also no fiction. With our

own eyes have we seen poor children gliding along the cold streets, thinly clad, with their tin cans to receive their modicum. We have set our own feet in the miserable dwellings of those who have been thus fed, and knelt down in prayer by the poor man dying of a fever brought on by anxiety and insufficient food.

The newspapers told us some time since of a well educated, respectable man, brought up before our police for stealing a parcel from a dry goods shop. On the trial, it came out that he was well nigh starved, could get no work; and had taken the desperate resolution of stealing in order to gain the *privilege* of being sent to the *House of Correction* so as not to die starved. To such straits had it come with him, that he regarded it as a favor to be sent to the House of Correction. A poor man, a worthy mechanic, in Philadelphia, this last winter, can find no work; comes to the magistrate and begs to be locked up in the cell of the City Prison; so that he may find the food which he knows no other method of procuring. One rejoices to know that the benevolent magistrate granted him his request.

Now, in all soberness, we ask, if a state of things in which such incidents can occur, do occur, however rare, is the best that we can have in this nineteenth century, in this blessed land of America, of universal suffrage, universal education, under the blessed light of the Gospel, dotted all over with industrial establishments, school-houses, and churches? Is this a God's world, or is it a Devil's world? O, my countrymen, say what you will, decidedly this is not a question for England only; it is also a question for you. In God's name, in humanity's name, do not blink this question. Answer me, nay, not me, but your own hearts, if you are prepared, in the face of that sun which shines so gloriously on all, the lowly thatched cottage as well as on the lordly palace, to say that you solemnly believe that in the decrees of Providence, in the riches of Infinite Love, and of Infinite Grace, there was nothing better for us than these Bread and Soup Societies, this begging to be locked up in jail, and stealing in order to be sent to the House of Correction, so that the life may be left in us?

We might go further, in proof of the sad state to which we are coming or

have already come. I am told, on tolerable authority, that in this city of Boston, which I take it is the model-city of this country, there are some four thousand wretched prostitutes out of a population of about one hundred thousand. This fact is not only a lucid commentary on our morals, but also on the difficulty there is in getting a living by honest industry; since prostitution is resorted to in this and all other countries rarely through licentiousness, but chiefly, almost wholly, through poverty. I am also told by the agents of the police, who have the best means of knowing, that the principal supply of these victims to poverty and men's infamy, comes from the factories in the neighboring towns!—no uninteresting comment on the workings of the Factory System, built up by our Banks and high Tariffs, and which the chiefs of our Industry have taken, and are taking so much pains to fasten on the country!

But whence come these sad results? There must be somewhere a fatal vice in our social and industrial arrangements, or there would not, could not, be these evils to complain of. Never, till within these last few centuries, were men, able and willing to work, brought to the starving point in times of peace, and in the midst of plenty. "Gurth," says Carlyle, "born thrall of Cedric the Saxon, tended pigs in the wood, and did get some parings of the pork. The four-footed worker has already got all that the two-handed one is clamoring for. There is not a horse in all England, able and willing to work, but *has* due food and lodging; and goes about sleek-coated, satisfied in heart. Is this such a platitude of a world, that all working horses shall be well fed, and innumerable working men and women die starved?" We do not believe it; we will, thank Heaven! believe no such thing. Whence, where, and what, then, is the fundamental vice of our modern society, especially in this our Saxon portion of it?

On this question Mr. Carlyle's book throws some light, though, it must be owned, often of the fitful and uncertain sort. In general, and in rather vague terms, it may be answered that this vice is in the fact that men have substituted the worship of Mammon for the worship of God. Mammonism has become the religion of Saxondom, and God is not in all our thoughts. We

have lost our faith in the Noble, the Beautiful, the Just; we have lost our faith in the Highest, and have come to believe in and to worship the lowest, even Mammon,—

"Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
From heaven; for even in heaven his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy else enjoy'd
In beatific vision."

The demonstration of this fact, and a full and impartial description of the worship of Mammon, would be a service of no mean worth to our countrymen; but who shall undertake to perform it? The other day I chanced to drop a word which was misconstrued into a growing distrust of liberty, and voices in all parts of the country were loud and harsh in condemnation; should I now but *exercise* the liberty of telling my countrymen the simple truth, and of directing their attention to the error, the original sin whence has sprung the present disordered state of society, there would be no end to the berating I should receive from these same loud and harsh voices,—ready always to cry lustily for liberty, but most ready to condemn all who are really her efficient friends and servants. We boast, in this blessed land of Washington and Jefferson, of our freedom; we are free, ay, free as the winds that drive through our valleys or sweep over our broad plains and inland oceans,—to echo the public voice, to have no opinion of our own, and to say only what everybody believes or nobody takes the trouble to disbelieve. We knew, once upon a time, a young man, brought up in the wild freedom lingering yet in some few of our mountain homes; an earnest, simple spirit, who had the strange fancy when he came to dwell in cities and in the midst of civilisation, that he should be sincere, transparent, and speak out always, when speaking at all, the simple, naked truth, without any circumlocution or reticence, as he found himself commanded by the Highest, and as all public Teachers and Able Editors exhorted him and all men to do. Foolish youth from the mountains!

It was never intended by these Lights of their age, that thou shouldst *exercise* freedom of thought and freedom of speech, but merely that thou shouldst, in high-sounding and well-turned periods, laud freedom of thought and freedom of speech, and tell thy admiring countrymen what fine things, beautiful things they are. Poor young man! I own that, with all thy folly, I loved thee. Thou hadst a noble heart, a brave spirit, and I confess that I have watered with my tears the turf on thy early grave. But notwithstanding my inward admiration of thy free and generous nature, I have finally resolved to take warning by thy melancholy fate, and to be like my countrymen generally,—wise and prudent. Humbly do I beg pardon for having said in my folly, that what the demagogues tell them about their intelligence and virtue is all a humbug. It was an unwise, an imprudent word. I will no more repeat it. I will henceforth be silent, merely pointing, in our good city of Boston, to Soup and Bread Societies for able-bodied men and women, ready, willing, begging to work, and yet can get no work to do; to four thousand victims of man's infamy, the number kept good by a surplus factory population; to the honest, intelligent, even well-educated man, driven to steal, in order to gain thee, to him, inestimable favor of being sent to the House of Correction. My dear friends, my most wise and virtuous demagogues, all you say of the dear people, of their intelligence and virtue, is, no doubt, very true, very sweet—for you have sweet breaths—and may I never be again left to question your veracity; but these four thousand—, these Soup and Bread Societies, this privilege of being sent to the House of Correction, or of being locked up in a dungeon?

We have some thoughts on the origin of the evils we have touched upon, but which, were we to tell them all plainly, and honestly, and unreservedly, would, we fear, create such a hubbub and general confusion, that we should lose henceforth the power not only to be heard, but even to speak at all. There can be no question that within the last three hundred years there has been a most wonderful increase of industrial activity; of man's productive power; and of the aggregate wealth of the world. Great Industries, so to speak,

have within these three hundred years sprung up, never before conceived of; man has literally made the winds his messengers, and flames of fire his ministers; all nature works for him; the mountains sink, and the valleys rise before him; the land and the ocean fling out their treasures to him; and time and space are annihilated by his science and skill. All this is unquestionable. On the other hand, equally unquestionable is it to him who has looked on the matter with clear vision, that in no three hundred years known to us, since men began to be born and to die on this planet, when, upon the whole, it has fared worse, for soul or for body, with the great mass of the laboring population. Our advance, it would seem, has been that ordered by the militia captain, an "advance backwards!" This statement may or may not make sad work with our theories of progress of the race, progress of light, of political and social well-being, and all that: but it is a fact, an undeniable, a most mournful fact, which get over we cannot, try we never so hard.

For these last three hundred years we have lost or been losing our faith in God, in Heaven, in Love, in Justice, in Eternity, and been acquiring faith only in human philosophies, in mere theories concerning Supply and Demand, Wealth of Nations, self-supporting, labor-saving governments; needing no virtue, wisdom, love, sacrifice, or heroism on the part of their managers; working out for us a new Eden, converting all the earth into an Eldorado land, and enabling us all to live in Eden Regained. We have left behind us the living faith of the earlier ages; we have abandoned our old notions of heaven and hell; and have come, as Carlyle well has it, to place our heaven in success in money matters, and to find the Infinite Terror which men call hell, only in not succeeding in making money. We have thus come—where we are. Here is a fact worth meditating.

We boast of our light; we denounce old Feudalism and the middle ages, and fancy it worth a *Te Deum* that we have got rid of them; and yet, the impartial and clear-sighted historian being asked, what period he lingers on, when, all things considered, it proved best with the great mass of the European population, answers, without hesitation, the period when Feudalism and the

Church were in their greatest glory ; that is, from the tenth to the end of the fourteenth century. Compare the condition of what Carlyle calls the "workers" of England, the land of our ancestors, during that period, with the condition of the corresponding class at present, and one is almost struck dumb by the contrast. Cotton, as Carlyle says, is cheaper, but it is harder to get a shirt to one's back. Cotton is produced at two pence an ell, and shirts lie piled up in warehouses, and men go about with bare backs. For food, even Gurth born thrall of Cedric, did get some parings of the pork ; the poor Mother and Father of the Stockport cellar, alas, none. For spiritual food, the poorest had faith and were instructed at least in the elements of the Christian religion ; inquiries recently made into the condition of the population employed in the English collieries, show that human beings do grow up in the nineteenth century, in rich, ay, and *Christian* England, who know not even the name of their Maker, save by hearing it desecrated ; and all accounts agree that the morals of the colliers are superior to the morals of the factory operatives. In the highest departments of thought and genius, the contrast is hardly less striking ; our most advanced philosophers were anticipated ; we are scarcely able even to copy the Gothic Church, the last word of Christian architecture ; and Dante has in poetry no rival, unless it be Shakspeare.

During these and the preceding four hundred years, more work was done for humanity, under an intellectual and social point of view, than was ever done, in a like period, since history began. A writer, not to be suspected of undue partiality, in touching upon this period and upon the action of the Church, is forced to say, "During the greater part of that period, by means of its superior intelligence and virtue, it—the Church—ruled the State, modified its actions, and compelled its administrators to consult the rights of man, by protecting the poor, the feeble, and the defenceless. It is not easy to estimate the astonishing progress it effected for civilisation during that long period called by narrow-minded and bigoted Protestant historians, the dark ages.

Never before had such labors been performed for humanity. Never before had there been such an immense body, as the Christian Clergy, animated by a common spirit, and directed by a common will and intelligence to the culture of the moral virtues and the arts of peace. Then was tamed the wild barbarian, and the savage heart made to yield to the humanizing influences of tenderness, gentleness, meekness, humility and love ; then imperial crown and royal sceptre paled before the crosier ; and the representative of Him who lived, and toiled, and preached, and suffered, and died in obscurity, in poverty, and disgrace, was exalted and made himself felt in the palace and in the cottage, in the court and the camp, striking terror into the rich and noble, and pouring the oil and wine of consolation into the bruised heart of the poor and friendless. Wrong, wrong have they been, who have complained that kings and emperors were subjected to the spiritual head of Christendom. It was well for man that there was a power above the brutal tyrants called emperors, kings and barons, who rode rough-shod over the humble peasant and artisan—well that there was a power, even on earth, that could touch their cold and atheistic hearts, and make them tremble as the veriest slave. The heart of humanity leaps with joy, when a murderous Henry is scourged at the tomb of Thomas à Becket, or when another Henry waits barefoot, shivering with cold and hunger, for days, at the door of the Vatican, or when a Pope grinds his foot into the neck of a prostrate Frederic Barbarossa. Aristocratic Protestantism, which has never dared enforce its discipline on royalty and nobility, may weep over the exercise of such power, but it is to the existence and exercise of that power that the PEOPLE owe *their* existence, and the doctrine of man's equality with man, its progress." *

The writer here quoted, is hardly just to the Feudal aristocracy. The old Feudal lords and barons were not a mere dilettante aristocracy, a mere unworking aristocracy, consuming without doing aught for the general work of production. They were, in fact, then a working aristocracy, and

* Boston Quarterly Review, Jan., 1842, pp. 13—16.

did work in their rude way, and contrived to do no little work of the governing sort; for which the governed did fare the better. In matters of fighting they did the hardest, and bore the first and heaviest blows. It was their special right, not to lead only, but to do the work of killing and of being killed. They did in some sense, in return for what they received, yield a protection to the people, and take some kind of care of them. If the serf, before serfage was abolished, labored for his lord, the lord owed him a reciprocal obligation, and must see that he had wherewithal to eat and to be clothed. If fixed to the soil, the serf had a right to his support from it. These old Barons, moreover, did not entirely neglect the Commons in contending for the interest of their own order, as we may learn by consulting Magna Charta. The service they rendered to society, was no doubt an inadequate return for what they received; but nevertheless it was some return, and the castle of the Lord, *law-ward*, according to Carlyle, was a tower of strength not only to its owner, but also to the hamlet lying under its walls; and the proud dame, my-Lady, *Loaf-distributor*, was not seldom a gentle benefactress to the humble, confiding, and grateful peasants. If it was a privilege to be high-born, so was it a privilege to have the high-born among us.

On this part of the subject, Mr. Carlyle's book may be consulted with considerable advantage. He has not said all he might, nor all that we wish he had. He has given us a very pleasant glimpse of one aspect of life in the Middle Ages, that represented by the Ancient Monk; but we wish it had comported with his plan to have given us a clearer insight into the condition of the rural population, the cultivators of the soil, the thralls, sockmen, farmers, peasants, and their relation to their landlords, masters, or owners. We confess that on this subject we are not so well informed as we would be. It is a great and interesting subject, but from the glimpses we catch now and then of it, we are fully convinced that the relation between the two classes which then subsisted, was decidedly preferable to that which now is; even your modern slaveholder is obliged to recognize a relation between him and his slave of a more generous and touching

nature than any recognized by the master-worker between himself and his workman. The slave when old or sick must be protected, provided for, whether the owner receives any profit from him or not; the master worker has discharged all the obligation to his operative, he acknowledges, when he has paid him the stipulated wages. These wages may be insufficient for mere human subsistence, and the poor worker must die; but what is that to the master-worker? Has he not paid all he agreed to pay, even to the last farthing, promptly? We have not heard on our southern plantations, of Stockport cellars, of Bread and Soup societies, by the charitable, and men stealing in order to be sent to the House of Correction so as not to starve. This much we can say of the slave, that if he will tend pigs in the wood, he shall have some parings of the pork, and so long as his master has full barns he is not likely to starve; would we could say as much of the hired laborer always!

But the chief thing we admire in the Middle Ages, is that men did then believe in God, they did believe in some kind of justice, and admit that man, in order to reap, must in some way aid the sowing; that man did, whatever his condition, owe some kind of duty to his fellow man; and admit it, not merely in theory, in caucus speeches, or in loud windy professions, but seriously in his heart and his practice. But we have changed all that, we have called the religion of the Middle Ages superstition, the philosophy which then was cultivated, miserable jargon, and the governing which then went on, tyranny and oppression. We have learned to blush at the page of history which speaks of Hildebrand, and St. Anselm, and the enfranchisement of the communes, and would if we could blot it out. It is a reproach to a man in these times and in this country to name it without execrating it. The age which covered Europe over with its Gothic Churches, and with foundations and hospitals for the poor, produced St. Anselm, Abelard, St. Bernard, and Dante, Chaucer, old John of Gaunt, and Magna Charta, De Montfort, William Longbeard, Philip Van Arteveld, Roger Bacon, Albert Magnus, John of Fidenza, Duns Scotus and St. Thomas Aquinas, is a blank in human history! Thank God we have outgrown it,

got rid of it. We are no longer superstitious; we have made away with the old monks whose maxim was "work is worship;" we have struck down the last of the Barons; we are free; we have the Gospel of the cotton mill, *laissez-faire*, save who can, and the devil take the hindmost, and we can do what we please with our own. A notable change this, and worth considering. How was it brought about, and what has been the gain?

We cannot go fully into the inquiry this question opens up. The Middle Ages brought the human race forward not a little. What most strikes us is the high moral and spiritual exaltation which everywhere meets us. Man, through the faith nurtured and strengthened in him by the Church, became great, noble, chivalrous, energetic. This immense spiritual force accumulated in the interior of man during the four centuries named, overflows in the activity, bold adventure, vast enterprises, and important discoveries which commences in the fifteenth century. We note here four things resulting from it, which have especially contributed to the change of which we speak: the Invention or rather general use of Gunpowder; the Revival of Letters; the Invention of Printing; and the Maritime Discoveries in the East and the West. These are considered, we believe, the principal agents in effecting what we have been pleased to call the Progress of modern society.

1. The art of war, as carried on prior to the introduction of fire-arms, which did not come into general use before the fifteenth century, was accessible for the most part only to the noble class and their retainers. It required so long a training, so great bodily strength and dexterity, and so much outlay in the equipments of the individual warrior, that artisans and peasants could make up but a small part, and never a very efficient part of an army. The chief reliance was, and necessarily, upon the nobility, the knights, and gentlemen. In this case the king was always more or less dependent on his nobles, and could rarely go to war without their assent and active aid. This restrained the royal power, and prevented the *centralization* of power in the hands of the monarch. The invention and general use of fire-arms lessened the importance of the cavalry, in which only the lords and gentlemen

served, and increased that of the infantry, composed of commoners. The monarch was able to dispense then, to a certain extent, with the services of his nobility, and to find his support in the people, artisans and peasants, easily collected and speedily disciplined. By thus introducing the infantry into the royal armies, as the main reliable branch of the service, a rude shock was given to the power and independence of the nobles. From that moment the Feudal nobility began to wane, and the power and independence of the monarch to increase.

The decrease of the power of the Nobility served to weaken that of the Church. The people naturally, with their instinctive wisdom, would cleave to the monarch, who employed them in his armies. They saw themselves now admitted to a share in an employment which had been previously, for the most part, the prerogative of their masters, and proud of being admitted to the high privilege of killing and being killed, they fancied that they were by this admission virtually enfranchised, and raised to an equality with those who had hitherto been their superiors. The rudest peasant, with a firelock in his hand, was more than a match for the bravest, strongest, best disciplined, and completely armed knight. Hence, all the tendencies of the people would be, in any contest, so far as possible, to support their royal masters. In the commons, then, royalty found its support against the nobility, and even against the Church. At least, by admitting the common people into the royal armies, Royalty weakened, or to some extent neutralized their affection for the Ecclesiastical power, which in any contest between it and the Church was of vast importance.

2. The Revival of Letters, as it is called, that is, of the study and reverence of *Heathen* Literature, which followed the taking of Constantinople by the Turks, had also a powerful influence in bringing about the change we have noted. The Church, during the Middle Ages, had paid great attention to Education; it had covered Europe over with universities and schools. In the early part of the fifteenth century, education was almost as general throughout the principal states of Europe as it is now; the actual amount of instruction one is tempted to believe

was greater, though perhaps a smaller number could read and write. The Bible had been translated into the vernacular language of Englishmen prior even to Wickliff, which would indicate that the Saxon population were able to read. There was, at any rate, a very general mental activity throughout Europe, as the relics of the popular ballads and literature of the time bear witness. The mind was prepared for the New Literature which was then brought to light. The Greek scholars, with Greek subtlety and Greek sophistry, were dispersed, by the taking of Constantinople, over the principal Latin states; the study of the ancient Heathen Literature went with them, and the several schools of ancient Greek philosophy had their disciples and champions in the very bosom and among the high dignitaries of the Church itself. Its obvious and unquestionable superiority, as to the perfection and beauty of its form, over the richer, profounder, more varied, and earnest, but less polished literature of the Fathers and the Church, secured it a ready adoption and an almost universal authority. In this fact we are to discover a powerful cause operating to destroy the power of the Church and the order of civilisation it had built up.

During the preceding centuries the nobles, being almost wholly occupied with governing, fighting, and doing their part, as they could, in the general affairs of society, had left literature almost entirely to the Church. But, in the fifteenth century, in consequence of the change already noted in the art of war, their original occupation was to a considerable extent taken away, and they began to turn their attention towards Letters. The Schools and Universities began to send out scholars from the lay commoners, and we had for the first time in Europe, since the establishment of the Barbarians, an educated and literary laity. The surface of education had been greatly extended; and always in proportion as education extends laterally does it lose in depth. The diffusion of education among the laity had created an immense class of superficial thinkers, half-educated, always worse, more to be dreaded than those who have no education, as simplicity is always preferable to ignorance fancying itself wisdom.

We had then just the state of mind necessary to welcome the heathen Literature of which we speak. Its very superficialness, want of earnestness and strength, when compared with Christian Literature, was a recommendation, and facilitated its reception.

The effect of this revived heathen Literature, on the tone of thought, and its general bearings on Christian faith, are not always duly considered. The Fathers of the Church in the first five centuries had culled out from it all that Christianity would assimilate to itself, and made it an integral part of the common literary and philosophic life of the Church. We had in the Church all of heathen Greece and Rome that was worth retaining, or that could be retained in consistency with our faith as Christians. The human race then did not need the Revival. No good could come of it; for nothing new, but exploded heathenism, was to be obtained from it. The Revival was then in very deed a revival of heathenism. It was hostile to Christianity, and deeply prejudicial to the faith of Christians. And so history has proved it. We speak advisedly. We know very well the estimation in which the ancient Classics are held, and that one may as well speak against the Bible as against them. But, what is this so much boasted classical Literature? We admit the exquisiteness of its form; the perfection of the execution; we, too, have our admiration for the Divine Plato; we love as well as others an Aristotle, and find much in the Greek Tragedians that we love and admire; but we cannot forget that the whole body of Ancient Greek and Roman Literature is heathenish, wanting in true religious conception, in genuine love of man, in true, deep, living, Christian piety. Permit us to quote here, what we wrote on this subject some seven years ago, from another point of view, it is true, and with a far different aim, but still with substantially the same faith:

“By means of the Classics, the scholars of the fifteenth century were introduced to a world altogether unlike, and much superior [perhaps not] to that in which they lived,—to an order of ideas wholly diverse from those avowed or tolerated by the Church. They were enchanted. They had found the Ideal of their dreams. They became disgusted

with the present, they repelled the civilisation effected by the Church, looked with contempt on its Fathers, Saints, Martyrs, Schoolmen, Troubadours, Knights, and Minstrels, and sighed and yearned, and labored to reproduce Athens or Rome.

"And what was that Athens and that Rome which seemed to them to realize the very Ideal of the Perfect? We know very well to-day what they were. They were Material; through the whole period of their historical existence, it is well known that the material or temporal order predominated over the spiritual. . . . Human interests, the interests of mankind in time and space predominate. Man is the most conspicuous figure in the group. He is everywhere, and his imprint is upon everything. Industry flourishes; commerce is encouraged; the State is constituted and tends to Democracy; citizens assemble to discuss their common interests; the orator harangues them; the aspirant courts them; the warrior and the statesman render them an account of their doings, and await their award. THE PEOPLE—not the Gods—will, decree, make, unmake, or modify the laws. Divinity does not become incarnate, as in the Asiatic world; but men are deified. History is not Theogony, but a record of human events and transactions. Poetry sings heroes, the great and renowned of earth, or chants at the festal board and at the couch of voluptuousness. Art models its creations after human forms, for human pleasure, or human convenience.

"There are gods and temples, and priests and oracles, and augurs and auguries, but they are not like those we meet where Spiritualism reigns. The gods are all anthropomorphous. Their forms are the perfection of the human. The allegorical beasts, the strange beasts, compounded of parts of many known and unknown beasts, which meet us in Indian, Egyptian, and Persian Mythology, as symbols of the gods, are extinct. Priests are not a caste, as under Spiritualism, springing from the head of Brahma, and claiming superior sanctity and power as their birthright; but simple police officers. Religion is merely a function of the State. . . . Numa introduces or organizes Polytheism at Rome, for the purpose of governing the people by means of appeals to their sentiment of the Holy; and the Roman Pon-

tifex Maximus was never more than a master of police.

"In classical antiquity religion is a function of the State. It is the same under Protestantism. Henry the Eighth, of England, declares himself supreme head of the Church, not by virtue of his spiritual character, but by virtue of his character as a temporal prince. The Protestant princes of Germany are *protectors* of the Church; and all over Europe there is an implied contract between the State and the Ecclesiastical Authorities. The State pledges itself to support the Church, on condition that the Church support the State. Ask the kings, nobility, or even Church dignitaries, why they support religion, and they will answer with one voice, 'Because the people cannot be kept in order, cannot be made to submit to their rulers, and because civil society cannot exist, without it. The same, or a similar answer will be returned by almost every political man in this country: and truly may it be said, that religion is valued by the Protestant world as an auxiliary to the State, as a mere matter of police.

"Under the reign of Spiritualism all questions are decided by authority. The Church commanded, and men were to obey, or be counted rebels against God. Materialism, by raising up man and the State, makes the reason of man, or the reason of the State, paramount to the commands of the Church. Under Protestantism, the State in most cases, the individual reason in a few, imposes the creed on the Church. The King and Parliament of Great Britain determine the faith, the clergy must profess and maintain; the Protestant princes in Germany have the supreme control of the symbols of the Church, the right to enact what creed they please."*

The Revival and general study of the Classics, tended by their character to destroy the power of the Church of the Middle Ages, to introduce an order of thought favorable to the supremacy of the Civil over the Ecclesiastical order, the effect of which is seen in the sudden growth of the monarchical or royal authority, which took place at the close of the fifteenth century, and the beginning of the sixteenth. The influence of this heathen literature, breaking the authority of the Church, and the use of fire-arms superseding

* New Views of Christianity, Society and the Church. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1836. pp. 34-38, *et seq.*

to some extent the co-operation of the old feudal nobility, combining, enabled the European potentates to shake off the authority of the Church, and to establish themselves in their independence. The cause of Protestantism was eminently the cause of the kings, and under the social and political aspect,—the only aspect in which we now consider, or wish to consider the subject at all,—was the cause of the people, only so far as it was for their advantage, to lose the protection of the Church, and the Feudal Noble, and to come under the unrestrained authority of the civil magistrate,—an authority which was not slow to degenerate into unbearable tyranny, as we see in the English Revolution in the seventeenth century, and the French in the eighteenth. But fire-arms and Classical Literature succeeded, by bringing the laity into the literary class, and the commoners into the armies, in breaking down the authority of the Church, destroying the old Feudal Nobility, and in establishing the independence of kings and the temporal governments, and not merely in what were called Protestant countries; for the principle of Protestantism triumphed throughout Europe for a season, in the countries remaining Catholic in name, as well as in those that became avowedly Protestant. Francis the First and Charles the Fifth would have done what did Henry the Eighth, the Princes of the north of Germany, and Gustavus Adolphus, if they had not humbled the Church, and for a time compelled the Holy See to succumb to their interests and wishes.

The independence of civil governments established, and the kings, freed from the dominion of the Church and the checks of the old Feudal barons, were not slow to adopt a purely worldly policy; and before the close of the fifteenth century, the policy now termed Machiavellian, was adopted and avowed by every court in Europe,—that is to say, a policy wholly detached from all moral and religious doctrines or principles. Machiavelli was born at Florence, of a noble family, in 1469, and, though

often execrated, was a great and learned man, and by no means ignorant or destitute of morality. He was the *politician*, the statesman of his epoch, and may be consulted as the highest authority for the maxims on which rested the policy of the European courts at the period under consideration.*

3. THE INVENTION OF PRINTING ON movable types, we are far from thinking; far, very far from wishing to intimate; is not destined to effect the greatest good; but we are equally decided that, up to the present moment, it would be difficult to say whether it has been productive of the more good or evil. We will not so far dishonor ourselves as even to say that we are the friends of knowledge and universal enlightenment; we know no advocates of ignorance; we have no sympathy with those, if such there be, who would withhold education from any portion of the human race; but we repeat that we regard half-education as worse than no education. We are not ashamed to avow our agreement with Pope, that

“A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring;
There shallow draughts intoxicate the
brain,
But drinking deeply sobers us again.”

The great mass of our American people can read, and do read the newspapers, and many other things; and all of them fancy themselves competent to sit in judgment on all matters human and divine. They are equal to the profoundest philosophical speculations, the loftiest theological dogmas, and the abstrusest political problems. Filled with a sense of their own wisdom and capacity for sound judgment, they lose all teachableness, and are really in a more deplorable state than if they made no pretensions to general intelligence. Unquestionably we must pass through this stage of superficial knowledge, which merely engenders pride, conceit, self-will, before we can come to that of true enlightenment; and therefore we do not complain, but submit to the present evil, consoling ourselves with the

* Consult on this subject, *Histoire des Doctrines Morales et Politiques des trois derniers Siècles*. Par M. Matter. Paris: 1836. 3 Tomes 8vo. Vol. I. c. v. M. Matter is a Protestant, and a Professor at Strasbourg, a man of considerable learning, half French Eclectic, and the other half German Rationalist, and good authority on the point on which we refer to him.

hope of the glory hereafter to be revealed. Nevertheless, it is an evil, deny it who will.

Printing, by multiplying books and making the great mass of the people readers, serves to foster the spirit of Individualism, which is only one form of supreme selfishness. He who has not the humility to learn, the meekness to obey, who feels that he has no superior, but that he is as good as you, will soon come to feel that he owes no duty but to himself; and that the true morality in his case is to take care of Number One. In this way the invention of printing, co-operating with the causes already mentioned, tended to destroy the Church and Nobility of the Middle Ages, to substitute pride, intractableness and egotism for the old spirit of submission and self-denial, and therefore aided on the change we have noted. Ignorance and self-sufficiency pervert Heaven's choicest blessings; and the Bible itself, thrown into the hands of the mass incompetent to its interpretation or right understanding, becomes, we are often obliged to own, a savor of death unto death, and generates endless sects and interminable strife, as fatal to the cause of piety as to individual and public happiness.

4. On the heels of all this, materialism in philosophy, virtually if not expressly, arrogant individualism in matters of faith, selfishness or a refined or even gross Epicureanism in morals, and the independence and centralization of the civil power in the hands of the absolute monarch, adopting and acting, as Cæsar Borgia and Ferdinand of Arragon, on a policy wholly detached from religion and morality, came the discovery of the passage round the Cape of Good Hope, and of this Western Continent. Already had men's minds been drawn off from high spiritual subjects; already had they begun to be heathenized, and of the earth earthy; the Church was reduced to be a tool of the state; the minister of religion shorn of his sacred authority and converted into a police officer. The world was ripe for a new order of things; for entering into the career of industrial aggrandizement, the accumulation of treasures on earth, forgetful that moth and rust may corrupt and thieves break through and steal. The newly discovered worlds afforded the means both of increasing and of satisfying this

tendency. A sudden change came over the whole industrial world; visions of untold wealth floated before all eyes; and men who would in the twelfth century have been content to lead lives of self-denial, and to labor as peaceful monks, seeking in their quiet retreats for the crown of God's approval, were crossing all oceans, penetrating into all forests, digging into all mountains, in pursuit of GOLD. The love of gold supplanted the love of God; and the professed followers of Christ no longer made pilgrimages to the Holy Land, but to the Gold Coast, to Florida, Mexico and Peru, in pursuit not of the sacred relics of saints and martyrs, monuments consecrated by faith and love, but of the fabled Eldorado. Commerce took a new flight, and in a few years manufactures began to flourish, great industrial establishments to spring up; science and inventive genius came in—Manchester, Leeds, Lowell,—an immense operative population wanting shirts to their backs while shirts are lying idle, piled up in warehouses, and they starving in the midst of abundance!

We have here glanced at some of the causes which have operated to destroy the religious faith of the Middle Ages, to abolish the worship of God in Christian lands, and to introduce the worship of Mammon,—all-triumphant Mammon. Going along through the streets of Boston the other day, we remarked that it has become the fashion to convert the basement floors of our Churches into retail shops of various kinds of merchandise. How significant! The Church is made to rest on TRADE; Christ on Mammon. Was anything ever more typical! The rents of these shops in some cases, we are told, pay the whole expense of the minister's salary. Poor minister! if thou shouldst but take it into thy head to rebuke Mammon, as thy duty bids thee, and to point out the selfishness and iniquity of the dominant spirit of trade, thy underpinning would slide from under thee, and thou wouldst!—But land is valuable; and why should it lie idle all days in the week but one, because a meeting-house stands on it! Ay, sure enough. O blessed thrift, great art thou, and hast learned to coin thy God and to put him out at usury! But what hast thou gained! Thou art care-worn and haggard, and with all thy economies, begrudging Heaven the

small plat of ground for his temple,—Heaven who gives thee all, this whole earth, so much broader than thou canst cultivate, thou hast to provide bread and soup societies for the poor starving men and women, who would work, but can get no work.

Here we are, in Ireland, every third person reduced to live on third-rate potatoes, these scantily obtained, and for only thirty-six weeks in the year; in England and Scotland, with dark lanes, Stockport cellars, and St. Ives workhouses, Manchester insurrections, gloomy enough; in France, no great better, daily *émeutes*, kept down by sheer force of armed soldiery; and in this country, following rapidly on in the same way, godless and heartless, sneering at virtue, philanthropy, owning no relation of man to man but what Carlyle terms “cash payment.” What is to be the upshot of all this? My countrymen, I have before to-day told you all this; but though you are wise, intelligent, virtuous—the freest, noblest, meekest, humblest people that ever breathed this blessed air of heaven, I see nothing that you are doing to guard against worse, or to remedy what is bad. I read the newspapers, the protecting genii and guardian angels of the land. I seize the leading editorials, and in the simplicity of my heart and the eagerness of my spirit ask, What cheer? Surely, with so many Able Editors, all toiling and sweating at the anvil, all devoted heart and soul to the public good, we must be safe, and the means of averting the calamity dreaded must be within our reach; the remedy must be found out and insisted on. Alas! brother editors, I love and honor ye; but I must say, I see not as ye touch the problem, conceive of it even, far less propose a solution. Ye are all at work with details, with petty schemes, proposing nothing that comes up to the mark. Some of you talk of Home Industry; the wisest among you talk of Free Trade; none of you, as I hear, speak of God, and tell your readers that for a people who worship Mammon, there is no good. Nay, you must not speak of these matters; for if you do, who will advertise in your columns or subscribe for your papers? Nay, how many subscribers will my friend, the Editor of this Journal, lose by inserting this very Article? Am I not trenching at every moment on forbidden

ground? Do I say one word that party leaders will not turn pale or look cross at? What political capital can be made out of what I say? Alas! brother Editors, do not think I intend to upbraid you. God knows our condition is not one to be envied. With the whole weight of the Republic on our shoulders, and we, alas! none of the strongest in bone or muscle! God pity us! For to carry this huge Republic, with its Mammon worshippers, and its Christian Churches reared on traders' shops, and its party strifes, its rush for office, its forgetfulness of man's brotherhood to man, its morality of Let us alone, Save who can, and the Devil take the hindmost; workers no longer finding work to do; master-workers counting their obligations to their workmen discharged in full when the stipulated wages are paid; it is no easy matter.

But, after all, what is the Remedy? Let us not deceive ourselves. The whole head is sick, the whole heart is faint. Our industrial arrangements, the relations of master-workers and the workers, of Capital and Labor, which have grown up during these last three hundred years, are essentially vicious, and, as we have seen, are beginning throughout Christendom to prove themselves so. The great evil is not now in the tyranny or oppressions of governments as such; it is not in the arbitrary power of monarchies, aristocracies, or democracies; but it is in the heart of the people, and the Industrial Order. It is simply, under the industrial head, so far as concerns our material well-being, in this fact, this mournful fact, that there is no longer any certainty of the born worker obtaining always work whereby he can provide for the ordinary wants of a human being. Nor is this altogether the fault of the master-workers. To a very great extent, the immediate employer is himself in turn employed; and as all who produce, produce to sell, their means of employing, constantly and at reasonable wages, evidently depend on the state of the market; workmen must, therefore, with every depression of trade, be thrown out of employment, whatever the benevolence of the master-workers.

Nor is it possible, with the present organization, or rather *disorganization* of Industry, to prevent these ruinous fluctuations of Trade. They may undoubtedly be exaggerated by bad legis-

lation, as they may be mitigated by wise and just administration of government, but prevented altogether they cannot be. For this plain reason, that more can be produced, in any given year, with the present productive power, than can be sold in any given five years,—we mean sold to the actual consumer. In other words, by our vicious method of distributing the products of labor, we destroy the possibility of keeping up an equilibrium between production and consumption. We create a surplus—that is a surplus, not when we consider the wants of the people, but when we consider the state of the markets—and then must slacken our hand till the surplus is worked off. During this time, while we are working off the surplus, while the mills run short time, or stop altogether, the workmen must want employment. The evil is inherent in the system. We say it is inherent in the *system of wages*, of cash payments, which, as at present understood, the world has for the first time made any general experiment of only now, since the Protestant Reformation.

Let us not be misinterpreted. We repeat not here the folly of some men about equality, and every man being in all things his own guide and master. This world is not so made. There must be in all branches of human activity, mental, social, industrial, Chiefs and Leaders. Rarely, if ever, does a man remain a workman at wages, who could succeed in managing an industrial establishment for himself. Here is my friend Mr. Smith, an excellent hatter, kind-hearted, charitable, and succeeds well; but of the fifty hands he employs, not one could take his place. Many of these journeymen of his have been in business for themselves, but failed. They are admirable workmen, but have not the capacity to direct, to manage, to carry on business. It is so the world over. There must be Chiefs in Religion, in Politics, in Industry; the few must lead, the many must follow. This is the order of Nature; it is the ordinance of God; and it is worse than idle to contend against it. The great question concerns the mode of designating these chiefs, and the form of the relation which shall subsist between them and the rest of the community. Our present mode of designating them in the Industrial world—in the political

we manage it in this country somewhat better—is obviously defective, and the relation expressed by wages, in our modern sense of the term, is an undeniable failure. Under it there is no security, no permanency, no true prosperity, for either worker or master-worker; both hurry on to one common ruin.

This, we are well aware, will not be believed. We do not believe ourselves ill. We mistake the hectic flush on the cheek for the hue of health. "We have heard," say our readers, "this cry of ruin ever since we could remember, and yet we have gone on prospering, increasing in wealth, refinement, art, literature, science, and doubling our population every thirty years." Yea, and we shall continue to prosper in the same way. The present stagnation of trade will last not much longer; business will soon revive, nay, is reviving; and we shall feel that the evil day is too far off to be guarded against. We shall grow richer; we shall build up yet larger industries; the hammer will ring from morning till night—till far into the night; the clack of the cotton-mill will accompany the music of every waterfall; the whole land be covered by a vast network of railroads and canals; our ships will display their canvas upon every sea, and fill every port; our empire shall extend from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Northern Ocean to the Isthmus of Darien; we shall surpass England as much as ancient Carthage surpassed the mother Phœnicia; be the richest, the most renowned nation the world ever saw. All this, it needs no prophetic eye to foresee; prosperity of this sort we may have, shall have. It is not of outward, material ruin we speak. But what will avail all this outward prosperity,—our industries, our wealth, our arts, our luxuries, our boundless empire, our millions of people, if we contain in our midst a greater mass of corruption, of selfishness, of vice, of crime, of abject misery and wretchedness, than the world ever saw before? And yet, such will be our fate if we continue on in the path, nay, the broad road, in which we are now travelling.

But once more, we are asked, what is the remedy? Shall we go back to the Middle Ages, to Feudalism and the old Catholic Church? No, my coun-

trymen, no. This is no longer possible even if it were desirable. We have got fire-arms, heathen literature, printing, and the new world; with these it is not possible to reconstruct the Middle Ages. How often must I remind you that there is no going back! Who ever knew yesterday to return! From the bottom of my heart I believe these much decried Middle Ages were far preferable,—regarded as definitive,—to our own. What we have as yet obtained by departing from them,—unless we make it the stepping-stone to something more,—is far beneath them. The Israelites in the wilderness, I must needs believe were,—saving the hope of reaching the promised land,—worse off than in Egypt making bricks for their task-masters; but this promised land, flowing with milk and honey, lay *before* them, not behind them, and could be reached not by returning to Egypt, but by pressing *onward through* the wilderness. I pray thee, gentle, or rather *ungentle* reader, not to misinterpret me, on this point, as thou art wont to do. No more than thou dost do I believe in the perfection of the Middle Ages, as much as I may admire them, and as much superior to the present as I certainly hold them. I would not bring them back if I could. They do not come up to my ideal of what is most desirable for the human race; nor to what is attainable even. They had many and heavy drawbacks. Out from under the veil of Romance, which Time and Genius have woven for them, we see ever and anon the ghastly Death's Head peering. No wise man regrets their departure; no wise man labors to reproduce them; and herein the Schlegels and Oxford Divines are not wise, and do but kick against the pricks. We grieve not that we can have these ages no more; that Feudalism is gone, and the Church of Gregory VII., that Napoleon of the Ecclesiastical Order, is gone, never to return; but we do grieve that in getting rid of them, we have supplied their place by nothing better; by nothing so good. In contrasting them with the present, we have wished to show our countrymen that they should not be contented with the present, nor despair of something better; for better once was and may be again; though not in the old form.

But if we would not reconstruct the

old Feudal and Catholic society, we would have what Feudalism and Mediæval Catholicity sought to realize; and to some extent, though in a rude and imperfect manner, it may be, *did* realize. We would have men *governed*, and well governed, let who will be the governors, or what form adopted there may be for selecting them. God's curse and Humanity's curse also do and will rest on the no-government schemers. Satan himself was chief Anarch, and all anarchists are his children. Men need government, nay, have a *right* to demand government, without which there is no life for them. We would also see revived in all its mediæval force and activity the Christian Faith, and as the interpreter of that Faith, the Christian Church, one and indivisible; the ground and pillar of the truth; clothed with the authority which of right belongs to it; and enjoining and exercising a discipline on high and low, rich and poor, as effective as that of the Middle Ages, but modified to meet the new wants and relations of Christendom. There is no true *living* on this God's earth, for men who do not believe in God, in Christ, in the ever present Spirit of Truth, Justice, Love; in the Reality of the Spiritual World; nor without the Church of Christ, active and efficient, authoritative over faith and conscience, competent to instruct us in the mysteries of our destiny, and to direct us wisely and surely through the creation of a heaven here on earth, to a holier and higher heaven hereafter. We must revoke the divorce unwisely and wickedly decreed between politics and religion and morality. It must not be accounted a superfluity in the politician to have a conscience; nor an impertinence to speak and to act as if he believed in the eternal God, and feared the retributions of the unseen world; nor inconsistent with the acknowledged duties of the minister of religion, to withhold absolution from the base politician, the foul wretch, whatever his private morals, who will in public life betray his country, or support an unjust policy through plea of utility or mere expediency. It must not always be in vain that a public measure is shown to be unjust in order to secure its defeat, or just, in order to secure its adoption. Nations must be made to feel that there is a Higher than they, and that they may lawfully do

only what the Sovereign of sovereigns commands. Right must be carried into the cabinet councils of ministers, into legislative halls, into the bureaux of business, and preside at the tribunals of justice; men must be made to feel deep in their inmost being, whether in public life or in private life, that they are watched by the all-seeing Eye, and that it is better to be poor, better to beg, better to starve, than to depart in the least iota from the law of rigid justice, and thrice blessed charity. This is what we need; what we demand for our country, for all countries; and demand too in the reverend name of Him who was, and is, and is to be, and in the sacred name of Humanity, whose maternal heart is wounded by the least wound received by the least significant of her children.

But how shall this faith be reproduced? It is not for me to answer this question. There are, as I compute, some fifteen thousand clergymen in this country, of all names and grades; all, I am bound to presume, good men and true; apostolic men; laboring with an eye single to the glory of their Master in the salvation of men; able ministers of the New Testament, comprehending all mysteries, and competent to unfold to us the destinies of man and society; speaking with an unction from the Holy One, words of truth with power, as men having authority. To these belongs the prerogative to answer the question proposed. I have no disposition to encroach on their peculiar province. But, holy fathers, permit me with all respect for your order, to ask, you being what I have presumed, how happens it that truth dies out of the hearts of the people, that God's altars are everywhere digged down, and those of Mammon set up? It is not for me to rebuke an elder, but, holy fathers, does not this fact speak of neglected duty, of unfaithfulness to your charge? Your profession falls into disrepute; your flocks run after strange gods, and set up those to be gods which are no gods. Some of your most zealous supporters, who are severest against those who reverence you not, who carry around the box of charity, put a penny in but do take a shilling out; your well dressed hearers, in their soft cushioned pews, smile or sleep when you talk of heaven, of hell, of eternity, of man's accountability and the neces-

sity of seeking heaven by self-denial, by crucifying the world, and exercising faith towards God and charity towards men. These old-fashioned notions seem to be outgrown, and men fancy themselves now gliding on safely to the Celestial City, as my friend Hawthorne has it, on recently constructed railroads, with Apollyon himself for conductor and chief engineer. Could this have happened, holy fathers, if you had been faithful to the Great Head of the Church? O, it is a fearful thing that you and I shall be compelled to answer at the dread tribunal for the faith of this people! God will ask of us, Where are the children I committed to your charge? What shall we have to answer?

Politically, also, we need something, and something may unquestionably be done, especially in this country where the people are supreme, inasmuch as the people are wise and virtuous. Were it my province to suggest anything to be done under this head, I should recommend the complete destruction of the paper money system, the repeal of all measures facetiously called Protection of Home Industry, which tax one interest for the purpose of building up another, and labor for the enhancement of the profits of capital; and the adoption of a uniform measure of values, so that men shall buy and sell by the same measure, and trade cease to be only a respectable form of gambling with loaded dice. But, I am told that the great merit of the politician is to find out and conform to the will of the people; I will therefore make no proposition. There are at least in this country, computing Federal and State officers, from President down to tide-waiters, and Governors down to field-drivers, all told, not less than some hundred and fifty thousand office-holders, to say nothing of twice as many office-seekers, hardly if at all their inferiors. These are the Political Chiefs of the people. The people are virtuous and intelligent. They will always therefore select the most virtuous and intelligent of their number for their chiefs. These office-holders, therefore, are and must be held to be a fair and full representation of the virtue and intelligence of the American people.

Now, it belongs to these, the selected chiefs of the people, to introduce

and carry through all needed political reforms. Political Chiefs, you are intrusted with power; you have the confidence of the people; you are selected by us to be our governors and guides. Now, in the name of our common country we call upon you, since you unquestionably have the ability, to put an end to the evils we have complained of, so far as they belong to your department. I am sure the people, if they are as wise and as virtuous as you tell them they are, and have made them believe they are, have never wished the political state of things which now is. I am sure, that the great mass of your constituents, however they may err as to means, do really prefer good government, which maintains freedom for all, and which at least gives us this simple kind of liberty of which Carlyle speaks, to buy where we can cheapest, to sell where dearest. Do you then regard this will, resign your functions, or work out something better than we now have; and better not merely for rich capitalists and trading politicians, but better for my poor sister the washerwoman, and the still poorer sister, the sempstress, with her three little children growing up in ignorance, to be corrupted by the rabble rout with which they must associate.

Of Industrial Reforms properly so called, we speak not. Owenisms, St. Simonisms, Fourierisms, Communisms, and *isms* enough in all conscience are rife, indicating at least, that men are beginning to feel that the present industrial relations are becoming quite unbearable. Three years ago, I brought forward my "Morrison Pill," but the public made up wry faces, and absolutely refused to take it; so much the worse for them. I cannot afford to throw away my medicines, even if they are quack medicines. I cease attempting to prescribe. I leave this matter to the natural chiefs of Industry, that is, to Bank Presidents, Cashiers, and Directors; to the Presidents and Directors of Insurance Offices, of Railroads and other Corporations; heavy manufacturers, and leading merchants; the Master-Workers, in Carlyle's terminology, the Plugsons of Undershot. Messrs. Plugsons of Undershot, you are a numerous and a powerful body. You are the Chiefs of Industry, and in some sort hold our lives

in your pockets. You are a respectable body. I see you occupying the chief seats in the synagogues, consulted by Secretaries of the Treasury, constituting boards of Trade, Conventions of Manufacturers, forming Home Leagues, presiding over Lyceums, making speeches at meetings for the relief of the poor, and other charitable purposes. You are great; you are respectable; and you have a benevolent regard for all poor laborers. Suffer me, alas, a poor laborer enough, to do you homage, and render you the tribute of my gratitude. Think not that I mean to reproach you with the present state of Industry and the Working Men. I have no reproaches to bring. But, ye are able to place our Industry on its right basis, and I come as one to call upon you to do it; nay, to tell you that not I only, but a Higher than any of us, will hold you responsible for the *future* condition of the Industrial Classes. If you govern industry only with a view to your own profit, to the profit of master-workers, I tell you that the little you contribute to build Work Houses, and to furnish Bread and Soup, will not be held as a final discharge. If God has given you capacities to lead, it has been that you might be a blessing to those who want that capacity. As he will hold the Clergy responsible for the religious faith of the people, as he will hold the Political Chiefs responsible for the wise ordinance and administration of government, so, my respected Masters, will he hold you responsible for the wise organization of industry and the just distribution of its fruits. Here, I dare speak, for here I am the interpreter of the law of God. Every pang the poor mother feels over her starving boy, is recorded in Heaven against you, and goes to swell the account you are running up there, and which you, with all your *financiering*, may be unable to discharge. Do not believe that no books are kept but your own, nor that your method of book-keeping by double entry is the highest method, the most perfect. Look to it, then. What does it profit, though a man gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Ay, my respected Masters, as little as ye think of the matter, ye have souls, and souls that can be *lost* too, if not lost already. In God's name, in humanity's name, nay, in the name of

your own souls, which will not relish the fire that is never quenched, nor feel at ease under the gnawings of the worm that never dies, let me entreat you to lose no time in re-arranging Industry, and preventing the recurrence of these evils, which with no malice I have roughly sketched for you to look upon. The matter, my friends, is pressing, and delay may prove fatal. Remember, there is a God in Heaven, who may say to you, "Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you; your riches are corrupted, and your garments are moth-eaten, your gold and silver is cankered; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. You have stored up to yourselves wrath against the last days. Behold

the hire of the laborers who have reaped your fields of which you have defrauded them, crieth out; and the cry of them hath entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth." This is not my denunciation; it is not the declamation of the agrarian seeking to arm the poor against the rich; but it is God himself speaking to you now in warning, what he will hereafter, unless you are wise, speak to you in retribution.

More we had proposed to say, but close with recommending anew to our readers the work we have noticed, as one, which if not always sound in its philosophy, is earnest in its tone, just in its rebukes, and often wise in its suggestions. The more such books are multiplied and read, the better will it be for us.

ERNEST STEINER, A TALE OF THE IDEAL AND THE REAL.

BY MRS. JANE L. SWIFT.

TWILIGHT was shading with its dusky veil the streets of Strasburg, and still a stream of gold burnished the lofty spire which crowns its cathedral. Nearly five hundred feet in height, it is the first object that glows with the kiss of the rising sun, and is the last to be embellished with its evening rays.

At a window in the vicinity, commanding a full view of this splendid Gothic structure, sat a man, perhaps fifty years of age, with his eyes intently fixed upon the illuminated spire. It was to him a dear, familiar thing, for he had looked upon it from childhood; and there were associations now clustering around his heart, that brought the flush of suppressed emotion to his brow. He was a lonely man—with but one child—and that child was soon to be launched upon the billows of a world, too often stormy, seldom calm. The light disappeared; yet still he gazed upon that distant point that seemed to touch the sky; and, as he pondered, his thoughts unconsciously shaped themselves into words:

"Beautiful Ideal! Region of shadowy

thought! peopled with beings not of clay, and stored with images traced in dreamy loveliness upon the tablets of the fervid mind—beautiful Ideal! whom I worshipped with all the energy of youthful passion in years gone by, give, oh! give me back the pristine freshness of early manhood; give me back the delusive charm that lulled my spirit into a blest forgetfulness of transitory things, and wove a web of transparent light around my soul.

"Beautiful Ideal! how I worshipped thee; yet thine was the wandering gleam upon the ocean of existence, that led my bark astray; and, when with eager joy I would have moored that bark in the wished-for haven, it struck and stranded upon unsuspected shoals. The wreck floated once again, dismasted, with nothing but the naked hull to stem the wave; until, drifting on, it found deeper waters and a serener calm. But it is at best a shattered thing; just bearing its precious freight, and verging towards the far off shore, from which no vessel has returned.

"Beautiful Ideal! once more I call upon thee to restore the day-dreams of my youth—I call upon thee to rebuild the fairy castles in which it was my delight to dwell—I call upon thee to renew the golden promises of hope. Ah! idle, worse than idle, thus to cling to what has once betrayed, and would betray again. Have wasted years brought with them lessons so severe, only to drive me back again in despair, to the spell that worked my ruin? To have lived in vain—to have been but as an atom of dust in this beautiful world—and then, to die!

"But my son—my only, my gifted child—how I tremble for thee, possessing as thou dost, all the elements that form a highly intellectual being. While yet thy infant lips were unused to speech, thou wouldst point to the wandering cloud as it curled into fantastic shapes, and watch with upturned brow the changes of light and shade. Thy playthings all forgotten, thou wouldst sit in mute ecstasy when the sweet tones of thy mother's harp were heard; and, unknowing why, the tears would gush from their welling fountain, and thou wouldst hide thy face upon her bosom. I remember, that while yet a little child, thou didst ask me if stars were not angels' eyes; and as I encouraged the poetical idea, I felt that thine was not a common mind. Yet, is it to be thy blessing or thy curse?"

"My blessing, dear father," said the youth, who had just entered and overheard the latter part of his parent's soliloquy; "you would not wish me, surely, to be one of the common herd, obtuse to everything excepting what I see, hear, touch, smell or taste! I would as soon be yonder beast of burthen, as be a man, without any of the aspirations that dignify and exalt our nature."

The lips of the elder Steiner relaxed into a smile, as he laid his hand upon the head of the handsome youth, who had seen some twenty summers. "And yet, Wieland," he said mournfully, "the decline of life must be gilded with something more enduring than day-dreams and beautiful illusions. If we would be content when old age overtakes us, we must feel that we have not altogether lived in vain."

"Let old age take care of itself, father; I would live while I live, and in the glorious revelations of philosophy I

would worship mind. Nay, tell me not what you have often told me, that philosophy is full of dangerous subtleties and improbable theories. While I have the creations of your own gifted mind to speak to mine, I cannot shun the dreamy and beautiful speculations of the schools."

"I have lived long enough, my dear Wieland, to become convinced of the errors of my favorite theories, and to condemn that system of study, which leads us too often to involve in mystery the naked majesty of truth. It is like shutting out the rays of the noon-day sun, to grope by the light of a flickering candle. And yet, I admit, Wieland, that against my better judgment, I find myself sometimes rearing those baseless fabrics, which a single gleam of truth can destroy."

"Truth?"

"Ay, the real as opposed to the ideal—the actual as opposed to the visionary—the thing having being in itself, as opposed to what is merely a phantasm of the mind."

"Good; and the right angles, triangles, and squares of truth, brought to the very point of the compasses, are to geometrize the parterre of my brain, until not a curve line of grace is left."

"Far from it, my dear boy; I would not wish to rob life of all its poetry and grace, but I would press upon you the danger of living in an imaginary world of your own. The wildest enthusiasts, who have broached the wildest schemes, generally began with less startling doctrines, which finally led them step by step to the natural result,—for error can rarely rest satisfied with anything short of the extreme. In the simple recital of the most prominent events of my life, you will not be uninterested; and the tale may have its influence upon your subsequent career."

"Like yourself, dear Wieland, I was reared in affluence, a position not calculated to make us acquainted with ourselves, nor to give us just views of the world. I entered upon my studies in the university of Gottingen, at the age of twenty, with a mind all energy, and a heart all flame. I was tolerably well read in the philosophical literature of the day, from the sublimated doctrine of the mystics, to the more childish dogmas of materialism; and the result was what might have been expected—I had no belief at all—but

inclined sometimes towards the tenets of one sect, and sometimes towards the tenets of another. There was something that fostered my self-esteem in the idea of identifying myself with the followers of what I, at length, conceived to be the most elevated philosophy; and after a residence of three years at Gottingen, I espoused the peculiar doctrines of Spinoza, in preference to the rest. I looked around upon the beautiful world, and recognized the universe as God. A profound lover of Nature, I worshipped a mysterious substance, endowed with infinite attributes, extension and thought; of which all spirits were modifications, and of whose essence all things were but subordinate portions. Rapt in the dreamy speculations to which such a belief impelled, I neglected all study that did not minister to the gratification of my absorbing passion; and the 'mind diseased' shrank from more healthful aliment, and from exercise less supine.

"Endowed by nature with the dangerous gift of eloquence, I became an oracle among my young associates; and found but too many ready to embrace the dogmas which were presented to them arrayed in all the alluring gracefulness of philosophical drapery. From being a teacher, I became a writer; unfortunately, a successful one; and thus, having thrown down the gauntlet as the champion of Pantheism, I no longer examined the claims of other doctrines, but occupied myself solely in defending and advancing the cause I had espoused.

"It was about this time that I acknowledged a new influence—the influence of woman, or rather of beauty. Leading the secluded life of a student, I had mingled but little in female society, and to look upon the form of beauty, was to love. Sweet Hermine! young, guileless, and confiding, there was no mystery, no chilling reserve in the acknowledgment of her attachment, and I felt that I was deeply, tenderly, I may say blindly, loved. She could not comprehend the scope of my severer studies, but would listen with dreamy wonder to the lesser mysteries of my creed, and would strive to think as I thought, and to follow where I might lead.

"Ah, this was a beautiful episode in the record of my life, and even now, the remembrance of those days comes

back upon me with all the freshness of a recent dream. It does not seem reality, for years have thrown a misty veil upon my heart, and tinged with an ideal glow the shadows of the past. Happy months passed on, until the time approached that was to unite me in marriage to the lovely Hermine. Stronger and stronger had become the silken bond of love, and I had already learned to feel for her as the wife of my bosom.

"One beautiful moonlight evening as we sat together, I could not help pleading for a shorter period of probation, until at length she raised her soft blue eyes to mine, and whispered, 'Thy will, Steiner, is mine.'

"As I pressed my lips upon her brow, I said, 'Dear Hermine, may I ever possess such mesmeric influence over thee!'

"She gazed earnestly at me for a moment, and then asked, 'Could you magnetize me, Ernest? I have always had the greatest desire to know if mesmerism could work such wonders upon me as I have heard related respecting others.'

"Although not what might be called a disciple of Mesmer, still I could not resist the evidence of my senses in the experiments I had witnessed; and in the power I had been able to exercise over others while in the magnetic sleep, I saw enough to stagger my scepticism. After repeated importunity on her part I consented to make the attempt. She sat before me, with her smiling eyes fixed on mine, while I went through the usual manipulations, until gradually the fringed eyelids closed, and her head sank upon her shoulder in a heavy slumber. With a still greater intensity of will, I said mentally, 'Go, pure spirit, to the land where they say the blest repose;' and, ere long, a change, as unearthly as it was beautiful, seemed to flit across her countenance, while her lips gently murmured, 'heaven—heaven.' She was the image of tranquillity, of peace, of happiness; and, trembling with agitation at the visible effect of the mysterious spell, I ceased the harmless incantation, and willed her to awake. With a sigh, and a half stifled sob, her spirit returned to its dwelling, with only a dim and indistinct recollection of repose.

"Several times I repeated similar experiments upon herself, and other members of her family, not always with

equal success, but seldom failing in producing the magnetic sleep.

"It was a lovely afternoon in early summer; the day preceding that on which I was to call *Hermine* mine for ever. Her relations, some of whom had come from a distance to be present at her bridal, were around her; and at the earnest request of one of them who was an unbeliever in Mesmerism, *Hermine* consented to be magnetized again. When I had succeeded in producing the somnolent state, I willed that she should visit the regions of the lost. I know not how the idea entered my mind, or why I acted upon it, but it was done in the thoughtless levity of the moment. Ere long, an expression of suffering and disquiet overspread her countenance, and distorted its usually unruffled lineaments. She gasped violently once or twice, and then became pale and motionless. Alarmed and terror-stricken at the result of my rash proceeding, I instantly resorted to the usual means to awaken her, but without success,—I had lost the power! There she lay, still as death, yet so lovely that she seemed too beautiful for earth. They besought me imploringly to release her from the terrific slumber,—alas! I had no longer command over myself, and to that circumstance I imputed my failure in the effort to awaken her. Her brother leaned over her, and, touching her hand, started back with the appalling cry, 'My God, she is dead!' I grasped the wrist, there was no pulse; in agony I placed my shaking hand upon her heart, it did not beat beneath the pressure. With the speed of phrenzy, I ran for the nearest physician, so that in a few minutes he was by her side; but he turned away in tears, and said that she was dead! I would not—could not think so. I believe my senses must have left me, for I persisted in striving to arouse her from that frightful slumber, and not until I sank unconscious beside her, could they remove me.

"They ascertained, while I lay in that heavy swoon, that her death was caused by the rupture of a blood-vessel near the heart. God only knows how far I was instrumental in producing it, but I looked upon myself as her destroyer. Never before had I witnessed death, save in the brute creation; never had I seen the lamp of life extinguished in humanity. Whither, oh! whither had

fled the pure spirit of the departed? Where was the loving soul bound to mine by the dearest and holiest of ties? Annihilation! the thought was horror! All was doubt—darkness—and despair. No ray of comfort shone on the trackless waste of conjecture that spread itself before me; beyond, around, within, a gloom profound;—the Ideal then only aggravated the blackness of the abyss into which I was plunged.

"I went in to see her for the last time, just as they were about screwing down her coffin-lid for ever. Oh! the dreadful realities of death! How my shuddering soul covered in the presence of man's relentless and triumphant foe! 'Take her not away now,' I said, imploringly; 'see, how beautiful she looks—she may still but sleep—oh! do not heap the cold, damp mould upon that beloved form—it may yet revive!' They folded down the covering of her neck—oh God! the livid trace of death's decaying finger! A mist came over my eyes—I stooped to kiss the pure pale brow—and as the vivid reality forced itself upon me, that she whom I had loved so well, was but a clod of the valley now, the scalding drops, which shame the eye of manhood, fell fast above her dear remains.

"I found myself, at length, beside her grave. It was a green and shaded spot, where, but a few days before, we had wandered together over the grassy hillocks, in all the buoyant hopefulness of youth and happiness. Death had stepped between us—and as the earth rattled heavily upon her coffin, I felt that there lay buried all that I had to love and live for. Ah! *Wieland*, bitter indeed is the first draught of the cup of sorrow; still more bitter, when it is tasted by one unprepared and resigned to drink it.

"With a crushed and aching heart, I sought relief in study. In the solitude of my closet, I again strove to illume the magic lantern that had beguiled so many weary hours with its glowing pictures. But the spirit's destiny! the spirit's destiny! In letters of fire, written upon the walls—the earth—the sky—wherever I might turn, there, in characters that burned into my soul, I saw inscribed, 'the spirit's destiny!' I could not fly from the oppressive thought; and when I endeavored to face it, all grew dark around me ex-

cepting those characters of fire, 'the spirit's destiny!' Nature—philosophy—godlike mind—gave me no clue to solve the impenetrable mystery; and when, after many months of mental anguish, I resumed the labors of my pen, it was but to broach wilder schemes, and to disseminate more impious principles.

"It was at this time that I began to receive anonymous letters from a distant part of Germany, written with so much talent, and confuting with so much ability my favorite theories, that I became deeply interested in the polemical correspondence. For more than a year it continued, uprooting one by one the arguments in favor of natural religion; and I was at length both mortified and confounded when my antagonist acknowledged herself of the weaker sex. 'I contend not,' she said, 'I contend not in the cause of an ideal God; and if my weapons have in any way blunted the edge of yours, it is not owing to the skill with which they have been wielded, but to the weight and temper of their blades. There is a foothold in revealed religion, as opposed to philosophy, which gives a vantage-ground, and enables the weaker combatant to overcome, when, standing upon the same dead level, he must have succumbed to superior strength. If, as you admit, you would abandon your skeptical doctrines, were it not for bringing upon yourself the ridicule of your many readers—let me implore you, with all the energy of one who will probably ere long enter upon the realities of the unseen world—let me implore you to weigh your decision in the balance of integrity. Recreant, from conviction, to the cause of error, oh! be not, from choice, recreant to the cause of truth, just as it begins to dawn upon your soul! My failing health may prevent our ever meeting on this side of the grave—but there—there—Ernest Steiner, shall we meet there?'

"No solicitation—no entreaties, could induce my unknown friend to reveal her name; and when at length the mysterious correspondence ceased, I felt as if the spirit of truth, of purity, and of goodness, had left my soul for ever. How I yearned to look upon her face, and to hear her voice luring me on to better and more enduring hopes! Call it enthusiasm—call it madness—call it what you will—I could have

knelled and worshipped the gifted being who thus seemed sent to rescue me from the yawning gulf of atheism, and to draw aside the veil that hid the glorious realities of truth from my mental vision.

"The state of my mind for two years had been such as greatly to affect my health, and the prostration of my strength made me a prey to the most distressing languor and depression. The blight that had fallen upon my ambitious hopes, and the impossibility of retrieving the past so as to distinguish myself conscientiously in the path I had chosen, almost proved a death-blow to me. In the very zenith of my literary fame, when I had succeeded in winning for myself an enviable reputation among the Neologists of Germany, I saw the foundation of the fabric I had been rearing crumble beneath my feet, and felt that I could no longer defend with integrity or ability the cause in which I had labored. I abandoned, for the time, all philosophical study, and determined, at length, to recruit my waning health and exhausted spirits at the springs of Baden-Baden.

"What a variety of light and shade in the condition and circumstances of individuals does such a place of resort present! Youth, intent on pleasure, with the flush of joy and hope upon the cheek, and the merry laugh ringing from out the depths of a free, unburdened heart;—beauty, intent on conquest, with brow of light and winning smile, weaving its resistless spell around a host of votaries;—talent, drawing within its magic circle the gifted few, aspiring to be the nucleus around which the lesser satellites delight to revolve;—disease, with shrunken form and pallid lineaments, yearning for the boon that would bring sweetness to the cup of life, full, perchance to overflowing, with every other gift that blesses humanity,—all these, and more than these, are found among the motley crowd that yearly haunt these health-restoring springs.

"It is, at least, comforting to those afflicted with lighter ailments, to see how rapidly the invigorating air and healing waters work a change in the almost confirmed invalid; so that many who arrive on litters, depart in a few weeks, rejoicing in a renovated frame.

"A day or two after my arrival, I was standing with a friend on one of the

sloping terraces which adorn the garden, while he pointed out and named to me the persons worthy of being distinguished from the crowd. After a long array of titled personages and literati had been presented to my notice, 'Who,' I asked, 'are the unpretending persons just advancing towards us—I mean, that venerable old man, and the fading yet intellectual-looking woman that leans, as if for support, upon his arm?'

"That is Professor L——, of Berlin, the most celebrated of the few Orthodox* theologians that Germany can boast; and the lady is his only daughter. She is, as you see, past the first bloom of womanhood; but she is a rare specimen of intellectual culture, and I doubt if our land can produce another Frederika. Incessant study has worn down her physical strength; but her mental powers are undiminished, and her love of everything that is true, pure, and good, adds a bright, untarnished lustre to her name.'

"An undefinable sensation shot through my frame—a thrill, that made my heartstrings vibrate. My thoughts reverted to the unknown who, but a few months before, had given a deeper interest to my life than it had ever known. And where was she now? Had her fate been sealed by death's stern warrant, or did she still live to hope and pray for me? I gazed after the receding form of Frederika; and as a wild, improbable idea forced itself upon me, I left my friend, and sought the solitude of my chamber.

"I saw her no more that day; but the following one, at sunset, we met at the upper spring. My friend was also there, and introduced us to each other. To my great disappointment, not a shade passed over her countenance as she heard my name, but, entering into conversation with the most graceful ease and self-possession, she soon charmed me by the originality and depth of her mind, and by the unaffected simplicity of her manner. Her father I found a no less agreeable acquaintance; and when at length he delicately alluded to my success as an author, I saw the eyes of Frederika turned upon me, as I answered, 'Yet I would gladly blot out, if I could, all that I have written.'

"'I have admired your genius,' replied the old man, 'but I admit that I have regretted its being exercised upon the ephemeral philosophy so much in vogue—a philosophy the more dangerous, because it surrounds itself with all the allurements of mental imagery, and casts a veil of dreamy beauty around its most glaring inconsistencies.'

"'The harmony of the moral world,' I replied, 'as well as the order of the physical universe, has dispelled in a great degree the clouds that obscured my mental vision; and I see at last the scheme of eternal intelligence developing itself alike in both. The wonderful adaptation of means to ends has convinced me that there is a great First Cause separate from myself—infinite in power—the maker and upholder of all things.'

"A tear glistened in the eyes of the old man, as he turned his face towards his daughter; and our conversation was abruptly terminated by his being called away.

"Frederika and myself were left alone. My heart throbbed with unwonted rapidity; the state of suspense was misery.

"'Tell me,' I began—and, abashed at my presumption, I hesitated. She looked at me for a moment in silence; then, gently placing her hand in mine, she said:

"'Ernest Steiner, we have met at last.'

"I raised that hand to my lips—but emotions too sacred for utterance overpowered me.

"Two months—two eventful months passed away; and the hue of health again visited the cheek of Frederika. In my intercourse with herself and her admirable parent, I had felt my nature purified and improved; while my views were in a great measure enlightened and confirmed by the simple, but all-powerful arguments of the Christian divine. I had, found in the real friend of my soul, the ideal bride of my affections; but the word upon which my all of happiness must be staked, had not been spoken. I had, when a child, blown bubbles in the summer air, and as the floating orb was sus-

* "To belong to the Orthodox party in Germany at the present time, the great points of Lutheran belief must be admitted."—*Dwight's Travels in Germany*.

pended between earth and Heaven, and I marked its opal shades, and saw the bright images reflected on its surface, I scarcely dared to breathe, for fear I should dissolve the existence of that fairy globe. Thus did I feel, as the hour drew on that must either unite, or separate us for ever. It was no common die to cast; it must be blighted manhood—or—a prospect of happiness that I could not trust myself to dwell upon.

"It was on the evening prior to her departure from Baden, that I told her of my deep, my fervent attachment. I told her what she had been to me in that dark and stormy period of my life, when I turned away in bitterness from every sound of consolation; I told her of the yearning desire of my heart to be a wiser and a better man. With all the pleading tenderness of love, I besought her to share life's weal or woe with me; and as the light of her placid smile beamed in beauty and hope upon my soul, I felt that earth had no choicer gift to bestow, and that the best blessing I had ever coveted was now indeed mine.

"Dost thou remember thy mother, my boy? Aye, by those tears, I see that thou hast not forgotten her. Comes she in the still night-watches to bless thy slumber? Wieland, when the passion-pulses of thy young bosom are throbbing wildly, and temptation with its winning blandishments would lead

thy steps astray, then let the counsels she has given thee, lure thee back into the paths of purity and peace."

The young man clasped his father's hand between his own, and both remained silent. There were thoughts too deep for their utterance, or for my expression, that were busy at their hearts; and as night in its starry beauty closed around them, the shrouded memories of other days came floating on, and robed the past in golden colors such as it was wont to wear.

The elder Steiner continued to gaze in dreamy reverie upon the towering spire, and as he remembered how often *she* had looked out upon that sky with him, and had spoken of its eternal mysteries, a faint smile illumined his countenance, and he breathed this passionate appeal to the recollection of buried joys:

"Beautiful Ideal! oh, come to me again, freighted with the precious love, which as my wife she bore me. Come to me, with all the hallowed influences, which, for years, she shed around my soul. Come to me, not with the shadows of the early grave, but with the soft rainbow hues of my wedded home. Refined and exalted by the touch of truth, oh, whisper to my heart of the happiness that is hers! Tell me, in my hours of despondence, that she lives where the Ideal fades, and is merged in the mighty Real!"

NOTE.—At the present time, accounts of experiments in Animal Magnetism are apt to excite the smile of incredulity; and one of the incidents of the above story will, perhaps, find but few believers. It is paralleled, however, to some extent by a circumstance within the knowledge of the writer, which occurred in this country a few years since. An eminent physician of New York, who was far from being a believer in Mesmerism, was attending a female patient laboring under distressing nervous debility. During the heavy sleep that succeeded one of her most severe attacks, he thought that he would test

the effect of Animal Magnetism upon her; if, indeed, he should be able to succeed in his effort. He willed that she should visit heaven; and as he watched her countenance, he could observe the expression of suffering giving place to one of tranquil enjoyment. When she awoke, she told him that she had dreamed of Paradise; and described in the most circumstantial and glowing manner, what she had felt and seen. The physician, from that time, ceased to consider the experiments mentioned by others as unworthy of belief.

J. L. S.

REMARKS ON AMERICAN ART.

BY HORATIO GREENOUGH.

THE susceptibility, the tastes, and the genius which enable a people to enjoy the Fine Arts, and to excel in them, have been denied to the Anglo-Americans, not only by European talkers, but by European thinkers. The assertion of our obtuseness and inefficiency in this respect, has been ignorantly and presumptuously set forth by some persons, merely to fill up the measure of our condemnation. Others have arrived at the same conclusion, after examining our political and social character, after investigating our exploits and testing our capacities. They admit that we trade with enterprise and skill, that we build ships cunningly and sail them well, that we have a quick and far-sighted apprehension of the value of a territory, that we make wholesome homespun laws for its government, and that we fight hard when molested in any of these homely exercises of our ability; but they assert that there is a stubborn, anti-poetical tendency in all that we do, or say, or think; they attribute our very excellence in the ordinary business of life, to causes which must prevent our development as artists.

Enjoying the accumulated result of the thought and labor of centuries, Europe has witnessed our struggles with the hardships of an untamed continent, and the disadvantages of colonial relations, with but a partial appreciation of what we aim at, with but an imperfect knowledge of what we have done. Seeing us intently occupied during several generations in felling forests, in building towns, and constructing roads, she thence formed a theory that we are good for nothing except these pioneer efforts. She taunted us, because there were no statues or frescoes in our log-cabins; she pronounced us unmusical, because we did not sit down in the swamp with an Indian on one side, and a rattlesnake on the other, to play the violin. That she should triumph over the deficiencies of a people who had set the

example of revolt and republicanism, was natural; but the reason which she assigned for those deficiencies was not the true reason. She argued with the depth and the sagacity of a philosopher who should conclude, from seeing an infant imbibe with eagerness its first aliment, that its whole life would be occupied in similar absorption.

Sir Walter Scott, rank tory as he was, showed more good sense, when, in recommending an American book to Miss Edgeworth, he accounted for such a phenomenon, by saying, "that people once possessed of a three-legged stool, soon contrive to make an easy-chair." Humble as the phrase is, we here perceive an expectation on his part, that the energies now exercised in laying the foundations of a mighty empire, would in due time rear the stately columns of civilisation, and crown the edifice with the entablature of letters and of arts. Remembering that one leg of the American stool was planted in Maine, a second in Florida, and the third at the base of the Rocky Mountains, he could scarce expect that the chair could become an easy one in a half-century.

It is true, that before the Declaration of Independence, Copley had in Boston formed a style of portrait which filled Sir Joshua Reynolds with astonishment; and that West, breaking through the bar of Quaker prohibition, and conquering the prejudice against a provincial aspirant, had taken a high rank in the highest walk of art in London. Stuart, Trumbull, Alston, Morse, Leslie, Newton, followed in quick succession, while Vanderlyn won golden opinions at Rome, and bore away high honors at Paris. So far were the citizens of the Republic from showing a want of capacity for art, that we may safely affirm, that the bent of their genius was rather peculiarly in that direction, since the first burins of Europe were employed in the service of the American pencil, before Irving had written, and while

Cooper was yet a child. That England, with these facts before her, should have accused us of obtuseness in regard to art, and that we should have pleaded guilty to the charge, furnishes the strongest proof of her disposition to underrate our intellectual powers, and of our own ultra docility and want of self-reliance.

Not many years since, one of the illustrious and good men of America exclaimed in addressing the nation :

“*Excudent alii mollius spirantia æra,
Credo equidem; vivos ducent de marmore
vultus !*”

Since that period art has received a new impulse among us. Artists have arisen in numbers; the public gives its attention to their productions; their labors are liberally rewarded. It seems now admitted that wealth and cultivation are destined to yield in America the same fruits that they have given in Italy, in Spain, in France, Germany and England. It seems now admitted that there is no anomalous defect in our mental endowments; that the same powers displayed in clearing the forest and tilling the farm will trim the garden. It seems clear that we are destined to have a school of art. It becomes a matter of importance to decide how the youth who devote themselves to these studies are to acquire the rudiments of imitation, and what influences are to be made to act upon them. This question seemed at one time to have been decided. The friends of art in America looked to Europe for an example, and with the natural assumption that experience had made the old world wise in what relates to the fine arts, determined upon forming Academies as the more refined nations of the continent have ended by doing. We might as well have proposed a national church establishment. That the youth must be taught is clear—but in framing an institution for that object, if we look to countries grown old in European systems, it must be for warning rather than example. We speak from long experience and much observation of European Academies. We entertain the highest respect for the professional ability and for the personal character of the gentlemen who preside over those institutions. Nay, it is our conviction of their capacity and of their individual willingness to impart knowledge, which forces upon

us the opinion of the rottenness of the systems of which they are the instruments.

De Tocqueville remarks upon the British aristocracy, that, notwithstanding their sagacity as a body, and their integrity and high-toned character as individuals, they have gradually absorbed everything and left the people nothing; while he declares that the American *employés*, though they are sometimes defaulters and dishonest, yet, after all, get little beyond their dues, and are obliged to sacrifice both reputation and self-respect in order to obtain that little. Those who direct the Academies of Fine Arts in Europe, are prone to take an advantage of their position analogous to that enjoyed by the aforesaid aristocracy. As the latter come to regard the mass as a flock to be fed, and defended, and cherished, for the sake of their wool and mutton, so the former are not slow to make a band of educandi the basis of a hierarchy. Systems and manner soon usurp the place of sound precept. Faith is insisted on rather than works. The pupils are required to be not only docile but submissive. They are not free.

To minds once opened to the light of knowledge, an adept may speak in masses, and the seed will fall on good ground; but to awaken a dormant soul, to impart first principles, to watch the budding of the germ of rare talent, requires a contact and relations such as no professor can have with a class, such as few men can have with any boy. If Europe must furnish a model of artistical tuition, let us go at once to the records of the great age of art in Italy, and we shall there learn that Michael Angelo and Raphael, and their teachers also, were formed without any of the cumbrous machinery and mill-horse discipline of a modern Academy. They were instructed, it is true; they were apprenticed to painters. Instead of passively listening to an experienced proficient merely, they discussed with their fellow students the merits of different works, the advantages of rival methods, the choice between contradictory authorities. They formed one another. Sympathy warmed them, opposition strengthened, and emulation spurred them on. In these latter days, classes of boys toil through the rudiments under the eye of men who are themselves aspirants for the public

favor, and who, deriving no benefit, as masters from their apprentices, from the proficiency of the lads, look upon every clever graduate as a stumbling-block in their own way. Hence their system of stupefying discipline, their tying down the pupil to mere manual execution, their silence in regard to principles, their cold reception of all attempts to invent. To chill in others the effort to acquire is in them the instinctive action of a wish to retain. Well do we remember the expression of face and the tone of voice with which one of these bashaws of an European Academy once received our praise of the labors of a man grown grey in the practice of his art, but who, though his works were known and admired at Naples and Petersburg, at London and Vienna, had not yet won from the powers that were his *exequatur*—"Yes, sir, yes! clever boy, sir! promises well!"

The president and the professors of an Academy are regarded by the public as of course at the head of their respective professions. Their works are models, their opinions give the law. The youth are awed and dazzled by their titles and their fame; the man of genius finds them arrayed in solid phalanx to combat his claim. In those countries where a court bestows all encouragement, it is found easy to keep from those in power all knowledge of a dangerous upstart talent. How far this mischievous influence can be carried may be gathered from the position in which Sir Joshua Reynolds and *his court* managed to keep men like Wilson and Gainsborough. He who sees the productions of these men in company with those of their contemporaries, and who remembers the impression which Sir Joshua's writings had conveyed of their standing as artists, will perceive with surprise that they were not the victims of any overt act of misrepresentation, but that they were quietly and gently praised out of the rank due to them into an inferior one, by a union of real talent, constituted influence, and a sly, cool, consistent management.

Many of the ablest painters and sculptors of Europe have expressed to us directly and frankly the opinion that Academies, furnished though they be with all the means to form the eye, the hand and the mind of the pupil, are

positively hindrances instead of helps to art.

The great element of execution, whether in painting or in sculpture, is imitation. This is the language of art. Almost all clever boys can learn this to a degree far beyond what is supposed. That objects be placed before them calculated to attract their attention and teach them the rules of proportion, while they educate the eye to form and color, no one will dispute; but the insisting upon a routine, the depriving them of all choice or volition, the giving a false preference to readiness of hand over power of thought, all these are great evils, and we fully believe that they fall with a withering force on those minds especially whose nourishment and guidance they were intended to secure—we mean on those minds which are filled with a strong yearning after excellence; warm sympathies, quick, delicate, and nice perceptions, strong will and a proud consciousness of creative power of mind, joined to diffidence of their capacity to bring into action the energies they feel within them. The paltry prizes offered for the best performances seldom rouse men of this order; they may create in such souls an unamiable contempt for their unsuccessful competitors; they may give to successful mediocrity inflated hopes, a false estimate of its own powers. As a substantial help they are worthless even to the tyro who wins them.

Leonardo da Vinci coiled a rope in his studio, and drew from it, with the subtlest outline and the most elaborate study of light and shade. "Behold!" said he, "my academy!" He meant to show that the elements of art can be learned without the pompous array of the antique school or the lectures of the professor. Few will be tempted to follow his example; but even that were far better than a routine of instruction which, after years of drudgery and labor, sends forth the genius and the blockhead so nearly on a level with each other, the one manacled with precepts, the other armed with them at all points.

The above reflections have been drawn from us by the oft-repeated expressions of regret which we have listened to, "that from the constitution of our society, and the nature of our

institutions, no influences can be brought to bear upon art with the vivifying power of court patronage." We fully and firmly believe that these institutions are more favorable to a natural, healthful growth of art than any hotbed culture whatever. We cannot—(as did Napoleon)—make, by a few imperial edicts, an army of battle painters, a hierarchy of drum-and-fife glorifiers. Nor can we, in the life-time of an individual, so stimulate this branch of culture, so unduly and disproportionately to endow it, as to make a Walhalla start from a republican soil. The monuments, the pictures, the statues of the republic will represent what the people love and wish for,—not what they can be made to accept, not how much taxation they will bear. We hope by such slow growth to avoid the reaction resulting from a morbid development; a reaction like that which attended the building of St. Peter's; a reaction like that consequent upon the outlay which gave birth to the royal mushroom at Versailles; a reaction like that which we anticipate in Bavaria, unless the people of that country are constituted differently from the rest of mankind.

If there be any youth toiling through the rudiments of art, at the forms of the simple and efficient school at New York, (whose title is the only pompous thing about it), with a chilling belief that elsewhere the difficulties he struggles with are removed or modified, we call upon him to be of good cheer, and to believe—what from our hearts we are convinced of—that there is at present no country where the development and growth of an artist is more free, healthful, and happy than it is in these United States. It is not until the tyro becomes a proficient—nay, an adept—that his fortitude and his temper are put to tests more severe than elsewhere—tests of which we propose to speak more at large on a future occasion.

As a confirmation of the statements we have made, and in support of our view of them, we turn with pride and hope to Hiram Powers, as the most remarkable instance we have ever met with of a natural and healthful development.

Disciplined by his previous occupations to the exactest mechanical execution, he brought to his first effort in sculpture, a hand and eye, a gift from God and fruit of toil, which made his first effort in its walk a masterpiece. The series of portraits which came from his hand during the three or four years previous to his leaving this country are unparalleled by any modern works in that class, which we have seen. In the portraits of private citizens, he displayed the breadth of the classic models, united to the force, the evidence, and the unflinching exactness of the Daguerreotype. In his bust of Mr. ex-President Adams, he has given the type by which the forms of other portraits of that statesman will be tested; in that of General Jackson, the indomitable will and high purpose of the old hero are incarnate. His bust of Mr. Webster is perhaps his *chef-d'œuvre* of portraiture. It has the individuality of Houdon's Voltaire united to the grand breadth of Chantry's Scott. Whether we regard the action of the head, the attitude of the features, or the detail of the forms, we find nothing wanting. Compare this Demosthenian bust with some of the lowering caricatures which libel the late Secretary, and you will see at once the difference between the grasp of genius and the shifts of mediocrity.

During several years past, a considerable portion of Mr. Powers's time has been devoted to a statue of Eve. This work will doubtless soon be sent to this country. We have seen it in the germ, in the flower, and in the full, rich fruit. It is worthy its author. We hope and trust that its exhibition here will not only confirm the fame which Italy has accorded to him, but will remove from his path in a foreign land some of the bitterest thorns by which the feet of genius are goaded in its march toward perfection. We will not believe that, even in these times, America will allow a man who has done so well, to be punished for his devotion to his art, and to be made to suffer from his love for those connected with him.

JACTA EST ALEA!

PLAY on! play on! the stakes run high,
 The wine hath flowed right merrily,
 And all of human bliss and wo
 Seemed melted in its golden glow.
 But now its genial power is past,
 A darker spell around is cast,
 Where two are sitting all alone,
 Motionless as if turned to stone,
 And each, to careless madness driven,
 Plays, as unminding hell or heaven.
 It was a painful sight to see
 The crowd dispersing silently,
 Weary at last of song and jest
 Which could not fill an empty breast,
 That sighed to feel, 'mid all its glee,
 The emptiness of revelry.
 'Twas sad to see the torches wane;
 They flicker,—scarce enough remain
 To light the two still seated there,
 Their game all hope, and all despair.

Still deeper in the night it grew,
 And all things wore a ghostly hue
 Pale was the cheek so lately flushed,
 The jest, the cry, the curse were hushed;
 With hands which each more firmly clench—
 With eyes which tears can never quench—
 United not in love nor hate,
 Bound, not by friendship nor by ire,
 But by a wild and strange desire—
 Seek they the secret of their fate.

The brow of one is frank and fair
 Beneath a cloud of sunny hair,
 Among whose gorgeous light and shade
 A mother's hand to-day has played;
 But now one gathering line it shows,
 One track upon a field of snows,
 And, like that track upon the plain,
 Till all be gone, 'twill there remain.
 The hidden beauty of his soul
 His quivering features doth control;
 And not from feverish miser thirst
 Risks he his all upon the die,
 But with a proud unquailing eye,
 As one too brave to fear the worst,
 Does he the throw of fate defy.

The other darker is of hue,
 Of purpose deeper and less true;
 An evil light is in his eye,
 He feels an evil triumph nigh.
 The favoring fortunes to him fall,

He winneth much, he winneth all,
 And still he tempts his rival on,
 Although his every hope is gone,
 And still, all pitiless, he smiles
 Upon the victim of his wiles.

Heavy sums of gold are lost,
 Fair estates, and gems of cost;
 And, as each wild stake he gains,
 Higher, higher still he strains,
 Till at last a paper sealed

From his traitor breast he drew,
 And his smile a thought revealed,
 And his features' changing hue—
 "Come, by this we stand or fall,
 Here with thee I risk my all."

"Thou off'rest me an unknown stake!
 So wild a leap I may not take."
 "Stand then, but never try again
 Thy courage with unfearing men."
 "Come on, thou know'st I do not fear;
 My fortunes lie all ruined here,
 Take the poor remnant—wherefore not?
 I can achieve a nobler lot."

With steady hand the die is cast,
 And lost! well may it be the last!
 All ashy grows the stripling's brow,
 For his brave heart is beggared now;
 His castled lands, and all beside,
 Were little—he has lost his bride!
 Oh mad, to think to give away
 The heart that beats for thee alone!
 Oh mad, to think thine evil play
 Could make that guiltless heart thine own!
 It may be crushed to nothingness,
 Thou mayst destroy, but ne'er possess.

"I loved her well, and loved her long;
 And thy success hath done me wrong.
 Thou should'st have counted well the cost;
 I am avenged, and thou art lost."

The debt is cancelled, and the maid
 Before the victor's feet is laid;
 But the dear eyes are closed in death,
 And the sweet lips resigned their breath,
 To one beloved, who, on the ground,
 Cold in her cold embrace is bound—
 Two violets growing side by side
 That perished ere the spring had died.

THE MEDICAL PHILOSOPHY OF TRAVELLING.*

DR. JAMES JOHNSON, one of the authors quoted below, speaks of the "WEAR-AND-TEAR COMPLAINT," which means a condition of body and mind intermediate to that of sickness and health, but having a decided inclination to the former state. This *morbus anonymus* he considers incurable by physic; but notwithstanding its incurability, it no doubt makes much less work for the undertakers than for the doctors. It is obviously the result of the WEAR AND TEAR of the living machine, both mental and corporeal; but it is much less the effect of over-exertion of the corporeal powers than of the thinking faculties, more especially if attended by anxiety of mind and the breathing of an impure atmosphere.

This disease, according to Dr. Johnson, predominates in London, while in Paris it is almost unknown. This difference is fairly attributable to the circumstance, that in London they make their pleasure consist in business, while in Paris the rule may be said to be reversed. The former state of things we observe in our own city of New York. The fatigue induced by the hardest day's toil of mere bodily labor, may be dissipated by

"Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep;"

but not so with the thought and care—the fatigue of mind—which harass the constitution that has been overworked, intellectually and corporeally. The repose of the downiest pillow will be sought in vain. After a night of dis-

turbed slumbers, or distressing dreams, the unfortunate victim of high civilisation is doomed to rise, scarce less languid than when he lay down.

No sooner, however, does the permanent resident of a large city, laboring under this deterioration of health, which has been termed *Cachexia Londinensis*, leave the

"chaos of eternal smoke
And volatile corruption from the dead,
The dying, sick'ning, and the living
world,"

than the etiolation or blanching, stamped upon the countenance, vanishes, and the glow of ruddy health usurps its place. As in the corporeal structure, different effects result from the dry and restless air of the mountain, compared with those evidenced in the moist and sluggish atmosphere of the valley; so, as regards the mental manifestations, the observation of the poet Gray is philosophically correct:

"An iron race, the mountain cliffs maintain,
Foes to the gentler manners of the plain."

In proportion as the mechanical arts of civilisation outnumber the simple contrivances of the savage, are the intellectual powers called comparatively into action; and in the same ratio is the susceptibility to moral impressions augmented. In proportion as man's relations with the world around him are multiplied, do we observe the deleterious influence of mental perturbations

* Change of Air, or the Philosophy of Travelling; being Autumnal Excursions through France, Switzerland, Italy, Germany, and Belgium; with Observations and Reflections on the Moral, Physical, and Medicinal Influence of Travelling-Exercise, Change of Scene, Foreign Skies, and Voluntary Expatriation. By James Johnson, M. D., Physician Extraordinary to the King. London. 1831.

The Sanative Influence of Climate; with an Account of the Best Places of Resort for Invalids in England, the South of Europe, &c. By Sir James Clark, Bart., M. D., F. R. S., Physician in Ordinary to the Queen, and to the Prince Albert. London. 1841.

The Climate of the United States, and its Endemic Influences; based chiefly on the Records of the Medical Department, and Adjutant-General's Office, United States Army. By Samuel Forry, M. D. New York. 1842.

The Northern Lakes, a Summer Residence for Invalids of the South. By Daniel Drake, M. D., Professor in the Medical Institute of Louisville. Louisville. 1842.

on his physical frame ; as, for example, the functions of the digestive organs and nervous system generally. If we look around us in this vast city of New York, we observe on every side an intensity of interest attached to politics, religion, commerce, the arts, and literature ; and, more than all, we behold that intense anxiety of mind attendant on the speculative risks by which the pecuniary affairs of a large majority of the community are kept in a state of perpetual vacillation.

These observations are fully confirmed by the results of statistical evidence. Affections of the nervous system, frequently implicating the mental manifestations, as well as typhus and typhoid fevers, occur oftener in large and crowded towns than in the country, and much more frequently than in states of society not completely civilized,—effects resulting from a confined and impure air, co-operating with the exhaustion arising from dissipation or mental exertion, the luxuries of refinement, and the excitement of the various passions and moral emotions. According to Mr. Farr, as shown in a letter appended to the First Annual Report of the Registrar-General of Great Britain, in which a comparison is made among seven millions of persons, one-half of whom dwell in towns and the other half in counties, the mortality from epidemic diseases and disorders of the nervous system is doubled by the concentration of population in cities. In towns, as compared with counties, the mortality from consumption is increased thirty per cent. ; from childbirth, seventy-one per cent. ; and from typhus, two hundred and seventy-one per cent. The great marts of commerce have been truly designated “the sepulchres of the dead and hospitals of the living.”

This “wear and tear” of both the *physique* and the *morale*, in city life, is indeed obviously perceptible, wherever art, science, or literature—the handmaids of civilisation—spread their potent influence. It may be detected by the experienced eye at a single glance, in the court and the cabinet, at the bar and at the altar, in the theatre and the counting-house ; in fine, in almost every habitation of our busy commercial metropolis. In the universal pursuit of happiness, man is continually aiming at improving his condition ; and as the means of accomplishing this great object

is supposed to exist in headwork, there is a general and unquenchable thirst for every species of knowledge. Believing that “knowledge is power,” this emulation of intellect has always been a striking feature in the higher pursuits of literature and science, as divinity, law, medicine, and politics ; but now the same trait—the working of the brain in preference to the hand—characterizes, in various degrees, every art and vocation, from the most delicate and refined to the most gross and mechanical.

That purely literary pursuits, however, are not unfavorable to long life, seems to be now an admitted axiom, no matter whether they call into action the memory, the imagination, or the judgment. This conclusion has been deduced from extensive tables, showing the average duration of life among the several classes of the community. Natural philosophers would seem to have the fairest prospect of longevity. By Dr. Madden, however, it has been inferred, but upon grounds which are far from unobjectionable, that in those literary occupations in which the imagination is most vigorously exerted, the wear and tear are comparatively great. But these literary pursuits, it is generally believed, cannot be prosecuted with the same impunity in the young as in the adult. Intense study, before the organs have undergone their full evolution, may, it is easy to conceive, lead to great energy of nutrition in the brain, and to faulty development in other parts of the body. This, however, happens but very rarely ; the impaired health of the studious, instead of being directly induced by disorder of the brain, being generally referable to collateral circumstances. Nevertheless, the opinion of the morbid agency of great intellectual application is one that prevails almost universally, both among the learned and illiterate ; and, indeed, a host of names might be enumerated, who have been regarded as martyrs to literary glory. But should even self-immolation be thus voluntarily incurred, that is, by the too intense and protracted mental application in a constitution unusually excitable, the mourning relative happily never fails to find a soothing pleasure in the melancholy reflection, that the unfortunate victim was pursuing a path bright with honor, and one which, especially in youth, has

been esteemed in all ages as the most worthy of admiration and applause.

Very different, however, are the effects produced by intense mental excitement, in him having the cares of empire reposing on his shoulders, or in the case of the merchant engaged in deep and involving speculations. Compared with the comparatively tranquil mental exertions of the student, the effects here induced are not unlike those of the passions and emotions, beneath which the most towering intellect may succumb.

Although man's organization proves that he was designed by his Creator to exercise both his intellectual and corporeal powers, yet nature allows these faculties to be exercised in the most unequal degree in different individuals. Thus, while the coal-heaver or hod-carrier is straining daily, like an Atlas, under his load, without any exercise of the thinking faculties, the barrister, on the other hand, puts an equal strain, during as many hours of the day, upon his brain, without scarcely calling his muscular system into action. Nevertheless, this disproportion between mental and corporeal action has its limit, to go beyond which is an infringement upon the laws of our organization, which is sooner or later resented by nature.

Look upon the *care-worn countenance* of the majority of the denizens of our city—an aspect which, to a certain extent, may be regarded as peculiarly American. Why it is that the American generally presents a countenance more sombre, care-worn, and prematurely old than the European, is a question still open to discussion; but there is a care-worn expression of face peculiar to the Londoner and New Yorker, which cannot escape general observation. "To mask or conceal this expression," that is, of our feelings and our passions, says Dr. Johnson, "is the boast of the villain—the policy of the courtier—the pride of the philosopher—and the endeavor of every one. It may appear remarkable that it is much easier to veil the more fiery and turbulent passions of our nature, as anger, hatred, jealousy, revenge, &c., than the more feeble and passive emotions of the soul, as grief, anxiety, and the various forms of *care*. The reason, however, is obvious. Vivid excitement and tempestuous feeling cannot last

long, without destroying the corporeal fabric. They are only momentary gusts of passion, from the effects of which the mind and the body are soon relieved. But the less obtrusive emotions, resulting from the thousand forms of solicitude, sorrow, and vexation, growing out of civilized life, sink deep into the soul, sap its energies, and stamp their melancholy seal on the countenance, in characters which can neither be prevented nor effaced by any exertion or ingenuity of mind."

The permanent impressions of these apparently subordinate emotions of the soul on the "human face divine," are not unlike the soft breeze and gentle shower, which effect more in disturbing the present order of geological phenomena than the devastating impetuosity of the volcano. There is, in truth, not a more obvious mark of the wear and tear of mind, as evinced in modern civilized life, than the *care-worn countenance*.

Closely connected with this care-worn aspect is that *etiolation* or blanching of the complexion, by which the inhabitants of a city may be readily distinguished from those of the country. Independent of much thinking or mental anxiety, this effect seems to depend on physical causes, such as sedentary avocations, late hours, breathing an impure atmosphere, want of exposure to the light of heaven, &c. Hear Dr. Johnson:

"When a gardener wishes to etiolate, that is, to blanch, soften, and render juicy a vegetable, as lettuce, celery, &c., he binds the leaves together, so that the light may have as little access as possible to their surfaces. In like manner, if we wish to etiolate men and women, we have only to congregate them in cities, where they are pretty securely kept out of the sun, and where they become as white, tender, and watery as the finest celery. For the more exquisite specimens of this human etiolation, we must survey the inhabitants of mines, dungeons, and other subterranean abodes; and for complete contrasts to these, we have only to examine the complexions of stage-coachmen, shepherds, and the sailor 'on the high and giddy mast.' Modern Babylon furnishes us with all the intermediate shades of etiolation, from the 'green and yellow melancholy' of the *Bazar Maiden*, who occupies somewhat less space in her daily avocations and exercise, than she will

ultimately do in her quiet and everlasting abode, to the languishing, listless, lifeless *Albinos* of the boudoir, etiolated in *hot-houses* by the aid of 'motelly routs and midnight madrigals,' from which the light as well as the air of heaven is carefully excluded.

What does this blanching indicate? In the upper classes of society, it indicates what the long nails on the fingers of a Chinese indicate—*no avocation*. In the middling and lower orders of life, it indicates *unhealthy avocation*; and among the thinking part of the community, it is one of the symbols or symptoms of *wear and tear* of constitution. But different people entertain different ideas respecting etiolation. The fond and fashionable mother would as soon see green celery on her table as brown health on the cheek of her daughter. When, therefore, the ladies venture into the open carriage, they carefully provide themselves with parasols, to aid the dense clouds of an English atmosphere in preventing the slightest intrusion of the cheerful but embrowning rays of *Phœbus*. In short, no mad dog can have a greater dread of water, than has a modern fine lady of the solar beams. So much does this *Phœbophobia* haunt her imagination, that the parasol is up even when the skies are completely overcast, in order, apparently, and I believe designedly, to prevent the attrition of the passing zephyr over her delicate features and complexion."

Between mind and body there exist certain reciprocal relations. In the words of the Psalmist, man is "fearfully and wonderfully made." He is, in truth, a curious and compound machine,—a combination of matter with a spiritual essence. While many of his functions are *voluntary*, he has also many organs that acknowledge *not* his control. Those operations by which his food is digested, his blood circulated, and the wear and tear of the day repaired, maintain their ceaseless round without his knowledge or consent. By means of his intellectual nature, he becomes the "lord of creation;" but that he pays for this superiority a heavy tax in health and happiness, it would not be difficult to demonstrate.

The *immaterial* part of man, notwithstanding it will survive the *material* portion in "another and a better world," is, in the world here below, linked with the latter in the strictest bonds of reciprocal influence. It is, indeed, a subject fruitful with the

highest interest and importance to the physician, whose duty it is to watch the workings of mind as well as of matter, in the human microcosm. Thus Shakspeare, that faithfullest observer of Nature, makes the courage of *Cæsar* to sink annihilated beneath the influence of an invisible, but a material agent—*malaria* :

"He had a fever when he was in Spain;
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake—
His coward lips did from their color fly;
Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the
Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their
books,
Alas! it cried—'Give me some drink,
Titinius,'
As a sick girl."

Every faculty of the soul may thus be made to feel the depressing influence of material agents. But the mind fails not to reciprocate upon the body these disturbing effects; for to mental perturbation and tribulation are due more than a moiety of our corporeal discomforts, and even diseases. Any strong emotion of the mind, as a transient sense of fear, a sudden gust of passion, or an unexpected piece of intelligence, may cause a palpitation of the heart, a trembling of the muscles, or a suspension of the digestive functions. Even the minutest capillary tube bearing the vital current, responds instantaneously to the influence of mental perturbation. While the emotion of *shame* will crimson the cheek, that of *fear* will blanch it. These organic laws might easily be illustrated by a thousand examples. Let it suffice, to remark in conclusion, that in proportion as man congregates in cities, does the exercise of the intellect predominate over that of the body; and in the same ratio will there be an augmentation of the range of corporeal effects resulting from the increased "play of the passions." In this way does the *morale* act most injuriously upon the *physique*; for diseases of the heart, for instance, as is observed by *Corvisant*, were extremely common during the period of the French Revolution, when the public mind in all classes was scarcely ever free from agitation and alarm.

The question now arises, whether, when these ills, which we have desig-

ated as the consequences of the wear and tear of civilized, and especially of city life, have actually supervened, there does not exist any remedy or antidote. The experience of every summer, indeed, tells us, in language admitting of no two-fold meaning, that they may all find reparation, in some degree at least, in the relaxation and corporeal exercise sought in a pure rural atmosphere. Look at the pale and sickly aspect of the denizen of our metropolis, as he sets forth on a trip of a month for Saratoga and the White Mountains,—for Niagara, Quebec, and the Great Lakes, or the medicinal springs abounding in the mountains of Virginia. Behold him again on his return; the care-worn countenance “sicklied o’er with the pale cast of thought,” is now tinged with the glow of health. In this manner does the British metropolis annually pour out its thousands of citizens, seeking health and recreation among the lakes of Cumberland, the lochs and mountains of Scotland, the valleys of Wales, and the green hills of Erin; others swarm the routes that lead them to the Alps, or to the Appenines. It is, indeed, fortunate for the well-being of the civic inhabitant, that a temporary abstraction from smoke, and dust, and din, is thus afforded; and that one annual interval of relaxation is thus experienced in the cares of commerce, the thirst of gold, the struggles of competition, the madness of ambition, and the riot of dissipation.

The salutary moral and physical effects, induced by change of air during travelling, are admirably and judiciously depicted by Dr. Johnson. As regards the *moral effects*, he says:

“If abstraction from the cares and anxieties of life, from the perplexities of business, and, in short, from the operation of those conflicting passions which harass the mind and wear the body, be possible under any circumstances, it is likely to be so on such a journey as this, for which previous arrangements are made, and where a constant succession of new and interesting objects is presented to the eye and understanding, that powerfully arrests the attention and absorbs other feelings, leaving little time for reflection on the past, or gloomy anticipations of the future. To this may be added, the hope of returning health, increased, as it generally will be, by the daily acquisition

of that invaluable blessing, as we proceed.”

He next alludes to the mental dependency produced by bad health, and especially by disordered states of the digestive organs, which is far worse to bear than corporeal pain; and for the removal of this kind of melancholy, he thinks there is no other moral or physical remedy of half so much efficacy as a judicious tour:

“It is true that, in some cases of confirmed hypochondriacism, no earthly amusement, no change of scene, no mental impressions or excitement, no exercise of the body, can cheer the gloom that spreads itself over every object presented to the eye, or the imagination! With them, change of place is only variety of woe—*caelum non animum mutant*. Yet, from two or three instances which have come within my knowledge, of the most inveterate, and apparently indomitable hypochondriacism being *mitigated* by travelling, (though the mode of conducting the journey was far from good), I have little doubt that many cases of this kind, which ultimately end in insanity, or at least in monomania, might be greatly ameliorated, if not completely cured, by a system of exercise conducted on the foregoing plan, and urged into operation by powerful persuasion, or even by force, if necessary.”

In other states of mental depression resulting from moral causes, as grief, disappointment, reverses in fortune, &c., similar beneficial effects will frequently follow. As the corporeal organs often become deranged through the medium of the moral and intellectual functions, so these last may, on the contrary, be made the medium of a salutary influence. The attention of nervous and hypochondriacal patients, it is well known, becomes so steadily fixed on their own morbid feelings, that to divert it from this point demands extraordinary impressions. To effect this object, the circumstances of domestic life in consequence of their monotony are quite inadequate; while any attempt to reason with the sufferer, so far from alleviating, actually increases his distress, inasmuch as he suffers vexation from the belief, that his advisers are either unsympathizing or incredulous as regards his torments:

"In such cases," says Dr. Johnson, "the majestic scenery of Switzerland, the romantic and beautiful views of Italy and the Rhingau, or the keen mountain air of the Highlands of Scotland or Wales, combined with the novelty, variety, and succession of manners and customs of the countries through which he passes, abstract the attention of the dyspeptic and hypochondriacal traveller (if anything can), from the hourly habit of dwelling on, if not exaggerating, his own real or imaginary sensations, and thus help to break the chain of morbid association by which he is bound to the never-ending detail of his own sufferings. This is a paramount object in the treatment of these melancholy complaints; and I am convinced that a journey of this kind, in which mental excitement and bodily exercise are skilfully combined, would not only render many a miserable life comparatively happy, but prevent many a hypochondriac and dyspeptic from lifting his hand against his own existence. It would unquestionably preserve many an individual from mental derangement."

The *physical effects* of travelling are happily portrayed by Dr. Johnson, in the following quotation, which, notwithstanding its length, will, we doubt not, be no ways exceptionable to the reader :

"The first beneficial influence of travelling is perceptible in the state of our corporeal feelings. If they were previously in a state of morbid acuteness, as they generally are in ill health, they are rendered less sensible. The eye, which was before annoyed by a strong light, soon becomes capable of bearing it without inconvenience; and so of hearing and the other senses. In short, morbid sensibility of the nervous system generally is obtunded, or reduced. This is brought about by more regular and free exposure to all atmospheric impressions and changes than before, and that under a condition of body, from exercise, which renders these impressions quite harmless. Of this, we see the most striking examples in those who travel among the Alps. Delicate females and sensitive invalids, who, at home, were highly susceptible of every change of temperature and other states of the atmosphere, will undergo extreme vicissitudes among the mountains, with little inconvenience. I will offer an example or two in illustration. In the month of August, 1823, the heat was excessive at Geneva and all the way along the defiles of the mountains, till we got to Chamouni, where we were, at once,

among ice and snow, with a fall of forty or more degrees of the thermometer, experienced in the course of a few hours, between mid-day at Salenche, and evening at the foot of the glaciers in Chamouni. There were upwards of fifty travellers here, many of whom were females and invalids; yet none suffered inconvenience from this rapid atmospheric transition. This was still more remarkable in the journey from Martigny to the great St. Bernard. On our way up, through the deep valleys, we had the thermometer at ninety-two degrees of reflected heat for three hours. I never felt it much hotter in the East Indies. At nine o'clock that night, while wandering about the Hospice of the St. Bernard, the thermometer fell to six degrees below the freezing point, and we were half-frozen in the cheerless apartments of the monastery. There were upwards of forty travellers there—some of them in very delicate health; and yet not a single cold was caught, nor any diminution of the usual symptoms of a good appetite for breakfast next morning.

"This was like a change from Calcutta to Melville Island in one short day! So much for the ability to bear heat and cold by journeying among the Alps. Let us see how hygrometrical and barometrical changes are borne. A very large concourse of travellers started at day-break from the village of Chamouni to ascend the Montanvert and Mer de Glace. The morning was beautiful; but, before we got two-thirds up the Montanvert, a tremendous storm of wind and rain came on us, without a quarter of an hour's notice, and we were drenched to the skin in a very few minutes. Some of the party certainly turned tail; and one hypochondriac nearly threw me over a precipice, while running past me in his precipitate retreat to the village. The majority, however, persevered, and reached the Chalet, dripping wet, with the thermometer below the freezing point. There was no possibility of warming or drying ourselves here; and, therefore, many of us proceeded on to the Mer de Glace, and then wandered on the ice till our clothes were dried by the natural heat of our bodies. The next morning's muster for the passage over the Col de Balme showed no damage from the Montanvert expedition. Even the hypochondriac above-mentioned regained his courage over a bottle of champagne, in the evening at the comfortable 'Union,' and mounted his mule next morning to cross the Col de Balme. This day's journey showed, in a most striking manner, the acquisition of strength which travelling

confers on the invalid. The ascent to the summit of this mountain pass is extremely fatiguing; but the labor is compensated by one of the sublimest views from its highest ridge, which the eye of men ever beheld. The valley of Chamouni lies behind, with Mont Blanc and surrounding mountains apparently within a stone's throw, the cold of the Glaciers producing a most bracing effect on the whole frame. In front, the valley of the Rhone, flanked on each side by snow-clad Alps, which, at first sight, are taken for ranges of white clouds, presents one of the most magnificent views in Switzerland, or in the world. The sublime and the beautiful are here protruded before the eye, in every direction, and in endless variety, so that the traveller lingers on this elevated mountain pass, lost in amazement at the enchanting scenery by which he is surrounded on every point of the compass. The descent on the Martigny side was the hardest day's labor I ever endured in my life, yet there were three or four invalids with us, whose lives were worth scarcely a year's purchase when they left England, and who went through this laborious, and somewhat hazardous descent, sliding, tumbling, and rolling over rocks and through mud, without the slightest ultimate injury. When we got to the goat-herds' sheds in the valley below, the heat was tropical, and we all threw ourselves on the ground and slept soundly for two hours—rising refreshed to pursue our journey.

“Now these and many other facts which I could adduce, offer incontestible proof how much the morbid susceptibility to transitions from heat to cold—from drought to drenchings—is reduced by travelling. The vicissitudes and exertions which I have described would lay up half the effeminate invalids of London, and kill, or almost frighten to death, many of those who cannot expose themselves to a breath of cold or damp air, without coughs or rheumatisms, in this country.

“The next effect of travelling which I shall notice, is its influence on the organs of digestion. This is so decided and obvious, that I shall not dwell on the subject. The appetite is not only increased, but the powers of digestion and assimilation are greatly augmented. A man may eat and drink things while travelling, which would make him quite ill in ordinary life.

“These unequivocally good effects of travelling on the digestive organs, account satisfactorily for the various other beneficial influences on the constitution at large. Hence dyspepsia, and the thou-

sand wretched sensations and nervous affections thereon dependent, vanish before persevering exercise in travelling, and new life is imparted to the whole system, mental and corporeal. In short, I am quite positive that the most inveterate dyspepsia, (where no organic disease has taken place), would be completely removed, with all its multiform sympathetic torments, by a journey of two or three thousand miles through Switzerland, Germany, or any other country, conducted on the principle of combining active with passive exercise in the open air, in such proportions as would suit the individual constitution and the previous habits of life.”

In these opinions we most heartily coincide, more especially as they have been confirmed by our own experience. In civil life, to sleep between damp sheets is considered almost equivalent to having one's death-warrant signed; but not so, as Dr. Johnson says, with the philosophic traveller; and not so, as we say, with life in the tented field. The writer of this article has seen, in Florida, an army lie down night after night for weeks in succession, upon the wet and marshy soil, often without even the protection of a tent, and not unfrequently exposed to showers so incessant that even all the fires were extinguished; and notwithstanding this exposure, the sick-list was generally less than when these same men had all the advantages of a garrison. We have known soldiers confined to bed by measles, at a temporary fort in Florida, when orders came for its abandonment; and as the means of transportation were scarcely adequate to carry what was indispensable to camp-life, it became necessary for the sick to arise and walk, or to remain behind victims to the scalping-knife. Led along by their fellow-soldiers through marshes often more than knee-deep, and occasionally drenched to the skin by cold and chilly rains, these patients in the various stages of measles would yet gradually improve. The second day would find them better than the first, and so of the third; and before the end of the march, some would be convalescent, whilst others would be actually again on duty:

“It is, indeed,” says Dr. Forry, in the work cited on our first page, “a remarkable fact in the medical history.

of fleets and armies, that, during the active progress of warlike operations, troops are little subject to the influence of disease. It seems as though the excitement of the passions has the power of steeling the system against the agency of morbid causes. On the contrary, as soon as the excitement is withdrawn, by a cessation of operations and a return to the monotony of a garrison, the constitution manifests the consequences of recent fatigue and exposure." (p. 221).

The advantages which result from change of climate, are, therefore, not problematical. Indeed, from the earliest period, change of climate has been regarded as a remedial agent of great efficacy. The opinion is, in truth, confirmed by daily experience. Diseases that have long resisted medical treatment, are frequently suspended or entirely cured by a removal from a crowded city to an open country, or are found to yield, under the influence of such a change, to remedies that previously produced no impression. We have already pointed out how the denizen of the city, after a sojourn of a week or two in the salubrious air of the country, finds an augmented appetite and increased powers of nutrition; where languor and lassitude before predominated, there are now buoyancy and elasticity,—and the civic etiolation marked upon the countenance is now usurped by the brighter hues of health. "On the continent," says Sir James Clark, another of our authors, the title of whose work ornaments our first page—

—"the beneficial effects of change of air are duly estimated; and the inhabitants of this country [England], and more especially of this metropolis [London], are now becoming fully sensible of its value. The vast increase in the size of our watering places, of late years, and the deserted state of London during several months, are sufficient proofs, not to mention others, of the increasing conviction among the public in general, that for the preservation of health, it is necessary, from time to time, to change the relaxing, I may say deteriorating air of London, for the pure and invigorating air of the country. This, indeed, is the best, if not the only remedy of that terrible malady which preys upon the vitals, and stamps its hues upon the countenance of almost every permanent resident in this great city, and which may be justly termed the *Cachexia Londinensis*.

When the extent of benefits, which may be derived from this remedy, both on the physical and moral constitution, is duly estimated, no person, whose circumstances permit him to avail himself of it, will fail to do so."

When we consider the multitude of valetudinarians who annually visit the watering places of this country and of Europe, and who return to their homes renovated in health and inspired with confidence in the virtues of the waters near which they may have resided, the inference is obvious that the salutary effects are attributable more to the change of air and other extraneous circumstances, than to the various waters. This is well illustrated in the circumstance that many a valetudinarian in leaving an Atlantic town for the interior mountainous region, as, for example, the White Sulphur, in Virginia, finds himself during the journey, fatiguing as it is, almost restored. Many springs which are inert, as the Bath and Matlock waters of England, have thus acquired a high reputation for their medicinal qualities. These agreeable watering places are constantly crowded during the season of visiting, the latter in consequence of the surrounding beauties of nature, and the former for the ceaseless round of amusements, which, keeping the mind agreeably and lightly engaged, produce a beneficial reaction on the mental or corporeal disorder. Were such waters bottled and transported to a distance, it is obvious that no beneficial effects could follow their use by an invalid. It was proposed, at one time, to carry sea-water by means of pipes to London, to place within the reach of all of its inhabitants the advantages of sea-bathing at home; but had the scheme been carried into execution, it is much more than probable that the usual effects of sea-bathing would have been no longer realized. The establishment of a rail-road between a city and a watering place, exercises, to some extent, a like agency.

It is chiefly, as is well known, in cases of "consumption," that the advantages of climatic change are usually sought; and since a more rational view of the nature and causes of pulmonary diseases has prevailed, the beneficial effects of change of climate in certain forms, have been fully established. Formerly, when consumptive patients were indiscriminately condemned to

undergo expatriation, the unfortunate invalid often sank before he reached his destination, or he was doomed soon to add another name to the long and melancholy list of his countrymen, who seem to have sought a foreign land, far from friends and home, only to find a premature grave. When it is considered, however, that all remedial agents have proved so inefficacious against this fearful foe, as to place it emphatically among the *opprobria medicorum*, it is no ways surprising that its victims should seek beneath the influence of a more genial clime, the relief, however uncertain, denied them in their own. On the capabilities of climate afforded to such classes of invalids by our own country, Dr. Forry thus remarks :

“ Among the various systems of climate presented in the extensive region of the United States, that of the Peninsula of Florida is wholly peculiar. Possessing an insular temperature not less equable and salubrious in winter than that afforded by the south of Europe, it will be seen that invalids requiring a mild winter residence, have gone to foreign lands in search of what might have been found at home. Florida, therefore, merits the attention of physicians in our northern States; for here the pulmonary invalid may exchange for the inclement season of the north, or the deteriorated atmosphere of a room to which he may be confined, the mild and equable temperature, the soft and balmy breezes of an ever-green land. Instead of that feeling of loneliness and abandonment which often casts a gloom over the sensitive mind of him who goes to foreign lands in search of health, he finds himself still among his fellow-citizens, with whom he is bound by the common ties of language, laws and customs; and should he require a physician, the difficulty of communicating with a foreigner, perhaps by means of an interpreter—a circumstance peculiarly vexatious to an invalid—is not here presented.”

It is satisfactorily shown by Dr. Forry, that a comparison with the most favored localities on the continent of Europe, and the various islands of the Mediterranean and the Atlantic held in highest estimation for mildness and equability of temperature, is no way disparaging to the climate of East Florida. Compared with Italy, which is alternately exposed to the icy winds which sweep from the snow-clad Alps, and to the sirocco, with its depressing

high dew-point, from the desert sands of Lybia, peninsular Florida possesses decided advantages.

Dr. Forry also determines by statistical facts, based on an aggregate mean strength of 47,220 soldiers of the United States army, embracing the reports for a period of ten years, that the class of pulmonary diseases, with the exception of *tubercular* consumption, is dependent chiefly on atmospheric laws. That the ratio of catarrhal affections, pleurisy, inflammation of the lungs, and chronic bronchitis, (chronic inflammation of the lining membrane of the wind-pipe), increases and decreases in proportion as the seasons are contrasted, thus maintaining a direct relation with the extreme range of the thermometer as connected with the seasons, appears to have been fairly demonstrated by Dr. F. ; or, in other words, it would seem to be a law that in proportion as the high temperature of summer makes an impression upon the system, do the lungs become susceptible, so far as inflammatory diseases are concerned, to the morbid agency of the opposite seasons. These constitute the *predisposing* causes, to which the *exciting* ones of moisture and variability of temperature are subordinate. The error of ordinary observation has arisen from the circumstance that the former are less obvious than the latter. As vicissitudes in temperature are more appreciable by our senses, it is to such that our attention is most attracted; and it could not have been *à priori* inferred that the effects thus produced are of less importance than the predisposition arising from the law just stated. Hence we have an explanation of the fact that the diseases of the pulmonary organs are generally less rife along our northern frontier than in the middle States, and less prevalent in our northern region in the moist and changeable climate peculiar to the sea-coast and large lakes, than in the dry atmosphere of the opposite locality; and hence, too, is afforded a rational explanation of the advantages to be derived from change of climate in the way of a *winter* residence.

These general conclusions are confirmed by recent statistical facts in Europe. It is found that consumption, as in the middle regions of the United States, is much more frequent in the temperate regions of Europe, comprised

between the fifty-fifth and the forty-fifth degrees of latitude, than it is further to the north. That a cold temperature is not essentially, *per se*, favorable to the development of consumption, as well as pleurisy and inflammation of the lungs, seems, therefore, an established point. Dr. Forry thus remarks :

“So potent is the influence of early opinion, that the ideas of consumption and a changeable climate, seem almost inseparable. In countries, however, in which the disease occurs most frequently, ‘those who are *least* exposed to its influence are precisely those *most* exposed to the vicissitudes of the climate.’” Now, as it has been satisfactorily ascertained that the maximum of liability to consumption in England is found among those who suffer the least exposure to climatic variations, it follows that the influence of the latter must be regarded as secondary to the action of other causes, as, for example, occupation, food and habits. Although it cannot be doubted that a changeable climate exercises an evil influence on constitutions predisposed to consumption; yet, as we find the most variable climates are best, adapted for the development of the various mental and bodily powers, it is apparent that the agency of this cause in the production of consumption has been much exaggerated, or much too exclusively considered. Confirmatory of these remarks is the observation of Dr. Rush, that among our Indians and the frontier inhabitants, consumption is very uncommon.”

Notwithstanding *moisture*, of all the physical qualities of the air, has been regarded as the most injurious to human life, it is also stated, on the authority of Cowan, in the work just quoted, that as regards its agency in the production of pulmonary consumption, all evidence “tends strongly to expose the fallacy of theoretical opinion.” But what is yet more surprising is that the same fact is demonstrated by Dr. Forry by means of the army statistics, throughout every region of the United States, in reference to pleurisy, inflammation of the lungs, and catarrhal affections; for these diseases are invariably less prevalent in the moist and changeable climate peculiar to the sea-coast and large lakes on our northern frontier, than in the dry atmosphere of the oppo-

site locality. This opinion is likewise confirmed by the British army statistics, on comparing the results given by the cold and extremely foggy regions of Nova Scotia with the dry inland climates of the same parallel, or even of more southern latitudes.

Since the days of Hippocrates it has been a generally, indeed universally, admitted opinion, that change of climate is beneficial in many forms of pulmonary diseases; but recently it has been deduced from the “Statistical Reports on the Sickness, Mortality, and Invaliding” among the British troops in every quarter of the globe, that it is “*by no means likely that any beneficial influence can be exerted by climate itself*” in these affections. Upon the strength of these statistics, the opinion that it was worse than useless to visit southern regions in pulmonic complaints, was very generally embraced, not only by all the medical journals of the day, but the question was deemed of sufficient general importance to be made the subject of newspaper paragraphs. This deduction is controverted at length in Dr. F.’s work, not only on the ground of the statistics of the United States army, but of those of the British army itself; and notwithstanding their strictures were in turn severely criticised in London, they have since been fully sustained by such distinguished authorities as Sir James Clark and Dr. John Davy, Inspector-General of Army Hospitals.

The conclusion at which Dr. Davy, the brother of the illustrious Sir Humphrey, arrived from various statistical facts, and an ingenious train of reasoning upon the attending circumstances,—a knowledge, the acquisition of which was especially favored by his official situation as president of the medical committee of Malta,—is as follows:—“As the statistical facts show that pulmonary complaints are more fatal amongst our troops serving at home than in the Mediterranean; and as all the circumstances, independent of climate, so far as I am acquainted with them, affecting the question, appear to be in favor of the troops serving at home, especially the cavalry, I am not only *not able to adopt the opinion referred to, that the climate of the Mediterranean is more productive of diseases*

* Cowan’s Additions to Louis on Phthisis.

of the chest than our own climate, but am obliged to fall back on the old and hitherto generally received opinion of an opposite nature.*"

In view of the high authority of the British army statistics, and the widespread diffusion of the erroneous conclusion deduced,—that it is "by no means likely that any beneficial influence can be exerted by climate itself," in pulmonary diseases,—the putting of the question right is here deemed necessary.

Although the influence of different climates in the causation as well as the alleviation and cure of diseases, is a fact universally conceded; yet the attempts hitherto made to explain the *modus agendi* of this power are not wholly satisfactory. This, however, will not be a matter of surprise, when it is recollected that the problem of physical climate remains, in a great measure, unsolved. How much more complicated, then, must the subject become, when involved with the elements of organic life, and all the complexity of their combinations resulting from health and disease.

As regards the benefit which invalids experience by a removal from a cold to a warm climate, Sir James Clark seems, however, to give a satisfactory explanation in the obvious agency of a warm and dry atmosphere in promoting an equable distribution of the circulating fluids, and more especially in relieving that congestion of the internal vessels which generally obtains in chronic disorders, by augmenting the activity of the capillary circulation, or extreme vessels, on the surface. Its influence is, indeed, manifested on perhaps every function of the animal economy. Another very evident explanation of the effects observed may be reasonably ascribed to the influence of a bland atmosphere on the extensive surface of the respiratory organs, which is fully equal in extent to that of the external surface of the body. To this we may add the impression made on the nervous system generally, and on the mind through the medium of the external senses, and conversely the reciprocal influence of the mind on the corporeal functions. But these influences have already been brought under notice, as well as other incidental circumstances,

not directly ascribable to climate, which contribute to the same end; such as change of scene and of occupation, the influence of the journey or voyage, as well as the hope inspired. Most important of all, however, as regards the advantages of a winter residence in more southern latitudes, is the avoidance of the extremes of the seasons, and consequently the predisposing causes of pulmonary diseases. Along the coast of New England, for example, the annual ratio treated for catarrhal affections per 1000 of our troops is 233; but the average of each season is by no means the same, that of the first quarter of the year being 63, the second 49, the third 36, and the fourth 85.

"These facts having been determined," says Dr. Forry, "the advantage of a winter residence in a more southern latitude to a person laboring under *chronic bronchitis*, becomes at once apparent. [Chronic bronchitis is a form of consumption having the closest relation to acute catarrhal diseases, and it is by far the most under the control of remedial management.] If he can avoid the transition of the seasons, that meteorological condition of the atmosphere, which stands first among the causes which induce catarrhal diseases, he will do much towards controlling his malady. Let us suppose him on the coast of New England, in the third quarter [of the year], the ratio of catarrhal affections being as low as 36, when the sudden transition of the season brings it up to 85 [in the last three months of the year.] The consequences will inevitably be an aggravation of that disorder to which he is predisposed; for the respiratory organs, even when healthy, are peculiarly susceptible, at this season, to morbid action. Let us, on the contrary, suppose him gradually moving south with the change of the season, and the fourth quarter will find him in a climate whose ratio is even lower than that of the preceding quarter in the region which he had left. On the coast of New England, the ratio of the third quarter is 36, and that of the fourth is 85, whereas the average of the latter quarter in peninsular Florida is only 33. These are not isolated facts, but uniform results obtained from ten years' observation. As the same law obtains in every system of climate, it is easy to apply the remedy."

As there is a general opinion prevalent that it is consumption alone that is

* Notes and Observations on the Ionian Islands and Malta.

benefited by change of climate, a few words may be here given to the several other forms of specific diseases, in which the invalid will no doubt realize advantages equally great.

But first we will observe that the south-western coast of a country, especially when lying like England on the western coast of a continent, is generally mild and humid, and consequently soothing but rather relaxing. In diseases accompanied with an inflammatory condition of the general system, or dependent on an excited state of particular organs, this variety of climate has been found more especially beneficial. Decided advantage may reasonably be anticipated in chronic inflammatory affections of the lining membrane of the air passages, attended with a dry cough and little expectoration; but when such cases occur in individuals of a languid and relaxed state of constitution, accompanied by copious expectoration from the mucous surfaces, the disease is as likely to be aggravated as relieved. These remarks are equally applicable to all other diseases attended with great relaxation of the general system. It is, therefore, obvious that, in recommending a change of residence to invalids, attention to these distinctions, both in regard to varieties of climate and peculiarities of disease, is absolutely necessary.

“The climate of Florida,” says Dr. Forry, “has been found beneficial in incipient cases of pulmonary consumption, and those threatened with the disease from hereditary or acquired predisposition. It is in chronic bronchial affections [those implicating the lining membrane of the air passages], more particularly that it speedily manifests its salutary tendency. To distinguish the *bronchial* from the *tubercular* form of the disease, often demands considerable powers of discrimination; and upon this distinction frequently hangs the propriety of a removal to a southern clime. The application of the physical means of exploration, now so ardently cultivated, has fortunately given a greater degree of certainty to our diagnosis. The same remarks apply to the more mild and simple grades of chronic laryngitis.”

But even patients having *tubercles* in the lungs, when mostly limited and merely nascent, often experience remarkable benefit from such a change.

In these cases, our object must be not only to remove these local disorders, but also that low degree of febrile irritation, or that unhealthy condition of the nutrient matter of the blood, which causes the deposition of tuberculous indurations in the lungs. Hence, in the management of consumptive patients, constitutional treatment should always hold a prominent place; but it is in cases in which local disorders have been the chief cause of the mischief, that we have the best chance of success. In the constitutional treatment, our remedial agents must be calculated to give at once tone to the system, and promote the free action and balance of all the functions; such as, the most nutritious food that the digestive organs can readily assimilate without inducing excitement of the vascular system, pure air and a climate well adapted for regular exercise, and proper clothing to maintain the activity of the circulation on the surface of the body. But it is not intended to enter into a detail of the treatment, which must be constantly adapted to individual cases. The remedial measures applicable to the local disorders and particular symptoms, may be so combined as to act, at the same time, favorably on the functions at large. It must be constantly borne in mind that this disease is a secondary one, originating in a morbid state of the general system.

In this form of consumption, pure country air may be considered indispensable. A dry sea-coast, under these circumstances, is truly an antidote to the poisonous effects of a town residence, more especially if conjoined with gentle exercise, both by walking and riding on horseback. If the locality, however, is much exposed to the east and north, and is not dry, the evil may be changed to a worse condition of the lungs—an actual inflammation. But should a marine atmosphere be found, from peculiarity of constitution, to disagree, the patient may resort to the dry air of the interior, which, in conjunction with the aroma of pine forests, as in Florida and Georgia, is found very congenial to delicate lungs. Indeed, the Greeks, as we are told by Hippocrates, and also the Romans, sent their consumptives to the pine forests of Egypt. Moreover, much benefit would also be derived from the sea-voyage, both in going and returning—a remark

equally applicable to the invalid of our Northern and Middle States who visits Florida or the West Indies.

"Although our diagnostic means," says Dr. Forry, "have been much improved of late years, yet the diagnosis of the early stage of tubercular consumption, depending as it does on a proper consideration of the general symptoms, as well as a careful examination and interpretation of the physical signs, is often a matter of extreme difficulty. In the advanced stages of consumption—the softened tuberculous and ulcerated states—as no benefit can scarcely accrue from change of climate, it is only admissible when strongly desired by the patient. On the other hand, notwithstanding the disease be but little advanced, it is unallowable, if the patient is strongly averse to the measure; for the possible advantage which might accrue would be more than counterbalanced by the moral effects resulting from this involuntary expatriation."

In describing the other forms of disease in which change of climate is not unfrequently of decided advantage, we shall follow, mainly, Sir James Clark.

To this class belongs *Asthma*—a term which is too commonly applied to every disease in which difficulty of respiration is a prominent symptom. When consulted on the propriety of a change of climate in this disease, let not the physician, therefore, prescribe for a mere name, without duly estimating the pathological condition of his patient. In simple spasmodic asthma, unconnected with organic disease, or in that form which is complicated with chronic bronchitis, or is symptomatic of primary irritation in other viscera, as the stomach, intestines, &c., the patient is generally much benefited. In asthma connected with affections of the heart, a mild climate often affords temporary relief; and in this variety of complication, a sea-voyage is frequently of striking service.

In many of those affections termed *nervous*, unconnected with inflammation, exercise and travelling, conjoined with a winter residence in a mild climate, are frequently, in the case of invalids from more austere latitudes, powerful and efficient remedies. It is the opinion of Sir James Clark, that "in dyspepsia, and disorders of the digestive organs generally, and in the

nervous affections and distressing mental feelings which so often accompany these, in asthma, in bronchial diseases, in scrofula, and in rheumatism, the beneficial effects of climate are far more strongly evinced than they are in consumption."

In chronic diseases of the *digestive* organs, when no inflammation exists, or structural changes have supervened in viscera important to life, but the indication is merely to remove disease of a functional character, a winter residence, under the circumstances just stated, promises great benefit; but exercise in the open air, aided by a proper regimen, are indispensable adjuvants. These morbid states of the digestive organs are treated of by Sir James Clark under three heads, viz., inflammatory, atonic, and irritable dyspepsia. For these different forms, he recommends different climates; for the first, the south-west of France, or Rome and Pisa in Italy; for the second, Nice and Naples; and for the third, a climate of a medium character. But to enlarge upon these distinctions were contrary to the design of this article.

Chronic Rheumatism is another disease which will often be benefited by change of climate. As these cases frequently resist the best directed efforts of medicine, it is the only remedy which the northern physician can recommend with a reasonable prospect of success. In northern Europe, a warm climate, and the internal and external use of thermal mineral waters, are regarded as the most valuable resources known in the treatment of inveterate chronic rheumatism. Rome and Nice are considered the most eligible situations in Europe, while the climate of the West Indies is supposed to exercise a still more beneficial influence. When the disease is complicated with much derangement of the digestive organs, it is customary to visit such places as combine the additional advantages of a course of bathing, as the mineral waters of the Pyrenees, those of Aix in Savoy, and the various baths of Italy. In our own country, the Hot Springs of Virginia, which are used only externally, in the form of bathing and the spout-bath or douche, are much resorted to; and in many cases, if the patient visits them in summer, they succeed very well, more especially in preparing the system to realize the

advantages to be derived from a winter's residence in Florida, Cuba, or some other West India island.

When there exists a *general delicacy of the constitution in childhood*, often the sequel of measles and scarlet fever, manifesting itself by symptoms indicative of a scrofulous disposition, a winter residence in a warm climate frequently produces the most salutary effects. A similar condition of the system often arises in young females; and this general derangement, if not soon corrected, often results in that constitutional disorder, beyond the resources of the healing art, which is denominated by Sir James Clark, "*Tuberculous Cachexia*,"—the precursor of pulmonary consumption. If the winter can be passed in a warm climate, and the patient have the advantage of exercise on horseback, warm sea-bathing, and a well-regulated diet, the youthful invalid may often be rescued from an untimely grave.

Sir James Clark refers to another form of disease in which change of climate promises its healing powers, viz., premature decay of the constitution, characterized by general evidence of deteriorated health, while some tissue or organ, important to life, commonly manifests symptoms of unhealthy action. This remarkable change, which is not inappropriately termed, in common parlance, "a breaking up of the constitution," often occurs without any obvious cause.

All the advantages, however, to be expected from change of air, depend upon the just adaptation of the remedy to the individual case. In bronchial disease, for example, attended with little expectoration, and that degree of irritation which induces cough from the slightest exciting causes, a mild and humid air often gives relief, while a dry and keen air cannot be tolerated. On the other hand, the same state of atmosphere which proves so irritating in this case, acts beneficially in subjects of a more languid habit, with less sensibility of the mucous membrane and a more copious expectoration. This remark is equally applicable to the other affections just brought under notice. As regards the sea-coast, or the interior of a country, not only is the relative preference a subject for consideration, but likewise the situation itself as modified by particular local causes.

Let not the invalid, however, trust too much to a change of climate. Unfortunately for the character of the remedy, it has been recommended indiscriminately, and without proper consideration. It has been too often resorted to as a last resource or forlorn hope; or in cases susceptible of alleviation or permanent cure, it has been wholly misapplied. One person is hurried from his native land, with the certainty of having his sufferings increased and his life shortened, instead of being allowed to die in peace in his own family; while another, who might derive much advantage from the change, is sent abroad wholly uninstructed in regard to the selection of a proper residence, or ignorant of the various circumstances by which alone the most suitable climate can be rendered beneficial. It is one of our most powerful remedial agents, and one, too, which, in many cases, will admit no substitute. But much permanent advantage will result neither from travelling nor change of climate, nor their combined influence, unless the invalid adheres strictly to such regimen as his case may require. This remedy—change of climate—must be considered in the light of all other therapeutic means, and to insure its proper action, it is requisite that the necessary conditions be observed. The patient should, in a measure, regard the change of climate as merely placing him in a situation more favorable for the operation of the remedies demanded by his disease.

It now remains to take a view of the various climates treated of by our several authors; but as this subject alone, if fully presented to the reader, would comprise a good-sized volume, the present notice of this branch of our subject must necessarily be exceedingly restricted. It ought, moreover, to be preceded by directions for invalids making a change of climate; but this point we are obliged wholly to forego. In the first place, we shall follow, in our survey, the order pursued by Sir James Clark. Commencing with England, he says:

"The mild region of England admits of being divided into four districts or groups of climate: that of the **SOUTH COAST**, comprehending the tract of coast between Hastings and Portland Island; the **SOUTH-WEST COAST**, from the latter

point to Cornwall; the district of the **LAND'S END**; the **WESTERN GROUP**, comprehending the places along the borders of the Bristol Channel and estuary of the Severn. We shall find that each of these regions has some peculiar features in its climate, which characterize it and distinguish it from the others, both as regards its physical and medicinal qualities."

We cannot, of course, follow our author in the details of these groups. Suffice it to say, that the mildness of some parts of England is truly surprising. Penzance, in the district of the **LAND'S END**, for instance, is remarkable for its equal distribution of heat throughout the year—a quality in which, so far as the investigations of Sir James Clark extend, it finds a superior in the climates alone of Madeira and the Azores.

"The same remarkable equality in the distribution of temperature during the year at Penzance, holds equally true for the day; and, indeed, I may observe generally, that the progression of temperature for the year and the day, are faithful types of each other. I find, on comparing the months for a series of years, that the daily range at Penzance is little more than half that of the south of Europe; but, in this quality, it also falls short of Madeira. And here is a proper opportunity of remarking, that although in mean temperature for the whole twenty-four hours, Penzance is considerably lower than that of the south of Europe, yet that during the night, through the winter, its extreme minimum temperature seldom is so low. It is during the day only that the south of Europe, as far as regards temperature simply, possesses a superiority. Thus, in winter, at seven o'clock in the morning, there is little difference between Rome and Penzance, but at two o'clock in the afternoon, there is nearly the difference of seven degrees. Indeed the whole advantage of Penzance, as compared with the south of Europe, appears to occur in the winter and during the night."

As the range of the thermometer is not greater in England than in Italy, and as the difference between the mean temperature of summer and winter is actually less, a classification of climates based on mere latitude in reference to pulmonary diseases, as is done in the British army medical statistics, becomes an actual absurdity. This is

one of the leading grounds on which Dr. Forry disproved the conclusion, already referred to, of these statistics, viz., that it is "by no means likely that any beneficial influence can be exerted by climate itself," in pulmonary diseases.

At Salcombe, on the southwest coast, "under the shelter of a wooded hill," says Dr. Clark, "the American aloe has twice flowered in the open air, and with a degree of luxuriance almost equalling that which it displays in a tropical climate. The orange and lemon-tree, also, thrive here, and ripen their fruit in the open air; the only protection they require during the winter, being that afforded by a covering of straw mat. These trees exhibit a degree of luxuriance and vigor, which I have seen in no other part of England, under the same circumstances. The olive-tree has also occasionally produced fruit in this place." Although there is less difference here, it may be remarked, between the mean temperature of summer and winter than perhaps in any part of Italy, yet the climate is not so well adapted to this species of fruit; for the winter temperature is so low that these plants require a covering of straw-mat, whilst the summer temperature is not sufficiently high to develop the fruit in its fullest perfection.

Next in order comes the *climate of France*:

"The south of France has long been held in estimation for the mildness of its winter climate, and various parts of it have been, and are still resorted to by invalids. The southern provinces, as regards climate, admit of being classed under two divisions, namely, the **SOUTH-EASTERN** and the **SOUTH-WESTERN**; differing essentially from each other in the physical characters of their climate, and the influence of this on disease. . . . Generally speaking, the climate of the **SOUTH-WEST** of France will be found useful in chronic inflammatory affections of the mucous membrane, accompanied with little secretion, as in chronic bronchitis not attended by much expectoration or difficulty of breathing, and in similar morbid states of the larynx and trachea. It will be equally proper in dry, scaly eruptions of the skin; in dysmenorrhœa; in certain kinds of headache, especially those induced, or exasperated by sharp northeast winds; and in high morbid sea-

sibility in general, when accompanied with that habit of body which the ancients called *strictum*. On the other hand, the same diseases occurring in relaxed habits, in which there is a disposition to copious secretion, will be aggravated by this climate. . . . Various places in the Southeast of France have been, at different times, recommended as affording a good winter climate for consumptive patients; but nothing can be more unaccountable than how such an advice ever came to be given; as the experience of later years is in complete opposition to it, and the general and leading characters of the climate show that there never was the least reason to sanction it. How the practice of sending consumptive invalids to the southeast of France originated, it is not of importance to inquire; but that it is founded in error, I think I shall be able to prove, by a reference to the total want of success which has attended it, as well as the physical characters of the climate."

Sorry we are that we cannot, for want of space, accompany Dr. Johnson in his rambles through *la belle France*; but, instead of sounding extravagant praises of "fair and fertile France," our philosophic traveller rather coincides in opinion with the spirited authoress of "Rome in the Nineteenth Century," who says that "France is the most unpicturesque country in Europe. It is everywhere bounded by beauty, (the Alps, the Pyrenees, the Jura Mountains, &c.) but the country these grand boundaries inclose is remarkably devoid of beauty and interest. It is a dull picture set in a magnificent frame."

The climate of Nice is recommended in nearly all the forms of disease previously enumerated, as likely to be relieved by change of climate. In tubercular consumption, however, especially when complicated with an irritable state of the mucous membranes of the larynx, trachea, or bronchi, or of the stomach, this climate, according to Clark, "is decidedly unfavorable;" but in chronic bronchitis, the most salutary effects are often produced, particularly when accompanied by copious expectoration. The gouty, rheumatic, and dyspeptic invalids, also, frequently derive much benefit from a residence at this place.

We come now to the climates of Italy, comprising, in the work of Sir James Clark, a description of that of

Genoa, of Florence, of Pisa, of Rome, and of Naples. In leaving England to pass the winter in Italy, the invalid should set out either in the early part of June or of September. If at the former period, he may, as is often done with advantage, spend the summer in Germany or Switzerland; and if at the latter, the patient, avoiding the summer heat, may reach his destination by means of a continuous journey through a mild climate. The proper time for arriving in Italy is about the first of October; and the best route is through Switzerland, and across the Simplon:

"The principal circumstance," says Sir J. Clark, "which appears to modify the general character of this climate at the different places, is, their relative position with respect to the sea-shore and the Apennines. In this there is considerable variety; Genoa and Naples are in the vicinity of both, as the mountains at these places approach closely to the Mediterranean; Pisa is only a few miles distant from the latter, and close to the Tuscan hills, a branch of the lower Apennines; Rome is about twelve miles from the coast, and nearly twice that distance from the mountains; Florence is quite embosomed in the Apennines, and the character of its climate is thereby affected to such a degree, as scarcely to admit of its being classed with the other Italian climates."

When it is necessary for an invalid to pass several winters in Italy, Dr. Clark advises as a general rule, more especially in a consumptive case, his quitting the country during the summer. Hence the selection of a summer residence becomes a matter of importance. But eligible summer residences may be found even in Italy; and the places principally resorted to by invalids who remain in the country during the summer, are Naples and its vicinity, Sienna, and the Baths of Lucca. Should the invalid recross the Alps, he will find an excellent as well as a delightful summer residence on the borders of the Lake of Geneva. Here, too, he may try the effects of a course of grapes, "*Cure de Raisins*,"—a remedy in high repute in several parts of the Continent.

The *Atlantic climates*, consisting of Madeira, the Canaries, and the Azores, in the eastern, and the Baha-

mas and Bermudas in the western Atlantic, are next considered by Dr. Clark.

As regards mildness and equability of climate, Madeira has been long held in high estimation. "When we take into consideration," says Sir James, "the mildness of the winter and the coolness of the summer, together with the remarkable equality of the temperature during the day and night, as well as throughout the year, we may safely conclude that the climate of Madeira is the finest in the northern hemisphere." The result of the observations of Drs. Renton and Hein-

eker, both of whom resided for years on this island, show conclusively the necessity of adopting change of climate as a means of *preventing*, rather than of curing consumption. Sad experience proves the inutility of sending patients in the advanced stage of consumption to Madeira; but, on the other hand, in incipient cases, and on those who are merely threatened with the disease, the effects of the climate are of the most encouraging character. From the cases of which Dr. Renton kept notes, during a period of eight years, the following interesting and instructive table is furnished:

<i>Cases of Confirmed Consumption,</i>	47
Of these there died within six months after their arrival at Madeira,	32
Went home in summer, returned, and died,	6
Left the Island, of whose death we have heard,	6
Not since heard of, probably dead,	3
Total,	47
 <i>Cases of Incipient Consumption,</i>	 35
Of these there left the Island much improved, and of whom we have had good accounts,	26
Also improved, but not since heard of,	5
Have since died,	4
Total,	35

For those invalids who ought to pass several winters abroad, as is indeed the case with the majority of consumptive patients, Madeira presents the fortunate circumstance of possessing a cool and pleasant summer. "I am acquainted with no place," says Captain Basil Hall, "in which such a variety of climates may be commanded with certainty as in this beautiful island—beautiful in every sense; for the scenery is so varied, that almost all tastes may be suited." Madeira has, therefore, this important advantage, that it affords a residence, during the whole year, to an invalid, without his suffering from oppressive heat, or being subjected to the inconvenience of a long journey.

The Canaries, of which Teneriffe is the principal island, and the only one possessing accommodations for invalids, have by no means the reputation of Madeira,—a remark that applies in a still greater degree to the Azores. The Bermudas and Bahamas belong to the same category. In localities properly protected, these islands doubtless possess many delightful spots; but not-

withstanding the uniformity of temperature which obtains in the former group of islands, the summers are exceedingly hot, even more so than in the West Indies; and as regards winds, the damp and oppressive south-west, and the dry, sharp and cold north-west, are so injurious to delicate invalids as to justify the epithet applied by Shakspeare—"the still vexed Bermoothes."

We will now advert to the *climate of the West Indies*. By Sir James Clark, it is "laid down as a general rule that the climate of the West Indies is an improper one for patients with tuberculous diseases of the lungs." As the winter temperature of some of these islands is higher than the summer temperature in the south of Europe, this may be a correct opinion; but it certainly has no application to the larger islands, more especially if they contain, as for example Cuba, elevated tracts. By those who have had the best means of arriving at a correct knowledge, as Drs. Arnold, Musgrave, Ferguson and Melville, this climate generally has been highly esteemed for its influence on persons predisposed to

consumption. As regards the climate of Cuba, we can speak, from personal knowledge, of its highly beneficial effects.

The personal observations of Dr. Forry in reference to climate, as a winter residence for the northern invalid of our own country, are mostly confined to East Florida. So remarkable is the equality in the distribution of temperature among the seasons here, that a comparison with the most favored localities already noticed is no way disparaging.

"A comparison of the mean temperature of winter and summer, that of the warmest and coldest months, and that of successive months and seasons, results generally in favor of peninsular Florida. The mean difference of successive months stands thus: Pisa 5°.75, Naples 5°.08, Nice 4°.74, Rome 4°.39, Fort King [in the interior of Florida] 4°.28, Fort Marion at St. Augustine 3°.68, Fort Brooke [on the western coast of Florida] 3°.09, Penzance, England, 3°.05, Key West [at the southern point of Florida] 2°.44, and Madeira 2°.41. . . . The lime, the orange and the fig, find here a genial temperature; the course of vegetable life is unceasing; culinary vegetables are cultivated, and wild flowers spring up and flourish in the month of January; and so little is the temperature of the lakes and rivers diminished during the winter months, that one may almost at any time bathe in their waters. The climate is so exceedingly mild and uniform, that besides the vegetable productions of the southern states generally, many of a tropical character are produced. . . . Along the south-eastern coast, at Key Biscayne, for example, frost is never known, nor is it ever so cold as to require the use of fire. In this system of climate, the rigors of winter are unknown, and smiling verdure never ceases to reign."

Now compare this mild and equable climate with that of Italy, as described by Dr. Johnson.

"Italy indeed," he says, "is very singularly situated in respect to climate. With its feet resting against the snow-clad Alps, and its head stretching towards the burning shore of Africa, it is alternately exposed to the suffocation of the sirocco, from the arid sands of Lybia, and the icy chill of the tramontane, from the Alps or the Apennines."

In view of the American character of Dr. Forry's work, we will now con-

clude this article with another extract from it, in reference to the climate of East Florida, as a winter residence for the northern invalid :

"The influence of temperature on the living body, more especially as regards winds, is often indicated more accurately by our sensations than the thermometer. For instance, in Parry's Voyages to the Arctic Regions, we are told that when the mercury stood at fifty-one degrees below zero of Fahrenheit, in a calm, no greater inconvenience was experienced than when it was at zero during a breeze. Consequently, the advantages of climate as regards its fitness for the pulmonic, not unfrequently depend on the mere circumstance of exposure to, or shelter from, cold winds. The frequency and severity of the winds at St. Augustine constitute a considerable drawback on the benefits of the climate. The chilly north-east blast, surcharged with fogs and saline vapors, sweeping around every angle of its ancient and dilapidated walls, often forbids the valetudinarian venturing from his domicile. To obviate these disadvantages, a large house was erected at Picolata on the St. John's; but during the pending Indian disturbances, it has been converted into a barrack and an hospital.

"At the present time, St. Augustine and Key West are the only places which afford the conveniences required by the wants of an invalid; but assuming that proper accommodations can be equally obtained at all points, Key Biscayne on the south-eastern coast, or Tampa Bay on the Gulf of Mexico, claims a decided preference, especially over St. Augustine. As a general rule, it would be judicious for the northern physician to direct his pulmonary patient to embark about the middle of October for Tampa Bay. Braving the perils of the wide ocean, he will realize the healthful excitement incident to the fears and hopes of a sea-voyage. The salubrious air of the sea has, indeed, always been esteemed as peculiarly congenial to the lungs. Even the Romans, among whom consumption seems to have been of frequent occurrence, were wont to seek relief in a voyage to Alexandria. Having spent the winter months at Tampa, let the invalid proceed early in March to St. Augustine, by way of Dade's battleground and the old Seminole agency. In addition to the corporeal exercise, he will find food for mental digestion at every step of his journey. Having thus reaped the benefit of a sea-voyage and all the advantages to be derived from a change of climate, the valetudinarian may return to his anxious friends so much renovated in

health and spirits as to be capable of enjoying again the blessings of social life.

"As long, however, as predatory Seminole bands retain possession of this Peninsula, few itinerant invalids will imitate the example of the celebrated Spanish adventurer, Ponce de Leon, who, in the wild spirit of the sixteenth century, braved the perils of unknown seas and the dangers of Florida's wilds, in search of the far-famed fountain of rejuvenescence. When the period, however, of the red man's departure shall have passed, [an event which has been officially announced], the climate of this 'land of flowers' will, it may be safely predicted, acquire a celebrity, as a winter residence, not inferior to that of Italy, Madeira, or Southern France."

In conclusion, we will present some of the facts contained in a highly interesting pamphlet by Dr. Daniel Drake, entitled "*The Northern Lakes, a Summer Residence for Invalids of the South*," which has been the result of a two months' voyage, for medical observation, during the last summer. Our notice of it, however, seeing the space already devoted to this article, must necessarily be brief.

In view of what has been written on the comparative fitness of different places towards the equator, as winter residences for the invalids of the north, Dr. Drake thinks, with good reason, that the valetudinarians of the former regions have equal claims upon the medical observer as regards a summer residence. He merely purposes to add another, and as he supposes a superior place of resort, to those already frequented; such as the Springs of Virginia, Kentucky, Pennsylvania, and New York,—the marine watering places of Long Branch, Newport, Nahant, &c.—as well as a trip to the Falls of Niagara, or a voyage on the St. Lawrence to Montreal and Quebec.

How truly delightful it is to traverse these ocean-lakes or inland seas during the season of summer, we can add our testimony from personal experience. Instead of the reflected heat of inland regions on the same parallels, which rivals that of the West Indies, we have here cool and refreshing lake and land breezes, the former prevailing through most of the day, and the latter setting in at night as soon as the radiation from the ground has reduced its temperature below that of the water. As the dis-

tance from Buffalo to Chicago is more than twelve hundred miles, the invalid of the south is enabled to derive much advantage from a voyage over this long expanse of waters. But we will allow the author to speak in his own graphic language:—

"But the summer climate of the lakes is not the only source of benefit to invalids; for the agitation imparted by the boat, on voyages of several days' duration, through waters which are never stagnant, and sometimes rolling, will be found among the most efficient means of restoring health, in many chronic diseases, especially those of a nervous character, such as hysteria and hypochondriasm.

"Another source of benefit is the excitement imparted by the voyage to the faculty of observation. At a watering place all the features of the surrounding scenery are soon familiarized to the eye, which then merely wanders over the commingled throngs of valetudinarians, doctors, dancers, idlers, gamblers, coquettes, and dandies, whence it soon returns to inspect the infirmities or *tedium vitæ* of its possessor; but on protracted voyages, through new and fresh regions, curiosity is stirred up to the highest pitch, and pleasantly gratified by the hourly unfolding of fresh aspects of nature; some new blending of land and lake—a group of islands different from the last—aquatic fields of wild rice and lilies—a rainbow walking on the 'face of the deep'—a water-spout, or a shifting series of painted clouds seen in the kaleidoscope of heaven.

"But the North has attractions of a different kind, which should draw into its summer bosom those who seek health and recreation in travel. From Ontario to Michigan, the voyager passes in the midst of spots consecrated to the heart of every American; and deeply interesting to all who delight to study the history of their native land. The shores and waters of the lakes, so often reddened with the blood of those who fought and died in the cause of their country, will present to the traveller of warm and patriotic feelings, scenes which he cannot behold without an emotion, under which real diseases may abate and the imaginary be forgotten."

Along this route of twelve hundred miles from Chicago to the Falls of Niagara, patriotic emotions, as is justly observed by Dr. Drake, are being continually excited in the mind of the traveller; but as we cannot here follow our author in the narrative of his voyage, descriptive of the scenery and historical associations

everywhere obtruded upon his view, we must content ourselves with giving his concluding remarks :—

“Such are some of the historical associations connected with a voyage upon the lakes; and where else in the Union can the invalid and the patriot roam, to find localities so opulent in varied and affecting recollections—so accessible—so ar-

ranged upon the thread of travel! We may fearlessly affirm, that, in this respect, the lakes of the north take precedence over any other region of our beloved country. Their deeply wooded shores yield a bountiful harvest of facts to the historian, while their green waters reflect images of glory, sadness and shame, which the poet and orator will embody and bequeath to posterity.”

THE ORCHESTRA.

BY C. P. CRANCH.

I.

THE VIOLIN.

The versatile, discursive violin,
 Light, tender, brilliant, passionate, or calm,
 Sliding with careless nonchalance within
 His range of ready utterance, wins the palm
 Of victory o'er his fellows for his grace;
 Fine, fluent speaker, polished gentleman.
 Well may he be the leader in the race
 Of blending instruments—fighting in the van
 With conscious ease and fine chivalric speed;
 A very Bayard in the field of sound,
 Rallying his struggling followers in their need,
 And spurring them to keep their hard-earned ground.
 So the fifth Henry fought at Azincour,
 And led his followers to the breach once more.

II.

THE VIOLONCELLO.

Larger and more matured, deeper in thought,
 Slower in speech and of a graver tone,
 His ardor softened, as if years had wrought
 Wise moods upon him, living all alone,
 A calm and philosophic eremite,—
 Yet at some feeling of remembered things,
 Or passion smothered, but not purged quite,
 Hark! what a depth of sorrow in those strings!
 See, what a storm growls in his angry breast!
 Yet list again; his voice no longer moans;
 The storm hath spent its rage and is at rest.
 Strong, self-possessed, the violoncello's tones:
 But yet too oft, like Hamlet, seem to me
 A high soul struggling with its destiny.

III.

THE OBOE.

Now come with me, beside this sedgy brook,
 Far in the fields, away from crowded street :
 Into the flowing water let us look,
 While o'er our heads the whispering elm-trees meet .
 There will we listen to a simple tale
 Of fireside pleasures and of shepherds' loves :
 A reedy voice sweet as the nightingale
 Shall sing of Corydon and Amaryllis ;
 The grasshopper shall chirp, the bee shall hum,
 The stream shall murmur to the water-lilies,
 And all the sounds of summer noon shall come,
 And mingling in the oboë's pastoral tone,
 Make them forget that man did ever sigh and moan.

IV.

THE TRUMPETS AND TROMBONES.

A band of martial riders next I hear,
 Whose sharp brass voices cut and rend the air.
 The shepherd's tale is mute, and now the ear
 Is filled with a wilder clang than it can bear ;
 Whose arrowy trumpet notes so short and bright,
 The long-drawn wailing of that loud trombone,
 Tell of the bloody and tumultuous fight,
 The march of victory and the dying groan.
 O'er the green fields the serried squadrons pour,
 Killing and burning like the bolts of heaven ;
 The sweetest flowers with cannon-smoke and gore
 Are all profaned, and Innocence is driven
 Forth from her cottages and wooded streams,
 While over all red Battle fiercely gleams.

V.

THE HORNS.

But who are these far in the leafy wood,
 Murmuring such mellow, hesitating notes,
 It seems the very breath of solitude,
 Loading with dewy balm each breeze that floats ?
 They are a peasant-group, I know them well,
 The diffident, conscious horns, whose muffled speech
 But half expresses what their souls would tell,
 Aiming at strains their strength can never reach ;
 An untaught rustic band ; and yet how sweet
 And soothing comes their music o'er the soul !
 Dear poets of the forest, who would meet
 Your melodies save where wild waters roll,
 Reminding us of Him who by his plough
 Walked with a laurel-wreath upon his brow !

Boston, May, 1843.

LAURETTE, OR THE RED SEAL.*

I.—THE MEETING ON THE HIGHWAY.

THE road from Artois to Flanders is a long and dreary one. It extends in a straight line, with neither trees nor ditches along its sides, over flat plains, covered at all seasons with a yellow clay. It was in the month of March, 1815, that, as I was passing along this road, I met with an adventure I have never forgotten.

I was alone; I rode on horseback; I had a good cloak, a black casque, pistols, and a heavy sabre. It had been raining in torrents during four days and four nights of my journey, and I remember that I was singing the "Joconde" at the top of my voice—I was so young! The body-guard of the king, in 1814, was filled up with old men and boys; the empire seemed to have seized and killed off all the men.

My comrades were on the road, somewhat in advance of me, escorting Louis XVIII.; I saw their white cloaks and red coats on the very edge of the northern horizon. The Lancers of Bonaparte, who, step by step, watched and followed our retreat, showed from time to time the tricolored pennons of their long lances at the opposite horizon. A lost shoe had somewhat retarded my horse; but he was young and strong, and I pushed him on, to rejoin my squadron. He set off on a quick trot; I put my hand to my belt—it was well furnished with gold; I heard the iron scabbard of my sword clank upon my stirrup, and I felt very proud and perfectly happy.

It rained on, and I sang on. However, I soon ceased, tired of hearing nobody but myself, and I then heard only the rain and the feet of my horse as they plashed in the ruts. The pavement of the road gave way; I sank down, and was obliged to have recourse to my feet. My high cavalry boots were covered on the outside with a crust of mud, yellow as ochre, and inside they were fast filling with water. I looked at my new epaulettes, my happiness and my consolation—they

were ruined by the rain. That was no slight affliction!

My horse hung his head, and I did the same. I began to reflect, and for the first time asked myself, where I was going. I knew absolutely nothing about it; but that did not trouble me long; I knew that my squadron was there, and there too was my duty. As I felt in my heart a profound and imperturbable tranquillity, I thanked that ineffable feeling of *duty*, and tried to explain it to myself. Seeing every day how gaily the most unaccustomed fatigues were borne by heads so fair or so white, how cavalierly a well assured future was risked by men of a worldly and happy life, and taking my own share in that wonderful satisfaction which every man derives from the conviction that he cannot evade any of the obligations of honor, I saw clearly that *self-abnegation* was a far easier and more common thing than is generally imagined. I asked myself whether this abnegation of self was not an innate sentiment? what was this need of obeying, and of placing one's freedom of will in the hands of others, as a heavy and troublesome burden? whence came the secret pleasure of being rid of this burden? and why the pride of man never revolted at this? I perceived this mysterious instinct binding together, on every side, families and nations into masses powerful in their combination; but I nowhere saw the renunciation of one's own actions, words, wishes, and almost thoughts, so complete and formidable as in the army. In every direction I saw resistance possible and habitual. I beheld the citizen rendering an obedience that was discriminating and intelligent, examining for itself, and liable to stop at a certain point. I beheld even the tender submission of woman reach its limits, the law taking up her defence, when the authority she obeys commands a wrong. But military obedience is blind and dumb, because at the same time passive and active—receiving its

* This exquisite story is from the French of De Vigny.

order and executing it—striking with eyes shut, like the Fate of antiquity. I followed out, through all its possible consequences, this *abnegation* of the soldier, without retreat, without condition, and leading him sometimes to tasks of ill-omen. Such were my reflections as I walked on at my horse's own pleasure; looking at my watch from time to time, and beholding the road as it stretched along for ever in a straight line, varied neither by house nor tree, and intersecting the plain as far as the horizon, like a yellow stripe on a grey cloth. Sometimes the liquid line was lost in the liquid ground that surrounded it; and when a little brightening of the dull and pale light of the day spread over that most melancholy expanse of land, I saw myself in the midst of a muddy ocean, following a current of clay and plaster.

Examining attentively the yellow line of the road, I observed upon it, at the distance of about a mile, a little black point, which was in motion. I was delighted with the sight,—it was somebody. I kept my eyes steadily fixed upon it. I saw that the black point was going in the same direction with myself, toward Lille, and that it went with a zigzag motion, as though with painful toil. I quickened my gait, and gained ground upon the object, which began to lengthen a little and increase in bulk to my sight. Reaching a firmer soil, I resumed a trot, and soon fancied that I could distinguish a little black wagon. I was hungry, and hoped that it was the wagon of a sutler; and, looking upon my poor horse as a vessel, I crowded all sail to arrive at that fortunate island in this sea of mud, where he sometimes sank down above his knees.

When about a hundred yards off, I at last distinguished plainly a little wagon of white wood, covered by a black oil-cloth stretched over three hoops. It looked like a little cradle mounted on two wheels. The wheels sank down to the axletree; the little mule which drew it was wearisomely led by a man on foot, who held the bridle. I drew near, and took an attentive look at him.

He was a man of about fifty, mustachioed, tall and strong, and his back rounded, like that of the old infantry officers who have carried the knapsack. He had also their uniform; and you

could see, from under a short and well-worn blue cloak, the epaulette of a *chef-de-bataillon*. His face was rough and hard, but good, as you so often see in the army. He looked at me sideways from under his heavy black eyebrows, and drawing a musket quickly out of the wagon, he cocked it, passing to the other side of the mule, of which he thus made a rampart. Having seen his white cockade, I simply showed him the sleeve of my red coat, when he replaced the musket in the wagon, saying:

“Oh! that's another matter. I took you for one of those coneys who are running after us. Will you take a drop?”

“With all my heart,” I answered, drawing near; “it is four-and-twenty hours since I have tasted one.”

He had round his neck a cocoa-nut, beautifully carved, and made into a bottle, with a silver neck, of which he seemed a little vain. He reached it to me, and I drank a little poor white wine with a great deal of satisfaction, and returned him the cocoa-nut.

“To the health of the king!” said he, drinking; “he has made me an officer of the Legion of Honor, and it is but right that I should follow him to the frontier. And as I have only my epaulette by which to live, I shall then rejoin my battalion. That's my duty.”

As he thus spoke, to himself as it were, he set his little mule in march again, saying that we had no time to lose; and as I was of the same opinion, I resumed my route two or three steps in his rear. I still kept looking at him, but without asking any questions, as I never liked that talkative indiscretion which is so common among us.

We went on in silence for about a mile. As he then stopped to rest his poor little mule, which it was really painful to see, I halted too, and tried to press out the water which made my riding-boots like two reservoirs in which my legs were soaking.

“Your boots begin to stick to your feet?” said he to me.

“It is four nights since I have taken them off.”

“Bah! in a week you will think no more of it,” he replied, with his hoarse voice. “It is something to be alone in times like these, I can tell you. Do you know what I have got inside there?”

"No," said I.

"It is a woman."

"Ah!" was my answer, with no particular astonishment, as I quietly resumed my route at a walk again. He followed.

"This wretched covering here did not cost me very dear," he resumed, "nor the mule neither; but it is all that I need, although this road here is rather a long-queue riband."

I offered him my horse to mount when he should be tired; and as I only spoke gravely and simply of his equipage, of which he feared the ridiculous appearance, he became suddenly quite at his ease, and approaching my stirrup, gave me a slap on the knee, and said:

"Come, you are a good fellow, though you are one of the red."

I felt, in the bitterness of his accent, as he thus designated the four red companies, how many angry prejudices the luxury and rank of these corps of officers had created in the army at large.

"However," he added, "I will not accept your offer, considering that I do not know how to mount a horse, and that, for my part, that is not my business."

"But, commandant, you superior officers are obliged to."

"Bah! once a year for inspection, and then a hired hack. As for me, I

was always a sailor, and afterwards in the infantry; so that I know nothing about riding."

He went on for about twenty steps, looking sideways at me, as if expecting a question; but as he heard none, he presently continued himself:

"You are not very inquisitive, that's a fact! That ought to astonish you a little, what I said there."

"I am not often astonished," said I.

"Ah, but if I were to tell you how I came to quit the sea, then we should see."

"Very well," I answered, "why don't you try? That will warm us, and make me forget the rain that is pouring in at my back, and only stopping at my heels."

The good *chef-de-bataillon* prepared himself deliberately to speak, with all the pleasure of a child. He adjusted his shako on his head, which was covered with black oil-cloth, and gave that peculiar shrug of the shoulders, which none can imagine who have not served in the infantry,—that shrug of the shoulders which the soldier gives to raise his knapsack, and ease its weight for a moment. It is a habit of the soldier, which, when he becomes an officer, remains as a trick. After this jerking movement, he drank a little wine from his flask, administered a kick of encouragement to the little mule, and began.

II.—STORY OF THE SEALED ORDER.

"You must know then, in the first place, my boy, that I was born at Brest. I began by being troop-boy, gaining my half ration, and my half pay, at the age of nine years, as my father was a soldier in the Guards. But as I had a liking for the sea, one fine night, when I was at Brest on leave of absence, I hid among the ropes of a merchant-ship bound to the Indies, and was not found until they were out at sea, when the captain preferred making a sailor-boy of me, to throwing me overboard. When the Revolution came on, I had made some headway, and was captain of a neat little trading vessel, having been tossed about the sea, like its foam, for fifteen years. As the old royal navy—a good old navy, faith, it was—found itself suddenly depopulated of its officers, they took their captains from the merchant service. I had had some little

brushes with the pirates, which I will tell you about some other time, and they gave me the command of a small brig-of-war, named the *Marat*.

"On the 28th of Fructidor, 1797, I received orders to get ready for a voyage to Cayenne. I was to transport there sixty soldiers and a *déporté*, who had remained behind, of the one hundred and ninety-three which the frigate *La Décade* had taken on board some days before. I had orders to treat this individual with kindness, and the first letter of the Directory enclosed a second, sealed with three red seals, the middle one of which was of enormous size. I was forbidden to open this letter before reaching the first degree north latitude, and between the 27th and 28th of longitude—that is to say, when about crossing the line. This big letter was of a shape alto-

gether peculiar. It was very long, and so tightly closed, that I could not get at a word, either in at the corners, or through the envelope. I am not superstitious, but it frightened me, that letter. I placed it in my cabin, under the glass of a poor little English clock, which was nailed up over my berth. Mine was a real sailor's bed, if you know what that is. But what am I talking about?—you have lived at most but sixteen summers; you can never have seen anything of that kind. A queen's chamber cannot be so neatly arranged as a sailor's cabin—be it said without boasting. Everything has its own place, and its own nail; nothing can move. The vessel may toss as much as she chooses, without putting anything out of order. The furniture is all made to fit the form of the vessel, and of one's own little room. My bed was a chest; when it was opened, I slept in it; and when it was shut, it was my sofa, and there I smoked my pipe. Sometimes it was my table, and then I sat on one of the little casks in the cabin. My floor was waxed and rubbed like mahogany, and shone like a jewel. A real looking-glass! Oh, what a sweet little cabin it was!—and my brig, too, was not to be sneezed at. There was some fine fun on board there, and the voyage began this time pleasantly enough, but for——But I must not anticipate.

“We had a fine breeze from the N.N.W., and I was busy putting away this letter under the glass of my clock, when my *déporté* entered my cabin; he had by the hand a beautiful little girl of about seventeen, and he told me that he himself was only nineteen. A handsome fellow, though a little too pale, and too fair for a man. He was a man though, and a man who behaved better on this occasion, than many an old one would have done—you will see. He had his little wife under his arm; she was fresh and gay as a child. They looked like two doves. It really was a pleasure to see them. So said I:

“Ah, well, young ones, you come to pay a visit to the old captain, eh? That's kind of you. I am taking you rather far away; but all the better, for we shall have the longer to make one another's acquaintance. I am sorry to receive Madame with my coat off, but you see I am nailing this big scamp of

a letter up here. If you would only help me a little!”

“They were really good little children. The little husband took the hammer, and the little wife the nails, and they would hand them to me, as I asked for them; and she would say, ‘To the right—to the left—captain!’—all the time laughing, because the knocking made my clock swing. I think I hear her yet, with her little voice:—‘To the right—to the left—captain!’ She was making fun of me. ‘Ah, ha!’ said I, ‘you little puss, I'll make your husband scold you, you'll see.’ Then she jumped upon his neck and kissed him;—they were indeed a charming pair, and so our acquaintance began. We were all at once good friends.

“We had a fine passage, too. The weather seemed always made on purpose for us. As I had never had anything but dark faces on board my vessel, I made my two little lovers come to my table every day. It put me in spirits. When we had eaten our biscuit and fish, the little wife and her husband would sit looking at one another, as though they had never seen each other before. Then I would set to laughing with all my might, and making fun of them. They would laugh, too, with me. You would have laughed to have seen us there like three imbeciles, not knowing what was the matter with us. The fact is, it was really pleasant to see them so fond of one another. They were contented anywhere; they found anything which was given them good. Still they were on allowance, like the rest of us. I only added a little Swedish brandy when they dined with me; only a little glass, just to keep up my rank. They slept in a hammock, where the vessel rolled them about like those two pears I have here, in this wet handkerchief. They were lively and contented. I did like you, I asked them no questions; what use was there for me to know their name and their business—me, a traverser of the waves? I carried them from one side of the ocean to the other, as I might have carried two *birds of Paradise*.

“After a month, I came to look upon them as my children. Every day when I called them, they came and sat near me. The young man wrote on my table, (that is to say, on my bed), and when I wished it, he helped me to

take my observation; he soon knew how to do it as well as myself,—I was quite astonished sometimes. The young woman would sit down upon a barrel and sew.

“One day, when they were fixed so, I said to them:—‘Do you know, my little friends, that we make quite a family picture as we now are? I don’t wish to ask you any questions, but you probably have not any more money than you need, and you are very delicate, both of you, to dig and work as the convicts at Cayenne do. It’s a wretched country, I can tell you, from the bottom of my heart; but as for me, who am already an old wolf’s skin dried in the sun, I could live there like a lord. If you have, as I rather fancy you have, (without wishing to catechize you), ever so little regard for me, I would willingly leave my old brig, which is at best but an old wooden shoe, and establish myself there with you, if you liked it. I have no more family than a dog, and I am tired of it. You would make a nice little company for me. I could help you to many things, and I have got together, honestly enough, quite a snug little affair in the contraband way, on which we might live, and which I would leave to you, when I should come to kick the bucket,—to speak politely.’

“They looked at each other with quite a bewildered air, as if they did not think I spoke the truth; and then the little one ran, as she always did, and threw herself on the neck of the other, and sat upon his knees all crimson and weeping. He pressed her very closely in his arms, and I saw tears in his eyes too. He gave me his hand, and became even paler than usual. She spoke in a low voice to him, and her long fair hair fell loose upon his shoulders. Its twist had got loosed like a cable suddenly unrolling, for she was as lively as a fish. That hair, if you had seen it!—it was just like gold. As they continued to speak together in a low voice, he kissing her forehead from time to time, I became impatient:

“‘Well, does that suit you?’ said I at length.

“‘But—but—captain—you are very good, but you cannot live with convicts,—and—’ he cast his eyes down as he spoke.

“‘As for me,’ said I, ‘I don’t know what you have done to be transported

for. You will tell me that some of these days—or never, if you choose. You don’t look as if you had a very heavy conscience, and I am sure that I have done many a worse thing than you, in my life, my poor innocent little souls. Now, so long as you are under my guard, I shall not let you go, you may be sure of that; I would rather wring your necks like two pigeons. But the epaulette once off, I know no longer admiral nor anything else.’

“‘The fact is,’ he answered, mournfully shaking his brown head, though a little powdered, as was still the fashion of that day,—‘the fact is, I think it would be dangerous for you, captain, to seem to know us. We laugh because we are young; we look happy because we love one another; but I have many a miserable moment when I think of the future, and I know not what will become of my poor Laura.’ And he again pressed the head of his young wife to his bosom.

“‘That was what I ought to say to the captain,’ added he, ‘was it not, my child? You would have said the same thing, wouldn’t you?’

“I took my pipe, and rose, because I felt that my eyes were becoming somewhat moist, and that doesn’t become me very well.

“‘Come, come,’ said I, ‘this will all clear up by and by; if the smoke of my pipe incommodes Madame, she must go away.’

“She raised her face all scarlet and wet with tears, like a child which has been scolded.

“‘Besides,’ said she, looking at my clock, ‘you forget *that* there—the letter!’

“I felt something that struck home to me at these words,—something like a sudden pain at the roots of my hair as she spoke.

“‘Pardieu! I did not think of that,’ said I. ‘This is a pretty piece of business, to be sure. If we had only crossed the first degree of north latitude, nothing would be left for me but to jump overboard. Can’t I get tolerably happy, but this child here must remind me of that big scamp of a letter!’”

“I looked quickly at my sea-chart, and when I saw that we had yet a week to sail, my head was relieved, but not my heart—I knew not why.

“‘It’s no joking matter with the Directory about the article obedience,’

said I. 'Well, I am all straight this time. Time has passed so quickly, that I had completely forgotten that.'

"Well, sir, there we remained, all three of us, with our noses in the air, looking up at that letter, as if it could speak. What struck me forcibly was, that the sun, as it shone through the bull's-eye, fell upon the glass of the clock, and lighting the spot, made the great red seal and the other small ones appear like the features of a face in the midst of fire.

"'Wouldn't one say, that its eyes were coming out of its head?'" said I, to amuse them.

"'Oh! dearest,' said the girl, shuddering, 'they look like spots of blood!'"

"'Nonsense,' said her husband, taking her in his arms, 'you deceive yourself, Laura; it looks like a wedding invitation. Come and rest yourself—come! Why do you trouble yourself about that letter?'"

"'They hurried off as if a ghost were after them, and went on deck.'

"I remained alone with the big letter, and I remember that, as I smoked my pipe, I kept my gaze fixed on it as if it had riveted my eyes by meeting them, like those of a snake. Its great pale face—that third seal, larger than the eyes—open, ravenous, like the jaws of a wolf—all that put me in a very bad humor. I took my coat and hung it over the clock, that I might see neither the hour nor that d— of a letter.

"I went to finish my pipe on deck, and remained there till night. We were then about on a line with the Cape de Verd islands. The *Marat* cut through the water, wind astern, over ten knots with ease. The night was the most beautiful one I have ever seen near the tropic. The moon was just rising at the horizon, large as a sun; the sea divided it in the middle, and became all white, like a sheet of snow covered over with little diamonds. I looked at it all from the bench where I sat smoking. The officer of the watch and the sailors did not speak; and, like me, were looking at the shadow of the brig on the water. I was glad to hear nothing; I like silence and order. I had forbidden all noise and all fires. Nevertheless, I perceived a small red streak almost under my feet. I should immediately have put myself in a passion, but as it came from the cabin of my little convicts, I wished to satisfy myself

what they were about before I got angry. I had only to lean over and I could see through the sky-light of the little cabin, and I looked down. The young girl was on her knees at her prayers. There was a little lamp which cast its light upon her. She was in her night dress, and I saw from above her bare shoulders, her little naked feet, and her long fair hair all afloat. I thought I would retire; but, nonsense! said I to myself—an old soldier like me, what harm is there!—and so I remained.

"Her husband was seated on a small trunk, his head on his hands, watching her as she prayed. She raised her face as though to heaven, and I saw her large blue eyes wet like those of a Magdalen. Whilst she was praying he took the ends of her long hair and kissed them without disturbing her. When she had finished she made the sign of the cross, smiling as though she were just going to Paradise. I saw him also make the sign of the cross after her, but as if he were ashamed of it. And, indeed, for a man, such a thing is a little singular.

"She rose, kissed him, and stretched herself the first in the hammock, where he threw her in as they put to bed a child in a cradle. The heat was stifling, and she seemed to find pleasure in the rocking motion of the vessel. Her tiny white feet were crossed and raised to the level of her head, and her whole person wrapped in her long white dress. Oh! she was a perfect little love!

"'Dearest,' said she, already half asleep, 'are you not sleepy? Do you know it is very late.'

"He remained still with his head in his hands, without answering. This made her a little anxious, the sweet child, and she raised her pretty head out of the hammock, like a bird out of its nest, and looked at him with her lips parted, not venturing to speak again.

"At last he said: 'Oh! dear Laura! the nearer we approach to America, I cannot help it, but so much the sadder I become. I know not why it is, but I feel as if this voyage will have been the happiest part of our life.'

"'And so it seems to me,' said she, 'and I wish we might never arrive.'

"He looked at her, pressing his hands together with an expression of feeling you cannot imagine.

“‘And yet, my angel, you always weep when you pray to God,’ said he, ‘and that distresses me sadly, for I well know whom you are thinking of, and I fear you are sorry for what you have done.’”

“‘I sorry!’ said she with a look of much pain,—‘I sorry to have followed you, dearest! Do you think that because I had been yours so short a time, I loved you the less! Is one not a woman, and does one not know one’s duty, at seventeen! My mother and my sisters, did they not say that it was my duty to follow you to Guiana! Did they not say I was doing nothing wonderful! I am only surprised that you should have been so touched by it, dearest; it was all perfectly natural. And now I do not know how you can imagine that I regret anything, when I am with you, to help you to live, or to die if you die.’”

“She said all this with so sweet a voice, one would have thought it was music. I was a good deal moved by it, and said to myself,—‘Good little wife—yes, indeed!’”

“The young man sighed with grief as he stamped on the floor with his foot, and kissed a pretty little hand and a bare arm which she extended to him.

“‘Oh, Laurette, my own Laurette!’ said he, ‘when I think, that if we had only delayed our marriage for a few days, I should have been seized alone, and sent off alone, I cannot forgive myself.’”

“Then the beautiful girl stretched her beautiful white arms, bare to the shoulders, out of the hammock, and caressed his brow, his hair, his eyes, taking his head between her hands as though to carry it away and hide it in her bosom. She smiled like a child, and said a thousand sweet little womanly things, such as I, for my part, had never heard anything of the kind before. She shut his mouth playfully with her fingers, so as to have all the speaking to herself, and wiping his eyes with her long hair, as with a handkerchief, she said:—‘And is it not a great deal better to have a wife with you who loves you—say, dearest! I am perfectly content to go to Cayenne; I shall see savages and cocoa-nut trees, like those of *Paul and Virginia*, shan’t I! We will each plant our own. We shall see who will be the best gardener. And we will make a little hut for us two. I will

work all day and all night, if you wish. I am strong; see—look at my arms; see, I could almost lift you. Don’t laugh at me. And besides, I am excellent in embroidering, and is there not some city thereabouts where em-droiderers are wanted! And then I will give lessons in music and drawing, if they choose; and if they know how to read there, you can write, you know.’”

“I remember that the poor fellow was in such despair that a loud cry escaped him as she spoke thus. ‘To write!’ he exclaimed, ‘to write!’ and he seized his right hand with his left, pressing it tightly at the wrist. ‘Ah! to write! Why have I ever known how to write! To write! it is the trade of fools. I believed in their liberty of the press—where were my senses! And, to do what! To print five or six poor ideas, common-place enough, read only by those who like them, and thrown into the fire by those who hate them, serving no other end but to bring persecution upon us. As for me, it is of little consequence; but you, beautiful angel, scarcely four days a wife, what had you done! Tell me, tell me, I entreat of you, how I came to suffer you to carry your goodness so far as to follow me here! Do you know where you are, poor girl! and whither you are going! You will soon, my child, be sixteen hundred leagues away from your mother and your sisters. And for me!—all this for me!’”

“She hid her head for a moment in the hammock, and I from above could see she was weeping; but he from below did not perceive it, and when she uncovered her face it was already brightened by a smile, to enliven and cheer him.

“‘In truth we are not very rich just now,’ said she, bursting into a laugh; ‘see, here is my purse, I have only one single louis. And you!’”

“He began also to laugh like a child: ‘Faith! I had a crown left, but I gave it to the little boy who carried your trunk.’”

“‘Oh, well! what difference does that make!’ said she, snapping her little white fingers like castanets; ‘people are never so merry as when they have nothing; and besides, have I not yet in reserve the two diamond rings that my mother gave me! Those are good everywhere, and for everything, are they not! Whenever you choose we will sell them.

And besides, I am sure that that dear old soul, the captain, does not tell us all his good intentions for us, and that he knows very well what is in the letter. I am sure it is a recommendation for us to the Governor of Cayenne.'

" 'Perhaps so,' said he, 'who knows?'

" 'And then,' added his little wife, 'you are so good that I am sure the government has only exiled you for a short time, but has no thought of harm against you.'

" She had said that so sweetly, when she called me 'that dear old soul the captain,' that I was quite touched and melted, and I rejoiced in my very heart that she had perhaps guessed truly. They began anew to embrace one another; and I stamped loudly on the deck to make them stop.

" 'Eh! how now, my little friends!' I cried, 'the order is to put out all the lights on board the ship; blow out your lamp, if you please.'

" They obeyed, and I heard them laughing and talking below, in the dark, like school-children. I, for my part, relit my pipe and walked the deck by myself. All the tropical stars were at their posts, large as little moons. I watched them, and breathed an air which seemed fresh and sweet. I said to myself that the good little folks had certainly guessed the truth, and my spirits mounted at the thought. I would have wagered anything that one of the five Directors had changed his mind, and recommended them to my care. I did not very well explain to myself the how or the why of the matter, because there are affairs of state which I for my part never understood; but I fully believed it, and without knowing why, I was made happy by it.

" I took my little night lantern and went to look at the letter under my old uniform. It had altogether a different air now; it seemed to smile, and the seals to be the color of roses. I had no longer any suspicion of its good intentions, and gave it a little nod of friendship.

" However, notwithstanding all that, I hung my old coat over it; I was tired of it. We thought no more of looking at it for some days, and we were very merry. But as we approached the first degree of latitude, we began to leave off talking.

" One fine morning I awoke, surprised enough to feel no motion of the ship.

The fact is, I sleep with only one eye shut, as they say, and as I missed the tossing, I opened them both. We had got into a dead calm, and it was under the first degree of north latitude, and the twentieth of longitude. I put my head on deck; the sea was as smooth as if it were of oil, and the open sails hung down glued to the masts, like empty balloons. I immediately said to myself, as I gave a sidelong glance at the letter—'Very well, I shall have plenty of time to read you,' and waited till the evening, till sunset. But it had to be done sooner or later, so I uncovered the clock, and drew from under it the sealed order. Well, sir, I held it in my hand for a quarter of an hour, without being able to open it. At last I said, *this is too bad!*—and broke the three seals with one movement of my thumb, and as for the big red seal, I rubbed it to powder. When I had read it, I rubbed my eyes, thinking they must have deceived me.

" I read the letter over again from the beginning to the end; I read it through; I read it all over again and again. I began again at the last line and went up to the first; I could not believe it. My legs shook a little under me; I felt a peculiar quivering of the skin of my face, and I rubbed my cheeks with rum, and put some in the hollow of my hands. I was really ashamed of myself for being such a child—but it was only the affair of a moment. I went on deck to take a little air.

" Laurette was that day so pretty, that I would not go near her. She had on a little simple white dress, her arms bare to her neck, and her long hair flowing, as she always wore it. She was amusing herself with dipping her other dress into the sea, from the end of a cord, and laughed to see that the ocean was as tranquil and pure as a spring of which she could see the bottom.

" 'Come and see the sand! come quick!' she cried, and her husband leaned upon her and bent over, but did not look at the water, for he was looking at her with a touching air of tenderness. I made a sign to the young man to come to speak to me on the quarter-deck. She turned round,—I don't know how I looked, but she let her rope drop, and grasped him convulsively by the arm, saying: 'Oh! don't go! he is so pale!' That might well be; it was

enough to make one turn pale. Still he came toward me on the quarter-deck. She stood leaning against the main-mast, following us with her eyes, as we walked up and down without a word. I lit a cigar, which I found bitter, and spit it out into the water. He watched my eye; I took him by the arm—I was choking—upon my word I was choking.

“‘Come, come, now,’ said I at length, ‘my little friend, tell me something of your history. What the d—— have you done to those five hounds of lawyers, who are there like five pieces of a king? They seem to owe you a heavy grudge. It’s very queer.’

“He shrugged his shoulders, bending his head down—with such a sweet smile, poor boy!—and said:

“‘Oh! captain, nothing much, depend upon it. Three satirical verses upon the Directory, that is all.’

“‘It isn’t possible!’ said I.

“‘Oh, yes, indeed! and the verses were not even very good ones. I was arrested the 15th of Fructidor, and taken to La Force; tried on the 16th, and sentenced first to death, then, through clemency, to transportation.’

“‘That’s queer,’ said I, ‘these Directors must be very susceptible fellows, for that letter you know of, orders me to shoot you.’

“He did not answer, and smiled with a manly face enough for a boy of nineteen. He only looked at his wife, and wiped his forehead, on which stood big drops of sweat; I had as many on my face too; and others in my eyes. I continued:

“‘It seems those citizens did not wish to do your business on shore; they thought that at sea it would not be so much noticed. But it’s very hard for me! It’s all of no use that you are such a fine fellow, I can’t escape from it; the sentence of death is there complete, and the order for the execution signed and sealed; there’s nothing omitted.’

“He bowed very politely, though his face was crimsoned, and said, with a voice as sweet as usual: ‘I ask for nothing, captain; I should be grieved to make you fail in your duty. I should only like to speak a moment to Laurette; and to entreat you to protect her, in case she should survive me,—which I do not think she will.’

“‘Ah! as for that, it is but right, my boy; and, if you have no objection, I

will take her to her own family, on my return to France, and only leave her when she wishes to see me no more. But it strikes me you need not fear that she will recover from this blow—poor little soul!’

“He took my two hands, pressed them, and said:

“‘My dear captain, you suffer more than I do, from what yet remains to be done. I feel it indeed, but it cannot be helped. I rely upon you to preserve for her the little that belongs to me, to watch over her, and to see that she receives whatever her aged mother may leave her, will you not? to guard her life, her honor; and that her health is also always well taken care of, will you not? You see,’ he added, in a lower voice, ‘I must tell you that she is very delicate, and often so much troubled by her breast, as to faint several times a day. She must always keep herself well covered. In a word, you will take the place, as much as possible, of her father, her mother, and me, will you not? I should be glad if she could keep the rings her mother gave her. But, if it is necessary that they should be sold for her, be it so. My poor Laurette!—see how beautiful she is!’

“As this began to be a little too tender, I became tired of it, and set to knitting my brows. I had spoken cheerfully to him so as not to weaken him, but I could stand it no longer. ‘Enough,’ said I, ‘we understand each other. Go and speak to her, and let us make haste.’

“I pressed his hand as a friend, and as he did not let it go, but kept looking at me with a singular expression, I added: ‘I’ll tell you what it is, if I had any advice to give you, it would be to say nothing to her about that matter. We will arrange the thing without her expecting it, nor you either; make yourself easy—that’s my affair.’

“‘Ah!’ said he, ‘I did not know that. That will certainly be better. Besides, those farewells!—those farewells!—they weaken one.’

“‘Yes, yes,’ said I, ‘don’t make a child of yourself, that’s much the best way. Don’t kiss her, if you can help it; if you do, you are lost.’

“I gave him another good grasp of the hand, and left him. Oh! all this was very hard for me!

“He seemed to me to keep the secret well; for they walked arm in arm for

a quarter of an hour, and then returned to the edge of the water to take the rope and the dress which one of the cabin boys had fished up.

"Night came on suddenly. It was the moment I had resolved to seize. But that moment has lasted me till the present time,—and I shall drag it along all my life, like a cannon ball." Here the old commandant was obliged to stop, and I took care not to speak, for fear of turning his ideas out of their channel. He began again, striking his breast:

"That moment, I assure you, I can't understand it yet. I felt the deepest rage seize upon my whole heart, and at the same time something or other, I don't know what, was forcing me to obey, and pushing me forward. I summoned the officers and said to them:

"Come! a boat in the water, since we are now executioners. Put that girl into it, and keep rowing off until you hear the report of firing; you will then return."

"The idea of obeying a piece of paper that way!—for after all it was but that. There must have been something in the air which forced me on. I caught a glimpse of that young man—oh! it was horrible to see!—kneeling before his Laurette, and kissing her knees and her feet. Wasn't it a hard case for me? I shouted like a madman, 'Separate them!—we are all a set of wretches—separate them! The poor Republic is a dead body—Directors, Directory, vermin all! I quit the sea for ever! I'm not afraid of all your lawyers! Let them tell them what I say—what do I care?' Oh! but I did care for them! I would have wished to have held them in my grasp, and shot them all five, the scoundrels! Oh, yes! I would have done it. I cared for my life about as much as for that water that's pouring there—yes, indeed—as if I cared for that—a life like mine—ah, yes, indeed—mere life—bah—"

And the voice of the commandant gradually went out, and became as indistinct as his words; and he walked on biting his lips and knitting his brows in a terrific and fierce abstraction. He had little twitching movements, and gave his mule knocks with the scabbard of his sword, as if he wished to kill it. And what astonished me was to see the yellow skin of his face flush to a deep

red. He undid his coat on his breast, and threw it violently open, baring it to the rain and the wind.

"I can well understand," said I, as though he had finished his story, "how, after so cruel an adventure, you should have taken an abhorrence to your business."

"Oh! as for the business, are you crazy?" said he quickly, "it is not the business. No captain of a vessel will ever be forced to turn executioner, except when governments of assassins and thieves get on foot, who will take advantage of the habit a poor man has of always obeying, blindly obeying with a miserable mechanical compulsion in spite of his very self."

At the same time he drew out of his pocket a red handkerchief, and began to weep like a child. I stopped for a moment, as if to arrange my stirrup, and hanging back behind his wagon, walked some time after him, for I felt that he would be mortified if I perceived too plainly his streaming tears.

I had judged rightly, for in about a quarter of an hour he also came behind the poor little wagon, and asked me if I had any razors in my portmanteau; to which I simply answered, that, as I had no beard yet, they would be very unnecessary to me. But he did not care about that; it was to speak of something else. I soon was glad to see that he was returning to his story, for he suddenly said;

"You never have seen a ship, have you?"

"I never have," answered I, "excepting in the Panorama of Paris, and I would not trust much to the nautical science I derived from that."

"Then you do not know what the cat-heads are?"

"I have not the least idea," said I.

"They are a kind of beams projecting in front from the bows of the vessel, from which the anchor is thrown off. When a man is to be shot, he is usually placed there," he added in a low tone.

"Oh! I understand, so that he then falls into the water?"

He did not answer, but began to describe the small boats of a vessel. And then, and without any order in his ideas, he continued his tale, with that affected air of unconcern, which a long service in the army invariably gives, because you must show your inferiors your contempt of danger, your contempt

of men, your contempt of life, your contempt of death, and even your contempt of yourself. And all this generally hides, under a rough envelope, very deep feelings. The roughness of a soldier is like a mask of iron over a noble face; like the stone dungeon that encloses a royal prisoner.

"These boats hold more than eight rowers," he continued. "They seized Laurette and placed her in one, before she had time either to cry or to speak. Ah! this is a thing which no honest man can ever find comfort for when it has been his doing. You may talk as you please, one never forgets such an affair. Ah, what weather this is!—what the d—— could have possessed me to tell you all this! Whenever I begin this, I can't stop. It is a story which makes me fairly drunk like the Jurançon wine.—Ah, what weather it is! My cloak is soaked through!

"I was telling you, I believe, still about that little Laurette! Poor girl!—What clumsy people there are in the world! My sailors were so stupid as to take the boat straight ahead of the brig. After all, it's true one cannot foresee everything. For my own part, I had counted on the night to hide the matter, and did not think about the flash a dozen muskets would make, fired at once. And the fact is, that from the boat she saw her husband fall into the water—shot. If there is a God up there, he only knows how what I am going to tell you took place; as for me, I know nothing about it, but it was seen and heard, as I see and hear you.

At the moment of the fire, she raised her hand to her forehead, as if a ball had struck her there, and sat down in the boat without fainting, without screaming, and returned to the brig just when they wanted her, and just as they wanted her. I went to her, and talked to her a long time, the best I could. She seemed to be listening to me, and looked me in the face, rubbing her forehead with her hands. But she did not understand; and her face was quite pale, and her forehead red. She trembled all over, as if she was afraid of everybody. She has remained so ever since—in just the same state, poor little soul!—an idiot, or imbecile, as it were, or crazy, or whatever you please. Nobody has ever drawn a word out of her, except when she asks to have what she has in her head taken out.

"From that hour I became as melancholy as herself, and I felt something in me which said: '*Stand by her till the end of thy days, and watch over her.*' I have done it. When I returned to France, I asked leave to pass with my rank into the army, having taken an aversion to the sea, for the innocent blood I had cast into it. I sought out Laurette's family. Her mother was dead, and her sisters, to whom I brought her crazy, did not want the trouble of her, and offered to place her at Charanton. I turned my back upon them, and kept her with me.

"If you want to see her, comrade, you have only to say the word. Here—hold on. Ho!—ho! you beast!"

III.—HOW I CONTINUED MY JOURNEY.

AND he stopped his poor mule, who seemed delighted that I had asked that question. At the same time he lifted the oil-cloth cover of the little wagon, as if to arrange the straw, which nearly filled it, and I saw something very mournful. I saw two blue eyes, of enormous size, indeed, but of admirable shape, starting out from a face that was thin and lengthened, covered over with waves of loose fair hair. In fact, I saw nothing but those two eyes, which seemed the whole of that poor woman, for all the rest was dead. Her forehead was red, and her cheeks hollow and pale, with a blueish tinge. She was bent double in the midst of the

straw, so that only her two knees were seen out of it, on which she was playing dominoes all by herself. She looked at us for a moment, trembled for a long time, smiled a little at me, and went on with her game. She seemed to be trying to see how her right hand could beat her left.

"You see, she has been playing that game for a month," said the *chef-de-bataillon*, "to-morrow it will, perhaps, be another game, which will last a long time. It's queer, eh?"

At the same time he set about arranging the oil-cloth of his shako, which the rain had somewhat disordered.

"Poor Laurette!" said I, "ah, you have lost the game for ever!"

I neared my horse to the wagon, and stretched out my hand to her; she gave me hers mechanically, and smiled with a great deal of sweetness. I observed with surprise two diamond rings on her long, thin fingers. I supposed they were still her mother's rings, and wondered how their poverty had left them there. For the world I would not have made a remark upon it to the old commandant, but as he followed my eyes, and saw them fixed on Laurette's fingers, he said with a certain air of pride:

"They are pretty large diamonds, are they not? They might bring a good price if necessary. But I was never willing that she should part from them, poor child! If you but touch them she weeps; and she never leaves them off. Otherwise she never complains; and now and then she can sew. I have kept my word to her poor young husband, and, to tell the truth, I have never repented it. I have never left her, and have always said she was my crazy daughter. As such she has always been respected. These things are managed better in the army than they imagine in Paris. She went through all the wars of the Emperor with me, and I have always kept her out of harm's way. She has always been kept warm; with straw and a little wagon that is never impossible. She has had pretty comfortable things about her; and as I was a *chef-de-bataillon*, with good pay, my legion of honor pension, and the Napoleon month, the pay of which was double in those times, I was always well off, and she gave me no trouble. On the contrary, her pretty childish ways often amused the officers of the light 7th."

He then approached her, and slapped her gently on the shoulder, as he would have done to his little mule.

"Well, now! my daughter, talk a little to the lieutenant. Come, let's see—a little sign of the head!"

She busied herself anew with her dominoes.

"Oh!" said he, "she is a little cross to-day, because it rains. However, she never takes cold. Crazy people never get sick, you know;—it is very convenient in that respect. At the Beresina, and through all the retreat from Moscow, she went bare-headed. Come, my dear child, play on, play on

—don't let us disturb you; take your own way, then, Laurette."

She took hold of the coarse, black hand which he rested on her shoulder, and carried it timidly to her lips, like a poor slave. I felt my heart sink at that kiss, and turned my bridle quickly away.

"Shall we not resume our march, commandant?" said I, "it will be night before we reach Béthune."

The commandant carefully scraped the mud from his boots with the end of his sword; he then mounted on the step of the wagon, drew forward over Laurette's head the hood of a little cloak she had on, took off his own black silk cravat, and put it round the neck of his adopted daughter; after which, he gave a kick to his mule, and saying, "Get along, you lazy beast!" we continued our journey.

The rain was still falling gloomily; we found on the road only dead horses, abandoned, with their saddles. The grey sky and grey earth stretched out without end; a sort of dead light, a pale wet sun was sinking behind some large windmills, which did not turn, and we fell back into a long silence.

I looked at the old commandant; he walked on with long strides and untiring energy, whilst his mule could hardly keep along, and even my horse began to droop his head. The brave old fellow took off his shako from time to time, to wipe his bald forehead and the few grey hairs on his head, or his white moustache from which the rain was dripping. He did not think anything about the effect his recital might have produced on me; he had made himself out neither better nor worse than he was; he had not deigned to draw himself; he did not think of himself; and at the end of a quarter of an hour, he began on the same key a much longer story of a campaign of Marshal Massena, in which he had formed his battalion in a square against some cavalry or other. I did not listen to him, although he grew quite warm, in endeavoring to prove to me the superiority of infantry over cavalry.

Night came on; we did not get along fast; the mud became thicker and deeper. Nothing on the road, and nothing at the end of it. We stopped at the foot of a dead tree, the only tree on the road; he bestowed his first cares

on his mule, as I did on my horse; he then looked into the wagon, as a mother would have done into the cradle of her child. I heard him say:

"Come, my dear, put this overcoat on your feet, and try to sleep. Come, that is right! she has not been touched by a drop of rain. Ah, the d——! she has broken my watch, which I had left round her neck. Oh, my poor silver watch! Come, come, it's no matter, my child, try to sleep. The fine weather will soon come back again. It's queer, she always has a fever—that's the way with crazy people. See, here is some chocolate for you, my child."

He rested the wagon against the tree, and we sat down on the wheels under cover from the everlasting rain, each with a little loaf,—a poor supper.

"I am sorry we have nothing but this," said he, "but it is better than horseflesh baked under ashes, with powder for salt, such as we had in Russia. The poor little soul, I must always give her the best I have; you see, I put it on one side for her; she cannot bear to suffer the vicinity of a man, since the affair of the letter. I am old, and she seems to fancy me to be her father; yet she would strangle me, if I attempted to kiss her, even upon her forehead. Their early education must always leave some impression on them, for I have never seen her once forget to veil herself like a nun. It's queer, eh?"

Whilst he was thus talking to me, we heard her sigh and say: "*Take away this lead! take away this lead!*" I rose in spite of myself; he made me sit down again.

"Stay, stay," said he; "it is no matter. She says that, all her life, because she always fancies she feels a ball in her head. That does not hinder her doing all that she is told to, and that with the greatest sweetness."

I listened mournfully to him, but without any reply. I calculated that, from 1797 to 1815, eighteen years had thus passed with this man. I remained a long while in silence by his side, trying to explain to myself such a character, and such a fate. I then abruptly gave him an enthusiastic shake of the hand; he did not know what to make of it.

"You are a worthy man," said I.

"What for?" he answered. "Be-

cause of this poor woman! You see perfectly well, my boy, that was a duty." And he began to talk again about Massena.

The next morning, by daylight, we arrived at Béthune, an ugly little fortified town, the ramparts of which, in narrowing their circle, seemed to have squeezed the houses together upon each other. All was in confusion; it was the moment of an *alerte*. The inhabitants were taking the white flags from the windows, and sewing the tri-colors to their houses; the arms were beating the *generale*, and the trumpets sounded to *horse!* by order of the Duc de Berry. The long Picard wagons carrying the Hundred-Swiss and their baggage, the cannons of the Body-Guard hurrying to their ramparts, the carriages of the princes, the mustering of the squadrons of the red companies, blocked up the town. The sight of the Gens-d'armes of the king, and the Mousquetaires, made me forget my old travelling companion. I rejoined my company, and lost sight of the little wagon and its poor occupant in the crowd. To my great regret, it was for ever that I lost them.

It was the first time in my life, that I had read the depths of the true heart of a soldier. This adventure revealed to me an aspect of human nature, which I had not seen before, and which the nation little knows, and ill rewards. I placed it from that time high in my esteem. I have often since sought around me for a man like that one, and capable of such an entire and careless abnegation of self. During the fourteen years I have lived in the army, it is only there, and above all in the poor and despised ranks of the infantry, that I have found those men of an antique stamp carrying out the feeling of *duty* to all its possible consequences; knowing neither remorse for obedience, nor shame for poverty; simple in their manners, and in their speech; proud of the glory of the nation, but careless of their own; shutting themselves up cheerfully in their own obscurity, to divide with the unfortunate the black bread they pay for with their blood.

I remained long ignorant of what had become of my poor chef-de-bataillon, especially as he had not told me his name, and I had not asked him. One day, however, at a coffee-house, I believe in 1825, an old captain of in-

fantry to whom I was describing him, as we were waiting for parade, said :

"Eh! pardieu, I knew that poor devil! He was a brave fellow,—he came down by a ball at Waterloo. And he had, in fact, left a crazy girl with the baggage, whom we took

to the hospital at Amiens, as we went to the army of the Loire, and who died there raving mad at the end of three days."

"I can readily imagine it," said I, "she had lost her foster-father."

THE TWO WIDOWS.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

THE following story, the simple and domestic incidents of which may be deemed scarcely worth relating, after such a lapse of time, awakened some degree of interest, a hundred years ago, in a principal seaport of the Bay Province. The rainy twilight of an autumn day; a parlor on the second floor of a small house, plainly furnished, as beseemed the middling circumstances of its inhabitants, yet decorated with little curiosities from beyond the sea, and a few delicate specimens of Indian manufacture,—these are the only particulars to be premised in regard to scene and season. Two young and comely women sat together by the fireside, nursing their mutual and peculiar sorrows. They were the recent brides of two brothers, a sailor and a landsman, and two successive days had brought tidings of the death of each, by the chances of Canadian warfare, and the tempestuous Atlantic. The universal sympathy excited by this bereavement, drew numerous condoling guests to the habitation of the widowed sisters. Several, among whom was the minister, had remained till the verge of evening; when one by one, whispering many comfortable passages of Scripture, that were answered by more abundant tears, they took their leave and departed to their own happier homes. The mourners, though not insensible to the kindness of their friends, had yearned to be left alone. United, as they had been, by the relationship of the living, and now more closely so by that of the dead,

each felt as if whatever consolation her grief admitted, was to be found in the bosom of the other. They joined their hearts, and wept together silently. But after an hour of such indulgence, one of the sisters, all of whose emotions were influenced by her mild, quiet, yet not feeble character, began to recollect the precepts of resignation and endurance, which piety had taught her, when she did not think to need them. Her misfortune, besides, as earliest known, should earliest cease to interfere with her regular course of duties; accordingly, having placed the table before the fire, and arranged a frugal meal, she took the hand of her companion.

"Come, dearest sister; you have not eaten a morsel to-day," she said, "Arise, I pray you, and let us ask a blessing on that which is provided for us."

Her sister-in-law was of a lively and irritable temperament, and the first pang of her sorrow had been expressed by shrieks and passionate lamentation. She now shrunk from Mary's words, like a wounded sufferer from a hand that revives the throb.

"There is no blessing left for me, neither will I ask it," cried Margaret with a fresh burst of tears. "Would it were His will that I might never taste food more!"

Yet she trembled at these rebellious expressions, almost as soon as they were uttered, and, by degrees, Mary succeeded in bringing her sister's mind

nearer to the situation of her own. Time went on, and their usual hour of repose arrived. The brothers and their brides, entering the married state with no more than the slender means which then sanctioned such a step, had confederated themselves in one household, with equal rights to the parlor, and claiming exclusive privileges in two sleeping rooms contiguous to it. Thither the widowed ones retired, after heaping ashes upon the dying embers of the fire, and placing a lighted lamp upon the hearth. The doors of both chambers were left open, so that a part of the interior of each, and the beds with their unclosed curtains, were reciprocally visible. Sleep did not steal upon the sisters at one and the same time. Mary experienced the effect often consequent upon grief quietly borne, and soon sunk into temporary forgetfulness, while Margaret became more disturbed and feverish, in proportion as the night advanced with its deepest and stillest hours. She lay listening to the drops of rain, that came down in monotonous succession, unswayed by a breath of wind; and a nervous impulse continually caused her to lift her head from the pillow, and gaze into Mary's chamber and the intermediate apartment. The cold light of the lamp threw the shadows of the furniture up against the wall, stamping them immoveably there, except when they were shaken by a sudden flicker of the flame. Two vacant arm-chairs were in their old positions on opposite sides of the hearth, where the brothers had been wont to sit in young and laughing dignity, as heads of families; two humbler seats were near them, the true thrones of that little empire, where Mary and herself had exercised in love, a power that love had won. The cheerful radiance of the fire had shone upon the happy circle, and the dead glimmer of the lamp might have befitted their reunion now. While Margaret groaned in bitterness, she heard a knock at the street door.

"How would my heart have leapt at that sound but yesterday!" thought she, remembering the anxiety with which she had long awaited tidings from her husband. "I care not for it now; let them begone, for I will not arise."

But even while a sort of childish fretfulness made her thus resolve, she was breathing hurriedly, and straining

her ears to catch a repetition of the summons. It is difficult to be convinced of the death of one whom we have deemed another self. The knocking was now renewed in slow and regular strokes, apparently given with the soft end of a doubled fist, and was accompanied by words, faintly heard through several thicknesses of wall. Margaret looked to her sister's chamber, and beheld her still lying in the depths of sleep. She arose, placed her foot upon the floor, and slightly arrayed herself, trembling between fear and eagerness as she did so.

"Heaven help me!" sighed she. "I have nothing left to fear, and methinks I am ten times more a coward than ever."

Seizing the lamp from the hearth, she hastened to the window that overlooked the street door. It was a lattice, turning upon hinges; and having thrown it back, she stretched her head a little way into the moist atmosphere. A lantern was reddening the front of the house, and melting its light in the neighboring puddles, while a deluge of darkness overwhelmed every other object. As the window grated on its hinges, a man in a broad-brimmed hat and blanket-coat, stepped from under the shelter of the projecting story, and looked upward to discover whom his application had aroused. Margaret knew him as a friendly innkeeper of the town.

"What would you have, Goodman Parker?" cried the widow.

"Lack-a-day, is it you, mistress Margaret?" replied the innkeeper. "I was afraid it might be your sister Mary; for I hate to see a young woman in trouble, when I haven't a word of comfort to whisper her."

"For Heaven's sake, what news do you bring?" screamed Margaret.

"Why, there has been an express through the town within this half hour," said Goodman Parker, "travelling from the eastern jurisdiction with letters from the governor and council. He tarried at my house to refresh himself with a drop and a morsel, and I asked him what tidings on the frontiers. He tells me we had the better in the skirmish you wot of, and that thirteen men reported slain, are well and sound, and your husband among them. Besides, he is appointed of the escort to bring the captivated Frenchers and Indians home to the province jail. I judged

you wouldn't mind being broke of your rest, and so I stept over to tell you. Good night."

So saying, the honest man departed; and his lantern gleamed along the street, bringing to view indistinct shapes of things, and the fragments of a world, like order glimmering through chaos, or memory roaming over the past. But Margaret stayed not to watch these picturesque effects. Joy flashed into her heart, and lighted it up at once, and breathless, and with winged steps, she flew to the bedside of her sister. She paused, however, at the door of the chamber, while a thought of pain broke in upon her.

"Poor Mary!" said she to herself. "Shall I waken her, to feel her sorrow sharpened by my happiness? No; I will keep it within my own bosom till the morrow."

She approached the bed to discover if Mary's sleep were peaceful. Her face was turned partly inward to the pillow, and had been hidden there to weep; but a look of motionless contentment was now visible upon it, as if her heart, like a deep lake, had grown calm because its dead had sunk down so far within. Happy is it, and strange, that the lighter sorrows are those from which dreams are chiefly fabricated. Margaret shrunk from disturbing her sister-in-law, and felt as if her own better fortune had rendered her involuntarily unfaithful, and as if altered and diminished affection must be the consequence of the disclosure she had to make. With a sudden step, she turned away. But joy could not long be repressed, even by circumstances that would have excited heavy grief at another moment. Her mind was thronged with delightful thoughts, till sleep stole on and transformed them to visions, more delightful and more wild, like the breath of winter (but what a cold comparison!) working fantastic tracery upon a window.

When the night was far advanced, Mary awoke with a sudden start. A vivid dream had latterly involved her in its unreal life, of which, however, she could only remember that it had been broken in upon at the most interesting point. For a little time, slumber hung about her like a morning mist, hindering her from perceiving the distinct outline of her situation. She listened with imperfect consciousness

to two or three volleys of a rapid and eager knocking; and first she deemed the noise a matter of course, like the breath she drew; next, it appeared a thing in which she had no concern; and lastly, she became aware that it was a summons necessary to be obeyed. At the same moment, the pang of recollection darted into her mind; the pall of sleep was thrown back from the face of grief; the dim light of the chamber, and the objects therein revealed, had retained all her suspended ideas, and restored them as soon as she unclosed her eyes. Again, there was a quick peal upon the street-door. Fearing that her sister would also be disturbed, Mary wrapped herself in a cloak and hood, took the lamp from the hearth, and hastened to the window. By some accident, it had been left unshaped, and yielded easily to her hand.

"Who's there?" asked Mary, trembling as she looked forth.

The storm was over, and the moon was up; it shone upon broken clouds above, and below upon houses black with moisture, and upon little lakes of the fallen rain, curling into silver beneath the quick enchantment of a breeze. A young man in a sailor's dress, wet as if he had come out of the depths of the sea, stood alone under the window. Mary recognized him as one whose livelihood was gained by short voyages along the coast; nor did she forget, that, previous to her marriage, he had been an unsuccessful wooer of her own.

"What do you seek here, Stephen?" said she.

"Cheer up, Mary, for I seek to comfort you," answered the rejected lover. "You must know I got home not ten minutes ago, and the first thing my good mother told me was the news about your husband. So, without saying a word to the old woman, I clapped on my hat, and ran out of the house. I couldn't have slept a wink before speaking to you, Mary, for the sake of old times."

"Stephen, I thought better of you!" exclaimed the widow, with gushing tears, and preparing to close the lattice; for she was no whit inclined to imitate the first wife of Zadig.

"But stop, and hear my story out," cried the young sailor. "I tell you we spoke a brig yesterday afternoon, bound in from old England. And who

do you think I saw standing on deck, well and hearty, only a bit thinner than he was five months ago?"

Mary leaned from the window, but could not speak.

"Why, it was your husband himself," continued the generous seaman. "He and three others saved themselves on a spar, when the Blessing turned bottom upwards. The brig will beat into the bay by daylight, with this wind, and you'll see him here to-morrow. There's the comfort I bring you, Mary, and so good night."

He hurried away, while Mary watched him with a doubt of waking reality, that seemed stronger or weaker as he alternately entered the shade of the houses, or emerged into the broad streaks of moonlight. Gradually, however, a blessed flood of conviction swelled into her heart, in strength enough to overwhelm her, had its increase been more abrupt. Her first impulse was to arouse her sister-in-law, and communicate the new-born gladness. She opened the chamber-door, which had been closed in the

course of the night, though not latched, advanced to the bedside, and was about to lay her hand upon the slumberer's shoulder. But then she remembered that Margaret would awake to thoughts of death and woe, rendered not the less bitter by their contrast with her own felicity. She suffered the rays of the lamp to fall upon the unconscious form of the bereaved one. Margaret lay in unquiet sleep, and the drapery was displaced around her; her young cheek was rosy-tinted, and her lips half opened in a vivid smile; an expression of joy, debarred its passage by her sealed eyelids, struggled forth like incense from the whole countenance.

"My poor sister! you will waken too soon from that happy dream!" thought Mary.

Before retiring, she set down the lamp and endeavored to arrange the bed-clothes, so that the chill air might not do harm to the feverish slumberer. But her hand trembled against Margaret's neck, a tear also fell upon her cheek, and she suddenly awoke.

SONNET.

BY HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

FREEDOM.

FREEDOM! beneath thy banner I was born,—
 O let me share thy full and perfect life!
 Teach me opinion's slavery to scorn,
 And to be free from Passion's bitter strife;—
 Free of the world, a self-dependent soul,
 Nourished by lofty aims and genial truth,
 And made more free by love's serene control,
 The spell of beauty and the hopes of youth.
 The liberty of nature let me know,
 Caught from the mountains, groves and crystal streams,
 Her starry host, and sunset's purple glow,
 That woo the spirit with celestial dreams,
 On Fancy's wing exultingly to soar,
 Till life's harsh fetters clog the heart no more!

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THE NEWS BOY.

Engraved for the F. S. Magazine & Democratic Review

J. H. G. Langdon, New York.

PENNINGS AND PENCILINGS, IN AND ABOUT TOWN.

BY JOSEPH C. NEAL, AUTHOR OF "CHARCOAL SKETCHES."

With Illustrations by Darley.

No. I.

THE NEWS-BOY.

ARMS have had their day. The age of steel is past. The thunders of Mont St. Jean formed the grand finale to the melo-drama of military exploit, and the curtain fell, never to rise again, upon the last scene of martial greatness, when the laurelled warriors of France cast aside the baton of command to have recourse to their spurs. Bellona then went to boarding-school, and learned to comb her refractory locks into the pliant graces of the toilet, while Mars obtained a situation in a counting-house, and, seated upon a three-legged stool, still nibs his pen to gain a livelihood. Romance expired at Waterloo. Chivalry expended itself when Ney was foiled, and the Belgian peasant unconsciously depicted the moral of the fall of the empire, when he boiled potatoes in the helmet of the knight, and cooked his mutton in the breastplate of the "Guard." The world is tired of slaughter—the poetry of the shambles is exhausted. We live as long as we can now, and find existence none the worse for having a full supply of arms and legs. A body like a colander is not essential to reputation, and death has become so unpopular that it is only by special favor that ambition can get itself hanged.

New elements produce new combinations. When the musket rusts in a garret, and glory puzzles over the multiplication-table and retails brown sugar, the restless impulses of humanity seek excitements before unknown. Strategy exhibits itself in the marts of trade. Napoleons are financiers. The sun of Austerlitz bursts through the clouds which overhang the stock exchange. Bulls and bears constitute the contending hosts of modern times, and there is no analogy to the "maraud," unless we find it in embezzlement and defalcation. We are "smart" now—

exceeding smart, and pugnacity is thrown to the dogs. Learning, too, leaves its solidity in the cloister, and, no longer frightened by trumpets and sulphurous vapors, spreads itself thinly abroad. Being in haste, the world reads as it runs, so that heavy books, like heavy artillery, remain in the arsenals. Man, commercial man, speculating man, financial man—man, heedless of gory greatness, but eager for cash, must know all that is in agitation. Having ceased to kill his neighbor, he is anxious to ascertain what his neighbor is about, that he may turn him and his doings to profitable account; and hence, in the place of those gaudy banners which used to flout the sky, instead of the oriflamme of nations, which once rallied their battalia, we gather round the newspaper, not with sword, and shield, and casque, but with ink-stained jacket and with pen in ear. Our clarion now, more potent than the Fontarabian horn, is the shrill voice of the news-boy, that modern Minerva, who leaped full-blown from the o'erfraught head of journalism; and as the news-boy is in some respects the type of the time—an incarnation of the spirit of the day—a few words devoted to his consideration may not be deemed amiss.

As the true Corinthian metal was formed from the meltings of the devoted city, thus the news-boy is the product of the exigencies of the era. The requirements of the age always bring forth that which is wanted. The dragon-teeth of tyranny have often caused the earth to crop with armed men; and the nineteenth century, thirsting for information and excitement, finds its Ganymede in the news-boy. He is its walking idea, its symbol, its personification. Humanity, in its new shape, is yet young and full of undefined en-

ergies, and so is he. The first generation of his race not having outgrown their business, the important part which youth thus trained is destined to play in human affairs, is as yet too imperfectly developed even for the meditations of the most speculative philosopher that ever extracted glowing sunbeams from the refreshing cucumber; but as nature does nothing in vain, it is but fair to infer that the news-boy is destined, in one way or another, to fix the period which gave him birth, in the niche of history. Too many powerful elements combine in him not to be productive of grand results. What is the news-boy—what is necessary to his original constitution—what faculties are involved, cherished, strengthened, and made, as it were, the preponderating forces of his character, by the calling to which he is devoted? Survey the news-boy—extract him from the buzzing crowd and place him on a pedestal, while you analyze his character in its psychological and physical details, estimating, at the same time, the past and future operation of circumstances in educating him for mature effort in the contentions of men. Anatomize him, and “see what breeds about his heart.” A rough study, truly—soiled garments and patches. The youth is not precisely fitted for presentation in the drawing-room, evident though it be, that his self-possession would not desert him in the presence of an empress. Valets and body-servants do not trouble themselves about him. Father and mother, brother and sister, if such there be, have enough to do in struggling for their own existence, without attending to the details of his costume, and many a repair is the result of his own handiwork in hours stolen from needful rest. That battered hat, grown foxy by exposure, is picturesque in its proportions, not so much from careless usage as from hard service, and those ox-hide boots, embrowned and cracked, have shamed the feats of plank-walking pedestrians. Sooth to say, our hero is somewhat uncouth in his externals. That fair damsel there would scarcely covet him for a parlor pet. He would not shine amid carpet knights, nor would Titania weary Oberon with prayers to have him for her henchman. The news-boy would not weep either, if he were to know that perfumed pride and silken delicacy

thus curl the nose at him; for he would be lost and wearied in such preferment. Observe his frame, so light yet so strong;—so pliant, wiry, and enduring. No “debile wretch” enters the ranks of these juvenile Prætorians, or if he should venture on service so far beyond his capacity, exhaustion soon removes him. Glance at the expression of that weather-beaten face, prematurely channelled into line and hardened into muscle. Care, courage, and resolution are in every curve of those compacted lips. The soft roundness of childhood has departed long since. That mouth knows more of the strong word, the keen retort, the well-weighted phrases of the bargainer, of cunning solicitation, and of the fierce wrangle, than of the endearing kisses of affection. It brings no memory of rosebuds. It is no poetic feature for romance to dwell upon, but a mouth of plain reality—of confirmed utilitarianism. It wreathes itself more readily into the mould of worldly intractability, than into the gentle dimples of early life. It is, in the news-boy, as in all mankind beside, a key to the individual mysteries of our nature. The impulses, the ruling trait, are here developed, and the news-boy offers no exception to the rule. The glance of his eye is as cold, but as bright, as the beaming sun of a frosty morning, which sparkles on the ice, but melts it not. Still, though self-interest and sordid calculation dwell in its depths, we find a laughing devil there, which feasts on satire, and sports like the chevaliers of old, *à l'outrance*. Its jokes bite shrewdly, and the lance of its wit displays the point “unbated,” though not “envenomed.” When the news-boy turns awhile from business to the pleasures of companionship, he asks no quiet recreation. His raillery and his pleasant tricks both deal in heavy blows and rude interchanges. Your nice, nervous sensibility finds no quarter from one whose very existence in all its phases is roughness. Should he hereafter learn to woo, it will be “as the lion woos his bride.”

Such is the *physique* of the news-boy, and it contains many of the constituent points of greatness. Tossed early into the world, the impediments which cause other men to fail, are soon surmounted in his path. He has no kindly arm to lean upon, and through mistaken tenderness, to make his steps

unsteady. He is his own staff—his own protector. Of diffidence, he never heard the name—he does not know its nature. Imaginary barriers cannot interpose between him and his object; for he recognizes none as worthier than he, and self-distrust plays no fantastic tricks to defeat the consummation of what he may resolve. He lives in deeds, and not in dreamy speculation—he is an actor, not a looker on, and practice has given him that estimate of his own powers which rarely falls below the mark, and which, best of all, surrounds disappointment with no unreal terrors. When he falls, he falls but to rise again with renewed strength, like the fabled Antæus. And while continued collision with the world thus hardens his intellectual being, his muscular energies, which sustain the spirit, receive a training of proportionate severity. He has no tender years. Let wealthy youth be housed in luxury, and guarded from the storm. Soft couches and protracted slumbers do not enervate the news-boy. Compared to him, the sun itself is a sluggard. No morning ray finds him in bed; the moon and stars witness his uprisings, and he travels forth in darkness to commence his daily toil. Let the rain fall in torrents—the lightning flash—the thunders roar, the news-boy laughs at the elemental strife. Heat and cold are alike indifferent to one who has such duties to perform. It is on him that society waits for its mental aliment, and can he falter—can he shrink before winds and showers, before frosts and heats, who, more truly than any human being, is the “schoolmaster abroad?” No—others may crouch around the fire, or shrink beneath their blankets, at the sound of winter’s threatening blasts, but the news-boy springs up, whistling cheerily, to encounter any hardship that may oppose him.

Now, it is contended that whole masses and classes of youth, thus educated, thus trained—who live, as it were, by their wits—by their boldness, their address, their perseverance—whose faculties are always literally at the grindstone—who daily practise endurance, fortitude, self-restraint, abstinence, and many other virtues; who are pre-eminently frugal and industrious; who learn to understand men and boys, dandies and dandizettes, and are schooled to emulation and competition

—must of necessity produce something—not a little of roguery, mayhap, which is often the fungous growth, the untrimmed shoot of a certain grade of cleverness. But we look for more than this—if genius is ever latent, the life of the news-boy must bring it forth. The blows which fall on him would elicit sparks from the flint. In the school which boasts of such a pupil, society is the book, adversity the teacher, and harsh circumstance plays the part of rattan and ferula. He is scourged into wisdom, almost before others can walk alone.

In what peculiar way, Tom Tibbs, whose admirable portrait graces our present number, is likely to distinguish himself, remains to be seen. His faculties are expansive—roaming like summer bees—the moment of concentration, when genius, rallying upon its focus, burns its way through all impediments, has not yet come to him. But Tibbs is one of whom expectation may be entertained. In fact, he has long been spoken of as a “hopeful youth,” by many of those who know him, and though the phrase may often be applied derisively, as a sort of *lucus a non lucendo*, still this is but the vulgar error which cannot comprehend the kittenhood of lionism—the unappreciated infancy of power. No one ever achieved distinction who did not begin by being a nuisance, just as greatness in a single walk, of necessity constitutes a bore; and it may be so with Tibbs. He has already learned the one great lesson of success. He looks upon the community as a collective trout—a universal fish, which must nibble at his bait, lie in his basket and fill his frying-pan. On this maxim, heroes have overrun the world. It has been the foundation, not only of fortunes, but of empires. Why should it not elevate Tibbs? Especially as his soul has not been whittled down to a single point, by the process of acquiring the knowledge to which we refer. Tibbs has the affections, the sympathies, the twining tendrils of the heart, in as great perfection as can be expected in one who has been taught to look upon downright fact as the great purpose of existence. The pennies, however, do not engross him utterly; but when he is in pursuit of the pennies, that pursuit is made paramount. He takes his business as Falstaff did his sack, “simple,

of itself," and his pleasures are imbibed "neat," never spoiling both by an infusion and admixture of either. That soldier is a poor sentinel who nods upon his post, and would both watch and wink upon a tour of duty. The winkings of Tibbs are wisely condensed into a continuous slumber, and when he watches, it is generally found that his eyes are quite as widely open as the eyes of other people.

Tom Tibbs had a father, a necessity from which it is believed the greatest are not exempt, and in Tom's case, as indeed in many others, it was a hard necessity, from which it would have pleased him to be excused. Tom's father was a disciplinarian—that is, he compounded for his own delinquencies by a compensatory severity upon the delinquencies of others. When he had made a fool of himself abroad, he balanced the account and atoned for the folly, by chastising Tom at home, and thus went to bed with a clear conscience and a wearied arm. When he had spent more money upon a recreation than precisely suited his circumstances, the family were put upon short commons, and Tom's contingent of shoes and jackets, as well as those of his brothers and sisters—for he was not the only scion of Tibbism—were economically retrenched. The elder Tibbs piqued himself much upon his paternal kindness in teaching prudence to his offspring. "You'll bless me for it," said he, with tears in his eyes, as he prepared to hammer them all round, after having been fined for wheeling his barrow upon the pavement; "you'll bless me for it to the longest day you have to live?" The elder Tibbs was patriarchal—he made the law as the necessity arose, and carried it into effect himself, and its adaptation to circumstances was wonderful. Any trouble in solving the equity of the case was instantly obviated by flogging Tom, and then old Tibbs would exclaim, "My conscience is easy—I do my best towards these naughty children—my duty is fulfilled—if they come to bad ends, they can't blame me for it. I have spared no pains to bring 'em up properly," and he had not, so far as the strap was concerned.

Mrs. Tibbs was a tender-hearted woman, who did not exactly understand parental duties as they were received by her husband; yet, being somewhat

overcrowded by the commanding spirit of her mate, she sometimes almost began to think that Tom must indeed be rather a bad boy to require the neat's leather so often; but Mrs. Tibbs loved her children, and did her best to console them, thus preserving a verdant spot in Tom's otherwise arid heart; for as his cuticle was hardened, his spirit also grew callous.

The pressure of the times, however, at last compelled the Tibbs family to migrate westward, and the father, when two days out from the city, having become warm with his own eloquence upon the difficulties of making a living, called Tom to his side and diverged into a personal episode and an individual apostrophe:

"It is so hard now to get along in the world that I shouldn't wonder, if anything happened to me, if these children were to starve. Tom, Tom, how often have I told you that you'd never come to good! Tom, Tom! you'll break my heart! Where's that strap? I don't want to do it, but I must!"

Tom, however, could not be prevailed upon to "stay to supper," and escaped, retracing his steps to the city, and dissolving all connection with the strap. He thought that he had received quite as much "bringing up" in that respect as was necessary.

Tom felt his destiny strong within him. He threw himself into the bosom of the news-boys, and through their kindness, for they are a kindly race when properly approached, soon became one of the most distinguished of the corps. No one can sell more adroitly than he; his perseverance is mingled with tact, and his verbal embellishments as to the peculiar interest of the number of the journal he has to sell, are founded on fact. He never announces the steamer to be in, before she is telegraphed, nor indulges in the false pretences which so often derogate from the dignity of the profession. He estimates its importance, and proceeds upon principle. The traveller who trades with Tibbs, at the cars, or on board the steamboat, may safely buy under the ringing of the last bell, without finding too late, that his pennies have been exchanged for newspapers stale as an addled egg, and freshly pumped upon, to give them an appearance of juvenility. Nor does Tom

ever avail himself of hasty departures to be oblivious in the matter of returning change. He does not, under such circumstances, "as some ungracious pastors do," put your quarter in one pocket, and fumble for sixpences in the other, until the train darts away; nor would he, if tempted to the performance of this unworthy feat, add insult to injury by holding up the cash when distance had made its reception impossible, or by assuming that burlesque expression of hypocritical astonishment with which some paper-venders, in a similar catastrophe, outrage your feelings, besides wronging your purse. As Tom often justly remarks to such of his colleagues as are habituated to these practices, "This 'ere chiselling system won't do. Nobody likes to be chiselled, and when you have chiselled everybody, why then they'll get a law passed, and chisel us all to chips. A joke to-day is often a licking to-morrow, mind I tell you."

Tom's philosophy was, at once, Franklinian and indisputable. He felt the necessity of obviating all danger of a war of races. He knew that nothing but mischief was to be anticipated, if all the rest of the human family were to be "chiselled" into a hostility against the news-boys; for the minority always stand in the predicament of being presented and suppressed as a nuisance, whenever the stronger party think fit to exercise the power of numbers, and, as a natural consequence, Tom was opposed to the practice of clustering about a corner and selling newspapers in a flock. "A sprinkling of news-boys, one or two in every square," thought he, "is well enough. It's good for trade, and makes things lively; but to be cutting up, so fashion, all in a jam, why people go on t'other side of the way, and retailing's done for. I vote for scatteration. Folks hate being obligated to fight their way through the literary circles."

But Tibbs, with all his good sense, has a weakness. There is a forte and a foible to every blade, and even such a blade as a news-boy cannot escape the common lot of humanity. Sound upon the general principle of not annoying others, yet, in the indulgence of his humor, he sometimes makes an exception. He especially dislikes Mr. Sappington Sapid, a starched gentleman of the old school, who never reads a jour-

nal, cares nothing for the current of events, and entertains a perfect horror of the modern style of newspapers, and of all concerned in their distribution. In fact, he attributes much of the evils of the time to cheap journalism, and he has not been sparing of an expression of his views of the subject, whenever the opportunity was afforded. On some one of these occasions, it was his luck to wound the feelings of Thomas Tibbs, and Tibbs accordingly marked him for a sufferer.

Incessantly was Mr. Sappington Sapid assailed. Not a news-boy passed his door without ringing the bell to ascertain whether a paper was not required—he never walked the streets without perpetual and ridiculous solicitations. When he appeared, all customers were left for his special annoyance, and, in consequence of failing in the attain one day, when he directed an indignant kick at the provoking Tibbs—unpractised individuals should never essay the rapid and extemporaneous application of the foot—Mr. Sappington Sapid sat suddenly and unexpectedly down in a puddle of water, in full sight of a legion of his tormentors, who never forgot the incident, but would rehearse it, to the delight of their fellows, whenever the unfortunate man happened to present himself, and Tibbs was especially dexterous in giving the broadest effect to the incident.

What a vitality there is in our worst mishaps! It would be nothing, comparatively, if disaster were circumscribed by its immediate consequences, and it would have made but little figure in Mr. Sapid's memoirs had he only caught cold by the operation referred to; but when a personal sorrow is transmuted into a general joke, it becomes, *ipso facto*, a living piece of attendant biography, a walking companionship, which even smiles over a man's last resting-place. Death itself affords no refuge to the hero of a "ridicule." "Poor fellow!" say his dearest friends, "perhaps it's wrong to mention it now, but, by-the-way, did you ever hear how,—ha! ha! ho!—how he made such a fool of himself at Mrs. Dunover's pic-nic? Ho! ho! ha! Poor soul!!!"

Rob a church, or lay logs on a railroad, and there is a chance that the last may be heard of it; but if a drollery, no matter how sad in its essence, be created at any one's expense, he and it are

so far married that they cling together through life, while the jest is a "relict," to move *post mortem* mirth, autopsical grins and necrological merriment. A dear departed is much more likely to be resurrectionised by a surviving joke, than by the most intrepid of body-snatchers, and the best of portraits is not so good a memento as being implicated in an anecdote which is sure to create laughter. Under an inkling of this truth, Mr. Sapid always denies that he is the person who "shook his foot" at the news-boy.

But there are bounds to patience. A man is but a bottle before the fire of mischance, and when the heat becomes insupportable, he must of necessity explode, no matter how tightly corked by fortitude, or wired down by philosophy. "The grief that will not speak," is a deadly inward fermentation. They who survive sorrow, are those who "exteriorize" sorrow, and give sorrow a free channel. To scold is the vital principle of practical hygiene for the ladies, and grumbling humanity rarely needs the doctor. The inference therefore is, that the average of existence would be at a higher rate, if the admirable counter-irritant of round swearing were not proscribed in refined society, thus killing people by the suppressed perspiration of an indignant spirit.

Sapid, however, was none of these. Patience might sit upon a monument, if she liked, but there was nothing of the marble-mason in his composition, nor did he at all affect the "statuesque," when vexation chafed his heart. If preyed upon in this way, though he never indulged in Commodore Trunton's expletives, nor "shotted his discourse" like that worthy commander, yet he did not by any means pray in return, as Dinah had often reason to acknowledge, when the chamber pitcher was left vacant of water, or when forgetful Boots failed in the performance of his resplendent office. No! Sappington Sapid makes people hear of it when he is offended, justly thinking it better that their ears should be annoyed, than that he should pine away of an unexpressed inflammation.

It was a bright forenoon, such as elicits snakes in the country, and evolves the fashionables in cities, when Mr. Sappington Sapid walked firmly along the street, filled with a settled

purpose. His coat was buttoned up to the chin to prevent the evaporation of his stern resolve; his lips were drawn together, as if to obviate all danger of evasion by word of mouth; his hat had settled martially down, almost to the bridge of his nose, while his heels saluted mother earth so determinedly, that his whole frame-work jarred at the shock. If ever a man displayed outward symptoms of having his mind made up in the most compact kind of a parcel, it was Sappington Sapid, on this memorable occasion. No beggar would have dared to ask charity from him, under such an aspect. He was safe from being solicited to take a cab. They who met him, made way instinctively, for their "genius felt rebuked by his, as Mark Antony's was by Cæsar's," a psychological phenomenon often manifest when even inferior men are screwed up to the sublime by the force of an emergency, just as valor's self shrinks abashed from the angry presence of a cornered cat.

But whither wandered Sapid? No one knew. He had taken breakfast without a word, and had wandered forth in equal silence. Counsel he sought not—sympathy he did not require. When we are girded up, of our own impulse, to pull the trigger of a catastrophe, advice is felt to be an impertinence, and no spur is needed to prick the sides of our intent. We are a sufficiency unto ourselves. Legions could not make us stronger, and therefore Sapid disdained companionship or an interchange of thought. He, Sapid, was enough to fill the canvass for the contemplated picture. He was the tableau, all alone, so far as his share in the incident was to be concerned.

Some clue to his state of mind may be afforded, when it is known that he was visited by a night-mare, a journalistic incubus, on the previous night. An immense Tom Tibbs sat upon his breast, and tried to feed him with penny papers. His head seemed to grow to the size of a huge type-foundry, and each of his ears roared like a power-press. Then, again, he was flattened into an immense sheet, and they printed him as a "Double Brother Jonathan," with pictorial embellishments. He was expanded into whole acres of reading for the people, and did not awake until he was folded, pasted up and thrust into the mail-bag, when,

protesting against the ignominy of being charged "at the usual rate of newspaper postage," he sprang up convulsively, and found that his night-cap had got over his nose.

"Is this the office of the 'National Pop-gun and Universal Valve Trumpet?'" inquired Sapid, in sepulchral tones.

"Hey—what! Oh!—yes," gruffly replied the clerk, as he scrutinized the applicant.

"It is, is it?" was the response.

"H-umpse;" being a porcine affirmative, much in use in the city of brotherly love.

"I am here to see the editor, on business of importance," slowly and solemnly articulated Sapid.

There must have been something professionally alarming in this announcement, if an opinion may be formed from the effect it produced.

"Editor's not come down yet, is he, Spry?" inquired the clerk, with a cautionary wink at the paste-boy.

"Guess he ain't more nor up yet," said Spry; "the mails was late last night."

"I'll take a seat till he does come," observed Sapid, gloomily.

Spry and the clerk laid their heads together, in the most distant corner of the little office.

"Has he got a stick?" whispered one.

"No, and he isn't remarkable big, nuther."

"Any bit of paper in his hand—does he look like State House?"

"Not much, and as we didn't have any scruger in the Pop-gun yesterday, perhaps he wants to have somebody tickled up himself. Send him in."

St. Sebastian Sockdolager, Esq., the editor of "The National Pop-Gun and Universal Valve Trumpet," sat at a green table, elucidating an idea by the aid of a steel pen and whitey-brown paper, and, therefore, St. Sebastian Sockdolager did not look up when Mr. Sapid entered the sanctum. The abstraction may, perhaps, have been a sample of literary stage effect, but it is certain that the pen pursued the idea with the speed and directness of a steeple-chase, straight across the paper, and direful was the scratching thereof. The luckless idea being at last fairly run down, and its brush cut

off, Mr. Sockdolager threw himself back in his chair, with a smile of triumph.

"Tickletohy!" said he, rumpling his hair into heroic expansiveness.

"What?" exclaimed Sapid, rather nervously.

"My dear sir, I didn't see you—a thousand pardons! Pray, what can be done for you in our line?"

"Sir, there is a nuisance——"

"Glad of it, sir; the 'Gun' is death on a nuisance. We circulate ten thousand deaths to any sort of a nuisance every day, besides the weekly and the country edition. We are a regular smash-pipes in that line—surgical, surgical to this community—we are at once the knife and the sarsaparilla to human ills, whether financial, political or social."

"Sir, the nuisance I complain of lies in the circulation—in its mode and manner."

"Bless me!" said Sockdolager, with a look of suspicion; "you are too literal in your interpretation. If your circulation is deranged, you had better try Brandreth, or the Fluid Extract of Quizembob."

"It is not my circulation, but yours which makes all the trouble. I never circulate,—I can't, without being insulted."

"Really, mister, I can't say that this is clearly comprehensible to perception. Not circulate! Are you below par in the 'money article,' or in what particular do you find yourself in the condition of being 'no go?' Excuse my facetiæ and be brief, for thought comes tumbling, bumping, booming;—"and Sockdolager dipped his pen in the ink.

Mr. Sappington Sapid unravelled the web of his miseries. "I wish you, sir, to control your boys—to dismiss the saucy, and to write an article which shall make 'em ashamed of themselves. I shall call on every editor in the city, sir, and ask the same—a combined expression for the suppression of iniquity. We must be emancipated from this new and growing evil, or our liberties become a farce, and we are squashed and crushed in a way worse than fifty tea-taxes."

"Pardon me, Mr. Whatcheeccalem; it can't be done—it would be suicidal, with the sharpest kind of a knife. Whatcheeccalem, you don't understand

the grand movement of the nineteenth century—you are not up to snuff as to the vital principle of human progression—the propulsive force has not yet been demonstrated to your benighted optics. The sun is up, sir; the hill-tops of intellect glow with its brightness, and even the level plain of the world's collective mediocrity is gilded by its beams; but you, sir, are yet in the foggy valley of exploded prejudice, poking along with a tupenny—ha'penny candle—a mere dip. Suppress sauciness! why, my dear bungletonian, sauciness is the discovery of the age—the secret of advancement! We are saucy now, sir, not by the accident of constitution—temperament has nothing to do with it. We are saucy by calculation, by intention, by design. It is cultivated, like our whiskers, as a superadded energy to our other gifts. Without sauciness, what is a news-boy! what is an editor! what are revolutions! what are people! Sauce is power, sauce is spirit, independence, victory, everything. It is, in fact,—this sauce, or 'sass,' as the vulgar have it—steam to the great locomotive of affairs. Suppress, indeed! No, sir; you should regard it as a part of your duty as a philanthropist and as a patriot, to encourage this essence of superiority in all your countrymen, and I've a great mind to write you an article on that subject, instead of the other, for this conversation has warmed up my ideas so completely, that justice will not be done to the community till they, like you, are enlightened on this important point."

St. Sebastian Sockdolager, now having a leading article for "The National Pop-Gun and Universal Valve Trumpet," clearly in his mind, was not a creature to be trifled with. An editor in this paroxysm, however gentle in his less inspired moments, cannot

safely be crossed, or even spoken to. It is not wise to call him to dinner, except through the key-hole, and to ask for "more copy," in general a privileged demand, is a risk too fearful to be encountered. St. Sebastian's eye became fixed, his brow corrugated, his mouth intellectually ajar.

"But, sir, the nuisance"—said Sappington.

"Don't bother!" was the impatient reply, and the brow of St. Sebastian Sockdolager grew black as his own ink.

"The boys, sir, the boys!—am I to be worried out of my life and soul!"

The right hand of St. Sebastian Sockdolager fell heavily upon the huge pewter inkstand—the concatenation of his ideas had been broken—he half-raised himself from his chair, and glanced significantly from his visitor to the door.

"Mizzle!" said he, in a hoarse, suppressed whisper.

The language itself was unintelligible—the word might have been Chaldaic, for all that Sapid knew to the contrary; but there are situations in which an interpreter is not needed, and this appeared to be one of them. Sapid never before made a movement so swiftly extemporaneous.

He intends shortly to try whether the Grand Jury is a convert to the new doctrine of sauciness.

Tibbs, in the mean time, grows in means and expands in ambition. Progress is in his soul, like a reel in a bottle. He aspires already to a "literary agency," and often feels as if he were destined to publish more magazines at a single swoop than there are now in existence, each of which shall have upon its cover a picture of the "News-Boy," while the same device shall gleam upon the panels of his coach.

PASSAGES FROM A POLITICIAN'S NOTE-BOOK.

THE LAY OF THE LAND.

BUSINESS, they say, is beginning to revive,—so are Politics. All the great elements of the latter have for a considerable interval been lying in a state of quiescence, almost of stagnation. There have been but two points, over the expanse of the political field, where any disturbance of its dormant dust has indicated the presence of waking life and motion,—the one, the convulsive struggle of that smallest and worst of the *isms* the country has yet known, Tylerism, to make some sort of a little figure in the world; the other, the rivalry between the friends of the two leading candidates of our own party for its Presidential nomination. The former, though its insignificance might occasionally attract the notice of a silent smile, yet neither contained nor portended anything worth the trouble of nibbling a pen to write about it. The latter was a matter to be left to the spontaneous movement of the popular instincts, from which, whatever might be both the right and the duty of the more local newspaper press, it behoved and became this Review to stand impartially aloof; perfectly content as we could not fail to be with any of the alternative results of which the future must soon bring the solution. For a considerable period, therefore, the subject of Politics, in its more immediate and practical party bearings, has engaged but little of our time and few of our pages,—perhaps to the discontent of some portion of our readers, with whom no degree of merit in the treatment of a countless number of other topics, of general literature, philosophy, criticism, art, poetry, fancy, and useful instruction, would compensate for the absence of this one subject of perpetual American interest. But Politics, we repeat, like business, are beginning now to revive; and as we approach the assembling of a new Democratic Congress, and the canvass of a new Presidential election, it is time to replenish that compartment of our editorial inkstand, now almost dry and mouldy from disuse. Reawakening, therefore, with

the commencement of a new Volume, from the refreshing repose of the past year, let us begin by casting a bird's-eye glance over the Lay of the Land.

The spectacle presented at Washington is certainly—(we hate the coarse word, but it must out!)—is certainly the most *disgusting* ever yet exhibited by an administration of our federal government. It is almost enough to turn the stomach of an honest man, be he Democrat or Whig. Such imbecility and such conceit—such feebleness and such petty activity of small intrigue—such pretension of purity and such shamelessness of political venality—such affectation of independent dignity, and such fawning for the scornfully refused favor of a great and noble party, whose smiles are never to be propitiated by such men and such means—

———“take it for all in all,
We ne'er shall look upon its like again!”

The immediate provocation to the utterance of this opinion and this feeling in relation to that miserable concern of a government, at Washington, is derived from the manner in which the country has of late had to witness the unblushing corruption of its attempt to build up a Party on the basis of Patronage. In common with the Democratic Party at large, we were at one time disposed to look with an inclination of generous liberality toward Mr. Tyler. When a sudden and solemn act of the Providence of God brought him into his present position, he had it in his power to adopt a course that would have secured him a warm and triumphant support from the Democratic Party and from an overwhelming majority of the country. That course was earnestly, patriotically, kindly, and hopefully pointed out to him and urged upon him. But he was not the Man for the Occasion. After all, perhaps, if he had been, he could never have thus found himself there, in that precise and peculiar position which created it. He was totally unequal to the strong effort of any bold and manly

course, in either or in any direction. He tried to shuffle shabbily along, a middle way between the two parties. He certainly did his best to remain a Whig. He clung to them till Clay shook him roughly off and drummed him out of camp. We all remember how he whined about their unkind injustice to him, when he had signed all their bills but one, and had done his best to arrange a compromise with them upon that one, by which he might retain his hold upon them. And now that the progress of subsequent development has shed its light upon the motives and spirit of prior events, we see but slender title to credit that he can claim at the hands of the Democratic Party, even for his Bank vetoes. He had been placed on the Whig ticket for the very purpose—as we have heard it frankly acknowledged by an active member of the Harrisburg Convention itself, who was in no small degree influential in causing his nomination—for the very purpose of conciliating the anti-Bank feeling, together with the anti-Tariff and anti-Abolition feeling of the South. The Whig Conventions of Southern States, and of Virginia in particular, had emphatically repudiated the charge of National-Bank-ism. Mr. Tyler, when interrogated on this very point in advance of the election, had publicly committed himself, in a way entirely unequivocal, against a Bank. He *could not* sign any such bill as they presented him; and none but that superbly imperious dictator who then ruled the counsels of the party with a sceptre sterner than any iron, would have undertaken thus to force it upon him. He tried hard to evade the bitter necessity of that veto to which he felt impelled and compelled by the very **extremest** considerations of political decency and personal honor; and if Mr. Clay had only been willing to yield a mere inch or two of the position on which he had planted himself and the party, Mr. Tyler was still willing to sign a Bank Bill which would have been, after all, but little less obnoxious to us, and worse than those which—little thanks to him—he vetoed.

With a man thus forced on them, the Democratic Party can have no sympathies. We, for a long time, tried to believe him honest, and were ingenious in charitable constructions and suppositions in his favor. When we inserted

his portrait in this Review, as a subject of current interest at the time, not unacceptable probably even to those of our readers least disposed to fraternize politically with him, we added a distinct disclaimer of responsibility for the accompanying article which a personal and political friend of the Vice-President was permitted to write; and the following was the language in which was then expressed the wavering but hoping uncertainty of the opinion with which we regarded his position and course:

“For Mr. Tyler’s recent important vetoes, we sincerely thank him—at the same time that we feel bound to say, that the general course of his administration in other respects has by no means been what we hoped at the outset it might possibly be. He leaves us yet in no slight degree of doubt as to the spirit in which it has had its origin and stimulus. Confidence is a plant of slow growth in other, also, than aged bosoms. If Mr. Tyler has now done well for one year, he had before done very ill for ten. If his recent deserts have been great, great also was all he had to atone for. An ancient sage would pronounce no man happy in his life, till death had set its seal upon his mortal fate and career. So too do we await a further development of Mr. Tyler’s administration, before deciding on the judgment which should be recorded opposite to his name in the annals of the great office imposed upon him, by that same fatality of accident which seems to have attended his whole political career.”

The doubts then entertained with regret have been since very effectually dissipated by Mr. Tyler himself. His recent course in the particular above alluded to—this systematized application of all the enginery of official power at his command toward the futile absurdity of his hope for a Democratic nomination—this meretricious boldness with which the smiles and the more substantial favors of office, are not only granted but tendered to any Democrat of decent party standing, who can be found willing to contaminate himself with the disgustfulness of such political prostitution—this wholesale and retail venality of patronage, not only bestowed at the central depôt in the higher diplomatic bribes for Congressional support and devotion, but peddled around the country wherever a little village postmaster can be found suspected of

being suspicious as to the zeal and sincerity of his attachment to the Administration—all this, we say, following so closely as it did on the heels of Mr. Tyler's own recent professions on these very identical points of political principle, not only necessarily inspires us with an utter disgust for his present course of administration, and distrust for anything that can come out of it within the period for which the country has yet to tolerate it; but also, reflecting back upon the past the light of its illustration of the political character of the man who could be capable of it, exhibits him in an aspect, which compels us to assent to the justice of the least flattering of the portraits recently drawn of him by all the orators and editors of his own *quondam* party. If our language is strong, we confess that we have lost all patience with the subject of which it speaks.

The doctrine was bad enough, heaven knows, in itself and in its consequences, that "to the victors belong the spoils." It never met with favor or justification with us; and we deeply deplore and condemn the practical application we have to witness of it, in all, or very nearly all of the States of the Union, at every revolution of the wheel of party politics. But all that, as a political mischief and wrong, sinks into insignificance in comparison with this one, of the application of patronage to the formation of a party, and to the venal and corrupt purchase of support from an adverse party by a seceder from his own. The celebrated impeachment farce of *Botts* was only ridiculous; but we do confess that if such a punishment for Presidential malfeasance were practicable, we should rejoice to see it applied, in the present case, for the Vice-President's outrageous abuse and misuse of the Patronage Power of his office.

If it is not yet too late to retrieve a political character ruined we fear beyond the reach of redemption, we would again address to Mr. Tyler the warning and even the entreaty we have more than once urged upon him. Awake from this fatal dream in which your senses have been lapped by the insidious narcotics of flattery. Surely, surely, the coldness of your reception everywhere by *the People*, on your present pilgrimage, must have struck home to you that chilly conviction

which interested adulators about your person at Washington had before succeeded in warding off—the conviction of the hopeless impossibility, *now*, of your adoption by the Democratic Party or by any party. Abandon this worse than idle attempt to bribe our favor, in which sinister counsels and malign influences perhaps have involved you. Keep your offices, or rather let their incumbents keep them—be their party preferences, avowed and acted upon, or only cherished "at heart," what they may. Before you began upon this system we protested against it, and forewarned you of the certain result, in the united contempt of both and of all parties. It is rumored that a more extended application of it is shortly to be made. Depend upon it, that at every step you pursue in this path, this result will only the more and more irreparably develop itself.

So much, for the present, for Mr. Tyler and his administration; in which there are to be found two or three estimable gentleman whom, however they may confine themselves to the special duties of their offices, without personal participation in all this corruption for the reprobation of which our words have been only too weak, we sincerely regret to behold giving to it the countenance of their presence and permission. The organs of Tylerism are loud in their complaint when the Democratic press would seem disposed to exclude the name of the Vice-President from the privilege of candidship before the approaching convention of the Democratic Party. We have no such desire,—he is perfectly welcome, as is also Mr. Clay himself to such chance as awaits him in that body. If required, however, to choose between the probability of its preference as between the two, we could have but little hesitation in the selection.

If we have spoken with what may seem to some an undue and uncharitable degree of harshness, it has been because the severest reprobation has appeared alike just and necessary, of what we cannot but regard as the most abominable piece of political profligacy recorded in the annals of our government. It is a fitting sequel and fruit of the whole grand Whig fraud of the last election. Mr. Tyler could not have been honest in his course and position

in the Whig party; the Whig party was grossly dishonest in the whole scheme of that election of which Mr. Tyler was an essential element. As is so often the result of similar iniquitous combinations, the two parties who commenced by cheating the public have ended by cheating each other,—and the completion of the whole will soon be, according to the good old rule of providential justice, that “the honest men will get their own again.”

Of the actual position of the Whig Party little need be said. The main majority of them will undoubtedly rally to the Presidential contest under Mr. Clay, with Tariff Protection as their only distinctive idea of party doctrine. To be sure the contest is a hopeless one for them, but it will probably be gallantly fought. Mr. Webster is opposing, as strongly as in his power, the feeble influence which, despite of his great order of ability, he is able to wield, against the union of the party on Clay;—but vainly. Sink or swim, live or die, all the more generous spirit of the party is warmly devoted to the latter, and no treacherous arguments of availability will be again allowed to postpone his right to the highest honor in their power to bestow on him, that of being their chosen chief to fall at the head of their party array, in the fated field of defeat which so soon awaits them.

In our ranks all is now well. At one period, indeed, indications seemed to exist of a spirit that portended a serious danger of discord. Some of the peculiar friends of one of the candidates for the Presidential nomination, with far greater zeal than discretion, appeared disposed to assume an attitude and a tone that could scarcely have been other than fatal to the harmony and union of the party. This has of late entirely ceased. It grew out of a distrust of their own truest friends which was alike ungenerous and unjust. It has been effectually removed by the frank readiness with which Mr. Van Buren's friends have met the wishes of those of Mr. Calhoun and some of the other candidates, on the point of the time for the assembling of the Convention,—together with the entirely satisfactory ground taken by the former on the main topic of interest now involved in the election—the Tariff. Upon the other two

points on which had arisen a discussion threatening to become a formidable dissension, the District Delegation, and the individual voting in the Convention, a general harmony of sentiment has already been restored, by that pervading instinctive spirit of union, in which none can fail to read the prophetic assurance of a glorious common triumph. The former of these points will be left to the free choice of the respective States; the latter, according to the established usage of the case, to the decision of the Convention itself. There is wide room for honest and perfectly amicable difference of views upon both of them. On the one side a regard to that numerical national majority which, with the Democratic Party cannot but be a consideration of deserved weight, would recommend the one course; while on the other side, the opposite one has the advantage of the indirect sanction of the Constitution itself, added to the force of all those arguments which address themselves peculiarly to the extreme State-Rights school of politics, asserting for each State the right to judge independently for itself in the exercise of this high and important duty. The course of the Georgia convention, which, while in the act of nominating Mr. Calhoun, at the same time, in opposition to the South Carolina recommendation, adopted the plan of a general ticket delegation to the Convention, alone suffices to remove from this question everything calculated to engender misunderstanding and ill feeling between any of the sections of our party. We should be glad to see New York meet the same question in a spirit of perhaps even chivalric generosity, for the sake of magnanimity and cordial friendship. Though the natural interest of a large State is to retain its whole numerical weight unbroken by division, yet would it be well in various points of view—well in itself, and well in its moral influence—if the New York convention should adopt for that State the single district mode as urged by South Carolina. The chief objection to it is derived from the difficulty of determining the cases of disputed election which might probably arise in the separate voting of so large a number of districts, and which it would be highly embarrassing to carry into the organization of such a body as the pro-

posed Convention. This objection could, however, be obviated by providing in advance some suitable authority for the decision of any such question within the limits of the State—such as either a committee of the State convention itself, or else the Democratic members of the Legislature which will be in session at the proper season for the purpose.

On the whole, we conclude with joyfully congratulating our political friends upon the now cloudless clear-

ness of the prospect before us. The action of the Convention in May will be cheerful, cordial, and harmonious; and whoever may be its selection, from among the several worthy names now prominently before the country, he will most assuredly be supported with an united energy and enthusiasm which make his election already perfectly assured, by a massiveness of popular majority that will fully atone for all the disaster and disgrace of the yet unforbidden 1840.

MONTHLY FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL ARTICLE.

At the date of our last, the speculation in stocks, caused by the abundance of money, was running high, and we pointed out indications that the channels of regular business would soon feel the impulse which stock securities had felt. From that time up to the arrival of the steamer from England, on the second of June, prices continued to rise. The advices brought by that conveyance were, however, of a nature which gave a momentary check to operations. It was the first steamer for many months that had little or no specie on board, showing that the state of the exchange market was in a position to stop further imports of the precious metals, and therefore that the supply for the year had been received. Money, which had been constantly decreasing in value in England for a length of time, had begun to improve. Sanguine expectations had been entertained here that the long continuance of extreme low rates for money, which was scarcely 1½ per cent. per annum, would sooner or later induce investment in the sound American stocks, and thereby relieve this market of considerable amounts, thus affording an outlet or market for the stocks now held by the Banks, when reviving trade should create a legitimate demand for their funds. When, therefore, the late steamer brought advices of an advance in the discount rate of money in London to 2 per cent., without any such disposition being

perceptible, some backwardness to continue their loans on stocks was evinced by the Banks here.

As the money affairs of England appear now to be taking a turn, after a long-continued current in one direction, it may be well in this place to glance at their position, with a view to their effect upon American interests. The Bank of England is the great centre of the money power in England. Each contraction or expansion of that institution is felt by those merchants and brokers who come in their transactions immediately in contact with it. The impulse then gradually spreads through all grades, until the most remote in the islands, and even in distant countries, feel the vibration. The Bank of England is surrounded, for a circle of sixty miles, with merchants, bill-brokers, and joint-stock banks, that issue no bills, but derive their supplies from the Great Bank. These are the parties that first feel the contraction, and again are first glutted with money, when it suits the Imperial Monster to spread its web. Next to these, come the bill-brokers and joint-stock banks of Lancashire, which issue no notes, but re-discount the bills they take from the manufacturers with the Bank of England. These accommodations of the Lancashire banks to the manufacturers are, of course, dependent upon the disposition of the Bank of England, with which their arrangement for money

exists. This arrangement is generally permanent, the Lancashire banks receiving the Bank of England money at something less than the market rate. Hence it is that the manufacturing districts of Lancashire first feel the stimulus of renewed loans. The Scotch

and other provincial banks, that issue their own bills, then follow the cue thus given, and trade revives accordingly. Thus premising, we will give the English currency for the last two years, down to the latest date :

PAPER CURRENCY OF ENGLAND, AND BULLION IN THE BANK.

Periods.	Bank of England.	Private Banks.	Joint-Stock Banks.	Scotch and Irish Banks.	Total.	Bullion in Bank.	Rate of Int. per ct.
1841							
February,	£ 16,220,000	£ 6,575,838	£ 3,798,155	£ ———	£ ———	£ 3,816,000	—
April,	16,587,000	6,322,579	3,666,258	———	———	4,638,000	—
June,	16,632,000	6,444,395	3,807,055	———	———	5,028,000	—
September,	17,069,000	5,768,136	3,311,941	8,900,380	35,049,457	4,803,000	—
October,	17,340,000	6,253,964	3,519,384	8,449,858	35,563,199	4,290,000	—
November,	17,065,000	6,288,723	3,421,135	9,227,725	36,102,583	4,218,000	—
December,	16,292,000	5,718,211	3,217,812	9,333,648	34,561,671	5,031,000	—
1842							
January,	16,293,000	5,478,189	3,042,197	8,791,627	33,605,013	5,629,000	6
February,	17,402,000	5,532,324	3,068,901	8,735,996	34,779,421	5,602,000	6
March,	16,894,000	5,299,455	2,990,986	8,407,484	33,591,925	6,281,000	4
April,	16,674,000	5,289,050	3,047,656	8,003,971	33,014,000	7,006,000	4
May,	18,404,000	5,482,189	3,160,900	7,802,662	34,849,751	7,082,000	3½
June,	17,543,000	4,995,594	2,850,532	7,557,747	32,946,873	7,846,000	3½
July,	19,908,000	5,166,581	2,939,195	7,289,442	35,303,218	8,883,000	2½
August,	20,351,000	5,150,628	2,823,090	6,939,202	35,463,920	9,570,000	2½
September,	19,914,000	5,098,259	2,819,749	7,317,586	34,949,594	9,816,000	2½
October,	19,503,000	5,488,661	3,064,539	7,787,729	35,843,929	9,801,000	2
November,	20,104,000	5,434,822	3,196,964	8,180,894	36,916,680	9,907,000	2
December,	18,841,000	5,085,000	3,001,000	8,333,000	35,263,000	10,511,000	2
1843							
January,	18,283,000	4,912,000	2,839,000	8,981,000	34,049,000	11,054,000	1½
February,	21,108,000	5,024,000	2,908,000	7,943,000	36,985,000	10,933,000	1½
March,	20,360,000	4,785,724	2,844,077	7,881,720	35,851,521	10,984,000	1½
April,	19,539,000	4,716,506	2,862,986	7,560,274	34,681,236	11,420,000	1½
May,	20,329,000	4,990,006	3,111,448	7,612,411	36,042,865	11,316,000	2

This table commences when the Bank began to recover from the difficulties incident upon the short crop of 1839-40. Its rigorous contractions ruined banks and merchants by hundreds, and forced up the rate of money to 6 per cent. in January, 1842; a rate higher than had been known since the reign of queen Anne. The Bank then began to push out its paper with an unsparing hand, and by August had increased its issues twenty-five per ct., reducing the rate of discount in London from 6 to 2½ per cent., while in the interior of the country the distress was terrible. In all that time, the country banks had been diminishing their issues, so that in August the whole quantity of money was no greater than in the previous October. The national distress, caused by these fluctuations, is painfully indicated in the fact that the revenue from consumable goods fell off £7,000,000 in the year, leaving a deficit of £2,000,000 above the £5,000,000 derived from the new Income Tax. The same general process was con-

tinued, the Bank expanding, and the country institutions curtailing, until May; during all which time the rate of money continued to fall, until at that time a demand for money for business purposes sprung up in London and in Lancashire, which raised the rate of money to 2 per cent., notwithstanding that the volume of the currency was nearly as full as at any period embraced within the table. We observe that the country banks also show an increase in their circulation, giving some evidence of an improved demand for money in their several districts. In Lancashire, the effect was evinced in the renewed purchases and improved prices of cotton, notwithstanding that the full extent of the crop, 2,200,000 bales, was known. American provisions were also better. The continental exchanges continued largely in favor of England, and there was every prospect that, with continued political quiet, business would rapidly revive, much to the advantage of the United States, because the rapid rise of prices under an inflated currency

will greatly favor the sale of produce exported from the United States, where happily the banks are not in a situation to retard the operation by a corresponding inflation. Apart from political considerations, there are at present no grounds to fear an immediate contraction on the part of the Bank of England, and therefore the impulse now communicated to business is likely to develop its effects through a long and prosperous season.

The English commercial affairs seem thus to have taken a decided turn for the better, and the extreme low point of the value of money passed without having produced any desire, in those who seek to employ it, to avail themselves of the high dividends made on American stocks. The benefits to be derived from renewed confidence in stocks, and the advance of money on such security, are, however, at best, of very doubtful utility. The advance of prices and improved demand for the proceeds of American industry are, on the contrary, solid and unequivocal advantages. This is universally admitted when the return for the sales is specie; but when the return is made in goods, it is considered as a disadvantage by a portion of the community. Hence, strong efforts have been made, and, unfortunately, with the 27th Congress successfully, to hamper trade by the imposition of enormous duties. To this circumstance may be ascribed the disastrous stagnation which has prevailed in all channels of trade since the influence of the 27th Congress upon affairs was first felt.

In looking back at the events of the last few years, and tracing effects to the causes which produced them, we are particularly struck with the disastrous results of the measures of the party which arrived at power through the revolution of 1840. For twelve years prior to that event, the Demo-

cratic ascendancy remained unshaken through all the vacillations of currency and commerce. Prices of domestic produce had ruled at very high rates—far too high for a healthy state of affairs. They indicated rather the depreciation of the general mixed currency than the actual value of the commodities. In the early part of 1840, a general and rigid curtailment in the amount of currency took place, and, of course, a heavy fall in the money value of agricultural produce ensued, which fall was enhanced by the increased production, which the improved industry of the previous year had rendered enormous. Taking advantage of the general uneasiness created by that fall, the Opposition, with the most barefaced and wholesale promises of reform, succeeded in making the cry of “change” popular. In our article of April, we endeavored to show how utterly the party failed in redeeming their promises, particularly in regard to finance and the exchanges. We will now trace the present stagnation in all trade, the ruinously low prices with which the farmer is rewarded for his toil, the scarcity of freight among the shipping, and the idleness of the mechanic and laboring man, to the disastrous intermeddling of the 27th Congress with trade, and compare it with the state of affairs when the reckless and unprincipled promises of politicians fomented the destructive desire for “change.” There is no surer indication of the condition of the great agricultural classes, than the relative money values of the produce of their labor. We have, therefore, compiled an elaborate table of the prices of the leading articles of domestic produce, at several periods, commencing in 1840, when the low range of affairs gave effect to political artifice, and at succeeding periods down to the present moment, as follows :

PRICES OF AGRICULTURAL PRODUCE IN THE NEW YORK MARKET.

	June, 1840.	Dec. 1841.	July, 1842.	Dec. 1842.	June, 1843.
<i>Askes</i> per cwt					
Pots,	4 50 a	6 a	5 12 a 5 25	5 31 a 5 37	4 56 a
Pearls,	5 50 a	5 50 a	5 50 a	5 88 a 6	5 50 a
<i>Beeswax.</i> per lb.					
White,	45 a 48	50 a 55	48 a 56	48 a 56	38 a 40
Yellow,	37 a 28	28 a 30	28 a 30	29 a 30	29 a 30
<i>Bread, Pilot,</i> per lb.	4 a	4 1/2 a	5 a	3 1/2 a	3 1/2 a
Navy,	3 a	3 1/2 a	3 a	2 1/2 a	2 1/2 a
<i>Fish.</i>					
Dry Cod, per cwt.	2 a 2 12 1/2	2 12 1/2 2 25	2 25 a 2 65	1 87 a	2 72 a 2 75
Pickled Cod, pr. bbl.	2 37 1/2 2 50	a 2 75	2 25 a	2 50 a 2 75	2 75 a 3
Smok'd Salmon, lb.	14 a 16	a	14 a 16	12 a 13	10 a 19
Mack'l, No. 1, bbl.	11 a 11 25	12 25 a 12 50	11 50 a 12	8 a	9 a
" No. 2,	9 a 9 25	10 25 a 10 50	8 a 9	6 a	7 a
" No. 3,	4 a 4 25	a 6	4 50 a 4 75	4 a	5 75 a
Shad, Conn., mess,	12 a 14	12 50 a 13	6 a 6 25	6 a 6 25	5 a
" Bucksport, "	10 a 11	10 a 10 50	a	9 a 10 50	9 50 a
<i>Tar,</i> per bbl.	1 50 a 1 56	1 62 a 1 87	1 50 a 1 62	1 37 a 1 50	1 25 a 1 31
<i>Pitch,</i>	a 9	a 1 62	1 25 a 1 37	1 25 a 1 37	1 25 a 1 31
<i>Raisin, Shipping,</i>	1 50 a 1 62 1/2	1 18 1/2 a 1 56 1/2	1 06 a 1 50	87 a 9 50	79 a 87
<i>Turpentine.</i>					
N. C., Soft,	2 50 a 2 62 1/2	3 a	2 09 a 2 87	2 02 a 2 75	2 50 a
Wilm., "	2 50 a	a 3 37 1/2	2 50 a 2 62 1/2	3 a	2 25 a 2 50
Sps. of Sou., gall.	25 a 26	37 a 38	32 a 36	43 a 44	34 a 35
<i>Cotton, Upland, fair,</i>	9 a 9 1/2	9 a 9 1/2	8 a 9	8 a 8 1/2	7 1/2 a 7 1/2
<i>Lead,</i> per lb.					
Pig,	3 1/2 a 4 1/2	4 1/2 a 4 1/2	3 1/2 a	3 1/2 a 3 1/2	3 1/2 a
Bar,	6 a	5 1/2 a	5 a	4 1/2 a	4 1/2 a
Sheet,	5 3/4 a 6	5 3/4 a	5 a	4 1/2 a	4 1/2 a
<i>Beef,</i> per bbl.					
Mess,	14 a 14 25	7 50 a 8 25	7 a 7 50	6 a 6 50	7 50 a 8
Prime,	9 75 a 10	4 50 a 5 25	2 50 a 3 50	2 75 a 3 25	5 50 a 6
Cargo,	6 a 6 50	a	1 75 a 2	1 75 a 2	3 50 a 4 50
<i>Pork, Mess,</i>	14 75 a 15 25	9 25 a 10	7 75 a 9	8 50 a 9	9 25 a 10 50
Prime,	13 a 13 50	7 a 8	5 25 a 6 50	5 50 a 6	7 50 a 7 62
<i>Lard,</i> per lb.	10 a 10 1/2	6 1/2 a 8	6 1/2 a 7 1/2	6 1/2 a 7	5 1/2 a 6
<i>Butter.</i>					
Prime Dairy,	a 15	15 a 17	10 a 11	10 a 13	7 a 9
Ordinary,	7 a 10	10 a 14	6 a 7	5 a 6 1/2	5 a 6
<i>Cheese, Amer. (new)</i>	6 a 6 1/2	6 1/2 a 7 1/2	6 1/2 a 7 1/2	a	5 a 6
<i>Hams, smoked,</i>	10 a 11	6 a 9	4 a 5	7 a 9 1/2	6 a 7
<i>Flour,</i> per bbl.					
Western Canal,	4 50 a 4 62 1/2	6 25 a	5 94 a 6	4 88 a 5	4 75 a 4 81
Ohio and Michigan,	4 25 a 4 37 1/2	6 12 a 6 25	5 75 a 5 88	4 88 a 5	4 62 a 4 69
Baltimore, How. st.	4 87 1/2 a 5	6 50 a 6 62	6 a	4 88 a 5	4 44 a
Georgetown,	4 87 1/2 a	6 50 a 6 62	6 a 6 12	4 88 a 5	4 44 a 4 50
<i>Rye Flour,</i>	a 2 50	a 4 25	3 50 a 3 75	3 25 a 3 50	2 81 a 3 12
<i>Indian Meal,</i>	a 2 87 1/2	3 12 a 3 25	2 81 a 3	2 56 a 2 62	2 75 a 3
<i>Wheat,</i> per bush.	95 a 1	1 30 a 1 35	1 25 a 1 28	90 a 1	90 a 95
<i>Rye, Northern,</i>	51 a 52	80 a 82	67 a 63	64 a 65	58 a 60
<i>Corn.</i>					
Yellow Northern,	53 a 55	68 a 70	53 a 60	50 a 54	53 a 55
Southern,	50 a 51	45 a 47	53 a 60	50 a 54	53 a 55
<i>Oats,</i>	25 a 35	45 a 50	29 a 35	30 a 31	26 a 28
<i>Oil</i> per gall.					
Linseed, American,	62 a 65	90 a 93	82 a 88	80 a 85	80 a 85
Whale,	30 a 31	39 a	32 a	35 a 36	32 1/2 a 33
Sperm, crude,	95 a	90 a 92	62 1/2 a 65	60 a 63	55 a 56
<i>Wool.</i> per lb.					
Am. Saxony, fleece,	32 a 33	42 a 45	35 a 45	30 a 37	30 a 37
Am. fullblood Meri.	30 a 33	35 a 38	28 a 37	27 a 30	27 a 30
Am. 3/4 and 1/2 "	25 a 30	30 a 33	25 a 33	23 a 26	22 a 26
Am. Native & 1/2 "	20 a 23	20 a 24	18 a 25	18 a 22	18 a 22
Am No. 1, pulled,	28 a 30	32 a 35	25 a 32	25 a 30	23 a 25
Am. No. 2, "	18 a 20	25 a 27	12 1/2 a 25	15 a 18	18 a 20
<i>Tobacco.</i> per lb.					
Rich'd & Petersb'g,	4 a 9	4 a 8	2 1/2 a 6	3 a 5	3 a 5
Kentucky,	4 a 10	5 a 9	3 a 6 1/2	2 1/2 a 5	2 1/2 a 5
Manufact'd., No. 1,	11 a 15	12 a 15	12 a 16	10 a 12	10 a 12
" No. 2,	8 a 11	10 a 11	6 a 10	5 a 10	5 a 10
<i>Rice,</i> per tierce,	3 a 3 31 1/2	3 25 a 3 37	2 50 a 3	2 50 a 3 25	2 12 a 3
<i>Molasses, N. O., gall.</i>	23 a 25	20 a 28	16 a 17	23 a 24	20 a 22
<i>Sugar, N. O., per lb.</i>	4 1/2 a 6	4 1/2 a 7	3 a 5	5 a 6	4 1/2 a 5 1/2

In 1840, owing as much to the abundant production as the contraction of the circulating medium, flour and wheat fell very low. In the same year, the crop of England being short, a good export demand grew up, which was favored by the low prices here. The export of wheat and flour, therefore, reached to 2,250,000 barrels of flour, equivalent to 11,250,000 bushels of wheat. The census gave as the production of that year, 84,000,000 bushels. Consequently, near 10 per cent. was exported. The consequence of so large an export was, that in the succeeding year prices averaged fully one dollar per barrel higher, when equivalent to 8,461,000 bushels were exported. The rise in the price of flour

during that year, when all other articles fell, is very conclusive proof that the full surplus was exported, and that the farmers received full money value under the circumstances. If we consider the crop of 1841 as 90,000,000 bushels only, 6,000,000 in excess of 1840, the rise in price consequent upon the large export made a difference of \$20,000,000 in favor of the farmers, and laid the foundation of a speedy return of prosperity. The effects of this were at once observable in the state of the imports, which for the three last years ending December 31st, have been quarterly as follows, showing the quantity free of duty, and the total dutiable and free.

IMPORTS QUARTERLY INTO THE UNITED STATES FOR THREE YEARS.

	1840.		1841.		1842.	
	Free.	Total.	Free.	Total.	Free.	Total.
First Quarter,	16,270,557	28,934,302	18,617,209	36,243,401	8,506,002	32,931,955
Second Quarter,	12,053,141	22,237,180	17,104,123	31,484,418	8,191,214	26,111,101
Third Quarter,	14,555,631	28,217,025	18,640,429	37,518,028	4,725,537	17,197,898
Fourth Quarter,	11,657,880	22,700,333	8,533,943	23,116,375	6,450,601	13,648,094
Total	\$54,537,209	\$102,088,840	\$62,895,794	\$128,362,222	\$27,873,354	\$89,889,048

The increased means of the masses of the people, consequent upon the large sales of 1840, produced a rapid return of business in 1841; and although banking discredit had advanced in that year, and paper money was further curtailed, the import business swelled 25 per cent. for the year ending December 31st, 1841, and at that time the prices of American produce stood very high in comparison with present rates. Everything indicated a rapid recovery of general trade. That the import for 1841 was not too large, is proved conclusively by the fact, that, although they continued nearly as high through the first two quarters of 1842, exchanges fell in favor of this country at the time, and that influx of specie commenced, which has resulted in adding \$20,000,000 to our stock. Now, through the extra session of Congress, commercial affairs were not meddled with, and the natural vigor and energy of the people were rapidly restoring a high degree of prosperity. At the commencement of the first regular session of the 27th Congress, however, it became apparent that the just spirit of compromise, out of which grew the tariff of 1832, would

be violated at the expiration of the act in July, 1842. Instantly, commerce felt the blighting effect of uncertainty. The merchant became conscious that his property was at the mercy of reckless politicians, and he became cautious in his purchases of domestic produce to send abroad, because Congress was threatening the value of the returns. In the above table of prices it will be observed that almost every article sunk in value. The imports of free goods in the second quarter of 1842, fell off \$9,000,000 as compared with the same quarter of 1741, and \$4,000,000 as compared with 1840. The total imports of the first six months of 1842, were \$8,000,000, less than in the same period of 1841, showing how heavily government interference with individual business preyed upon commerce. During two months of the third quarter of 1842, there was no tariff; in the third month a highly protective tariff was put in operation; that quarter gives a decline of more than \$20,000,000 in business, as compared with the same quarter of 1841. In the fourth quarter the imports were still less and those for the first quarter of 1843, although not yet offi-

cially made up, will exhibit a still farther decline. Thus the last six months of 1843, with the first quarter of 1843, give a decline in imports, as compared with the same periods of the year, equal to \$51,000,000. This decline took place during that period of the preceding year when the large crops, cotton, tobacco and rice go forward to market. Those crops form 70 per cent. of the whole exports in usual years. Thus in 1841, the exports were made up as follows :

Products of the sea, forest and agriculture,	\$23,942,606
Cotton, tobacco, rice,	68,917,151
Domestic manufactures, &c.	10,776,586
	<hr/>
Total exports,	108,363,605
“ imports,	128,362,222

After the cotton rice and tobacco were paid for, there were over \$50,000,000 of imports which were sold here, and the proceeds remitted to Europe in agricultural and manufactured goods. This business was rapidly growing until the twenty-seventh Congress ruthlessly blocked up all those channels of trade, causing the imports to fall off, as above, \$50,000,000 in three months, during which time \$25,000,000 in specie came here, as the proceeds of cotton and tobacco, which England must have on any terms. There was, however, no necessity to send specie for agricultural produce, and when their goods were prevented from coming in, the demand for that produce, as a means of remitting the returns, ceased, and the result is the great fall in money values, which the above table evinces. This great depression in prices is the more remarkable, when we consider that the decline has mostly taken place since July, 1842, during which time money has been becoming hourly more plenty, and has fallen from seven per cent. last year, to loans, in some cases, as low as two-and-a-half per cent. This proves incontrovertibly that it was not the want of means to purchase, but the unwarrantable interference of the Government with the course of trade, that paralyzed business all over the country. The usual winter demand for produce on the seaboard for export, had not taken place, and the opening spring found stocks still good and prices so low as to afford but little inducement to send forward further supplies from the interior.

The small amount of money obtained for most descriptions of produce would scarcely pay the transport to market, leaving no surplus in the hands of the producers to make his purchases. Hence the great source of internal trade was dried up, and the rebound upon the manufacturer was so great that he could not maintain his markets even at a reduction of 25 per cent. in prices, which was the decline on the the same species of goods between July 1842, and May, 1843. The disastrous tariff here sunk goods even below the starvation prices of Manchester, and many cases of New England cottons were sent there to realize upon. Thus every circle of business has felt the weight of the mischief engendered by the twenty-seventh Congress. The shipping interest has thus far been pretty well sustained by the enormous crop of cotton, which has employed near 50 per cent. more tonnage in its transport to Europe than in the previous year. That has nearly all gone forward, and for the remainder of the fiscal year the marine interests will feel the want of the homeward freights.

The great abundance of money which at once produced a great stock speculation here, has failed to produce its wonted effects upon general business, because of the unwise restrictions imposed upon our foreign relations. The pretence for the present tariff has been “protection,” but its projectors seem to have been well aware, that unaccompanied by a paper bank, its effects would be “destructive.” With a National Bank and paper machinery in full play, the first effects of the unnatural and sudden repletion of coin would be to stimulate a corresponding enormous inflation and rise in prices, during which manufacturers and others would dispose of their stocks on hand at high rates, and large fortunes would be made by the juggle. This was the case in 1832, and the bubble then created rolled on until it burst in 1836-7. Now, however, there is no National Bank, and several large States are comparatively without banks. Hence the scheme is in danger of complete failure.

The large sums of money in the Atlantic banks are wanted in the interior of the country for circulation, but it can reach there only through the activity of the produce markets. In the stock market activity is immediately produced, because the banks, loaning to

dealers money on pledge of them, create a great and effective demand. The stocks are taken out of the hands of needy owners and deposited in the banks. The money thus drawn out of the banks finds its way very slowly into other branches of business. When there is no adequate foreign vent for agricultural produce, a similar effect can be brought about only very slowly. As soon as a rise is effected on the seaboard, the impulse runs through the whole country, carrying with it large sums of money, which becomes distributed in all the channels of circulation. This natural result has been re-

tarded in an eminent degree by the uncertainty attending legislative action. The indomitable energies of the American people may be checked, but cannot be controlled for any length of time. The internal navigation presents already a degree of activity scarcely ever before equalled, and the tolls on all the great public works present a great excess over those for the same period last year. With a permanent return to the republican principle of a purely revenue tariff, without restrictions or special privileges, the swelling volume of American wealth would soon overshadow that of assembled Europe.

NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Classical Essays on Ancient Literature and Art, with the Biography and Correspondence of Eminent Philologists. By **BAMAS SEARS**, President of Newton Theological Institution; **B. B. EDWARDS**, Professor in Andover Theological Seminary; **C. C. FELTON**, Professor in Harvard University. Boston: Gould, Kendall, and Lincoln, 59 Washington-street. 1843.

This work appears to have been prepared primarily with a view of quickening the taste of the American public for classical studies, and indirectly to show the tendency of the German mind, and the habits it has adopted in the culture of ancient learning during the last half century. For the first end, this work is written too much in the spirit of idolatry. There has been no proper transmutation of the classic life and strength into modern formulas, no discrimination of the beauties from the deformities of ancient speculation, but the whole pagan dispensation of the classic era is made the burden of an unconditional panegyric. The days of such advocacy are past. Who would now advance the cause of classical learning must show some practical and definite advantage to accrue from their study, some result that can be weighed and measured. Such relationship between the past and the present should be established, that from their

combined lights we may discern more clearly our way into the future, for it is the future the Americans are always looking, not enough perhaps to the past, and certainly not enough to the present. Herodotus somewhere tells of a people of Asia, who promised the crown to him who should first behold the break of day. All looked towards the East. One, however, more sagacious than the rest, fixed his eyes in the opposite direction, and while the East was all buried in utter darkness, he discerns in the western horizon the first rays of the harbinger of day lighting up the summit of a distant tower.

We conceive that if we should turn to the past for its instruction and advice, for the same purposes that this shrewd Asiatic turned to the western tower, we may be assisted by it in anticipating the future. We should look at ancient institutions and ancient literature, not to imitate, but more frequently to avoid. To see by the fact of ancient errors, ways and means of preventing their re-appearance. Unless approached in that spirit, the popularity of ancient writers is a curse rather than a benediction.

This is, we believe, substantially the public feeling with us, and until the habit of advocating classical studies by indiscriminate praise of what the ancients said and did is abandoned, the public

feeling will not undergo any material change in their favor. So entirely practical, and we think sensible, are the opinions of Americans getting to be, that we are confident no defence of the ancients can ever again elevate them, among the American people, to the dignity of examples or of authorities upon any of the more important questions that agitate modern society. For this reason we do not believe that the work before us, which is conceived throughout in an idolatrous spirit, will materially elevate the condition of classical learning among us. Who, for instance, that has any idea of its true vocation, would think of asking the following question which is presented in the Introduction, with the view of showing the importance of reading the ancients in the original instead of a translation:—"So of law and political science. Who has laid the best foundation for statesmanship, the man that has patiently studied Demosthenes, Thucydides, and Polybius, in the original, or he whose knowledge is made up from Langhorne's Plutarch, and Mitford's jaundiced History?"

The idea of an American of the nineteenth century studying statesmanship either in Thucydides, or Langhorne's Plutarch, is almost as grotesque, as if he were to set about studying astronomy in Ptolemy's "Great Construction," or botany in the "History of Plants," of Theophrastus.

It is not, then, its direct advocacy of classic learning which gives this book its value, but as showing the achievements of modern German scholarship in that direction, and as presenting some of its most valuable observation and criticism in a language to which we all have access, we welcome this book with our warmest acknowledgments. It is composed chiefly of dissertations and essays upon ancient literature and art, by Jacobs and Hand, and what is to us far more interesting, of a large mass of correspondence upon philological subjects, between some of the greatest philologists probably that the world has ever seen. Among which we may enumerate RHUNKEN, RITTER, ERNESTI, HEYNE, KANT, TYRWHITT, VOSS, WOLF, LARCHER, WITTENBACK, BECK, CREUZER, MATTHIAE, BEKKER, SCHUTZ, HERMANN, PASSOW, and a multitude of others equally distinguished. We are presented with over a hundred of these letters, which have been translated from various collections of their authors' correspondence, and which abound not only in valuable suggestions upon different points of literary interest, but also in all that personal incident which usually

renders the letters of great men the most fascinating portion of their works. In addition to this correspondence, which occupies about one-third of the volume, we have the Inaugural Discourse delivered by Jacobs on entering, we presume, upon his professorship at Munich. The subject is "*The Study of Classical Antiquity.*" From the same illustrious critic we have three other very valuable essays. One upon the "*Wealth of the Greeks in Works of Plastic Art.*" Another upon "*The Superiority of the Greek Language in the Use of its Dialects,*" and third, and far the most interesting of them all, upon the "*Education of the Moral Sentiment among the Ancient Greeks.*" We have also here a very profound analytical history of the Latin language by Hand, who ranks among the first Latin scholars in Germany, and succeeded Passon at Weimar, and was afterwards appointed to a professorship in Jena.

These comprehend all the translations in the present volume, but by no means all of its valuable contents. Besides the notes, which give brief but very important biographical notices of all the distinguished scholars whose works and whose letters have been extracted by the editors of this volume, we have two exceedingly useful historic dissertations, one upon the "Schools of German Philology," by President Sears, and the other upon the "Schools of Philology in Holland," by Professor Edwards. We have no doubt these dissertations will prove to most of the readers of this book, as it has to us, its most instructive and most convenient portion. They have made us for the first time personally acquainted with men whom we have hitherto found it exceeding difficult to invest with any of the ordinary attributes of humanity.

In conclusion, we must say that we have not seen any book of miscellany in a long time, the perusal of which has yielded us so much pleasure. We commend it earnestly to the attention of every man of elevated taste and liberal culture, though we know full well that no recommendation of ours should add currency to any work which comes endorsed by the elegant and accomplished scholars to whose taste, to whose learning, and to whose industry, the public are indebted for the preparation of this. Our only wonder is that they could have permitted such a puerile, unreasonable, trashy "Introduction," to be bound up with the rest of the work. It has no one conceivable claim for a place in such society.

Lectures on Magdalenism; its Nature, Extent, Effects, Guilt, Causes and Remedy. By Rev. RALPH WARDLAW, D.D. Delivered and published by special request of forty ministers of the Gospel, and eleven hundred fellow-Christians. First American from second Glasgow edition. New York: J. S. Redfield, Clinton Hall. Boston: Saxton, Peirce & Co. 1843. 16mo. pp. 172.

We looked into a few of the pages of the earlier chapters of this most painfully interesting little work, till in very sickness of heart, at the portraiture there drawn of the nature, extent and effects of that hideous and awful national disease, we turned from them and sought some relief in that portion which purports to treat of its "remedy." Alas, there is but little comfort to be found there, in the miserably petty expedients of alleviation, which are all it has to suggest! Of what avail your charitable projects and establishments, your Female Refuges, and manifold Moral Reform institutions, while the great root of the evil remains untouched, in that false organisation of society which is for ever keeping down in the dust of degradation, and the starvation of vainly toiling destitution, not only the great majority of the whole human family, but, with a peculiar weight of oppression, its weaker and tenderer half! What avail they all! To individual cases they may doubtless bring incalculable good; and for the sake of those individual cases they are well worthy of all the time, labor and money that benevolence can bestow upon them. But as a "remedy" for the great disease itself—as well undertake the task of emptying the ocean through a goose-quill. However, we have no doubt that a remedy is yet to be brought about, in the development of that Providence whose combined prophecy and instrumentation are found in Christianity; but it will be incidentally attendant upon other social changes, much more than the immediate effect of any of those partial and petty palliatives about which these worthy and pious men busy themselves so zealously. God speed the day on!—and the publication of this work, superficial as it is, as well as of several others of the same general character, within a recent period, (of which that of Parent-Duchatelet is the most remarkable), is one of the influences calculated to advance it, by forcing thousands to that painful and reluctant necessity to which so few yield, namely, to open their eyes and ears, and see and hear a little of all that surrounds every step of their own daily life of comfort and content.

Psychology, or the Embodiment of Thought; with an Analysis of Phreno-Magnetism, "Neurology," and Mental Hallucination, including Rules to govern and produce the Magnetic State. By ROBERT H. COLLYER, M. D., Member of Massachusetts Medical Society, &c. Zieber & Co. Philadelphia.

This pamphlet, in the form of a letter to Dr. Winslow Lewis, of Boston, has been elicited by the articles that have appeared in this Review in relation to "Neurology," &c. Its author, well known as a lecturer on Animal Magnetism, denies to either Dr. Buchanan, or to the Rev. La Roy Sunderland, the merit of having been the first to discover the separate excitability of the different phrenological organs of the brain. Dr. Collyer shows that he performed similar experiments, on patients in the mesmeric state, as early as May 15th, 1841, before large public audiences in Boston, the idea having been suggested by Dr. Shattuck of that city. Mr. Sunderland's discovery of the same fact was not till August 5th. Dr. Collyer states, however, that he has subsequently abandoned that ground, being satisfied that the effects are produced mesmerically by the operation of the *will* of the person acting. He therefore attacks Dr. Buchanan's peculiar theory of "Neurology," as imaginary and false. He states a number of striking mesmeric effects produced by him before large audiences; dwelling particularly on that of the injection of the thought of one brain into that of another person in a manner similar to some of the well-known performances of oriental magic. Those interested in these curious subjects of inquiry will do well to look at his pamphlet, which may be had at the office of the Sun, in New York, and of Redding & Co., Boston.

Bankrupt Stories. Edited by HARRY FRANCO. Parts 1 and 2. The Haunted Merchant. New York: Published by John Allen, 139 Nassau street. 1843.

This very clever tale, by one of our cleverest tale writers, which originally appeared in the *Knickerbocker*, is now republished in numbers, as the commencement of a series designed to extend to eight or ten other stories, under a general title which is certainly calculated to commend them to a very numerous class of readers, at the same time that it will afford a wide range for materials of the most exciting interest. One recommendation they have, in addition to their own

intrinsic merit, which in these latter days is worthy of particular mention,—that while very cheap in price, they are well printed, in a large clear type and fair white paper; so that when a few years hence every third person to be met will be suffering from disease in the eyes, their publisher at least will feel his conscience free from the responsibility of having contributed to the national ophthalmia.

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The Pomological Magazine. By CHARLES W. ELLIOTT. Cincinnati: Published by U. P. James. June, 1843.

This is the first number of a bi-monthly periodical which can scarcely fail to prove highly acceptable to all who interest themselves in the cultivation of fruits. It is to be devoted exclusively to the culture of choice fruits, each number containing five engravings of such, with descriptions, and two pages of other matter, consisting of short essays upon the history, culture, and diseases of fruit trees, drawn from the best experience. The fruits contained in the present number are the Beurre D'Areberg Pear, the Washington Plum, the Baldwin Apple, the Elton Cherry, and the Detroit Apple. Its editor is a gentleman of fine intelligence and accomplishment, whom the more congenial attractions of country life have withdrawn from the crowd of cities, to the cultivation of those pursuits which have peculiarly qualified him for the editorship of the present publication. The agents of the work in New York are Wiley & Putnam; and we feel fully assured that it will well repay its subscription price (two dollars a year) to all who may feel interested in taking a work of this character.

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Gardening for Ladies; and Companion to the Flower-Garden. By Mrs. LONDON. First American, from the third London Edition. Edited by A. J. DOWNING, Author of A Treatise on Landscape Gardening, Cottage Residences, &c. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1843. 12mo. pp. 347.

This is just the book that was wanted by many thousands of fair horticulturists,

anxious to indulge the beautiful taste and healthful enjoyment to which, as its title imports, it is designed to minister, yet sadly deficient in that practical combined with scientific knowledge, necessary to make its labors at once successful and agreeable. In the preface, it is planned and arranged precisely for those who know but little if anything on the subject, yet would desire both to know and to do a great deal,—the author having herself found herself in that exact situation, on her marriage with a gentleman well known by his publications to be mainly absorbed in this and kindred pursuits. It is illustrated with a great number of instructive drawings; and its American Editor, by thus bringing it out, has added largely to the public gratitude to which his own former works had so well entitled him.

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The Fortunes of Hector O'Halloran, and his Man, Mark Antony O'Toole. By W. H. MAXWELL, &c., &c. With 23 Illustrations by J. Leech. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway. Philadelphia: George S. Appleton, 148 Chestnut street. 1843. 8vo. pp. 412.

We have before noticed this amusing and exciting Irish story, on the appearance of its monthly parts. It is now issued in its complete form, in a handsome octavo, making one of the most readable books of its class.

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The Complete Poetical Works of John Milton; with Explanatory Notes, and a Life of the Author, by the Rev. H. Stebbing, A. M.; to which is prefixed Dr. Channing's Essay on the Poetical Genius of Milton. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway. Philadelphia: George S. Appleton, 148 Chestnut-st. 1843. 12mo. pp. 562.

The Appletons have here added Milton to their cheap series of the Classic Poets, in the same neat and compendious form with those already before the public, Cowper, Scott, and Burns. We can only bid them go on and "be not weary in well doing."

LITERARY BULLETIN.

AMERICAN.

Literary news for the month is comparatively unimportant; the following comprise its principal items:—The new production by Mrs. Ellis, announced in our previous number, has just appeared, printed uniformly with the beautiful library edition of this popular writer's former works, by the Langleys. It is entitled, "A Voice from the Vintage, on the Force of Example, addressed to those who think and feel." No person we suppose will have failed to possess himself of a copy of this charming little work, and we need only say, that the Publishers have added to its charms by the elegant garb in which it is ushered forth to the American public. The same firm have also just published, uniform with the other works of this favorite writer, "Poetry of Life," a work of great beauty, and that which first laid the foundation for the great popularity which has attended all her after productions. The forthcoming work by Dr. Pereira, on "Food and Diet, &c.," edited by Dr. C. A. Lee, is progressing, and will probably be completed before we issue our next Number. This book, about which we hear considerable speculation in the scientific world, is said to be one of high expectations and interest. The same firm are printing this work in elegant style; they are also on the eve of issuing the First Number of a New Medical Periodical, to be styled "The New York Journal of Medicine, &c.," edited by Samuel Forry, M.D., a writer who has rendered himself eminent among his professional brethren by his elaborated philosophical productions on the laws of climates, &c. One of the most unique and attractive forthcoming productions will be the Life of the octogenarian chief, General Jackson, by Amos Kendall. The work is to be compiled under the supervision and inspection of the General, who will impart much important elucidation to documents of value to the nation, which would otherwise possibly fail to interest the reader.

Adams's beautifully illuminated Bible is soon to appear; 150 of the plates have been handed in to the Publishers, (Harper & Brothers), and although we think it questionable taste

to print the edition in the obsolete form of *folio*, as well as to incorporate the *Apocrypha*, it will certainly notwithstanding prove a magnificent work of art, from the specimens we have seen of the designs of Chapman and Adams. It is certes a great day for Biblical embellishments. Two other works of a kindred class are on the *tapis*. One is Redfield's edition of the "London Pictorial Bible," which is to be completed in 16 Numbers, price twenty-five cents each. This will be the cheapest illustrated Bible ever offered to the American public; and as the embellishments which number something over a thousand, are fac-similies of the celebrated London edition, which cost about four times the sum, we suppose few will disregard such an opportunity for securing a copy of the work. The other work to which we allude is, Sears' "New and Complete History of the Bible," deduced from the labors of the most renowned biblical scholars of all countries, incorporated with numerous original and curious embellishments, engraved by the first artists. This work will be peculiar and highly attractive; it will not only form an admirably illustrated Commentary of the sacred text—the quintessence of the ablest writers on the subjects extant, but it will also present one of the most valuable contributions to religious literature which has perhaps ever appeared. It is to be comprised in about 1000 pages, 8vo., and will be ready during the present month. Sears' excellent "Family Magazine," still progresses with signal success; its pages are rife with the best cullings from the best writers on every variety of useful and instructive reading.

Riker of this city has just produced a very admirable little manual, entitled "A School Dictionary of Roots and Derivatives, designed to train Children in Tracing the Origin of Words," by Theodore Dwight, Jr. We commend this work to the especial notice of teachers generally, who will find in it much that is curious and labor-saving in the instruction of youth. The same publisher has nearly ready, a new and elegant Annual, called *The Opal*, to be embellished with nine Plates, and the contributions by the ablest American writers.

Messrs, Wiley and Putnam (New York and London), have in press and will publish in a few days, Mr. Folsom's translations of the "Despatches of Hernando Cortes to the Emperor Charles V., containing A Narrative of the Conquest of Mexico, &c." This is the first appearance of this highly interesting work in the English language, and coming in a most authentic shape, it cannot fail to excite great attention. The histories of Spanish discovery and conquest in America have been generally written by Englishmen; this work is from the hands of the conqueror himself, who, like Julius Cæsar, describes his own campaigns, and narrates the romantic incidents of a conquest which seems to have been effected by almost miraculous means. We look with impatience for the appearance of this important and interesting publication.

"The Christian Lady's Magazine," edited by the celebrated Charlotte Elizabeth, is to appear July 1, from the periodical press of Mr. Mason, whose popular reprints of the English Reviews afford a sufficient assurance of his judicious selection of the above named new work as an addition to his series.

Carey & Hart have in press the following valuable works:—"The Life of Sir David Wilkie," by Allan Cunningham. "Childe Harold," splendidly illustrated. "Operative Surgery, or a Description and Demonstration of the various processes of the Art, including all the new Operations, and exhibiting the state of Surgical Science in its present advanced condition, with upwards of seventy Plates, containing more than one hundred and fifty separate Illustrations," by Joseph Pancoast.—"The Anatomy, Physiology, and Diseases of the Teeth and Gums, with the most approved methods of Treatment, including Operations, and a General Account of the method of making and setting Artificial Teeth," by Paul Beck Goddard, in one quarto volume, with thirty beautifully executed Plates. ♦ "The Principles and Practice of Medicine," by John Elliotson, M. D., greatly enlarged, and adapted to the United States.—"Wagner's Physiology," with Notes and Additions.—"A New and Complete French and English, and English and French Dictionary, on the basis of the Royal Dictionary, English and French and French and English; compiled from the Dictionaries of Johnson, Todd, Ash, Webster, and Crabbe, from the last edition of Chambaud, Garner, and J. Descaurriers, the sixth edition of the Academy, the

supplement to the Academy, the Grammatical Dictionary of Laveaux, the Universal Lexicon of Boiste, and the standard Technological Works in either Language," by Professors Fleming and Tibbins, with additions by Charles Picot, Esq.—"Critical and Miscellaneous Writings of James Stephen, Esq.," containing his articles on "Port Royal," "Ignatius Loyola," &c.—"Critical and Miscellaneous Writings of the Rev. Sydney Smith"

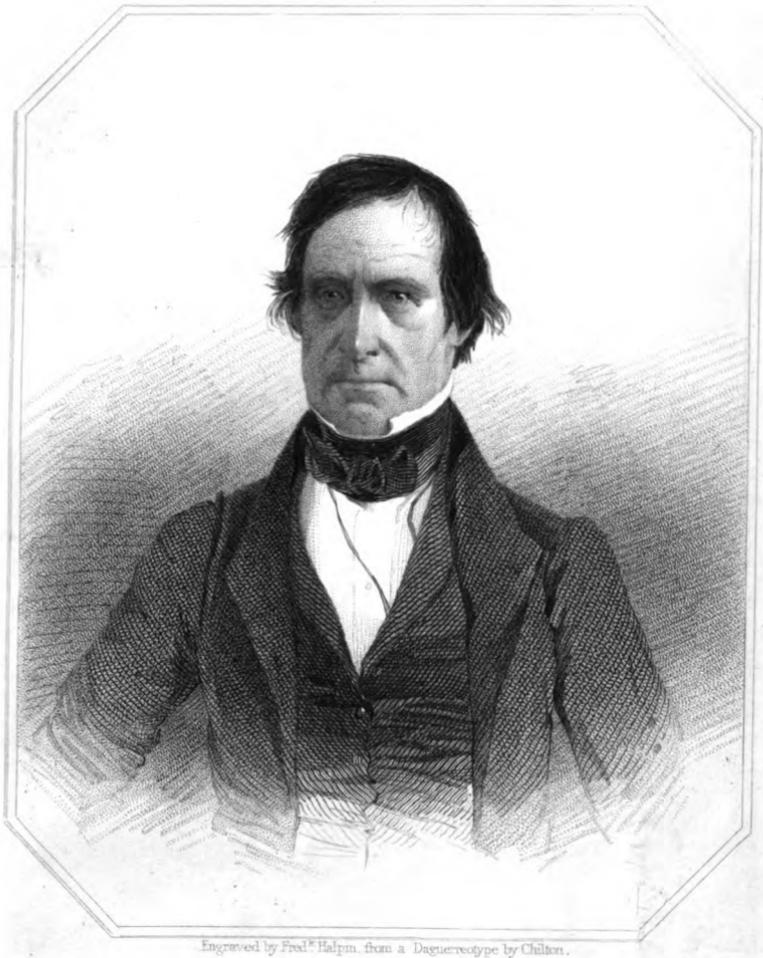
Barrington & Haswell have in press:—Aran's "Practical Manual on Diseases of the Heart and Great Vessels;" Spellman "On Insanity;" Cutler's "Surgeon's Guide," with one hundred cuts; Smith "On Bandaging;" Lee's "Midwifery," with two hundred cuts; Galt's "Practical Medicine;" Dr. Williams's "Principles of Medicine;" Guthrie "On Urinary Organs;" Hall "On Diseases of the Eye;" Taylor's "Medical Jurisprudence."

ENGLISH.

Murray's announcements are as follows:—"The Life and Adventures of Admiral Sir Francis Drake," by John Barron; "The Closing Events of the Campaign in India," by Captain Loch; "Australia and the East," by J. Hood; "Mémorial of the late Lord Sydneyham, comprising his administration in Canada," &c.; "Catholic Safeguards against the Errors, Corruptions, and Novelties of the Church;" "Modern Egypt and Thebes," by W. Atkinson; "Letters from the Bye-ways of Italy;" "Mémoires of Dr. William Smith," the Geologist. Also, a volume under the promising title of "Results of Reading," by J. S. Caldwell.

Several new volumes of the popular series of "Hand-Books," including Loudon's "England, Wales, Spain, Italy," &c.; also, two or three new works by Mrs. Loudon, "Farming for Ladies," "Vegetable Physiology for Ladies," and the "Natural History of Shells.—Two books of travel are just published: "Letters from Madras during a three years' Residence," and "Letters from the Pyrenees," by T. C. Paris.

A new book has just appeared, by Lady Mary Fox, entitled "The Country House." Another is entitled, "The Influence of Aristocracies on the Revolutions of Nations, considered with reference to the Present Circumstances of the British Empire," by J. J. Mackintosh.—A new tragedy, also, entitled "John of Hapsburg," by Richard Lewis.



Engraved by Fred^d Halpin, from a Daguerreotype by Chitton.

William R. King

Entered for the U. S. Magazine & Democratic Review.

J. & H. C. Dugger, New York.

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Alfred H. [unclear]

THE
 UNITED STATES MAGAZINE,
 AND
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THE IRISH REPEAL QUESTION.

THE movement now so deeply agitating Ireland is, in several of its features, too remarkable a passage of contemporaneous history, not to arrest strongly the notice and interest of the general observer, independent of its peculiar claim upon the sympathies of the American democrat. Such a spectacle has certainly never been exhibited before, as that afforded at this moment by that noble and long-suffering people. We have heard a great deal of the power of Public Opinion in the present age,—this movement appears the most complete instance yet witnessed of its embodiment, expression, and application to a particular point of action, as an actual practical force, sufficient to itself and to its object, and fearlessly confident in that sufficiency. If it is carried out to the end as it has been begun, as it has thus far proceeded,—above all, if it shall achieve successfully the great national triumph to which it aspires, preserving still the white robe of its pure moral purpose unstained with the desecrating defilement of blood,—it will exhibit one of the most beautiful, as well as sublime spectacles the world has yet had to witness, in all the history of the perpetual struggle of Man against his Chains.

We watch its course with a deep and anxious interest. Faster and faster, nearer and nearer,—like some noble ship, land-locked on an iron coast, and sweeping on towards the breakers

which it is either to graze in triumphant safety or to strew with the shattered fragments of its wreck,—we behold it approaching the crisis of its fate. It seems scarcely worth while to speculate upon the doubtful issue to which so brief a period must now bring the solution. We can but hold our breath as we strain the eager eye, awaiting the imminent moment that is to decide whether the pent voice shall burst forth in a shout of exulting joy, or find an utterance only in the mournful accents of lament. But possibly meanwhile, distant and feeble though it may be, a cheer of encouragement may not be wholly useless to strengthen the hearts of the gallant crew; nor should the voice of any American freeman be wanting from that swelling acclamation of sympathy whose peal already burthens every western breeze that sweeps across the Atlantic.

God save and speed them! What should any of us care though their great leader should so little understand all the bearings of a difficult local question of our own, growing out of the peculiar institution respecting which those States possessing it are so nervously sensitive? What if O'Connell, in common with the general sentiment of his country and time, views from his trans-Atlantic distance the subject of American slavery in a light leading him to speak of it in a manner similar to that in which he is at the same time

denouncing the wrongs of England towards his own native land? His abolitionism has nothing to do with the wrongs of Ireland, nor with the remedy for them which she and he are alike struggling after. With all respect to the gentlemen concerned, the demonstrations recently made in some of our Southern cities on this point of offence, by dissolving their Repeal Associations, and withdrawing from the movement of Irish Repeal, all their expressions of sympathy and contributions of more practical aid, for the sole and simple reason of Mr. O'Connell's sentiments and language on this subject, strike us as absurd in the extreme; and as in truth far more injurious to ourselves, than to those against whom, as an act of resentment and hostility, they are directed.

The American reader needs perhaps to be made to understand rather better than is generally the case, the true meaning and merits of this movement, which have indeed been more obscured than illustrated by the speeches and proceedings of some of the recent meetings held in various parts of the country, by its enthusiastic, but rather hasty and hot-headed friends. On some of these occasions we have heard little else than the language of blood and war, as though it were a revolution of violence which was appealing to our sympathies. Donations have been given for buying "powder and ball," and the prospect held out of a "hundred thousand volunteers" ready and eager to follow their pecuniary contributions, to take part in the anticipated struggle of civil war,—with the intimation hinted, that after crossing an ocean it would not be worth while to stop short at a petty channel, while the three million Chartists of England's own tear-bedewed island await but such a signal to rise too against their oppression. Against all this, while we desire to express the sincere and earnest sympathy of American democracy with the cause of Irish emancipation, we cannot omit to record at the same time its equally sincere and earnest protest. Indeed those who thus deal with the subject, prove their own total and gross misconception of the true spirit of the whole movement, to which their misdirected zeal cannot fail to do much more harm than good.

Its highest, its peculiarly ennobling

idea, as on all occasions declared by its head and representative, is its character of Peacefulness. It is purely a moral agitation. Even while it finds one mode of its expression in the collection of the physical masses, on a scale so stupendous as to be scarcely conceivable even to our American imaginations, familiar as we are with vast popular assemblages, it at the same time emphatically discountenances the idea of applying them to any other use, than an intense concentration of that moral power which asserts its own full ability to effect its whole aim; together with a sublime exhibition of the force and unanimity of a national sentiment. If a lion is introduced upon the scene of action, it is by a little child that it is led. Nothing in the nature of rebellion is spoken of, thought of. On the contrary, O'Connell has assumed ground of even extreme Quakerism. He has declared that could he obtain all that he aims at for his country at the expense of a drop of human blood, he would not pay that awful price for it. The military array of the ministry, against the great moral might of a peacefully determined people, he laughs at as no less absurd than brutal. No attempt is made at any kind of organization of a similar character on the popular side, such as have not been unfamiliar to the former history of the same unhappy country. On the contrary, he is constant in his cautions to the people to beware of affording to their adversaries the slightest pretext to charge upon them any violation of the law or disturbance of the peace.

That O'Connell is himself sincere in this position, is doubted by few, we believe, even of those to whom he and all he does are most obnoxious—though whether it will be possible for him to carry out such a system to the end, with all the inflammable materials with which he has to deal, is a very different question. It is one consistent with his declarations and his conduct for many years back, anterior to the present occasion, for which it might otherwise be supposed to have been assumed as a mask for a different design, like a quaker garb cloaking a cuirass. As a powerful opponent of the punishment of death, he has made strong expressions of his sense of the sacred value of human life,—which may well, perhaps, have had its origin in the bitter hour when he

himself beheld an enemy stretched at his feet by the act of his hand. And at the period of the Canada rebellion, he was on frequent occasions severe against what he denounced as the folly as well as crime of the insurgents in having recourse to arms, and launching their cause on a sea of blood, instead of the purer waters of peaceful and legal agitation. There can be no doubt, we repeat, of his sincerity. Whether even his unparalleled degree of power over his countrymen, whose heaving millions he seems to sway as the moon the tides of the ocean, will suffice to restrain them from all the natural impulses of their brave spirits and quick hands, remains yet to be seen. God grant that he may! But if he does, it will be in spite of the difficulties created, or at least increased, by those intemperate friends, here or elsewhere, who, in direct opposition to him and his efforts, send to the Irish people such suggestions and such stimulations as those above alluded to.

The object in view is not, as so many seem to suppose, a dismemberment of the empire, the erection of a distinct national independence for Ireland. In point of population and revenue, indeed, that beautiful island, which has been not more adorned by the loveliness of her daughters than the genius of her sons, would be fully competent to maintain a national position of dignity and importance in the European scale: after the first-rate powers of France, Austria, Russia and Prussia, the only ones that would be entitled to rank on the same level with her being Spain and Turkey. But it is merely a legislative separation that is sought, and not a disjunction from the British empire and crown. The right of local self-legislation, by a domestic parliament, in connection still with a common executive, is what is demanded, such as, indeed, existed in Ireland, in full force, for a period of nearly twenty years anterior to 1800, the date of that act of union of which the abrogation is now sought. And, in fact, O'Connell has even declared himself willing to accept of an inferior local legislature, subject to the paramount control of an imperial parliament, if unable to obtain the full restoration of an equal and independent parliament,—though without any pledge of final contentment

with that instalment of right, if not found to work satisfactorily.

The catalogue of grievances of which the Irish have to complain under the Union, is a longer one than we have space, or than there is any occasion for us to detail. For this purpose, it is unnecessary to go back to the antiquities of the subject, though they too have their bearing upon even the actual present state of the question, from the consistent uniformity of ruthlessness, in every form of plunder and oppression, by which, from the earliest period, the English government of Ireland was characterized; and of which some of the fruits, to the present day, are to be found in that bitter hatred of English domination rankling yet so deeply in the Irish heart. This national *feeling*, even though its earlier roots may have to be sought centuries and centuries ago, in periods whose long-buried atrocities it is a worse than idle task to dig up now, out of the catacombs of the past to the horror and disgust of the present, yet constitutes a living and practical political fact, which the wise statesman cannot cast out of the account as an important element in the present question. And the period is, indeed, so recent down to which the tyrannical rule of Ireland by the "English Ascendency" continued animated by a spirit little better than that of its worst and bloodiest day—the forced relaxation of the chain of oppression, link after link, has been at once so reluctant and so ungracious—the remnants and results of the old treatment, with that relation of conquered subjection and degradation on which it was based, are yet so many and so galling—that it cannot be any subject of surprise that the hereditary transmission of this feeling, still perpetually, in greater or less degree, renewed and refreshed, should have thus kept it alive, and so deeply and thoroughly woven it into the texture of the national character.

The history of the Act of Union itself, too, while so recent as to be within the memory of many who can relate the recollections of those dark and disastrous days, and traditionally familiar to the whole people, presents such a mass of abomination and atrocity, of which that act was the object and the result, that it may be said itself alone to constitute the sufficient motive for

its own repeal. It should be undone, if for no other, because it was so foully done. This is a point which no one now pretends seriously to controvert;—the utmost extent to which even the least scrupulous hireling advocacy can proceed, is to palliate or doubt some of the worst of its worst features. The advantage taken of the exhausted and broken condition of the country when it lay prostrate after the rebellion as after a fresh conquest—the reign of terror of that period, with all its massacres, military and judicial, and its fearful decimation of all that was best, bravest and most patriotic in Ireland—the cold-blooded art with which that unhappy event had been even fomented by the government, through its agents and spies in the councils of the United Irishmen, suffering it to mature to the point of explosion, instead of arresting it at an earlier stage, for the purpose of securing the more victims the more effectually within the halter's noose, a policy attended with frightful fruits of bloodshed that might have been avoided,—and then the mingled fraud and force applied to cram the act of union down the throats of the Irish parliament—the denied application of about five millions of dollars to the work of bribery, and six millions to that of the purchase of boroughs (money which Ireland was herself afterwards made to pay!), in addition to an indefinite distribution of offices and honors—the armed prohibition of all public meetings for protest against the measure, and the variety of modes resorted to, to punish those who exerted themselves in getting up petitions against it—the mode in which, when the first trial of even all this gigantic machinery of wholesale corruption and intimidation failed in securing the requisite majority, many whom government had been unable to bring to the point of selling outright their votes against their country, were at least bought to resign their seats, which were then filled by aliens, many of whom were its naval and military officers, and all its creatures; so that when the measure was at last carried, the number of these exceeded that of the majority by which the infamous policy of Castlereagh and Pitt was at last forced through to its foul triumph—who, who can rise from the perusal of this revolting chapter of the history of the Union, without assenting to the

argument that it constitutes in itself the sufficient reason for its own repeal? It is no wonder that the Irish should continue to cherish an inextinguishable hostility to that legislative union which rested on such an origin for its basis, and be eager and resolute to seize upon the first opportunity for its abrogation. It was too deeply, too radically tainted with immorality to live. If there is such a principle of divine retribution in politics as in every other department of human affairs, by which great wrongs entail their own punishment and redress, by an inevitable reaction issuing out of themselves, it would seem impossible, it would seem a violation of all natural justice and right, that the eventual triumph of successful permanency should crown and consummate such an act as this.

To these considerations should moreover be added that of the essential incompetency of the Irish parliament thus to give away their country—to surrender up its nationality—to extinguish the political existence of their own body, and, indeed, the constitution of which they constituted the main vital element. Even had that parliament been a true representative of the nation, instead of its mere landed and Protestant interest, to the exclusion of the great bulk of the people, it could never possess such a power or faculty. This point was thus eloquently urged in that body itself by the celebrated Mr. Plunket, afterwards Lord Plunket:

“*SIR*.—I, in the most express terms, deny the competency of parliament to do this act. I warn you, do not dare to lay your hands on the constitution. I tell you that if, circumstanced as you are, you pass this act, it will be a mere nullity, and no man in Ireland will be bound to obey it. I make the assertion deliberately. I repeat it. I call on any man who hears me to take down my words. You have not been elected for this purpose. You are appointed to make laws, and not legislatures; you are appointed to execute the functions of legislators, and not to transfer them; you are appointed to act under the constitution, and not to alter it; if you do so, your act is a dissolution of the government—you resolve society into its original elements, and no man in the land is bound to obey you. *SIR*, I state doctrines that are not merely founded on the immutable laws of truth and reason; I state not merely the opinions of the ablest and wisest men who have written on the science of govern-

went; but I state the practice of our constitution as settled at the era of the revolution, and I state the doctrine under which the house of Hanover derives its title to the throne. Has the King a right to transfer his crown? Is he competent to annex it to the crown of Spain, or any other country? No; but he may abdicate it, and every man who knows the constitution knows the consequence—the right reverts to the next in succession. If they all abdicate it reverts to the people. The man who questions this doctrine, in the same breath must denounce the sovereign on the throne as an usurper. Are you competent to transfer your legislative rights to the French Council of Five Hundred? Are you competent to transfer them to the British parliament? I answer—No! if you transfer you abdicate, and the great original trust reverts to the people, from whom it issued. Yourself you may extinguish, but parliament you cannot extinguish. It is enthroned in the hearts of the people—it is enshrined in the sanctuary of the constitution—it is as immortal as the island which it protects. As well might the frantic suicide hope that the act which destroys his miserable body should extinguish his eternal soul! Again, I therefore warn you—Do not dare to lay your hands on the constitution; it is above your powers.”

And how flagrantly, how openly in contempt of the will of the people, thus betrayed and sold by those who had no constitutional authority even for their own act of corrupt treachery, was this measure carried, is manifest enough from the following extract from a speech of Lord Grey, in 1800. It should be borne in mind how much the force of its testimony is increased by the consideration of all the difficulties opposed by the government to the popular petitioning against the union, dispersing with the military all public meetings convened for the purpose :

“Twenty-seven counties have petitioned against the measure. The petition from the county of Down is signed by upwards of 17,000 respectable independent men, and all the others are in a similar proportion. Dublin petitioned, under the great seal of the city, and each of the corporations in it followed the example. Drogheda petitioned against the union, and almost every other town in the kingdom, in like manner, testified its disapprobation. Those in favor of the measure, professing great influence in the country, obtained a few counter petitions. Yet,

though the petition from the county of Down was signed by 17,000, the counter petition was signed only by 415. Though there were 707,000 who had signed petitions against the measure, the total number of those who declared themselves in favor of it did not exceed 3,000, and many even of these only prayed that the measure might be discussed. If the facts I state are true (and I challenge any man to falsify them), could a nation in more direct terms express its disapprobation of a political measure than Ireland has done of a legislative union with Great Britain? In fact, the nation is nearly unanimous, and this great majority is composed, not of bigots, fanatics, or jacobins, but of the most respectable of every class in the community.”

One point alone remains which it is worth while to add, to complete this evidence of the fact that the union was not the act of the Irish people, and that it was perfectly understood by those whose atrocious criminality of fraud and violence succeeded in riveting its fetters upon their necks. It is, that in 1797, when the country was threatened with a rebellion, the military force in Ireland was but 78,995; in 1798, it was 91,995; in 1799, it was 114,052; and in 1800, two years *after* the rebellion, when the union was carried, it increased to 129,258 soldiers,—as O’Connell styles them, quoting from Lord Stafford’s celebrated phrase, “good lookers-on.”

But does Ireland possess under the union such advantages as should constitute practical present reason for forgiving and forgetting the past, and acquiescing in a result for the origin of which there is no living generation now to be held responsible? The answer to this question is easily found, in the present wretched state of her people, one-third of whom are kept down at or close to the very starving point; in the almost total decay of the commerce and manufactures which, during the period of her independent legislation, from 1782 to 1800, were active and prosperous; in the discrimination constantly made against Ireland, by the imperial parliament, to the advantage of England and Scotland, in the extension of measures of popular reform, and other important acts of legislation; in the inferiority of influence always accorded to Irish members by the British ministries and parliament, in comparison

with that exercised by those of English constituencies; in the offensive and injurious reluctance habitual to parliament to giving the proper time and attention to Irish legislation, so as to make it not unfrequently necessary to appeal to their shame to gain their ear at all; in the insignificant proportion in which Irishmen are to be found admitted within the whole range of the public employments and offices, from the highest to the lowest, the cases of exception being often those earned only by infidelity to the cause of their country; in the enormous drain, perpetually flowing like a wasting issue of blood, consequent on the absenteeism, caused mainly by the withdrawal of the legislature, and the entire provincial character thus fastened on the country; in the juggling oppression by which, in spite of the most solemn pledges at the union, the English debt, by the consolidation of the two exchequers in 1817, was saddled also upon Ireland; by the slowness with which even such a measure of justice as the Catholic Emancipation Act was extorted from English legislation, which would have been long before granted by any local parliament of even Protestants; in the continued maintenance of the Church Establishment, a most galling as well as oppressive badge of conquest, at enormous national expense, and in spite of the conscientious and profound hostility of seven-eighths of the people; and—to pause in the unending enumeration—in the vast disparity existing between Ireland and the “sister island” in the proportionate numbers of representatives in parliament, as well as in the extension of the franchise among the people. We will not lengthen this Article by going into the illustrations of all these various points, which lie ready enough at hand, with only the *embarras de richesses*. The last one, however, is one likely to be peculiarly appreciated by the American reader, accustomed as he is to feel the right to a fair and equal participation in his own representative self-government, a right so precious and so prized as to be secondary to no considerations of expediency.

During the debates on the English Reform Bill in 1830, it was unanswerably shown by Mr. O’Connell, that on a just computation of the elements on which it was admitted that parliament-

ary representation should be based—namely population, exports, imports, revenue, and rental, estimated comparatively with England—Ireland was entitled to at least 176 members, whereas the number actually allowed her was only 105. In his recent speech in the debate on this subject in the Corporation of Dublin, some statements were exhibited of the effect of this gross inequality of representation in particular localities, from which we derive the following. Wales, with a population of 800,000, has 28 members; in the county of Cork the rural population is 713,716, who are represented by only two members. So likewise the county Mayo, with half the population of Wales, has only two. The following table compares five English with the same number of Irish counties, the latter being printed in italic :

Counties.	Population.	M'b'rs.
Leicestershire,	197,276	4
<i>Tipperary,</i>	390,598	2
Northampton,	179,276	4
<i>Down,</i>	337,571	2
Worcestershire,	211,356	4
<i>Galway,</i>	381,407	2
Wiltshire,	239,181	4
<i>Tyrone,</i>	302,945	2
Aggregate English,	953,770	20
<i>Aggregate Irish,</i>	2,116,177	10

That is to say, where one member is allotted to less than 48,000 of English population, the same only is allotted to upward of 211,000 of “*mere Irish*,” making one of the former equivalent to about *four and a half* of the latter. And the following exhibits the disparity in the numbers of electors in the two countries, which ought to bear in both a similar ratio to the numbers of the rural population. It is for three counties in each country similarly arranged as above :

Counties.	Rural pop.	Reg. elec.
Westmoreland,	43,464	4,392
<i>Cork,</i>	713,716	3,835
Bedford,	88,524	3,966
<i>Antrim,</i>	316,909	3,487
Hereford,	95,977	5,031
<i>Galway,</i>	381,564	3,061
Aggregate English,	227,965	13,389
<i>Aggregate Irish,</i>	1,412,189	10,383

That is to say, the elective franchise-

is so arranged that while in the above English counties (and we have no means at hand for a more extended comparison), it is possessed by one in every seventeen of the rural population, in the Irish counties it is possessed by only one in every 136—making one of the former equivalent to *eight* of the latter.

In illustration of the allusion above made to the disfavor shown by English government to Ireland and the Irish in all the patronage of public employment, we are induced to quote the following article from a recent number of the "Dublin Mail":

"ENGLISH PATRONAGE OF IRISHMEN.

"We need not persevere in re-stating our own crude views, opposed as they evidently are to those of a 'heaven-born minister,' but we may just mention that,

"The Archbishop of Dublin is an Englishman.

"The Chief Administrator of the Irish poor-law is an Englishman.

"The Paymaster of Irish Civil Services is a Scotchman.

"The Chief Commissioner of Irish Public Works is an Englishman.

"The Teller of the Irish Exchequer is an Englishman.

"The Chief Officer of the Irish Constabulary is a Scotchman.

"The Chief Officer of the Irish Post-Office is an Englishman.

"But the Times may perhaps observe, 'True, but all this is only the elucidation of our plan for unbarring the gates of preferment unsparingly, impartially, and honestly.' Scotchmen and Englishmen are placed in office in Ireland, and Irishmen, in return, in Scotland and England, in order to draw closer the bonds of Union between the three united nations. Again let us see how facts actually stand. There are—

"Cabinet Ministers—Englishmen, 10, Scotchman, 3—Irishmen, 0.

"Lords of the Treasury—Englishmen, 4—Scotchman, 1—Irishman, 1.

"Secretaries of the Treasury—Englishman, 1.—Scotchman, 1.

"Clerks of the Treasury—Englishmen or Scotchmen, 11—2 Mr. Fitzgerald [quere an Irishman], 1.

"Members of the Lord Steward's and Lord Chamberlain's departments of the Royal Household—Englishmen and Scotchmen, 225—Irishmen, 4.

"British Ministers to Foreign Courts—Englishmen and Scotchmen, 131—Irishmen, 4.

"Collector of Excise is a Scotchman.

"Head of the Revenue Police is an Englishman.

"Second in command is a Scotchman.

"Persons employed in the collection of the customs, &c., are English and Scotchmen—in the proportion of thirty-five to one. "Poor-Law Commissioners—Englishmen, 3—Irishmen, 0.

"We presume these facts show that the natives of the three kingdoms are all placed upon an equal footing, the chances of access to preferments to an Englishman or Scotchman in Ireland, being, in the few instances that have occurred to us while writing, as 6 to 0; while the probability of an Irishman obtaining place in England appears, from an analogous calculation, to be in the proportion of 491 to 10, or as 1 to 50."

A few figures, which we derive from the very able and ample debate in the corporation of Dublin, above referred to, will exhibit in a strong light the comparative prosperity of the country at the two periods, the one of self-legislation from 1782 to the Union, and the other under the Union. The number of tradesmen in Dublin in 1800 was 61,075; the number existing in 1834 was 14,446,—of whom there were then idle 4,412, showing a decrease of 51,041. The reports of the Repeal Association abound with evidence respecting the decay of manufactures, not in Dublin alone, but in all parts of the island, and afford unequivocal proof that the main sources of occupation are cut off from the great body of the people. The exports of live cattle and corn have also increased, and that in a great degree. While the aggregate of all exports remains about the same, there has been a large increase of the population, and the nature of the exports has in a great degree changed, from articles representing industry and profitable employment for large masses, to live provisions, representing but little of such employment, and now withdrawn from the sustenance of those who produce them, to minister to the foreign luxuries of their absentee landlords. The returns of one of the great cattle fairs show this point very strikingly. At Ballynasloe Fair the quantities of sheep and horned cattle for two several years were as follows:

Year.	Sheep.	Horned Cattle
1799	77,900	9,900
1835	62,400	8,500

Taking Ballynasloe as an index, Ireland had for sale in 1799 more cattle than in 1835. A statement of the exports of cattle in those same years shows the following enormous increase:

Year.	Sheep.	Horned Cattle.
1799	800	14,000
1835	125,000	98,000

So that the great bulk of what was consumed by the Irish people themselves in 1799, was exported in 1835. Let the reader put together for himself these three elements of computation, namely,

Great decrease of export of products representing industry;

Great increase in export of live provisions before consumed at home;

Great increase of the population, simultaneous with so much less employment and so much less food;—and he will need no further commentary on the awful fact disclosed by the

Poor Law Commissioners that one-third of the people were starving or subsisting on charity.

The following comparative statements respecting the two countries, (which we put together from tables derived from Mr. Spring Rice's Irish Poor report, the testimony of an enemy), exhibit strikingly the fruits of domestic and of foreign legislation on the general prosperity of a country, as shown in the consumption of the comforts of life. The large increase in all these articles, corresponds with abundant other conclusive evidence of its rapidly rising prosperity within the period in question, on which it is unnecessary to dwell, it being a point undisputed from any quarter. The relative increase in the two countries upon the consumption of tea, coffee, sugar, tobacco, wine, from 1785 to the Union, and again from the Union to 1827, was as follows:

	Before.	After.
	per cent.	per cent.
TEA.—England	45	25
Ireland	84	24
COFFEE.—England	75	1800
Ireland	600	400
SUGAR.—England	53	26
Ireland	57	16
TOBACCO.—England	64	27
Ireland	100	37
WINE.—England	22	24
Ireland	74	45

Decrease.

Decrease.

Upon all these articles the relative increase is *greater* in Ireland than in England within the first period; while within the second the *reverse* is the case,—in the two last articles the decrease in Ireland, notwithstanding the increase in population, points significantly to the increasing poverty of alike the middle and lower classes; and the whole table suggests a salutary lesson to all those who would regard alien legislation as more favorable to the prosperity and growth of a country than independent self-government.

On the shameful way in which Ireland has been cheated in the matter of the public debt, we will not pause to dwell. She has been saddled with a participation in upwards of four hundred millions of England's old debt, in violation of the solemn agreement of the act of union, besides being involved in all the extravagance of England's subsequent wars and debts—in which

she would never have plunged of her own accord. But for the union, the comparatively small debt she brought to it would have been long ago paid from the surplus of her own revenues, inferior as the latter have been to what a continuance of her former prosperity would have made them;—independent of the terrible drain of absenteeism, which has increased, from *five* millions of dollars, to *twenty-five* millions *per annum*.

But enough of all this. It has, perhaps, been unnecessary to our object of satisfying and convincing the American mind of the rightfulness of the present movement of the Irish people, yet it will not have been wholly useless. Great as is the value we Americans attach to abstract political principles, yet the love of order and repose, the conservative spirit, is so strong with us, that we always require something more—actual, practical grievances and

wrongs, heavy to be borne and hopeless of redress—to justify popular movements partaking of a revolutionary character, or at least to excite any very warm sympathy in their behalf. We often boast of our own Revolution as based on a mere principle,—a principle contained, if not in a nut-shell, at least in a tea-cup,—yet it may be more than doubted whether exactly the same history would have had to be written of the Revolution if that principle had been the sole point of issue, instead of crowning, as the apex of a pyramid, the long accumulation of wrongs and resentments of which the enumeration swells the greater part of the Declaration of Independence. We trust that we have said enough, and shown enough, to commend the cause of Irish repeal to the heartiest sympathy of every reader, whether regarding it in the theoretical point of view of a principle, or under the more practical aspect of a substantial and intolerable grievance, from which a nation claims most justly the right to be relieved. The light in which all these results of foreign rule must be regarded by the native eye, the feeling they must awaken in the native heart, it cannot need a word of ours to make more obvious or striking. Connecting themselves as they naturally do with all the traditions of the earlier atrocities of the English domination, in one unbroken chain of consistency in oppression—an oppression modifying only its forms and modes under the moulding influences of varying circumstances, yet ever essentially the same, the same in that hostile rapacity of the spirit in which it has its origin, the same in that result of national desolation in which its true nature stands revealed—they serve to give a pertinency and an uninterrupted modern application to even the worst and the oldest of the past records of English tyranny and Irish suffering. The sentiment, therefore, above spoken, the *feeling*—of national hostility of English rule, which tradition taught from the days when the highways were strewn with the dead green in the mouth from the grass on which perishing hunger sought to prolong life, experience confirms and renews when it points to the fact of one-third of the nation still starving on charity in our own day. Like causes, like effects—like effects, like causes. The two distant points of time become

bridged by the sad analogy—the two widely separated pages of history blend together in a sickening identity of horror. It is like the constant recurrence from time to time, throughout a long and intricate piece of music, of the same original *theme* that constitutes the pervading basis, the common animating idea, of the whole; take it up whenever we will, amid a vast variety of mingled sounds that peal upon the ear, we can always, alas! distinguish the same moan of starving agony, the same curse of despairing hate; the same, except that—God help poor Ireland!—they would almost seem to be worse in our day than ever before.

The principal obstacle existing among us, to that earnest and cordial sympathy which we desire to stimulate, with the noble effort she is now making for the vindication of the first and simplest of a people's natural rights, is the idea that its success would be followed by the erection of a Catholic Church Establishment. The main bulk of our population being Protestant, among whom the number is not small whose primary religious passion is simply "no-popery,"—this idea arises naturally enough from the fact of the vast popular predominance of that religion in Ireland; and is stimulated to a positive degree of dread and distrust from the great zeal with which the Catholic clergy have entered into the present movement, as well among the higher ranks of its hierarchy as throughout the common mass of the parish priesthood. But every such design or desire is repudiated in the most emphatic manner. The spirit of native patriotism, involving naturally a corresponding hostility to the foreign rule, which is so deep-seated a sentiment in the Irish heart, pervades the priesthood no less strongly than any other portion of the population,—and for the best of seasons, obvious enough. Accustomed, too, as they are to habits of close intercourse and sympathy with their flocks, they could scarcely be expected to escape a close participation in a popular feeling at once so general and so strong—a course both natural and honorable, rather than justifying either censure for its own impropriety or distrust of its purity of purpose. As ministers they do not cease to be men, as priests to be patriots. And if more is needed in their defence against this prejudice

—of which the expression is frequently to be heard—it is contained in the ground on which Mr. O'Connell met the imputation in the case of an Irish bishop who was censured in the course of the debate above referred to :

“ I also regret that Mr. Guinness should have thrown out censure against a revered and dignified friend of mine, the Right Rev. Dr. Feeny. He was certainly guilty of no harshness in his censure, but he thought it would have been better to have avoided it, at least as he confessedly had not read the speech of that venerated prelate. He showed his reasons in it for coming forward. He stated that he was driven to act as he had done from the poverty and distress that surrounded him, and from his knowledge that that distress was gradually and daily increasing and augmenting. He saw no hope of remedy, and no prospect save increasing absenteeism and misery ; and as a Christian prelate, desirous to relieve that distress, to clothe the naked, to feed the hungry, to banish sickness, and to open the prison-house, by giving the means of employment to the poor by the restoration of the Irish gentry, and obliging them to spend their rents in Ireland, he felt bound to come forward for the Repeal. These were his reasons for coming forward to support and countenance the repeal agitation ; and it was somewhat symptomatic of the times to see an Irish prelate presiding at such a meeting. He knows little of human nature who does not know how the gale blows when, not a feather, but a flag of that kind, is held up to show its bearing and its strength.”

And so far as concerns the danger of the institution of a Catholic connection between Church and State, on the ruins of that Protestant one which it would, of course, be one of the first, as it would be one of the best, acts of an Irish parliament to destroy, Catholicism in Ireland is so strongly committed, as well as wedded, to the principle of religious freedom, for which it has so long been contending, that there is nothing to be apprehended, in this age of the world, from that ground of alarm. On this point, O'Connell's great Dublin speech furnishes two passages, so emphatic in their pledges, as well as so fine in themselves, that, notwithstanding their length, we are induced to quote them—characteristic as they also are of his style of eloquence :

“ I know there are objections raised against the Repeal. It is said that there would be a Popish ascendancy, and that you are afraid of that ascendancy taking place. But it is admitted, though the fact is endeavored to be explained variously, that the Catholics of Ireland stand in the position of having in the midst of persecution been three times restored to power ; and I defy any man to tell the name of a single individual whom they persecuted in their turn. I will give up the Repeal cause if any one names a single individual who was persecuted by them [hear, hear]. How well has a modern historian said in speaking of the Irish Catholics :—‘ They have exhibited the strange instance unknown to any people on the face of the earth—of having never been accused of persecuting a single individual. I belong to those people. I am a descendant of them. Their feelings live in me, and I pronounce their voices from the grave. I pronounce the declaration to be contemptible, the assertion that they ever shall or would persecute [cheers]. But you have another and a still stronger objection. I have been pressed with the argument, that if the Union be repealed it would re-establish Catholic ascendancy. But before I go to that I would ask, would you not have the House of Lords to protect your interests ? Would not nine-tenths of the members of the House of Lords be Protestants, or I should rather say nineteen-twentieths of them ? You would then have a vast Protestant majority in the House of Lords to meet any attempt made to establish Catholic ascendancy, and you would also have the strong arm of being right, and of your enemies having the wickedness of being degradingly wrong, and I know of no magic in politics like that of being right [hear, hear]. But would you have no protection in an Irish parliament ? Have we in this city shown any indisposition to elect Protestants ? On the contrary, we have sought them out and requested that they would consent to be put in nomination [hear, hear]. We looked for Protestants high in character and station, and we felt proud in having them elected. We offered the selection to many more Protestants than those who were kind enough to accept it ; but besides, from the Protestant parts of Ireland you would get great strength. You would have in any event a considerable Protestant minority, and if any attempt was made to treat you unfairly, oh ! how would not the eloquence of the honorable and learned gentleman opposite [Alderman Butt] declaim against it. I would go far to hear his vivid eloquence burn-

ing and scathing those who proclaimed liberality and afterwards violated their professions [hear and cheers]. This is the band that drew up a petition in favor of the Protestant Dissenters of England. That petition was twice passed unanimously on the private committee. It was passed unanimously in the Catholic Association, and it was afterwards carried unanimously at an aggregate meeting of Catholics held in the Clarendon-street chapel, where its adoption was proposed by a Capuchin friar. That petition was presented to Parliament with 800,000 signatures attached to it, and within three weeks after its presentation the Protestant Dissenters of England were liberated [loud cheers]. You would, I repeat, have a strong Protestant minority in Parliament, and you would also have a powerful Protestant population out of doors. But the age of persecution is gone by. Look to Belgium, where at one time the most atrocious persecutions were carried on—where the sanguinary Alva slaughtered the Protestants, and where the equally sanguinary Desonoy and Vandermerk slaughtered the Catholics with no less fury on the other side. But what is her present condition? With no more than 200,000 Protestants, out of a population of four millions, has she enacted any persecuting law, or made any religious distinctions? If there be a people on the face of the earth attached to religious observances, or absorbed in religious duties, they are the Belgians. In fact, a people more entirely devoted to religious observances than the Belgians does not exist; and yet have they injured a single Protestant? Have they destroyed any of the rights of their Protestant fellow-countrymen? No; blessed be God! they have, on the other hand, established the most perfect religious equality. In their Parliament there were four priests, and when M. Du Thieux, the Minister for Home Affairs, proposed a grant for building a Protestant place of worship, it was carried by a majority of forty to four; while three out of the four priests voted for the grant, and only one of them against it—showing, that though he had individual prejudices, they did not reflect on those who took a different view from him. Yes—the time for prejudices is gone by; and the man who wants the bayonet and the law to enforce his opinions, admits, from by-gone conclusion, that his arguments are not in themselves sufficient to enforce conviction. It is alleged, as an argument against the Repeal, that we would seek to appropriate the church revenues in a different manner from that in which they are at present ex-

ended. I avow it [hear, hear]. Remember that I respect vested rights. There is no man shall, with my consent, or with the consent of the Irish people, lose one particle of that which he now enjoys. I claim but the reversion. But you may tell me that Protestantism wants that reversion for its support. Is that to be your argument, that reason, scripture, and authority, are insufficient for its support, but that it must have money to maintain its existence? I will not say a single word that could irritate the slightest religious feelings; but I will merely observe that if that be your argument, I trust I will be permitted to exult in the religion that I myself profess. You took away from my religion the money and the temporalities; you deprived us of our churches; you prostrated our monasteries and temples; and yet religion survived. It took shelter in hovels and caverns. The wealth, the lands, and the temporalities, were taken away; but was the Catholic religion put down by it? Its hierarchy survived [hear, hear]. It has still its four archbishops and its twenty-three bishops. It has its deans, vicars-general, priests, friars, monks, and nuns in thousands. You may liken it to a column of Palmyra in the desert. Tempests howl around it—the elements discharge their fury against it—its ornaments, its polish, and its gold may be taken away, but still it stands a noble monument of lasting greatness, unshaken in its solid foundation [great cheering]. No; do justice to your own Protestantism—say that Popery has survived, being stripped of its temporalities—say that truth must surely be equally vivacious and equally long-lived. Do yourselves justice, or else concede to me manfully that you want the assistance of state power and the support of state wealth. Avow that, and the argument is at an end, but it will still be not the less conclusive on the necessity of Repeal.”

And the following is the other extract, being the conclusion of his speech:

“I am not here for sectarian purposes. I have at my side a Church of England gentleman, Alderman O’Neill; I have also at my side a Presbyterian friend, Mr. M’Clelland; here we stand together, Protestant, Presbyterian, and Catholic, the evidence of our social condition—the evidence of our future unanimity. If I thought that I was so lost to all feelings of propriety and decorum as to be capable of saying one word in disparagement of the religious convictions of any man in

the community—however widely his doctrines might differ from my own—I would give up for ever the struggle in which I am engaged [hear, hear, and cheers]. But intolerance and bigotry are hourly disappearing under the influence of increased enlightenment, and sure I am that happier days for the cause of true religion are in store for all the nations of the earth. There is scarcely a country in the world where a man is now persecuted for conscience sake. Indeed, I believe, that with the exception of two Protestant states, there is not a spot in the civilized universe where a difference of religious belief is regarded as a justification for oppression. I allude to Sweden and Denmark. In Denmark, some Baptist missionaries have, as I am informed, been cruelly persecuted; but I know of no other place where such practices of tyranny are permitted. I do most firmly believe that, according as irritating topics of religious discrepancies are passing away, a spirit of true, unalloyed devotion is springing up in the hearts of men—an evidence to the truth of this assertion may be found in the fact, that more attention is now paid to the performance of religious duties than in by-gone times. The ordinances of religion are more universally respected than of old. Chief Justice Doherty expressed this sentiment a few days since in the Court of Common Pleas, if his words be rightly represented, and I have no doubt that he was warranted in advancing that assertion. If you go into any house of worship in the city, you will find it more crowded than in former days. I have the words of Chief Justice Doherty for alleging that this is the case with respect to your Protestant places of worship; and in my own church this happy revolution is so conspicuous that the faithful who now throng around the altar rails to receive communion on the Sabbath day are greater in number than the whole congregation used formerly to be. This proves incontestably that a greater attention is paid in modern days to the ceremonials of religion than it was formerly our wont to concede; and indeed I am glad of this, for I hold it that outward forms have a beneficial effect, and I think that we should enlist the heart as well as the head in the cause of religion [hear, hear, and cheers from all sides]. Yes, bigotry has vanished from the land, and intolerance, persecution, and oppression, its hateful attendants, have also disappeared from amongst us. We no longer detest each other in consideration of our respective tenets; but, under the sovereign influence of enlightenment and Christian charity, a fellowship of feeling is springing

up in our hearts, and the day has arrived when we may all combine, as of one accord, for the benefit of our lovely country. The sun in his travels shines not upon a land more picturesque in its features, more beautiful in its scenery, more unbounded in the richness of its natural endowments. ‘The purest of crystal, the brightest of green,’ are lavished on her fair domain. Who is he that can contemplate without emotions of the most profound admiration her splendid harbors, her noble estuaries, her fertile plains, her verdant valleys, her majestic mountains, over whose rugged sides gush vivid waters with a constancy which almost resembles eternity, and a power and impetus which (but how the thought falls in the phrase!) are capable of turning the machinery of the world. Blessed with a climate the most genial and benign, and inhabited by a people the most gallant, hardy, generous, virtuous, and temperate of any on the face of the earth, what is there too splendid, what too magnificent to be achieved by such a country? Heaven is my witness, that in looking for this mighty boon, I seek it not for the benefit of any particular class or section of my fellow-countrymen, but in the name and for the sake of all Irishmen [cries of hear, hear, hear]. I would not accept of the Repeal, fondly though I aspire to it, unless I got it with the co-operation and approbation of the great mass of my countrymen, for I never set my heart upon a party triumph; and I am alone incited to the present contest by my devotion to the cause of liberty and my indomitable love of fatherland [immense cheering]. Oh! my heart bounds and my spirit exults when I contemplate the joys which are in store for my country. Yes—

“The nations have fallen, but thou art still young,
Thy sun is but rising, while others are set,
And though slavery’s gloom o’er thy morning hath hung,
The full noon of freedom SHALL beam round thee yet.”

The repeal in Ireland is generally, though not universally, opposed by the landed nobility and gentry. This is chiefly caused by the object openly avowed by O’Connell, of curtailing the power of the landlords over their tenantry, by giving to the latter a certain fixity of tenure in their leases of their farms, on terms to be equitably adjusted by law. This would certainly be a bold and powerful blow against the aristocracy of the country; and one of which it cannot be denied that it proposes to trench in some degree upon

the sanctity of the principle of property. It would curtail the present right and power of the landlord to do as he pleases with his own. When we reflect that there is no country in the world in which the land is held in larger masses in fewer hands—that in a population of nine millions there are not probably twenty thousand owners of a square foot of the earth's surface—that this power of the landlords over the tenantry has been used with great severity as a means of extortion and oppression,—and that the period is yet comparatively recent when at least four-fifths of all this title was acquired by the grossest spoliation of mingled force and fraud, so as to rest on a very rotten foundation of original moral right—these apprehensions of the landlords, of an agrarian tendency of domestic legislation, are scarcely surprising. O'Connell is at heart—nay, as openly as any British politician can be—a republican. The repeal movement, as represented in the person of its great leader, combines with its one primary object other principles also, which tend to introduce the democratic element into government, through the parliamentary representation, in full purity and vigor,—namely, the ballot, universal suffrage, equality of representation, and the absence of property qualification for membership of parliament. With none of the Irish landlord's fears that a truly popular Irish parliament would disgrace itself by even retorting upon him any similar process of spoliation like that to which he himself owes his possession, yet such a change in the agricultural policy of the country as that of the proposed "fixity of tenure," adjusted on wise and equitable principles, we would joyfully hail, as not less clearly within the rightful competency of government, than beneficial to the country at large. And certainly the prospect which the success of the repeal movement would open, of a much earlier and more energetic progress to the cause of republican reform, not only in Ireland, but, under the contagious influence of her example, in the rest of the United Kingdom, adds no slight force to the other reasons which already so powerfully address American sympathy in its behalf.

Of the probability of its present success, without recourse to physical force, it is not easy for us to judge. The resolute and confident language in

which it speaks on that point for itself, implies an assurance of the means for its own accomplishment, from which we derive a hope going beyond, as we must confess, any distinct perception of our own, as the mode in which this is to be wrought out,—so long at least as the present ministry and the present parliament continue in power. By going on with his present system of agitation, till it shall include the zealous and avowed adhesion of the large majority of the people—(at the last date the number of enrolled repealers was upward of two millions)—and by conciliating and uniting all parties and sects upon it as a measure of common nationality, O'Connell may indeed be able, in conjunction with the accumulating domestic difficulties of the Tory government, to oust the ministry and dissolve the parliament. In a new parliament, and from a liberal, perhaps a Radical ministry, the main body of the Irish members, united on this point as their first *sine qua non* of party co-operation, might indeed obtain the repeal, on the federative principle,—that is to say, with a domestic parliament for local legislation, and a superior imperial one for the government of foreign affairs and those of a common national concern. This latter, indeed, would seem to be the most probable direction of the movement. Obviating as it would the objection of the dismemberment of the empire, or the denationalization of any portion of the United Kingdom, it would afford a basis on which the whole Irish people might be brought together; while it would present nothing very seriously objectionable to the people of England and Scotland. We should be glad to see such a first introduction of the principle of which our own constitution affords so admirable a model; and should take it as an earnest of the progress it is destined to make, until the system of great confederations of small democracies, with distinct distribution of powers, shall be generally adopted as the mode of national organization throughout republicanized Europe—satisfied as we are that it affords the best, if not the only permanent mode of combining widely-diffused individual liberty with central power and energy for the management of foreign relations.

O'Connell's theory of the mode in which repeal is to be carried into effect.

—assuming the impossibility of its ever being conceded by the British parliament, and especially by the House of Lords—is this. It would not, he argues, require the action of parliament at all. The right to a parliament on the part of the Irish people is an inherent constitutional right, of which they could not be deprived by the flagitious and unconstitutional fraud of the Act of Union. It is like the imperishable sacredness of the hereditary right of the crown, which may be held in abeyance for a season by successful usurpation, but which rises again in full vigor on the removal of that pressure. Nothing more would be necessary than that the crown should issue writs for the election of members, whose assemblage would constitute the Irish parliament, and its own first legislation would cure all technical defects. Such peers as should meet on the summons of the crown would constitute the house of lords. A repeal ministry, together with a favorable disposition on the part of the Queen, would afford the means of carrying this scheme into effect,—though we confess it has a very visionary and improbable air.

Sooner or later, however, without radical changes in the system of government of England towards Ireland, it must come. Independent of all their many substantial reasons for desiring it, the idea seems now to have too strongly seized upon the people's mind to make them ever consent to forego its gratifi-

cation; and even though Peel and Wellington should be able now to keep it under for the present, beneath the pressure of the military force they have been pouring in upon it, the day cannot be distant when no English ministry will have its hands free to interfere with the Irish people in doing whatsoever may seem good to themselves in the premises. It is possible that some attempt will be made, like Wellington's sudden concession of the Catholic Emancipation in 1829, to still the mounting waves of the popular excitement by concession on some of the existing grievances of which Ireland complains. There are indications that tend to make it not impossible that the Irish Church may be thrown overboard, like Jonah, to still their rage—though there is but faint probability of its ever in that case making its reappearance again out of the jaws of the destruction already gaping for it. Such a course, together with some extension of the representation in parliament and of the electoral franchise, would go far to paralyze the arm with which O'Connell is thundering so formidably at the gates of the "English Ascendency." At any rate, events are marching very rapidly, and even before the passage of this Article through the press important additions may be made to the stock of facts on which all present speculation must be based. And all we can now say is the heart-felt prayer, that God be with that noble people in their noble cause!

SONNET.

BY HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

COURAGE and patience! elements whereby
 My soul shall yet her citadel maintain,
 Baffled, perplexed, and struggling oft to fly,
 Far, far above this realm of wasting pain,—
 Come with your still and banded vigor now,
 Fill my sad breast with energy divine,
 Stamp a firm thought upon my aching brow,
 Make my impulsive visions wholly thine!
 Freeze my pent tears, chill all my tender dreams,
 Brace my weak heart in panoply sublime,
 Till dwelling only on thy martyr themes,
 And turning from the richest lures of time,
 Love, like an iceberg of the polar deep,
 In adamant rest is laid asleep!

ORIGIN AND GROUND OF GOVERNMENT.*

BY O. A. BROWNSON.

NOTWITHSTANDING the very general and even absorbing interest which the great mass of American citizens take in political matters, and the confidence with which almost every one utters his opinions on the abstrusest problems, politics as a science is almost entirely unknown and unheeded among us. Some few of our politicians have examined with considerable care and with tolerable profoundness, the general principles of our Federal Constitution, and certain questions of practical legislation; but, setting aside Mr. Calhoun of South Carolina, we are not aware of a single American citizen who gives any *public* demonstration of his having ever studied, profoundly and scientifically, the great problems relating to the origin, ground, and constitution of the State. No work on politics, of the slightest scientific value, written by an American citizen, has ever, so far as our knowledge extends, issued from the American press. This all but universal neglect of politics as a science, is deeply to be lamented, and at first view is truly astonishing; but we are so engrossed with questions of practice, that it is rare that we ever dream of recurring to first principles.

We, as American citizens, should look upon this fact as a source not only of regret, but of shame; especially since we boast of having opened a new school of politics for the world, and hold ourselves up as worthy of all imitation. But, after all, this boast is vain. We have opened no new school. The American school of politics is among the things that are to be, but as yet are not. I am not aware of a single contribution that we have made to political science; and the political theory or theories we are laboring to reduce to practice, did not originate with us, but were put forth by political philosophers in the old world, before we even began to exist as an independent nation. Our principal masters

are Hobbes, Locke, Montesquieu and Rousseau, whose lessons we rarely fail in some degree to reproduce, whenever it happens that we leave the practical question to consider the principles it involves.

This statement will not be received with much favor; there is nothing in it flattering to our national vanity; nothing that goes to justify our very general conviction, that we stand in the very front rank of the more enlightened nations of Christendom; but I make it, because I sincerely believe it to be true, and because I would provoke my countrymen, especially those whose leisure and education qualify them for such studies, to turn their attention from mere questions of practice, of detail, to the study of the great, fundamental problems of the State; and by so doing, relieve the country of the reproach and the curse of the present political empiricism which obtains in all departments of our several governments whether State or Federal. It is time that we should cease to flatter ourselves that politics is a science which we have finished. Never yet was there a people enabled to commence their national existence under so favorable circumstances as we were, and never yet was there a people who knew so little how to avail themselves of the advantages of their position. A little more delay, a little longer continued imitation of foreign political quackery, reinforced by our own inventive genius, and all our advantages are sacrificed, and we are in no better condition for working out the social problem, than are the most corrupt nations of the Old World.

But the evil does not rest here. I guard myself, indeed, as I have promised to do, against impeaching the virtue and intelligence of the people; but it cannot be denied that our politicians not only disregard all questions relating to the origin and ground of the State, but they sneer at all such ques-

* It is perhaps scarcely necessary to remark, that many of the views stated in this Article, with the usual ability of its author, differ widely from those for which the Editor of this Review is willing that it should be held responsible.—ED. D. R.

tions, as metaphysical, as abstractions, as altogether beneath the notice of the wise, practical statesman. But for my part, I have never yet been able to persuade myself that political capacity, legislative wisdom, accomplished statesmanship, come, like Dogberry's reading and writing, by nature; nor that there is in the mere democratic form of government, any marvellous virtue to convert all who are born under it, into true enlightened statesmen without any study or mental discipline on their part. I hope that I shall not be drawn and quartered for *lèse-majesté*, if I insist that even our American people might profit not a little by a more earnest inquiry into the principles of Government as a science, and by a more familiar acquaintance with the great principles of all just legislation, and wise administration. For, notwithstanding the eloquent and philosophic author of the History of the Colonization of the United States contends,—and brings, in the case of the Carolinas, very strong reasons to sustain his thesis,—that simple practical planters can surpass the profoundest philosophers in the organization of the State, and in devising a proper frame of Government, I must still believe that science is preferable to ignorance, and the wisdom resulting from it more worthy of reliance than popular passion, or even popular instinct. Some degree of instruction is necessary to qualify one to make a shoe; is less necessary to qualify one to follow the art of legislating, or administering the government?

There is a strong tendency,—and I hold, a dangerous tendency,—among us, to underrate the importance of liberal studies, philosophical investigations, profound scholarship, and scientific attainments, and to extol and defer to the alleged wisdom and good sense of the mass, which practically means the wisdom and good sense of the small minority at the head of one or the other of the two great political parties into which the country is divided. Mere scholarship for the sake of scholarship, is no doubt contemptible; we want no pedantry, no dilettantism. That sort of scholarship which, in its spirit and effects, looks never beyond the cultivation, the interest, or the pleasure of the scholar himself, deserves and can deserve no encour-

agement from a Christian people. All scholarship, or scholastic, or scientific, or even artistic attainments, like the possession of property, place, or power, should be regarded as a sacred trust, to be used not for the personal good of the possessor, but for the moral, intellectual, and social elevation of the mass. The Literature we want in this country, is not the literature which results from deferring to popular passions and instincts, nor indeed the literature that rises not above the simple apprehension of the majority; but a literature that breathes a free, noble, and generous spirit; that is full of the love of man as man; and that kindles up a holy ardor in all who come under its influence, and imparts to them the needed wisdom, to labor for the moral, the religious, the intellectual, and the physical well-being of all men, especially of the poorer and more numerous classes. The tendency of which we speak, is to the creation of a literature the reverse of this. It is a levelling tendency; but it levels downwards, and not upwards. Instead of feeling it an imperious duty to instruct and elevate the mass, the tendency amongst us is to take our law from the mass, and to bring thought down to a level with the narrow views, crude notions, and blind instincts of the multitude. If this tendency is continued and encouraged, our whole intellectual world will become superficial and void, and American life too feeble a thing to be worth preserving.

What is most dangerous in this tendency, is the fact that it is thought to be democratic, and is encouraged by some who have the ears and the hearts of the Democracy. To set our faces against it, is to expose ourselves to the vague charge of being aristocrats, and to be denounced as the enemies of the people, as men who have no confidence in the people, no love for popular government; but who would introduce a monarchy, or build up an aristocracy, or something else quite as bad, if not worse. But I for one meet this charge here on the threshold. I deny that this tendency is democratic, or that it results from democracy; it is decidedly anti-democratic, and originates in the abuse, in the perversion of democracy. There is democracy, in any worthy sense of

the term, only where each man has a mind of his own, and utters that mind, clearly, distinctly, without suffering it to be lost in the voice of any other man. Moreover, Democracy, regarded as a principle, is not necessarily a deferring to the mass, but is the wise and just institution and administration of Government, for the highest and best good of the whole people. I am thought to want confidence in the people; but I have really more confidence in them, than he has who said the other day, "Since I have been in office, I have made it my duty to ascertain and conform to the will of my constituents;" for I dare tell the people what I believe to be the truth essential to their well-being, and to contradict them to their very faces when I believe them in the wrong. But my confidence in the people is in their capabilities, and not in their actual attainments, or in the practical wisdom of their actual judgments. The people in whom I want confidence is the political people, the people whose voice we collect at the ballot-box, who in fact are, and always must needs be, only a small minority of the whole population. The genuine people, if their voice could really be heard, would be loud and earnest in condemnation of the tendency of which we speak. They feel that they want intelligence, want light, and they look eagerly around for it; but between them and the light stand ever this immense body of shallow-pated politicians, who dread nothing so much as popular intelligence, and whose sole chance of success is in shutting out the light, and making the people believe that they, the people, are already masters of political science. Here lies the evil. Nearly all our writers, our whole newspaper press, with a few honorable exceptions, do little else than echo what they take to be the dominant convictions of their respective parties, sects, or schools; and if one chances to think for himself, and labor to advance the mass, to elevate the standard of thought, the whole pack,

"Tray, Blanche, Sweetheart, little dogs
and all,"

are let loose upon him, and he is forthwith run down, as a wild beast, or a savage who, if suffered to escape, would corrupt the people and eat out their

substance, perhaps devour their women and children.

Now, in the name of science, of knowledge, of wisdom, of virtue, *of the people, of outraged democracy*, I for one solemnly and earnestly protest against this servility to the mass, a servility, to which a man never submits in good faith nor for honest purposes; but for purposes always base and selfish. I love my country; I love her political institutions; and I am ambitious of seeing my countrymen taking the lead in every department of high and manly thought. I am not willing to be always dependent on foreigners for my intellectual nutriment; I blush to think that when I would read a profound work on science, whether moral, intellectual, social, political, or religious, I must order it from France or Germany. But so it must be, till we cease to hold it democratic to echo only the thoughts of the people, even though it be their "sober second thoughts." We must dare seek for truth, and dare utter it, and dare labor for the elevation of the people, instead of merely obeying them, which will never be obeying them, but the miserable demagogues and petty politicians, who are raised into importance by the energy with which they scream democracy, and by the loud, windy professions they make on all occasions of devotion to the welfare of the people, and of their great willingness to receive the commands of the people, and to live and die in their service.

There are subjects, and they too of vital importance to the welfare of the whole people, which the great mass do not, and cannot master, and which transcend also the utmost capacity of the great majority of your educated men. There is no use in cavilling at this statement, for it is true, and every man who has paid some little attention to the principles of things, knows it to be true. Enlighten all as much as possible; and make all subjects as easy to be apprehended as their nature permits; but never forget that every man is not equal to everything. There is an infinite diversity of talents and of gifts: one man can make a good shoe, but no training can enable him to chisel a Venus or an Apollo; another will make a good Bank Cashier, but all the training in the world will not fit him to be a good legislator, or enable

him to comprehend the fundamental principles of civil society. There must be leaders, and there always will be, quarrel as you will about it. Some men have the natural and acquired gifts to fit them to be political leaders; others to take the lead in philosophy, in theology, in science, or in literature. The many must depend on these. The results, the benefits of the profoundest philosophy are for the mass, and should be communicated to them; but the mass do not, will not, and I dare say, *cannot*, understand the processes by which those results are obtained. There must be, and should be, an educated class, a class with a scientific culture altogether superior to that to which the mass of men, whatever their wealth or rank, can attain or hope to attain.

In this point of view, all important as are our common schools, we do not well for them to sacrifice our colleges and universities. One great man, well educated, well informed, devoting his talents and his acquirements to the good of his countrymen, shall save it, and secure it many generations of well-being; a million of half-educated men without him will only ruin it. What would have been our country but for Washington, Jefferson, Adams, Jackson, and last but not least, Calhoun? He who can speak out the profoundest truths to the apprehension of five hundred of the best and leading minds in the country, speaks after all to a much larger audience than he who speaks only to the multitude. They who make it their boast that they speak to the many, do after all speak only to the few, and what they speak is not worth speaking; because it is not in advance of what is already realized. Each of these five hundred leading minds to whom I speak, speaks to five hundred more, and thus through them I actually speak to two hundred and fifty thousand, which two hundred and fifty thousand continue to echo on my voice till it reaches the mass of my countrymen,—the mass of mankind. An instance of the importance of profound study, of deep science, is afforded us in the case of Dr. Richard Price, author of a most excellent work on *Morals*. This work is abstract, dry, and very little read or known. In fact, the work to most minds is repulsive; but it fell one day into the hands of a

young man in college; kindled up the generous ardor of his soul; gave a direction to his whole after life; became the chief instrument in forming his mind and intellectual character. That young man was the late Dr. William Ellery Channing. When we take into consideration the wide influence for the good of mankind exerted by the labors of Dr. Channing through his life, may we not say, that a most invaluable service had been rendered by Dr. Price to the human race, even if his book on *Morals* had had no other direct influence than that which it exerted in forming the mind and character of this eminent philanthropist? Let us, then, cease our adulation of the mass, cease our insane efforts to adapt everything to the apprehension of the mass, to gauge the amount of truth we may tell, by the amount the multitude can take in; and do our best to gain all truth, to nourish and invigorate us for wisely directed and long continued efforts for the elevation of all men.

But we have been betrayed into a more extended discussion than we proposed, yet if what we have said have the least influence in checking this tendency to the superficial and the vapid which is now so strong amongst us, and which is encouraged by miserable politicians who want place solely for its honors and emoluments, the politicians of seven principles, as old John Randolph of Roanoke characterized them, that is, of "five loaves and two fishes;" and if, furthermore, it have any effect in provoking the serious and reflecting among us to a more thorough investigation of principles, we shall not regret the length of our remarks, nor that they have delayed longer than we intended our approach to the main subject of our present essay. But we leave them and come to our subject.

What is Government? For what End does it exist? What is its Origin and Ground? What is the proper or best Mode of organizing its Administration? These are the great and leading questions which the philosophical statesman must ask and answer in relation to government in general, before he can proceed otherwise than empirically, in the adoption of any practical policy or measures for any given country or epoch.

I begin what I have to say on this

subject, which consists of loose hints and suggestions, rather than of a full and complete scientific exposition, to which I am not equal, and for which I should need volumes, rather than a brief essay in a Magazine,—I begin by asking, What is Government? I ask this question in an abstract and fundamental sense, in which government is distinguished from this or that form, and from all arrangements which may be adopted or suggested for its practical administration. Government, so far forth as government, must always and everywhere be the same, whatever the form or the arrangements. My question, then, asks, What is government in its essence? not what is its form, nor who or what is the ministry? Let this distinction be observed and remembered between the Government and the Ministry. The Ministry may be lodged in the hands of the one, the few, or the many, and therefore be monarchical, aristocratical, or democratical; but back of the Ministry is that which commissions it, and which is common to each of these respective modes of constituting it. This, whatever it be, is what I call the Government. Now, What is this? The answer to this question is the answer to my question, What is Government?

The answer is not difficult. The essence of government is to govern. The essence of life is to live, of being is to be, of science to know, of cause to cause; in like manner, the essence of government is to govern. Nothing exists for us, or can be made by us the subject of thought or conversation, any farther than it is a force, having a power to do somewhat. In government there is always a force, having the power to govern, and it is government no farther than it governs. This force, that is to say, that which governs, is the sovereign, that which constitutes the *city*, or the *state*.

Government, from its very nature, which is to govern, necessarily demands two correlative terms, the *governor* and the *governed*. There is no government where there is nothing that governs; equally no government where there is nothing that is governed. I am an actor only so far forth as I act; a cause only so far forth as I cause or create. I must cause or create something in order to be a cause. So government must govern somewhat in

order to be government; and this somewhat must be distinct from that which governs. There must be, then, not only two terms, *governor* and *governed*, but two realities (*res*) signified by them.

We here see in the very outset that *self-government*, which presupposes the identity of the governor and the governed,—which when transported into philosophy, would be the identity of subject and object, *Idealism*, and when transported into theology, would be *Pantheism* or *Atheism*,—is absolutely inadmissible; and I cannot be driven from this conclusion by any friendly or unfriendly assurances that I “distil my speculation through an alembic of metaphysical subtlety, till it is refined away beyond the comprehension of common intelligence;” nor by being magisterially or scornfully commanded to “away with these cobweb subtleties and sophistications.” I have yet to learn that no truth is to be told, that no truth is needed, that goes beyond the comprehension of the *common* intelligence; or that what transcends that intelligence is to be sneered at as “cobweb subtlety and sophistication.” These sneers are the easiest answers in the world to reasonings which contradict our favorite theories, but they are answers to which a wise man seldom resorts, and which are far more effectual in silencing than in convincing an opponent. There is scarcely a single important principle in any science that is not too subtle to be comprehended by the common intelligence. These same “cobweb subtleties” are sometimes of the greatest importance, and the gravest practical errors not seldom result from neglecting them. Bacon sneered at the speculations of the old schoolmen as “spider’s web;” but the author of the History of the Colonization of the United States, has as wisely as felicitously replied to him, that “the spider’s web is essential to the existence of the spider.” It is time to end these commonplace sneers, especially in this country, where a tendency to over-metaphysical refinement is certainly not our besetting sin as a people.

When we understand by *self-government*, the power of a nation to govern itself, to adopt its own form of government, and to administer it in its own way, uncontrolled by the foreigner; or

when we understand by the capacity for self-government, the capacity of the people to sustain and administer government, even wise and just government, without the aid or intervention of kings or nobles, the sense in which the term is used amongst us in this country, we of course admit the fact and the right of self-government. But in strictness, democracy, in any sense in which it is government, is no more self-government than is monarchy or aristocracy; and the habit of continuing to call our government self-government, now after, so far as we are concerned, the struggle for national independence and to get rid of royalty and nobility is over, cannot fail to be productive of the worst consequences. The influence of names is greater than we commonly imagine. A misnomer involves usually an error as to the thing. If we call our government *self-government*, and contend for it under that name, we shall of necessity run in our theories, and in our practice so far as it depends on them, into No-Governmentism. What is now in this country the antagonist of self-government? Certainly not a foreign government, for we are nationally independent; certainly not any more kings or nobles, for we have declared all men politically equal, and established in the main universal suffrage and eligibility. What, then? The question is important; for the people, in contending for self-government, will contend for it in *opposition* to some antagonist force, and will understand it only in that sense in which it encounters an antagonist force. The people take words in their most obvious and most literal sense; the refinements that we philosophers introduce into speech, they comprehend not; pay no regard to. They always seek to actualize the word in its primary and literal meaning. When they are taught that self-government is the perfection of government, they will struggle to actualize self-government, in the only sense in which it does or can have for them a practical meaning. What practical meaning has or can have the word with us? Assuredly it has and can have but two. It means, first, the absolute independence of the people, taken collectively, to establish and administer government, free from all restraint whatever; the other is, that each individual has the right to hold himself

free from all governmental control save so far as he voluntarily subjects himself to it.

Now, if we watch closely the signs of the times, and consult the minorities of to-day threatening to become the majorities of to-morrow, we shall find that the people are beginning to give the word, some its first meaning, some its second. In the first sense, self-government is interpreted to mean the absolute sovereignty of the people as a collective and *consolidated* mass, and from this it is inferred by an unerring logic, that therefore all restraints on the will of the people, all impediments to the free and full exercise of popular sovereignty, are misplaced, mischievous, and should not be tolerated. Whoso consults the movements, speeches, and resolutions of the Radicals in New York and elsewhere in the country, the truest exponents of popular views of democracy, and recognized as such at the present moment by men high in the confidence of the Democratic party, must perceive and be convinced that this is the sense in which the popular mind is beginning and may continue to understand the term self-government. So understanding the term, the people will seek to actualize its meaning, and they are at this moment bent on actualizing it, and on sweeping away every impediment to the free and full expression, in an authoritative manner, of the popular will.

From the absolute independence of the people as a consolidated body, on the ground it is contended for, there is but a step to that of the individual; and already is there a party amongst us—not very numerous indeed—which has taken that step openly and boldly. This party contends for *self-government* in its most unlimited sense, and denies the legitimacy of all civil and political organizations, and declares the individual subjected to no law but that of God revealed through conscience, and enforced by moral suasion. These, known amongst us as No-Government men, are almost the only consistent theorists in the country; the only class that has the courage to push premises common to a great majority of us, to their last and legitimate results.

I pray my readers not to call all this mere subtlety and over-refinement in the use of language. It is not so. In speaking to philosophers, strict accu-

racy of expression is of little moment, for the philosopher catches your meaning, and is able of himself to give it its requisite qualifications; but the mass of the people are free from all subtlety, are plain, straight-forward, consistent reasoners, taking, as I have said, words in their most obvious sense. If these words in their primary and most obvious sense involve an error, that error will serve always as one of the premises from which the people reason, and will therefore vitiate their whole reasoning. The mass are always admirable logicians. The most thorough-bred dialectician can add nothing to their logic; but, in revenge, they *never verify their data*. Their premises are always assumed, and they never, whatever the result to which their logic drives them, think of returning and inquiring into the soundness of their premises. Hence, the great importance of giving to the people correct data; and this we shall never do, unless we express those data in terms whose primary and obvious sense is the one in which we wish them to be taken. Tell them, make them believe, that *self-government* is what they are to contend for, they will contend for it in the only practical meaning it has for them in their actual condition. Self-government to the Poles and the Irish people would mean, would by them be understood to mean, the restoration of Poland and Ireland to nationality; the independence of Poland of Russia, Prussia, and Austria, and the independence of Ireland of Great Britain. Self-government to the people of France or Great Britain would mean freedom from kings and nobles, and the establishment of popular forms of government. Self-government here, where we are already nationally independent, and where the form of government is already popular, can mean for the mass only the absolute sovereignty of the people as a collective, consolidated multitude, or the absolute sovereignty of each individual; and, in point of fact, save by a few authors more correct in their views than in their language, is understood by the mass of us in only one or the other of these two senses.

But in either of these senses, self-government will be found, on analysis, as in practice, to be equivalent to no-government. Wherever there is government, there must be both that which

governs and that which is governed. That which governs is not and cannot be that which is governed; for to govern is to restrain, to guide, to direct. But if the governor, so far forth as governor, be identical with the governed so far forth as governed, the restrained is the restrainer, the guided is the guide, the directed the director. But what kind of restraint is that which is exercised by the restrained? How, in the nature of things, can that which restrains, be itself restrained in that it restrains? that which guides, be guided in that it guides? that which directs be the directed? When the two terms are identified, you have all in the restrainer that you have in the restrained, and all in the restrained that you have in the restrainer. If the law controls the people, how can the people, as subject to the law, be the force that imposes the law? If they could be, as subject to the law, the force imposing the law, they would be as much the sovereign in obeying the law as in imposing it. But a sovereign under law, a sovereign *subjected* to law, is no sovereign at all; for in that it is subjected, it is not sovereign, but subject; so, on the other hand, a subject that is sovereign is not subject; for the essence of subject is not to be sovereign, and the essence of sovereignty is to be sovereign, and not subject. If, then, we mean to talk sense, and not nonsense, we must either give up all government, and become no-government men outright, or admit a distinction between the governor and the governed. I have dwelt the longer on this point, because I am positive that it is one of great practical importance. The notion of self-government, in the only senses it can be practically entertained in this country, is fraught with mischief. It strikes at the very foundation of all virtue, of all morality. Government is not only that which governs, but that which has the *right* to govern. The governed, then, are not only *forced* to obey, but they are morally *bound* to obey. Obedience is a duty. We owe allegiance to government. Here is the foundation of *LOYALTY*, which is not only a virtue, but the sum and substance of all virtue. We in this country are chary of the word *loyalty*, for we probably look upon it as the correlative of *royalty*; and we not only seldom use the word, but we seldom

exhibit the moral quality it implies. Yet a disloyal people are in no enviable condition. The man who has no loyalty, no sense of a power above him that he is bound to obey, to which he owes allegiance, and should love and reverence, can be no good citizen, is no true man, but

“Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.”

No such man can be trusted. But, on the hypothesis of self-government, where is the ground of loyalty? The very conception of self-government excludes that of loyalty. We cannot be loyal to ourselves, nor to the work of our own hands. The transcendental nonsense which has in some parts of our country been rife of late, about loyalty to self, about “obeying thyself,” and all that, needs no serious refutation. Even what is commonly termed self-government, when understood of individuals, as when we say, Govern thyself, is not, strictly speaking, self-government, nor obedience to a self-imposed law, but obedience to the law of God, enforced, it may be, not by physical means, but by moral means.

Understanding by government that which governs, the sovereign; and by the sovereign that which has the right to govern, that is, the *legitimate* sovereign, and to which we owe allegiance and should be loyal; we can easily arrive at a correct definition of civil or political LIBERTY. Civil or political Liberty, for the individual citizen, is freedom from all obligation to obey any commands but those of the legitimate sovereign. Tyranny, civil oppression, is not in being held to obedience, but in being held to obedience to that which is not commanded by the legitimate sovereign. To be under no obligation to obey the legitimate sovereign, or any sovereign, is not Liberty, but License, and is alike incompatible with the well-being of the community and of the individual. Liberty is never to be understood as exemption from all restraints, nor from all restraints but those which are self-imposed, which, as we have seen, are no restraints at all; but freedom from all restraints but those imposed by the legitimate sovereign. These restraints are never to be regarded as tyrannical or oppressive, however stringent they may be. I am

bound to obey the true sovereign, if he commands, unto the loss of all my property, my personal freedom, and even my life. He may command all, and I withhold nothing; for my right is to be commanded by no other, and in his presence it is simply the right to obey.

Now, as Liberty is the end not only of all government, but of all human aspiration and effort, it follows that the great concern with us all is to find out who or what is the legitimate sovereign. This leads us directly to the inquiry concerning the Origin and Ground of Government. Whence and what is the State? Whence and what is the ground of its Authority? These are great questions, questions of vital importance, but which I have room to answer only briefly, and which, I am free to confess, I should not be able to answer quite to my own satisfaction in all respects, even if I had ever so much room. I am very far from looking on politics as a science which I have myself mastered. I am still a learner, and need instruction, like the majority of my countrymen, and I discuss the subject, not so much for the purpose of dogmatizing as of provoking to its consideration other and abler minds, which, when fairly engaged with the true problems, will not leave them till arriving at some tolerable solution.

The Origin of Government, considered in itself, as an isolated question, is of no great practical importance; it becomes practically important only when we make the theories we adopt concerning it the basis of our doctrines on the ground and legitimacy of the authority of government. Four different theories have been put forth on the origin of Government, which it may be well in passing briefly to examine.

1. Its origin in the express appointment of God;
2. In the spontaneous development of human nature;
3. In the authority of the father of the family;
4. In the social compact formed by the people in convention assembled.

This last theory was very generally embraced by the friends of free government in the last century; it appears to have been the prevailing theory with the framers of our several constitutions, State and Federal, and is yet the dominant theory with our coun-

trymen, so far as theory they have on the subject.

I am not sufficiently versed in the literature of politics to be able to say when or by whom this theory was first put forth; traces of it may be found far back, but it seems to have first grown into importance, in the English Rebellion and Revolution, in the seventeenth century. It received its earliest philosophical statement from Locke in his Treatises on Government, and is by him put forth as a ground of freedom, in opposition to the Theory of Divine Right, which was so construed as to be a foundation for the grossest tyranny. Rousseau borrowed it from Locke, and developed it with new force and consistency, and gave it its last finish.

This theory of the origin of government assumes that there is and can be no just government which does not originate in the consent of the governed. The right, the legitimacy of government, is founded solely in this consent, and is limited by it. It also assumes that civil society is not as old as men; but that prior to the formation of civil society, there was what we may call the State of Nature. In this state of nature, in which mankind lived before civil society, all men were equal; every one had an equal right to all, which practically, as Hobbes remarks, was equivalent to no one's having a right to anything. This state is not that best fitted to mankind. Owing to the restlessness, to the selfish passions of each, it is a state of perpetual war. Each seeks to appropriate all to himself. The strong oppress the weak; the cunning circumvent the simple; there is no peaceful industry; no security for persons; no security for property—for as yet property is not. Having experienced the evils of this state for an unknown length of time, mankind were forced, by a sense of their common wants, to come together in a convention, formal or informal, and to enter into a compact or agreement each with each and each with all, by which each consents to surrender up to the whole his particular or natural rights, that he may receive in return the protection of all, in life, property, and the pursuit of happiness, which each, as a member of the whole, pledges to each and to all. Civil society, the State, is created by this convention, and this consent is the origin, ground and limit

of its just powers. The State has no rights, no powers of its own; but its rights and powers are made up of the rights and powers surrendered to it by the voluntary act of the individuals forming the compact. This in brief is the theory as given by Rousseau in his famous *Contrat Social*, which in principle is the same as that given us by Locke, and differing from it only in this, that according to Locke the contracting parties are the rulers on the one part, and the people on the other part; whereas, according to Rousseau, the contracting parties are the people alone, each acting individually, and binding himself to each and to all.

To this theory there are several weighty objections. This state of nature, of which Hobbes has so much to say, and which was the phantom that haunted all the philosophers of the last century, is a falsehood. A state in which men exist without government of some sort, in some degree, is nowhere encountered in history. The rudest savages do not exist in this state of nature, but do exist in tribes, septs, clans, acknowledging each a head, and manifesting some degree of organisation and subordination, and therefore at least the elements of civil society. Moreover the assertion of this state involves another falsehood, namely, that man in civil society is out of nature, and therefore that civil society, civilisation itself, is unnatural, a fall, a depravation; and therefore again that man's true good consists in the speediest return possible to the state of nature. Hence Rousseau tells us that "the man who thinks is a depraved animal." A return to the truth, beauty, simplicity and loveliness of nature was the burden of Volney in his *Ruins* and *Law of Nature*, and especially of Saint-Pierre in his *Indian Cottage*, and *Paul and Virginia*. Yet one would like to know when or how man got out of nature; and wherefore civil society is not as natural to man as eating, drinking and sleeping.

Nor is this all. The assumption of the origin of government in a social compact, is susceptible of no historical verification. It is, to say the least, a mere fiction. Compromises may have at times been made between the different estates of an empire, and conventions may have altered the administration of government, or in-

stituted and commissioned new ministries; but there is absolutely no instance on record of a government which has originated in a compact formed by the people in convention assembled.

Some of my readers at first sight may be disposed to question this statement, and to allege that our own governments have all so originated. But our governments offer no exception to the assertion I have made; not one of them has originated in a compact entered into by the people assembled in convention, either personally or by deputy. There has never been a period since the first settling of this country when we were without government. In each of the States there was, prior to the convention of the people, a government, to which the people owed allegiance, and by the authority of which the convention was called. Historically and legally considered, our present governments derive from the colonial governments, which in turn derive from the English Government, through the royal charters creating them.

Nor let it be supposed that the Revolution affects this fact in the least. The American Revolution did not dissolve the colonial governments, and throw the colonists into the alleged state of nature, that is to say, into a state of complete anarchy. It did not in any sense whatever leave them without government. The American Revolution was no insurrection of individual citizens against established government, was no assertion of the right of individual citizens, in their own name and on their own responsibility, to resist established government, to abolish existing government, and to institute a new government. There was with us no rebellion against established authority, in that sense there would be were there a portion, no matter how large a portion, of the citizens of Massachusetts, to resist and attempt to overthrow in a peaceful or a hostile manner the constituted authorities. The charters granted by the Crown had created us distinct communities, bodies corporate and politic in ourselves. We were thirteen distinct communities, each with a government of its own, supreme over the colonists, though externally dependent on the British crown. British law, as such, was not in force here;

did not and could not reach and bind us as citizens or subjects of Great Britain; and it was precisely the efforts on the part of the British Parliament to reduce us to the state of subjects of Great Britain, so that British law could operate directly on us as individuals, that led to the rupture, and the entire political independence of the Colonies.

This fact is sometimes lost sight of even by our own citizens. I have heard it asserted, nay, I believed it the fact, before going into a more thorough investigation of the case, that the principle contended for by Mr. Dorr and his friends in Rhode Island, was precisely the principle involved in our contest with Great Britain; but this is by no means true. The Suffrage party in Rhode Island lay down the principle that government is a mere agency, that sovereignty resides not in the State, the body politic, but in the people, or a majority of them, taken individually, who have not only the power but the right to overthrow the constituted authorities, and to institute new authorities as seem to them good. The fathers of the Revolution did not by any means lay down so broad a principle. They asserted nothing concerning the right of the people taken as a mass of individuals to govern themselves; nothing concerning the right of the citizen to overthrow the state of which he is a citizen; nothing concerning the right of insurrection on the part of citizens; all they asserted, because all that was involved in the controversy, was the right of each *people*, already a people, having a civil and political existence of its own, to assert and maintain its entire political independence of every foreign State. Now, between this right and that contended for by the Rhode Island Suffrage men, there is no little difference, and men may well assert this without being willing to assert that.

When the citizens of a State rebel against constituted authority, whatever the form of their rebellion or its results, they are for the time being in a state of anarchy, and do recognize no law to bind them. This was the case in Rhode Island. The Suffrage men, while forming their new Constitution, did not admit their obligation to obey the Charter government, for if they had, they would have admitted the illegality of their own proceedings.

They were obliged, then, to proceed without law, without government, till they could get their new government into operation. But such was not the case with the American people in the Revolution. They were all the time under law; and all their proceedings regarded by them as legitimate, were authorized by the constituted authorities. The Colonies, as political communities, sent the Delegates to the Congress of Seventy-Six, and authorized these Delegates in their name to declare their independence of Great Britain. This was an act done by a competent authority, an authority to which every colonist owed allegiance, and had owed allegiance from the first. In making that Declaration, in fighting against the troops of Great Britain in its defence, no American citizen acting in obedience to the orders of his own government, was a traitor or a rebel. Rebellion against Great Britain, so long as their acts were authorized by the colonial government, was, on the part of individual citizens, an impossibility. The only rebels there were in the Revolution, which in fact was no Revolution, were the Tories,—the Loyalists as they were called,—who refused to obey the American governments, and aided the foreigner. They were both rebels and traitors, for they labored to overthrow the government to which they owed allegiance, and aided the foreigner in his attacks on their own country. It is time that the names of Washington, Jefferson, Henry, and Hancock, and Adams, and the great body of the American people, be freed from their association with that of rebels and insurrectionists. The principle which they actually asserted was, that each community, possessing a government supreme over its individual members, has a right to assert and maintain its entire political independence, a principle which no American should ever suffer himself to question even for a moment, for it is founded in truth, and perfectly compatible with social order, and the empire of the laws; the principle which some have asserted in their name, and with good motives and honest love of liberty have attempted to maintain, which strikes at the foundation of all social order, and leads directly to anarchy, it is to be hoped a man may be permitted to question without forfeiting his claim as a

patriot or as a friend to the largest liberty compatible with liberty itself.

But this origin of government in a compact framed by the people in convention assembled is not only a fiction, but an impossible fiction; for prior to the convention, on the theory we are considering, there were no PEOPLE, that is, no people in the sense in which they could come together in convention, and be capable of acting and forming engagements. The people capable of assembling in convention, and forming contracts, must be already associated, organized into a community, a one body, a sort of collective individual. But the people so organized, so associated, were already a state, a civil society. If, then, we were to assume the origin of government in a compact, we should be obliged to assume that the people could act before they existed, for their action in forming the compact presupposes their existence as civil society. But waiving all these objections, even admitting the origin of government in what is termed the social compact, this origin will afford us no sufficient ground for the authority of government. Prior to civil society, in the assumed state of nature, man had no rights, no duties. Are rights and duties matters that can be created by conventions, matters that have no higher, no more sacred character than a bargain or agreement which people make with each other? If so, where is the sacredness of authority, the obligation of the citizen or subject to obey the state? Could government subsist for one day, if people believed the law was a mere emanation of human will, a mere ordinance of human beings? What force could the decrees of the convention, or the conditions of the compact, have for the conscience, if we recognized nothing in the law transcending the will of a mass of individuals; nothing in it holy, divine?

We have defined government to be that which governs, and that which not only governs but has the right to govern. It is not a mere agency, a ministry, but is supreme, imperative. It is sovereign; and the sovereign, so far forth as sovereign, has the right to command what he pleases. In the state of nature, there is no sovereign; the convention is called for the purpose of creating the sovereign. But is sovereignty a thing to be created? The sovereign

is over and above the individuals to be governed; that to which they owe allegiance; which has the right to command them. Can these individuals create it? Can the creator be subject to the creature; owe allegiance to it; be loyal to it? Obviously, then, if there be in the state a sovereign power at all, it is not created by those who are to be subjected to it; and, if there be no sovereign power in the state, we may as well close the discussion and give up talking about government.

The fundamental error in the theory we are considering, is in the assumption that government has and can have no just powers but those derived from the consent of the governed. This assumption would resolve all government into self-government, which we have seen is the equivalent of no-government. The individual on this theory is under no obligation to obey a power to which he has not given his consent, or to submit to a law from which he withholds it. Every individual has, then, the right, so far as concerns himself, to arrest the action of government at any moment. How long could government co-exist in any community with the recognition of this right of the individual to arrest its action?

It is said that prior to the compact there is no sovereignty; but this is not quite true. The individual must be capable of contracting, which he would not be, if he had not the sovereign disposal of himself. Each individual must be sovereign, though limited to himself, by the equal sovereignty of every other individual. It is contended all are free in the state of nature, and equal. So says Locke, so says Rousseau. No one man, no body of men, has any right to control another. This freedom, this immunity from all subjection, is precisely in this case what we mean by sovereignty. If there was not this sovereignty in the individual, whence his right and his ability to form contracts? No social compact could be formed. Independent, then, of civil society, every individual is a sovereign; that is, so far as concerns himself.

Now, sovereignty must be alienable or inalienable. If it is inalienable, as I contend, and as does Mr. Jefferson, in the preamble to the Declaration of American Independence, then the individual retains all the freedom in civil society that he has out of it. No

man, no body of men has the right to control him. He can be bound by no obligation. The powers he has delegated to the government still vest in him, and he may revoke them when he chooses. Where then is the authority of government over him? Suppose he has murdered, and the government would punish him; it must induce him to consent to be choked to death before it can have any right to hang him. Few men, we apprehend, would give their assent to a law which would place a halter round their own necks. If we assume that sovereignty is inalienable, that is, that a man cannot alienate his natural freedom, we are obliged to come to the conclusion here stated, obviously incompatible with all government.

But we are told that the man is bound to keep his engagement, and when he has once given his assent to civil society he is bound to abide by its decisions, and it has the right to enforce his obedience. That is, sovereignty is alienable, and a man on coming into civil society surrenders up his natural freedom, his natural rights, to the whole, and consents to receive in turn only such rights as the whole or a major part shall concede him. This is Rousseau's doctrine. But in this case the individual merges himself in the community, becomes the complete slave of the state, and has no individual existence. However unjust or oppressive the acts of the state, he has not only no redress, but not even the right to complain. As an individual, he has no rights, no existence; where would, on this hypothesis, be the significance of that phrase, which has kindled some hearts and exerted some influence in the world, the "Rights of Man?" Man as man would have no rights; his rights of man would be merged in his rights of citizen—a doctrine which, I believe, we Americans will be slow to admit; for we contend that Government has for its mission the full and unequivocal maintenance of the rights of man, of each and every man, in all their plenitude.

It may be said that the individual does not give up all his natural rights, he only surrenders a portion, in order the more securely to enjoy the remainder. Be it so; who is to determine where the line is to be drawn between the rights surrendered, and the rights

reserved? If society, the reservation will amount to nothing, for it will so interpret its own powers as to take all the rights of the individual; if the individual, the surrender will amount to nothing, because the individual may so enlarge the sphere of his reserved rights by interpretation, as to render the action of Government in restraining him null. If, then, we found government in compact, we either leave the individual his natural freedom, and then we have no government; or we subject the individual to the state, and then no individual liberty. Either consequence should lead us to reject the theory.

But we have not yet done with this theory. We insist on its being pushed to its last consequences, if it be adopted at all. If government be founded in compact, and derive its just powers only from the consent of the governed, certain is it that it should be restricted in its authority to the contracting parties, to those who have actually and expressly given their consent. These are never more than a small part of any community. Admit, if you insist, that the act of voting may be construed into an assent, this would include only a portion of the adult males. Those to whom the political franchise is not extended among adult males, women and children, as well as all those adult males who do not exercise the elective franchise, though entitled to it, are out of the political society; are in the state of nature. What right has government over these? Will you say they are *represented* by the others? What right, in the state of nature, where all individuals are equal, has one man to represent another, or a man to represent a woman? Nay, where in this state of nature is fixed what we call *majority*, so that a man shall not be a member of the body politic till of a certain age? Is not the fixing of the majority an act of civil society? How, then, can it be obligatory on those who have not given their assent? The Chief Justice of Rhode Island in a very able charge to the grand jury, in which he discussed the proceedings of the Suffrage Party, contends for this theory of the origin of government in compact. Yet the learned Judge contended that the laws of Rhode Island were as binding on those who had not the right of suffrage, as on those who

had. We do not dissent from his conclusion, but we should like to know how it can be obtained from his premises.

This objection is sometimes met in part by saying that persons by residing under a given government, do thereby give their assent to it, and are bound to obey it, or leave its territory. This does not meet the objection in the case of minors and women; for we apprehend that the state itself would soon leave itself, if all the women and children were to leave it. Nor is it a satisfactory answer in the case of the others. By what right does Massachusetts infer, from the simple fact of my continuing to reside within the limits of her territory, that I give my assent to her government and laws? The continuance of an individual to reside within the jurisdiction of a given state, may be and often is much more a matter of necessity than of choice. It may be and often is his only alternative. He may be too poor to emigrate, or to sustain himself in another land; he may be attached to his native soil, and be unwilling to desert it; attached to the home of his childhood, the friends and associations that have grown up around him and with him, and he may count it a less evil to submit to an order of things of which he decidedly disapproves, than to break away from these, without which, if he be of a sensible nature, life for him would be hardly worth possessing; he may have duties to perform to his country, to his family, to his friends, which can be performed nowhere else; and, in fine, though by no means assenting to the existing government under which he continues to live, he may not know where to look for one he would like any better, and therefore resolves to submit to the evils he knows, rather than to fly to those he knows not of. If assent is intended to be assent, to be anything more than a mere constructive assent, which is no assent at all, anything more than a mere fiction, an empty word, it must be given in some more positive and less equivocal form than that of one's continuance to reside within the jurisdiction in question. It is too late in the day to plant ourselves on mere forms; what we must henceforth look for is realities, the substance. We must learn to call things by their right names. If we say government

derives all its just powers from the assent of the governed; if we erect this into a fundamental principle, and rest our whole political edifice on it, let us do so plainly and unequivocally, in the most obvious and literal sense of the term. The assent must be assent, and assent is no assent unless consciously, intentionally, freely, given.

But enough of objections to this theory of the origin of government in compact. The truth is, I apprehend, that very few, after all, take this theory literally and in its full extent. In order to do justice to those who have set it forth, and continue to set it forth, we should recall to mind against what opposing theory they set it forth, and with what motive. The old European governments had become not a little corrupt; they had ceased to be administered for the good of the governed; nay, they had changed from governments properly so called, into mere machines for taxing the people, and for grinding the mass to the very dust; they had become intolerable. The people driven to that point where reaction is sure to take place, began to demand of their masters redress. "Here ye are, Lords and Masters, Kings and Nobles, Governors and Directors. We have supported you in all luxury; we have submitted to your guidance, we have borne your burdens; we have stood between you and danger, ready at all times to sacrifice ourselves, by thousands, for your honor and glory; but what have ye done for us in return? We are dying. There is no longer living for us on this God's footstool. The most skillful industry, the most unremitted toil, cannot procure us the means of subsistence. We starve by thousands, and our dead bodies lie along the streets, and our bones must bleach under the rains and dews of heaven. Lords and Masters, it was yours to have governed us, and to have governed us not for your pleasure, but for our good. Ye have not so governed us. We have been taught to believe in a God who is love and goodness. He has made no world where the millions must ever toil and sweat, and die to feed the vanity and luxury of the few. Away with the thought! Ye have neglected your duty; and the day is come for us to call you to an account."

But hereupon arose a very important

controversy. The fact of the very general suffering of the millions was not denied, could not be; the fact also that the administrators of government were bound to administer the government for the good of the governed was also admitted in words; but, then, to whom were these administrators accountable?

"The powers that be," said their advocates, "are legitimate; are ordained of God; and therefore are and can be accountable to no human tribunal. To call them to an account is to call God himself to an account in the person of his representative."

Now, to resist legitimate authority, or, what is the same thing, an authority ordained of God,—for all legitimate authority is ordained of God, and derived from God himself, as we shall hereafter see,—is to violate every man's sense of right, of duty, of obligation. The advocates of the people met the partisans of the constituted authorities on the question of the legitimacy of these authorities.

"We own," say they, "that we have no right to call the legitimate sovereign to an account; we own that we are obliged to obey the legitimate sovereign, whatever he commands. But these constituted authorities are not the sovereign: they are but ministries, agencies, holding power as a trust, to be exercised for certain purposes, and therefore can hold power lawfully no longer and no further than they devote it to the end for which they were entrusted with it."

"True. But they hold their power as a sacred trust from God, and they are accountable only to him for the manner in which they may exercise it."

"Not so. Kings and magistrates are the servants of the people, have been instituted by the people for the people's good, and when they fail to promote or to strive to promote that good, the people may call them to an account, judge them, depose them, or punish them in such manner as they shall deem proper."

One sees here with what thought the sovereignty of the people was asserted. The mass demanded a better social condition, felt that they had a right to labor to obtain a better social condition, and that they were hindered from obtaining a better social condition,

by the negligence and tyranny of their rulers. They wished to be able legitimately to strive for this better condition, even against their rulers, and to call their rulers to an account for not aiding them, especially for throwing impediments in their way. What the friends of the people really wanted, then, was to establish the Responsibility of Power, not to God only, but, so to speak, to man also. The Responsibility to God alone, in the actual state of things, since rulers had ceased to fear God, or to believe in his providence, was as good as no responsibility at all, and left to the millions, able to endure their oppressions no longer, no hope of redress. In this case there was no effectual remedy but in asserting the sovereignty of the people.

"But the people," say the advocates of power, "when did they become sovereign,—they who have rarely exercised any political power, or constituted even an estate in the empire; they whom government is instituted to govern?"

"They were the original source of power. They were originally free and equal, and no man had a right to control them; but for their mutual protection and benefit, they chose to come together into civil society, and to institute civil government; to clothe some among them with authority, the rest promising obedience. From the compact formed by the people, and which constitutes and expresses the powers and the ends of the body politic, derives government with all its legitimate authority. The people have not then *become* sovereign, they always were sovereign, always were that to which the constituted authorities were accountable."

Here it is seen that the doctrine of Social Compact met precisely the doctrine it was desirable to overthrow, and established the authority of the people over their rulers, and their right to seek a redress of grievances, if need were, even against the constituted authorities, for they were paramount to those authorities.

The motive was good, but the friends of the people made one serious mistake: they demanded the *Responsibility* of power, when they should have demanded the *Limitation* of power. Power is not and cannot be responsible; for so far forth as responsible it is not power, but a trust. In making the

governments responsible to the people, power was shifted, but not rendered responsible, for the power then vested in the people instead of the magistrate; but who was there to call the people to an account, should they chance to abuse their power? To whatsoever we render the administrators of government responsible, unless power be restricted, there is always the possibility of its being abused,—we may say, the certainty that tyranny, oppression, corruption, and political death, will sooner or later find their way into the state. Power has always a tendency to enlarge itself, and will always run into abuse, wherever it may be lodged, if not tied up so that it cannot. This is the fact that the advocates of the people, in demanding the Responsibility of power, overlooked, and therefore failed to secure the end they had in view, for which they had so strenuously asserted the sovereignty of the people, and the origin of government in compact. Yet it was not the sovereignty of the people nor the doctrine of compact they cared for, but some legitimate ground of opposition to the Tory Theory, and on which social amelioration, freedom and well-being, could be contended for and secured. This ground we, too, want, and will never consent to abandon; but we find it not where the friends of Liberty and well-being in the two preceding centuries found it. Where we find it, will hereafter appear.

Furthermore, the advocates of the doctrine we have been considering seem to me to deceive themselves in believing that they themselves, in their own minds, place the origin of Government in compact. They do no such thing. They always, consciously or unconsciously, assume the state already as existing, and possessing all the rights of sovereignty. When they speak of the people assembling in convention, they assuredly have in mind a particular people, that is to say, a particular nation, or the inhabitants of some particular or specified territory, with its bounds marked and determined. It is, after all, not a mass of individuals, taken at random, but this particular people, nation, already existing as a distinct, and, we may say, a sovereign community, that assembles in convention, and forms the compact. To talk of this people as having no government would be nonsense. It is a sovereignty,

and has in itself, undoubtedly, the right to establish such a frame of government, and such a mode of administration as it may judge proper; but to say that this people meets together in convention, and by solemn compact creates civil society, or constitutes itself a body politic, is to say that it meets to make itself what it already is and assumes itself to be. Evidently, then, as it can be really only of such or such a people that we can say it creates its government in convention assembled, the advocates of the origin of government in compact do virtually assign government some other origin. Even in their own view, would they analyze it, the sovereignty resides not so much in the compact as in territory, and, so to speak, nationality.

To illustrate my meaning, I will take the cases of Ireland and of Rhode Island. Ireland is the land of the Irish. I suppose the advocates of the origin of government in compact would agree with me, that the Irish have a right, if they choose, to be independent of England; and in case they should assert and maintain successfully their independence, would have a right to establish a frame of government for themselves. But are we not, in all this, speaking of the Irish as a distinct race from the English, as a peculiar people, having in reality, though subjected to the foreigner, in its kindred blood, a *nationality* of its own? The Irish are a people, a community, and therefore it is that we can conceive of their right to form a social compact, and their ability to do it. If the Irish should gain their independence, and should call a convention to devise a frame of civil government suitable for them, should we not hold that England and other nations would have no right to be represented in it, and regard it as an outrage upon the Irish, if they should send delegates to it? Why? Simply because we think of the Irish as a distinct, independent people, having the sovereign right to dispose of its own internal concerns. Now, shall we contend that a people of whom we can say this, is not already a civil society, a body politic? Whence did it become so? Not by compact; for that, by the very terms of the supposition, is not yet formed. Whence, then?

Take the case of Rhode Island. They were the people of *Rhode*

Island, that had, according to the Suffrage Party, the inherent right to come together in Convention and frame and ordain a Constitution. The advocates of the People's Constitution asked as the necessary condition of giving legitimacy to that Constitution, the formal assent of a majority of the white adult male population of *Rhode Island*. But what see we in all this? We see that it is assumed, prior to the formation of the Constitution, and independent of the Charter, that there is a veritable people of Rhode Island, having the right to institute a form of government which shall be supreme over all the inhabitants of the territory recognized under the Charter as Rhode Island and Providence Plantations. The thought with which these Suffrage men proceed, evidently is this: The majority of the inhabitants of a given territory have the right to determine what form of government shall prevail in that territory, and to what civil rule the whole number of its inhabitants shall be subjected. Now, suppose there never had been any civil or political Rhode Island; suppose that the inhabitants of the territory in question were in the alleged state of nature, and the suffrage men threw themselves really back on the people in their primary capacity, that is, as free, independent, sovereign individuals, who could in this case have spoken of the people of *Rhode Island*? Who could have said the individuals living within certain boundaries, form a distinct community, and the majority of these have a right to govern the whole? In the case we suppose, why would not individuals living in Massachusetts or Connecticut have had the same right to be represented in the People's Convention, as those who lived within the geographical limits of Rhode Island? But what makes Rhode Island in the supposed state of Nature? Whence, in point of fact, does Rhode Island derive its existence? Evidently Rhode Island is in its civil polity, or in its territory. The suffrage men could not have admitted the first, for they assumed the existence of Rhode Island independent of the polity, if one may so speak. Of course, then, the sovereignty they recognized they must have regarded as an incident of territory; and so they were in fact basing their own proceedings on the very principle

against which they were contending! They would supersede the existing government, because it made freemen of none but landholders; and they would give to territory the right of constituting a people, a body politic, a sovereign community. These remarks show that the conception of a people existing as a distinct, peculiar people, having in the similarity of its manners, customs, the identity of its origin and unity of its life, a nationality of its own, or inhabiting a specific territory, politically and geographically determined, is always presupposed by the advocates of the origin of government in compact, as the essential condition of the conception of the people's coming together in Convention, to ordain a frame of government for their mutual convenience and benefit. The whole sum and substance of the doctrine, when reduced to its practical elements, is this: each nation has the right to institute and administer its own form of government, and the proper method is for it to assemble by delegates in Convention, and draw up what shall be the fundamental law of the land, namely, the Constitution. All this may be true. But let not this be called going back to the *origin* of government. This would give me the origin only of some particular form or mode of administering government, not of government itself. I am not told the origin of government till I am told whence this nation derives its national life, and its right to institute and administer government for itself.

2. We have lingered so long on the Theory which derives government from a primitive pact, that we have little time and less space, to examine the other three Theories we have enumerated. Yet we must not pass them over without a few remarks on each. We take them in the reverse order from that in which they stand on our list. The *third* theory we have mentioned, is known as the **PATRIARCHAL**. Its advocates derive the State from the Tribe, and the Tribe from the Family. The primitive government, the foundation of all government, is that which the father exercises over the child. This enlarged, the father of the family becomes the Chief of the clan or tribe; from the chief of the tribe he becomes the King or the Ruler of the nation; from this, it may

be, again an Emperor or Ruler of many kings or nations. Whether the patriarchal was the earliest form of government or not, is a matter of some doubt, though we are inclined so to regard it; but whether so or not, is not material to our present purpose, for we are seeking not the origin of this or that form of government, but government itself. The authority of the father over his children is already government. Whence the origin and ground of this authority? Whence the *right* of the father to govern his children? And by what right does the authority of the father over his children, come to extend to those who, though his kindred, are not begotten of his body?

The authority of the father is founded, we are told, in natural law, and grows out of the necessity of the case. I understand very little of what men mean by *natural law*. Natural Law for me, means either one of two things: 1. What I am naturally impelled, or driven by the impulses of my nature to seek; or 2. That which is founded in the Original Nature or order of things as God hath created and arranged them. In the first sense, a natural law must sometimes be resisted; my inclinations must be controlled, and my thoughts, feelings, passions, instincts, propensities, subordinated and subjected to the law of God under which I am placed. In this sense, to say that the authority of the father is founded in a law of Nature, is not saying that it is therefore legitimate. To say that it is founded in the law of nature, in the second sense, is on the one hand, begging the question by assuming the very point to be proved, and on the other, is resolving Nature into the appointment of God, and therefore identifying the third or *patriarchal* theory with the first, or that of *Divine Right*. If we say the authority of the father grows out of the necessity of the case, then we originate government in necessity. Necessity to a Christian can mean only the Will of God; for the ground of all things is not with Christians the Invincible Necessity of Heathendom, but Infinite Freedom. This again would leave us as the ground of the right of the father to govern his child, only the will of God. We apprehend that people would be wiser would they talk

less about what is, or is not commanded by Nature. Nature never yet furnished a uniform standard for anything, nor commanded the same thing to any two individuals of any race. In no sense, then, in which the law of Nature is distinguishable from a law of God, could even the fact that the authority of the father over the child originates in a law of Nature, legitimate that authority. If, then, we could resolve all governments into the patriarchal, and deduce all authority from the parental, we should still have the same question to ask, and the same problems to solve in relation to the origin and ground of this parental authority, that we have in relation to the origin and ground of Government in general.

But how from a man's right to govern his own children will you deduce his right to govern his wife, and those who are not his children? The conjugal relation has never been held to be one of perfect equality; the man is the head of the woman, the lord. He promises love, protection, fidelity; but the woman love, fidelity, *obedience*. Whence this obligation to obey on the part of the woman rather than on the part of the man? This assuredly is not deduced from that alleged law of nature, which commands the child to obey the parent. Whence then? Whence, again, the logic by which I am able, from my right to govern my child, to conclude to my right to govern another man's child, and not only the child, but the man himself? If my right of chieftainship grow out of my right as a father, why has not every father in the tribe the same right to be its chief? This question alone shows that it is impossible to deduce the State from the Family. I do not regard the Family as the germ of the State. It contains elements which are not in the State, and wants elements, without which the State could neither be constituted nor preserved. Both, in my view, are primary institutions, and neither is secondary; certainly neither is derivable from the other. Both are necessary, but they rest on different bases, and exist for widely different, though not hostile ends.

3. The other two theories on our list concerning the origin of government, namely, that of the Spontaneous Development of Nature, and that of Divine Ordination, rightly understood,

are both in the main true and worthy to be accepted. Government does not originate in spontaneity alone, nor in the *outward* ordinance of God alone; but it must respond to man's nature, to an inherent and essential want of humanity, or there could be no reason for its existence; nay, it could have no hold on man, and therefore could not be at all; and it must have in it a Divine element, and to some extent be an expression of the will of God, or it would have no legitimacy, no right to command,—no right to our allegiance, to our loyalty.

But, after all, there is no occasion to seek the *historical* origin of government. Most likely the historical origin of government is no longer ascertainable. The more we study into the past, the more do we discover there to impress us with a sense of our ignorance, and to confound our philosophies. There was a time when the learned had their snug little theories of the Universe, according to which all questions were easily answerable and answered. A little study, and we were acquainted with all matters, and could judge of all events from the creation to the present. Indeed, saving one or two events, nothing prior to the eighteenth century had ever occurred worth troubling one's head about. But we begin to feel that the past was not all a blank. What most astonishes us is, the further back we go, the higher the antiquity to which we attain, the more perfect are the monuments we meet. Under the relation of Art, the oldest of the pyramids is the most perfect. The oldest books extant contain the profoundest philosophy, and indicate the widest and most varied experience of life. Each generation, so to speak, seems to dilute the life of its predecessor. Nothing is new under the sun. The highest antiquity indicates a higher. We lose all dates and places, and no longer know where to begin, or where to leave off. Vain is it then for us to attempt to fix historically the origin of government. Historically speaking, government has no origin. Men, wherever we find them, live in society, and society without government has never been known, is not even conceivable. How did society originate? How did language originate? Yet language is essential to our conception of man, and therefore man, as soon as

he existed, must have had language ; so must society be regarded as coeval with the individual. Man out of society is a solecism ; is not man. The true view to be taken is to regard government as never beginning, never ending, and considering its legitimacy as transmitted from generation to generation, and from place to place, by a law analogous to that by which the life of the race itself is so transmitted.

But we leave the development of this thought, as well as the clear and distinct statement of the philosophical origin and ground of government, and the mode in which government should be organized, for a future communication.

PROMETHEUS.

BY J. R. LOWELL.

ONE after one the stars have risen and set,
 Sparkling upon the hoarfrost on my chain :
 The Bear, that prowled all night about the fold
 Of the North-star, hath shrunk into his den,
 Scared by the blithesome footsteps of the Dawn,
 Whose blushing smile floods all the Orient ;
 And now bright Lucifer grows less and less,
 Into the heaven's blue quiet deep withdrawn.
 Sunless and starless all, the desert sky
 Arches above me, empty as this heart
 For ages hath been empty of all joy
 Except to brood upon its silent hope,
 As o'er its hope of day the sky doth now.
 All night have I heard voices : deeper yet
 The deep, low breathing of the silence grew,
 While all about, muffled in awe, there stood
 Shadows, or forms, or both, clear felt at heart,
 But, when I turned to front them, far along
 Only a shudder through the midnight ran,
 And the dense stillness walled me closer round.
 But still I heard them wander up and down
 That solitude, and flappings of dusk wings
 Did mingle with them, whether of those hags
 Let slip upon me once from Hades deep,
 Or of yet direr torments, if such be,
 I could but guess ; and then toward me came
 A shape as of a woman : very pale
 It was, and calm ; its cold eyes did not move,
 And mine moved not, but only stared on them.
 Their moveless awe went through my brain like ice ;
 A skeleton hand seemed clutching at my heart,
 And a sharp chill, as if a dank night fog
 Suddenly closed me in, was all I felt :
 And then, methought, I heard a freezing sigh,
 A long, deep, shivering sigh, as from blue lips
 Stiffening in death, close to mine ear. I thought
 Some doom was close upon me, and I looked
 And saw the red moon through the heavy mist,
 Just setting, and it seemed as it were falling,
 Or reeling to its fall, so dim and dead

And palsy-struck it looked. Then all sounds merged
 Into the rising surges of the pines,
 Which, leagues below me, clothing the gaunt loins
 Of ancient Caucasus with hairy strength,
 Sent up a murmur in the morning-wind,
 Sad as the wail that from the populous earth
 All day and night to high Olympus soars,
 Fit incense to thy wicked throne, O Jove.

Thy hated name is tossed once more in scorn
 From off my lips, for I will tell thy doom.
 And are these tears? Nay, do not triumph, Jove!
 They are wrung from me but by the agonies
 Of prophecy, like those sparse drops which fall
 From clouds in travail of the lightning, when
 The great wave of the storm, high-curved and black,
 Rolls steadily onward to its thunderous break.
 Why art thou made a god of, thou poor type
 Of anger, and revenge, and cunning force?
 True Power was never born of brutish Strength,
 Nor sweet Truth suckled at the shaggy dugs
 Of that old she-wolf. Are thy thunderbolts,
 That scare the darkness for a space, so strong
 As the prevailing patience of meek Light,
 Who, with the invincible tenderness of peace,
 Wins it to be a portion of herself?
 Why art thou made a god of, thou, who hast
 The never-sleeping terror at thy heart,
 That birthright of all tyrants, worse to bear
 Than this thy ravening bird on which I smile?
 Thou swear'st to free me, if I will unfold
 What kind of doom it is whose omen flits
 Across thy heart, as o'er a troop of doves
 The fearful shadow of the kite. What need
 To know that truth whose knowledge cannot save?
 Evil its errand hath, as well as Good;
 When thine is finished, thou art known no more:
 There is a higher purity than thou,
 And higher purity is greater strength;
 Thy nature is thy doom, at which thy heart
 Trembles behind the thick wall of thy might.
 Let man but hope, and thou art straightway chilled
 With thought of that drear silence and deep night
 Which, like a dream, shall swallow thee and thine:
 Let man but will, and thou art god no more;
 More capable of ruin than the gold
 And ivory that image thee on earth.
 He who hurled down the monstrous Titan-brood
 Blinded with lightnings, with rough thunders stunned,
 Is weaker than a simple human thought.
 My slender voice can shake thee, as the breeze,
 That seems but apt to stir a maiden's hair,
 Sways huge Oceanus from pole to pole:
 For I am still Prometheus, and foreknow
 In my wise heart the end and doom of all.

Yes, I am still Prometheus, wiser grown
 By years of solitude,—that holds apart
 The past and future, giving the soul room
 To search into itself,—and long commune
 With this eternal silence—more a god

In my long-suffering and strength to meet
 With equal front the direst shafts of fate,
 Than thou in thy faint-hearted despotism,
 Girt with thy baby-toys of force and wrath.
 Yes, I am that Prometheus who brought down
 The light to man which thou in selfish fear
 Had'st to thyself usurped,—his by sole right,
 For Man hath right to all save Tyranny,—
 And which shall free him yet from thy frail throne.
 Tyrants are but the spawn of Ignorance,
 Begotten by the slaves they trample on,
 Who, could they win a glimmer of the light,
 And see that Tyranny is always weakness,
 Or Fear with its own bosom ill at ease,
 Would laugh away in scorn the sand-wove chain
 Which their own blindness feigned for adamant.
 Wrong ever builds on quicksands, but the Right
 To the firm centre lays its moveless base.
 The tyrant trembles if the air but stirs
 The innocent ringlets of a child's free hair,
 And crouches, when the thought of some great spirit,
 With world-wide murmur, like a rising gale,
 Over men's hearts, as over standing corn,
 Rushes, and bends them to its own strong will.
 So shall some thought of mine yet circle earth
 And puff away thy crumbling altars, Jove.

And, would'st thou know of my supreme revenge,
 Poor tyrant, even now dethroned in heart,
 Realmless in soul, as tyrants ever are,
 Listen! and tell me if this bitter peak,
 This never-glutted vulture, and these chains
 Shrink not before it; for it shall befit
 A sorrow-taught, unconquered Titan-heart.
 Men, when their death is on them, seem to stand
 On a precipitous crag that overhangs
 The abyss of doom, and in that depth to see,
 As in a glass, the features dim and huge
 Of things to come, the shadows, as it seems,
 Of what have been. Death ever fronts the wise,
 Not fearfully, but with clear promises
 Of larger life, on whose broad vans upborne,
 Their out-look widens, and they see beyond
 The horizon of the Present and the Past,
 Even to the very source and end of things.
 Such am I now: immortal woe hath made
 My heart a seer, and my soul a judge
 Between the substance and the shadow of Truth.
 The sure supremeness of the Beautiful,
 By all the martyrdoms made doubly sure
 Of such as I am, this is my revenge,
 Which of my wrongs builds a triumphal arch
 Through which I see a sceptre and a throne.
 The pipings of glad shepherds on the hills,
 Tending the flocks no more to bleed for thee,—
 The songs of maidens pressing with white feet
 The vintage on thine altars poured no more,—
 The murmurous bliss of lovers, underneath
 Dim grape-vine bowers, whose rosy bunches press
 Not half so closely their warm cheeks, unscared
 By thoughts of thy brute lusts,—the hivelike hum

Of peaceful commonwealths, where sunburnt Toil
 Reaps for itself the rich earth made its own
 By its own labor, lightened with glad hymns
 To an omnipotence which thy mad bolts
 Would cope with as a spark with the vast sea,
 Even the spirit of free love and peace,
 Duty's sure recompense through life and death,—
 These are such harvests as all master-spirits
 Reap, haply not on earth, but reap no less
 Because the sheaves are bound by hands not theirs ;
 These are the bloodless daggers wherewithal
 They stab fallen tyrants, this their high revenge :
 For their best part of life on earth is when,
 Long after death, prisoned and pent no more,
 Their thoughts, their wild dreams even, have become
 Part of the necessary air men breathe ;
 When, like the moon, herself behind a cloud,
 They shed down light before us on life's sea,
 That cheers us to steer onward still in hope.
 Earth with her twining memories ivies o'er
 Their holy sepulchres, the chainless sea
 In tempest or wide calm repeats their thoughts,
 The lightning and the thunder, all free things,
 Have legends of them for the ears of men.
 All other glories are as falling stars,
 But universal Nature watches theirs :
 Such strength is won by love of human kind.

Not that I feel that hunger after fame,
 Which souls of a half-greatness are beset with ;
 But that the memory of noble deeds
 Cries shame upon the idle and the vile,
 And keeps the heart of Man for ever up
 To the heroic level of old time.
 To be forgot at first is little pain
 To a heart conscious of such high intent
 As must be deathless on the lips of men ;
 But, having been a name, to sink and be
 A something which the world can do without,
 Which, having been or not, would never change
 The lightest pulse of fate,—this is indeed
 A cup of bitterness the worst to taste,
 And this thy heart shall empty to the dregs.
 Oblivion is lonelier than this peak,—
 Behold thy destiny ! Thou think'st it much
 That I should brave thee, miserable god !
 But I have braved a mightier than thou,
 Even the temptings of this soaring heart
 Which might have made me, scarcely less than thou,
 A god among my brethren weak and blind,
 Scarce less than thou, a pitiable thing,
 To be down-trodden into darkness soon.
 But now I am above thee, for thou art
 The bungling workmanship of fear, the block
 That scares the swart Barbarian ; but I
 Am what myself have made, a nature wise
 With finding in itself the types of all,—
 With watching from the dim verge of the time
 What things to be are visible in the gleams
 Thrown forward on them from the luminous past,—
 Wise with the history of its own frail heart,

With reverence and sorrow, and with love
Broad as the world for freedom and for man.

Thou and all strength shall crumble, except Love,
By whom and for whose glory ye shall cease :
And, when thou art but a dim moaning heard
From out the pitiless glooms of Chaos, I
Shall be a power and a memory,
A name to scare all tyrants with, a light
Unsetting as the pole-star, a great voice
Heard in the breathless pauses of the fight
By truth and freedom ever waged with wrong,
Clear as a silver trumpet, to awake
Huge echoes that from age to age live on
In kindred spirits, giving them a sense
Of boundless power from boundless suffering wrung.
And many a glazing eye shall smile to see
The memory of my triumph, (for to meet
Wrong with endurance, and to overcome
The present with a heart that looks beyond,
Are triumph), like a prophet eagle, perch
Upon the sacred banner of the right.
Evil springs up, and flowers, and bears no seed,
And feeds the green earth with its swift decay,
Leaving it richer for the growth of truth ;
But Good, once put in action or in thought,
Like a strong oak, doth from its boughs shed down
The ripe germs of a forest. Thou, weak god,
Shalt fade and be forgotten ; but this soul,
Fresh-living still in the serene abyss,
In every heaving shall partake, that grows
From heart to heart among the sons of men,—
As the ominous hum before the earthquake runs
Far through the *Ægean* from roused isle to isle,—
Foreboding wreck to palaces and shrines,
And mighty rents in many a cavernous error
That darkens the free light to man :—This heart
Unscarred by thy grim vulture, as the truth
Grows but more lovely 'neath the beaks and claws
Of Harpies blind that fain would soil it, shall
In all the throbbing exultations share
That wait on freedom's triumphs, and in all
The glorious agonies of martyr-spirits,—
Sharp lightning-throes to split the jagged clouds
That veil the future, showing them the end,—
Pain's thorny crown for constancy and truth,
Girding the temples like a wreath of stars.
This is a thought, that, like the fabled laurel,
Makes my faith thunder-proof, and thy dread bolts
Fall on me like the silent flakes of snow
On the hoar brows of aged *Caucasus* :
But, O thought far more blissful, they can rend
This cloud of flesh, and make my soul a star !

Unleash thy crouching thunders now, O *Jove* !
Free this high heart which, a poor captive long,
Doth knock to be let forth, this heart which still,
In its invincible manhood, overtops
Thy puny godship as this mountain doth
The pines that moss its roots. O even now,
While from my peak of suffering I look down,

Beholding with a far-spread gush of hope
 The sunrise of that Beauty in whose face,
 Shone all around with love, no man shall look
 But straightway like a god he is uplift,
 Unto the throne long empty for his sake,
 And clearly oft foreshadowed in wide dreams
 By his free inward nature, which nor thou,
 Nor any anarch after thee, can bind
 From working its great doom,—now, now set free
 This essence, not to die, but to become
 Part of that awful Presence which doth haunt
 The palaces of tyrants, to scare off,
 With its grim eyes and fearful whisperings
 And hideous sense of utter loneliness,
 All hope of safety, all desire of peace,
 All but the loathed forefeeling of blank death,—
 Part of that spirit which doth ever brood
 In patient calm on the unperfected nest
 Of man's deep heart, till mighty thoughts grow fledged
 To sail with darkening shadow o'er the world,
 Until they swoop, and their pale quarry make
 Of some o'erbloated wrong,—that spirit which
 Scatters great hopes in the seed-field of man,
 Like acorns among grain, to grow and be
 A roof for freedom in all coming time.

But no, this cannot be ; for ages yet,
 In solitude unbroken, shall I hear
 The angry Caspian to the Euxine shout,
 And Euxine answer with a muffled roar,
 On either side storming the giant walls
 Of Caucasus with leagues of climbing foam,
 (Less, from my height, than flakes of downy snow),
 That draw back baffled but to hurl again,
 Snatched up in wrath and horrible turmoil,
 Mountain on mountain, as the Titans erst,
 My brethren, scaling the high seat of Jove,
 Heaved Pelion upon Ossa's shoulders broad,
 In vain emprise. The moon will come and go
 With her monotonous vicissitude ;
 Once beautiful, when I was free to walk
 Among my fellows and to interchange
 The influence benign of loving eyes,
 But now by aged use grown wearisome ;—
 False thought ! most false ! for how could I endure
 These crawling centuries of lonely woe
 Unshamed by weak complaining, but for thee,
 Loneliest, save me, of all created things,
 Mild-eyed Astartè, my best comforter,
 With thy pale smile of sad benignity !

Year after year will pass away and seem
 To me, in mine eternal agony,
 But as the shadows of dumb summer-clouds,
 Which I have watched so often darkening o'er
 The vast Sarmatian plain, league-wide at first,
 But, with still swiftness, lessening on and on
 Till cloud and shadow meet and mingle where
 The grey horizon fades into the sky,
 Far, far to northward. Yes, for ages yet
 Must I lie here upon my altar huge,

A sacrifice for man. Sorrow will be,
 As it hath been, his portion ; endless doom,
 While the immortal with the mortal linked
 Dreams of its wings and pines for what it dreams
 With upward yearn unceasing. - Better so :
 For wisdom is meek sorrow's patient child,
 And empire over self, and all the deep
 Strong charities that make men seem like gods ;
 And love, that makes them be gods, from her breasts
 Sucks in the milk that makes mankind one blood.
 Good never comes unmixed, or so it seems,
 Having two faces, as some images
 Are carved, of foolish gods ; one face is ill,
 But one heart lies beneath, and that is good,
 As are all hearts, when we explore their depths.
 Therefore, great heart, bear up ! thou art but type
 Of what all lofty spirits endure, that fain
 Would win men back to strength and peace through love :
 Each hath his lonely peak, and on each heart
 Envy, or scorn, or hatred, tears lifelong
 With vulture beak ; yet the high soul is left,
 And faith, which is but hope grown wise, and love,
 And patience which at last shall overcome.

Cambridge, Mass., June, 1843.

O D E ,

FOR THE CELEBRATION OF THE FOURTH OF JULY, BY THE REPEAL ASSOCIATION OF PHILADELPHIA.

(Adapted to the music of the *Marseillaise Hymn*.)

BY MISS ANNE C. LYNCH.

A NATION's birthday breaks in glory !
 Songs from her hills and valleys rise,
 And myriad hearts thrill to the story
 Of freedom's wars and victories ;
 When God's right arm alone was o'er her,
 And in her name the patriot band
 With sacred blood baptized their land,
 And England's lion crouched before her !
 Sons of the Emerald Isle !
 She bids you rend your chain,
 And tell the haughty ocean queen,
 Ye, too, are free-born men !

Long has the world looked on in sorrow,
 As Erin's sun-burst* set in night ;
 Joy, joy ! there breaks a brighter morrow,
 Behold a beam of morning light !
 A ray of hope her night redeeming ;
 And she greets it, though there lower
 England's scaffolds, England's Tower,
 And though hireling swords are gleaming.
 Wild shouts on every breeze
 Come swelling o'er the sea,
 Hark ! 'tis her starving millions cry,
 " Give Erin liberty ! "

* The ancient flag of Ireland.

PENNINGS AND PENCILINGS, IN AND ABOUT TOWN.

BY JOSEPH C. NEAL, AUTHOR OF "CHARCOAL SKETCHES."

With Illustrations by Darley.

No. II.

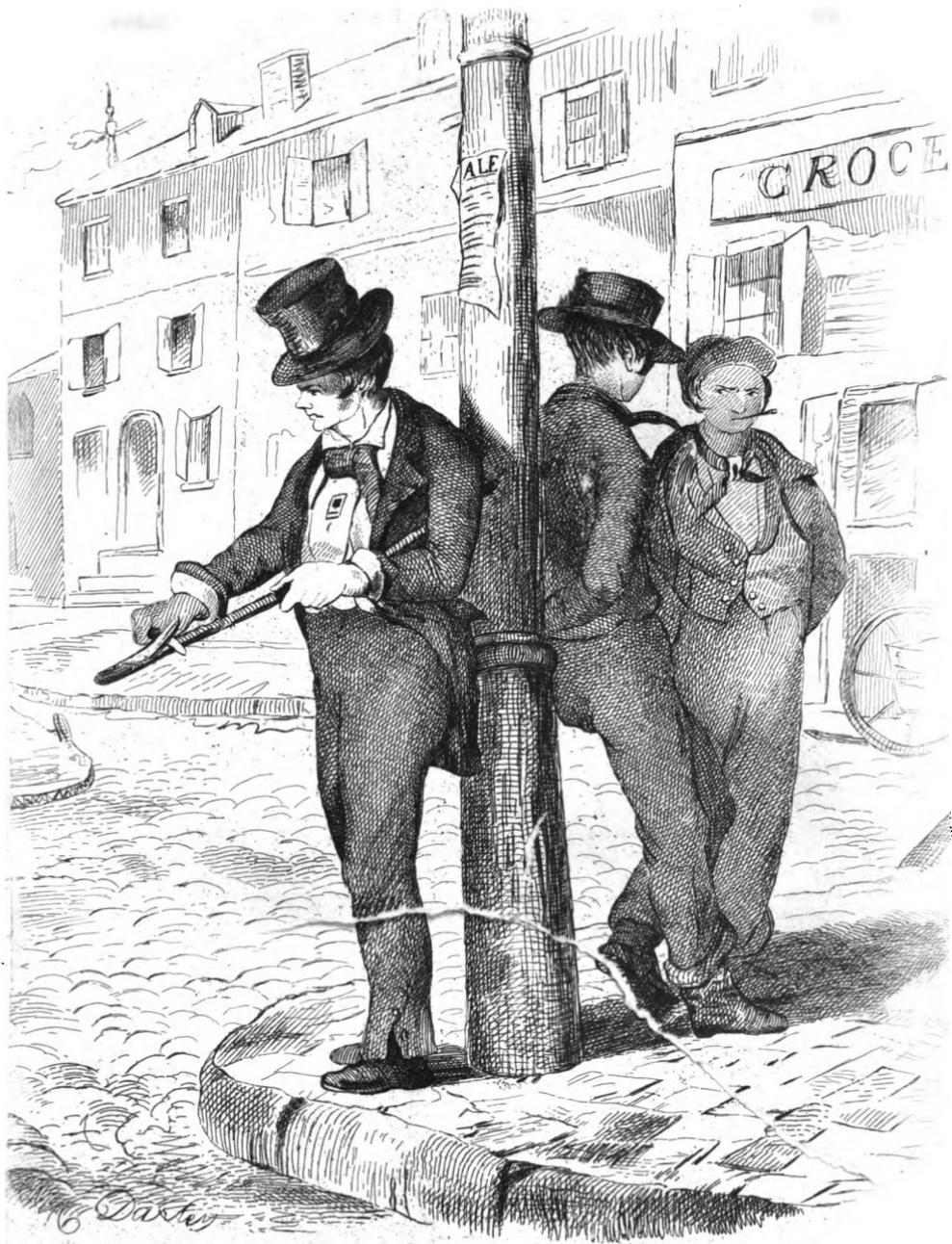
STREET CORNER LOUNGERS.

THERE are men—many men—whose mental callipers grasp only a single idea—the sun of whose thought revolves about, warms, and enlightens, but one little world, that world being the contracted universe (for a universe it is to them) of their own personal affairs and individual interests. From some congenital defect in their intellectual optics—as spectacles for the mind remain to be invented, and as the concave lens has not yet been adjusted to rectify the imperfect vision of the soul—they live within a narrow horizon, and browse, as it were, with a tether, having a certain circumference of grass, without the ability to take a mouthful beyond its limits. Nor, indeed, have they any desire for such epicurean adventure. They do not wish even to glance into any field which is not peculiarly their own. The clover which belongs to them satisfies all their wants; and to disturb themselves at all, as to how other people make hay, is a stretch of ambition to which they never aspire. Armies may devour each other—navies may go down and submit their Paixhan artillery to the investigation of the grampus and other martial fishes—empires may rock and reel like Fourth of July revellers in the days when the evidence of patriotism was to make the head heavier than the heels; but the species to which we refer still open their shops with unshaken nerves, take their breakfast with undiminished appetite, and go about their business with no thought but that of making both ends meet. To bear a hand in the grand work of ameliorating the condition of the human race, is a matter, in their opinion, which qualifies one for the first vacancy in the lunatic asylum. They belong to no philanthropic associations to regulate the price of soap in another hemisphere, nor have they ever entered into an

organization to compel the employing shoemakers of the moon to give their apprentices a half-holiday once a week. They are sure that "Convention" must be something relative to Bedlam, and that those who wish to reform everybody else, must stand greatly in need of some such operation themselves. An election, to them, is an annual nuisance—a periodical eruption, made necessary by a defective constitution, and all the meetings which go before, are, in their eyes, merely the premonitory symptom that disease is reaching a crisis. Processions and parades move their pity, and when they think at all about the turmoil of the outer world, it is only to wonder when the fools will have it "fixed" to their liking.

Far different from these is that disinterested body of men and boys who lounge at the corners of the way in a great metropolis—members of the human family who may be said to be always on hand and continually in circulation. They literally are the pillars of the state. They prop up lamp-posts, patronise fire-plugs, and encourage the lindens of the street in their unpractised efforts to grow. The luxuriant trees, which adorn the front of Independence Hall, outstrip all others in umbrageous beauty, because they, beyond all others, have been sustained by the kindness of loungers, and they now strive to return the compliment by affording a canopy to intercept the rays of the sun, and to avert the falling shower, from the beloved friends who stand by them, have stood by them, and will continue to stand by them, in every sort of weather.

In ancient Rome, whenever that respectable republic got itself into a difficulty with those unreasonable people who were foolish enough to wish to regulate their own affairs, and when the storm grew loud and threatening,



CORNER LOUNGERS.

Engraved for the U.S. Magazine & Democratic Review.

J.H.G. Langley, New York

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it was sometimes found necessary to entrust all things to the discretion of a dictator, whose duty it was "to take care that the republic should receive no detriment." But, without the provisions of law—without the troubles and dangers which flowed from the Roman practice, we are happy in the possession of a host of such officers, unrecognized, it is true, but not the less efficient, whose chief employment and whose main delight it is, reckless of honor and emolument, to take care that nothing detrimental happens to the republic. Their regards are always upon it, in jealous supervision. They are no speculative overseers, who imperfectly attend to exterior affairs, by lounging in slippered ease in luxurious offices, disporting themselves over the newspapers of the day. They are not influenced by the mere report of scouts or the sinister assertions of the interested; but make it their daily practice to hear with their own ears and to see with their own eyes. Nay, they push their zealous watchfulness so far, that they may often be seen in the exercise of their high functions when other mortals, less gifted with discrimination, can discover nothing to excite their notice. When the pavior is at work in the highway, heaving the weighty rammer with most emphatic groan, not a pebble is driven to its place, that the genuine loungee has not marked in every stage of its progress. No gas-pipe is adjusted without undergoing a similar scrutiny, and the sanctified spot where the pig was killed or the hound was run over, acquires such mysterious and fascinating importance in the loungee's estimation, that he will stand whole days in sombre contemplation of so distinguished a locality. Even the base of Pompey's statue, where great Cæsar fell, could not prove more attractive; and Rizzio's blood, which stains the floor of Holyrood, is not more dear to the antiquary than are the marks left by an overturned wagon to the non-commissioned superintendents of the city. Indeed, they have been seen congregated for hours around the house from which the tenants moved on the previous night, without complying with the vexatious ceremony of paying the rent—a feudal exaction perpetuated by landlords for the perplexity of the people. Should a masterless hat be found, or a drop of blood be discovered

on the street, it forms a nucleus for a gathering. No matter how slight the cause may seem to the ordinary intellect, these are persons who look more deeply into things, and derive wisdom from circumstances apparently too trivial to deserve regard.

But they are secret, too. The perfect loungee, though prodigal of his presence, is a niggard with his words. It is his vocation to see, and not to speak. His inferences are locked within the recesses of his own breast. He is wary and diplomatic, and not, like other individuals, to be sounded "from the lowest note to the top of his compass," by the curiosity of each passing stranger. He opposes no one in the acquisition of knowledge—he places no stumbling-blocks in the way; but by his taciturnity intimates that the results of his labors are not to be obtained for nothing. It is his motto that, if you wish for information, you must use the proper means to obtain it, for you have the same natural qualifications for the purpose as he.

That this characteristic belongs to the street loungee—we have nothing to say about the inferior class who operate solely within walls—is evident from the fact that it rarely happens, in the course of the most inquisitive life, that any one, on approaching a crowd, can ascertain by inquiry of its component members, why it has assembled. The question is either unheeded altogether, or else a supercilious glance is turned upon the querist, with a laconic response that the party does not know. Ostensibly, nobody knows a jot about the matter, except the fortunate few who form the inner circle, and, as it were, hem in all knowledge. They who extricate themselves early from the interior pressure and walk away, either with smiling faces, as if the joke were good, or with a dejected 'havior of the visage, as if their sensibilities had been lacerated, even they "don't know!" None will tell, except perchance it be a luckless urchin not yet taught to economise his facts, or some unsophisticated girl with a market basket, who talks for talking's sake. But who believes that the initiated "don't know"—that the omnipresent loungee "don't know?" It is not to be believed. He does know, but from some as yet undetermined and unappreciated singularity of his nature, it is rather his

pleasure to be looked upon as ignorant, than to "unlace his reputation" by proving false to so cardinal a point in the practice of his kind as to be a mere bulletin for others' uses. What he knows, he knows—let that content you. He has employment for all he has acquired, which, to outward appearance, would be spoiled by participation; but where, or how, or when, is a problem which remains to be solved.

Unawed by the state of the weather, these watchful sentinels are always abroad, and so far are they elevated above the influences of prevailing effeminacy, that they indulge so little in home delights as to induce many to believe that they dispense altogether with the enervating comforts of a fixed domicile. When their nature must needs "recuperate," it is supposed they "rotate" for repose, and that thus, by never couching themselves consecutively in the same nest, they catch abuses napping by their sudden and unexpected appearance "so early in the morning."

But, whatever may be the private habits, entomologically or ornithologically speaking, of "the street corner loungee," he is a self-evident proposition and an undeniable fact. There may be doubts as to the existence of other things—all circumstantial nature may be disputed, but he must be confessed. Go where you will, he is there, and as he is there to everybody, his there must be everywhere, paradoxical as it may seem. His visibility is co-existent with your presence, and it would require the pen of transcendentalism to explain the mysterious nature of his wonderful ubiquity. We have not language to portray the phenomena developed in this respect by a civic loungee of the superlative class; but, in homely phrase, if we may so express it, like a speck upon the eye itself, look where you will, he stands full blown before you. He is rarely seen in motion—never *in transitu*; but he is at your elbow when you depart, and when you have reached your end, the loungee is at the place in anticipation, leisurely drumming with his heels upon a post, and bearing no traces of a forced march. By what magic process this is accomplished, no one can tell. There is no proof that he travels. There is no physical sign in his appearance to induce a belief that he excels in locomotion,

or has any taste for such active employment as would seem to be necessary for achieving such results; and so much are the scientific puzzled to account for the fact to which we have reference, that a paper is said to be in preparation for the "Philosophical Transactions," having for its object to determine "whether a Street Corner Loungee, in his distinctive and individual capacity, be one or many; or whether the specimen be not multitudinous in an identical shape and image, so that in the same form and as one person, he is gifted with the capacity to be everywhere at once." Every nice observer will be inclined to receive the last hypothesis as the correct impression, for he must often have had abundant reason to conclude that the loungee is really thus, "as broad and general as the casing air"—a Monsieur Tonson who has always "come again."

There are, however, certain peculiarities in this matter which are also worthy of remark—little niceties in the case which deserve their comment. As each man is supposed to have his superintending star—his supervising genius, which, both in weal and wo, hovers about his footsteps or directs his course, so each individual has his lounging "John Jones"—his familiar from the spirit-land of loafdom. We know him not but in his palpable form—we have exchanged no word of kindness with him—he has no interest in our affairs, nor we in his—there is no earthly tie existing; but when we have once marked our coincident loungee, he is there for ever—our inevitable fate—the everlasting frontispiece in the volume of our experiences—our perpetual double, in sunshine or in rain. Let the fact once be presented to your sensorium that you rarely go to any place without seeing "that man," and your doom is sealed. You never will go anywhere without seeing him, either there or on your way there, from that time forth; and when you do not see him, be assured that there is abundant reason to doubt whether you are really yourself, and whether, notwithstanding appearances, you are not mistaken in the person—so that in shaving your apparent countenance, you may have shaved an impostor, and in drinking your wine, you may have been pouring refreshment down the throat of a rogue. When a man is without his shadow,

what assurance is there that himself is he? But when one's reflex is present, he may, in some cases, be satisfied that money put in his own pocket is not entrusted to the care of a speculator. And in this way it is that wisdom derives comfort from the phenomenon that we have attempted to explain.

Is the citizen martially inclined, and does he attend volunteer parades, to gratify the heroic longings of his soul by having his toes macerated by iron heels, his ribs compressed by ruffian elbows, or his abdominal capacity astonished by the musket-butt of the authoritative sentinel who knocks the breath out of your body while politely exclaiming "stand back, gentlemen—a little further, if you please!" There is his attendant loungeur, in the best of possible places, and safely beyond the reach of the mob-repressing guard.

Is the foiled pickpocket borne triumphantly to office of Recorder, Alderman, or Mayor—look ye now, and see. Within the rail of official function, close to magisterial dignity, there stands your ghost, your "bodach glas," not antecedent or consequent, but instant. No need to wish, or call, or wonder at his absence. You are here, and he is there—cause and effect, linked together by hooks of steel. 'Tis your *alter ego*—your t'other eye,

Do you attend the burial of a friend, and walk in gloom and silent sorrow? Dash aside your tears and behold, leaning against that funeral tree which overshadows the sad procession, an evidence is apparent that even in grief your unknown coadjutor is true to his vocation. You will never be deserted—never!

Are you essentially humane and take delight in seeing murder choked and homicide made breathless, that the world may become tender-hearted and averse to horrors by familiarity with Ketch's delectable countenance? "That man" is helping to support the rectangular superstructure which reforms men by the speedy dislocation of their vertebral column, and improves the age by disjuncting necks. He and Ketch seem to be sworn brothers.

But fear not. Though this circumstance of yours be something that cannot be avoided either by secrecy respecting your movements, for he is an intuition—by rapidity of travel, for he is ubiquitous—or by cunning evasion, for

he is instinctive—yet no harm appears ever to have arisen from this species of Chang and Eng-ship—from this disjunctive Siamese-twinning, if we may so venture upon a terminological experiment and coin a phrase to distinguish an unnamed idea. The inevitable may be sad in his expression, but he shows no sign of being mischievous in his soul, nor is his observation sarcastic in its conclusions. He is a student of humanity ever at his book, but rather touched with melancholy at the lesson thus derived, than made misanthropic by a knowledge of our weaknesses and follies. Exulting beauty passes by him, and at the "rustling of silks and the creaking of shoes," which have betrayed so many hearts, he sighs to think that a bad cold or a misdirected bucket would soon reduce that joyousness to the most pitiable plight. He looks plaintively at the unheeding dog, who, ignorant of laws, and with muzzle at home, sports onward to the fell clutches of the sordid Sambo, to whom canine slaughter is a trade and profit, and he draws analogies between puppyhood and youthful prime, revelling in wild delights and unwarned of "ketchers" till they are caught. The loungeur is a lonely moralist, who has too much general sympathy to isolate affection by contracting his sphere of usefulness—too disinterested to narrow himself down to a pursuit of selfish aggrandizement—too full of heart to be cooped within the ribs of a trade, and too anxious about the general welfare ever to give rest to his anxious eye. He is the general guardian, the foster-mother of us all—and perhaps it is our vanity alone that regards him as being exclusive in his attentions, just as childhood thinks that a portrait watches all its movements, or as the moon seems marching above our heads, wherever we go.

Such as we have described is Nicholas Nollikins—he with the breastpin—he who watches so intently the shaving evolved and elaborated from its parent stick by the keen edge of his whittle. Though Nollikins appears to be cutting, and it is reasonable to suppose that he is cutting, yet Nollikins is also thinking. In fact, he is a sage—not such as they stuff ducks withal, or liquidate into medicinal tea—but that sort of sage which has sagacity for its result, better far than ducks or teas.

Nollikins, however, labors under a difficulty. He is reflective and observant, but not practical. He never comes to the application, for that word is particularly what he dislikes, and hence the deep river of his probable usefulness has its perfect navigation interrupted by a dam in the channel. His ships never come to port. Nollikins has in his time tried many trades, but none of them agreed with him, except the pursuit of being midshipman to an oyster-boat, and there were points even in this profession which were repugnant to his finer emotions. "Raking" on dry land is not perhaps so disagreeable; but let those who think that words are identical and synonymous, and represent the same thing at sea and ashore, try raking for oysters, as Nicholas Nollikins did for a whole season, and they will ever after have a correct appreciation of differences. When the boat returned to the wharf, Nicholas was at home. His taste for society could now be gratified. The delicate aspirations of his nature found food in the distribution of oysters, and his imagination had room to expand as he opened the bivalves. What a delightful compound of business and pleasure is that phase of the oyster trade which sells wholesale, but yet does not scorn the niceties of retail to the hungry wanderer! Benevolence and information are here combined—to talk and to eat—to question and to impart nourishment—to benefit both the *physique* and the *morale* at the same time—who would not be midshipman of an oyster-boat!—who could not live whole days at the wharf under such circumstances! Nollikins could—Nollikins did—thrice happy Nollikins!

But the genial sky always has clouds in it—a spring morning, be it as balmy as it may, is generally followed by a cloudy afternoon. When oysters are sold and eaten, it is a necessity arising from the unfortunate state of things in this sublunary sphere, that you must go after additional oysters—that is, if you want more; for oysters, unlike the accommodating shad, have not yet learned to come up the river of themselves, that they may be caught at the very door. Few things in the eating way have that innate politeness so remarkable in the character of a shad. Had the shad been blessed with

feet and hands, there cannot be a doubt but that it would complete its measure of complaisance by walking up the street and ringing at the bell, with a civil inquiry for the cook and the grid-iron. It would come about half an hour before breakfast, and never defer its call till after tea. Commend us to the shad, as the best-mannered fish that swims. Many men might go to school to the shad; and, indeed, if our piscatory learning be not at fault, the shad do assemble in schools, to which cause possibly may be attributed the excellence of their training. Always bow with deference to a shad—it has travelled far to enjoy the pleasure of your acquaintance. The oyster, however, is churlish—it makes no free visitation, and upon this fact hinges the fate of Nicholas Nollikins. He could not abide the painful contrast which was brought home to his sensibilities, by the change from the wharf to the cove—from society to solitude—from the delicate play of the iron-handled knife (so favorable to the exhibition of grace and skill), to the heavy drag of rakes and tongs in the oyster bed; and he therefore concluded to resign his regular commission, and to obtain his living for the future by dabbling only in the fancy branches of human employment. When the boats come up, he has no objection to taking a place, for the time being, as salesman to the concern; and in this way, working only when urgent necessity compels, and consuming the rest of the time in the ornamentals of life, such as leaning against a post and speculating on the chances and changes of terrestrial affairs, our worthy Nicholas contrives to bite the sunny side from the peach, leaving the green core for those who are mean enough to be content with it.

Nicholas has a home, upon a desperate emergency, but he does not trouble it often with his presence, for reasons which he regards as perfectly adequate to excuse any delinquency in this respect which calumnious tongues may think proper to lay to his charge.

"As for goin' home, Billy Bunkers," said he one day in confidence to the long lad with the short roundabout, who leans upon the opposite side of the lamp-post; "as for goin' home, Billy, savin' and exceptin' when you can't help it, why it's perfectly redicklis. If people's opinyins could be made to

agree, that would be one thing, and you might go home. But as these opinyins don't agree, why that's another thing, and it's best to clear out and keep out, just as long as you kin. What's your sitivation when you do go home! There's the old man, and there's the old woman, and the rest of them, hurtin' your feelins as bad as if they was killin' kittens with a brick-bat. As soon as you're inside of the door, they sing out like good fellers, 'Eh, waggybone! Ho! ho! lazyboots!—hellow, loafer!—ain't you most dead a workin' so hard!—t'aint good for your wholesome to be so all-fired industrious!' That's the way they keep a goin' on, aggravatin' you for everlastin'. They don't understand my complaint—they can't understand a man that's lookin' up to better things. I tell you, Billy," exclaimed Nicholas, with tears in his eyes, "when a feller's any sort of a feller, like you and me—"

"Yes," replied Billy, complacently; "we're the fellers—it takes us."

"When a feller's any sort of a feller, to be ketcht at home is little better than bein' a mouse in a wire-trap. They poke sticks in your eye, squirt cold water on your nose, and show you to the cat. Common people, Billy—low, ornery, common people, can't make it out when natur's raised a gentleman in the family—a gentleman all complete, only the money's been forgot. If a man won't work all the time—day in and day out—if he smokes by the fire or whistles out of the winder, the very gals bump agin him, and say, 'Get out of the way, loaf!' Now what I say is this—if people hasn't had genteel fotchin' up, you can no more expect 'em to behave as if they had been fotch up genteel, than you kin make good segars out of a broom-handle."

"That are a fact!" ejaculated Billy Bunkers, with emphasis, for Billy has experienced, in his time, treatment at home somewhat similar to that complained of by Nicholas Nollikins.

"But, Billy, my son, never mind, and keep not a lettin' on," continued Nollikins, and a beam of hope irradiated his otherwise saturnine countenance; "the world's a railroad, and the cars is comin'—all we'll have to do is to jump in, chalked free. There will be a time—something must happen. Rich wid-

ders are about yet, though they are snapped up so fast. Rich widders, Billy, are 'special providences,' as my old boss used to say when he broke his nose in the entry, sent here like rafts to pick up deservin' chaps when they can't swim no longer. When you've bin down twy'st, Billy, and are jist off agin, then comes the widda a floatin' along. Why, splatterdocks is nothin' to it, and a widda is the best of all life-preservers when a man is most a case, like you and me."

"Well, I'm not perticklar, not I, nor never was. I'll take a widda, for my part, if she's got the mint-drops, and never ask no questions. I'm not proud—never was harrystocratic—I drinks with anybody, and smokes all the cigars they give me. What's the use of bein' stuck up, stiffy? It's my principle that other folks are nearly as good as me, if they're not constables nor aldermen. I can't stand them sort."

"No, Billy," said Nollikins, with an encouraging smile, "no, Billy; such indiwidoals as them don't know human natur'—but, as I was goin' to say, if there happens to be a short crop of widders, why can't somebody leave us a fortin!—That will do as well, if not better. Now look here—what's easier than this? I'm standin' on the wharf—the rich man tries to go aboard of the steamboat—the niggers push him off the plank—in I goes, ca-splash! The old gentleman isn't drowned, but he might have been drowned but for me, and if he had a bin, where's the use of his money then? So he gives me as much as I want now, and a great deal more when he defuncts riggler, accordin' to law and the practice of civilized nations. You see—that's the way the thing works. I'm at the wharf every day—can't afford to lose the chance, and I begin to wish the old chap would hurra about comin' along. What can keep him!?"

"If it 'ud come to the same thing in the end," remarked Billy Bunkers, "I'd rather the niggers would push the old man's little boy into the water, if it's all the same to him. Them fat old fellers are so heavy when they're skeered, and hang on so, why I might get drowned before I had time to go to bank with the check! But what's the use of waitin'? Couldn't we shove 'em in some warm afternoon ourselves! Who'd know in the crowd!?"

"I've thought of that, Bunkers, when a man was before me that looked like the right sort. I've often said to myself, 'My friend, how would you like to be washed for nothin'?'—but, Billy, there might be mistakes—perhaps when you got him out, he couldn't pay? What then?"

"Why, keep a puttin' new ones in to soak every day, till you do fish up the right one."

"It won't do, my friend—they'd smoke the joke—all the riff-raff in town would be pushin' old gentlemen into the river, and the elderly folks would have to give up travellin' by the steam-boat. We must wait, I'm afraid, till the real thing happens. The right person will be sure to come along."

"I hope so; and so it happens quick, I don't much care whether it's the old man, or his little boy, or that rich widder, that gets a ducking. I'm not proud."

"And when it does happen," exclaimed Nollikins, swelling with triumphant anticipation, "who but me, with more beard than a nannygoat, and a mile of gold chain, goin' up Chestnut street? Who but Nollikins with his big dog?"

"Yes, and Billy Bunkers, with two big dogs, a chasin' the pigs into the chaney shops!"

"Then you'll see me come the non-sense over the old folks—who's loafer

now!—and my dog will bite their cat—who's ginger-pop and jam spruce-beer at this present writin', I'd like to know!"

And, in a transport of enthusiasm, Nollikins knocked the hat of Billy Bunkers, a shallow, dish-like castor, clear across the street.

Thus, wrapped in present dreams and future anticipations—a king that is to be—lives Nicholas Nollikins—the grand exemplar of the Street Corner Lounger. There he stations himself, for hope requires a boundless prospect and a clear look-out, that by whatever route fortune chooses to approach, she may have a prompt reception. Nicholas and his tribe exist but for to-morrow, and rely firmly upon that poetic justice which should reward those who wait patiently until the wheel of fortune turns up a prize. They feel, by the generous expansion of their souls, by their impatience of ignoble toil, by their aspirations after the beautiful and nice, that their present position in society is the result of accident and inadvertency, and that if they are not false to the nature that is within them, the time will come when the mistake will be rectified, and "they shall walk in silk attire, and siller have to spare," which is not by any means the case at present. All that can be expected just now, is, that they should spare other people's "siller."

NOW AND THEN.

A DIALOGUE.

WRITTEN UNDER A PICTURE REPRESENTING THE LAST MAN HUNG IN MASSACHUSETTS FOR STEALING.

BY HARRY FRANCO.

Now. Merciful Heaven! unmerciful men!
What is it I see hanging there, brother Then?
(Abruptly exclaiming, young Now thus began).

Then. That, brother Now!—(points to the Gallows)—why, that is a man.

—But wherefore thus suddenly stricken with grief?
'Tis true it's a man, but the man was a thief;
The scoundrel purloined a huge round of prime beef.
Indeed, he confessed it, and foolishly said,
That his wife and his children were crying for bread.

Now. Crying for bread ! Did the man want food ?
Was it guilty to take for his famishing brood ?
Oh, dear brother Then, was it thus in your time ?
Was poverty, brother, the poor wretch's crime ?
And pray, my good Then, do answer me, whether
The wife and the children were hung up together ?

Then. Ho ! ho ! brother Now, but your question is rich ;
Yourself, in my time, would have swung for a witch.
The man, my dear Now, with the beef in his maw,
Was hung to fulfil a nice point of the law ;
His wife more respectably died in her bed,
Heart-broken or starved, and his children were fed
At the poor-house awhile, and doubtless you'll learn
That they, for some crime, have been hung in their turn.
Mankind, you will find, are so strangely perverse,
That in spite of the Gallows they grow worse and worse,

Now. Poor man ! So they hung him up there for a show,
Like a sign-board to swing in the wind to and fro.
See his rags, how they flutter and flaunt on the air ;
Like moss from a tree hangs his dark matted hair ;
His children look up to their father and cry,
And wonder why he above others should fly ;
But wonder still more at his dangling up there
Without wings, unlike all other fowls of the air.
See, the crows gather round with their ominous caw,
Like professional folk that exult in the law ;
There's the soul of a Jeffries, or Campbell, no doubt
In a suit of black feathers careering about,
Or black-coated parasites (Heralds of Peace !)
Who took charge of a fold for the sake of a fleece ;
Still thirsty for blood, though at large in the sky,
Wherever there's crime and a carcase they fly.

Then. Ho ! ho ! my young master, your manners are rude ;
All your reasons are false, all your doctrines are crude ;
I can prove to you clear as the breath that you draw,
That hanging is right by Levitical law.

Now. Well, dear brother Then, I've no time to dispute,
And I might not your long-winded speeches refute.
This world I am heir to I find such a state in,
That really I haven't much leisure for prating.
But leave not, I beg you, that death-bearing tree,
With its horrible fruit, as a keepsake for me.
You will leave me enow for the Devil's applause,
In your prisons, and fetters, and barbarous laws.

I stand on the spot that once bounded your view,
And beyond see a horizon hidden from you,
Though a mist seems to rise in the distant profound,
It is fringed with a halo, reflecting a bound
Unbedimmed by a cloud, which the Future shall see,
When he stands on this spot now a boundary to me.

CARDILLAC THE JEWELLER.

A TALK FROM THE GERMAN OF HOFFMAN.*

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

———"Come, seeling night,
 Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
 And with thy bloody and invisible hand,
 Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
 Which keeps me pale."

MACBETH.

———"Nay, gentle lady,
 The prime of Florence wait upon thy smiles,
 Like sunflowers on the golden light they love:
 Thy lips have such sweet melody, 'tis hung upon
 Till silence is an agony. Did it plead
 For one condemned, but O, most innocent!
 'Twould be a music th' air would fall in love with,
 And never let it die, till it had won
 Its honest purpose."

FAZIO.

PART I.

IN the Rue St. Honoré, Paris, stood a small house, occupied by the Lady Magdalène de Scuderi, the favored friend of Louis XIV. and of Madame de Maintenon, and famed moreover for her romances and her charming verses, which were the admiration of the French court.

It was near midnight, in the autumn of the year 1680, when a knocking was heard at the door of this house, so loud that the lower hall resounded. Pierre, the only male servant in the lady's little household, was gone from Paris, with her permission, to be present at the marriage of his sister; and it so happened that Martiniere, the maid, was this night the sole companion of her mistress. She was none of the most courageous, and sat trembling in her chamber, listening to the repeated knocks, and thinking over all the tales of thieves and murderers her busy memory could supply. But the clamor at the door redoubled, and she could even distinguish a voice, whether in menace or supplication she could not tell. Fearful that her mistress might be awakened, the maid snatched up the light, and ran to a window that overlooked the entrance to the house. From there she distinctly heard a

voice entreating admission in the most urgent manner.

"This is not the manner of robbers," thought Martiniere. "Who knows but some unfortunate person, in peril of his life, has come to seek refuge here, knowing my mistress to be always ready to aid the distressed?" Therewith she threw open the window, and demanded who made such a noise at the door, at this late hour. She tried to disguise her voice, and assume the deep tones of a man.

By the faint light of the moon, through drifting clouds, the maid discerned a tall figure, wrapped in a dark mantle, with a broad-brimmed hat pulled down closely over the face. She called aloud, as if to persons within the house, "Baptiste! Claude! Pierre!" to frighten the stranger if he had nefarious designs; but the stranger replied in a gentle though melancholy tone:

"Ah, Martiniere, is that you? I know your voice well, however you strive to disguise it. I know, too, that Pierre is not at home, and that you are alone with your mistress. You have nothing to fear from me, be assured. But I must speak, and this moment, with your lady."

"You are mistaken," cried the maid,

* The story is much condensed from the original, but without injury to the interest of the narrative.

"if you imagine my lady will speak with you at this hour of the night. She is sleeping; and on no account would I rouse her from the repose so necessary at her time of life."

"I am aware," replied the person below, "that your mistress, not long since, laid aside the manuscript of her new romance, to complete some verses which she is to-morrow to read to the Marquise de Maintenon. I conjure you, Martiniere, to have mercy upon me, and open the door. Your doing so may save a wretch from destruction. The honor, liberty, nay, the life of a human being hangs on the interview I must have this instant with your mistress. Consider, you will yourself incur her displeasure, when she learns that you drove from her door an unhappy being who sought her aid."

"Come to-morrow morning," said the maid.

Her voice betrayed her hesitation. The stranger answered quickly and bitterly:

"Does fate or the blasting lightning wait for convenient hours? Have I not told you, that salvation hangs on this moment? Can you refuse me help? Open the door; you have nothing to fear from a miserable wretch like me; I come only to implore succor, that I may be saved from impending ruin!"

Martiniere observed that these words were uttered in a tone of the deepest anguish, and interrupted by sobs; and that the voice was a youthful one. Her heart melted; and without further deliberation, she descended the stairs and opened the door.

No sooner was the door open, than the stranger rushed in. The light held by Martiniere fell full upon his face, which was that of a young man, pale as death, and bearing the marks of violent emotion.

"Lead me to your mistress!" he exclaimed, so wildly that the maid was ready to swoon with fright. His mantle had fallen back, and she saw the gleam of a dagger in his belt. Hastily ascending the stairs, up which he followed her, she closed the door of the ante-room to the chamber of Mademoiselle Scuderi, and placed herself firmly against it.

"Your behavior within the house," she said resolutely, though in a trembling voice, "does not at all agree with

your humility without, which won my too ready sympathy. You shall not now speak with her ladyship. If you mean no ill, as you pretend, you can come to-morrow; now you must depart."

The man sighed deeply, but looked fiercely at Martiniere, and grasped the handle of his weapon. She stood firm, returned his glance boldly, and pressed more closely against the door.

"Let me pass!" cried the stranger. "I will not stir from this place," answered the devoted maid, "do what you will. You can murder me; but your crime will, sooner or later, be expiated on the scaffold, where many of your companions in guilt have bled already."

"You take me for a robber," returned the youth, with flashing eyes and a scornful smile—"and sooth I look like one at this moment; but my companions in guilt, I would have you know, are not yet judged!"—and laughing wildly, he drew his dagger. Martiniere prepared to receive the death-stroke, when the clatter of horses' feet and the clash of weapons was heard in the street. "The guard! help, help!" cried she. But her mouth was stopped by the hand of the intruder. "Woman, you would destroy me!" he exclaimed in a low, hoarse tone. "It is all over; take this—take it—give it to your mistress to-night, to-morrow, when you will." And he pressed a small casket into her hands, again enjoined it on her to let no one open it but her mistress, and snatching the light from her, extinguished it and hastened out of the house. Martiniere, confused and terrified, with difficulty groped her way back to her chamber, where she sank half fainting on the bed. Not many minutes had elapsed, when she heard the hall door open, and light, stealthy steps ascend the stairs and approach her apartment. She expected nothing less than the return of the fearful visiter, and it was no small comfort to her to see, by the light of a lantern, the face of Pierre. It was he who had returned earlier than he anticipated from his excursion. He had encountered in the street the patrol, and had been arrested, whence the clamor that had reached the ears of Martiniere. "I was well known to Desgrais, the marshal," said Pierre, "and he ordered my release as soon as he brought his lantern to my face. I shall

take care how I am caught out so late again. But just as I came up the steps a man, wrapped in a mantle, with a drawn dagger in his hand, rushed past me and escaped. I found the door unlocked. What does this mean?"

Martiniere related what had happened, and showed the casket. Pierre agreed with her in deciding that the intruder had some evil intent. "A watchful Providence," said he, "has this night saved our gracious lady from robbery—perhaps from murder. My counsel about the casket, Martiniere, is that you throw it into the Seine. Who knows that it is not filled with poison, intended to kill her ladyship when she opens it, as did the letter, written in an unknown hand, the Marquis de Tourmay?" After long deliberation, the two faithful domestics resolved in the morning to inform their mistress of all that had passed, and to express to her their suspicions in regard to the mysterious casket, so that she should not open it without warning.

Their apprehensions were not without sufficient grounds. Paris had been for some time the scene of unparalleled atrocities, the progress of which had been arrested only by the most severe proceedings on the part of the authorities.

Glaser, a German chemist, had been much celebrated for his success in the pursuit of natural science, and was thought by the people to excel in the mysteries of alchemy. He was assisted by an Italian named Exili, who displayed great desire to acquire a thorough knowledge of his art. But the assistant was not so eager in his researches after the philosopher's stone, or the universal elixir, as in the manufacture of subtle poisons. He succeeded in distilling several, and at last, cautiously as his labors were carried on, became an object of suspicion, and was sent to the Bastille. In the same apartment was confined the Captain Godin de Saint Croix. This man, of violent passions without principle, vindictive, ambitious and reckless, was a fit pupil of the Italian chemist; and to him he disclosed the secrets which were to give him power over the lives of his enemies. Released ere long from the Bastille, he began to put his terrible art into practice.

The Marquise de Brinvillier, with whom Saint Croix had been connected

in a disgraceful intrigue, became his pupil in these fearful mysteries, and in daring wickedness soon went even beyond him. Several members of her own family were the first victims of poison, and it seemed as if the thirst for blood increased with its gratification. The sudden death of many poor persons in the Hotel Dieu awakened at length the suspicion that the food sent them weekly by the Marquise was poisoned; and some guests of hers died after having banqueted at her house. Saint Croix remained unsuspected for some time, but Heaven had prepared a just retribution for him. The poison he distilled was so subtle that the smallest quantity of the fine powder (*poudre de succession* it was called) inhaled into the nostrils was sufficient to cause instant death. He wore, for his own security, a glass mask while at his work. One day, as he was pouring the powder just prepared into a phial, the mask fell and was shivered into fragments. At the same moment Saint Croix sank lifeless to the ground, the victim of his own diabolical art. As he left no heirs, government took possession of his effects, and placed them all under seal. In his laboratory were found all the implements and materials used in preparing poisons, and also letters from the Marquise de Brinvillier, which left no doubt of her guilt. She fled to Liege, and sought shelter in a cloister. Desgrais, an officer of the *connétable*, was sent after her. Disguised as a priest, he entered the cloister, and succeeded in persuading the wicked woman, with whom he pretended to be in love, to grant him a private interview in a garden without the confines of the sacred walls. There his men seized upon her; she was placed in a carriage and borne to Paris. Soon after, she was beheaded, with one of her accomplices; her body was reduced to ashes, and the ashes scattered to the four winds.

Paris had not a long breathing-space, ere it seemed evident that the spectre was abroad again, and more destructive than ever. Many were the victims; scarce a dwelling was thought safe from the secret destroyer. The public alarm rose to a pitch of frenzy. But the murderers baffled all the efforts of the police to discover and punish them. To put an end to this frightful state of things, the King instituted a new court

of justice, and invested it with powers for the exclusive purpose of inquiring into, detecting, and punishing these secret crimes. This court was called the *Chambre Ardente*. La Regnie was its president, and the sittings were held not far from the Bastille.

With such a president, and with the cunning Desgrais for an officer, the most vigorous measures adopted for the detection of criminals were shortly successful. In the Faubourg St. Germain lived an old woman named La Voisine, a fortune-teller and conjurer by profession, who had, with the assistance of her companions, Le Sage and Le Vigoureux, obtained a sway over the minds of the superstitious populace. She was found to be Exili's pupil, and to have been in the habit of preparing poisons, which she sold at high prices to those who came to purchase. Desgrais discovered her practices; she made a free confession, and was condemned by the *Chambre Ardente* to be burned at the stake. In her house was found a list of the persons who had availed themselves of her assistance; and in consequence of this, it not only happened that execution after execution took place, but suspicion rested on persons of high dignity. Cardinal Bonzy was thought, through means of La Voisine, to have shortened the lives of several persons to whom, as Archbishop of Narbonne, he was obliged to pay pensions. The Countess of Soissons, the Duchess de Bouillon, and even Henri de Montmorenci, whose names were found on this list, were also accused; but the fault of the latter consisted only in his having applied to the old woman to write his horoscope.

Certain it is, that the blind zeal of President La Regnie led to the commission of many cruelties. The tribunal took the character of the Inquisition; the slightest suspicion was sufficient to warrant severe imprisonment; and in many cases, after execution, accident brought to light the innocence of the sufferers. The person and demeanor of La Regnie were forbidding in the extreme; and these, with his character for severity, soon procured him the dislike even of the people whose avenger and protector he declared himself. The Duchess de Bouillon, when asked by him on trial if she had ever seen the devil, answered, "methinks I have him now before my eyes!"

While the scaffold streamed with the blood of legal victims, the crime of poisoning or poison-vending became less and less frequent. But there arose another dark and secret destroyer, which threatened to become as formidable. A band of robbers appeared to have been organized, with the object of obtaining possession of all valuable jewels. Precious stones disappeared, though carefully locked up, in the most inscrutable manner. Many persons who wore jewels about their persons were assaulted at night in the streets, struck down, and robbed—in some cases murdered. Several, whose lives were spared, deposed that they had been knocked down with a sudden blow on the head, and on recovering sense found themselves in another place than that where they had fallen. The murdered victims had all the same wound, a dagger-thrust through the heart, which probably had produced instant death. These murders became terribly frequent. About the luxurious court of Louis XIV., what young cavalier was there who had not a fair one to propitiate, or a mistress to visit, to whom he wished to carry some acceptable ornament? Sometimes the treasure was rifled from him on his way to the person for whom it was intended; once the corpse of the lover was found at the door of his beloved.

In vain Argenson, the minister of the police, did his utmost—in vain La Regnie was enraged, and sought to compel confessions from prisoners in his power—in vain new guards and patrols were appointed—no trace of the robbers was discovered. It was also not a little remarkable that nothing could be found of the jewels taken, though strict search was instituted in all places where they were likely to be offered for sale or barter. As if still more to baffle suspicion, it was observed that the quarter of the city where crime had been most frequent, and where Desgrais was stationed, was exempt from disturbance: while in that where all had been unmolested hitherto, the robbers found their richest spoils. Desgrais resorted to the expedient of choosing officers to occupy his place, as like him in personal appearance as possible, and called by his much-dreaded name, and sending them to the principal streets, while he himself, at the risk of his life, lurked in corners and by-ways alone, and fol-

lowed at a distance any passer-by who happened to be well dressed or to wear jewels. But even this stratagem was unsuccessful.

One morning Desgrais came to La Regnie pale and agitated. "You have news!" cried the President eagerly—"you have found trace of them!" "Last night," answered the breathless official, "not far from the Louvre, the Marquis de la Fare was struck down in my presence." The president started up with joy—"We have them!" exclaimed he. "Hear me out first," said Desgrais with a bitter smile. "I was walking near the Louvre; a figure passed without seeing me, walking with unsteady steps, and glancing round every moment. By the light of the lamp I recognized the Marquis de la Fare, and guessed in what direction he was going. He was about a dozen paces in advance of me, when a figure sprang as it were out of the earth and fell upon him. In my first surprise, eager only to secure the assailant, I cried out and rushed to lay hold upon him. My feet were entangled in my mantle, and I fell down. Springing to my feet the next instant, I saw the robber flying as on the wings of the wind. I pursued—I blew my horn—I was answered by the whistle of the guard—and presently the street was alive with men and horses. "This way, this way, for Desgrais!" I shouted, and ran on, never losing sight of the pursued, though he dodged and made several turns to escape me. I followed him into the street Nicaise; his strength appeared to fail him—I redoubled my exertions—he had not more than fifteen paces the start of me—"

"You seized him—you held him fast—the guard came to your help?" cried La Regnie, seizing the arm of Desgrais, as if he had been the robber.

"Fifteen paces before me," continued the officer. "The man sprang from before me into the deep shadow of the wall, and vanished."

"Vanished—through the wall?"

"Exactly so."

"You are raving!" exclaimed La Regnie as he stepped backward, and struck his hands together with a gesture of despair.

"You may call me a madman," continued Desgrais, rubbing his forehead as one just waked from a sleep, "or a fool; it happened exactly as I tell you. I stood breathless before the wall, and

around me the men who had pursued the robber; among them the Marquis de la Fare, his drawn sword in his hand. We lighted torches—we examined the wall—not a trace of window, door, or opening was to be found. It is a high, well-built, stone wall, and encloses on one side a house where an old couple live, to whom not the slightest suspicion can possibly attach. I have been over the premises again this morning, and my opinion is that the person who has baffled us is the devil himself!"

The story of Desgrais was soon known over Paris, and the superstitious alarm of the people easily induced them to believe that the words he had uttered in bitter jest were actually true. The heads of the populace were full of magic and diablerie, and it may well be conceived that all the details of the story were exaggerated into the marvellous. A pamphlet, containing an account of the demon apparition, his rising out of the earth, and his disappearance in the same manner before the eyes of the affrighted Desgrais, was published, embellished with wood cuts, and had an immense sale—striking terror to the hearts of those who read it, and even intimidating the guard, whose business it was to protect the city. Several of the gens-d'armes provided themselves with amulets dipped in holy water.

Much concerned at this state of things, Argenson went to the King and petitioned for the appointment of a new court, invested with powers even larger than the *Chambre Ardente*, for the detection and punishment of the offenders. Louis was already convinced that the *Chambre Ardente* had exercised too many cruelties; and, distrustful as he was of the discretion of the over-zealous La Regnie, rejected the petition.

Another method was resorted to, to induce him to reconsider the matter. The King usually spent his afternoons in the apartments of Madame de Maintenon, where his ministers often met him and remained till late in the evening. One day, while there, a poetical petition was presented to him, written in the name of some distressed lover, who wished to carry a valuable present to his mistress, but was afraid of the invisible robbers. To Louis, the polar star of love and gallantry, whose beams

could enlighten the darkest night, the embarrassed poet and lover appealed; beseeching him, by the might of his dauntless arm, to crush his secret foes, as did Hercules the serpent, or Theseus the Minotaur. The poem was artfully contrived to excite the King's attention, from what was said of the secret danger, as well as the labored panegyric on the monarch with which it concluded. Louis read it through attentively, and turning to Maintenon, without removing his eyes from the paper, read it aloud to her; then smiling, asked her what she thought of the request of the endangered lover. The marquise replied, half in jest as was her wont, that the wanderer in secret ways on errands forbidden deserved, in sooth, little protection, but that doubtless vigorous measures ought to be adopted for the detection of criminals. Dissatisfied with this reply, the King folded the paper and was going to hand it to the secretary who was writing in the adjoining apartment, when his eyes fell on M'lle de Scuderi, who had just taken her accustomed seat near Maintenon. Turning toward her, he said playfully:

"The Marquise knows little of the gallantry of our noble gentlemen, and chooses to parry me with her 'forbidden errands'—in sooth, anything but forbidden! What think you, my fair Scuderi, of this poetical complaint?"

Scuderi rose from her seat and answered, with a graceful courtesy and a slight blush:

"Un amant qui craint les voleurs n'est point digne d'amour."

"By St. Denys, you are right!" cried Louis, throwing down the petition. "You are right! I will have no blind proceedings, that level the innocent with the guilty! Argenson and La Renie must be content!"

All the terrors of the popular superstition were present to the mind of Martiniere, as she related next morning to her mistress what had passed, and with trembling hands delivered to her the mysterious casket. Pierre stood in the corner, pale, and hardly able to speak, and wringing his hands; while the maid besought her lady to use every possible precaution in opening the casket. Scuderi said, smiling, "You are a couple of geese! Who wants to kill me! I am not rich—I have no treasures

worth the trouble of robbery, and that everybody knows. Who wishes harm to an aged lady who has nothing to do with rogues or murderers except in her romances; who provokes no one's envy—lives quietly aloof from the world; who has nothing to leave behind her except the moderate effects of a lone dame and a few well-bound volumes? You may paint your last night's visiter as terrible as you will, Martiniere; I cannot believe he had any evil purpose."

She took up the casket—the two attendants stepped back—Pierre sank on one knee, while his lady pressed hard a steel spring, and the lid flew open.

In the casket lay a pair of gold bracelets, richly adorned with jewels, and a necklace, similarly ornamented, all of rare splendor. The vain Montespán had never such! Scuderi smiled, for what were such baubles to her? She took from beneath them a folded note, in which she expected to find the solution of the mystery. She read the note and grew pale—it fell from her trembling hands, and raising her eyes toward heaven, she sank back in her seat. Pierre and Martiniere sprang to her help. M'lle de Scuderi burst into tears, and sobbing, exclaimed, "Is this my punishment! Are words uttered half in jest to be thus brought to me laden with fearful meaning! Am I, who have lived in innocence and peace from childhood, in my old age to be suspected of a league with crime!"

The good lady put her handkerchief to her eyes and wept still more, while Martiniere picked up the paper and read it in obedience to a sign from her. It ran thus:

"Un amant qui craint les voleurs n'est point digne d'amour."

"Your ingenious wit, most honored lady, has saved us—who appropriate treasures that would otherwise be wasted on improper objects—from troublesome persecution. Accept these ornaments as a token of our gratitude. They are the most valuable we have to offer, though you, admired lady, are already adorned by far more inestimable jewels. We entreat that your gracious remembrance and friendship may never be withdrawn from

"THE INVISIBLE."

"Is it possible," repeated Scuderi, as her maid read the billet, "that shameless wickedness can be carried

so far!" The sun was shining through the curtains of crimson silk, and the gems on the table flashed with a brilliancy intolerable to her eyes; she placed her hand before her face, and commanded Martiniere to replace them in the casket. The faithful maid, as she closed the lid, suggested that it would be proper to send the jewels to the minister of the police, and inform him of the circumstances under which they came into her possession.

The lady rose and paced her chamber awhile, in much agitation, while deliberating what to do. At last she sent Pierre to fetch a carriage, and directed her maid to dress her as expeditiously as possible. She then proceeded to the Marquise de Maintenon. It was an hour at which she knew the Marquise would be alone, and she took the casket with her.

Great was the surprise of Maintenon when her friend entered her apartment pale and trembling, and without her usual dignity of demeanor. "What has happened!—tell me, I entreat you!" she exclaimed, as she led the agitated lady to a seat, and strove to calm her disquietude. At length Scuderi composed herself sufficiently to relate the whole, at the same time expressing the anguish she felt that so dreadful a consequence should have followed the playful words she had uttered in presence of the King.

Maintenon thought the cruel jest of the robbers not worth being grieved about, but requested to see their present. She took the bracelets and necklace from the casket, and examined them at the window, with expressions of admiration at their extraordinary magnificence. The jewels shone with intense lustre in the sunshine; they were rare and beautiful, and the workmanship of the gold exquisitely fine; only the hand of a master had joined so perfectly the delicate links of the small chain.

After a moment the Marquise turned to her friend and said, "These bracelets and necklace are the work of no other person than René Cardillac!" Cardillac was the most skilful goldsmith and jeweller, not only in Paris, but of that time. He was intimately acquainted with the nature of precious stones, and it was notorious that even ordinary jewels, set by him, displayed a lustre unobserved before. He was an

enthusiast in his business; at first undertook all orders with alacrity, and usually demanded a price so small as hardly to bear proportion to his labor. This was remarkable, as it was well known that he spared no pains, but wrought by day-light and lamp-light; and often, when his work was nearly finished, would undo it all and begin anew, to make some trifling alteration. His taste was exquisite, and he suffered no work of his to go abroad that did not please his fastidious taste; so that everything he executed was a masterpiece, exciting the curiosity and admiration of all who saw it. With all this care for his reputation as an artist, he was extremely capricious, and would often delay the fulfilment of orders from week to week, and from month to month. In vain would his customer offer to double the price—not a louis more would Cardillac take than what he had stipulated for; and if prevailed on by importunity to finish in haste, he showed every mark of displeasure and vexation. It had also been noticed, that if he had on hand a piece of work on which it was necessary to bestow much care, because of the value of the gems or the delicacy of the workmanship, he always showed an excessive degree of disquietude and ill-temper, walking restlessly about, execrating himself, his business, and all about him, as if supposing that all the professional character he had acquired was now at stake. Orders of less importance were readily undertaken, and with apparent good humor, particularly when unlimited confidence was reposed in his taste and judgment; but not unfrequently, when the owner came to receive his ornaments at the stipulated time, and to pay what was demanded, it chanced that he found Cardillac moody and sullen, and was disappointed by delay. Sometimes, after having engaged to complete a piece of work, he would, without assigning any reason, entreat to be released from his promise. The King and several persons in high rank had in vain solicited him to work for them. Except in very few instances, he had refused, and of late had declined all orders from the court, and even from Madame de Maintenon, unmoved by offers of large sums in payment.

The eccentric character of this man was represented in his person. He was below the middle height, but broad-

shouldered and muscular in frame, retaining, though he was past fifty, all the vigor and elasticity of youth. The strength of his physical constitution was apparent in his marked features, and his thick, crisp locks. His personal appearance was anything but prepossessing; his small, deep-set, restless eyes had an expression of cunning and suspicion that might have produced an unfavorable impression, but that Cardillac was universally known in Paris as an honorable man, open-hearted and disinterested, and always ready to help those in want.

"I will venture anything," said the Marquise, "that if I were to send for Cardillac to examine these jewels, he would refuse to come, for fear of receiving an order. Yet I am told, though for some time he pretended to withdraw from business, that he now labors more diligently than ever, and executes orders—with grumbling, however, as usual."

Scuderi, who wished nothing so much as to restore the treasure to its rightful owner, suggested that it would be as well to send word to Master Cardillac that the Marquise only wanted his opinion upon certain gems. This message was sent him, and in a short space of time the jeweller was announced.

Cardillac seemed surprised at seeing M'lle de Scuderi; he bowed courteously to her, and then turned to the Marquise. Madame de Maintenon pointed to the bracelets and necklace on the table, and asked if they were not his work. Cardillac glanced at them, then hastily replaced them in the box and closed the lid. With a smile, coloring deeply at the same time, he replied to the Marquise: "Indeed, your ladyship, Cardillac's workmanship must be little known if any one could suppose for an instant that those ornaments were wrought by any other jeweller. They are, of course, my work."

"Tell us, then," said the Marquise, "for whom were they made?"

"For myself alone," answered Cardillac. "You think it strange"—observing the surprise exhibited by both ladies—"but I assure you it is so. Such workmanship I bestow only on my best stones, and these were set with unusual care. A short time ago I lost those ornaments out of my workshop, nor have I ever been able to find who took them from me."

"Heaven be praised!" exclaimed Scuderi, rising from her seat and approaching the jeweller. "Here, master René, are your lost jewels—take them again." And she told how they came into her possession. Cardillac heard her out in silence, now and then only passing his hands across his forehead, and stroking his chin. When the lady had ended he seemed lost in thought for some moments. At length he took up the casket, and kneeling on one knee, presented it to M'lle de Scuderi. "Fate has appointed it to you, noble lady," said he. "I remember now, that while I was at work at it, it was of you I thought. Despise not my gift—accept it as a token of my reverent esteem." "Nay, master René," answered Scuderi, "such ornaments would be very unsuitable for my age. And what have I done for you, that you should make me so rich a present? Go, Master René—if I were as young and handsome as the Marquise de Fontange, and rich, too, I might keep the jewels. But me they would not become."

But Cardillac insisted. "Take them as a favor to me, gracious lady," said he. "You know not how deep is my reverence for your distinguished virtues; do not mortify me by refusing the small tribute of my admiration." Scuderi was still inclined to be inexorable; but Maintenon took the casket from the jeweller's hand, and said, "Now I pray you, Magdalène, say no more of your years. What have you and I to do with time? Do not refuse the good Master René; but accept with thanks a present that, I warrant me, money could never obtain from him."

Cardillac rose, apparently much gratified, kissed the hand of M'lle de Scuderi, and with an obeisance to the Marquise, left the apartment. "In the name of the saints, what ails the man?" cried Scuderi. Maintenon burst into a musical laugh, and said, "Do you not see, Magdalène, the man is desperately enamored of you, and is laying siege to your heart after the approved fashion?" The poetess looked grave, but could not withstand the gay humor of her friend, who rallied her mercilessly upon her new admirer. Madame de Maintenon concluded by offering her services as dressing-maid on occasion of the bridal, if such an event should take place, and the benefit of her experience in all housewifely duties.

Scuderi bore this good-humoredly, but looked sad as she rose to take leave of her friend. "I will take these jewels with me," said she, "but never wear them. They have been in the hands of that terrible band of robbers, and the blood of the murdered seems to cleave to them. And the behavior of Cardillac, I must confess it, seems not a little strange to me. I cannot divest myself of the apprehension that behind all lurks some dreadful mystery; and though I may do injustice by connect-

ing it with the excellent master René, it is not quite clear to me that he has nothing to do with it. At any rate, I could never bring myself to wear the ornaments."

The Marquise laughed at her friend's fears, and said she carried her scruples too far; but when Scuderi asked her seriously what she would do in her circumstances, she was obliged to confess she would make the same resolution, and rather throw the ornaments into the Seine than wear them.

PART II.

MANY months passed, and one evening it happened that M'lle de Scuderi was crossing the Pont Neuf in the glass coach of the Duchess de Montansier. Carriages of that construction had but recently come into use, and they consequently attracted much attention from the people in the streets. The crowd on Pont Neuf was such as to impede the motion of the horses for some moments while the carriage of the Duchess was passing. M'lle de Scuderi's attention was drawn to one side by the sound of angry exclamation, and she observed a man making his way eagerly through the crowd, beating and thrusting aside those who prevented him. As he came nearer she caught a glimpse of his face; it was that of a young man, pale and distorted, as it seemed, with agitation. His eyes were fixed steadily upon her. With difficulty he made his way to the door of the carriage, which he pulled open with violent haste, and throwing a paper into Scuderi's lap, retreated again and disappeared among the crowd. Martinieri, who was inside with her mistress when the man opened the door, shrieked and fell back swooning. Her lady pulled the string and called to the coachman in vain; he, escaped from the crowd, gave the reins and whip to his horses, and they, shaking the foam from their mouths, scampered lustily over the bridge. Scuderi held her smelling-bottle to the nostrils of her fainting maid; and at last Martinieri opened her eyes and recovered sense enough to speak. Trembling and faltering, she cried, "Where is that man? Ah! it is the same, the very same who brought you the casket of jewels on that terrible night!"

Scuderi endeavored to quiet her maid, assuring her that no harm had come to them; yet she could not herself help feeling more than ordinary curiosity to know what her note contained. As soon as a light could be procured, she opened the paper, and read as follows:

"A dreadful fate, which you could avert, thrusts me to the abyss! I conjure you, by all that is sacred, by the love of a son toward his honored mother, to send the bracelets and necklace you received from me—under pretence of having them reset or altered, or under any pretence—to Master René Cardillac. Your welfare, your life, hangs thereon. If this be not done to-morrow, I will force my way into your house, and murder myself before your eyes."

"Now it is certain," said M'lle de Scuderi, "that even if this strange young man really belongs to the band of robbers, he has no ill purpose against me. Had he succeeded in obtaining an interview with me that night, who knows but he might have disclosed circumstances which would have made clear what seems now so deep and dark a mystery! Be the event what it may, I will do as this paper directs me, and rejoice to be rid of the ill-boding jewels, that have seemed to me a talisman of evil. Cardillac will be true to his old habits, and not let them out of his hands so easily again."

The next day the lady resolved to go herself and carry the casket to the jeweller. But it seemed as if everything conspired to prevent her having a moment's leisure. All the wits in Paris chose that morning to call upon her, and beset her with verses, anec-

dotes, and plays. Racine paid her a long visit; and after that it was time for her to go to the Duchess de Montansier; so that the visit to Cardillac was unavoidably postponed till next day.

The poor lady slept ill that night; two or three times she started, almost thinking she saw the young man standing before her, with his pale, gloomy face, the features of which she well remembered; the more so, as they called up some indistinct recollection of past years. Early in the morning she rose, had herself dressed, and drove to the house of the goldsmith, bearing with her the fated casket.

The street Nicaise, where Cardillac lived, was thronged with people, and a dense crowd was collected before his house. There were cries, shouts, and execrations; and the multitude seemed to be with difficulty restrained by the police, who were in possession of the house. Desgrais, with several of his men, were on the steps. The house-door was opened, and a man was brought out chained, and led away, amid the wild execrations of the populace. Scuderi, much terrified, called out to her coachman to go forward; but the carriage was already hemmed in by the crowd, and they were compelled to stop just in front of the house. At the next glance, Scuderi saw a beautiful young girl, in the wildest abandonment of grief, kneeling at the feet of Desgrais. She cried, in tones of heart-rending anguish, "He is innocent! He is innocent!" Desgrais strove to release himself from her. A stout, rude soldier seized her by the arm, and pulled her from him; when the soldier let go her arm, the poor girl fell helplessly on the pavement, and lay there insensible. Scuderi could bear this no longer.

"In Heaven's name, what has happened?" cried she; and ordering the door opened, she stepped out of the carriage. Some compassionate women lifted up the young girl, placed her on the steps, and rubbed her forehead and hands with spirits; while the lady made her way to Desgrais, and eagerly repeated her questions. The official answered bluntly:

"René Cardillac was this morning found murdered. His assistant, Olivier Brusson, is the murderer. He has just been carried to prison."

"And the girl?" inquired M^{lle} de Scuderi.

"She is Madelon, Cardillac's daughter. The prisoner is her lover, and she is protesting his innocence. She has at least a knowledge of the deed, and I must send her also to the Conciergerie."

As he spoke, he threw a fierce look at the poor girl. She was beginning to breathe heavily, but had no power to move or speak; her arms hung motionless, her eyes were closed, and the bystanders seemed at a loss what to do with her. The good lady's eyes filled with tears as she looked on this sad spectacle. The crowd fell back a little, and Cardillac's corpse was brought out of the house. M^{lle} de Scuderi called to Desgrais:

"I will take the girl with me; I will be answerable for her."

A murmur of approbation ran through the multitude. The women lifted her up and bore her to the carriage, which soon drove back to the Rue St. Honoré.

A physician was summoned immediately; and after some time, Madelon was recalled from her state of insensibility. Her compassionate hostess completed what the physician had begun, by whispering to her words of hope; and a flood of tears soon came to her relief. She was then able, though often interrupted by sobs, to relate what had happened, as far as she knew it.

She had been awakened in the night by a tap at her door, and heard Olivier's voice, entreating her to come down stairs, as he feared her father was very dangerously wounded. Springing from bed, she opened her door. Olivier stood there, pale as death, with a light in his hand; he led the way, trembling, to her father's workshop, and she followed. Cardillac was lying there; she knelt down beside him, and observed that his breast and clothes were bloody. Olivier endeavored to bind up the wound, after pouring some balsam upon it. While he was thus occupied, Cardillac ceased to rattle, opened his eyes, and fixed them on her and on her lover; then, with a feeble motion, he drew her hand, which was in his, towards Olivier's, joined them, and pressed both gently. The effort exhausted him; his head fell back, and, with a deep sigh, he expired. Olivier's account was,

that while walking with Cardillac, by his order, a few moments before, he had been attacked and wounded in his presence; he had borne him back to his own house, not deeming the wound so severe as it proved to be. At dawn, some of the neighbors, who had heard the noise of talking, and Madelon's sobs, came to see what was the matter. The alarm was given, the police came, and Olivier was arrested as the murderer.

Poor Madelon gave a moving picture of the excellence and kindness of her lover. He had lived in peace with his master, for whom he seemed to entertain the respect and affection of a son. Their mutual regard had been sealed by her engagement with Olivier, and her father gave consent to their marriage, because he esteemed the young man as faithful and noble-minded. The young girl thus opened her mind to her protectress; and ended by saying, that even had she stood by, and with her own eyes seen Olivier plunge the dagger into her father's breast, she would have held it for a delusion of Satan, and would never have believed him capable of so horrible a crime.

Scuderi was much affected by this narration, and inclined to believe in the innocence of the accused. She took the precaution to make some inquiries, and found that the neighbors of Cardillac confirmed what Madelon had said respecting the kindly relations between her father and lover; and all spoke of the young man as remarkable for his industry, application to business, and quiet and amiable deportment.

Olivier, brought before the *Chambre Ardente*, denied, with the utmost firmness, the crime with which he was charged, and persisted in his assertion, that Cardillac had been struck down in his presence by an unknown assassin; that he had carried him home, on finding that he was wounded; and that soon after he had expired. This precisely agreed with Madelon's statement.

Again and again did the benevolent lady question her charge as to every circumstance of the fatal night; while she inquired if Olivier had never disagreed with his master, or if he was never subject to those blind fits of passion that sometimes deprive men of reason for a time. Madelon assured her that he was of the gentlest and

most amiable disposition; and that he had always lived with them happily. Then, too, she considered they were shortly to be related; Olivier, as Cardillac's son-in-law, would inherit all he had; so that desire of plunder could not have moved him to his murder. If the deed had been committed in a moment of passion, why did not the perpetrator make his escape, instead of carrying home the body, and awaiting the arrival of the police? In short, after thorough investigation, Scuderi became convinced of the absolute innocence of the accused, and resolved to rescue him from death, cost what it might.

Before applying to the King, she deemed it best to see the President La Regnie, and communicate to him all that she had learned in favor of the prisoner. It would be no slight advantage gained, could she awaken in his behalf even doubts in the mind of such judges.

La Regnie received her with much courtesy, and listened attentively to all she had to say. A smile of unpleasant meaning played around his mouth as she appealed to his sympathies, and suggested that the judge should never seem the enemy of the accused. When his turn came to speak, he said:

"It is honorable, lady, to your generous feelings, and natural, that you should be moved by the tears of an unfortunate young woman, and should believe what she tells you, to save her lover; but it is the duty of the judge to tear away the mask of deceit. How this is to be done, I am not bound to reveal, nor to explain the several steps of our criminal process; but rest assured, lady, my duty shall be done, without fear of the world's judgment. As I would not, however, appear a monster of cruelty in your eyes, permit me to mention some of the grounds I have for believing the prisoner guilty. Cardillac is found in the morning, murdered: no one is by him but his assistant, Olivier Brusson, and his daughter. A dagger, stained with blood, is found in the apartment. Olivier declares that his master had been struck down at night in his presence. For the purpose of robbery? That he does not know. He was with the deceased. Was it not possible to resist the assassin, to seize him, to call for

help! Olivier says he was fifteen or twenty steps behind him. But why at such a distance? The master so ordered it. What was Master Cardillac doing in the street so late at night? That he cannot tell. Was it not his custom to be invariably at home after nine in the evening? Here Olivier stopped, seemed much confused, and finally repeated his assertion, that on the night in question Cardillac *did* go forth, and was murdered in the street. Now mark me, lady. It is proved beyond doubt, that Cardillac did *not* go forth that night. The house-door is provided with a large lock, in which the key cannot be turned without noise, and the door always makes such a creaking that it can be heard in the uppermost story. On the lower floor lodge Master Claude Patrué and his female servant, both aged people, but active and intelligent. They both heard Master Cardillac come down, as usual, at the hour of nine, and lock and bar the door; then go up stairs again to his chamber, where they heard him a few minutes after reading aloud. They heard the door of his chamber shut, when he retired. Master Claude's sleep is usually very light, as is the case with most old people; and this night he was uncommonly wakeful. The domestic got him a light, and he sat up reading till after midnight. He then went to bed, but had not been asleep long, when he was awakened by hearing above a stifled sound, as of a heavy body fallen on the floor, the noise of quick steps, and then a groaning. Both the old people were alarmed; but they dared make no disturbance, till the dawn brought others to the house."

"But tell me," asked Scuderi anxiously, "in all the circumstances, can you find clue to a motive for this horrid deed?"

"Hem!" answered La Regnie, "Cardillac was not poor; he had many valuable jewels."

"Was not his daughter to inherit his wealth? You forget that Olivier was to be his son-in-law."

"But he may have committed the deed for others."

"For what others?" demanded Scuderi, astonished.

The President looked at her a moment, and then said:

"You must know, lady, that Olivier would ere this have been executed for

the murder of his master, but that we have reason to believe him associated with that secret band of robbers whose deeds have made all Paris tremble; who have eluded hitherto all efforts to detect them, and mocked at the punishments denounced by the law. Through him, all will—all must come to light. Cardillac's death-wound was precisely similar to those inflicted by the secret band; and what is yet stronger proof, since Olivier's imprisonment, no murders have been perpetrated. The streets are secure by night as by day, since he, who was doubtless at the head of the band, has been arrested. He has confessed nothing as yet; but the *Chambre Ardente* will find means to make him speak, even against his will."

Scuderi shuddered. "And Madelon?" asked she.

"Ay," replied La Regnie; "how know we that she is not an accomplice?"

"Ha!" almost shrieked the lady; "it was her father!"

"Even that may not have prevented the crime," said the President. "Remember Brinvillier poisoned her father and brothers. You must pardon me, lady, if I am soon obliged to take your protégée from you, and place her under arrest."

Scuderi could have wept, though indignant; but she saw that nothing would avail, not even virtue and misfortune, before this fearful man. "Be human!" was all she said to him; and rising, she left his house. As she went down the steps, whither the President with ceremonious courtesy attended her, a strange thought came into her head; and turning to La Regnie, she asked, quickly:

"Would it be permitted me to see this unhappy young man?"

As she asked this question, the same sinister smile played about the President's mouth.

"Certainly," he answered; "certainly, most honored lady. If you are not unwilling to visit the abode of guilt, and to look on its victim in his degradation, in two hours you shall be conducted to the prison, where you will see this young man, whose fate appears to interest you so much."

The lady sighed; but harshly disposed as she thought the President towards him, she could not say that any minister of the law would have

been differently impressed. But the picture of domestic harmony and love drawn by Madelon was before her mind; and she gave up all effort to penetrate the mystery rather than admit a doubt of the innocence of Madelon's lover. Her object in wishing to visit the prisoner was to hear his account of the events of that night, and by comparing it with Madelon's, to see if some evidence favorable to him, and satisfactory to his judges, could not be elicited.

When she arrived at the Conciergerie, she was conducted into a large, light apartment. Soon she heard the clank of chains, and Olivier was brought into her presence. She looked at him as he entered—and fainted.

When M'lle de Scuderi recovered her senses, the prisoner was gone. She earnestly entreated to be immediately helped into the carriage, and driven home. At the first glance she had recognized in Olivier Brusson the young man who had opened the door of her carriage on the Pont Neuf, and thrown the note into her lap; the same who had brought her the casket of jewels. La Regnie's dreadful suspicion, then, was well founded! The prisoner indeed belonged to that band of robbers, and had really murdered his master! And Madelon! The good lady's feelings were embittered, crushed; she began to doubt if there was truth in the world. She could not prevent the most horrible suspicions from entering her mind. Many of the circumstances that before seemed proof of the girl's entire innocence, now appeared but to prove her consummate art, her deep guilt. What meant her tears and her anguish, lest her lover should suffer a deserved death? With these bewildering thoughts busy at her heart, Scuderi alighted from the carriage, and entered her own house. Madelon was in her room; she rushed to meet her protectress, and sank at her feet; she raised towards her eyes that seemed to shine with angelic purity; she clasped her hands across her breast with a gesture of supplication. Scuderi averted her face, and said in a harsh tone:

"Go! the murderer awaits the punishment of his crimes. Heaven grant that not on you also lies the guilt of blood!"

Madelon only exclaimed, in a voice

of heart-rending anguish, "Then all is lost!" and fell on the ground in a swoon.

Scuderi ordered her maid to take care of the unhappy girl, and left the apartment. Not long after, Pierre made his appearance, with a face of no little consternation, and informed his mistress that Desgrais waited to see her. "Let him come in," answered the lady, not noticing the fears of her servant; and the official entered.

"The President La Regnie," said he, "has sent me to your ladyship with a request, which he is emboldened to hope you will grant, by his knowledge of your firmness and regard for justice, and by the conviction that through you alone is likely to be elicited information of much consequence to the public. He is also encouraged to apply to you by the consideration that you have already taken much interest in the process now before the *Chambre Ardente*. A change has taken place in the prisoner since he has seen your ladyship. He still refuses to confess, declaring himself innocent of Cardillac's death, but expresses himself willing to submit to his doom, which he has deserved. Your ladyship will observe that the last admission obviously points to other crimes. But he will confess nothing; not even under the fear of torture. He petitions only for an interview with you; to you alone he will disclose all. Will your ladyship condescend to hear him?"

"How!" cried the lady, "and become the minister of your bloody tribunal! Receive the confidence of the unhappy man for the purpose of bringing him to the scaffold! Never, Desgrais! Brusson may be a murderer, but I will hear none of his guilty secrets. I am no father confessor."

"Perhaps, lady," said Desgrais, "your mind may change when you have heard the prisoner. Did not you yourself entreat the President to be human? He is so, when he yields to the prisoner's earnest prayer, and resorts to the last means that may save him from the torture."

Scuderi shuddered involuntarily.

"You will not be asked," pursued Desgrais, "to revisit the prison, the sight of which before affected you. To-night, if you consent, the prisoner shall be brought to your house. He shall speak with you alone; but a suffi-

cient guard shall be placed without the room, to prevent his escape and secure you from all danger. Indeed, you have nothing to fear from him; he speaks of you with profound respect; and insists that could he have seen you earlier, he had not been brought into this strait. Moreover, you will not be required to reveal more of his confession than you choose. Can more be said to induce you to comply?"

The lady hesitated a moment, then answered with dignity:

"You may bring the prisoner; I will speak with him. God will give me firmness and courage."

Late that night a knocking was heard at the house door. Pierre opened to the gens-d'armes, who conducted Brusson. An icy thrill ran through M'lle de Scuderi's frame, as she heard them traversing the hall, and mounting the stairs. Presently the door of her dressing-room opened, and the prisoner entered, free from his fetters, and well dressed, followed by Desgrais. The official introduced him, and then respectfully withdrew.

Brusson approached, and sank on his knees at the lady's feet, covering his face with his hands. When he removed them, his face was seen bathed in tears.

Scuderi was deeply moved; and in spite of herself a doubt that he could be guilty arose in her mind. What earnestness and truth were in his expressive features! And they awakened some vague recollection of the past, though what, she could not say, which became more distinct as she gazed upon him. She forgot that a murderer was before her, and said in a tone of gentleness and sympathy:

"What have you to say to me, Master Brusson?"

The young man still knelt before her.

"Oh, most honored lady," he asked, "have you, then, no remembrance of me?"

Scuderi looked at him again, and replied, that his features did indeed remind her of some friend; and that recollection had for the moment overcome her horror of his crime. At this he rose, and stepped back a pace or two, before he said, in a melancholy tone:

"Have you, then, forgotten Anne Guiot? and her son Olivier, the boy

you have so often caressed, and once loved? It is he who stands before you."

The lady uttered an exclamation of surprise and grief, and sank back upon the cushions of her chair. She had cause for emotion. Anne Guiot, the daughter of an impoverished citizen, had been from her childhood the protégée of M'lle de Scuderi, and her cherished though humble friend. She had married an honest and industrious young man, Claude Brusson, a watch-maker. Their little son had been the favorite of her protectress, and as fond of her as of his mother. Some years after their marriage, Claude being less fortunate in his business than he expected, found it difficult to maintain his family, and removed to his native city of Geneva, in spite of Scuderi's advice that they should remain in Paris, and her promises of patronage. Anne wrote several times to her adopted mother; but gradually her letters became less frequent, and at length ceased entirely. M'lle de Scuderi was forced to believe that the cares of an increasing family, and new scenes, had effaced the recollection of her early friend. Twenty years had passed since Brusson, with his wife and child, had left Paris.

A silence of some minutes ensued, during which both were much agitated; the prisoner so violently, that M'lle de Scuderi pointed to a seat, near which he was standing, and on which at her bidding he sank.

With no little effort he collected himself, and again addressed the lady. "It is as a stern duty, madame, that I have prepared myself for this interview, which I have craved as a last favor of my judges. May I entreat your compassionate indulgence, while I disclose what will certainly surprise you, perhaps fill you with abhorrence towards me! Would that my poor father had never left Paris! So long as I can remember, our condition at Geneva was one of poverty and privation; from my earliest childhood I was accustomed to want, and to hear day by day the complaints of my parents of their hard lot. My mother spoke much of you, her early benefactress; but a false pride probably prevented her and my father from returning to solicit your kindness in their behalf. As soon as I was able to work, I was ap-

prenticed to a goldsmith; soon after, my father died, and in a few months my mother followed him to the grave."

"Poor Anne! poor Anne!" cried Scuderi, sobbing.

"Heaven be praised, rather," resumed the prisoner, "that she was taken from evil to come, and lived not to see her beloved son die a felon's death!" Here the unfortunate young man yielded to his feelings and burst into bitter and passionate tears. There was a movement without, as if the guard apprehended an attempt to escape; Olivier marked it, and proceeded:—"I was harshly treated by my master the goldsmith, notwithstanding that I wrought early and late; and my situation soon became intolerable. It happened one day that a stranger came into our shop to make some purchases. He took notice of a necklace on which I was working; clapped me on the shoulder and said, 'my young friend, that is capital workmanship, I know not, indeed, who could do better, unless it were René Cardillac, who is the first jeweller in the world. You should go to him; he would be glad, no doubt, to employ you; and you could improve yourself with him.' These words sank deep into my soul. I was restless thenceforward in Geneva; and ere long I got released from my master's service. I came to Paris. René Cardillac received me very coldly; but I insisted on his allowing me to show him some of my work. I finished a small ring, and brought it to him. He looked at me, as if his eyes would read me through and through, then said, 'You are a skilful workman; you can come and help me in my shop. I will pay you well, and you shall be pleased with my service.' Cardillac kept his word. I remained with him; but it was many months before I saw his daughter, who was passing some time in the country with an old female relative. At length she returned. Oh! how lovely she was! No man ever loved as I did!"

Olivier here paused a few moments, before he could proceed calmly:

"Madelon was very kind to me. She often came into the shop, and as I could not conceal my passion from her, she did not hesitate to acknowledge that she returned it. Her father watched us closely, but we eluded his suspicions. I resolved to app'ly myself

with diligence to my business, and when I was able to command a competence, to sue for Madelon's hand. One morning while I was at work, Cardillac came in, his face distorted and pale with anger, 'I need your services no longer,' said he, furiously; 'out of this house, and let me never behold you more! I need not tell you why you are dismissed; the sweet fruit you would pluck hangs too high for your reach!' I would have spoken, but he seized and dragged me to the door, which he slammed in my face when I was outside. I left the house, and obtained lodgings with an acquaintance in the suburb St. Martin. But I had no rest; my head was filled with plans for obtaining a sight of Madelon. By night I wandered about the house in which she lived, in hopes of seeing even her shadow passing the window. In the street Nicaise, close to Cardillac's house, is a high wall with several projections of rough stone. Against one of these I leaned one night, looking up at the window of my beloved, which was visible, but there was no light there. Suddenly I saw a light in the window below, which I knew was Cardillac's apartment. I was surprised that he should be awake at this hour, for it was past midnight, and vexed also; for it convinced me that any attempt on my part to enter the house, which was my object, would be discovered by him. While I was wondering if anything unusual had happened, the light was extinguished; and soon after I felt the part of the wall against which I leaned, giving away. I sprang back and hid myself in the deep shadow behind the projection. I could see distinctly that a secret door turned in the wall, and a dark muffled figure came softly out, and walked down the street. Impelled irresistibly, I followed a few paces behind him. Close to an image of the Virgin the figure turned round, and the light of a lamp fell on its face. It was Cardillac! A shuddering seized me; but as if borne on by magic, I still followed him; at length he disappeared in the deep shadow on the side of the street, but a light clearing of his throat betrayed that his lurking-place was close at hand. A few moments elapsed; when a man wearing a plumed cap and spurs, came along, humming an air. Cardillac sprang on him, like a tiger

on his prey; the man fell on the pavement; I sprang forward, crying, 'Master Cardillac—what have you done?' He started up, rushed past me, and disappeared. Bewildered with

horror and amazement, I knelt beside the victim and strove to bring him to life, but he was quite dead. Before I knew it, I was surrounded by the police, and seized as the murderer."

PART III.

"I RELATED how I had come to the wounded man just as the assassin left him. The officers looked in my face, and one of them exclaimed, 'I know him well; it is Olivier Brusson, the goldsmith; he works for the excellent Master René Cardillac, and is an honest fellow!' Again they questioned me, and I told exactly what I had seen, only not mentioning the assassin's name. They showed me the wound, directly through the heart of the murdered man; and after some further examination I was discharged.

"All next day I seemed to be in a frightful dream. The awful occurrence I had witnessed was continually before my eyes. As I sat in my chamber the door opened, and Cardillac entered. 'What do you want, for Heaven's sake?' I cried. He came towards me with a smile that sent a shudder through my frame, drew a chair, and seated himself close by me. 'Olivier,' said he, 'I was overhasty in my conduct to you yesterday; I drove you from my house, but I find I cannot do without you. Even now I have on hand a piece of work, which I cannot complete without your help. Will you enter my service once more? You are silent. I know I have done you wrong. I did not approve your love for Madelon; but, on mature consideration, I find that so far as industry, skilfulness, and faithfulness are concerned, I could not have a better son-in-law than yourself. Come with me; Madelon awaits you.'

"Cardillac's words went to my heart, but I had no power to speak. He observed my emotion—'You hesitate,' said he; 'you have perhaps other views; you mean to go to Desgrais, to La Regnie, or to Argenson. Beware, young man! lest the power you invoke to the destruction of others make you also its victim!' 'Let those,' I cried, 'who are conscious of crime, fear the names you have mentioned; I have nothing to do with them.' 'Remember,' said Car-

dillac, 'that it will require other evidence than yours to criminate a man like me, noted for good report; and that any effort to injure me will probably result in your own ruin. As concerns Madelon, it is to her, not to my fears, you are indebted for my present visit. She loves you passionately. Since your departure, she has wearied me with entreaties to recall you, declaring that without you she could not live. Indeed, she is grown so pale and wan, that I have feared for her life. Last evening I promised her I would bring you home to-day.'

"May I be forgiven, lady, if I yielded to my feelings, and what seemed my fate, and returned with Cardillac? Madelon rushed to meet me—altered indeed, but restored to life by the sight of him she loved. As I clasped the beautiful girl in my arms and pressed her to my throbbing heart, and vowed never, never to forsake her, I became fettered to her and hers, body and soul!"

Olivier ceased, again overcome by his feelings. M'le de Scuderi, struck with amazement, exclaimed, "Is it possible? René Cardillac, then, belonged to that band of robbers, whose dreadful deeds have alarmed all Paris?"

"What say you, lady?" cried the prisoner—"the *band*? Such a band never existed. Cardillac *alone* it was, who perpetrated all those deeds of blood! In the fact that he *alone* was engaged in this fearful enterprise, lay his security. Thus the difficulty of tracing the guilt became greatly enhanced. But let me go on, and reveal to you the secret of this most guilty and most unfortunate of men. You may readily conceive my state of mind, after my return to his house. But the step was taken, and I could not go back, though forced to regard myself as an accomplice in his crimes, so long as I remained silent. In Madelon's love, I forgot, at times, my anguish; for she, at least, was innocent;

but I could not always crush down the grief that was consuming me. I worked with Cardillac in his shop, but never dared lift my eyes to his face; nor did I speak, except constrained to do so. All day he seemed, as the world supposed him, the honest workman, the tender father; the night only witnessed his deeds of horror. One day he was in unusually good spirits, and talked and laughed while at his work. Suddenly he threw down the ornament he was elaborating; rose from his seat, and said, 'Olivier, the relations between us must be altered; I can endure this no longer. What all the acuteness of Desgrais and his fellows have failed to discover, accident has revealed to you. You saw me do what my evil star compelled; I could not resist; and you will find that it was your evil star also, that led you to the discovery. As you are now situated, you cannot betray me; therefore you shall know all.'—'I will never become your accomplice!' was upon my lips; but I did not speak, for I dared not trust myself to utter what I felt. Cardillac seated himself on his working-bench, and wiped the sweat from his forehead. At length he began: 'An accident that happened to my mother, before my birth, has colored my life. While pregnant with me, she attended a fête, where she saw a Spaniard with a chain of jewels about his neck. The jewels were rich and brilliant, and attracted my mother's attention; nay, so fascinated was she that she could not take her eyes from the wearer. He had been a suitor of hers before her marriage; an unsuccessful one; and observing the attention with which she regarded him, imagined that she had fallen in love with him, and laid a plan to carry her off. He seized her, and by force bore her to his carriage, but her screams brought assistance, and in the scuffle the Spaniard was killed. He fell, dragging my mother with him; and it was some time before she was extricated from the corpse. The consequence was a severe illness; and though she recovered, its effects remained. My evil star had arisen, and its influence was shed on me from that hour. I had a passion for jewels from my childhood. I used to steal rings when a boy, for I could not withstand the consuming desire I felt to possess

them. And by a sort of instinct I could tell which were real gems, and their comparative value. To gratify my taste for handling precious stones, and follow the supposed bent of my genius, I learned the jeweller's art. I worked with an enthusiasm which was a passion, and soon became celebrated for my skill. Now commenced the era in which the evil influence of my star showed itself predominant. Whenever I was engaged on any important piece of work, such as the setting of valuable stones, I was seized with a restlessness and an anguish that deprived me of sleep, and impaired my health. Day and night stood before me, like a spectre, the person from whom I had received the order, decked with my jewels; while a voice cried in my ear, "They are yours—they should be yours! Take them; what are diamonds to the dead?" At length I yielded to my destiny. I had entrance to the houses of the great; I had many opportunities for plunder; I used them; no lock withstood me; and thus the jewels I coveted, which I had worked on, were soon again in my hands. But this did not quiet the demon spirit within me. I know not how it was, but I felt an inexpressible hate for those at whose orders I had made ornaments; a thirst for their blood, which condemned me to perpetual wretchedness. It was at this time I purchased this house. Its owner and I arranged the purchase in this very room, over a flask of wine, and he showed me the secret passage, trap-door, and door through the wall. These were built by a monk, who lived in the cloister, and used to go out and come in at night by this secret entrance. I paid the man for this information, and bound him to secrecy. Not long after, I sent home to a gentleman of the court a rich necklace, which I knew was destined for a beautiful opera girl. I went out at night through the secret door; I waylaid the gentleman; I struck my weapon to his heart, and possessed myself of the necklace. This done, I felt a happiness that is indescribable. The evil spirit was laid, I was no longer tormented. But this peace did not continue; my evil star became once more ascendant, and I a victim to the agonies of hell; agonies to be assuaged only by blood. But think not, Olivier, though I could not

resist the dreadful impulse, that I have been quite destitute of human sympathy and remorse. You know how reluctantly I have lately undertaken orders; how I have declined working for many, whom I would not injure. You cannot know the struggles I have had with the power that has dominion over me; struggles which, alas, have been too often in vain!

"When Cardillac had ended, he conducted me to a vault under ground, and showed me his cabinet of jewels. No monarch had a richer collection. 'On the day of your marriage,' said he to me, 'you shall take an oath upon the holy cross, that upon my death you will destroy all these by means I will then place in your hands. I will not have a human being, and least of all Madelon and you, enriched by these blood-stained treasures.'"

"Thus, lady, was I prisoner in a labyrinth of crime, the victim of contending feelings. In Madelon I saw the angel who could elevate me to heaven; but then it was as if demoniac hands dragged me again towards the abyss, and I strove to escape in vain. Thus passed some time, and I grew daily more miserable. I thought of flight; of suicide; but Madelon! How could I separate myself from her—from her love? Blame me, lady—if you will; in truth I was weak, not to struggle against the passion that fettered me to crime. But am I not to atone by an ignominious death?"

"One day Cardillac came home unusually cheerful. He looked kindly on me; kissed Madelon; and ordered for dinner a flask of better wine than he commonly drank. When Madelon had left us, I rose to go into the shop. 'Sit still, young man,' said Cardillac; 'no more work to-day; let us drink the health of the most excellent lady in Paris.' Therewith he filled our glasses, and asked me how I liked the sentiment,

'Un amant qui craint les voleurs n'est point digne d'amour.'

He proceeded to relate what had passed in the apartments of Madame de Maintenon, between her, yourself and the king, and the spirited reply you had given to the poetical petition. 'Hear, Olivier,' said he, 'my resolution. I have a necklace and bracelets I finished some time since for Henrietta of Eng-

land. The untimely death of the princess has discharged me from the necessity of sending her the jewels, which I value very highly. I will send them as a token of gratitude to M'lle de Scuderi, in the name of the band of robbers. Thus I mock at Desgrais and the *Chambre Ardente*. You shall carry the present to the lady.'

"As Cardillac named you, honored lady, it seemed as if a dark veil was torn away, and the fair images of my happy childhood again smiled upon me. There came a ray of hope into my soul, which penetrated its gloomy depths.

"I consented to do the will of my master, and took the casket which he delivered into my hands for you. Through you alone I saw the way by which I might be saved—snatched from the ruin that threatened me. I determined, as the son of her you had loved and cherished, to cast myself at your feet and disclose all—all to you. You would have kept the secret, moved by the unspeakable misery that threatened poor Madelon in case of a discovery—but you would have devised some means to arrest the wickedness of Cardillac, without bringing him to public punishment. What these means would be, I could not tell, but that you would save the innocent Madelon and me, I felt in my heart of hearts. You know, madame, how I failed that night in my purpose of seeing you. Yet I relinquished not the hope of being more successful another time. Before long, however, the demeanor of Cardillac changed; he was evidently brooding over some evil. He became moody and restless, and murmured often to himself. One morning as he sat at the work-table, he sprang up hastily, and ran to the window, muttering, 'I wish Henrietta of England had my necklace and bracelets!' I heard this exclamation, and it filled me with terror. I knew that the demon was again within his soul, and nothing but your destruction would satisfy its cravings. I saw no way to save you but by having the jewels restored to Cardillac; and knowing that the danger increased every moment, I resolved to seek and warn you. I followed your carriage on the Pont Neuf, forced my way to it, and threw a note into your lap; you remember its contents. You did not the next day do as I besought you; and my fears rose into despair. Cardillac

was more gloomy than ever; it was evident his mind was running on the jewels, for he frequently alluded to them. I could not doubt that he was bent on some terrible deed. But I resolved to save you, even at the price of his life. After Cardillac had retired that night according to his custom, I descended noiselessly into the court, went out by the secret door in the wall, and concealed myself at a little distance. I waited some time—for I had determined to watch the night through. At length Cardillac came forth, by the secret door, and glided down the street. I followed him at a little distance; my heart beat when I saw him going towards the Rue St. Honoré. Suddenly I lost sight of him; and aware that no time was to be lost, I resolved to place myself as sentinel at your door. But at that instant an officer passed without seeing me, humming a tune, as did the first victim whom I saw Cardillac murder. When he had gone on a few paces, a dark figure, which I recognized as Cardillac's, sprang upon him. I rushed forward with a loud cry; but it was Cardillac, not the officer, who had fallen. The officer, seeing me, drew his sword, and placed himself on the defensive, supposing me an accomplice; but soon seeing that I busied myself only with the wounded man, and did not attack him, he hastened away. Cardillac was living. I took up the dagger with which he had been wounded, and supporting him, assisted, or rather carried him to his own house. The rest is known to you.

"You now know, revered lady, my only crime, that of forbearing to denounce the father of Madelon. I am guilty in thus permitting his infamous deeds; I will bear their punishment—for no torture shall wring from me the dreadful secret. I will never poison the peace of Madelon's life by the knowledge, nor suffer her buried father to be dragged from the asylum of the grave amid the execrations of the people. No! my beloved must mourn over me as a guiltless victim, but time will heal her grief, and she will never be embittered by the knowledge of her father's crimes."

Olivier ceased; but soon after throwing himself at Scuderi's feet, while tears rolled down his cheeks—"You are convinced of my innocence!" he cried—"Have mercy upon me, and tell

me—how is it with Madelon?" Scuderi summoned Martiniere, and in a few moments Madelon was in the arms of her lover. "Oh, now! all is well," she exclaimed, "since thou art here! I knew—I knew that noble lady would save thee!" And Olivier forgot his chains and the doom that threatened him: and again and again they embraced each other, with tears of joy.

Had their protectress not been before convinced of the young man's innocence, the sight of such pure, devoted, passionate love, forgetful of all his wretchedness, forgetful of all the world but the one beloved, would have been sufficient to assure her that such a heart could never have harbored thoughts of crime!

It was now late, and Desgrais tapped lightly at the door of the apartment, and reminded them that it was time the prisoner should depart. The lovers were separated. M^{lle} de Scuderi wept; for though relieved of all the dark suspicions that had before filled her mind, her heart was saddened by the thought that the son of her beloved Anne, though innocent, must in all probability suffer an ignominious death. She honored the feelings that prompted him to choose death rather than expose to infamy the father of his Madelon: yet no way could she see to save him without revealing this secret.

Anxious, however, to do something, she wrote a letter to La Regnie, in which she expressed the fullest conviction that the prisoner was innocent of Cardillac's death; and declared that only his heroic resolution to bear to the grave a secret whose disclosure would bring unutterable wretchedness upon a good and virtuous person, prevented his making a confession to the court which would prove him guiltless not only of Cardillac's murder, but of all participation in the crimes of the secret band of robbers. The lady spared not argument nor eloquence to soften the heart of the President.—In a few hours the answer came, that he was truly glad the prisoner had so favorably impressed the judgment of his distinguished patroness. The prisoner's noble resolution to bury his secret, he was sorry the *Chambre Ardente* could not approve, as she did, nor spare the means in their power to enforce a disclosure. After three days he hoped to be in possession of this secret.

Too well did Scuderi know what those means were; and she resolved upon taking the advice of an eminent lawyer in her extremity. Pierre Arnaud d'Andilly was then the most celebrated advocate in Paris; to him she applied, and told him all, as far as she could, without betraying the secret Brusson desired to conceal. D'Andilly heard her through, and answered, smiling, in the words of Boileau: "*Le vrai peut quelque fois n'être pas vraisemblable.*"—He showed her that under the circumstances, and with the evidence before them, La Regnie had ground for his suspicions; nor did he see how the prisoner could be saved from the torture, without a full and free statement on his part of all that had happened. "Then I will go to the King, and supplicate his mercy!" cried the lady, wiping away her tears.—"Not so! for Heaven's sake, not so!" exclaimed D'Andilly. "The King cannot now show clemency to one thus suspected; it would stir up the people to the fiercest indignation. Let the prisoner clear himself, either by confession or otherwise, of the heaviest part of his accusation; then it is time to implore the King's mercy."

Discouraged as she was, Scuderi still resolved not to abandon the unhappy prisoner's cause, so long as there remained a possibility of saving him. That evening, as she was sitting alone endeavoring to think of some plan, Martiniere entered and announced the Count de Moisse, an officer of the royal guard.

"I must pray your pardon, lady," said the Count, as with soldierly dignity he bowed on entering, "for intruding upon you at so late an hour. We soldiers cannot wait for convenient seasons; but two words will plead my excuse. Olivier Brusson sent me to you."

"Olivier Brusson!" repeated the lady, startled, "what have you to do with him?"

"I mentioned his name," replied the officer, smiling, "because I know your friendly interest in him, and know it will procure me a gracious hearing. He is, by every one but you, supposed guilty of Cardillac's death; not, however, by every one, for I, lady, agree with you in believing him innocent; and for even a better reason than you have."

"Speak—oh, speak!" cried Scuderi, clasping her hands.

"I was the person, madame, who killed the old jeweller in the street, not far from your house."

"You!" almost gasped the lady.

"I myself;" returned the Count; "and I assure you, lady, I am proud of the deed. Know, that it was Cardillac who committed at night so many thefts and robberies, and so long eluded the police. I know not how it was, but the suspicion came into my head one day, when I went to receive some ornaments I had ordered, and the old villain showed great disquietude, asking me for whom I designed the jewelry, and afterwards questioning my servant to know if I visited a certain lady. I was on my guard, and observing that all the murdered were despatched by a dagger stroke through the heart, I protected myself by a piece of linked steel armor, which I wore under my vest. Cardillac fell upon me from behind. His grasp was like that of a giant; but his dagger, which he plunged at my heart, slipped harmlessly across the steel armor. My dagger was in my hand; I turned upon him, and buried it in his bosom."

"And yet you were silent," said the lady, "and did not give information."

"I beg you to observe," interrupted the officer, "that I knew not how such information would be received, nor what it might bring upon me. Would La Regnie, made up of suspicion as he is, believe an accusation against the honest and virtuous Master Cardillac? Would he not more readily turn the sword of law against me?"

"Impossible!" said Scuderi. "Your rank—"

"Think," returned the officer, "of the Marshal de Luxemburg, whose application to Le Sage for his horoscope brought him to the Bastille! No, lady, not an hour of my freedom will I give to La Regnie, who would gladly enough set his cold steel against our throats."

"Then you would bring the innocent Brusson to the scaffold?" demanded the lady.

"Innocent?" repeated the Count. "Do you call him innocent who was an accomplice in Cardillac's crimes? No, lady, I determined to reveal to you all I know; you are at liberty to use the

information I have conveyed to you, for the benefit of the prisoner, in any way that does not place me in the hands of the *Chambre Ardente*."

It was no part of the lady's nature to spare any exertion where innocence was to be succored; and after this evidence of the truth of Olivier's statement, she determined on disclosing all to D'Andilly, under a promise of secrecy.

D'Andilly received her information, and himself questioned the officer, particularly with respect to his knowledge of Cardillac's person, and of the man who followed him. The Count replied that it was light enough for him to see the goldsmith, whom he could not mistake; he had killed him with the very dagger he had since seen in the possession of La Regnie. The young man who came up as the jeweller fell, had his hat drawn over his features; but he saw enough of his face to be able to recognize him again.

D'Andilly's opinion, after some deliberation, was, that the evidence, though sufficient to produce a moral certainty of Brusson's innocence, would not release him from the hands of the law. Even if acquitted of Cardillac's murder, suspicion would fasten upon him as the accomplice of his crimes. All they could hope was in delay. Count de Moisse must repair to the Conciergerie, identify the prisoner's person, and then relate before the tribunal what had occurred. Then it was the time to supplicate the King's mercy; and he would counsel that nothing be concealed from his majesty. In his sense of justice, in his internal conviction of the truth, lay the result.

The Count did as he was advised to do; and Scuderi undertook to speak to the King. This was no easy matter, as the popular horror of the supposed crime rendered Louis unwilling to interfere with the execution of the law. Madame de Maintenon's resolution, never to speak to the King of disagreeable matters, placed her assistance out of the question. The prisoner's fate lay in the hands of M'lle de Scuderi. She appeared in the apartment of Madame de Maintenon, at the hour when the King was expected. In her rich dark dress and flowing veil, her noble figure had a dignity that commanded attention; and always observant of grace and majesty, the King noticed her as soon

as he came in. M'lle de Scuderi told her moving story in as few words as possible, but omitting not a single circumstance. She related the incidents of Brusson's early life, his acquaintance with Cardillac, and domestication in his family; his discovery of the master's guilt, and the circumstances of his death. With a trembling voice, as she saw Louis listened with deep interest, she described the scene with La Regnie, with the prisoner, and with the Count de Moisse; concluding with a prayer for mercy, as she knelt at the King's feet.

The King had heard her with great surprise and agitation; he raised her from her kneeling posture, and inquired more minutely into the evidence that substantiated Olivier's confession; also with regard to the secret entrance into Cardillac's house. "It is a strange story," said he, at length; and turning to the door, summoned Louvois, with whom he left the apartment for some minutes. Both Maintenon and Scuderi looked upon this absence as unfavorable to their hopes. But Louis soon returned; paced the room several times with his hands behind him; then coming towards Scuderi, he said: "I would see this young girl—this Madelon."

The lady almost shrieked with joy, for she now felt confident of success. She left the room, and ere long Madelon herself knelt at the King's feet. Never was entreaty more earnest and intense than that expressed in her clasped hands and tearful eyes, as in speechless supplication she raised them to the King's face. Louis seemed struck by her singular beauty. He raised her from the ground, and led her to a seat; and as he did so, Maintenon whispered to her friend, "See, how like she is to La Vallière!"

It might have been that Louis heard this remark; a flush passed over his brow; he glanced at Maintenon; and turning to Madelon, said: "I can well believe, my girl, that you are convinced of the innocence of your lover; but let us hear what the *Chambre Ardente* says to it."

At these words, which seemed the knell of her hopes, M'lle de Scuderi was ready to sink to the earth. She had no doubt they were owing to the ill-timed allusion of Madame de Maintenon. On such small things often hang the fate of men! But there was

nothing now but patiently to abide the King's pleasure.

Count de Moisse's deposition was speedily known among the people, and as it often happens, the multitude passed directly from one extreme to the other. Those who a few days before execrated the prisoner, and called the scaffold too mild a punishment, now were loudest in outcries for his release, and proclaimed him an innocent victim. The neighbors now remembered his mild and amiable deportment, his attachment to Madelon, and the fidelity and diligence with which he served his master. The multitude surrounded La Regnie's house from morning till night, crying out that Olivier Brusson must be set at liberty, and throwing stones at the window, so that the President was obliged to summon the police to protect his dwelling.

Many days passed, during which M'lle de Scuderi heard nothing of Brusson's business. She went to Maintenon, but received no consolation from her; for she said the king observed silence upon the subject, and would doubtless be displeased if reminded of it. She then asked with a smile, "how the little La Vallière was?" Scuderi was convinced that in the bosom of that proud woman lurked a prejudice against her protégée—even because her mention of that name had caused emotion in the King.

At length, through D'Andilly, she learned that Louis had had a long private interview with the Count de Moisse; also that Bontems, the king's confidential agent, had been to the Conciergerie, and conversed with Brusson; and lastly, that Bontems, with several others, had gone at night to examine Cardillac's house and the premises. He was certainly tracing each link of the evidence. But would La Regnie suffer any evidence to loosen his hold on the victim! All was in the dark.

Weeks passed thus: when one morning M'lle de Scuderi received a messenger from Maintenon, informing her the King wished to see her that evening in her (Maintenon's) apartments. Scuderi's heart beat, for she felt that the decisive hour was come. She comforted the poor Madelon, however, and desired her to occupy the time of her absence in prayer for the one dear to them both.

When Louis joined the ladies, it seemed that he had quite forgotten the whole matter. He was cheerful, and talked gaily on many subjects, but said not a word of Brusson. At length Bontems entered, and whispered a few words in his ear. The king then rose, advanced towards M'lle de Scuderi, and said with a smile, "I wish you joy, Mademoiselle! your protégée, Olivier Brusson, is free!"

Overcome by the surprise of joy, and unable to express her feelings in words, Scuderi would have sunk at the King's feet. He prevented her, saying, "Go, go! you should be parliament's advocate, and undertake all my causes; for, by St. Denys, nothing on earth can withstand your eloquence! Yet"—pursued he more seriously; "it was a hard business! The protégée of virtue herself cannot be sure of acquittal before such courts!"

The lady at length found words to thank the King for his clemency and generosity. Louis interrupted by informing her that much warmer thanks awaited her at her own house, where the lovers had met to part no more. "Bontems," concluded he, "shall count out a thousand louis-d'ors, which you may give in my name to the maiden as her dower. She may marry Brusson, who really merits not so happy a lot—but they must both leave Paris. That is my will."

As the good lady returned home, Martiniere came to meet her, followed by Pierre, and both crying joyfully "He is free—he is here!" The happy lovers threw themselves at the feet of their benefactress. "I knew—I knew," cried Madelon, "that you, and you alone would save him!" "I trusted in you from the beginning, my mother!" cried Olivier, and both kissed the worthy lady's hands, and bathed them with tears. And then they embraced each other, and protested that the rapture of that moment repaid them for all their past sufferings.

They were united in a few days; and as, according to the king's will, Brusson was to leave Paris, he removed with his wife, after taking a tender farewell of M'lle de Scuderi, to Geneva. He would not have remained in Paris had it been left at his option; where everything reminded him of Cardillac's crimes. Madelon's dower was sufficient to set him up in business,

and his skill in workmanship soon enabled him to earn a competence.

About a year after Brusson's departure, a public proclamation appeared, drawn up and signed by Harry de Chamvalon, the Archbishop, and by the Advocate, Pierre Arnaud d'Andilly, announcing that a quantity of jewels stolen from different persons had been recovered from the house of a criminal removed by death from the punishment

of human justice. All who had been robbed of jewels before the time specified of his death, the end of the year 1680, were summoned to appear at the house of D'Andilly, and claim and prove their property. If the proof was satisfactory, it was to be restored to them. Many who had been knocked down and robbed by Cardillac, came forward and recovered their treasures. The remaining treasure became the property of the church of St. Eustache.

HAMPTON BEACH.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

THE sunlight glitters keen and bright,
Where, miles away,
Lies stretching to my dazzled sight
A luminous belt, a misty light,
Beyond the dark pine bluffs and wastes of sandy grey.

The tremulous Shadow of the Sea !
Against its ground
Of silvery light, rock, hill, and tree,
Still as a picture, clear and free,
With varying outline mark the coast for miles around.

On—on—we tread with loose-flung rein
Our seaward way,
Through dark-green fields and blossoming grain,
Where the wild brier-rose skirts the lane,
And bends above our heads the flowering locust spray.

Ha ! like a kind hand on my brow
Comes this fresh breeze,
Cooling its dull and feverish glow,
While through my being seems to flow
The breath of a new life—the healing of the seas !

Now rest we, where this grassy mound
His feet hath set
In the great waters which have bound
His granite ankles greenly round
With long and tangled moss, and weeds with cool spray wet.

Good-bye to Pain and Care ! I take
Mine ease to-day ;
Here where these sunny waters break,
And ripples this keen breeze, I shake
All burdens from the heart, all weary thoughts away.

I draw a freer breath—I seem
 Like all I see—
 Waves in the sun—the white-winged gleam
 Of sea-birds in the slanting beam—
 And far-off sails which flit before the South wind free.

So when Time's veil shall fall asunder,
 The soul may know
 No fearful change, nor sudden wonder,
 Nor sink the weight of mystery under,
 But with the upward rise, and with the vastness grow.

And all we shrink from now may seem
 No new revealing ;
 Familiar as our childhood's stream,
 Or pleasant memory of a dream
 The loved and cherished Past upon the new life stealing.

Serene and mild the untried light
 May have its dawning ;
 And, as in Summer's northern night
 The evening and the dawn unite,
 The sunset hues of Time blend with the soul's new morning.

I sit alone : in foam and spray
 Wave after wave
 Breaks on the rocks which, stern and grey,
 Beneath like fallen Titans lay,
 Or murmurs hoarse and strong through mossy cleft and cave.

What heed I of the dusty land
 And noisy town ?
 I see the mighty deep expand
 From its white line of glimmering sand
 To where the blue of Heaven on bluer waves shuts down !

In listless quietude of mind,
 I yield to all
 The change of cloud, and wave, and wind,
 And passive on the flood reclined,
 I wander with the waves, and with them rise and fall.

But look, thou dreamer !—wave and shore
 In shadow lie ;
 The night-wind warns me back once more
 To where my native hill-tops o'er
 Bends like an arch of fire the glowing sunset sky !

So then, Beach, Bluff, and Wave, farewell !
 I bear with me
 No token stone nor glittering shell,
 But long and oft shall Memory tell
 Of this brief thoughtful hour of musing by the Sea.

Amesbury, 10th, 7th mo., 1843.

ROGER MALVIN'S BURIAL.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

ONE of the few incidents of Indian warfare, naturally susceptible of the moonlight of romance, was that expedition, undertaken for the defence of the frontiers in the year 1725, which resulted in the well-remembered "Lovell's Fight. Imagination, by casting certain circumstances judiciously into the shade, may see much to admire in the heroism of a little band, who gave battle to twice their number in the heart of the enemy's country. The open bravery displayed by both parties was in accordance with civilized ideas of valor, and chivalry itself might not blush to record the deeds of one or two individuals. The battle, though so fatal to those who fought, was not unfortunate in its consequences to the country; for it broke the strength of a tribe, and conduced to the peace which subsisted during several ensuing years. History and tradition are unusually minute in their memorials of this affair; and the captain of a scouting party of frontier-men has acquired as actual a military renown, as many a victorious leader of thousands. Some of the incidents contained in the following pages will be recognized, notwithstanding the substitution of fictitious names, by such as have heard, from old men's lips, the fate of the few combatants who were in a condition to retreat, after "Lovell's Fight."

The early sunbeams hovered cheerfully upon the tree-tops, beneath which two weary and wounded men had stretched their limbs the night before. Their bed of withered oak-leaves was strewn upon the small level space, at the foot of a rock, situated near the summit of one of the gentle swells, by which the face of the country is there diversified. The mass of granite, rearing its smooth, flat surface, fifteen or twenty feet above their heads, was not unlike a gigantic grave-stone, upon which the veins seemed to form an inscription in forgotten characters. On a tract of several acres around this

rock, oaks and other hard-wood trees had supplied the place of the pines, which were the usual growth of the land; and a young and vigorous sapling stood close beside the travellers.

The severe wound of the elder man had probably deprived him of sleep; for, so soon as the first ray of sunshine rested on the top of the highest tree, he reared himself painfully from his recumbent posture, and sat erect. The deep lines of his countenance, and the scattered grey of his hair, marked him as past the middle age; but his muscular frame would, but for the effects of his wound, have been as capable of sustaining fatigue, as in the early vigor of life. Languor and exhaustion now sat upon his haggard features, and the despairing glance which he sent forward through the depths of the forest, proved his own conviction that his pilgrimage was at an end. He next turned his eyes to the companion who reclined by his side. The youth, for he had scarcely attained the years of manhood, lay, with his head upon his arm, in the embrace of an unquiet sleep, which a thrill of pain from his wounds seemed each moment on the point of breaking. His right hand grasped a musket, and, to judge from the violent action of his features, his slumbers were bringing back a vision of the conflict, of which he was one of the few survivors. A shout,—deep and loud to his dreaming fancy,—found its way in an imperfect murmur to his lips, and, starting even at the slight sound of his own voice, he suddenly awoke. The first act of reviving recollection was to make anxious inquiries respecting the condition of his wounded fellow-traveller. The latter shook his head.

"Reuben, my boy," said he, "this rock, beneath which we sit, will serve for an old hunter's grave-stone. There is many and many a long mile of howling wilderness before us yet; nor would it avail me anything, if the smoke of my own chimney were but on the other side of that swell of land.

The Indian bullet was deadlier than I thought."

"You are weary with our three days' travel," replied the youth, "and a little longer rest will recruit you. Sit you here, while I search the woods for the herbs and roots, that must be our sustenance; and having eaten, you shall lean on me, and we will turn our faces homeward. I doubt not, that, with my help, you can attain to some one of the frontier garrisons."

"There is not two days' life in me, Reuben," said the other, calmly, "and I will no longer burthen you with my useless body, when you can scarcely support your own. Your wounds are deep, and your strength is failing fast; yet, if you hasten onward alone, you may be preserved. For me there is no hope; and I will await death here."

"If it must be so, I will remain and watch by you," said Reuben, resolutely.

"No, my son, no," rejoined his companion. "Let the wish of a dying man have weight with you; give me one grasp of your hand, and get you hence. Think you that my last moments will be eased by the thought, that I leave you to die a more lingering death? I have loved you like a father, Reuben, and, at a time like this, I should have something of a father's authority. I charge you to be gone, that I may die in peace."

"And because you have been a father to me, should I therefore leave you to perish, and to lie unburied in the wilderness?" exclaimed the youth. "No; if your end be in truth approaching, I will watch by you, and receive your parting words. I will dig a grave here by the rock, in which, if my weakness overcome me, we will rest together; or, if Heaven gives me strength, I will seek my way home."

"In the cities, and wherever men dwell," replied the other, "they bury their dead in the earth; they hide them from the sight of the living; but here, where no step may pass, perhaps for a hundred years, wherefore should I not rest beneath the open sky, covered only by the oak-leaves, when the autumn winds shall strew them? And for a monument, here is this grey rock, on which my dying hand shall carve the name of Roger Malvin; and the traveller in days to come will know, that here sleeps a hunter and a war-

rior. Tarry not, then, for a folly like this, but hasten away, if not for your own sake, for hers who will else be desolate."

Malvin spoke the last few words in a faltering voice, and their effect upon his companion was strongly visible. They reminded him that there were other, and less questionable duties, than that of sharing the fate of a man whom his death could not benefit. Nor can it be affirmed that no selfish feeling strove to enter Reuben's heart, though the consciousness made him more earnestly resist his companion's entreaties.

"How terrible, to wait the slow approach of death, in this solitude!" exclaimed he. "A brave man does not shrink in the battle, and, when friends stand round the bed, even women may die composedly; but here—"

"I shall not shrink, even here, Reuben Bourne," interrupted Malvin; "I am a man of no weak heart; and, if I were, there is a surer support than that of earthly friends. You are young, and life is dear to you. Your last moments will need comfort far more than mine; and when you have laid me in the earth, and are alone, and night is settling on the forest, you will feel all the bitterness of the death that may now be escaped. But I will urge no selfish motive to your generous nature. Leave me for my sake; that, having said a prayer for your safety, I may have space to settle my account, undisturbed by worldly sorrows."

"And your daughter! How shall I dare to meet her eye?" exclaimed Reuben. "She will ask the fate of her father, whose life I vowed to defend with my own. Must I tell her, that he travelled three days' march with me from the field of battle, and that then I left him to perish in the wilderness? Were it not better to lie down and die by your side, than to return safe, and say this to Dorcas?"

"Tell my daughter," said Roger Malvin, "that, though yourself sore wounded, and weak, and weary, you led my tottering footsteps many a mile, and left me only at my earnest entreaty, because I would not have your blood upon my soul. Tell her, that through pain and danger you were faithful, and that, if your life-blood could have saved me, it would have flowed to its last drop. And tell her,

that you will be something dearer than a father, and that my blessing is with you both, and that my dying eyes can see a long and pleasant path, in which you will journey together."

As Malvin spoke, he almost raised himself from the ground, and the energy of his concluding words seemed to fill the wild and lonely forest with a vision of happiness. But when he sank exhausted upon his bed of oak-leaves, the light, which had kindled in Reuben's eye, was quenched. He felt as if it were both sin and folly to think of happiness at such a moment. His companion watched his changing countenance, and sought, with generous art, to wile him to his own good.

"Perhaps I deceive myself in regard to the time I have to live," he resumed. "It may be, that, with speedy assistance, I might recover of my wound. The foremost fugitives must, ere this, have carried tidings of our fatal battle to the frontiers, and parties will be out to succor those in like condition with ourselves. Should you meet one of these, and guide them hither, who can tell but that I may sit by my own fireside again!"

A mournful smile strayed across the features of the dying man, as he insinuated that unfounded hope; which, however, was not without its effect on Reuben. No merely selfish motive, nor even the desolate condition of Dorcas, could have induced him to desert his companion, at such a moment. But his wishes seized upon the thought, that Malvin's life might be preserved, and his sanguine nature heightened, almost to certainty, the remote possibility of procuring human aid.

"Surely there is reason, weighty reason, to hope that friends are not far distant;" he said, half aloud. "There fled one coward, unwounded, in the beginning of the fight, and most probably he made good speed. Every true man on the frontier would shoulder his musket, at the news; and though no party may range so far into the woods as this, I shall perhaps encounter them in one day's march. Counsel me faithfully," he added, turning to Malvin, in distrust of his own motives. "Were your situation mine, would you desert me while life remained?"

"It is now twenty years," replied Roger Malvin, sighing, however, as he secretly acknowledged the wide dis-

similarity between the two cases,— "it is now twenty years, since I escaped, with one dear friend, from Indian captivity, near Montreal. We journeyed many days through the woods, till at length, overcome with hunger and weariness, my friend lay down, and besought me to leave him; for he knew, that, if I remained, we both must perish. And, with but little hope of obtaining succor, I heaped a pillow of dry leaves beneath his head, and hastened on."

"And did you return in time to save him?" asked Reuben, hanging on Malvin's words, as if they were to be prophetic of his own success.

"I did," answered the other, "I came upon the camp of a hunting-party, before sunset of the same day. I guided them to the spot where my comrade was expecting death; and he is now a hale and hearty man, upon his own farm, far within the frontiers, while I lie wounded here, in the depths of the wilderness."

This example, powerful in effecting Reuben's decision, was aided, unconsciously to himself, by the hidden strength of many another motive. Roger Malvin perceived that the victory was nearly won.

"Now go, my son, and Heaven prosper you!" he said. "Turn not back with your friends, when you meet them, lest your wounds and weariness overcome you; but send hitherward two or three, that may be spared, to search for me. And believe me, Reuben, my heart will be lighter with every step you take towards home." Yet there was perhaps a change, both in his countenance and voice, as he spoke thus; for, after all, it was a ghastly fate, to be left expiring in the wilderness.

Reuben Bourne, but half convinced that he was acting rightly, at length raised himself from the ground, and prepared for his departure. And first, though contrary to Malvin's wishes, he collected a stock of roots and herbs, which had been their only food during the last two days. This useless supply he placed within reach of the dying man, for whom, also, he swept together a fresh bed of dry oak-leaves. Then, climbing to the summit of the rock, which on one side was rough and broken, he bent the oak-sapling downwards, and bound his handkerchief to

the topmost branch. This precaution was not unnecessary, to direct any who might come in search of Malvin; for every part of the rock, except its broad, smooth front, was concealed, at a little distance, by the dense undergrowth of the forest. The handkerchief had been the bandage of a wound upon Reuben's arm; and, as he bound it to the tree, he vowed, by the blood that stained it, that he would return, either to save his companion's life, or to lay his body in the grave. He then descended, and stood, with downcast eyes, to receive Roger Malvin's parting words.

The experience of the latter suggested much and minute advice, respecting the youth's journey through the trackless forest. Upon this subject he spoke with calm earnestness, as if he were sending Reuben to the battle or the chase, while he himself remained secure at home; and not as if the human countenance that was about to leave him, were the last he would ever behold. But his firmness was shaken before he concluded.

"Carry my blessing to Dorcas, and say that my last prayer shall be for her and you. Bid her have no hard thoughts because you left me here"—Reuben's heart smote him—"for that your life would not have weighed with you, if its sacrifice could have done me good. She will marry you, after she has mourned a little while for her father; and Heaven grant you long and happy days! and may your children's children stand round your death-bed! And, Reuben," added he, as the weakness of mortality made its way at last, "return, when your wounds are healed and your weariness refreshed, return to this wild rock, and lay my bones in the grave, and say a prayer over them."

An almost superstitious regard, arising perhaps from the customs of the Indians, whose war was with the dead, as well as the living, was paid by the frontier inhabitants to the rites of sepulture; and there are many instances of the sacrifice of life, in the attempt to bury those who had fallen by the "sword of the wilderness." Reuben, therefore, felt the full importance of the promise, which he most solemnly made, to return, and perform Roger Malvin's obsequies. It was remarkable, that the latter, speaking his whole heart in his parting words, no longer

endeavored to persuade the youth, that even the speediest succor might avail to the preservation of his life. Reuben was internally convinced, that he should see Malvin's living face no more. His generous nature would fain have delayed him, at whatever risk, till the dying scene were past; but the desire of existence and the hope of happiness had strengthened in his heart, and he was unable to resist them.

"It is enough," said Roger Malvin, having listened to Reuben's promise. "Go, and God speed you!"

The youth pressed his hand in silence, turned, and was departing. His slow and faltering steps, however, had borne him but a little way, before Malvin's voice recalled him.

"Reuben, Reuben," said he, faintly; and Reuben returned and knelt down by the dying man.

"Raise me, and let me lean against the rock," was his last request. "My face will be turned towards home, and I shall see you a moment longer, as you pass among the trees."

Reuben, having made the desired alteration in his companion's posture, again began his solitary pilgrimage. He walked more hastily at first than was consistent with his strength; for a sort of guilty feeling, which sometimes torments men in their most justifiable acts, caused him to seek concealment from Malvin's eyes. But, after he had trodden far upon the rustling forest-leaves, he crept back, impelled by a wild and painful curiosity, and, sheltered by the earthy roots of an upturn tree, gazed earnestly at the desolate man. The morning sun was unclouded, and the trees and shrubs imbibed the sweet air of the month of May; yet there seemed a gloom on Nature's face, as if she sympathized with mortal pain and sorrow. Roger Malvin's hands were uplifted in a fervent prayer, some of the words of which stole through the stillness of the woods, and entered Reuben's heart, torturing it with an unutterable pang. They were the broken accents of a petition for his own happiness and that of Dorcas; and, as the youth listened, conscience, or something in its similitude, pleaded strongly with him to return, and lie down again by the rock. He felt how hard was the doom of the kind and generous being whom he had deserted in his extremity. Death would

come, like the slow approach of a corpse, stealing gradually towards him through the forest, and showing its ghastly and motionless features from behind a nearer, and yet a nearer tree. But such must have been Reuben's own fate, had he tarried another sunset; and who shall impute blame to him, if he shrank from so useless a sacrifice? As he gave a parting look, a breeze waved the little banner upon the sapling-oak, and reminded Reuben of his vow.

Many circumstances contributed to retard the wounded traveller in his way to the frontiers. On the second day, the clouds, gathering densely over the sky, precluded the possibility of regulating his course by the position of the sun; and he knew not but that every effort of his almost exhausted strength, was removing him farther from the home he sought. His scanty sustenance was supplied by the berries, and other spontaneous products of the forest. Herds of deer, it is true, sometimes bounded past him, and partridges frequently whirred up before his footsteps; but his ammunition had been expended in the fight, and he had no means of slaying them. His wounds, irritated by the constant exertion in which lay the only hope of life, wore away his strength, and at intervals confused his reason. But, even in the wanderings of intellect, Reuben's young heart clung strongly to existence, and it was only through absolute incapacity of motion, that he at last sank down beneath a tree, compelled there to await death.

In this situation he was discovered by a party, who, upon the first intelligence of the fight, had been despatched to the relief of the survivors. They conveyed him to the nearest settlement, which chanced to be that of his own residence.

Dorcas, in the simplicity of the olden time, watched by the bed-side of her wounded lover, and administered all those comforts, that are in the sole gift of woman's heart and hand. During several days, Reuben's recollection strayed drowsily among the perils and hardships through which he had passed, and he was incapable of returning definite answers to the inquiries, with which many were eager to harass him. No authentic particulars of the battle had yet been circulated; nor could

mothers, wives, and children tell, whether their loved ones were detained by captivity, or by the stronger chain of death. Dorcas nourished her apprehensions in silence, till one afternoon, when Reuben awoke from an unquiet sleep, and seemed to recognize her more perfectly than at any previous time. She saw that his intellect had become composed, and she could no longer restrain her filial anxiety.

"My father, Reuben?" she began; but the change in her lover's countenance made her pause.

The youth shrank, as if with a bitter pain, and the blood gushed vividly into his wan and hollow cheeks. His first impulse was to cover his face; but, apparently with a desperate effort, he half raised himself, and spoke vehemently, defending himself against an imaginary accusation.

"Your father was sore wounded in the battle, Dorcas, and he bade me not burthen myself with him, but only to lead him to the lake-side, that he might quench his thirst and die. But I would not desert the old man in his extremity, and, though bleeding myself, I supported him; I gave him half my strength, and led him away with me. For three days we journeyed on together, and your father was sustained beyond my hopes; but, awaking at sunrise on the fourth day, I found him faint and exhausted,—he was unable to proceed,—his life had ebbed away fast,—and"—

"He died!" exclaimed Dorcas, faintly.

Reuben felt it impossible to acknowledge that his selfish love of life had hurried him away, before her father's fate was decided. He spoke not; he only bowed his head; and, between shame and exhaustion, sank back and hid his face in the pillow. Dorcas wept, when her fears were thus confirmed; but the shock, as it had been long anticipated, was on that account the less violent.

"You dug a grave for my poor father in the wilderness, Reuben?" was the question by which her filial piety manifested itself.

"My hands were weak, but I did what I could," replied the youth in a smothered tone. "There stands a noble tomb-stone above his head, and I would to Heaven I slept as soundly as he!

Dorcas, perceiving the wildness of

his latter words, inquired no farther at that time; but her heart found ease in the thought, that Roger Malvin had not lacked such funeral rites as it was possible to bestow. The tale of Reuben's courage and fidelity lost nothing when she communicated it to her friends; and the poor youth, tottering from his sick chamber to breathe the sunny air, experienced from every tongue the miserable and humiliating torture of unmerited praise. All acknowledged that he might worthily demand the hand of the fair maiden, to whose father he had been "faithful unto death;" and, as my tale is not of love, it shall suffice to say, that, in the space of two years, Reuben became the husband of Dorcas Malvin. During the marriage ceremony, the bride was covered with blushes, but the bridegroom's face was pale.

There was now in the breast of Reuben Bourne an incommunicable thought; something which he was to conceal most heedfully from her whom he most loved and trusted. He regretted, deeply and bitterly, the moral cowardice that had restrained his words, when he was about to disclose the truth to Dorcas; but pride, the fear of losing her affection, the dread of universal scorn, forbade him to rectify this falsehood. He felt, that, for leaving Roger Malvin, he deserved no censure. His presence, the gratuitous sacrifice of his own life, would have added only another, and a needless agony to the last moments of the dying man. But concealment had imparted to a justifiable act, much of the secret effect of guilt; and Reuben, while reason told him that he had done right, experienced, in no small degree, the mental horrors, which punish the perpetrator of undiscovered crime. By a certain association of ideas, he at times almost imagined himself a murderer. For years, also, a thought would occasionally recur, which, though he perceived all its folly and extravagance, he had not power to banish from his mind; it was a haunting and torturing fancy, that his father-in-law was yet sitting at the foot of the rock, on the withered forest-leaves, alive, and awaiting his pledged assistance. These mental deceptions, however, came and went, nor did he ever mistake them for realities; but in the calmest and clearest moods of his mind, he was conscious that he had a

deep vow unredeemed, and that an unburied corpse was calling to him out of the wilderness. Yet such was the consequence of his prevarication that he could not obey the call. It was now too late to require the assistance of Roger Malvin's friends, in performing his long-deferred sepulture; and superstitious fears, of which none were more susceptible than the people of the outward settlements, forbade Reuben to go alone. Neither did he know where, in the pathless and illimitable forest, to seek that smooth and lettered rock, at the base of which the body lay; his remembrance of every portion of his travel thence was indistinct, and the latter part had left no impression upon his mind. There was, however, a continual impulse, a voice audible only to himself, commanding him to go forth and redeem his vow; and he had a strange impression that, were he to make the trial, he would be led straight to Malvin's bones. But, year after year, that summons, unheard but felt, was disobeyed. His one secret thought became like a chain, binding down his spirit, and, like a serpent, gnawing into his heart; and he was transformed into a sad and downcast, yet irritable man.

In the course of a few years after their marriage, changes began to be visible in the external prosperity of Reuben and Dorcas. The only riches of the former had been his stout heart and strong arm; but the latter, her father's sole heiress, had made her husband master of a farm, under older cultivation, larger, and better stocked than most of the frontier establishments. Reuben Bourne, however, was a neglectful husbandman; and while the lands of the other settlers became annually more fruitful, his deteriorated in the same proportion. The discouragements to agriculture were greatly lessened by the cessation of Indian war, during which men held the plough in one hand, and the musket in the other; and were fortunate if the products of their dangerous labor were not destroyed, either in the field or in the barn, by the savage enemy. But Reuben did not profit by the altered condition of the country; nor can it be denied, that his intervals of industrious attention to his affairs were but scantily rewarded with success. The irritability, by which he had recently become distinguished, was another cause of his

declining prosperity, as it occasioned frequent quarrels, in his unavoidable intercourse with the neighboring settlers. The results of these were innumerable law-suits; for the people of New England, in the earliest stages and wildest circumstances of the country, adopted, whenever attainable, the legal mode of deciding their differences. To be brief, the world did not go well with Reuben Bourne, and, though not till many years after his marriage, he was finally a ruined man, with but one remaining expedient against the evil fate that had pursued him. He was to throw sunlight into some deep recess of the forest, and seek subsistence from the virgin bosom of the wilderness.

The only child of Reuben and Dorcas was a son, now arrived at the age of fifteen years, beautiful in youth, and giving promise of a glorious manhood. He was peculiarly qualified for, and already began to excel in, the wild accomplishments of frontier life. His foot was fleet, his aim true, his apprehension quick, his heart glad and high; and all, who anticipated the return of Indian war, spoke of Cyrus Bourne as a future leader in the land. The boy was loved by his father, with a deep and silent strength, as if whatever was good and happy in his own nature had been transferred to his child, carrying his affections with it. Even Dorcas, though loving and beloved, was far less dear to him; for Reuben's secret thoughts and insulated emotions had gradually made him a selfish man; and he could no longer love deeply, except where he saw, or imagined, some reflection or likeness of his own mind. In Cyrus he recognized what he had himself been in other days; and at intervals he seemed to partake of the boy's spirit, and to be revived with a fresh and happy life. Reuben was accompanied by his son in the expedition, for the purpose of selecting a tract of land, and felling and burning the timber, which necessarily preceded the removal of the household gods. Two months of autumn were thus occupied; after which Reuben Bourne and his young hunter returned, to spend their last winter in the settlements.

It was early in the month of May, that the little family snapped asunder whatever tendrils of affections had clung to inanimate objects, and bade

farewell to the few, who, in the blight of fortune, called themselves their friends. The sadness of the parting moment had, to each of the pilgrims, its peculiar alleviations. Reuben, a moody man, and misanthropic because unhappy, strode onward, with his usual stern brow and downcast eye, feeling few regrets, and disdaining to acknowledge any. Dorcas, while she wept abundantly over the broken ties by which her simple and affectionate nature had bound itself to everything, felt that the inhabitants of her inmost heart moved on with her, and that all else would be supplied wherever she might go. And the boy dashed one tear-drop from his eye, and thought of the adventurous pleasures of the untrodden forest. Oh! who, in the enthusiasm of a day-dream, has not wished that he were a wanderer in a world of summer wilderness, with one fair and gentle being hanging lightly on his arm? In youth, his free and exulting step would know no barrier but the rolling ocean or the snow-topped mountains; calmer manhood would choose a home, where Nature had strewn a double wealth, in the vale of some transparent stream; and when hoary age, after long, long years of that pure life, stole on and found him there, it would find him the father of a race, the patriarch of a people, the founder of a mighty nation yet to be. When death, like the sweet sleep which we welcome after a day of happiness, came over him, his far descendants would mourn over the venerated dust. Enveloped by tradition in mysterious attributes, the men of future generations would call him godlike; and remote posterity would see him standing, dimly glorious, far up the valley of a hundred centuries!

The tangled and gloomy forest, through which the personages of my tale were wandering, differed widely from the dreamer's Land of Fantasië; yet there was something in their way of life that Nature asserted as her own; and the gnawing cares, which went with them from the world, were all that now obstructed their happiness. One stout and shaggy steed, the bearer of all their wealth, did not shrink from the added weight of Dorcas; although her hardy breeding sustained her, during the larger part of each day's journey, by her husband's side. Reuben and his son, their muskets on their

shoulders, and their axes slung behind them, kept an unwearied pace, each watching with a hunter's eye for the game that supplied their food. When hunger bade, they halted and prepared their meal on the bank of some unpolluted forest-brook, which, as they knelt down with thirsty lips to drink, murmured a sweet unwillingness, like a maiden, at love's first kiss. They slept beneath a hut of branches, and awoke at peep of light, refreshed for the toils of another day. Dorcas and the boy went on joyously, and even Reuben's spirit shone at intervals with an outward gladness; but inwardly there was a cold, cold sorrow, which he compared to the snow-drifts, lying deep in the glens and hollows of the rivulets, while the leaves were brightly green above.

Cyrus Bourne was sufficiently skilled in the travel of the woods, to observe that his father did not adhere to the course they had pursued, in their expedition of the preceding autumn. They were now keeping farther to the north, striking out more directly from the settlements, and into a region, of which savage beasts and savage men were as yet the sole possessors. The boy sometimes hinted his opinions upon the subject, and Reuben listened attentively, and once or twice altered the direction of their march in accordance with his son's counsel. But having so done, he seemed ill at ease. His quick and wandering glances were sent forward, apparently in search of enemies lurking behind the tree-trunks; and seeing nothing there, he would cast his eyes backward, as if in fear of some pursuer. Cyrus, perceiving that his father gradually resumed the old direction, forbore to interfere; nor, though something began to weigh upon his heart, did his adventurous nature permit him to regret the increased length and the mystery of their way.

On the afternoon of the fifth day, they halted and made their simple encampment, nearly an hour before sunset. The face of the country, for the last few miles, had been diversified by swells of land, resembling huge waves of a petrified sea; and in one of the corresponding hollows, a wild and romantic spot, had the family reared their hut, and kindled their fire. There is something chilling, and yet heart-warming, in the thought of three, united by strong bands of love, and insulated

from all that breathe beside. The dark and gloomy pines looked down upon them, and, as the wind swept through their tops, a piteous sound was heard in the forest; or did those old trees groan, in fear that men were come to lay the axe to their roots at last? Reuben and his son, while Dorcas made ready their meal, proposed to wander out in search of game, of which that day's march had afforded no supply. The boy, promising not to quit the vicinity of the encampment, bounded off with a step as light and elastic as that of the deer he hoped to slay; while his father, feeling a transient happiness as he gazed after him, was about to pursue an opposite direction. Dorcas, in the meanwhile, had seated herself near their fire of fallen branches, upon the moss-grown and mouldering trunk of a tree, uprooted years before. Her employment, diversified by an occasional glance at the pot, now beginning to simmer over the blaze, was the perusal of the current year's Massachusetts Almanac, which, with the exception of an old black-letter Bible, comprised all the literary wealth of the family. None pay a greater regard to arbitrary divisions of time, than those who are excluded from society; and Dorcas mentioned, as if the information were of importance, that it was now the twelfth of May. Her husband started.

"The twelfth of May! I should remember it well," muttered he, while many thoughts occasioned a momentary confusion in his mind. "Where am I? Whither am I wandering? Where did I leave him?"

Dorcas, too well accustomed to her husband's wayward moods to note any peculiarity of demeanor, now laid aside the Almanac, and addressed him in that mournful tone, which the tender-hearted appropriate to griefs long cold and dead.

"It was near this time of the month, eighteen years ago, that my poor father left this world for a better. He had a kind arm to hold his head, and a kind voice to cheer him, Reuben, in his last moments; and the thought of the faithful care you took of him, has comforted me, many a time since. Oh! death would have been awful to a solitary man, in a wild place like this!"

"Pray Heaven, Dorcas," said Reuben, in a broken voice, "pray Heaven,

that neither of us three die solitary, and lie unburied, in this howling wilderness!" And he hastened away, leaving her to watch the fire, beneath the gloomy pines.

Reuben Bourne's rapid pace gradually slackened, as the pang, unintentionally inflicted by the words of Dorcas, became less acute. Many strange reflections, however, thronged upon him; and, straying onward, rather like a sleep-walker than a hunter, it was attributable to no care of his own, that his devious course kept him in the vicinity of the encampment. His steps were imperceptibly led almost in a circle, nor did he observe that he was on the verge of a tract of land heavily timbered, but not with pine trees. The place of the latter was here supplied by oaks, and other of the harder woods; and around their roots clustered a dense and bushy undergrowth, leaving, however, barren spaces between the trees, thick-strewn with withered leaves. Whenever the rustling of the branches, or the creaking of the trunks made a sound, as if the forest were waking from slumber, Reuben instinctively raised the musket that rested on his arm, and cast a quick, sharp glance on every side; but, convinced by a partial observation that no animal was near, he would again give himself up to his thoughts. He was musing on the strange influence that had led him away from his premeditated course, and so far into the depths of the wilderness. Unable to penetrate to the secret place of his soul, where his motives lay hidden, he believed that a supernatural voice had called him onward, and that a supernatural power had obstructed his retreat. He trusted that it was Heaven's intent to afford him an opportunity of expiating his sin; he hoped that he might find the bones, so long unburied; and that, having laid the earth over them, peace would throw its sunlight into the sepulchre of his heart. From these thoughts he was aroused by a rustling in the forest, at some distance from the spot to which he had wandered. Perceiving the motion of some object behind a thick veil of undergrowth, he fired, with the instinct of a hunter, and the aim of a practised marksman. A low moan, which told his success, and by which even animals can express their dying agony, was unheeded by Reuben Bourne. What

were the recollections now breaking upon him!

The thicket, into which Reuben had fired, was near the summit of a swell of land, and was clustered around the base of a rock, which, in the shape and smoothness of one of its surfaces, was not unlike a gigantic grave-stone. As if reflected in a mirror, its likeness was in Reuben's memory. He even recognized the veins which seemed to form an inscription in forgotten characters; everything remained the same, except that a thick covert of bushes shrouded the lower part of the rock, and would have hidden Roger Malvin, had he still been sitting there. Yet, in the next moment, Reuben's eye was caught by another change, that time had effected, since he last stood, where he was now standing again, behind the earthy roots of the upturn tree. The sapling, to which he had bound the blood-stained symbol of his vow, had increased and strengthened into an oak, far indeed from its maturity, but with no mean spread of shadowy branches. There was one singularity observable in this tree, which made Reuben tremble. The middle and lower branches were in luxuriant life, and an excess of vegetation had fringed the trunk, almost to the ground; but a blight had apparently stricken the upper part of the oak, and the very topmost bough was withered, sapless, and utterly dead. Reuben remembered how the little banner had fluttered on that topmost bough, when it was green and lovely, eighteen years before. Whose guilt had blasted it!

Dorcas, after the departure of the two hunters, continued her preparations for their evening repast. Her sylvan table was the moss-covered trunk of a large fallen tree, on the broadest part of which she had spread a snow-white cloth, and arranged what were left of the bright pewter vessels, that had been her pride in the settlements. It had a strange aspect—that one little spot of homely comfort, in the desolate heart of Nature. The sunshine yet lingered upon the higher branches of the trees that grew on rising ground; but the shades of evening had deepened into the hollow, where the encampment was made; and the fire-light began to reddens as it gleamed up the tall trunks of the pines, or hovered on the dense and

obscure mass of foliage that circled round the spot. The heart of Dorcas was not sad; for she felt that it was better to journey in the wilderness, with two whom she loved, than to be a lonely woman in a crowd that cared not for her. As she busied herself in arranging seats of mouldering wood, covered with leaves, for Reuben and her son, her voice danced through the gloomy forest, in the measure of a song that she had learned in youth. The rude melody, the production of a bard who won no name, was descriptive of a winter evening in a frontier cottage, when, secured from savage inroad by the high-piled snow-drifts, the family rejoiced by their own fire-side. The whole song possessed that nameless charm, peculiar to unborrowed thought; but four continually-recurring lines shone out from the rest, like the blaze of the hearth whose joys they celebrated. Into them, working magic with a few simple words, the poet had instilled the very essence of domestic love and household happiness, and they were poetry and picture joined in one. As Dorcas sang, the walls of her forsaken home seemed to encircle her; she no longer saw the gloomy pines, nor heard the wind, which still, as she began each verse, sent a heavy breath through the branches, and died away in a hollow moan, from the burthen of the song. She was aroused by the report of a gun, in the vicinity of the encampment; and either the sudden sound, or her loneliness by the glowing fire, caused her to tremble violently. The next moment, she laughed in the pride of a mother's heart.

"My beautiful young hunter! my boy has slain a deer!" she exclaimed, recollecting that, in the direction whence the shot proceeded, Cyrus had gone to the chase.

She waited a reasonable time, to hear her son's light step bounding over the rustling leaves, to tell of his success. But he did not immediately appear, and she sent her cheerful voice among the trees in search of him.

"Cyrus! Cyrus!"

His coming was still delayed, and she determined, as the report of the gun had apparently been very near, to seek for him in person. Her assistance, also, might be necessary in bringing home the venison, which she flattered herself he had obtained. She therefore

set forward, directing her steps by the long-past sound, and singing as she went, in order that the boy might be aware of her approach, and run to meet her. From behind the trunk of every tree, and from every hiding place in the thick foliage of the undergrowth, she hoped to discover the countenance of her son, laughing with the sportive mischief that is born of affection. The sun was now beneath the horizon, and the light that came down among the trees was sufficiently dim to create many illusions in her expecting fancy. Several times she seemed indistinctly to see his face gazing out from among the leaves; and once she imagined that he stood beckoning to her, at the base of a craggy rock. Keeping her eyes on this object, however, it proved to be no more than the trunk of an oak, fringed to the very ground with little branches, one of which, thrust out farther than the rest, was shaken by the breeze. Making her way round the foot of the rock, she suddenly found herself close to her husband, who had approached in another direction. Leaning upon the butt of his gun, the muzzle of which rested upon the withered leaves, he was apparently absorbed in the contemplation of some object at his feet.

"How is this, Reuben! Have you slain the deer, and fallen asleep over him?" exclaimed Dorcas, laughing cheerfully, on her first slight observation of his posture and appearance.

He stirred not, neither did he turn his eyes towards her; and a cold, shuddering fear, indefinite in its source and object, began to creep into her blood. She now perceived that her husband's face was ghastly pale, and his features were rigid, as if incapable of assuming any other expression than the strong despair which had hardened upon them. He gave not the slightest evidence that he was aware of her approach.

"For the love of Heaven, Reuben, speak to me!" cried Dorcas, and the strange sound of her own voice affrighted her even more than the dead silence.

Her husband started, stared into her face; drew her to the front of the rock, and pointed with his finger.

Oh! there lay the boy, asleep, but dreamless, upon the fallen forest-leaves! his cheek rested upon his arm, his

curled locks were thrown back from his brow, his limbs were slightly relaxed. Had a sudden weariness overcome the youthful hunter? Would his mother's voice arouse him? She knew that it was death.

"This broad rock is the grave-stone of your near kindred, Dorcas," said her husband. "Your tears will fall at once over your father and your son."

She heard him not. With one wild shriek, that seemed to force its way from the sufferer's inmost soul, she sank insensible by the side of her dead boy. At that moment the withered

topmost bough of the oak loosened itself in the stilly air, and fell in soft, light fragments upon the rock, upon the leaves, upon Reuben, upon his wife and child, and upon Roger Malvin's bones. Then Reuben's heart was stricken, and the tears gushed out like water from a rock. The vow that the wounded youth had made, the blighted man had come to redeem. His sin was expiated, the curse was gone from him; and in the hour when he had shed blood dearer to him than his own, a prayer, the first for years, went up to Heaven from the lips of Reuben Bourne.

MENTAL HYGIENE.*

THE physician, in his treatment of disease, is too apt to confine his attention to the mere physical machine. He looks only for physical causes, applies only material remedies,—narcotics, purges, sudorifics, diuretics, powders, mixtures, and pills, without end,—and is only anxious for physical results, a clean tongue, regular pulse, a free digestion, and—his fee. This is taking a very limited view of his duties, and is unworthy the science he professes. Medicine is no mere mechanical art. It has for its object the preservation of the health of man, not the mere being of physical parts and properties,—a complex machine, involving in its structure, valves, limbs, outlets, and passages,—but thinking, feeling, and impassioned man:

———"Noble in reason, infinite in faculties;
The beauty of the world, the paragon of animals."

It is the part of the physician to acquaint himself with the workings of the mind, as well as of the body; more

especially, to investigate their mutual relations. He will find that in many cases his treatment will be in vain, and his remedies prove useless, when directed solely to the body; for a disease, though corporeal in its effects, may be purely mental in its origin. Dr. Sweetser, by the testimony of his excellent work, has given evidence that he is not of those who depreciate the influence of mind upon body. He has brought to bear upon the subject much important material, the result of studious research and acute observation, of which we shall avail ourselves in the course of this Article. We shall not anticipate our readers in their duty, by attempting an analysis of his book.

The mind and the body, though essentially distinct in their nature, end, and purpose—the former being an immaterial, never-dying principle, the latter presenting all the properties of the material world, and therefore corruptible, and temporarily existent matter—present in their union, which constitutes the living human being, a mysterious sympathy,† exhibited by

* Mental Hygiene, or an Examination of the Intellect and Passions; designed to illustrate their Influence on Health and the Duration of Life. By William Sweetser, M. D., &c. 1 vol. 12mo. New York: J. & H. G. Langley. 1843.

† The nervous system is unquestionably the medium through which the mind exerts its influence upon the body. There seems reason to believe that every act of mind is accompanied or followed by a physical change in the nervous system; but what that change may be, or by what means it produces the effects it does, we know not. The sympathetic nerve would seem to be that part of the nervous system which brings the body under the control of the involuntary agency of the mind, from the fact that

their co-operating functions and mutual relations. The mind and the body exert a reciprocal control; but the influence of the former upon the latter is more distinct and marked than the reverse. It is, in fact, only in disease that we observe clearly physical operations influencing mental phenomena. The consideration of this point, however, does not come within the scope of our present purpose.

The acknowledgment of the principle that the mind exerts a control over the bodily functions, has been carried to the extent of asserting for its dominion the whole government of physical life. This doctrine was taught in the Platonic* and Peripatetic schools of philosophy, and found a zealous advocate in Galen, the *facile princeps* of ancient physiologists. This was the basis of the system of the Animists, which was broached subsequently to the purely physical theories of medicine,—the humoral, chemical, and mathematical. Stahl was the originator of this new doctrine, and to its support he brought the acuteness of an original mind and the untiring enthusiasm of a reformer. He quickly observed the falsity of the prevailing systems of his day, and successfully combated their errors and absurdities. The hypothesis he attempted to establish on their ruin, though in many respects purely fanciful, had the high merit of insisting upon a broad distinction between living beings and inanimate matter. According to the system of Stahl, the body, an object powerless in itself, with mechanical means admirably adapted to certain ends, was under the control of the *anima*, mind or soul, an immaterial, governing principle. All the phenomena of organic and animal life were held to be indebted for their existence to this power. The *anima*, while calling into action the physical agents subject to its control, was supposed to be actuated by rational views, and a consciousness that the welfare of the body demanded their exertion. This marks the essential point of difference between the doctrine of Stahl and the

earlier philosophy; which, though claiming an equally comprehensive dominion for the mind, held that it exerted its sway without the guidance of consciousness. The doctrine of the Animists has led one of its advocates into the following absurdly fanciful illustrations of his opinions. To the sagacity of the *anima* he attributes the gradual eruption of the small pox, as the force of the disease is thus weakened and the danger diminished; to its cowardice, the fact of its sinking under disease perfectly harmless in itself; to its love of solitude, its periodical withdrawal to the dark obscurity of sleep; and to its *tedium vite*, its frequent retirement into the shades of eternity. At a later day, a modified view of the Animists found a powerful advocate in Whytt. He considered the mind a sentient as well as a rational agent, and traced all the vital motions of the body to its operation, acting in its former character.

The phenomena of voluntary motion present us with the most familiar illustration of the influence of mind upon body. Muscular movement is the ordinary extent of the power of the act of volition upon the physical system; but that it may be extended to a further control over the body, is illustrated by the case of a Col. Townshend, of the British army, who had such command over his vital functions that he could suspend them at will, and thus to all appearance die: the blood would cease to circulate, the respiration stop, the surface of the body grow cold, and life seem to depart, when he thus, by an effort of the will, feigned death. This faculty is said also to be possessed by a certain class of Indian jugglers.

The physical indications of the mental power, while acting involuntarily, afford us the richest materials in illustration of the influence of mind upon body. The various expressions of face to which mental emotion gives rise, afford the most obvious examples of this. It is thus the human countenance presents every variety of expression, from the grave to the gay,

those organs which are especially influenced by mental emotion, as the heart, the bowels, the capillary vessels, and the secreting organs, are principally indebted to the ganglionic system for their supply of nerves.

* Lord Brougham, in his edition of Paley's Natural Theology, finds fault with his author for disregarding the influence of mind upon body, and seems disposed to embrace fully the doctrine of the Platonic school.

the lively and severe, according to the feelings and emotions experienced. The different varieties of physiognomy are modelled by the plastic power of the mind. The intellectual face, with thought beaming in every line; "the poet's eye," so distinctive from the inexpressive orb and unmeaning gaze of witless idiocy; the expectant eye, and mild, imploring look of Hope; the retreating face of Fear; the lengthened visage of Despair, which,

———"like to a title-leaf,
Forebodes the nature of a tragic volume;"

the closed mouth and contracted brow of Anger; the downcast and half-shut eyes of Modesty; and the bold, open front of daring Courage,—are bodily manifestations of the mind within.

For a striking display of the influence of mind upon body, we must regard it in its more disturbed states, in the "tempest and whirlwind of passion," when the mental equipoise is destroyed by excessive elevation or depression. It is but natural to conclude, when we observe the blood mantle in the face, the cheek grow pale, the limbs tremble, or the pulse beat quick from the most ordinary emotion of the mind, that excessive mental disturbance would be followed by a corresponding degree of physical effect. Facts clearly prove that the bodily health is directly affected by mental influences; that there exists an intimate sympathy between the mind and body, which renders their sanitary state mutually dependent. "A man's body and his mind," says Sterne, "(with the utmost reverence to both I speak it), are exactly like a jerkin and a jerkin's lining—rumple the one, you rumple the other."

The passions and emotions of the mind, in reference to their action upon the body, may be conveniently divided into the exciting and depressing.

The exciting emotions act powerfully upon the heart and circulation. They cause increased pulsation, heat, flushing, and a state like temporary fever. A fact quoted by Dr. Good is strikingly illustrative of the influence of the emotions of the mind upon the heart: "A young lady who had suddenly learned that her husband had been cruelly murdered by a band of the popular ruffians, (in the days of the

French Revolution), was instantly seized with a violent palpitation, that terminated in a syncope so extreme that she was supposed to be dead. This apprehension, however, was erroneous; she recovered; but the palpitation continued for many years, and she at length died of water in the chest." Dr. Gregory says that, "dying of a broken heart, on some occasions, expresses with sufficient accuracy a pathological fact." Mirabeau died of a disease of the heart, induced by the mental excitement to which he was exposed in consequence of the active part he bore in the Revolution. The exciting emotion of anger, by its stimulating effect on the circulation, has often become the cause of dangerous or fatal disease. John Hunter, the great surgeon, died suddenly in a paroxysm of rage. The Emperor Nerva died of a violent excess of anger against a senator who had offended him. Valentinian, the first Roman emperor of that name, while reproaching with great passion the deputies from Germany, burst a blood-vessel and fell lifeless to the ground.

Lord Byron mentions that the Doge Francis Foscari died of bleeding at the lungs, in consequence of his violent rage at being deprived of his office. He also states the case of a young lady, who had within his own experience become a sudden victim of uncontrolled temper. Sophocles is stated by some authors, to have died of joy on being crowned for a successful tragedy. Dionysius of the same emotion for a similar reason, a fortunate literary effort. Pliny records the death of a Roman lady from excessive delight, at receiving her son safe from the battle of Cannæ. Pope Leo X. fell into a fever, from which he never recovered, upon hearing the joyful intelligence of the taking of Milan. Colocotroni, the Greek general, the account of whose death has just reached us, is reported to have died of apoplexy, brought on by his intense delight upon the happy marriage of his son. Jaundice has frequently been observed to be caused by the passions of jealousy and anger. Shakspeare, in his epithet of "green-eyed" to Jealousy, avails himself of a physiological fact.

The depressing emotions weaken the force of the circulation, diminish the muscular energy, lessen the nervous power,

predispose to disease, and even cause sudden death. Fear exerts a strong sedative influence on the heart, promotes congestion in the larger vessels, and thus renders the surface of the body cold and pale. This emotion has not been an infrequent cause of epilepsy, and other severe diseases. Excessive terror acts so powerfully upon the system, that children have become convulsed from being applied to the breast while their mothers were under its influence. The influence of grief is equally striking. Its sudden effect upon the color of the hair is a familiar fact. Falstaff says to Prince Hal :

“Thy father’s beard is turned white with the news.”

There is no fact which illustrates more decidedly the morbid effects of the depressing emotions of the mind upon the body, than the occurrence of *nostalgia*, the *maladie de pays*, home-grief in the expressive language of Germany, and home-sickness according to our more homely and familiar denomination. This disease, which is purely mental in its origin, assumes the various forms of the severest physical disorder.*

According to the medical statistics of the French army, nostalgia ranks among the most prevailing causes of mortality among the young conscripts.

This affection is known to prevail to an enormous extent among the absent Swiss soldiers, when the recollection of home scenes is awakened by the music of their native air, the *ranz des vaches*.

“When long familiar joys are all resign’d,
Why does their sad remembrance haunt
the mind ?

Lo! when through flat Batavia’s willow
groves,
Or by the lazy Seine the exile roves ;
O’er the curled waters Alpine measures
swell,
And search the affections to their inmost
cell,
Sweet poison steals along the listener’s
veins,
Turning past pleasures into mortal pains,
Poison which not a frame of steel can
brave,
Bows his young head with sorrow to the
grave.” †

The oft quoted case of Lord Lyttelton illustrates the influence of the depressing emotions, who, conscious-stricken amid his career of vice and dissipation, alarmed by the intense consciousness of his own wickedness, pictured to his imagination, so vividly as to impose upon his senses, the approach of an angel from heaven who condemned him to death at a certain fixed hour. The time approached ; anxious to drown his care and anxiety, (for he believed himself a doomed man), he gathered his gay companions about him, and strove to forget his misery and remorse amid revelry and dissipation. Hour after hour passed, minute after minute ; Lord Lyttelton, with the wine-cup in his trembling hand, and a forced smile upon his lip, cast his eye upon the clock, and as the fatal hour struck, he fell and stiffened a corpse. The true nature of Lord Lyttelton’s death is illustrated by the somewhat analogous case of the German student, (quoted, we believe, by Dr. Abercrombie), who, depressed by hard study, misfortune, and ill health, imagined that he was doomed to die at a certain hour. A friend being informed of the circumstance, ingeniously resolved upon putting back the hand of the clock which was to strike the death-knell. The student weakened as the time approached, his pulse beat less firmly, his limbs trembled, and dissolution seemed rapidly coming on. The real time, that of the imagined end of his destiny, passed, his friend then informed him of his device, and death ceased to stare him in the face.

It has been observed that times of public calamity or depression have been unusually fruitful in disease. We have the authority of Corvisart, that diseases of the heart prevailed to a much greater extent than usual during the French Revolution. During the prevalence of epidemics, the direct influence of fear, in increasing the number of victims, is unquestioned. The weak and unhealthy, by the elasticity of their minds, may bid defiance to a disease which finds in the fearful and desponding, though physically robust and vigorous, an easy prey. “For” (in the eloquent words of the

* Avenbrugger states that, on dissecting cases of death from nostalgia, organic disease of the lungs, inflammation of the pleura, and adhesions were frequently met with.

† Wordsworth.

author of Anastasius, speaking of the plague), "sometimes this disease is a magnanimous enemy, and while it seldom spares the pusillanimous victim whose blood, running cold ere it is tainted, lacks the energy necessary to repel the infection when at hand, it will pass him by who dared its utmost fury and advances undaunted to meet its raised dart."

Troops, when engaged in active service and cheered by the glow of victory, offer fewer victims to disease than those which are disheartened by defeat and depressed by conquest. In Franklin and Parry's northern voyages, the elasticity of a cheerful spirit was observed to be the most powerful means of warding off the benumbing effects of the severe cold. Lord Anson, in his "Voyage around the World," in speaking of the scurvy, remarks, "that whatever discouraged the seamen, or at any time damped their hopes, never failed to add new vigor to the distemper; for it usually killed those who were in the last stages of it, and confined those to their hammocks who were before capable of some kind of duty." A case of disease is detailed in a late number of the London Medical Gazette, which the writer of the account aptly terms "Chancery Cachexia," brought on by the anxiety experienced in consequence of the proverbial delay of the law. The subject of the complaint was perfectly free from any previous disease, but, becoming involved in a law-suit, in which great interests were at stake, was attacked by a disorder of the chest, which was cured by the usual remedial means. The law case at issue remained undecided; at every postponement of the suit an attack of the complaint ensued, the patient's end approaching as the lawyers were postponing, till at last, no final result to the cause appearing, he was seized with a severe attack of his disease, and died. Women who have had the misfortune to become mothers before they were wives, are more subject to puerperal fever than the married. This circumstance is owing to moral causes—the depression of mind produced in consequence of remorse, loss of character, and desertion of friends.

The following fact, stated by Dr. Thomson, in his *Materia Medica*, affords us an illustration of the influence of association of ideas in producing sick-

ness. "A respectable farmer in Scotland, when a young man, had sat up for a whole night with some companions, and drank ale and spirits till he had become sick and had most unpleasant sensations. For more than twenty years afterwards, he never came near nor passed the house without suffering sensations similar to those which he had experienced on the night of his debauch."

Dr. Sweetser has, in the following passage, clearly stated the morbid influence of an unrestrained and ill-regulated imagination :

"The feelings unduly excited, as they necessarily must be, by the wild dreams of the imagination, react with a morbid influence on the various functions of the body, and if the habits are at the same time sedentary and retired, a train of moral and physical infirmities generalized under the name of nervous temperament, will be the probable result. The subjects of this unhappy temperament are commonly irresolute, capricious, and morbidly sensitive in their feelings. Their passions, whether pleasurable or painful, are awakened with the greatest facility, and the most trifling causes will often elate them with hope or sink them in despondency. The poet, the painter, the musician—for their pursuits have all a kindred nature, and all work on the feelings and imagination—are more peculiarly the subjects of this peculiar temperament. The nervous sensibility of poets has been proverbial even from the remotest time. The physical functions in this temperament are almost always weak, and pass very readily into disordered states. Its subjects are peculiarly liable to indigestion and to sympathetic disturbances in the nervous, circulatory, and respiratory system. The body, moreover, is generally spare and feeble, frequently with an inclination forwards, the face is pale and sickly, though, under excitement, readily assuming a hectic glow, and its expression is usually of a pensive character.

"The most melancholy nervous affections, as epilepsy for example, have been sometimes brought on through the workings of a morbidly exalted and ungoverned imagination."

Thus the irritability of Pope, the morbid melancholy of Cowper, and the restless, discontented spirit of Byron, and their several physical maladies. But the influence of the imagination upon the body is often more direct. Diseases are not seldom incurred by

imagining that we are affected with them. The consequence of a fancied disorder for a protracted period, is certain organic disease. The patient who fancies he labors under an affection of the heart, disturbs the circulation, which is ever influenced by the moral emotions, until at last this disturbance creates the very malady which he dreaded. The imagination, however, has not thus always been destructive of health and life. To its influence may be attributed the occasional cures at the tombs of saints, amid the ashes of a martyr, or by a canonized bone. Many a person has thus cured himself when he has devoutly attributed his restoration to health to some saint in the calendar. The charlatan reaps his harvest from the operation of this principle. The patient's mind is filled with accounts of "surprising cures of undoubted authority," and in consequence takes his draught, mixture or pill, with a sure and certain faith that he will be made whole. Pills of no more abstruse materials than bread and water have thus been known to effect the most marvellous cures. The wonderful remedial powers of Perkins' metallic tractors, which created so much wonder for a while in the world, were undoubtedly, in a large degree, owing to the influence of the imagination, as was proved by the equal success of the false* tractors: rheumatism, stiffness of the joints, and paralysis, were cured by bits of wood, tennenny nails, disguised in sealing wax, slate pencils dignified with a coat of paint, tobacco pipes, pieces of gingerbread, and other equally harmless materials.

"John Peacock," says Dr. Haygarth, "had been affected for four months with weakness of the hip and severe rheumatic pains, brought on by working in a damp coal pit. The false tractors were applied; at first they caused considerable pain and very restless nights; but after a few trials he began to sleep unusually well, had fewer attacks of pain, and appeared happy and confident in the idea that a remedy had been discovered for his complaints. With such a subject the event may be easily anticipated. This morning he came to thank me for my services. I cannot help mentioning

one circumstance respecting this man; he came to me one day complaining of a violent settled pain in his forehead, which he said 'almost distracted him,' and requested me 'to draw it out.' The pieces of mahogany (false tractors) were drawn gently over his forehead for a minute and a half, when the throbbing began to abate, and in two minutes had nearly ceased. In about three minutes the man arose from the chair saying, 'God bless you, sir, now I am quite easy.' He was attacked with this pain only once afterwards, which affected his vision considerably, but it was removed as easily as in the former instance."

"Such tricks hath strong imagination."

Man, says Aristotle, is an imitative animal, and this truth holds good in the production and extension of diseases as well as in the habits, occupations and amusements of life. Boerhave records that "A person fell down in a fit of epilepsy in the ward of a hospital where there were many persons present who witnessed the effects; such was the impression the occurrence made upon the spectators, that many were thrown into similar convulsions." We find in Babington's translation of Hecker on the "Dancing Mania," the following further illustration of the influence of sympathy in producing disease. "In Lancashire, a girl in a cotton factory put a mouse upon the bosom of one of her fellows, which frightened her into convulsions, which continued for twenty-four hours. Three more were seized the next day, and six more on the following one, and in four days from the first, the number of patients amounted to twenty-four." Lock-jaw is said sometimes to be taken by a witness of the disease, from mere sympathy with the pain and suffering of the patient.†

A medical writer,‡ who was an eye-witness to the effects of a great religious agitation or revival, compares the convulsions of those "who were affected with the spirit" to the movement of a newly caught fish when thrown upon the land, and another authority,§ in describing a similar affair in Lanarkshire, says the agony under which they labored was expressed not only by words, but also by violent agitations of the

* Haygarth on the Imagination.

† Dr. Robertson, of Tennessee.

‡ Good.

§ Dr. Meik.

body, by shaking and trembling, by faintings and convulsions, and sometimes by excessive bleedings at the nose. Our every-day experience of the effects of revivals, "protracted," and camp meetings, freely confirms the truth of these statements. The fanatic preacher, insensible to the sweet influences of the meek spirit and gentle charities of our Saviour's gospel of love, skilled in the dialectics of the "raw head and bloody bones" school of eloquence, appeals to the fears and passions of an ignorant audience, thunders out his anathemas and stern denunciations, and pictures to them in awfully vivid colors, "the burning gulf," "the fiery hell," "the unquenchable flame," and "the unceasing torments," the terrors that await them in another world. Thus are their bodies and minds tortured into disease of the direst kind. Thus are made unnumbered victims of convulsions, idiocy, madness, bedlam and the church-yard.

Of the influence of study and the exercise of the intellectual powers upon the physical functions, our author remarks :

"It is an opinion not uncommonly entertained, that studious habits, or intellectual pursuits, tend necessarily to injure the health and abbreviate the term of life—that mental labors are ever prosecuted at the expense of the body, and must consequently hasten its decay. Such a result, however, is by no means essential, unless the labors be urged to an injudicious excess, when, of course, as in all overstrained exertions, whether of body or mind, various prejudicial efforts may be naturally anticipated."

The justice of this view is substantiated by the fact of the long life of many devoted to literary occupations. Boerhave lived to seventy years of age, Locke to seventy-three, Galileo to seventy-eight, Sir Edward Coke to eighty-four, Newton to eighty-five, and Fontenelle to a hundred. Leibnitz, Volney, Buffon and others, lived to very advanced ages. Many of the greatest men of our own country, as Chief Justice Marshall, Jefferson, Franklin, Jay and others, lived the lives of patriarchs. There seems but little question that a certain extent of mental activity is beneficial to the health, and that the degree of intellectual exertion that can be healthfully

sustained depends much upon the original constitution of the mind and the force of physical energy which accompanies it. Dr. Sweetser is disposed to think that the injurious effect of study upon the physical health is exaggerated, and that the disease which is often the accompaniment of a studious life arises from the transgression of the obvious laws of a judicious hygiene. That disorders of the digestive functions are more frequent in our academic institutions than in those abroad, is a well recognized fact—that there exists a perfect disregard of physical education, is equally well established. It is not so in the universities abroad. The ablest wrangler in the halls of Trinity or the first classic of Christ Church, is not seldom the boldest swimmer and the stoutest oarsman of the Cam and Isis.

It would appear from the statistics collected by Dr. Madden, in his interesting book on the Infirmities of Genius, that certain intellectual pursuits are more conducive to long life than others; that the average age of the Natural Philosophers is seventy-five years, being the greatest, and that of the Poets fifty-seven, being the smallest. Those studies which draw most largely on the imagination, seem less favorable to long life than those which simply demand the exercise of the dispassionate reason.

Our author remarks judiciously and with force upon the blighting influence of a too premature intellectual education. It would be well for every parent to mark well and digest his pertinent observations upon this subject. The hot-bed system of education, which is too prevalent among us, is a crying evil. There is nothing so injurious to the physical health and vigor, as the forcing prematurely the mind, while the body is in its youth and weakened by the demand upon its strength for growth and development. It does much towards filling the churchyard with the youthful dead.

"Præcocibus mors ingentiis est invida semper."

Youthful prodigies of learning are too often youthful prodigies of disease.

"Premature and forced exertions of the mental faculties must always be at the

risk of the physical constitution. Parents, urged by an ambition for their intellectual progress, are extremely apt to overtask the minds of their offspring, and thus, too often, not only defeat their own aims, but prepare the foundation of bodily infirmity and early decay. Such a course, too, is repugnant to the plainest dictates of nature, to be read in the instinctive propensities of the young, which urge so imperiously to physical action." "We have frequently seen in early age," observes a French writer* on health, "prodigies of memory, and even of erudition, who were, at the age of fifteen or twenty, imbecile, and who have continued so through life. We have seen other children, whose early studies have so enfeebled them, that their miserable career has terminated with the most distressing diseases, at a period at which they should only have commenced their studies."

While excessive mental activity and the yielding to the more powerful passions are destructive of health and tend to shorten life, the indulgence in the gentler emotions and moderately exciting passions exerts a most beneficial influence on the physical system, stimulating the languid energies of the body to renewed exertion, gently exciting the circulation, and giving vigor and tone to all the corporeal powers and functions. Thus hope, moderate joy, the pleasurable sensations which arise from the exercise of the social affections, friendship, gratitude, benevolence, and generosity, the practice of the thousand agreeable courtesies of life, the interchange of friendly sentiment, conversation, and all the refined charms and pleasures of society, serve not only to humanize the mind, but to promote the health and vigor of the body: "To be free-minded," says a great master of the human mind, Lord Bacon, "and cheerfully disposed at hours of meat, sleep, and exercise, is one of the best precepts of long lasting. As for the passions and studies of the mind, avoid envy, anxious fears, angers, fretting inwards, subtle and knotty inquisitions, joys and exhilarations in excess, sadness not communicated. Entertain hopes, mirth rather than surfeit of them, wonder and admiration, and therefore novelties, studies that fill the mind with illustrations and

splendid objects, as histories, fables, and contemplations of nature." The proverb, "laugh and grow fat," implies a wise philosophical precept. Laughter is a good physical exercise, and exerts a beneficial tendency upon the health. Mirth and cheerfulness of mind exert a tonic influence on the system. "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine, but a broken spirit drieth the bones." The body of the restless and irritable in mind wastes away, while that of the contented and undisturbed gives evidence, in its fair round proportions, of its thriving and healthful existence. We do not question but that the rates of mortality in different professions and occupations of life, are influenced by the various degrees of mental activity which they may require for their proper exercise. The politician hurries through an excited and turbulent life, while the philosopher, calm and contemplative, enjoys a lengthened existence. The speculating merchant, while he credits himself with the results of his successful ventures, must balance his profits with loss of health and days; his ease of mind leaves him with every freighted ship, and many a "pound of flesh" is bartered away for money lent; while the agriculturist continues on from year to year in one unvaried routine of existence, sows his seed and reaps his harvest, his mind only clouded by a rainy day, and his feelings never excited beyond the emotion caused by a trespass, and lives his life of threescore years and ten.

Of the influence of mind upon body, which obtains so extensively, it behoves the physician to avail himself in the treatment of disease. He must at times throw aside the pestle and mortar, and avail himself of remedies not acknowledged by the colleges in their Pharmacopœias. As mental causes are so rife in the production of disease, so mental influences are frequently powerful in its cure. Numerous cases of disease have been effected by remedies perfectly powerless in themselves, as far as their *direct* action upon the body is concerned. When the body is diseased, its operations are more dependent upon, and are placed more within the control of the mind, than in health. The epicure, with a stomach

* Tourtelle.

enfeebled by overlabor and digestion, impaired by indulgence, finds his appetite improve, and his capacity for food increase, by attention to style and elegance in the serving of his dishes, while a plain and inelegant simplicity which appeals only to the grossness of a hungry appetite, fails to excite a desire, if it does not produce a positive disgust. In sickness, the delicate fastidiousness of the patient often interferes with the operation of a nauseous medicine, and frequently great anxiety for the peculiar operation of a remedy prevents its action. In fever, the symptoms increase in intensity by the most ordinary excitement of the mind. Often, the confidence inspired by the gold-headed cane and wise Burleigh-nod of the physician, exerts a more excellent influence than the most efficacious of remedies. When the body is weakened by disease, and the powers of life almost stilled, a sudden arousing of the mind will give renewed vigor to the wasted frame, cause the blood to course more freely through the veins, and bestow the physical energy of health upon a system suffering previously from the debility of disease.

—“When the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move
With casted slough and fresh celerity.”

We have a good illustration of this in Henry IV. The Duke of Northumberland having heard of the death of his son Hotspur, while on his sick bed, thus speaks :

“And as the wretch, whose fever-weak-
en'd joints
Like strengthless hinges, buckle under
life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms; even so my
limbs
Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd
with grief
Are thrice themselves; hence, therefore,
thou nice crutch!
A scaly gauntlet now, with joints of steel,
Must glove this hand; and hence, thou
sickly grief!”

Haller quotes a case of gout cured by a fit of anger. The severest tooth-ache not unfrequently departs, upon the approach of a dentist armed with a formidable wrench. The most whimsical remedies have proved efficacious in cramp; and many other diseases have been unable to resist a necklace of toads, rings of coffin nails, and such epicurean niceties as gladiator's blood, raw liver, and vultures' brains. Intermittent fevers have been cured by the swallowing of live spiders, of the snuff of the candle, and by charms of various contrivance. We doubt whether such remedies would prove equally efficacious at the present day; but assuredly, human nature is not so far changed, as to be insusceptible of the same mental effects as those to which such cures are traceable.

The extensive resources which the fine arts disclose, might be made liberal use of as a means of curing disease. Music, whose influence is so powerful on the mental emotions, would prove a fruitful source of useful remedy. We have ancient authority in favor of its employment. Pythagoras directs certain mental disorders to be treated by music. Thales cured a disastrous pestilence by its means. Martinus Capella affirms that fevers were thus removed. Aulus Gellius tells us that a case of sciatica was cured by the influence of sweet sounds, and Theophrastus maintains that the bites of serpents and other venomous reptiles can be relieved by similar means.* We find it stated in a late medical journal, that the convulsive movements in a case of St. Vitus's dance were completely under the control of music, that they were quickened and increased by rapid and stirring tunes, subdued and repressed by slow and gentle airs.

It is a question of deep interest to the medical philosopher, how far the constitution of modern society affects the production of disease and the duration of life. “It is not the direct and known risks to our health,” says a late writer in Blackwood, “which act with the most fatal effects, but the semi-conscious condition, the atmosphere of circumstances, with which artificial life surrounds us. The great cities of Europe, perhaps London above

* Millingen's “Curiosities of Medical Experience.”

all others, under the modern modes of life and business, create a vortex of preternatural tumult, a rush and frenzy of excitement which is fatal to far more than are heard of as express victims to that system." Existence in the active world of a large city necessarily involves, as society is now constituted, such a degree of mental wear and tear, that the most robust physical organization cannot long sustain it without suffering. The excitement of politics, trade and commerce, the intellectual efforts of the statesman to meet the demands of his high station, the anxieties of the great merchant whose millions are at stake, stimulate the mind to such activity, that disease is inevitable. Nervous affections, disorders of the brain and insanity, seem the almost unavoidable evils of our higher civilization.* Those facts, if true of older countries, apply with tenfold more force to society as organized in America. The very spirit of our institutions urging to constant progression, the frequency of political change, the absence of fixedness of social position, the rich man of to-day being the poor man of to-morrow, the continuous struggle for advancement, the prize being accessible to all, the disenfranchisement from antiquated modes of thought and the universal spirit of free inquiry, beget an unrest unknown to more ancient forms of society. It is not surprising, then, that insanity, nervous diseases and the disorders of the digestive functions, the frequent effects of excessive mental activity, should abound to such an extent among us.

To counteract the morbid influence upon health of the mental restlessness of our community, men's minds must be diverted from

"The passions and cares that wither life;"

the anxieties, the toil and trouble of business, and relaxed by the healthful influence of the gentler emotions. To promote this end, the most efficacious

means seems to be an extension of the taste for pleasures of an elevated character.

There is a great want of capacity among us for the right enjoyment of life. Surpassing all people in commercial enterprise and laborious energy, skilled beyond example in the "means and appliances" for the acquisition of wealth, we are far in the rearward of most nations in the proper appreciation of its uses. The end is lost in the struggle for the means. Living in a land where the laborer is deemed worthy of his hire, where industry meets the highest reward and the necessities and luxuries of life are of easy attainment, we strive with a might unequalled by the want-compelling efforts of the foreign worker to whom a pause from toil is starvation. We journey along the rugged road of life, without reposing by its waysides of pleasantness and peace. Our care-worn countenances and saddened looks strike the stranger as a curious illustration of our boasted happiness. The companionable Englishman, missing among us that spirit of good fellowship which at home prompts the merry gathering and prolongs the social hour, and the pleasure-loving Frenchman, feeling his holiday cheerfulness chilled by the dull monotony of our working-day life, conclude that "all work and no play" has succeeded in its legitimate effect of making Jonathan a "dull boy."

We look for a remedy to this unwise intensity of devotion to business, to the encouragement (coupled with the improvement) of the theatres, to public concerts, the founding of galleries of art, the establishment of national holidays, the promotion of social pleasures, and otherwise extending the motives which may urge to refined enjoyment. In the absence of these, the public mind will continue to seek, in the fanaticism of religion and the excitements of trade and politics, for that stimulus which serves to administer to the prevalent passion for mental intoxication.

* In absolute monarchies, in Russia and China, for example, insanity and nervous diseases are rare.

AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE.

BY HORATIO GREENOUGH.

WE have heard the learned in matters relating to art, express the opinion that these United States are destined to form a new style of architecture. Remembering that a vast population, rich in material and guided by the experience, the precepts, and the models of the old world, is about to erect durable structures for every function of civilized life, we also cherished the hope that such a combination would speedily be formed.

We forgot that though the country was young, yet the people were old, that as Americans we have no childhood, no half fabulous, legendary wealth, no misty, cloud-enveloped background. We forgot that we had not unity of religious belief, nor unity of origin; that our territory, extending from the white bear to the alligator, made our occupations dissimilar, our character and tastes various. We forgot that the Republic had leaped full grown and armed to the teeth from the brain of her parent, and that a hammer had been the instrument of delivery. We forgot that reason had been the dry nurse of the giant offspring, and had fed her from the beginning with the stout bread and meat of fact; that every wry face the bantling ever made had been daguerreotyped, and all her words and deeds printed and labelled away in the pigeon-holes of official bureaux.

Reason can dissect, but cannot originate; she can adopt, but cannot create; she can modify, but cannot find. Give her but a cockboat, and she will elaborate a line of battle ship; give her but a beam with its wooden tooth, and she soon turns out the patent plough. She is not young, and when her friends insist upon the phenomena of youth, then is she least attractive. She can imitate the flush of the young cheek, but where is the flush of the young eye? She buys the teeth,—alas! she cannot buy the breath of childhood. The puny cathedral of Broadway, like an elephant dwindled to the size of a dog, measures her yearning for Gothic sublimity, while the roar of the Astor-house, and

the mammoth vase of the great reservoir, show how she works when she feels at home, and is in earnest.

The mind of this country has never been seriously applied to the subject of building. Intently engaged in matters of more pressing importance, we have been content to receive our notions of architecture as we have received the fashion of our garments, and the form of our entertainments, from Europe. In our eagerness to appropriate we have neglected to adapt, to distinguish,—nay, to understand. We have built small Gothic temples of wood, and have omitted all ornament for economy, unmindful that size, material, and ornament are the elements of effect in that style of building. Captivated by the classic symmetry of the Athenian models, we have sought to bring the Parthenon into our streets, to make the temple of Theseus work in our towns. We have shorn them of their lateral colonnades, let them down from their dignified platform, pierced their walls for light, and, instead of the storied relief and the eloquent statue which enriched the frieze, and graced the pediment, we have made our chimney tops to peer over the broken profile, and tell by their rising smoke of the traffic and desecration of the interior. Still the model may be recognized, some of the architectural features are entire; like the captive king stripped alike of arms and purple, and drudging amid the Helots of a capital, the Greek temple as seen among us claims pity for its degraded majesty, and attests the barbarian force which has abused its nature, and been blind to its qualities.

If we trace Architecture from its perfection, in the days of Pericles, to its manifest decay in the reign of Constantine, we shall find that one of the surest symptoms of decline was the adoption of admired forms and models for purposes not contemplated in their invention. The forum became a temple, the tribunal became a temple, the theatre was turned into a church; nay,

the column, that organized member, that subordinate part, set up for itself, usurped unity, and was a monument! The great principles of Architecture being once abandoned, correctness gave way to novelty, economy and vain-glory associated produced meanness and pretension. Sculpture, too, had waned. The degenerate workmen could no longer match the fragments they sought to mingle, nor copy the originals they only hoped to repeat. The mouldering remains of better days frowned contempt upon such impotent efforts, till, in the gradual coming of darkness, ignorance became content, and insensibility ceased to compare.

We say that the mind of this country has never been seriously applied to architecture. True it is, that the commonwealth, with that desire of public magnificence which has ever been a leading feature of democracy, has called from the vasty deep of the past the spirits of the Greek, the Roman, and the Gothic styles; but they would not come when she did call to them! The vast cathedral with its ever open portals, towering high above the courts of kings, inviting all men to its cool and fragrant twilight, where the voice of the organ stirs the blood, and the dim-seen visions of saints and martyrs bleed and die upon the canvass amid the echoes of hymning voices and the clouds of frankincense, this architectural embodying of the divine and blessed words "come to me, ye who labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest!" demands a sacrifice of what we hold dearest. Its corner-stone must be laid upon the right to judge the claims of the church. The style of Greek architecture as seen in the Greek temple, demands the aid of sculpture, insists upon every feature of its original organization, loses its harmony if a note be dropped in the execution, and when so modified as to serve for a custom-house or a bank, departs from its original beauty and propriety as widely as the crippled gelding of a hackney coach differs from the bounding and neighing wild horse of the desert. Even where, in the fervor of our faith in shapes, we have sternly adhered to the dictum of another age, and have actually succeeded in securing the entire exterior which echoes the forms of Athens, the pile stands a stranger among us! and receives a respect akin to what we

should feel for a fellow-citizen clothed in the garb of Greece. It is a make-believe! It is not the real thing! We see the marble capitals; we trace the acanthus leaves of a celebrated model—*incredulus odi!* It is not a temple.

The number and variety of our experiments in building show the dissatisfaction of the public taste with what has been hitherto achieved; the expense at which they have been made proves how strong is the yearning after excellence; the talents and acquisitions of the artists whose services have been engaged in them are such as to convince us that the fault lies in the system, not in the men. Is it possible that out of this chaos order can arise! that of these conflicting dialects and jargons a language can be born? When shall we have done with experiments! What refuge is there from the absurdities that have successively usurped the name and functions of architecture? Is it not better to go on with consistency and uniformity in imitation of an admired model than incur the disgrace of other failures? In answering these questions let us remember with humility that all salutary changes are the work of many and of time; but let us encourage experiment at the risk of license, rather than submit to an iron rule that begins by sacrificing reason, dignity and comfort. Let us consult nature, and in the assurance that she will disclose a mine, richer than was ever dreamed of by the Greeks, in art as well as in philosophy. Let us regard as ingratitude to the author of nature the despondent idleness that sits down while one want is unprovided for, one worthy object unattained.

If, as the first step in our search after the great principles of construction, we but observe the skeletons and skins of animals, through all the varieties of beast and bird, of fish and insect, are we not as forcibly struck by their variety as by their beauty? There is no arbitrary law of proportion, no unbending model of form. There is scarce a part of the animal organization which we do not find elongated or shortened, increased, diminished or suppressed, as the wants of the genus or species dictate, as their exposure or their work may require. The neck of the swan and that of the eagle, however different in character and proportion, equally charm the eye and satisfy

the reason. We approve the length of the same member in grazing animals, its shortness in beasts of prey. The horse's shanks are thin, and we admire them; the greyhound's chest is deep, and we cry, beautiful! It is neither the presence nor the absence of this or that part or shape or color that wins our eye in natural objects; it is the consistency and harmony of the parts juxtaposed, the subordination of details to masses, and of masses to the whole.

The law of adaptation is the fundamental law of nature in all structure. So unflinchingly does she modify a type in accordance with a new position, that some philosophers have declared a variety of appearance to be the object aimed at; so entirely does she limit the modification to the demands of necessity, that adherence to one original plan seems, to limited intelligence, to be carried to the very verge of caprice. The domination of arbitrary rules of taste has produced the very counterpart of the wisdom thus displayed in every object around us; we tie up the camel leopard to the rack; we shave the lion, and call him a dog; we strive to bind the unicorn with his band in the furrow, and to make him harrow the valleys after us!

When the savage of the South Sea islands shapes his war club, his first thought is of its use. His first efforts pare the long shaft, and mould the convenient handle; then the heavier end takes gradually the edge that cuts, while it retains the weight that stuns. His idler hour divides its surface by lines and curves, or embosses it with figures that have pleased his eye, or are linked with his superstition. We admire its effective shape, its Etruscan-like quaintness, its graceful form and subtle outline, yet we neglect the lesson it might teach. If we compare the form of a newly invented machine with the perfected type of the same instrument, we observe, as we trace it through the phases of improvement, how weight is shaken off where strength is less needed, how functions are made to approach without impeding each other, how the straight becomes curved, and the curve is straightened, till the straggling and cumbersome machine becomes the compact, effective and beautiful engine.

So instinctive is the perception of organic beauty in the human eye, that

we cannot withhold our admiration even from the organs of destruction. There is majesty in the royal paw of the lion, music in the motion of the brindred tiger; we accord our praise to the sword and the dagger, and shudder our approval of the frightful aptitude of the ghastly guillotine.

Conceiving destruction to be a normal element of the system of nature equally with production, we have used the word beauty in connection with it. We have no objection to exchange it for the word character, as indicating the mere adaptation of forms to functions, and would gladly substitute the actual pretensions of our architecture to the former, could we hope to secure the latter.

Let us now turn to a structure of our own, one which from its nature and uses commands us to reject authority, and we shall find the result of the manly use of plain good sense so like that of taste and genius too, as scarce to require a distinctive title. Observe a ship at sea! Mark the majestic form of her hull as she rushes through the water, observe the graceful bend of her body, the gentle transition from round to flat, the grasp of her keel, the leap of her bows, the symmetry and rich tracery of her spars and rigging, and those grand wind muscles, her sails! Behold an organization second only to that of an animal, obedient as the horse, swift as the stag, and bearing the burthen of a thousand camels from pole to pole! What Academy of Design, what research of connoisseurship, what imitation of the Greeks produced this marvel of construction? Here is the result of the study of man upon the great deep, where Nature spoke of the laws of building, not in the feather and in the flower, but in winds and waves, and he bent all his mind to hear and to obey. Could we carry into our civil architecture the responsibilities that weigh upon our ship-building, we should ere long have edifices as superior to the Parthenon for the purposes that we require, as the Constitution or the Pennsylvania is to the galley of the Argonauts. Could our blunders on terra-firma be put to the same dread test that those of ship-builders are, little would be now left to say on this subject.

Instead of forcing the functions of every sort of building into one general

form, adopting an outward shape for the sake of the eye or of association, without reference to the inner distribution, let us begin from the heart as a nucleus and work outward. The most convenient size and arrangement of the rooms that are to constitute the building being fixed, the access of the light that may, of the air that must, be wanted, being provided for, we have the skeleton of our building. Nay, we have all excepting the dress. The connexion and order of parts, juxtaposed for convenience, cannot fail to speak of their relation and uses. As a group of idlers on the quay, if they grasp a rope to haul a vessel to the pier, are united in harmonious action by the cord they seize, as the slowly yielding mass forms a thorough-bass to their livelier movement, so the unflinching adaptation of a building to its position and use gives, as a sure product of that adaptation, character and expression.

What a field of study would be opened by the adoption in civil architecture of those laws of apportionment, distribution and connexion, which we have thus hinted at? No longer could the mere tyro huddle together a crowd of ill arranged, ill lighted and stifled rooms, and masking the chaos with the sneaking copy of a Greek façade, usurp the name of architect. If this anatomic connexion and proportion has been attained in ships, in machines, and, in spite of false principles, in such buildings as make a departure from it fatal, as in bridges and in scaffolding, why should we fear its immediate use in all construction? As its first result, the bank would have the physiognomy of a bank, the church would be recognized as such, nor would the billiard room and the chapel wear the same uniform of columns and pediment. The African king standing in mock majesty with his legs and feet bare, and his body clothed in a cast coat of the Prince Regent, is an object whose ridiculous effect defies all power of face. Is not the Greek temple jammed in between the brick shops of Wall street or Cornhill, covered with lettered signs, and finished by groups of money changers and apple women, a parallel even for his African majesty?

We have before us a letter in which Mr. Jefferson recommends the model of the *Maison Carrée* for the State House at Richmond. Was he aware

that the *Maison Carrée* is but a fragment, and that too of a Roman temple? He was. It is beautiful!—is the answer. An English society erected in Hyde Park a cast in bronze of the colossal Achilles of the Quirinal, and changing the head, transformed it into a monument to Wellington. But where is the distinction between the personal prowess, the invulnerable body, the heaven-shielded safety of the hero of the Iliad, and the complex of qualities which makes the modern general? The statue is beautiful!—is the answer. If such reasoning is to hold, why not translate one of Pindar's odes in memory of Washington, or set up in Carolina a colossal Osiris in honor of General Greene?

The monuments of Egypt and of Greece are sublime as expressions of their power and their feeling. The modern nation that appropriates them displays only wealth in so doing. The possession of means, not accompanied by the sense of propriety or feeling for the true, can do no more for a nation than it can do for an individual. The want of an illustrious ancestry may be compensated, fully compensated; but the purloining of the coat of arms of a defunct family is intolerable. That such a monument as we have described should have been erected in London while Chantry flourished, when Flaxman's fame was cherished by the few, and Bailey and Behnes were already known, is an instructive fact. That the illustrator of the Greek poets, and of the Lord's Prayer, should in the meanwhile have been preparing designs for George the Fourth's silversmiths, is not less so.

The edifices, in whose construction the principles of architecture are developed, may be classed as organic, formed to meet the wants of their occupants, or monumental, addressed to the sympathies, the faith or the taste of a people. These two great classes of buildings, embracing almost every variety of structure, though occasionally joined and mixed in the same edifice, have their separate rules, as they have a distinct abstract nature. In the former class, the laws of structure and apportionment, depending on definite wants, obey a demonstrable rule. They may be called machines, each individual of which must be formed with reference to the abstract type of its species. The

individuals of the latter class, bound by no other laws than those of the sentiment which inspires them, and the sympathies to which they are addressed, occupy the positions and assume the forms best calculated to render their parent feeling. No limits can be put to their variety; their size and richness have always been proportioned to the means of the people who have erected them.

If from what has been thus far said it shall have appeared that we regard the Greek masters as aught less than the true apostles of correct taste in building, we have been misunderstood. We believe firmly and fully that they can teach us; but let us learn principles, not copy shapes; let us imitate them like men, and not ape them like monkeys. Remembering what a school of art it was that perfected their system of ornament, let us rather adhere to that system in enriching what we invent than substitute novelty for propriety. After observing the innovations of the ancient Romans, and of the modern Italian masters in this department, we cannot but recur to the Horatian precept—

“*exemplaria Græca
Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ!*”

To conclude. The fundamental laws of building found at the basis of every style of architecture, must be the basis of ours. The adaptation of the forms and magnitude of structures to the climate they are exposed to, and the offices for which they are intended, teaches us to study our own varied wants in these respects. The harmony of their ornaments with the nature that they embellished and the institutions from which they sprang, calls on us to do the like justice to our country, our government, and our faith. As a Christian preacher may give weight to truth, and add persuasion to proof, by studying the models of pagan writers, so the American builder, by a truly

philosophic investigation of ancient art, will learn of the Greeks to be American.

The system of building we have hinted at cannot be formed in a day. It requires all the science of any country to ascertain and fix the proportions and arrangement of the members of a great building, to plant it safely on the soil, to defend it from the elements, to add the grace and poetry of ornament to its frame. Each of these requisites to a good building requires a special study and a life-time. Whether we are destined soon to see so noble a fruit, may be doubted; but we can, at least, break the ground and throw in the seed.

We are fully aware that many regard all matters of taste as matters of pure caprice and fashion. We are aware that many think our architecture already perfect; but we have chosen, during this sultry weather, to exercise a truly American right—the right of talking. This privilege, thank God! is unquestioned,—from Miller, who, robbing Béranger, translates into fanatical prose, “*Finissons en! le monde est assez vieux!*” to Brisbane, who declares that the same world has yet to begin, and waits a subscription of two hundred thousand dollars in order to start. Each man is free to present his notions on any subject. We have also talked, firm in the belief that the development of a nation's taste in art depends on a thousand deep-seated influences beyond the ken of the ignorant present; firm in the belief that freedom and knowledge will bear the fruit of refinement and beauty, we have yet dared to utter a few words of discontent, a few crude thoughts of what might be, and we feel the better for it. We promised ourselves nothing more than that satisfaction which Major Downing attributes to every man “*who has had his say, and then cleared out,*” and we already perceive pleasingly what he felt, and what he meant by it.

ANOTHER LAST WORD ABOUT TYLERISM.

In our last Number, we gave a pretty free vent to the feelings which had been gradually excited by an attentive observation of the course of things at Washington,—and it has done us good. We regret that some of the friends of the very sorry régime there prevailing, are less sensible than they ought to be of the gratitude they owe, for the very unequivocal terms in which we administered to the administration some truths which were as wholesome as they may have been unpalatable. They have quite disapproved of the severity of the language extorted by a most righteous indignation, from a pen to which neither such themes, nor such modes of treating them, are very agreeable. Sidney Smith on some occasion remarks, that in the matter of cracking a certain very animated class of the animated creation, whose monosyllabic name it is not necessary to introduce on our page, it is scarcely customary to allow the little wretches a veto on the means thought proper for that process. The application explains itself. There are, however, one or two points on which such misapprehension of our meaning has been expressed by some of our own friends, as claims for us Another Last Word about Tylerism.

We never meant, for example, to apply to all Democrats accepting office from these people, the strong expressions with which it was but just and proper to stigmatize a certain portion—embracing, undoubtedly, the greater number of those whose political virtue is thus tempted and tampered with. There are, of course, many who may have received appointments unsought, unexpected, and unpolluted by any corrupt understanding for their support for Mr. Tyler's pretensions as a Presidential candidate. Such persons, honorably abstaining from all dissimulation as to their true sentiments, and from all deviation from the duties they impose, of course lie entirely beyond the range of our remarks; which pointed only to those whose seeking or acceptance of office has been accompanied by any of that meretricious sale of their partisanship which it was right for us to characterize as it merited. None

but those whose conscience winged our words, were likely to misconstrue a meaning so obvious. *Qui capit ille facit.* For them, our regret for the harsh severity of censure of which some of them complain, confines itself to the fact of their having deserved it.

Taking office under an *adverse* administration—the case discussed by Sir Samuel Romilly—is a very different thing. That may often be done without the slightest derogation of honor, when all is manly and above board, and especially when its duties afford a scope for active public usefulness congenial to the views and aims of the individual. But this was an administration recently hostile, and still rotten at heart, straining every nerve to conciliate the party in whose ranks it has been so anxious to find recipients for its favors—to *democratize* itself, in the expression commonly imputed to one of its own leading members. One of the means plied for that end was this form of political simony, this most corrupt and corrupting prostitution of its official patronage. The cases are not likely to have been numerous in which it has bestowed its favors of this kind without an understanding of expected reciprocation, which it at least has meant to be intelligible enough. Each individual must judge for himself how far his skirts are clear from the contamination of which we have spoken; but can have no right to complain of a severe distrust of his purity of motive, when he is seen the recipient of office from an administration acting so undisguisedly on such principles; while there certainly has been, on the part of a certain class of noisy Democratic politicians, a flattering court paid to Mr. Tyler and his friends for the sole object of his offices, fully meriting even stronger language than any of ours.

It has seemed to us indeed a duty, on the part of all the political honesty of the country, to bear the most emphatic testimony of rebuke against this gross attempt, now for the first time witnessed, to build a Party on such a basis—to endeavor to buy a chance of renomination from an adverse party,

by a seceder from his own, through the bribery of Patronage. In Mr. Tyler's case, its contrast with so many professions on that particular point, so strong, so sanctimonious, and at the same time so recent, gave to the attempt a character of political profligacy to which the only difficulty was to do proper justice in the force of language employed. For the individual, a Democrat has little or nothing to care. His political insignificance, as a candidate, in rivalry to any of the eminent leaders of our own party, is utter non-entity. With him, too, probably, as in so many other cases of smaller scale, much of what passes for knavery is only folly. He has fallen into the hands of a miserable set, who have never allowed him to breathe any other atmosphere than one poisoned with all the foulness of their own flattery and falsehood. Mr. Tyler is freely welcome to such palliation as is to be derived from this circumstance. It was the act, the thing, which received, as it so justly called for, all that is com-

plained of as an excessive harshness in our denunciations.

On the whole, it is perhaps scarcely to be regretted that this new experiment has been made in the working of our system. It has demonstrated what was always contended by the Democratic press, during the disputes about the alleged "Executive tyranny" in the old Jackson day,—that in truth that great power of our Presidency, of which our opponents then so bitterly complained, is purely a moral and representative power, as the embodiment of the public opinion and sympathy of the great popular mass. Its mere patronage is rather a source of weakness than otherwise, and can never yield any strength, formidable to liberty, to a bad or weak man disposed to attempt a corrupt use of it. There is but one way in which a President in office for a first term, can recommend himself to the people for a second—namely, to aim at it in no other way than by deserving it.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

INVOCATION OF POETRY TO MUSIC.

BY MRS. R. H. FAUNTLEROY.

FORTH! forth! thou minister of potent spell!
 Rest not inert within thy zephyr bower;
 Awake the murmurs of yon tuneful shell,
 At invocation of thy kindred Power,
 That biddeth live the poetry of thought,
 And stamps the vivid ray from Nature's altar caught.
 Abroad! abroad! beneath the arch of Heaven,
 O'er ocean wave that girdeth around the earth,
 Wherever beam has played or winds have striven,
 Seek thou rich strains of pathos and of mirth;
 The incense breath of mortal joy and woe,
 And give the touching impress in melodious flow.
 Above! above! in fields of upper air,
 Where shine the glories of uncounted spheres,
 And Day and Night, in alternation fair,
 Their reign assert, as Twilight disappears,
 Go, search for chords will stir the human heart,
 And gain its willing homage to thy matchless art.
 Abide! abide! thy empire is with men;
 The noble deed and lofty thought inspire,
 Yield ready fervor to the Poet's pen,
 And touch the lip of Eloquence with fire;
 Live on, unscathed, through Time's exulting day,
 And deathless, ageless, hold thy magic, sovereign sway.

New Harmony, Indiana.

MONTHLY FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL ARTICLE.

MONEY continues exceedingly plentiful in the Atlantic cities, and with difficulty finds employment even at the low rate of $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 per cent. Notwithstanding the consequent desire of the banks to invest, we do not perceive that any relaxation has taken place in their views as to the character of paper discounted. On the contrary, the effects of the Bankrupt Law still upon the market, with the taint of insolvency which has run through all classes, seem to have enhanced the caution of the banks. There is, indeed, very little strictly business paper created to command the facilities of the corporate institutions, and all other is viewed with suspicion. There seems, however, a growing movement in the market, which may be attended with great results; it is that, in making large sales of staple goods, some disposition is evinced to receive the notes of known dealers drawn to their own order, on which discounts are procured without endorsement. Should such a movement become general, and enforced by the combined influence of the leading merchants, a radical change must take place both in banking and the manner of doing business. It will confine every man's business within his own means and responsibility, and separate those knots of mutual endorsers, which have been as harmful to themselves as to the institutions in which their business centres. The banks would be deprived of the security of two names upon one bill; but it frequently happens in such cases, that the bankruptcy of one involves that of both, while, had the two names stood separately, on their own responsibility, one would have remained good. The moral effect would be to induce that unremitting watchfulness in ascertaining the financial standing, industry, and habits of their customers, which characterizes the Parisian bankers, and which has greatly contributed to the success of moneyed operations in France. At present, however, the banks have a large amount of their funds unemployed, and a good propor-

tion is invested in stocks, at call. In making these loans, the utmost caution is exercised. To obtain a loan of the banks, a sound, dividend-paying stock is selected, and deposited as collateral, with a note payable on demand, bearing on its face a clause expressive of the fact that certain stocks are pledged as security, ("with authority to sell the same on the non-performance of this promise, in such manner as they in their discretion may deem proper, either at public or private sale, and apply the proceeds hereon.") In this manner, an amount of money ten per cent. less than the market value of the security pledged, is obtained at 4 to 5 per cent. per annum. If the price of the security falls, the borrower is promptly notified, and the neglect of a day in making good the margin carries his securities under the hammer. This indicates the present method in which bank funds for the most part are employed, and the rigid manner in which such laws are enforced. Banks being the artificial reservoirs for capital, are subject, as now, to repletion, when the regular channels through which their money is intended to be employed are choked up by the revulsions they themselves engender, or by the unhealthy action of legislative interference with commercial pursuits. This state of repletion may take place at a time even when many industrial employments, on which the real prosperity of the whole country depends, are languishing for want of the proper application of that capital. Herein is one of the inherent evils of the system.

At the late session of the New York Legislature, a law was passed, which went into operation July 1st, in relation to the chartered banks of New York, abolishing the office of Bank Commissioners, and substituting quarterly publications of the affairs of the banks, and also requiring the chartered banks to redeem all their old circulation, and hereafter to deposit their plates with the State Comptroller, from whom they are thenceforth to derive their circulat-

ing bills, registered and countersigned in the same manner as are the notes or bills under the Free Banking Law. This important difference exists, however, that the free banks are required to deposit adequate security with the Comptroller before receiving their circulating bills, while the chartered banks obtain them without lodging any security. This difference producing two circulating mediums, which it will be difficult to keep in circulation together, is likely to create a conflict, and prove a check upon the movements of both; in the same manner that in 1839, when the Free Banking act first went into operation, the circulation of the new banks rapidly drove in that of the Safety Fund institutions, reducing it from \$19,000,000, January, 1839, to \$10,000,000, January, 1840, causing great embarrassment to the latter, and breaking up the system of city redemptions of country bills as then conducted by the State Bank of New York. The publication of quarterly returns of all the banks will exert a restraint upon their movements, inasmuch as they must always keep their affairs in a condition to meet the public gaze, not allowing them, as heretofore, to relax after having made up their annual returns. The necessity of self-defence will lead the institutions to scrutinize each other's returns, and promptly to detect any weak movements. This is

calculated to exert a wholesome influence upon banking throughout the Union, inasmuch as it is from New York, as the great commercial centre, that the tone is given to the whole country.

This being the state of money matters on the Atlantic border, it becomes evident that capital ought soon to exert its influence upon the vast agricultural wealth of the nation. There is a great comparative scarcity of money in the Western States, while they have all the means of commanding it. Low prices and abundant crops in the interior should be acted upon by plenteousness of money and cheap rates of interest upon the Atlantic border, filling the channels of circulation with actual money, and drawing forth in payment the proceeds of industry. That this process is now going on in some degree, is evident from the great increase in tolls on all the great public works. The business of the New York State canals will serve as an index to that of all the public works of the Union. There has been this year ten days of navigation less than last year; that is, in 1842 there were seventy days of navigation to 1st July, and this year but sixty days; notwithstanding which the receipts of tolls and of flour and wheat, at tide water, have been as follows:

	Fourth Week in June.	Total Tolls. to July 1.	Fourth Week in June.		Total.	
			Flour. bbis.	Wheat. bushels.	Flour. bbis.	Wheat. bushels.
1842	53,244.18	\$593,699.83	30,914	19,973	413,157	159,641
1843	64,644.14	612,896.01	68,273	9,104	438,598	102,335
Increase	\$11,399.96	\$19,196.18	37,359	—	25,441	—
Decrease	—	—	—	10,869	—	57,306

During the month, the Treasury Department has succeeded in obtaining a loan of \$7,000,000, at 5 per cent., stock redeemable in ten years, mostly at a premium of \$101.01 per cent. The highest offer was for a small amount at \$102.375, another for \$101.55. These offers embraced less than \$500,000. The balance was taken by a combination of individuals, at the first-mentioned rate, which is about .50 more than the true value of the

stock to produce 5 per cent. interest. The market price of the stock is now 2½ per cent. premium, with one month's interest accrued. The proceeds of this loan are applicable to the redemption of Treasury notes falling due, and notified to be paid off on the 30th June, 1843. These notes bore 6 per cent. interest, and have been held mostly by banking institutions. The amount outstanding was as follows:

TREASURY NOTES OUTSTANDING.

	April 1.	May 1.	June 1.	July 1.
Issued prior to Aug. 1842	8,686,104	8,674,984	8,616,151	8,559,145
Act of August, 1842	3,905,554	3,017,740	3,010,740	3,008,940
Redeemed - - -	25,272	60,650	19,806	19,840
Grand total outstanding	\$11,686,387	\$11,632,075	\$11,607,085	\$11,548,245

The payment of these notes throws into the hands of the banks a large amount of money, which must be re-invested, and may or may not be applied to the new loan, which has risen to 2 a 3 premium in the market. The finances of the Federal Government seem to be constantly getting into a worse condition, as must naturally be the case when, in regulating the tariff, the object of revenue is lost sight of, in the desire to legislate rather for par-

ticular interests than for the welfare of the whole country. A letter of the Secretary of the Treasury, received at the office of the House of Representatives, in answer to certain resolutions of the House, passed February 23d, 1843, gives the following statement of the extraordinary means used to defray the expenses of the Government, for the last six years, ending 3d March, 1843 :

STATEMENT OF THE AMOUNT OF MEANS USED TO DEFRAY THE EXPENSES OF THE GOVERNMENT OVER THE ORDINARY REVENUES OF THE GOVERNMENT, YEAR ENDING MARCH THIRD.

	Internal Revenue, &c.	Interest on Public Deposits.	Paid from U. S. and other Banks.	Borrowed.	Total.
1838	63,659	200,629	1,372,259	6,681,314	8,317,861
1839	129,247	128,816	4,650,853	9,028,495	13,937,411
1840	101,579	14,765	129,552	3,857,276	4,103,172
1841	117,507	—	1,940,193	7,374,339	9,431,939
1842	94,571	—	680,163	15,461,247	16,235,981
1843	99,011	—	32,367	16,767,721	16,899,099

Thus, during the last three years, under the new administration, \$42,567,019 of extraordinary means were used; while in the previous three years \$26,358,446 only were used. The new administration have therefore exceeded their revenue \$16,208,573 more

than the last, in order to fulfil their pledge of economy!

The natural result of this recklessness of expense is a constant increase of liabilities, the comparative amount of which is contained in the same letter, as follows :

LIABILITIES OF THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT.

	Appropriations outstanding.	National Debt.
March 4th, 1841	- - 26,977,611.83	8,383,555.70
March 4th, 1843	- - 31,589,337.62	27,394,261.17
Increase - - -	\$3,611,725.79	\$19,012,705.43

This result evinces anything but a strict observance of that economy which the general stagnation of trade makes necessary, and the low prices of all articles of consumption, as well as the suspension of Indian hostilities, render easy to be enforced. It is not to be disguised, that since the accession of the present administration, every

means has been exerted to roll up a large public debt. Under pretence of paying it, it has been increased 400 per cent. This is one cause of the great derangement in trade and financial matters which the country has experienced during the past few years. It is always the case, when, by the movement of the Government or that

of large institutions, a certain direction is given for a length of time to the capital of the country, that all old interests conform to that direction, and new interests are formed by it and dependent upon it. Thus, after the close of the old war, the debt of the Federal Government was, in 1796, \$83,762,172—and that comprised all the public stocks in the country, as there were but very small State debts. The old United States Bank was in existence until 1811, and very few other stocks were outstanding. In all that time, the Federal Government paid off into the hands of private capitalists, in discharge of its debt, principal and interest, \$142,907,991, of which \$12,812,831 was foreign debt. There were no other stocks to absorb this money as it flowed from the Government, and it constantly sought and found legitimate employment in forwarding the real interests of the country in the hands of the industrious. The breaking out of the war changed

this state of things; all commercial interests were paralyzed, and the funds which had been employed in those pursuits found employment in the renewed loans of the Government, whose debt rose from \$45,209,737 in 1812, to \$127,334,933, in 1816. The Government had thus withdrawn \$82,100,000 from other employments, and devoted it to military uses. The war did not last long enough to create any large interests dependent upon its continuance. In 1817, the old course of things was renewed; that is, Government began to throw off annually large amounts of money in discharge of its debts, to seek other employments. A new United States Bank was created, and absorbed \$35,000,000 for its capital; but the country was in a deplorable condition until 1820, when the payments on account of the public debt became regular, and continued until its extinguishment in 1835. The payments of the Government on account of the public debt were as follows:

From 1791 to 1816	- - - -	\$178,995,203.03
From 1816 to 1836	- - - -	237,073,300.96
Total	- - - -	<u>\$416,068,503.99</u>

As we have stated, up to 1812 no new stocks were created. In all that time the business of the country was constantly receiving accessions of capital. After 1820 this was not the case, because, as fast as the United States debt was paid off, other stocks were created, and no new capital was applied directly to industrial employments. The movement of banks does not assist in enhancing the wealth of the country.

It merely facilitates the interchange of that wealth after it is produced. In order to observe the actual progress of the creation of stocks, we will take the following table, showing the outstanding amount of three descriptions of stocks, at different periods. An enormous amount of capital was invested in the capitals of companies of various descriptions, which is not taken into the account.

AMOUNT OF PUBLIC AND BANK STOCKS OUTSTANDING IN EACH YEAR SINCE 1820. †

	Bank Stocks.	U. States Stocks.	State and City Stocks	Total Stocks.
1820	\$137,110,611	\$91,015,566	\$3,450,000	\$231,576,177
1825	142,031,000	83,788,432	12,790,728	248,610,160
1830	145,192,268	48,565,406	26,470,417	220,228,091
1833	168,725,687	8,913,100	55,137,000	232,775,787
1834	200,005,944	7,900,000	58,240,000	266,145,944
1835	235,250,337	—	66,383,186	297,733,523
1836	251,875,292	—	85,340,000	337,215,292
1837	290,772,091	2,971,166	100,000,000	393,743,257
1838	317,636,778	10,082,266	174,382,868	502,101,902
1839	327,132,512	2,821,555	200,900,000	520,854,067
1840	358,442,692	5,550,000	210,150,000	574,142,692
1841	360,000,000	8,381,555	238,350,000	606,733,555
1843	378,000,000	27,374,261	259,178,533	664,552,794

The smallest amount of public stocks, it will be observed, existed in 1835, when \$66,483,186 of State stocks comprised all. In the subsequent three years, \$108,000,000 of State stocks were created, of which over \$40,000,000 was for bank capital, and is therefore also embraced under the head of Bank Stocks. It then appears, that after the final discharge of the Government debt in 1835, \$330,000,000 of stocks were created, forming a constant drain upon the capital employed in all other pursuits. A large amount, indeed, came from abroad. Most of these banks and State debts were created by the Southern and Western States, with foreign and Atlantic capital. Hence, in the lapse of eight years, near \$400,000,000 set in a constant stream from the Atlantic border to the interior; not to be applied to the stimulation of industry, and in the hands of the mechanic and farmer, to enhance the real wealth of the country, but to build, in many cases, useless public works, and to be used in banking operations to facilitate trade, not productive industry. The immense amount of money which could be had for this purpose, tempted the farmer to leave his plough, and become speculator and trader. As long as the money continued to flow in that direction, every one was apparently prosperous. The country, however, became rapidly impoverished. There were more dealers than producers. There stood ready two merchants to do the business created by the industry of one producer. The end was bankruptcy, the delinquency of \$115,000,000 of State stocks, the failure and liquidation of \$80,000,000 to \$90,000,000 of bank capital, and the passage of the Bankrupt Act to expunge \$350,000,000 of individual debts. A new direction is now given to capital. Instead of the Western States drawing money from the Atlantic border for loans contracted, or subscriptions to bank capital, or

credits to individuals, they are sending back the wreck of that before borrowed. The interest on the public debt is to be paid by the farmers, the remains of the bank capital in liquidation is returning to its owners, and the dividends on bankrupt estates are going to the Atlantic creditors. The money drawn from the Atlantic States by stocks and traders is flowing back out of the pockets of the farmers. Capital, therefore, accumulates on the seaboard, and will find employment in a new direction. The money which thus accumulates in the banks, being the realization of former loans, and left inactive by the maturity of paper, without a corresponding creation of new, is the reflux of capital from employment in a false direction, as is evident from the fact, that while this apparent abundance exists on the seaboard, the industrious and agricultural sections of the country evince a comparative scarcity. The accumulation of capital in the hands of private individuals, the result of successful enterprises, has, during the past few years, been exceedingly small. We believe there are very few industrial or mercantile employments that have more than maintained the capitals employed in their prosecution, without throwing off anything to seek permanent investment in other channels. Certain it is, that in very many branches of business, old reserved capitals have been severely trenced upon to meet the wants of regular business, under the falling prices and depreciating values of late years. The continued fall of prices has uniformly, until the present year, swept away anticipated profits. The extent to which capital has been annihilated can be judged of by the operations of the Bankrupt Act. The state of Illinois, with a population of 476,000 inhabitants, and one of the most fertile states of the Union, exhibits the following results:

Bank Capital failed and in liquidation	-	-	-	\$5,423,185
Fifteen hundred Bankrupts, liabilities average \$5000				7,500,000
State Debt delinquent in Interest	-	-	-	18,836,739
Total Delinquencies	-	-	-	\$31,759,924

The average of liabilities under the Bankrupt Act, in a State so far west, is large; but it is official, and is probably less than that for the Union. The

stoppage of the banks and of the state dividends deprives the capitalists of an income of \$2,230,000 per annum. All the states have not been delinquent in

their debts; but the amount of capital which has perished will average larger in other states than in Illinois. Events such as these have greatly reduced not only the general means of holding stocks for permanent investment, but have diminished the capital really necessary for the prosecution of industry; and it is by no means certain that, when the capital now seeking investment at low rates of interest, and raising the prices of the best stocks, shall have become fairly active and healthfully employed, anything like the present average rates of stocks can be maintained, until capital has recovered itself. It is true, that the lowest points of depression have been apparently reached. The real wealth of the country is extremely abundant, and an upward movement is already commenced. We believe that, as a general thing, all investments made in western produce during the past spring have yielded profitable returns, and that business in that direction is rapidly improving. This forms the groundwork of the national prosperity. With a rise in agricultural products, all the springs of national industry are put in motion, and the accumulation of capital recommences, and rapidly progresses. Unfortunately, the untoward legislation of the last Congress has wonderfully retarded the progress of improvement, by hampering the outlet for produce. One of the worst effects of the paper mania, which yet overshadows the country, is the innumerable mortgages upon their lands, which the cultivators of the soil were induced to execute. Those mortgages doubled in value when prices fell. In 1837, twenty barrels of flour would pay a mortgage of \$200; in 1840, the same mortgage required forty barrels; and thirty-two barrels will now discharge it. Had not foreign sales of produce been interdicted by the tariff of the 27th Congress, twenty-five barrels would probably now have sufficed for the same payment. As it is, the reduced tariffs of England have much enlarged the markets there for western produce,

and that trade promises to become very important. As the prices rise, mortgages become more easily paid, taxes are cheerfully discharged, trade revives, and capital accumulates. This process has now commenced; and with its progress, should the public debts be confined within their present limits, outstanding stocks will eventually recover their values, and be sustained at par. During the coming year, however, a great change is to be expected in financial and commercial affairs as influenced by the movement of the Government. When the now dominant party came into power, the expenditures of Government were brought within a narrow compass, and the revenues under the supposed settled policy of the Government fully adequate to meet them and discharge the small debt then due. In grasping the reins of government, the rallying cry of "change" was effectually carried out. Without inquiring into the expediency of any existing regulations, a "change" was speedily effected. For economy, was substituted increased expenses. For the orderly Sub-Treasury, chance and confusion. For frugal revenue, laws, and ample means, according to the great national compromise, a prohibitory tariff, and its appendage, a bankrupt treasury. For high national credit, the rejected supplications of a travelling loan-agent in the foreign market. For a progressive liquidation of debt, a rapid increase of it. Disorder followed disorder, until the party, falling to pieces, leaves an inefficient executive; without permanent commercial policy; with no financial system; with a deficient revenue and an increasing debt, of which \$5,668,000 falls due in January, 1844; and without the confidence of the people, or the support, scarcely, of the executive patronage, it is to encounter the stern inquisition of a Democratic Congress. This is a position of affairs which makes further "change" inevitable; and its influence upon national prosperity will be proportionate to the speed and promptitude with which it is effected.

NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Illustrations of the Croton Aqueduct. By F. B. Tower, of the Engineer Department. New York and London: Wiley & Putnam. 1843. 4to. pp. 152.

A Memoir of the Construction, Cost, and Capacity of the Croton Aqueduct, compiled from Official Documents; together with an account of the Civic Celebration of the 14th of October, 1842, on occasion of the Completion of the Great Work: preceded by a Preliminary Essay on Ancient and Modern Aqueducts. By CHARLES KING. New York: Printed by Charles King. 1843. 4to. pp. 308.

We have here two elegant volumes, appearing simultaneously, on the noble work to which both in their title-pages refer—the one, (that by Mr. Tower), as the private enterprise of its author; the other, under the auspices and at the cost of the city whose recent noble achievement it is designed to illustrate. No individual could have been selected, better competent for a duty of that character, than the accomplished and intelligent gentlemen to whom, by a unanimous vote, it was entrusted by the committee of the Common Council charged with the business of the grand civic celebration of last October, in honor of the completion of the Aqueduct. We willingly score off from Mr. King's account several items of his political sins, in his editorial capacity, in consideration of the very creditable manner in which, under all the pressure of the labors incident to that capacity, he has performed the public service whose fruits are here before us. His Preliminary Essay on ancient and modern aqueducts, and other hydraulic contrivances, with a notice of the various water-works that have been constructed in other cities of the Union—miniature as they all are in contrast with the magnificent work of New York—is an interesting and well-compiled epitome of knowledge on the subject, to which all accessible sources have been made to contribute. The history of the enterprise is given in minute detail—more minute, indeed, than is likely to interest the general reader, though doubtless appropriate to the design of the work committed to his hands. In the account of the celebration, we must remark, that the literature of the age would not have suffered inconsolable loss, if some of the “docu-

ments” there displayed in such imposing typography had been omitted. However, we suppose it was all officially proper and necessary.

Mr. Tower's volume possesses the advantage, which must of course recommend it more to the general public patronage, that it is embellished with a large number of beautiful views of the most remarkable portions of the work, drawn by the author, (himself one of the engineers employed in the construction of the work), and finely engraved by Gimbrede and Bennett. He has in this respect, as well as in the general typography of the whole volume, exhibited a liberal disregard of those economical restrictions of which Mr. King hints a just complaint against the public authorities; and we hope he will not fail to receive that remuneration to which he has so well entitled himself. The plates are numerous and excellent, and serve to fix on the eye that image of the views they represent, which no mere verbal description can make visible to it. The account given of the history and construction of the work is succinct and clear, and is also preceded by a notice of other aqueducts, ancient and modern, similar to that of Mr. King, and drawn from the same sources, though somewhat less extensive. We purpose recurring, on another occasion, to this interesting subject.

Physiology Vindicated, in a Critique on Liebig's Animal Chemistry. By CHARLES CALDWELL, M.D. 8vo. pp. 110.

The dazzling impressions produced by the first appearance of Liebig's Animal Chemistry are now gradually giving way to “sober second thoughts.” In England, France, and our own country, the writings of the German professor have recently undergone the most strict and severe ordeal; and among these critiques, that of Professor Caldwell holds a prominent place. Professor C., by the way, is a powerful writer, his productions being always characterized by beauty of diction and profundity of thought.

Believing that the celebrated Professor of Giessen, with his hosts of propagandists both in Europe and America, metamorphoses man, with all his attributes, corporeal and mental, into a mere chemical product, Prof. C. deems

himself called upon, as a teacher of medicine, to stand forth as the champion of the *philosophy of life*, against this new and formidable foe. Professor Liebig, it is true, declares his belief in the superintendence of vital laws; but at the same time, his whole theory indicates a determination, on the part of Chemistry, to usurp dominion over the whole philosophy of living organized matter. That Liebig's hypothesis of vital temperature is exclusively chemical, regarding it as the *result of combustion*, and thus denying to *vitality* all the shadow of agency in its production, would appear from the following extracts:—"In the animal body," he says, "the *food* is the *fuel*; and with a proper supply of oxygen, we obtain the heat given out during *oxidation* or *combustion*." Again:—"The animal body acts, in this respect, as a *furnace*, which we supply with *fuel*."—"Chemical action is amply sufficient to explain *all the phenomena*."—"There exists not, in the animal body, any other known source of heat, besides the mutual chemical action between the elements of the food and the oxygen of the air." These extracts most assuredly fix upon the German Professor, a *chemical hypothesis* to the exclusion of all *vital laws*, as regards the production of animal temperature; and it is to an examination of Liebig's peculiar theory, in this respect, that the greater portion of the "critique" is devoted. As it would be foreign to the character of our journal, to enter into a detail of this question, it will suffice to express our decided conviction, that, so far as regards the production of vital temperature, the multiplicity of facts and arguments adduced by Professor Caldwell are wholly irreconcilable with every chemical hypothesis. That Prof. Liebig looks quite too much upon the animal organism as a mere machine, subject to the same laws that govern inorganic matter, has been successfully demonstrated by Prof. Caldwell.

We are aware that in thus coinciding with the views of our author, many of our readers will be taken by surprise; but it has now, we think, been satisfactorily determined that Professor Liebig, high as are his order of intellect and his just rank in science, yet, as regards physiology and pathology, often makes the most hasty and unaccountable generalizations, jumping at new and startling conclusions, long before he has determined the universality of his facts. As a chemist, however, the Professor of Giessen has no superior; but high as his name must ever rank in *Organic Chemistry*, he will one day regret that before giving this work to the world, he did not test his generaliza-

tions by the infallible touchstone of time, reflection, and experience.

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Clontarf; or the Field of the Green Banner: an Historical Romance, and other Poems. By J. AUGUSTUS SHEA. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway. 1843. 12mo., pp. 156.

Mr. Shea's poem has already elicited from the press generally a favorable verdict, to which we take pleasure in adding our concurrence. Without claiming for it that sustained uniformity of merit which a longer period of elaboration might have secured, it contains not a few passages of fervor, force and beauty—characteristic of the nationality of its subject and author. The warmth of patriotism which glows over its pages will alone suffice to commend it to the heart of every Irish reader, independently of its just claims on his taste. We should have been the better pleased if its modest and worthy author had been less chary in the number of minor fugitive pieces which he has added to the large one giving name to the volume. The noble lines to the Ocean, beginning, "Likeness of Heaven!" &c., which have long been floating anonymously over the surface of the newspaper press, are here identified in their authorship. We only regret that our present limits forbid the quotation of them entire. The following are the concluding stanzas:

"But thou art almighty—
 Eternal—sublime—
 Unweakened—unwasted—
 Twin-brother of Time!
 Fleets, tempests, nor nations
 Thy glory can bow;
 As the stars first beheld thee,
 Still chainless art thou!

"But when thy deep surges
 No longer shall roll,
 And the firmament's length
 Is drawn out like a scroll,
 Then—then shall the spirit
 That sighs by thee now,
 Be more mighty, more lasting,
 More chainless than thou."

—
Travels in Egypt, Arabia Petrea, and the Holy Land. By REV. STEPHEN OLIN, D. D., President of the Wesleyan University. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1843.

These volumes of a distinguished minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, supply an important deficiency in the records of our modern knowledge of the East. Mr. Stephens, by his charming "Incidents," threw the interest of romance

around the relation of what would otherwise have been a mere narrative of ordinary adventures and common-place travel. His ready sagacity in selecting whatever was original and striking, and his graphic and humorous powers of description, kindled a vivid curiosity in the public mind as to everything connected with the present condition of the Oriental nations. Mr. Stephens's books, however, were only designed to be superficial and popular. It was left for the eminent biblical scholar, and profound linguist and theologian, Dr. Robinson, to throw the light of a vast erudition over the obscure monuments of an ancient civilisation that lie half-buried in the desert. His researches omitted nothing that the student could desire, and contributed no less to the literary fame of America than to the reputation for learning of the accomplished author. Yet there was a sphere of observation in the East, which neither the works of Mr. Stephens nor of Dr. Robinson have reached, and which seems to have been very seasonably hit upon, by the writer of the entertaining and instructive pages before us. He has less liveliness and fancy than Mr. Stephens, but is seemingly more minute and exact in his details; he presents fewer philological and antiquarian pretensions than Dr. Robinson, but is more familiar, and better adapted to the every-day reader.

Dr. Olin quitted this country in 1839, in the pursuit of health. It was not at first his intention to prepare a book of travels, but the materials soon unconsciously collected in the form of a diary, finally suggested the idea of publication. What he has given us, therefore, is pretty much as it was written down on the spot to which it relates. There is consequently a freshness and life about the narrative which are highly pleasing. We cannot say that he has furnished us much new information, but he has certainly given vividness and strength to many old impressions. The great value of his book, as a book of travels, is that he writes like a man of truth. It is impossible for the reader to get any other impression than that of the perfect truthfulness of the narrator. We feel—what is so important with travellers, but what they are proverbial for neglecting—that every statement may be relied upon with the utmost confidence.

We could wish that we had room for a few extracts, and can do no better in the absence of these, than to refer our readers to the work itself. It is well worth a perusal.

Marmaduke Wyvil; or the Maid's Revenge, an Historical Romance. By HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT, author of "The Brothers," "Cromwell," &c. &c. New York: J. Winchester, New World Press. 1843. 8vo, pp. 218.

Mr. Herbert, in his own proper field, that of the romance of by-gone days,—is one of the most vigorous and beautiful writers we now have; and were it not that the public taste is now pretty well satiated with this class of novels, we have no doubt that he could readily command a popularity little inferior to that of James. Indeed, "Marmaduke Wyvil" will compare advantageously with any that the latter has ever written. It is a Cavalier and Puritan story, the scene being partly laid in France, and in addition to the private *dramatis personæ* of the plot, many historical characters are introduced and treated with fine spirit and graphic skill.

The Poetry of Life. By MRS. ELLIS, author of "Wives of England," &c. Author's edition, complete in one volume. New York; J. & H. G. Langley, 57 Chatham-street. 1843. 8vo. pp. 184.

Popular as have been all her subsequent writings, Mrs. Ellis has written nothing better than this the first production which, as Miss Stickney, laid the foundation of her literary reputation. It was the first cream of her mind, before she had regularly taken to book-making as a branch of manufacturing industry, and is truly a charming production. It was originally published, we believe, in 1825, and has long been out of print, so that it comes before the public, if not with all the freshness of novelty, yet quite "as good as new." Issued in the neat and cheap form in which the Langleys are publishing the whole series of her works, it will doubtless have a circulation unsurpassed by any of the enormous editions of her other writings which we understand they have recently sold.

Scenes in Indian Life: a series of original designs portraying events in the life of an Indian Chief. Drawn and etched on stone, by FELIX O. C. DARLEY. To which is added, in illustration, the Death of the War Eagle; a Tale, with copious Notes. Philadelphia: published by J. R. Colman, No. 203½ Chestnut-street.

This is a publication of a novel but very interesting character. It is in quarto form, and is founded on the model of

Retzsch's well-known Illustrations. The plates are in the same style of outline etching, and are in general both designed and executed with admirable spirit. The hunting the Bison, and the scene of the finding the dead body of the Chief, are not indeed unworthy of Retzsch's own pencil; and, had they been issued to the world under his name, would have been received as well sustaining its great reputation. The accompanying tale is of course only intended as the string for the pearls. Preferring to read the story in the more vivid version contained on the face of the plates themselves, we have not done more than bestow a cursory glance on its Notes, which appear to embody much instructive information about Indian life and manners. Altogether the work richly deserves a general patronage. It is to be completed in five parts, with three plates in each, for the very low price of a dollar—the price of the single number being twenty-five cents. It can be procured from most of the booksellers and periodical agents.

Facts and Arguments on the Transmission of Intellectual and Moral Qualities from Parents to Offspring. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1848. 12mo. pp. 191.

The author of this little volume—a lady, by the way—has for many years devoted a particular attention to the subject indicated by its title; under the conviction that there is no mode in which she could better perform her part of the universal duty of doing some good to our kind and age, than by awakening the attention of parents to the important truths which she here discusses, with certainly a most scientific plainness. Insisting very justly that the formation of the character and probable destiny of the child begins long before its own appearance to the light, she urges with much force the responsibilities thus peculiarly incident to the sacred and beautiful relation of the mother. Though she advances nothing novel on the subject, she has collected a great number of the cases known to history, of the evident influence of remarkable mothers in impressing on their offspring the stamp of intellectual greatness or moral excellence.

NOTE.

The story by Hawthorne in our present Number originally appeared in an annual some thirteen or fourteen years ago. Being published anonymously, and indeed before the name of the author had risen to distinction, it of course shared the fate of the "annual" literature, perishing like the snows of the same year and season. As it was not included in his subsequent collection, in those exquisite volumes of "Twice-Told Tales," though fully worthy of a place there, it has been thus resuscitated, with the author's permission, as being in truth not less new and original, as one of his acknowledged writings, than if now for the first time stamped in print. Disappointed in receiving our usual contribution from the same diamond-tipped pen, we were unwilling to deprive our readers of their wonted pleasure of seeing his name in our table of contents.

LITERARY BULLETIN.

AMERICAN.

The literary *on dits* of the month are, as usual at this period, few and unimportant; the several publishing houses have indeed some works now ready, but their publication is deferred. Charles Wells has in press a beautiful Annual for 1844, with sixteen fine steel engravings, it is called "The Winter Green, a Perennial Gift for 1844," edited by John Keese. It will be a beautiful melange of Prose and Poetry, and will embrace the names of our most distinguished writers.

"Froissart's Chronicles," to be completed in eight numbers, have just been commenced in an elegant style, with engravings, at the New World office. No recommendation is needed for a work of such standard merit.

The cheap publication mania has reached "down east," and the Boston publishers are going into the business at once. The admirable translation of "La Fontaine's Fables," translated from the French by Elizur Wright, jr., has just been issued by Messrs. Tappan & Dennet, in beautiful style, for 50 cents, in 2 vols. 18mo., with 50 cuts by Hartwell, from the original designs by Grandville. Sixth edition. "Rockwell's Foreign Travel and Life at Sea." A new edition of "Fowle's Dialogues and Discussions for Schools and Academies," which has become one of the most popular school books of the day. Also, "Universalism Examined, Renounced and Exposed," by Matthew Hale Smith, is having an unprecedented sale. The fifth edition is just out.

Dr. Sweetser's very ingenious and interesting work on the reciprocal influence of the intellect and passions, entitled "Mental Hygiene," is attracting very general attention in the scientific world; and we hope the reading public at large will not be indifferent to the value of so admirable an elucidation of a subtle and important subject. (Langley's publishers). The same firm have recently published a fine edition of Dr. Thomson's "Conspectus of the Pharmacopœias." This celebrated and valuable Manual for the Physician and Student, incorporates an immense amount of new and important matter, comprising the New Remedies of Pereira and all other recent accredited writers in Ma-

teria Medica. The American edition has been endorsed by the most flattering opinions of the leading members of the Faculty in this city as well as elsewhere. Our worthy publishers have also issued the first Number of their "*New York Journal of Medicine and the Collateral Sciences.*" The judicious and skilful Editor (Dr. Forry) has presented his professional brethren with an able and most acceptable work; and were we to venture an opinion from the specimen before us, we should bespeak for this Journal a high rank among works of its class.

Lea & Blanchard will issue, in the course of the present month, a new romance by Cooper, to be styled "Wyandotte, or the Huttet Knoll," also the poems of Samuel Rogers, with the splendid English embellishments. The "Attaché," by Sam Slick. The works of Sir Astley Cooper, with plates, and several new medical works, of which we have not space to speak in our present number.

Tower's beautiful "Memoir of the Croton Aqueduct" is selling well. We do not see how it can fail of success, it is so beautifully embellished. The indefatigable author has expended a large amount of money and labor on this production, and it will remain a monument of his skill and enterprise for many a distant day.

The Appletons are preparing a second series of their "Miniature Library;" also, a new volume of "*The Rose,*" for 1844. Dr. Pusey's celebrated Sermon, which caused his suspension from the priestly office, is published by this firm. It occupied twenty-one dense columns of the London Times.

The Harpers will shortly publish the first number of their "Illustrated Bible;" a new volume of Albert Barnes's "Notes on Hebrews;" Dr. Bangs's "Life of Arminius;" Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico," 3 vols., 8vo., and Choules's edition of Neale's "History of the Puritans," &c.

Carey & Hart announce the following:— "Chemical Science, with its numerous and important applications to Medical Science, Agriculture, the Arts, and Manufactures." By James C. Booth. To be completed in twenty numbers, at twenty-five cents each.—"The Gift, for 1844," with superb engravings from original paintings, by Sully, Inman,

Huntingdon, Cheney, Mount, and Page. "The Literary Souvenir," beautifully illustrated with plates, from pictures by Sully, Chalon, &c., splendidly bound in Turkey morocco.—"The Complete Poetical Works of Thomas Moore, Esq.," in one pocket volume, with beautifully engraved portrait and title. "The French and English, and English and French Dictionary, on the basis of Flemming and Tibbin," in one volume, royal 8vo., of upwards of twelve hundred pages.

Our publishers (the Langleys) announce for early publication the following medical works; "Clark on Diseases of Females," with additions and notes by Dr. Delafield. "Valpeau's New Elements of Operative Surgery," accompanied with an Atlas, in 4to, of 22 plates. This new translation will include copious notes by Dr. Mott, and will be accompanied with nearly 200 wood cuts intercalated with the text. A new work by F. C. Stewart, M.D., on the "Hospitals and Surgeons of Paris." Also "Observations on Obstetric Auscultation," by Dr. E. Kennedy, M.D. Dr. Copland's "Dictionary of Practical Medicine," in monthly parts, and Dr. Pereira's new work on "Food and Diet," edited by Dr. Lee, which last, however, is now ready.

ENGLISH.

The first item of news that reaches us from the literary emporium of the old world is, the unwelcome announcement of the demise of that prince of publishers, John Murray. His distinguished career would supply materials for a biography that could not fail to prove interesting. He was possessed of great critical acumen, combined with an almost prodigal liberality to authors, which secured him the friendship of the greatest men of the age. His establishment will be continued under the auspices of

his son, who has already entered the lists of authorship with surprising success—his popular "*Hand-books for Tourists*" to all parts of Europe, *par exemple*. Among the new books just ready, we notice the following:—"Change for American Notes"—querre, is not the writer Geo. P. Putnam, the bookseller? Mrs. Ellis has still another new book in preparation—"The Mothers of England"—by the way, we observe the London publishers are issuing an illustrated edition of her popular works in numbers. A new work by the author of Sam Slick is announced by Bentley, entitled "The Attaché." The Sidney Correspondence is to be completed by the two new volumes. Also Memoirs of George Selwyn and his Contemporaries, in 2 vols., are nearly ready. "Circassian Chief," a romance of Russia, and "The Busy Body," a novel. "Hampton Court," by Lloyd, and "Windsor Castle," with plates, by Ainsworth, which is now completed, are the principal new works of fiction. Lord Brougham's 2d vol. of "Political Philosophy," is out; also "A Steam Voyage on the Moselle," and "Rhine," by Quin; and, moreover, we notice a favorable reception given to Herbert's novel, "Marmaduke Wyvil," which presents a singular set-off to the rumors this side the water, that it is a work abundantly plagiaristic! Lady Blessington's new novel is to be called "Meredith," and is said to be just ready; also "Personal Observations on Sindh," the Marquis de Custine's new work on Russia, and a translation from the Icelandic of Snorro Sturleson, by Laing, entitled "The Chronicles of the Kings of Norway," &c.

COPYRIGHT.—A deputation of booksellers and literary men waited on M. Guizot recently, respecting the adoption of some plan for the suppression of piracy; they recommend the recognizing of a copyright in France of all works published by foreigners in their respective countries.

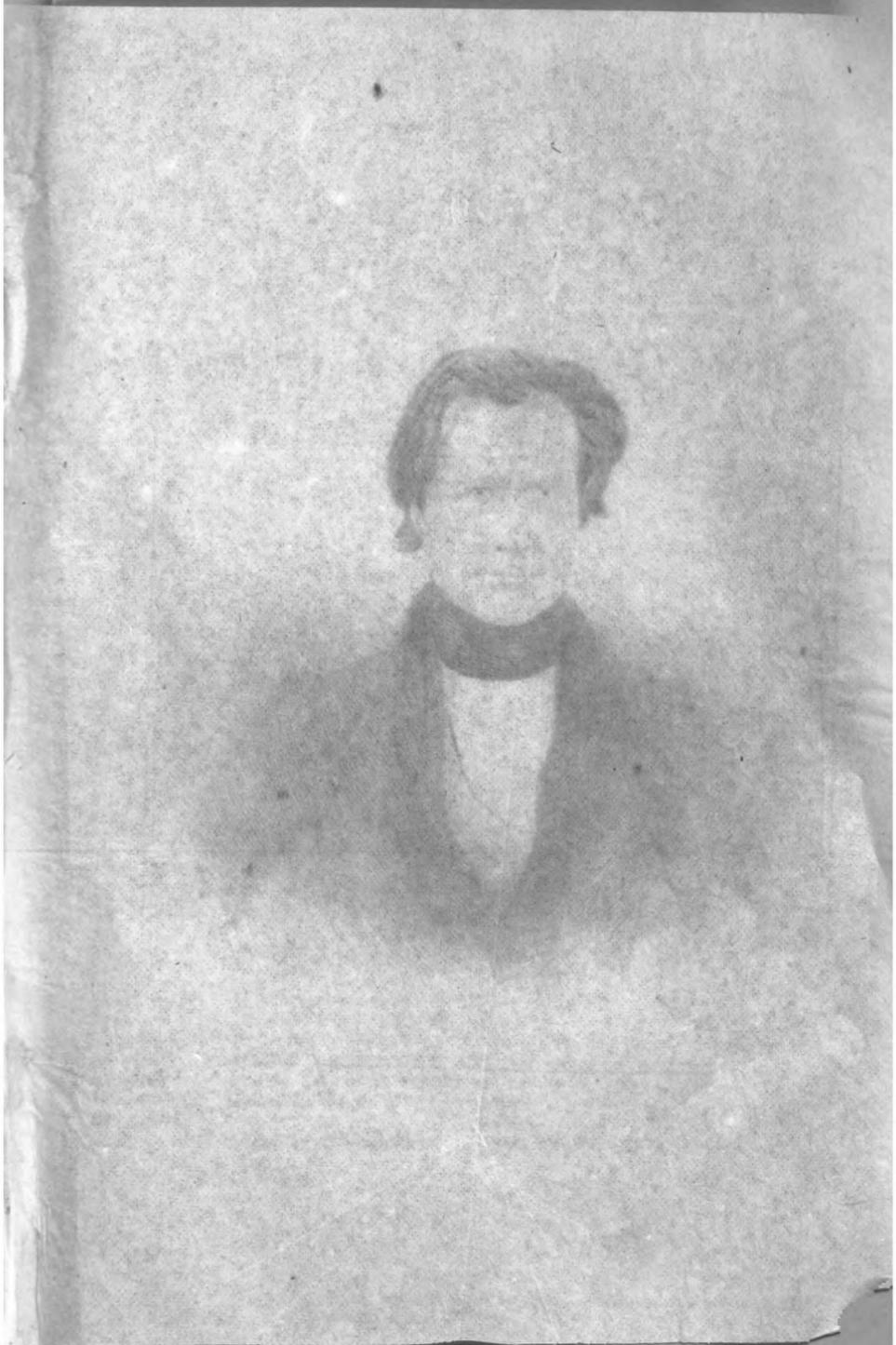


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William Allen

of Ohio.

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Engraved for the U.S. Magazine & Democratic Review

THE
 UNITED STATES MAGAZINE
 AND
 DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

Vol. XIII.

SEPTEMBER, 1843.

No. LXIII.

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[THREE SHEETS AND A HALF, OF THIRTY-TWO PAGES EACH.

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ENGLISH PARLIAMENTARY BRIBERY.*

DURING the contest which followed the dissolution of the late Whig parliament, there was no section of the country in which party feeling ran higher, in which the elements of family influence and local capital were more equally divided and more vehemently aroused, than in the West Riding of Yorkshire. There was one spot, however, within its precincts, to which the surrounding agitation had not reached. The late Duke of Leeds had stood aloof from the contest through the exhaustion which accompanied old age and sickness; and it was not till the period of his death, which occurred when the battle had waxed warm around, that his tenantry were let into the knowledge that they were to be required to emerge from the moderate whiggery into which their landlord's apathy had allowed them to take rank, and to throw the weight of their numbers upon the one or the other side of the nicely-balanced scale. A short parenthesis of time, of course, was allowed to run by in quiet, as a mark of decent respect to the memory of the late proprietor, but good care was taken that before the critical moment should arrive, the young duke, who before his father's death was himself

engaged in the contest for Sheffield, should make known his sentiments. He was walking one evening with one of his supporters in the neighborhood of that town, when he was met by a farmer on horseback, a strong, burly-looking man, and one who from his bearing seemed as little likely to subside into the serf as the most imperious of her majesty's subjects. "How is it to go this time?" was the question addressed to him by his new master; and the answer followed: "Your Grace's orders have come; we are all true yellow." In a few days the showing of hands took place, and the tenantry of the Duke of Leeds, though in their own hearts they were true blue, and through the kind indifference of their late landlord their outward liveries had corresponded to their inward hues, became yellow to the back-bone. We do not know whether, had they been thrown into the market as independent, self-regulating voters, they would not have been bought up and disposed of by the agents of the Carlton Club; but it was pretty well understood that by the critical death of the Duke of Leeds, by the rapid and complete change thereby worked in the coloring of his tenantry,

* Hansard's Parliamentary Debates, Vols. LXIII. LXIV. London: Thomas Curson Hansard, Paternoster-row, 1842.

Lord Milton and Lord Morpeth were defeated. The late report of Mr. Roebuck's committee, under which the proceedings to which we are about to advert were developed, classified the tenantry of Great Britain into those who were packed up into manors and bought in the gross, and those who were let loose and were bought individually. Without an exception, said Mr. Ward, in a late speech in the House of Commons,* the tenants are regarded as a portion of the chattels of the estate; a country gentleman would as soon think of robbing the deer-parks, or of poaching the fish of his neighbor, as of canvassing his tenants. Election districts in the agricultural sections are estimated, not according to the sentiments of the voters, but according to the decrees of the land-owners on whose estates they reside. Maps might be drawn, analogous in appearance to those used for geological investigations, in which the political complexion of the different precincts of the country might be drawn, covered with the same uniform hue that was adopted as the color of the families to which they respectively belonged. If an estate changed hands, and fell into the possession of an owner whose politics differed from those of his predecessor, the whole mass of the tenantry were picked up and dropped down on one side of the account with as great unanimity as they formerly exhibited when forming part of the other. In the Wigtonshire election, where parties were equally balanced, an estate was offered for sale, a short time before the late election, in which there was a pack of thirty voters. Upon the ownership of the estate, the result of the election depended; and when Captain Dalrymple, the whig candidate, was chosen by a majority of six, it was very clear that it was owing to the pack of thirty voters having been bought by a whig nobleman, Lord Stair. From the complaints of Mr. Murray, who is stated to be one of the greatest landed proprietors in the county, it appears, however, that the packing of voters into estates, and selling them by the acre, was not confined to the whig ranks. In a vehement philippic against his tory antagonists, read at the hustings during the Wigtonshire election, after apologizing for his absence on the

ground of his necessary employment on another field, he said :

"It was my intention, but for this unlucky coincidence, to have proposed Captain Dalrymple. I should have done so, because I consider him eminently fitted by his station and character to represent the county; but still more, because I know he regards with disgust and abhorrence that odious system of intimidation and tyranny by which so many of the Wigtonshire proprietors have attempted to stifle the honest voice of the electors. I consider these attempts to coerce the voters, and to force them to do violence to their conscience, as quite as bad, if not worse, than the proceedings of the slave-dealers on the coast of Africa."—*Hansard's Parliamentary Debates*, LXIV. 1388.

In a speech by Mr. T. Duncombe, a schedule of the method of operation is given in an instance where, since no great party was in danger, no great political energies were called into action :

"I spent £4,000 in Pontefract. I have no hesitation in saying that that money was spent in gross bribery treating and corruption; I was defeated. My Lord Pollington and an honorable gentleman's father assisted in defeating me; and I shall not believe, until the honorable gentleman opposite rises and says so, that any one is ever returned for Pontefract without bribery. Unfortunately I have also stood contested elections for Hartford, and in five contested elections I three times succeeded and was twice defeated; and I must state to this House, as I am now impeaching the conduct of its members generally, both in their individual and collective capacity, that I left behind me at Hartford considerably above £30,000. I had to contend with very great aristocratic influence in that neighborhood, and I believe it cost them more money. I had to contend with seven days' leases. Those poor tenants who held under seven days' leases were turned out when they disobliged their landlords. The great landlord there was my Lord Salisbury. These tenants were discharged unless they fulfilled the wishes of their landlord; when they were turned out, I had to furnish them with houses. I built or bought sixty-three houses for them; a great portion of the money went in that way, and a considerable portion was spent in treating and bribery."—*Hansard's Parliamentary Debates*, LXIII. 495-6.

* *Hansard's Parliamentary Debates*, LXIV. 1386.

If Mr. Duncombe was really as bad as he said he was, his expulsion from Parliament would have made his example more beneficial to his country than his continuance in his seat. We have heard of a pickpocket who had fallen into the same room with a Quaker at a tavern, and who endeavored to lull his companion's suspicions, as to his character, by a long penitential confession, cloaked in that form which of all others should be held most sacred, of sins the actual flagrancy of whose guilt was only equalled by the apparent earnestness of their abandonment. The Quaker doubted, but came at last to the more prudent conclusion,—"If thou art really as wicked as thou sayst thou hast been, I must call the master of the house to put thee out;" and we think if an analogous determination had been brought to bear upon Mr. Duncombe, the pockets of the members would have been more likely to have been spared the contributions to which the demands of future contested elections will subject them.

We said that the buying and selling was carried on in two great divisions, comprising, in the first place, the transfer of a whole tenantry in the mass, and, in the second place, the purchasing of individual voters. Which of the two is most degrading to the voter, there can be but little doubt. The tenant who goes with his estate, who is caught and cooped up into a cage, and carried to the market, and who there votes as the representative of the soil on which he lives, may resolve himself back into the days of feudal vassalage, and may invest the relations of lord and vassal with the romance of chivalric drapery. He has not been bought himself, he has received no bribe, and has suffered no corruption, and he may reason himself into the belief, that not only do his private interests require that he should support the proprietor of the soil on which he lives, but that the loyalty which as a vassal he should feel, should reconcile him to a sacrifice of personal partialities. But the voter who comes to the hustings as independent, and when there sells his vote for as much as he can get for it, is in a condition below slavery. To how great an extent the bribery of individual voters has been carried, is generally known; and yet, there are few to whom surprise will not be

caused, on learning that in influencing the comparatively small constituency of the British House of Commons, a million of pounds, according to the reluctant estimate of a gentleman whose advocacy of the system we shall presently notice, is spent at each general election. At the Nottingham election, one hundred pounds a vote was often paid; and when the excessive poverty among the lower classes, and the desperateness of morals which the poor-house atmosphere creates, are taken into consideration, it will be concluded that the extent of the corruption is commensurate with the corrupting power. It is to be feared that the decomposing element, instead of being most jealously watched against and guarded, has been taken into consideration among the more unthinking of the English politicians, as a necessary and just ingredient in the public economy. In a late pamphlet by a gentleman whose position alone, as a member of the House of Commons, gives him a claim to attention, the *malleability* of the vote-selling elector is thus justified:

"That in the limitation of his views, and in the weakness of his reason, the candidate who discharges his arrears, who places him in a happy and easy state of mind, seems his best friend, and obtains the support of his vote."—*Hansard*, LXIV. 1384.

There is a little fable, called the spider and the fly, not unknown to the children of our common schools, which exhibits in some degree the moral of the conversation between the canvasser and the canvassed. "Walk into my parlor," is the language of the wealthy candidate to the poor voter; "it is the prettiest little parlor that you ever did spy;" and it is not until the voter is caught and made use of, that he discovers that the bribe he has received, is overbalanced by the price he is made to pay for it. It is not until he finds that by corn-laws and poor-laws his substance is eaten up, that he discovers that the promise to "discharge him from his arrears," and "to place him in a happy and easy state of mind," was not wholly disinterested.

Since the passage of the Reform Bill, the retro-active effect of corruption upon legislation has been clearly

exhibited. Under the old system, the great majority of members came in from close boroughs, in which they were obliged to secure the title-deeds of the estate, instead of the votes of the freeholders. Since, however, the comparative enlargement of the elective franchise has thrown into the market freeholders whose limited number makes their votes easily bought, and who under the *vira voce* system can be held true to their promises, a new element has sprung up, which has produced a marked change in the sphere of parliamentary management. The legislator, from the habit of employing largely the brute force of riches, has learned to place an undue and dangerous value upon a lever which he may have persuaded himself is conservative and salutary in its bearing. The trouble of being virtuous, intelligent, and active, to quote a high authority, has been dispensed with just in proportion as intelligence, virtue, and activity, when unsupported by wealth, have lost their power. The most matchless abilities would fail to weigh a feather in the scale against a few thousand pounds to be spent in bribery, or a few more thousand to be invested in an estate. For a man who can obtain the seat he seeks for by the mere transfer of the exuberance of his income from his banker to his election agent, to take the trouble of thought, to endeavor to cultivate that popularity which is obtained by the benevolent employment of great wealth or of superior intellect, would be an unprofitable waste of time and of energy. It is a melancholy truth, which every year confirms, that nothing tends so far to make men honest, as that it should be their interest to be so; and we believe that nothing has gone so far to preserve our own national legislature from the dangerous influences with which it is beset, as the constant regulating pressure of a constituency, the greatness of whose numbers and the secrecy of whose votes guard it from general corruption.

The few last volumes of the reports whose title we have placed at the head of this article, display the effect which the increased corruption of the constituency has produced. If such proceedings continue, said Sir Robert Peel, when addressing the House on the Belfast election question, the char-

acter of the House will be let down before the country; and if the minister's prudence had allowed him to have gone farther, he could have added, that by the allowance of such practices the character of the House had been already let down before itself. We are struck with see the increased recurrence, during the last two Parliaments, of scenes which, even when told in the courtly language of the governmental reporter, prove that the brute force which buys seats, too often continues in operation when the seats have been bought. Every one knows the story of the cat, who, though exalted to the human form, could not be checked by the most solemn restraints from betraying her original propensities at the slightest temptation; and those who pay attention to the extraordinary scenes which take place at the English hustings,—who observe the means taken to buy votes, and the exertion used to cajole voters,—will not be surprised that the spirit which animated the candidate, should animate the member.

Of the more inarticulate noises made during the course of debate, it is not necessary to speak, notwithstanding that they are indicative of the temper as well as of the demeanor of a good portion of the House; because it would be difficult, except on the Pythagorean basis, to trace back the cat-calls, the crowings, the barkings, the shouts of tally-ho, the imitations of most of the inferior sounds of nature, to any established principles of interpretation. From the extracts, however, which we make very much at random from the volume before us, it will be observed that the self-respect which is lost at the hustings, is not regained in the house:

“Violent diseases require violent remedies. The parties making the attack were beyond reach. They could not either be got out by law or opinion. He, (Mr. Roebuck) wanted to know whether they could not be got out otherwise; and if any hon. members were attacked by the Times, and did not wish for a repetition of the attack, he would suggest to them at once to *horsewhip the proprietor, Mr. Walter*, (then member for Nottingham,) and they might depend upon it, the attack would not be repeated.”—*Hansard's Debates*, LXIV. 636.

On motion to censure Mr. O'Connell

for imputing fraud and perjury to the majority of the House of Commons, after a preliminary vote had been taken by which the house had declared the libel gross and scandalous, the following scene took place :

“Mr. *Callaghan* : I really feel strongly. On a matter of order, no man is less disposed than myself to show disrespect to the decision of the chair ; but on a subject which involves the rights of individuals, as this does, I do declare, and I claim to avow it, that I adopt to the utmost the language of the honorable and learned members from Dublin. (*Great cheers and laughter.*)

“Mr. *Edmund Burke Roche* : Representing as I do one of the largest constituencies in Ireland, and reflecting that this subject is one in which the Irish members of this house are deeply involved, I cannot refrain from saying, that I concur in the fullest degree in the sentiments of the honorable member for Dublin.

“Mr. *Gillan* : Sir, I beg leave to reiterate all Mr. O’Connell has said.

“Mr. *H. Grattan* : This is a mere party vote against the honorable member for Dublin, a vote come to because he was hated by honorable gentlemen opposite. This was a most contemptible and wretched proceeding on the part of the noble lord opposite, and yet the noble lord did not reflect how far it would carry him if he had courage to pursue it to the end. No, the noble lord had not the courage to send Mr. O’Connell to Newgate. He asked the noble lord to do it, if he dared.—[*Cheering—Order.*]”—*Hunsard*, *XLI.* 170, 171.

In the debate arising from the proposed grant of an appropriation to the Roman Catholic College at Maynooth, Mr. O’Connell, in reply to Mr. Shaw, remarked :

“The honorable member has expressed his opinions in a manner which will do no service to this cause. There was a determination about him amounting almost to spiritual ferocity. He seems to think that the Protestant religion consists of pounds, shillings, and pence.”

“Mr. Shaw, with great vehemence : ‘I deny that I said the Protestant religion consists of pounds, shillings, and pence. But the church establishment of any country must be supported by money, and that church which the state endows with money becomes the established church. In such a situation stands the church

which the honorable and learned member has sworn not to subvert, and which he now attempts to subvert.’

“Mr. O’Connell : ‘I call the honorable Recorder to order. He has made a false assertion.’ Here Mr. O’Connell’s voice was drowned amidst the deafening cries of order which proceeded from all parts of the opposition. It is impossible to describe the confusion of the scene. Mr. O’Connell continued : ‘The honorable member has accused me of having sworn one thing and done another. It is quite out of order in the member to utter falsehoods.’

“Mr. Finn : ‘I pronounce the words of the learned member for Dublin to be an atrocious calumny.’

“Mr. Shaw : ‘The honorable member has charged me with being acted on with spiritual ferocity ; but my ferocity is not of that description which takes for its symbol a death’s head and cross bones.’

“Mr. O’Connell, (addressing himself to Mr. Shaw personally, and not to the Chairman.) ‘Yours is a calf’s head and jaw bones.’ (Deafening cheers and cries of Order.)”

The reporter from whom we have quoted, although possessing a semi-official authority to which no others can pretend, gives in most cases nothing more than the speeches made, as revised by the members themselves. The chorus, which in a Commons’ debate is the most effective part of the proceedings, is left out, and the naked solos alone are given of such of the performers as are able to obtain uninterrupted possession of the floor. Mr. Babbage has assumed, that since the perception of sound is caused by vibrations communicated to the air by the motion of the organs of speech, machinery, built on the model of the drum of the ear, may be constructed, of sufficient delicacy to enable the observer to measure the force and volume of noises lately put in motion ; and we have heard that calculations have been taken by which it is shown that by means of tests sufficiently sensitive, the sounds floating in the atmosphere at any one given time, may be arrested and transferred, by a process similar to that of the Daguerreotype, to the plates of the philosopher. Till such a process be perfected,—which we do not despair of, when we reflect on the exquisite delicacy with which the plastic material of the ear receives and models every sound presented to it,—we must despair of an accurate account of scenes which, from

the infinitude of their variety, confuse and confound the reporter. At one and the same time, during seasons not widely apart, spectacles of the most various character are presented at different sections of the House, and we have no doubt that if an attempt should be made to portray them together, the same confusion would result which follows from the simultaneous sliding of several of the painted glasses of a magic lantern within the vision of the lens. We shall supply the deficiency, as far as is in our power, by taking from contemporaneous reporters sketches of scenes similar to those to which we have already adverted. Lord Brougham has several times called the House a menagerie, and we have been told by a cautious observer, that a blind man, taken into it during one of its periodical convulsions, would suppose himself in a zoological establishment. Of a debate which occurred in the late parliament, the Morning Post, the organ of a large and then a dominant party, thus speaks the day following :

“The most confused sounds, mysteriously blended, issued from all corners of the House. One honorable member near the bar repeatedly called out ‘read,’ (to the member endeavoring to address the House,) in an exceedingly bass and hoarse sound of voice. At repeated intervals a sort of drone-like humming, having almost the sound of a distant hand-organ or bagpipes, issued from the back benches;—coughing, sneezing, and ingeniously extended yawning, blended with the other sounds, and produced a *tout ensemble* which we have never heard excelled in the House. A single voice from the ministerial benches imitated very accurately the yelp of a kenneled hound.”

Another authority, equally respectable, thus reports a speech whose reception, we trust, presents features not often equalled :

“I rise, sir, (ironical cheers, mingled with all sorts of zoological sounds,) I rise, sir, for the purpose of stating that I have (‘Oh! Oh! Bah!’ and sounds resembling the bleating of a sheep mingled with loud laughter). Honorable gentlemen may endeavor to put me down by their unmanly interruptions, but I have a duty to perform to my con— (ironical cheers, loud coughing, sneezing, and yawning, extending to an incredible length, followed by bursts of laughter). I say, sir, I have

constituents who on this occasion expect that I — (cries of ‘should sit down,’ and shouts of laughter). They expect, sir, that on a question of such importance (‘O—o—a—a—u—’ and loud laughter, followed by cries of ‘Order! Order!’ from the Speaker). I tell honorable gentlemen who choose to conduct themselves in such a way, that I will not be put down by— (Groans, coughs, sneezings, hems, and various animal sounds, some of which closely imitated the yelping of a dog, and the squeaking of a pig, interspersed with peals of laughter). I appeal — (‘Cock-e leuri-o-co!’) The imitation, in this case, of the crowing of the cock was so remarkably good, that not even the most staid and orderly members of the house could preserve their gravity. The laughter which followed drowned the Speaker’s cries of ‘Order! Order!’). I say, sir, this is most unbecoming conduct on the part of an assembly calling itself de— (‘Bow-wow-wow,’ and bursts of laughter) Sir, may I ask honorable gentlemen who can — (‘mew-mew,’ and renewed laughter). Sir, I claim the protection of the chair. (The Speaker here again rose, and called out ‘Order! Order!’ in a loud and angry tone, on which the uproar in some measure subsided.) If honorable gentlemen will only allow me to make one observation, I will not trespass further on their attention, but sit down at once. (This was followed by the most tremendous cheering in earnest.) I only beg to say, sir, that I think this is a most dangerous and unconstitutional measure, and will therefore vote against it.’ The honorable gentleman then resumed his seat amid deafening applause.”—*Grant’s House of Commons*, 45.

Into the House of Lords has the spirit of disorder penetrated less deeply. Its members, by the operation of the chief feature in their tenure, are relieved from the ordeal of corruption through which the members of the lower house must pass. The lords spiritual and temporal obtain their seats either by the appointment of the crown or by descent, and though there is a great field laid open, under the first head, for intrigue, we question whether they would become qualified for the arduous office to which they succeed, as superintendants of a majority of the close boroughs of the realm, were it not for the apprenticeship which most of them undergo, during the period of their pupilage in the House of Commons. There is no doubt that the young Duke of Leeds, to whom we

paid a brief tribute at the opening of this paper, would have been bewildered at the great mass of parliamentary influence thrown upon him by his father's death, had he not already taken part in the Sheffield contested elections. With most of the members of the upper house, however, the taste for debate is so small, as to make the temptation to personal collision very moderate. It is a fact which requires some explanation, that the chief interruptions extended to the discipline of the House of Lords, arise from the bearings of the lords who owe their elevation to their eminence in the legal profession. We insert a few extracts, taken somewhat carelessly from the volumes before us, which will go some way to illustrate the demeanor of noblemen whose great ability and whose consummate learning have placed them in the highest rank, both at the bar and in the senate. On a late occasion, according to the *Spectator*, when a decision of the Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench was under discussion :

"As Lord Campbell was speaking, there was a loud talking between the Lord Chancellor, Lord Denman, and Lord Brougham. The Marquis of Lansdowne's voice, in a loud tone, cried, 'order,' 'order!' Lord Brougham suddenly started up from the woolsack, and with great warmth, addressing Lord Lansdowne, cried out, 'I should like to know where the disorder is. I am not aware of any disorder.' He was answered by renewed cries of 'order,' 'order,' with 'hear,' 'hear!' Lord Lansdowne said, 'he had not called order till the four noble lords on the woolsack talked so loud that he could not hear what was passing.' Lord Brougham said, 'Ay, but the noble marquis did not call order till the talking was all over.' Lord Campbell proceeded to assert that all the lawyers in the House of Commons, some of them now members of government, were against the judgment. Lord Brougham remarked that each time Lord Campbell had addressed himself to the House, he had not improved his argument. Lord Campbell—'How often have you spoken?' Lord Brougham—'How often have you spoken?'"

In a debate on the penitentiary system, Lord Melbourne, (*Hansard*, xli. 87,) in the course of a long and animated reply to a previous argument of Lord Lyndhurst, remarks :

"The noble lord well knew that the effect of a calm and artful statement was not afterwards very easily done away with."

"Lord *Lyndhurst*.—I hope the statement I made was calm, but I assure your lordship it was not artful. That the noble viscount, and the members of the government who sit near him, should be ignorant of the facts contained in the statement I have made, shows that they are as ignorant of their domestic duties as they are incapable of managing the colonial government and foreign relations of the country."

Before Lord Melbourne could catch the floor in reply, Lord Brougham, in accordance to one of his most prominent though least fortunate instincts, stepped in as a mediator. That his interposition only made matters worse, appears from what follows :

"Lord *Melbourne*.—I wish the noble duke (*Wellington*) had been here. The noble duke would rather have cut off his right hand than have taken such a course as that taken by the noble and learned lord. The noble duke is a gentleman and a man of honor."

We had marked for insertion nearly a page of the personal controversy that follows—a controversy which is as reluctantly read by the just admirers of Lord Lyndhurst's judicial and professional merits as it is reluctantly recorded by the reporter—but we believe that it amounts to but little more than that Lord Melbourne refused for a time to acknowledge Lord Lyndhurst to be a gentleman or man of honor, and that Lord Lyndhurst rose to leave the house—a premonitory to a challenge—but was held back by Lord Brougham. A page more follows, in which the combatants, by a series of alternate conditional retractions, managed to descend in safety from the unlucky eminence on which on a sudden they had jumped; but we confess that neither the quarrel nor the reconciliation have gone a great way to remove the impression—an impression strengthened by the subsequent still more disreputable altercation between Lord Brougham and Lord Melbourne—that the tone of the upper house is by no means improved by the presence of the law-lords.

We have heard of an English gentleman, more remarkable for his humor

than for his humanity, who invited to dinner, on an election celebration, all the parish beadies in the neighborhood. The disturbance which ensued might have been anticipated, when it was remembered that the personages thus brought together had each been supreme in his little previously allotted sphere of authority, had each established a peculiar scheme of discipline which had been as rigidly enforced as it had been authoritatively enunciated, and that each had been accustomed to make unrestrained use of such instruments of physical defence or annoyance as had been bestowed by nature. The objection that existed against such a gathering exists against the grouping together in one legislative assembly of men who have been accustomed to be supreme in their own specific spheres. Every judge who has presided for any period of time on the bench, has acquired habits of authority which are as obnoxious when introduced into a senate of equals as they are necessary when adapted to a position in which no equal exists. Very few men can pass a day in the undisturbed supremacy of a chief justiceship, without becoming unfit by evening for the courtesies of parliamentary discussion. Splendid, indeed, have been the services of the English law-lords, and yet, even putting aside the objection we have made as belonging only to later days, there is not one among the tenants of the woolsack and of the chief justiceships, who has augmented his professional reputation by his parliamentary performances. Lord Mansfield, fearless as he was on the King's Bench, was timid in the House of Lords and irresolute in council. When attacked by Lord Camden, much his inferior in legal abilities, and by Lord Chatham, his only rival in oratorical power, on points on which he knew he was right, and which he had supported on the bench with that admirable logic and consummate grace which belonged to him, he was accustomed to shiver in his seat, and either to withdraw from the discussion or enter into his own defence with such great reluctance as to prejudice his cause. When Lord George Gordon's mob had sacked the prisons, and barricaded the lords, he hesitated, from timidity alone, to advise the king to order the troops to fire; and had it not been for the superior intrepidity of Mr.

Wedderburne, then Attorney General, the riot would have become a rebellion. Lord Mansfield, in the solitude of his judicial majesty, presents a spectacle far more lofty than Lord Mansfield, an inoperative ingredient in the House of Lords; and we believe that with those who followed him, there is scarcely one whose legislative exertions have been creditable. Great legal reforms were made necessary,—reforms which were dictated by humanity and pressed by convenience,—sinecures were to be cut down, penalties civilized, and feudalisms abolished; but we believe that, until the lay-lords took the matter in hand, the only ameliorative measure that surmounted Lord Thurlow's storms and Lord Eldon's scruples, was a bill for the prevention of cruelty to dogs.

A few words in conclusion on the bearings on the people at large of the system of corruption, whose legislative results we have already noticed. Poised as the electoral body in Great Britain is, between the higher and lower classes, it will be found that, when in a state of corruption, it casts a sediment upon the strata below as noxious as the vapors it shoots to the surface. From the evidence advanced in the House of Commons, in the Sudbury disfranchisement question, we extract a few passages, which are so amply sustained by the surrounding testimony, that we adopt them, not only from their parliamentary sanction, but from their indisputable truth:

“ Mr. John Crisp Gorday, governor of court of guardians, said: ‘ My opinion is, that the contested elections have done more to injure the morals of the working people in Sudbury, than all the preaching or precepts of all the ministers of the Gospel have done good.’—‘ How was that effect produced?’ ‘ One thing only is sufficient—the bribery oath. Men openly receive money, and yet go up and deliberately take the oath and vote. Some seek subterfuges, as, omitting the word ‘ not,’ kissing ‘ the thumbs;’ while others seek no such solace, but deliberately perjure themselves.’ ”

Again:

“ A general system of demoralization is produced by the vices and crimes consequent upon the drunkenness, debauchery, and bribery at the elections in this borough.’—‘ Large sums I (the commissioner) presume are given at elections?’ ‘ At the

general election in 1835, the bribery was much more extensive than at any preceding or subsequent elections. I had the means of making an accurate calculation of the expenses attending that election by all parties, and the result of my knowledge is, that the sums of money expended, if equally divided among all the voters on the register, would have come to from 30*l.* to 35*l.* a man. Of course many respectable men were above taking money, and twenty-five persons did not vote; but, if these voters had no money, the others had so much the more, so that the whole would have come to nearly, if not quite, 35*l.* a-head, as already stated. Is it not a most awful crime in the candidates and their committees, first, to offer miserable and poor men sums which their virtue is unable to resist, and to allow the bribery oath to be tendered to them, knowing, as they do, that the voters on both sides must take it, and that their perjury is certain? I have known nearly 400 voters, out of about 600 on the register, deliberately perjure themselves."—*Hansard*, LXIII. 347-8.

Slavery, such as the passages we have presented depict, is of a complexion the most noxious and degrading. The man who, by the stress of accident, is compelled to be bound to the soil as a serf, can preserve within his breast a heart upright and uncontaminated; but the man who voluntarily prostitutes himself—who, for a bribe, submits to be chained in a gang and so to be marched to the hustings; who deliberately sells himself, and partici-

pates in perjury or submits to intoxication in order more fully to earn the purchase-money—such a man is a slave in soul as well as a slave in body. What the result must be of a system so extended as that of bribery in Great Britain, it requires but slight observation to determine. Nothing but sturdy and consistent honesty can secure a nation under debts so great and oppressions so severe, from those expedients which were suggested by Sir Robert Walpole, when he lessened the interest on the debt then existing, and by Mr. Pitt, when he misappropriated the sinking fund. We fear that if the bribery already established is persevered in much longer, the integrity of the British constituency will be destroyed; and it is on such a ground, therefore, on the ground of immediate interest and not of general justice, that we recommend to the rulers of that great nation, the only measure by which the progress of corruption may be checked. Increase the elective body, not because one man has as much right to vote as another—not because in the people as a mass, and not in a fraction of the people, can the will of the people be found—not because all men are created free and equal—for such maxims you reject as visionary and destructive. Increase the elective body, however, because, by doing so, you will adopt the only method of securing order to your legislature and honesty to your people.

NAPOLÉON.

THERE be who call thee Tyrant, and would fain
 The hateful word upon thy tomb engrave;
 And others yet there be, who name thee slave
 Of power and mad ambition, and would stain
 Thy memory with avarice, lust and crime,
 And to the keeping of all coming time
 Hand down the lie. But thou wast none of such;
 But Freedom's chosen minister. The world
 Had need that one like thee should touch
 Its withered heart; and when old thrones were hurled
 Beneath thy feet, and kings did prostrate fall,
 And crowns were harvested to grace thy brow,
 Man was the winner; Let who doubts, recall
 What Europe was, and mark what it is now.

New Bedford, Mass.

R. S. S. ANDROS.

A GLANCE BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

BY J. R. LOWELL.

WE see but half the causes of our deeds,
 Seeking them wholly in the outer life,
 And heedless of the encircling spirit-world
 Which, though unseen, is felt, and sows in us
 All germs of pure and world-wide purposes.
 From one stage of our being to the next
 We pass unconscious o'er a slender bridge,
 The momentary work of unseen hands,
 Which crumbles down behind us ; looking back,
 We see the other shore, the gulf between,
 And, marvelling how we won to where we stand,
 Content ourselves to call the builder Chance.
 We trace the wisdom to the apple's fall,
 Not to the soul of Newton, ripe with all
 The hoarded thoughtfulness of earnest years,
 And waiting but one ray of sunlight more
 To blossom fully.

But whence came that ray ?

We call our sorrows destiny, but ought
 Rather to name our high successes so.
 Only the instincts of great souls are Fate,
 And have predestined sway : all other things,
 Except by leave of us, could never be.
 For Destiny is but the breath of God
 Still moving in us, the last fragment left
 Of our unfallen nature, waking oft
 Within our thought to beckon us beyond
 The narrow circle of the seen and known,
 And always tending to a noble end,
 As all things must that overrule the soul,
 And for a space unseat the helmsman, Will.
 The fate of England and of freedom once
 Seemed wavering in the heart of one plain man :
 One step of his, and the great dial-hand
 That marks the destined progress of the world
 In the eternal round from wisdom on
 To higher wisdom, had been made to pause
 A hundred years. That step he did not take,—
 He knew not why, nor we, but only God,—
 And lived to make his simple oaken chair
 More terrible and grandly beautiful,
 More full of majesty, than any throne,
 Before or after, of a British king.

Upon the pier stood two stern-visaged men,
 Looking to where a little craft lay moored,
 Swayed by the lazy current of the Thames,
 Which weltered by in muddy listlessness.
 Grave men they were, and battlings of fierce thought
 Had scared away all softness from their brows,
 And ploughed rough furrows there before their time.

Care, not of self, but of the common weal,
 Had robbed their eyes of youth, and left instead
 A look of patient power and iron will,
 And something fiercer, too, that gave broad hint
 Of the plain weapons girded at their sides.
 The younger had an aspect of command',—
 Not such as trickles down, a slender stream,
 In the shrunk channel of a great descent,—
 But such as lies entowered in heart and head,
 And an arm prompt to do the 'hests of both.
 His was a brow where gold were out of place,
 And yet it seemed right worthy of a crown,
 (Though he despised such,) were it only made
 Of iron, or some serviceable stuff
 That would have matched his sinewy, brown face.
 The elder, although such he hardly seemed,
 (Care makes so little of some five short years,)
 Bore a clear, honest face, where scholarship
 Had mildened somewhat of its rougher strength,
 To sober courage, such as best befits
 The unsullied temper of a well-taught mind,
 Yet left it so as one could plainly guess
 The pent volcano smouldering underneath.
 He spoke : the other, hearing, kept his gaze
 Still fixed, as on some problem in the sky.

“ O, CROMWELL, we are fallen on evil times !
 There was a day when England had wide room
 For honest men as well as foolish kings ;
 But now the uneasy stomach of the time
 Turns squeamish at them both. Therefore let us
 Seek out that savage clime where men as yet
 Are free : there sleeps the vessel on the tide,
 Her languid sails but drooping for the wind :
 All things are fitly cared for, and the Lord
 Will watch as kindly o'er the Exodus
 Of us his servants now, as in old time.
 We have no cloud or fire, and haply we
 May not pass dryshod through the ocean-stream ;
 But, saved or lost, all things are in His hand.”
 So spake he, and meantime the other stood
 With wide, grey eyes still reading the blank air,
 As if upon the sky's blue wall he saw
 Some mystic sentence written by a hand
 Such as of old did scare the Assyrian king,
 Girt with his satraps in the blazing feast.

“ HAMPDEN, a moment since, my purpose was
 To fly with thee,—for I will call it flight,
 Nor flatter it with any smoother name,—
 But something in me bids me not to go ;
 And I am one, thou knowest, who, unscared
 By what the weak deem omens, yet give heed
 And reverence due to whatsoever my soul
 Whispers of warning to the inner ear.
 Why should we fly ? Nay, why not rather stay
 And rear again our Zion's crumbled walls,
 Not as of old the walls of Thebes were built
 By minstrel twanging, but, if need should be,
 With the more potent music of our swords ?
 Think'st thou that score of men beyond the sea

Claim more God's care than all of England here ?
 No : when He moves His arm, it is to aid
 Whole peoples, heedless if a few be crushed,
 As some are ever when the destiny
 Of man takes one stride onward nearer home.
 Believe it, 'tis the mass of men He loves,
 And where there is most sorrow and most want,
 Where the high heart of man is trodden down
 The most, 'tis not because He hides His face
 From them in wrath, as purblind teachers prate.
 Not so : there most is He, for there is He
 Most needed. Men who seek for Fate abroad
 Are not so near His heart as they who dare
 Frankly to face her where she faces them,
 On their own threshold, where their souls are strong
 To grapple with and throw her, as I once,
 Being yet a boy, did throw this puny king,
 Who now has grown so dotard as to deem
 That he can wrestle with an angry realm,
 And throw the brawned Antæus of men's rights.
 No, Hampden ; they have half-way conquered Fate
 Who go half-way to meet her,—as will I.
 Freedom hath yet a work for me to do ;
 So speaks that inward voice which never yet
 Spake falsely, when it urged the spirit on
 To noble deeds for country and mankind.

“ What should we do in that small colony
 Of pinched fanatics, who would rather choose
 Freedom to clip an inch more from their hair
 Than the great chance of setting England free ?
 Not there amid the stormy wilderness
 Should we learn wisdom ; or, if learned, what room
 To put it into act—else worse than nought ?
 We learn our souls more, tossing for an hour
 Upon this huge and ever vexed sea
 Of human thought, where kingdoms go to wreck
 Like fragile bubbles yonder in the stream,
 Than in a cycle of New England sloth,
 Broke only by some petty Indian war,
 Or quarrel for a letter, more or less,
 In some hard word, which, spelt in either way,
 Not their most learned clerks can understand.
 New times demand new measures and new men ;
 The world advances, and in time outgrows
 The laws that in our father's day were best ;
 And, doubtless, after us, some purer scheme
 Will be shaped out by wiser men than we,
 Made wiser by the steady growth of truth.
 We cannot bring Utopia at once ;
 But better almost be at work in sin
 Than in a brute inaction browse and sleep.
 No man is born into the world whose work
 Is not born with him ; there is always work,
 And tools to work withal, for those who will ;
 And blessed are the horny hands of toil !
 The busy world shoves angrily aside
 The man who stands with arms akimbo set,
 Until occasion tells him what to do ;
 And he who waits to have 'his task marked out,
 Shall die and leave his errand unfulfilled.

Our time is one that calls for earnest deeds.
Reason and Government, like two broad seas,
Yearn for each other with outstretched arms
Across this narrow isthmus of the throne,
And roll their white surf higher every day.
The field lies wide before us, where to reap
The easy harvest of a deathless name,
Though with no better sickles than our swords.
My soul is not a palace of the past,
Where outworn creeds, like Rome's grey senate, quake,
Hearing afar the Vandal's trumpet hoarse,
That shakes old systems with a thunder-fit.
The time is ripe, and rotten-ripe, for change ;
Then let it come : I have no dread of what
Is called for by the instinct of mankind.
Nor think I that God's world will fall apart
Because we tear a parchment more or less.
Truth is eternal, but her effluence,
With endless change, is fitted to the hour ;
Her mirror is turned forward, to reflect
The promise of the future, not the past.
I do not fear to follow out the truth,
Albeit along the precipice's edge.
Let us speak plain : there is more force in names
Than most men dream of ; and a lie may keep
Its throne a whole age longer, if it skulk
Behind the shield of some fair-seeming name.
Let us call tyrants *tyrants*, and maintain
That only freedom comes by grace of God,
And all that comes not by his grace must fall ;
For men in earnest have no time to waste
In patching fig-leaves for the naked truth.

" I will have one more grapple with the man
Charles Stuart : whom the boy o'ercame,
The man stands not in awe of. I perchance
Am one raised up by the Almighty arm
To witness some great truth to all the world.
Souls destined to o'erleap the vulgar lot,
And mould the world unto the scheme of God,
Have a foreconsciousness of their high doom,
As men are known to shiver at the heart,
When the cold shadow of some coming ill
Creeps slowly o'er their spirits unawares :
Hath Good less power of prophecy than Ill ?
How else could men whom God hath called to sway
Earth's rudder, and to steer the barque of Truth,
Beating against the wind toward her port,
Bear all the mean and buzzing grievances,
The petty martyrdoms wherewith Sin strives
To weary out the tethered hope of Faith,
The sneers, the unrecognizing look of friends,
Who worship the dead corpse of old king Custom,
Where it doth lie in state within the Church,
Striving to cover up the mighty ocean
With a man's palm, and making even the truth
Lie for them, holding up the glass reversed,
To make the hope of man seem further off ?
My God ! when I read o'er the bitter lives
Of men whose eager hearts were quite too great
To beat beneath the cramped mode of the day,

And see them mocked at by the world they love,
 Hagglng with prejudice for pennyworths
 Of that reform which their hard toil will make
 The common birthright of the age to come—
 When I see this, spite of my faith in God,
 I marvel how their hearts bear up so long ;
 Nor could they, but for this same prophecy,
 This inward feeling of the glorious end.

“ Deem me not fond ; but in my warmer youth,
 Ere my heart’s bloom was soiled and brushed away,
 I had great dreams of mighty things to come ;
 Of conquest ; whether by the sword or pen,
 I knew not ; but some conquest I would have,
 Or else swift death : now, wiser grown in years,
 I find youth’s dreams are but the flutterings
 Of those strong wings whereon the soul shall soar
 In after time to win a starry throne ;
 And therefore cherish them, for they were lots
 Which I, a boy, cast in the helm of Fate.
 Now will I draw them, since a man’s right hand,
 A right hand guided by an earnest soul,
 With a true instinct, takes the golden prize
 From out a thousand blanks. What men call luck,
 Is the prerogative of valiant souls,
 The fealty life pays its rightful kings.
 The helm is shaking now, and I will stay
 To pluck my lot forth ; it were sin to flee !”

So they two turned together ; one to die
 Fighting for freedom on the bloody field ;
 The other, far more happy, to become
 A name earth wears for ever next her heart ;
 One of the few that have a right to rank
 With the true Makers ; for his spirit wrought
 Order from Chaos ; proved that right divine
 Dwelt only in the excellence of Truth ;
 And far within old Darkness’ hostile lines
 Advanced and pitched the shining tents of Light.
 Nor shall the grateful Muse forget to tell,
 That—not the least among his many claims
 To deathless honor—he was MILTON’S friend,
 A man not second among those who lived
 To show us that the poet’s lyre demands
 An arm of tougher sinew than the sword.

ORIGIN AND GROUND OF GOVERNMENT.

BY O. A. BROWNSON.

SECOND ARTICLE.

WITHOUT faith, we are told, it is impossible to please God. Aside from the theological doctrine, we may obtain from this fact a doctrine of very great importance, applicable at all times and to all subjects. Let me illustrate it. The Church of Christ is made the depository of the faith once delivered to the saints, and of that faith without which, according to the belief of the Church, there is no salvation. Now the means the Church will make use of, the discipline it will establish, the agencies it will employ, the arrangements it will adopt, for the salvation of sinners and their growth in sanctity, will all depend on the particular faith it embraces, or the special views it takes of the faith committed to its charge. Corrupt or falsify its faith, and you vitiate its whole action. Suppose the Church should believe that all rewards and punishments are limited to this life, and that all, as soon as they leave this world, enter into immediate, inconceivable, and unending bliss; it can readily be conceived, in this case, that her action, her efforts, and arrangements for the salvation of sinners, would be very different from what they would be were she to believe in future rewards and punishments. In the first case, all would be adapted to the simple end of enabling us to get through the world as quick and as easily as possible; in the second case, all would be adapted to the great end of making our calling and election sure.

We may see in this fact the reason why the Church has always so strenuously insisted on the necessity of maintaining "the form of sound words;" and this reason is not, as we sometimes imagine, because the mere belief of an error, by an individual whose disposition is meek, and whose aspirations are holy, would necessarily endanger his salvation, but because the adoption of an erroneous faith, *by the Church itself*, would lead the Church to neglect to use, or to institute and use, the proper and efficient means for the practical salvation of the ungodly.

Now, the principle here recognized by the Church, and which both our religion and our philosophy bid us hold fast, is equally applicable and equally essential in the world of politics. I cannot agree that error is harmless, if reason be but left free to combat it; no error is or can be harmless, as no truth is or can be mischievous. Doubtless, however harmful error may be, we are never to attempt to suppress it by imposing any legal or civil disabilities on those who are its advocates. Every State should guaranty to every member of the community the largest freedom of thought and opinion, and never undertake by its own action to suppress what it holds to be false or dangerous opinions. The most successful way of suppressing Error is unquestionably to leave her alone to grapple in open encounter with Truth. But while we agree with our friends that free discussion is the best *remedy* for error of opinion, we must still hold that error of opinion is always harmful, even if we have the freest and fullest discussion. If erroneous opinions, in any nation, concerning the origin and constitution of government, become very general, the most fatal consequences will not fail to result; for the nation, through its errors, will be led to take a false view either of the end it must realize, or of the means by which it is to realize it. Its whole study and effort, in its public action, will always be to conform to the general faith or theory it adopts. In all the changes or modifications it introduces into its institutions and laws, in all the arrangements for the social life of the people it creates or adopts, it will be governed, to no inconsiderable extent, by this general faith or theory. If, then, this faith or theory be false or defective, these changes, modifications, arrangements, institutions, laws, instead of being favorable to the growth of virtue and well-being, must needs be the reverse, and tend directly to the total overthrow and ruin of the nation itself. Every nation struggles always to actualize in its

national life, what we may call its faith or ideas. Of the very highest importance is it then that this faith be sound, that these ideas be just and true; for with a false faith, with false ideas, its life can be only death.

Here is wherefore we insist so strenuously upon correct political theories. In relation to government, we are always to distinguish three things:

1. Principles;
2. Measures;
3. Men.

Between measures and the men who are to carry out or execute them, we in this country rarely fail to make the proper distinction. The question as to men is for the most part looked upon as subordinate, and he is held to be the proper man to be supported, who will best and most ably support true measures of public policy. But between principles and measures we do not always make the proper distinction; nay, we often fail to distinguish between them at all; or if we do distinguish between them, it is only to sneer at the man who concerns himself with principles, and to allege that it matters not what principles one contends for, in case that he supports the right practical measures.

And yet this indifference to principles is neither wise nor safe, for mistakes as to principles will always sooner or later lead to the adoption of false or mischievous measures. Our own history affords us numerous examples of this. The Declaration of Independence by the Congress of 1776, was a wise, just, and patriotic *measure*, deserving the warmest admiration and approval of every American citizen; but the *principles* laid down as self-evident truths in the preamble of the instrument by which the Independence was declared, were not only not called for as the ground of the justification of the measure, but were, to say the least, of questionable soundness, and have led to the adoption by a large portion of our people, of theories practically incompatible with government itself, and everything like social order. "We hold," say this heroic and true-hearted Congress, "these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure

these rights, governments are instituted among men, *deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed*; that, whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the *people* to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness."

Now here is a questionable philosophy laid down as the basis of a measure, which stood firm enough without it. There were before the Congress only two questions:—1. Have the Colonies the right to assert their political independence of Great Britain? 2. Is it expedient for them to exercise this right at this time? To establish their right to assert their political independence, it was not necessary to go beyond the principle, that each people, or political community, has the inherent right to self-government; for this, as I have shown in my previous essay on the Origin and Ground of Government, was all that was necessarily involved in the controversy with the mother country. The inhabitants of the colonies were never for a moment in rebellion against their own government, and, therefore, a principle to justify such rebellion was not needed. All then that the Declaration says about the original equality of all men, their unalienable rights as individuals, the origin of government in the consent of the governed, and the right of the people,—*unless we understand by people, the state, community, or body politic*,—to alter or abolish government, &c., was uncalled for and out of place; so to speak, extra-judicial.

But of these truths, said to be self-evident, one only, in the plain and obvious sense of the terms, is even a truth at all. "*All men are created equal.*" This is not a self-evident truth. Mankind are created not equal, but unequal; unequal in their position, in their capacities, whether moral, intellectual, or physical. The only sense in which they are equal is that they were equally created, and are all equally human beings, members, though unequal members, of one and the same family, and alike morally accountable to one and the same Divine Master. Nothing is or can be more false than to assume the equality of all men as the basis of gov-

ernment; we should rather assume the natural *inequality* of men as the ground of the necessity of government; and thus make it the duty of government to maintain that equality before the law which men do not hold before nature. Men "are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." This again is not true, repeat we it over and over again ever so often. If it were true, government could never rightfully command the life of an individual, never, for any cause whatever, restrain his liberty, or throw any impediment in the way of his pursuing his own happiness according to his own judgment and pleasure. Grant this, and what government could stand twenty-four hours? Am I not bound, if my country calls, to rush to the frontier and make a rampart of my body for her protection? May not my country, that is, the government of my country, command my services even unto death in a war of self-defence, or in defence of liberty, of justice, of humanity? May not society, when necessary for her protection, take the life of the base wretch that would endanger her existence? May she not imprison, restrain the natural liberty of offenders? What mean we then by saying liberty is an "unalienable right?" Does not every felon, in every civil society on earth, alienate *what is here called* his natural liberty? Furthermore, may government never interfere with the individual in "pursuit of happiness?" This individual affirms that he must pursue happiness by engaging in piracy, in the slave trade, or by taking to the highway; must government say that the pursuit of happiness is an unalienable right, and leave him to pursue it in his own way? This other individual chooses to pursue happiness by selling lottery tickets, by smuggling, by pandering to men's cupidity, or to their vices; may not government interrupt him? What is government for, if indeed it be not to restrain men and direct them in a path they would not go in but for government? In fact, there is no right that can be mentioned that may not be, that is not, at times and under certain circumstances, alienable, and alienable too without the consent of the individual it concerns; that is, there is no

specific right that does not under certain circumstances cease to be a right.

Of this self-evident truth, that *governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed*, I have heretofore spoken, and shown that if we admit it, we abandon all government; for government is not a mere agency, accountable to a principal, because the principal would be the government, and not the agency. "*Whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it.*" In what sense is the word *people* used here? Does it mean the body politic, the people as a community; or the people regarded merely as individuals outside of civil society? If the first, it is unquestionably a truth, and the very truth it was necessary to assert, as the basis of the right of the Colonies to declare themselves independent of Great Britain; but if the second, it was a principle not necessary to assert on that occasion, and a principle which we have seen is not true, but both false and mischievous. Mr. Jefferson, the author of the Declaration, undoubtedly held to the origin of government in compact, and in consequence of this did not distinguish so clearly between the people in the one sense, and the people in the other, as he should have done when setting forth, as he here does, a fundamental doctrine on the origin and ground of government in general. He, to some extent, confounds the two senses one with the other, and in so doing has occasioned some fatal errors, which we his countrymen continue.

This same confusion runs through the minds of the great majority of our politicians, and it is almost impossible to make the mass of our citizens perceive any clear and intelligible distinction between the people as a political organism, and the people outside or independent of that organism. There can be no question that in this country, the supreme political power, that is, the political sovereign, is the people in convention assembled. But our politicians latterly, availing themselves of the ambiguity of the word *people* as used in the preamble to the Declaration of Independence, confound the people *legally convened*, that is to say, convened by virtue of a constituted, a competent authority, prescribing the

time, place, and mode of assembling, with the people coming together without any act of authority convening them, a mere mass of isolated individuals, constituting not a *convention*, but a *caucus*; and they go even so far as to contend that the caucus, if it represent an equal or a larger number, is of equal or paramount authority to the convention. Hence the Editor of the Democratic Review writes, in reply to me, "If that people"—the population of a given territory, or the numerical people—"choose to come together, in their own way, *whether inside or outside of the existing forms of law*, and to alter the constitution, it is to their will and their act, that my loyalty is morally due, provided I am *bonâ fide* satisfied of the fact of the majority. By the truest and highest legitimacy of natural right, and the only 'divine right' we can know in political affairs, this new constitution subverts the old one, which is left behind like the cast-off skin of the serpent, or the moulted feathers of the bird."

This doctrine has unquestionably taken a strong hold of no small portion of the American people. And yet, though implied in the preamble to the Declaration of Independence, it is only recently that it has found its way into practical politics. The French minister, Genet, appears to have held it to be the fundamental principle of democracy, and to have resorted to it in his brief but insane attempt to overthrow the government of Washington; but I find scarcely a practical recognition of it by our own statesmen, till after the election of General Jackson to the Presidency. General Jackson, by his gallant defence of New Orleans, and his successful opposition to the United States Bank, as well as other important services, has written his name in bold and legible characters in the history of his country, where time will not efface it. He needs no eulogium from me. All must always hold him to be a man of rare sagacity, of ardent patriotism, stern integrity, firm will, and great decision and energy in action; nevertheless, as a statesman, he has generally shown himself a man who is more intent on the most effectual means of disposing of the practical question before him, than on the possible prospective effects of adopting the principle involved in his manner of disposing of it. He

has always proved himself one of those great men who have a strong contempt for mere formulas, and in this respect deserves the high praise Carlyle bestows on Cromwell, Mirabeau, and Napoleon. He appears in his administration, to have regarded the people as above the constitution and laws, and to have held that he secured the highest possible sanction for his acts, when he had secured the popular approbation, formally or informally expressed. In his view the President of the United States was not merely an executive officer, chosen under the constitution, simply to administer the government and execute the laws; but a popular tribune, the immediate representative of the people, chosen to speak and act directly in their name; bound to see that they received no evil from the acts of the legislature and the judiciary; and accountable to the people alone. In all this there was much to be commended as noble and heroic, and well adapted to command the love and gratitude of the people. It was assuming the attitude, on the one side, of a direct servant of the people, and, on the other, of their father; and the great mass of us did look up to him as children to a father; nay, and still follow him to his retirement with true filial affection. Nevertheless, the country before any man, however great, wise, noble, or heroic. This disregard of formulas, this readiness to assume responsibility which we so admired in him, and from which no little good in his case resulted, is yet not without danger to constitutional government.

The grand maxim of General Jackson in his administration, as I collect it from the history of that administration, was, "The people are sovereign; if I gain their sanction, it is enough." Was he not right in this? Is not this the fundamental maxim of democracy? Yes, if you rightly interpret and apply it. The people in this country, practically considered, are the political sovereign, and to them, and to them alone, every public officer is accountable. But it is, as we have seen, only the people *legally convened*, or in authorized convention assembled; not to the people as a mass of individuals; the convention, not to the caucus. Now this fact, it has appeared to me, was not always borne in mind, and General Jackson and his friends did not always observe the dis-

inction I have here pointed out, and for which I for one strenuously contend. Unquestionably—and we cannot repeat it too often—the will of the people is in this country the law to the public functionary, and cannot be too scrupulously consulted or obeyed. But the will of the people, binding on the public functionary, is not the will of the caucus, but of the convention, and *solemnly expressed through the constitution and laws made in conformity thereto*. Consequently, the only will of the People the public functionary, whether president or tide-waiter, can officially recognize, or appeal to as his authority for what he does, is this will constitutionally and legally expressed. If this be so, it is unjustifiable on the part of any public officer, executive, judicial or legislative, to appeal officially to the informal popular will, collected merely from private conversation, the public press, and the political caucus. This may undoubtedly be consulted as consisting of so many facts, bearing on the expediency of this or that policy; but may never be appealed to as a ground of justification for measures otherwise unauthorized. General Jackson's administration was the first, I believe, to recognize officially this informal will, and to place the caucus as it were on the same footing with the convention. Since then, the tendency in this direction has been fearfully rapid, and it remains to be seen whether it is not too late to attempt to correct it.

In elevating the caucus to a level with the convention, a profound revolution in the principles of our government has been threatened, if not effected,—a revolution which, if finally sustained, will put an end to our republican form of government, and prove the destruction of everything approaching individual freedom. But what is the proof that the caucus has been so elevated? I find it in the general tone of the government proceedings; I find it in the *publication* by the President, of the paper read to his cabinet giving his reasons for removing the government deposits from the Bank of the United States; in the letter of the Postmaster General to his deputy in New York concerning some illegal suppression of what were called incendiary publications, authorizing the deputy to appeal from the law to public opinion for his justification; in the demand for

a law of Congress to suppress the transmission by mail of certain publications; and especially in the case of Michigan, where a caucus, a mere caucus was held to be paramount to a legal convention, and was treated by the administration as competent to speak in the name of Michigan, and to bind her as a State. One hears the doctrine avowed on all hands, and I myself have been condemned, and my political orthodoxy questioned, for maintaining the opposite doctrine. I think I cannot be mistaken in saying that no small portion of our political friends, as well as Mr. Clay and a large portion of the Whig party, do hold that the will of the people, of the great mass of the population, however expressed, however collected, is, if ascertained, the supreme law of the land, and binding on the public functionary.

It is not without design that I have brought this subject forward again. It is a grave matter, and cannot with safety be hastily passed over. It is time that it was met, and met fairly and honestly, with reverence for great names and eminent services, and yet with freedom and firmness. Is the democratic party the party of order, of law, and, *therefore*, of freedom and progress; or is democracy to be held as its enemies have always asserted it to be, the synonyme of mobocracy, and the democratic party the party of disorder, anarchy, license? This matter must be settled. There are many of us who glory in the democratic name, ready and willing to make any sacrifice for the advancement of the people, ardently attached to the democratic party, and the firm supporters of all its leading measures; but at the same time we hold our government to be a CONSTITUTIONAL Republic, and we believe that freedom and progress are attainable only through law and order. We believe in the sovereignty of the people, under God, when *legally* assembled in convention; we contend that the will of the people so convened, formally expressed, is the law to the representative, and the only law to which he is in his official conduct amenable. Show us the constitution and laws, and you show us the authentic will of the people, that we admit to be binding on us; which we cannot disregard without proving ourselves disloyal. Are we orthodox, or are we

not? Are we members of the Democratic party, in good standing, in full fellowship; or are we under discipline? Let us have this matter settled. Must I, in order to be a member in full of the Democratic party, maintain the absolute sovereignty of the popular will however expressed or collected; with Mr. Kendall, that a public officer may plead public sentiment in justification of his violation of the law; and as in the case of Michigan and Mr. Dorr's movements in Rhode Island, that the caucus is on the same footing with the convention?

I press this matter, because it is vital, fundamental. There is a broad line of demarcation between the doctrine for which I contend, and that which I oppose; and their respective advocates seem to me to be separated by an impassable gulf. I see not how there can be really any fellowship between the advocates of the one doctrine and the advocates of the other. The men who believe in constitutional government, and that it is only through the constitution the popular will can speak authoritatively, can never consent to this loose radicalism, recently crept in among us, which disregards all forms, strikes down all constitutional barriers, and holds that whatever for the moment is popular must needs be legitimate. Let this matter then be understood. I have placed the two doctrines in juxtaposition, and in contrast, that they may be both seen distinctly, and judged of. Error makes its way only on the wings of truth. Let each doctrine be seen for what it really is, and when so seen we have no fears. If the loose radicalism of which I speak is to be the democratic doctrine henceforth, the ranks of the democracy will be thinned not a little. But after all, I venture to deny, even in the name of the Democratic party, that democracy, in any good sense of the term, requires me to embrace the doctrine in question. Nay, notwithstanding appearances, I am certain that this is *not* the deliberate settled doctrine of the Democratic party. For a moment it and its chiefs may have been led to countenance it; but I have confidence in that party, and I am sure that when its attention is once drawn fairly and distinctly to the subject, and it is able to perceive it in its true light, its noble instincts, its innate love of truth and justice will

lead it to spurn with indignation the mobocratic notions which have been put forth in its name, but without its real authority. Had I not full confidence in the Democratic party, in its general love of truth and its sense of justice, I had not spoken thus freely and severely of the errors into which I feel that it has been for the moment betrayed. It was, however, necessary to state these errors of doctrine, and the acts to which they have led, so that a general acquiescence in them should not hereafter be construed into an approval, and they come ultimately to be quoted as precedents.

But I must go further still, and in the name of the Democratic party as well as in the name of good government, protest against another though kindred doctrine involved in the statement I have quoted from the Democratic Review. My purpose in this essay, agreeably to my promise in my last, is to ascertain and set forth the true origin and ground of the legitimacy of government; that is, to find the true, the legitimate sovereign, whom I am bound to obey, to whom my loyalty is due. The Editor, in the extract I have made, answers my question. According to his answer, the sovereign is the numerical majority, and to the will, the act of the *bonâ fide* majority, "loyalty is morally due." The absolute right of the numerical majority to rule, to govern, cannot be more clearly, more explicitly stated. The origin and ground of government is, then, in the simple unqualified will of the majority. The majority not only must govern, but *ought* to govern; not only have the *power* to govern, but the *inherent right* to govern. The rule of the majority is not merely a rule adopted by the sovereign authority as a wise and convenient regulation for the administration of government; but the will of the majority is the sovereign authority itself, and that to which my "loyalty is *morally* due." This is a broad doctrine, and one I do not recollect to have ever seen so clearly and broadly stated by any other writer; nevertheless, it is the new theory which has sprung up within these last few years; acted upon by General Jackson, proclaimed by General Harrison in his inaugural address as president of the United States, assumed by Mr. Dorr and his friends in the case of

the Suffrage Movement, by the Governor of New Hampshire in his letter to the Governor of Rhode Island, refusing to surrender Mr. Dorr, and implied in Governor Morton's and Ex-President Van Buren's letters to the Committee of the great Clam-bake last fall, at Medbury Grove.

But though within a few years this theory of the absolute right of the majority to govern has been thought by many to be the democratic theory, I demand when and upon what authority it came to be the democratic doctrine? Democracy, if we take the word strictly, according to its etymological sense, and its original historical application, means the government that vests in and is administered by the common people, as distinguished from the aristocracy, or Eupatrids. The Greek *Demos* does not correspond to the American use of the word *People*; but very nearly to what we mean by the phrase *common* people; and the government of Athens was called a democracy, not because it was founded on the principle that the majority have the inherent and absolute right to govern, a principle not recognized at all by the Athenian Democracy, but because it was in the hands, not exclusively of the Eupatrids, but of the inhabitants of the *Demes*, or wards, that is, of agriculturists, merchants, traders, artisans and mariners. Taking the word in a more modern sense, as used in this country, when applied to the form of the government, it implies that government vests in, and should be administered by, the *whole* people, rather than that it vests in, and should be administered by, the majority. None of the great writers on the origin of government, so far as I am informed, lay down this principle of the absolute right of the majority to govern; that is, according to the Editor of the Democratic Review, to ordain the constitution; that is, again, to form what Locke and Rousseau call the social compact. Rousseau expressly denies the principle, and contends that "the law of the plurality of suffrages is itself conventional, and presupposes, at least at one time, unanimity."

Furthermore, we are now told that the rule of the majority is founded in natural right, that it subsists in the truest and highest legitimacy of natural right, and of the only "divine right we

can know in political affairs." Is this so! I have studied democracy to little purpose, if it be not democratic to assert that one man is not born with the natural right to govern another. Men are by no means born equal, but one is not born, save through municipal regulation, naturally subject to the will of another. I have yet to find the man who has, in a political sense, the *natural* right to be my master. If no one man has naturally this right, how can two men united have it? Of any given three men two are the majority; any two men will, if the majority have the inherent and absolute right to govern, have the natural, the divine right to govern the third. How can this be proved to be so? Have my two neighbors the absolute right to govern me? Whence do they obtain this right?

But, perhaps, it is not intended to assert the right of the majority to govern within so limited a sphere, but merely the majority of a people, of a state, or political community. The principle intended to be laid down, we presume, is, that the majority of every political community have the right to determine and administer the government of the *whole* community. But whence the political community itself? "How does a people," in the language of Rousseau, "become a people?" The will of the majority of a people is the sovereign, but what is the authority that constitutes a people a people, or a political community? There must be an act, and an act of sovereignty, logically at least, prior to the will of the majority; consequently a sovereign prior to the sovereign! But let this pass; what, in the next place, is the foundation of this right of the majority to govern? Whence do a hundred men obtain the right to make their will prevail over the ninety and nine of their fellow men, who have a different will, and perhaps one both wiser and juster? Do not answer me by asserting that the majority have a natural, a divine right to rule, for it is of this I demand the proof. Nothing is admitted to be a natural right not naturally demonstrable. If man and civil society are conceivable without this right, then is not this a natural right, but at best a conventional right. If we assume prior to civil society a state of nature, then, assuredly, the right of the majority cannot be a na-

tural right; for in that state no one man, no body of men, has any right to govern another. If we reject the fiction of a state of nature, and assume man as naturally social, as always existing in society, then, the right of the majority to govern can exist only as a positive right, as a mere regulation adopted by society itself.

Whence, again, we ask, the origin and foundation of this assumed right of the majority? Have the majority the right to govern because they are the strongest? This would identify right and might, and legitimate every government able to maintain itself. Every act of power, however oppressive, on this ground, would be right, just. This would lead us to a length somewhat beyond that which we democrats are generally willing to go, and somewhat beyond that which the boldest advocates of despotism have ever yet had the hardihood to assert.

Moreover, even admitting the right of the majority to govern, the rule is, in fact, impracticable. The consent of the majority was never yet obtained to any constitution ever adopted, or to any act of any legislation ever known. It is nonsense to talk about majorities. There has never yet been a contrivance adopted by which we could collect anything more for the will of the majority than the will of a small minority. In the first place, women, constituting one-half of the community, are altogether excluded; in the second place, all under a certain age are always debarred from the right to vote; in the third place, there is always, in the most exciting times, a large number of citizens that are quiescent and cannot be brought to the polls, or are kept from them through business, or sickness in themselves, families or friends; and in the fourth and last place, there is a large number, constituting in most communities even a majority, who either have no will of their own, or none they dare express.

Again, this right of the majority to govern strikes at the foundation of all morals, by rendering the distinction between right and wrong not fixed and eternal, but arbitrary and variable. If the majority have the right to govern, the minority are bound to obey. Nothing is better established than that the right to command involves the correlative duty of obedience. The one can-

not exist without the other. The minority are bound then by the law of nature, and therefore by the law of God, to obey the majority. But majorities fluctuate; the minority of yesterday is the majority of to-day; and the majority of to-day will be the minority of to-morrow; consequently, what was wrong yesterday is right to-day, and will be wrong again to-morrow. Is it in this nineteenth century, and in this Christian land, we are to be taught this doctrine, which would have revolted even a pagan Greek or Roman? We had thought that right, whether in religion, morals or politics, was independent of the accidents of time and space, and not liable to be affected by the fact of its being supported by majorities or only by minorities. Right is right, eternally the same, whether all the world agree to own it or to disown it; wherefore, then, make it dependent on the will of majorities? Even Mr. Jefferson recognizes a standard of right, nay, a sovereign above the will of the majority; for he contends that the will of the majority can *rightfully* prevail only on condition that it is reasonable.

Nor is this all. The rule in question reduces the minority to absolute slavery. We who chance to be in the minority are completely disfranchised. We are wholly at the mercy of the majority. We hold our property, our wives, our children and our lives even, at their sovereign will and pleasure. If the majority take it into their heads to make a new and arbitrary division of property, however unjust, we shall not only be impotent to resist, but we shall not have even the right to complain. Conscience will be no shield. The authority of the absolute sovereign extends, and must needs extend to spiritual matters as well as to temporal. The creed the majority are pleased to impose, the minority must in all meekness receive; and the form of religious worship the majority are good enough to prescribe, the minority must make it a matter of conscience to observe. Whatever has been done under the most absolute monarchy or the most lawless aristocracy, may be reënacted, and *legitimately, too*, under our purely democratic forms of government, if the rule I am controverting be once erected into a principle.

The doctrine that the majority have

the inherent right to rule, not only destroys all solid ground for morality, not only destroys all possibility of freedom for minorities, but its effects, so far as it is believed and acted upon, are most disastrous, and cannot be too earnestly deprecated. It creates a multitude of demagogues, professing a world of love for the *dear* people, and lauding popular virtue and popular sovereignty, the better to fatten on popular ignorance and credulity; it makes public men lax in their morals; paves the way for gross bribery and corruption; generates a habit of appealing from truth and justice, wisdom and virtue, to the mere force of numbers; destroys all manliness of character, all independence of thought and action, and makes one weak and vacillating, a time-server and a coward. It perverts inquiry, and leads us to ask, when it concerns a candidate for office, not who is the most honest, the most capable, but who will command the most votes? and when it concerns a measure, not what is just, wise, necessary for the public good, but what measure can the majority be induced to support?

Already do we begin to feel the sad effects of this doctrine. Public virtue has become an empty name. Nothing is more rare than the statesman who will stand up for what he honestly believes to be right, when he must stand up alone. Go into your halls of legislation, and show the wisdom and justice of the policy you propose, so clearly as to flash general and instantaneous conviction; what then? Will it be adopted? We doubt whether our whole political history affords one instance of the adoption of a measure merely on the ground of its justice, or of its rejection solely on the ground of the general conviction produced by the discussion of its injustice. The history of the proceedings of our legislative bodies is full of sadness, and makes one almost despair of his race. Even a good measure is rarely carried in a straightforward way, by fair and open means. Professing the greatest respect for, and confidence in, the people, few of us dare risk the success of what we honestly believe a good measure on its own merits; we intrigue and manœuvre to carry it, as much as if it were a piece of consummate villainy. A plain, honest, blunt-spoken man, who speaks always the plain honest truth, would

be looked upon in the political world as a simpleton; all parties would regard him as a man not to be trusted, whose imprudence would ruin them. The whole study is to manœuvre so as to secure a majority of voices for our party, for our men and for our measures, which are usually only such measures as we think will most likely place the majority on *our* side, and fill all offices with men of *our* party.

I confess that I grow heartily sick of this doctrine, that "the majority has the right to govern." It not only has the tendency I have stated, but what is worse, it declares this tendency legitimate. If the majority have the right to rule, then I should study to be always on the side of the majority. And yet, a true man finds it exceedingly difficult to reconcile himself to this. There is, if I mistake not, within every man who can lay the least claim to correct moral feeling, that which looks with contempt on the puny creature who makes the decision of the majority his rule of action. He who wants the firmness to stand up alone, like Socrates in face of the Thirty Tyrants, and demand that right be respected, that justice be done, is unfit to be called a statesman, ay, or even a man. A man has no business with what the majority think, will, say, do, or will approve as a rule of action; if he will be a man, and maintain the rights and dignity of manhood, he will inquire only for what truth and justice, wisdom and virtue demand at his hands, and that he will do, whether left to stand alone, or followed by the crowd; whether held up as one whom the young must love and study to imitate, or sneered at as singular, branded as seditious, or crucified between two thieves as a blasphemer. He will dare be a man, dare be himself, and to speak and act according to his own honest convictions and the law of God, as revealed to him in the Word of the Highest. Professions of freedom, of love of liberty, of devotion to her cause, are mere wind, when there wants the power to live and to die in defence of truth and justice. A free government is mere mockery, a mere farce, where every man feels that he is bound to consult and conform to the will of an irresponsible majority. Free minds, free hearts, free souls, are the materials, and the only materials out of which free

governments are constructed. And is he free in heart, mind, soul or body, who feels himself bound to the triumphal car of the majority, to be dragged whithersoever its drivers please? Is he the man to speak out the lessons of truth and wisdom when most they are needed; to stand by the right when all have deserted it; and to plead for the wronged and down-trodden when all are dumb, *he* who holds that the will of the majority is that to which his loyalty is morally due? *

I am told, however, that this absolute right of the simple numerical majority to govern, is to be recognized only in forming the constitution, or drawing up what we may call the fundamental law or ground-law of the commonwealth; and that under this constitution, for the practical administration of government, and the enacting of special laws, another rule should be adopted—practical checks for restraining the ascendancy of a temporary majority should be multiplied. But this assurance partakes more of the political theorist than of the practical statesman, and of the ardor of youth than the experience of age. It is too much like the man's undertaking to keep out the crows by shutting his park gates. If a simple majority are competent to alter the constitution at their pleasure, what avails the provision of the constitution that two-thirds are necessary to the passage of a given law? How easy would it be for the majority to overrule this provision, by altering the constitution itself. Say, for instance, the controversy between Catholics and Protestants should rage in this commonwealth of Massachusetts; men's minds become heated; their feelings enraged and embittered; and the Protestants, having a clear majority, resolve that no Catholic shall any longer be tolerated in the commonwealth; what shall prevent them from passing a law excluding all Catholics from the state? Suppose that to the passing of such a law the assent of two-thirds or three-fourths of the legislature be necessary; suppose, even, that both your executive and your

judiciary have a veto upon it; still with the present perfection of the caucus system, nothing would be easier than to call a caucus of the people, and incorporate into the constitution a clause proscribing for ever the Catholic form of faith and worship. Whenever the majority wanted a law that could not be obtained by existing constitutional provisions, all they would have to do, would be to call a convention and adjust the provisions of the constitution to their wishes. Constitutional checks and restraints are nugatory when a simple majority of the people are competent at any time to overrule them. I have not at this moment, where I write, access to the constitutions of the several states, but I cannot now call to mind a single state, in which the constitution is left alterable at the mere pleasure of the majority. The Constitution of the Union is alterable only by the consent of three-fourths of the states, and a convention for altering it cannot be called without the assent of the legislatures of two-thirds of the states. In none of the states can a convention be called without the authority of the legislature, and I believe that there is not a single state, unless it be some of the new states, whose constitutions I have not examined, in which the simple majority of the legislature is at all times competent to call a convention. Our fathers all felt that the constitution, the ground-law of the commonwealth, should not be alterable at the pleasure of the majority, and they uniformly made the assent of more than a majority necessary. They, however, imposed the restraint for the most part, not in the final voting on the constitution, but in the preliminary steps necessary to the calling of a convention, or to the proposing of amendments to the constitution to be adopted. But, all these amount to nothing, and we are no longer tied up by these forms, by the necessity of getting a vote of two-thirds of the legislature, or of two successive legislatures, in order to get a convention, if this new doctrine which places the caucus on a par with the convention obtains, and a

* Boston Quarterly Review, January, 1838. Art. Democracy, pp. 38-42. I wish my democratic friends who accuse me of turning conservative would read the whole article here referred to; it will show them that I have from the first protested against this doctrine of the right of the majority to govern.

simple majority becomes able, at any moment, to alter the constitution.

But this is not all. The doctrine of the right of the majority to rule, at least to draw up and ordain the constitution, is not objectionable merely because it enables the majority to alter the constitution at will, but because it has a subtle yet powerful influence in substituting the opinions, the wishes, and will of the majority for the time, *informally expressed*, for the will of the people formally and solemnly expressed in the constitution and laws. If the majority have, by the law of nature and the ordinance of God, the right to govern, the constitution is a mere form, and of no value any further than it serves as an index to the will of the majority. What we want is the real will of the majority. That will, however expressed, is the true, legitimate sovereign, and has, therefore, the right in all cases to prevail. The constitution becomes mere waste-paper. What is the use of appealing to the shadow when you have got the substance? Mr. Madison set the example, and this is the only avowed instance I find prior to General Jackson, of regarding the will of the majority, not constitutionally expressed, as paramount to the constitution itself. He held a United States' Bank to be unconstitutional, and on that ground had refused his assent to a bill chartering one. Subsequently, however, he signed the bill chartering the late bank of the United States. What was his justification? "A power repeatedly exercised by Congress, and acquiesced in by the people, is to be taken as constitutional." This *dictum* virtually abolishes the constitution. If we lay the stress on the *acquiescence of the people*, it leaves the majority always free to pass any law the majority of the people will tolerate; which is precisely the case we should be in had we no constitution at all. If we lay the stress on *repeated*, then the *dictum* would make wrong by repetition become right; if on the repeated exercise of the power by Congress, then it would give to the majority in Congress the right to alter, amend, even to make the constitution, in opposition to the provisions of the constitution itself. Yet ever since the chartering of the bank of the United States, the tendency to regard the will of the

majority, however expressed, as the real sovereign, has been developing itself more and more, and has at length virtually, to all practical purposes, set aside the constitution; and rightfully so, too, if the majority have the natural and inherent right to govern. No man who holds the doctrine we are controverting has any right to complain of the majority, however they may trample on the letter and the spirit of the constitution. Why is not the majority of to-day equal to the majority that formed the constitution? And why shall the majority of yesterday have power to hamper and fetter the majority of to-day? It is easy to see where this doctrine leads. We have had practical demonstrations of its tendency in the support given by Congress to the United States' Bank, to internal improvements, to protective tariffs, and bills for distributing the proceeds of the public lands among the states, and in the instances already mentioned of Michigan and Rhode Island. Let it become the settled doctrine of the country, and it is fast becoming so, and our liberties are gone; constitutional freedom, constitutional government has proved a failure, an illusion; and nothing remains for us but absolute submission to the caprice of an irresponsible majority. Every act will be held to be constitutional that the legislature has the ability to pass and the administration the power to enforce; might will swallow up right, and we shall have a worse than oriental despotism; for the despotism of one man may be glutted with victims, that of the many never, but like the daughters of the horse-leech, will cry always, "Give, give."

I have dwelt the longer on this point, because I hold it of vital importance. Here is the rock on which we are likely to split. Our danger does not lie in the prevalence of aristocratic doctrines. Doubtless there is with us enough of aristocratic feeling, and of aristocratic practice; but no man knowingly advocates publicly aristocratic doctrines. The aristocrat with us no longer seeks to gain his ends by making open war on the people and laboring to arrest the popular tendency; but by chiding in with the popular feeling and exaggerating the popular tendency. Satan, when he has an object to gain, always disguises himself as an angel

of light ; so your aristocrat comes to you, in these days and in this country, always disguised as an ultra-democrat. No man has so much confidence in the people ; no man has so deep, so ardent a love for the hard-handed and sunburnt-faced many ; none so ready and willing to defer to the wishes, the opinions, the instincts, the will of the masses. He has no interest, no opinion, no will of his own ; he is one of the people, and knows only one thing, to serve the people by merging his feelings, wishes, interests and convictions in theirs. Find a man who so professes, and you find one you may set down to be Satan attempting to disguise himself as an angel of light. Every such man is at heart the enemy of democracy, the enemy of the people, and he defers to the people only that he may use them for his own profit. The young, the ingenuous, the inexperienced, should be on their guard against these wolves in sheep's clothing, and not through their deceit be led to take up doctrines as democratic which cannot fail, if persisted in, one day to prove the total overthrow of democracy and civil freedom, and both public and private prosperity.

But it is a mistake to represent the right of the majority as a natural right, an ordinance of God. It is not a *natural* right, but a mere *civil* regulation. By the law of nature, the majority have no more right to govern than the minority. When the majority are said to have the natural right to govern, we are led to infer that it is only the minority that naturally need to be governed. The majority, in that it governs, governs only the minority. But the majority are as liable to be in the wrong as are the minority, and stand as much, and full as often, in need of being governed. Truth and justice are, in this world, oftener on the side of the minority than on the side of the majority ; all progress is effected by the few in opposition to the many ; the Reformer treads always the wine-press alone, and of the people there are none with him. It is absurd then to pretend that the minority alone need governing. The rule of the majority is in no country universally adopted, but where it is adopted, it is adopted only as a wise and convenient regulation and within certain limits ; and it is only within certain limits that it obtains,

or ever has obtained with us. All constitutional governments are contrivances for restraining it, and for introducing other elements of power. Instead of lying at the bottom, ready to start up at any moment and throw off constitutional restraints, it is itself a creature of the constitution, and has validity only within the sphere assigned to it by the constitution. The sooner we learn this the better will it be for democracy and for the commonwealth. The true watchword and battle-cry for us is not, *The majority have the right to govern*, but *THE CONSTITUTION must govern*.

But it is time to leave these false theories concerning the origin and ground of government, and proceed to discuss the true theory. All power is of God, and in the last analysis, no government is legitimate that does not subsist by Divine Right. The notion that men do or can institute government, establish an authority which they themselves are bound to obey, to which they are bound to be loyal, we look upon as a gross absurdity. No government of merely *human* origin is or can be legitimate. So much must be conceded in the outset to the advocates of the *jus divinum*. The error of the advocates of the Divine Right of civil government, is not in contending that no government not founded in Divine Right can be legitimate, but in claiming this Divine Right for particular administrations, ministries or forms of government, which cannot plead it in their own behalf.

The theory of government which prevailed throughout Europe, though not without many dissentient voices, from the final settlement of the Barbarians on the ruins of the Roman Empire, till the Revival of Letters and the Protestant Reformation, was that government existed by Divine Appointment. The real sovereign on earth, representative of Divine Sovereignty, the Sovereign of sovereigns, was the Christian Church, a Divine institution, through which God ruled spiritually, but really. The authority of the Church was not the authority of the men composing the assembly of the faithful, but of the Holy Ghost ; that is to say, of God himself, who dwelt in the Church,—its continuous life and inspiration. Civil governments were held

to be not *co-ordinate* governments with the ecclesiastical, but *sub-ordinate*. They were, properly speaking, the lieutenants of the Church, or its viceregents, acting in its place, by its authority, and responsible to it for the discharge of their trusts. Loyalty was in this case due to the Church, and only *obedience* to the civil government, and obedience only because enjoined by the Church.

I confess that I have a strong predilection for this theory. It is the only theory of government which I am acquainted with, that can legitimate resistance to the civil ruler without legitimating rebellion, which is incompatible, as we have seen, with government itself. The Church commands the individual to be in subjection to the powers that be, never permitting individual citizens or subjects on their own responsibility to resist the constituted authorities; but claims the right, when these authorities oppress their subjects, to absolve their subjects from their obligation to obey, and to authorize them even to resist, and by force of arms to depose, the tyrant. This power was claimed and exercised by the Catholic Church, and always to the restricting of the power of the civil ruler, and to the enlarging of the liberty of the subject; and I confess that the triumph of the civil government, and its supremacy as established by Protestantism, does not strike me as a progress, but, in fact, as a return towards the paganism of Greece and Rome. The Church held as supreme, as the legitimate sovereign, there is always a legitimate authority to command us to obey or to resist the civil government.

But, in asserting all this, I am aware that I may appear to outrage the convictions and feelings of the great mass of my countrymen of all parties, sects, and schools; and yet, why so? Because we all feel that we should in this case only escape from the civil tyrant to come under the ecclesiastical tyrant. We hold that there is as much danger to be apprehended to liberty from the Church as from civil government itself, and, in fact, more too. *We distrust the Church.* But, wherefore? If we believed the Church to be a Divine Institution, the real Body of our Lord, the Ground and Pillar of the

Truth, the House of God, in which God's Spirit resides, and therefore, that it is by Divine Authority that it exists and acts, should we distrust it, believe it capable of tyrannizing? Can God be a tyrant? Of course not. Then this distrust of the Church proves that *we do not believe the Church, that we do not hold it to be a Divine Institution*, but a mere human institution. This, I suppose, is the secret of our hostility to ecclesiastical authority, and of our repugnance to the theory in question; but this is a hostility, a repugnance which I cannot share, because I believe the Holy Catholic Church is a Divine Institution, and that Christ himself, who has the right to reign over all, is always with it and in it unto the end of the world.

But, as hostile as we may be to this theory, we do all really believe and contend for what is equally objectionable, though, doubtless, without being conscious of so doing. None amongst us, after all their talk about the right of the majority to govern, the sovereignty of the people, will maintain in general thesis, that the people or the majority can will no wrong, or that their *will ought to prevail when it is wrong*. They do recognize then a *somewhat* above the people, of which the popular will must partake, or to which it must conform, in order to be legitimate. This somewhat is the Ideal, the Right, the Just, that and that only which we feel we ought to labor to actualize. It is to this, as to a touchstone, we bring governments and laws, the acts of the legislature, the decisions of the judiciary. It is the SOVEREIGN; and we feel that all governmental acts, not in conformity with it, are illegitimate, and all laws not enacted by it are null and void from the beginning. It is on this ground that men justify themselves in their resistance to the civil ruler. They say he has ceased to be just; his acts are unjust; tyrannical; and, *therefore*, he loses his legitimacy; ceases to have the right to command; and, therefore, again, to resist him is not to resist lawful government. "RESISTANCE TO TYRANTS IS OBEDIENCE TO GOD." Certainly; and in so saying, we recognize an authority above the civil magistrate, which we are bound to obey, even though it command us to

resist the magistrate himself. Thus far we all say precisely what said and what says the Churchman.

But has this *Higher* than the people, this sovereign of sovereigns, any outward visible embodiment? In other words, has he on earth a regular, formal, authorized interpreter of his will? If you say yes, you must make that interpreter either the State or the Church. It cannot be the State, for it has the power to absolve us from our allegiance to the State, and to arm us against it. It must then be the Church, as the Catholic in the Middle Ages contended. If you say no, that it has no authorized interpreter; how will you determine when you have a right to resist government and when you have not: when civil government is just, and therefore legitimate, or when not? Will you make the individual the judge and interpreter? You then raise the individual above government, and authorize him to sit, in his own right, in judgment on government, which is incompatible with government, subordination, or social order. This would be extreme Individualism, which cannot coexist with government; because all government demands social co-operation, subordination, and subjection. What then is the interpreter, for interpreter there must be? It can only be what is called the public conscience, that is to say, the sense of right expressed in what we recognize as the highest and most sacred among us. And this, by whatever name it goes, is our Church, our Divine Institution. This it is, whether it be called the pulpit, the press, the lyceum. So that we after all are obliged to come round to the fact we began by rejecting; and the only difference there is or can be between the view we condemn and the view we as a people accept, is the difference between a formal, regularly constituted Church, able to trace its descent from the Apostles, and to show that it speaks by divine authority, and an informal Church, intangible, and at best only partially able to demonstrate its legitimacy. In the first case we call it **THE CHURCH**; in the last we call it **PUBLIC SENTIMENT**; but in reality the exponents of it are in either case for the most part the same individuals. We have then in the case of enthroning public sentiment, all that we find objectionable in the supremacy of the

Church, without any of the advantages. But let this pass, upon which I have touched merely to show that, after all, the authentic belief of Christendom is, that government is founded in Divine Right, and its legitimacy is in its justice, and in its justice alone.

It will be seen then that I find the origin and ground of government in Divine Right, and declare no government legitimate that is not founded in Divine Right. "Is Mr. Brownson," asks the Editor of the Democratic Review, "aware how near his doctrine approaches the principle of the *Divine Right*?" Most assuredly is he; and he intentionally accepts that principle; and has not for years admitted any other. Here is what he published on this subject in October, 1839:

"The Christian doctrine is, that government is of Divine Origin, and rests for its legitimacy on the authority of God. This we take it is the meaning of that famous passage of Saint Paul, 'the powers that be are ordained of God.' The Apostle, we apprehend, was not so much intent on asserting the Divine appointment of the then, or any actually ruling magistrate, as on asserting the Divine institution of government itself, as the foundation of the virtue of loyalty, which he was enforcing. According to Christianity, man is bound to obey no authority but that of God; consequently he can owe allegiance to no earthly government, unless it be of Divine ordination. Either, then, give up the duty of obedience, and consequently all government, or assert that government is of Divine origin. It is oppression, it is rank tyranny, to compel me to obey my fellow man. To this as a Christian I will not submit, for I have but one master, and he is in heaven. Consequently all governments resting on human authority are illegitimate, are usurpations; their acts are not and cannot be laws, and therefore can they never have the right to demand, much less to coerce obedience.

"On this ground, which, if we rightly comprehend it, is that of the most perfect freedom, the whole Christian Church has ever taken its stand. The Catholic Church has always taught the princes that they have no right to reign in their own name; but that they must reign as the servants, the deputies of God. Bossuet thundered in the ears of the 'Grand Monarque' himself, that kings reign only by the authority which they receive from God, and are as much bound to obey God as the meanest of their subjects. King James,

in his Remonstrance for the Right of Kings, is merely defending the Divine Right of civil government against the exclusive claims of the Pope for the Church. He would merely show that kings receive their crowns from as high and as sacred a source as the bishops their mitres. The great idea in the minds of the advocates of the Divine Right of Kings, and of passive obedience, who fill so much space in the history of England during the seventeenth century and the first part of the eighteenth, was that mere human authority is not obligatory on men, that allegiance to a king is due only on the ground that he is the representative of the will of God. They dared not declare the king's will the law, and teach men that they were bound to obey it. The king was to be obeyed only as the lieutenant of the Almighty; consequently, God only was in reality acknowledged to be sovereign. This, at the moment, was supposed to favor absolutism, and to clothe the tyrant with divine authority. In this sense it was urged. It was no doubt urged against subjects in favor of kings; but who sees not that it may be urged with equal force against kings in favor of the people? Government is of Divine appointment, and because it is of Divine appointment, you are bound to obey it; herefore obey the king. Stop there, if you please. We admit your premises, but deny your conclusions. We believe government is a Divine ordinance, and that we are bound to obey God; but prove to us that the king is God's lieutenant, that God speaks through him; for this is not quite so clear to us. But be this as it may, that civil government is of Divine origin, and for this reason, and this alone, obligatory, endowed with the right to exact obedience, is the great idea which lies at the bottom of the doctrines of the Divine Right of kings, and of Passive Obedience, and of their apparent antipodes, the doctrine of the Fifth Monar-

chy men in England, Samuel Gorton, Roger Williams, and others in our colonial days, and the non-resistants and no-government men of our own times. The doctrine, however it may have been perverted to purposes of tyranny or of anarchy, is in fact the only solid and enduring ground on which government can be established; for it is the only ground on which the legitimacy of government can be maintained, and disloyalty made a crime *in foro conscientie*. It is also the only ground on which freedom can be safely rested; for *freedom consists not in the absence of restraint, but in being subjected to no restraint but the will of God.*

"Let no one start at the doctrine we here put forth. We all feel that the word of God is our supreme law. This word is Truth, is Justice, is Love, whatever is to us the Highest. How it has been or may be uttered we do not now inquire. Whether it has pealed in thunders from heaven on the ears of startled Humanity, and been caught up and recorded in a book, or whether it has sounded out in that voice which comes to us from all nature, declaring its wondrous beauty and harmony, and revealing the law by which it is governed; or whether it has been whispered to the soul in its moments of quiet, in the still small voice of conscience; or whether it has been uttered in all these ways, is foreign to our present purpose. God is the creator of the universe; he is its sovereign; and his WORD, whether speaking through hierarchies, monarchies, aristocracies, democracies, inspired prophets, or the reason with which we are endowed, is our SUPREME LAW, and obedience to this, and this alone, is FREEDOM. No man feels that he is oppressed because he is bound to conform to truth; to obey justice; to be holy; and to conform to truth, to obey justice, to be holy, is precisely what is meant, if we understand ourselves, by obedience to the will of God."*

* Boston Quarterly Review, October, 1839, pp. 494—497. Art. Democracy and Reform. I have quoted this article, because it was designedly an elaborate defence of the Democratic party, and because, at the time of its publication, it was received in all parts of the country with considerable favor. Many of the leading organs of the party quoted it with approbation, and none to my knowledge objected to it. This fact leads me to infer that, after all, I speak much more truly the real sentiments of the great mass of the Democratic party, than they do who would seem to condemn me, *ex cathedra*, as a political heretic. I plead "not guilty" to this charge of heresy. The simple truth is, that the Democratic party of this country has, and always has had, so to speak, an instinctive sense of justice and of freedom; what it has desired, what it has aimed to secure, has been social order as the condition of individual freedom and progress. It has aimed at the moral, the intellectual, and the social elevation of the great mass of mankind, especially of those classes which hitherto in the history of the world have been merely "the hewers of wood and the drawers of water" to the few. It has also for the most part, with singular sagacity and firmness,

But we are not yet through with our difficulties. We have, it is true, found the origin and ground of government, and in the will of God, in what is called Divine Right; but we have by so doing answered our question only for the Ideal, not as yet for the Actual, the Practical. The Lord, he is king; his will is sovereign; his word is law; but if there be no established medium through which his word speaks, no authorized interpreter of his will, having the right to speak to us in the name of the sovereign, and to enforce our obedience, we are practically as if we had no sovereign, and actually living in a state of anarchy. Who or what has the right to speak to us in the name of God, and to command us as his representative? How can civil governments, which must, from the nature of the case, be managed by men, be authorized to speak in the name of God, and have the right to our obedience on the ground that they are the authoritative interpreters of his will? The power or authority having the right to speak in the name of God, to represent the Divine Sovereignty in human affairs, though not itself sovereign, is what in mere politics we call

the sovereign, because in fact it stands in the place of sovereign to the citizen or subject. Whence or what is this authority? This is really our most difficult question, for it is the practical question.

One class of politicians tell us that the people are the Ideal sovereign, and that the practical sovereign, the government, or *ministry*, as I term it, is the power or authority having the right to speak imperatively in their name. These make the people ultimate; the will of the people the supreme law; and therefore contend that the practical contrivance called in modern political language the constitution, which it is essential to adopt, is merely a contrivance for collecting and rendering effective the will of the people. But these we now see are wrong; the people are not ultimate; are not sovereign in their own right; and have no power not derived from God, the source of all power. Therefore the practical contrivance or constitution we want, is not a contrivance for collecting and rendering effective in human affairs the will of the people, as such, but the will of God.

Another class of politicians agree with us in our premises, admit that

seized and supported such *measures* as were, under the actual circumstances, best adapted to secure this end. But when we go back of the practical measures to be supported, to the principles on which all government must rest for its legitimacy, there has always been in the party, and is now, a great diversity of opinion. In other words, while we have had a Democratic *policy*, we have not had a universally received Democratic *philosophy* of government. The leading statesmen in the time of the Revolution and of the adoption of the constitution, were formed in the school of English whiggism, at the head of which stood the philosopher John Locke, with views modified on the one hand by the doctrines of the English Puritan Republicans, who founded the Commonwealth of England, and whose tendencies were more democratic than those of the English Whigs; and on the other hand by Montesquieu, Rousseau, and the French philosophers. The greater part of them were men of firm faith in the Christian religion, men of ardent piety, as well as of liberal politics; these would naturally refer government to a divine origin; others were rationalists, materialists, dreading nothing so much as what they termed priestly domination; and these gave to government a *human* origin. These differences touching the philosophy of government have continued to the present moment. The Editor of the Boston Quarterly Review attempted, in 1838 and 1839, to bring out and settle a Democratic philosophy of government. He took then, as now, the principle that all power is of God, and gave to government its foundation in divine right. He did not say with one of his esteemed friends, "Democracy is practical Christianity," but "Democracy is neither more nor less than the great principles of Christianity applied to our social and political relations." Now this Christian philosophy, which I then and now set forth as the Democratic philosophy of government, I contend is that which, at bottom, the Democratic party, by an overwhelming majority, virtually accepts, though perhaps not formally. The Democratic party is not an infidel party, but a truly believing party; and it has been, as it were, only by accident that so much infidel philosophy has now and then appeared in the writings of some of its advocates. I insist, then, that in assigning the origin I do to government, I am not only philosophically correct, but I am really a true interpreter of the dominant faith of my party.

government is founded in Divine Right, and that it is the will of God and not the will of the people that should be collected and expressed by the constitution; but they contend that the people are in God's place, are his representative, their voice his voice, and therefore the constitution which does best collect and express the will of the people, will best and most authoritatively collect and express the will of God. This is the meaning of the axiom, "*vox populi, vox Dei.*" So far as concerns the Ideal, this obviates our objections to the theory that makes the people ultimate; it acknowledges the Divine sovereignty, and claims for the people sovereignty not in their own right, but merely as commissioned by the sovereign to speak in his name; but *practically* it differs not at all from the doctrine of the absolute sovereignty of the people, for it in this case no more than in that admits of an appeal to aught beyond the people. To us it can matter nothing practically, whether you say the people are sovereign in their own right, or merely by Divine appointment, if you make their sovereignty complete and permit the subject no appeal from their decision. The representative is clothed with all the authority of the sovereign and must therefore be received and obeyed as sovereign. So, practically on this theory as on the other, we should be bound to receive and obey whatever the people should teach and command.

Still, denying the absolute sovereignty of the people, denying also that the people are the representative of the Divine sovereignty, and assuming that it is the Divine will that is sovereign, and therefore to be collected and expressed by the constitution of the state, may we not say that it is nevertheless the people who must devise, establish, and maintain this constitution? Here is the real question before us. If we say that the people are sovereign in their own right, nothing is plainer or more certain than that we must concede them the full right to make all such arrangements as they please for giving practical effect to their will; but when we say God is sovereign, the matter grows more difficult. For, if we say that God, as absolute sovereign, without regard to human agency, institutes and sustains all the requisite arrangements for giving practical effect to his

will, we lay down a principle that declares every government *de facto* a government *de jure*, that clothes all governments, whatever their character, with divine authority, and leaves to the people, however oppressed or down-trodden, no right, no duty, but passive obedience; while, on the other hand, if we assume that the arrangements depend on the people, and that it is theirs to provide for the collection and expression in the State of the Divine will, we make the sovereign dependent on the subject, which were to raise the subject over the sovereign, the creature over the creator. How solve the difficulty?

I have stated the difficulty in the strongest light possible, because I have no wish to disguise it, or to seem to solve a problem I am not, and that I feel I am not, able to solve. If I could count on my readers as firm believers in the Christian religion, I would pledge myself to solve the problem to their satisfaction; but as I cannot so count on them without some important reservations, I must leave to their apprehension at least, many difficulties unremoved. I am anxious, however, in alluding as I do to faith in the Christian religion in connection with civil government, that my readers should not misunderstand me. I frankly confess that I am unable in my own mind to settle down on a political theory that shall be equally acceptable to the Christian and the Infidel. I can accept no theory of government that does not imply as its basis the truth of Christianity, and the truth of Christianity, not as a mere system of philosophy, but as a gracious scheme, devised by Infinite Love and Mercy for the practical redemption and sanctification of mankind. At the bottom of all my thoughts on politics, ethics, art, philosophy, lies ever in my own mind, the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and I see not, I cannot understand how it can possibly be otherwise with any consistent, straightforward-minded man, who honestly believes in Christ as the Son of God, the Redeemer and Sanctifier of men, through whom alone we have access to the Father. A Christian people must needs form the State on Christian principles, and administer it for Christian ends. It is therefore I hold, not to the union of Church and State, but to the *unity* of

Church and State ; or rather that it is the Church that commissions the State, as Samuel the prophet anoints Saul in the name of the Lord to be king of Israel.

But while I believe and maintain all this, I do not hold that within the bosom of the State itself, before the *civil law*, or political law even, any distinction should be made between those who believe and those who believe not. The civil government proper should be restricted in the sphere of its action, to those matters which immediately affect men in their purely human relations. The proper objects of civil government are outward deeds, affecting our relations one to another ; and so far as these are concerned, all men should be held to be equal, and should have the same rights and duties, and be free from all liability to be questioned before the civil tribunal concerning their faith or want of faith. I would resist unto death the prescription of a creed or a form of worship by the State. The State has no call to meddle with these matters, and its sole right as its sole duty in regard to them is to leave and maintain them, so far as outward political and civil action is concerned, perfectly free to all. Nor do I stop here. While I maintain to the Church of God the right to decide authoritatively on all matters of faith and practice, and therefore on all that relates to my duties as a citizen as well as a man, I yet contend in her own name, and by her own authority, that in bringing in the civil arm to enforce by physical pains and penalties obedience to the doctrines she teaches, or to the forms of worship she prescribes, she, so far forth as she does this, ceases to be the Church of God, and follows not the spirit of Christ, but of antichrist. The Church, properly speaking, never has, since its first organization, in a single instance so done. Individuals and civil governments claiming co-ordinate or paramount authority to the Church, have at times so done, but the Church itself, when it has spoken with its genuine voice, has uniformly declared, as it needs must, for the largest religious liberty. It adopts the maxim, Everything after its kind. It claims the right to enforce its creed and discipline, but only by appeals to the conscience and the reason ; that is, by moral appeals, for moral appeals are the only suitable appeals in the nature of things for the

production of moral convictions. The only matters in relation to which physical coercion, properly so called, is lawful, are men's outward deeds, which, as we have said, immediately affect our purely human relations. I pray my readers to do me the justice to bear these remarks in mind, and not to accuse me of seeking to destroy the foundations of religious freedom. I go with heart and soul for religious liberty, but against religious license ; for free inquiry into all subjects, though I am unable to call the dogmatism which denies the truth of religion by so sacred a name, as I am to call, by the holy name of freedom, the license to cut my neighbor's throat, or to pick his pocket.

But to return from this digression, into which I have run to escape misapprehension. On any hypothesis the problem before us is none of the easiest. We cannot solve it without going somewhat deeply into the abstrusest metaphysics. We must determine what is the true distinction between the Church and the State ; between man viewed generically and man viewed individually ; between human agency and the Divine sovereignty ; and in the case of each determine where the one ends and the other begins. The question of the State obviously then is no isolated question. It runs into general metaphysics, and metaphysics run into theology, for metaphysics are nothing but the form we give to our religious faith ; our theology determines our metaphysics, our ethics, and our politics. It is idle to attempt to separate the political question from the ethical, the metaphysical or the theological ; such a separation is possible only to the acute intellects that frame Lyceum constitutions, and ordain that religion and politics shall not be introduced as topics of discussion. We assume, therefore, in seeking to solve the political problem, the data furnished by our theology, and the metaphysics which grow out of it, and assuming these data, we hope it is possible to attain to a tolerable solution, and one which will retain a sphere for human agency without sacrificing the Divine sovereignty.

Let us understand what is the precise problem now before us. God is sovereign. This much is conceded. But his sovereignty must be practically embodied, or represented among men, or it would be to us as if it were not. This again is conceded. This repre-

sentative in the highest and fullest sense is the city of God or the Church. This too I take now for granted. This representative, so far as it concerns the outward actions of men, and their purely human relations, is what we call civil government. Now the constitution of civil government for representing or expressing the Divine will, is it solely of Divine appointment, or solely of human appointment? If solely of Divine appointment, then God does all, provides for all, and we have nothing to do but passively submit to the government that is; if of human appointment solely, the Divine will must be dependent on the human for the means and opportunity to manifest itself. Which is the true view?

Neither, when taken exclusively. In the universe as it is, there is always room for the Divine sovereignty and human agency; and any system of philosophy that sacrifices either to the other, is for that reason, if no other, false and mischievous. The philosophy that sacrifices the Divine to the human, is Atheism; that which sacrifices the Human to the Divine is Pantheism. True Christian philosophy is that alone which retains both terms, asserting in all its plenitude the Divine sovereignty, and yet so as thereby not to impair the freedom of the will, or destroy the contingency of second causes. The reconciliation of the two terms is no doubt a difficult matter; but we must retain both, whether we are able to reconcile them or not. These two terms have been for the most part retained; but our politicians are not quite right in making the State the representative of the human will alone, and the Church of the Divine alone, thereby excluding human freedom entirely from the Church, and religious principle from the State; thus raising up and contending for two separate and independent empires, which can coexist only in a state of mutual hostility. But human freedom must have its place in the Church even, and the Divine sovereignty must enter into the State, so that human liberty, which else were license, may become the *law* of liberty.

Now, if we study the universe and God's providence by the light of the profoundest Christian philosophy, we shall find that God creates and governs all, each *after its kind*. He does not make the ox the horse, nor demand of one what is fitted only to the nature of

the other; for that would be to deny all distinction between the ox and the horse. Now God has created the human kind, the genus *MAN*, distinct from all other genera, with which it never is and never can be in the nature of things confounded. The old Schoolmen in their doctrine of *genera* and *species*, regard man as a species, belonging to the genus *animal*, which genus again was a species belonging to the genus *being*; but this was to confound the logical genera and species with the natural, and, as it has been said, turn over and over again, to clothe with reality mere logical abstractions, which have no existence in nature; none out of the mind of the logician. Man is not an animal enlarged, or with the superaddition of certain faculties which the mere animal has not. Strip man of certain faculties, such as reason, conscience, &c., and he would not be a mere animal, for he would not be at all. These qualities which are supposed to be essential to his existence merely as man, and which are regarded as distinguishing him from the brute, are not merely essential to his existence as man, but to his existence as a being. In other words, man is resolvable into no higher genus or idea. He is not an animal enlarged, but, at the least, an animal *transformed*. Nothing in him is precisely the same, however analogous it may appear with anything discoverable in any other race,—a fact which it would be well to keep in mind when studying comparative physiology. We should never speak of the human *species*, but of the human *kind*, race, or genus.

But, while we reject the notion that man is a species of the genus *animal*, standing, as some of our naturalists ignorantly and *brutishly* place him, at the head of the class *Mammalia*, we are still to bear in mind that the genus *Humanity*, what we call human nature, is no logical abstraction, no mere general term, with nothing in the world of reality to respond to it, but a real existence, and in some sort an existence independent of individuals, though never *actually* separable from individuals. *Humanity* in this sense, that is, taken generically, possesses in itself certain attributes which constitute it what it is. This is only saying that humanity is humanity.

This granted, evidently, God must govern humanity according to these

essential attributes; in other words, according to the constitution with which he has created it. We may say, then, that God's power over humanity is *limited* by this constitution. Let no one be startled at this assertion. For after all, it is only simply saying that the same thing cannot both be and not be at the same time. Unquestionably God can do whatever does not imply in itself an absolute contradiction. When we say he governs humanity, we necessarily assume, that humanity remains, as the subject governed. But humanity is all and entire in its nature, in those attributes which we call, whether properly or not, its constitution. Now, God, if he suffer humanity to remain, must suffer it to remain with this constitution unimpaired, and therefore govern humanity in accordance with it; for to govern contrary to it, would be to destroy humanity itself. The question, therefore, comes to this, "Shall humanity be preserved or not?" which again amounts to this, "Shall God govern, or shall he not?" The limitation of Divine Sovereignty for which I contend, then, is at bottom really no limitation of Divine power; for it does not imply that God cannot do whatever he will, but simply that he cannot do a thing without doing it, if he does it, he does it; that is to say, he cannot create and preserve such an order of existence as man without creating and preserving such an order of existence as man.

This settled, we may proceed a step further. Humanity, in this generic sense, is causative, active, creative. This is affirmed in affirming that humanity is a reality. Our notion of reality is our notion of being or substance, of something that *is*. But our notion of something that *is*, that is to say, of being, or substance, is *precisely our notion of cause, or causative force*, the *VIS ACTIVA* of Leibnitz,* which he distinguishes from the *POTENTIA ACTIVA* of the Scholastics, as the principle is distinguished from the attribute, or as the Greeks distinguish the *entelecheia*, the principle of action, from *Dynamis* or simple power, or capacity to act when excited to act by some foreign agent or stimulus. This is the grand

contribution of modern science to general philosophy; and this resolution of the notion of being or substance into that of causative force, constitutes, under a metaphysical point of view, our principal advance on the ancients and the Scholastics.

The full importance of this fact, that our notion of substance is the notion of causative force, has as yet hardly begun to be appreciated by our philosophers. Spinoza's Pantheism, as well as that of his disciples at the present day in France, Germany and this country, results from ignorance or neglect of this fact. Spinoza defined substance, with the Cartesians, to be that which demands nothing beyond itself in order to be conceived of; in which sense, evidently, there can be but one substance, that is, God; and, therefore, all existences which compose the universe are not really substantive existences, but merely forms of the existence of this one absolute substance. This not only involved pantheism in religion, but the denial of liberty in the state, and in morality, by destroying all causality in the universe but that of God himself. Man could not be free, could not act, could not be accountable, for he had no substantive existence. We are saved from this pantheistic vortex, where creation disappears and all morality is swallowed up, only by this fact, that the notion of substance is the notion of causative force; and, therefore, that whatever proves itself capable of producing effects must have a substantive existence.

Humanity being essentially causative force, that is, an *entelecheia*, God in governing it, since to govern it he must preserve it, must so govern as to preserve to it this character. If he should overrule or destroy in human nature this causative force, that is to say, the inherent principle of humanity to act, to cause, to produce, he would, as we have seen, destroy humanity itself. This granted, God can govern humanity only in accordance with, that is to say, by preserving intact, human activity, that is to say, *human freedom*. The only intelligible definition of freedom is the power to do. I am a causative force only so far as I have power to cause, or to do. Just so far as my

* Opera Leibn. Ed. Erdmann. 1840. Pars 1, p. 122. De primæ philosophiæ emendatione et de notione substantiæ.

power to cause, or to do, is restrained, is limited, is my being itself limited. If I am, as we have seen, causative force in my essence, evidently my being can be only commensurate with this force; and therefore I can exist, can be at all, only so far as this force remains, and this can remain only so far as I am free. The Divine sovereignty is limited, then, in the government of humanity by human freedom, for humanity is all and entire in its freedom.

Here is a grand result; we settle here at once the old dispute about free agency. Men have asked, is my will free? am I free? Nonsense. This is not the question, but, am I? am I at all? For I am only so far forth as I am free. Man, we have seen, is active in his essence; he is in his nature an activity, and nothing but an activity. But I am active only in that action which has its cause and origin in me. If I perform it only through necessity, I perform it not at all, but it is performed by that force which necessitates me. So far as I am enslaved, deprived of power to act, I cease to be, am as it were annihilated. Absolute slavery, slavery extending to the whole being, were absolute death, total extinction of being. So long and so far as I exist at all, so long and so far I am free. The same may be affirmed of every substantive existence. God governs humanity, but governs in accordance with its freedom, and must if he govern at all. In subjecting man to the absolute sovereignty of God, we then provide for the highest possible freedom.

The error on this subject has grown out of the notion that man, so far as governed, is *passive*; but, according to the doctrine we have established, man can never be the *passive* subject of any government, human or divine, for the best of all reasons, that he is essentially active, and his activity cannot be converted into passivity, for so far as it ceases to be activity, it ceases to be at all. This may throw light on many moral and theological questions, and one day will. It will teach theologians that in the process of regeneration the sinner is active and not passive; and it will explain not only why men sin, but why God, who cannot approve of sin and is all powerful, does not prevent men from sinning. It will, moreover, enable us to perceive why it is

that there is no antagonism between government and liberty. All government, if it be government, retains the subject governed, and as that subject is free essentially, and exists and can exist no further than free, evidently government can be no infringement of freedom. The two are in themselves, not as commonly supposed, necessarily hostile, but reconcilable.

As man must be active wherever he is, and as he can be active no further than he is free, it follows that his agency must always count for somewhat in every practical arrangement adopted for the expression of the Divine will. The will of God depends in some degree on me whether it shall be expressed in my life or not. It is in my power to sin, which is contrary to the will of God; so it is with the race. The practical constitution for expressing or representing the Divine will, the Divine sovereignty, must then be regarded as depending, up to a certain point, on human agency. Men cannot create or institute the sovereign, they cannot originate or commission government; but they can provide more or less wisely for the free, full and authoritative expression of the Divine Will, the only legitimate sovereign. So in tracing the origin of government to Divine Right, we do not exclude all will and agency of man from the practical arrangements for the wise and just administration of government; that is, for giving the Word of God free course in the State, that it may be glorified in universal political and social well-being.

Having arrived at this point, the question now comes up as to this practical arrangement. What is the legitimate end of government? And how shall we constitute the administration of government, so far as placed under human control, so as to secure this end? We have waded through the metaphysics of the question, and are now prepared to answer the practical question; but there is not room to do so in the present Article, and I must therefore ask my readers to indulge me for another month. In the meantime, I pray them to suspend as much as possible their judgments on certain points in this essay which must be not a little offensive to them; for notwithstanding all appearances, they will find me coming out strongly, and more strongly than they at present believe possible, in

favor of popular government. I am for *law of God*; and I think I find the foundation of such government not in theoretically, but *practically*, secure to every man, regardless of his accidents, alone, but in the fusion of both into one perfect equality with every other man uniform Theocratico-democratic commonwealth, as I will endeavor to show *before the law*, and freedom from *all restraints* but those imposed by the in my next and closing paper.

NOTE.—As Mr. Brownson reserves the complete development of his views on this subject to a third and closing Article, we are also compelled to postpone the remarks they appear to call for from the Democratic Review. In the mean time, we take this mode of noticing generally the numerous letters from correspondents and subscribers, complaining of the admission into the pages of this work of papers containing the sentiments which have characterized some of Mr. Brownson's contributions. In the Number for last April, in the Editorial Note to one of these papers, the nature of the peculiar connection subsisting between that able and distinguished gentleman and this work, was stated with sufficient distinctness, as it seemed, to preclude the necessity for any recurrence to it; nor did we suppose it possible that so many could continue to hold the Review responsible for views so widely diverse from those which have been, on many occasions, amply stated by it. To those who have seen fit to testify their displeasure at our correspondent's heresies by the withdrawal of their subscriptions, while parting from them with perfect cheerfulness, we take the liberty of suggesting that possibly there may be some mutuality in the loss, and that were the number of such tenfold more considerable, it could not affect our completion of an engagement with a respected and esteemed correspondent, resting on a basis of good faith, with which no consideration of expediency can, of course, come into comparison.—Ed. D. R.

HYMENEAL.

I.

LET there be flutes in the sunny air,
 Let there be harps in the perfumed halls!
 Let there be maidens gathered there,
 Ravishing ears with their measured calls!
 Let our spirits be bathed in music now,
 And rapt in sound let our hearts keep time,
 While the glad flowers that wreath the brow,
 Tremble, as swelleth or falls the rhyme.

II.

Fill the lucid cup
 With the gurgling wine,
 Till it foameth up
 With a fiery shine;
 Press it to the lip
 Redder than its gleam,
 Let the mad heart dip
 In its lifeful stream,
 Till we die with bliss,
 'Till we tell the skies,
 Greater joy than this
 Never Jove supplies!

III.

What ho! for a dance now!—thy hand, matchless maiden!
 They are moist, they are warm, are thy fingers so slim,
 And the love-light with which thy soft blue eyes are laden,
 In rapture now flashes, now fades as they swim.
 High heavens thy white breast like a foam-beflecked ocean!
 Streams thy hair in the wind that its bright wreath displaces!
 Let us up and away, then, and blend in one motion,
 One in body and spirit, beloved of the Graces!

IV.

O Hymen! Iō Hymen! Hail, thou born of Love and Wine!
 Offspring of Aphrodité and of Lyæus divine!
 O rose-crowned and torch-bearing, and of step elate and free,
 Wherever thou art straying now, our hymn must reach to thee!

If ever prayer was grateful to thine ears delighted, when
 To thee went aspiration from a hundred maids and men,
 All waiting for thy presence, circling round the bridegroom proud,
 And bride with cheeks as brilliant as Aurora's morning-cloud;—

And if ever thou didst hasten to join the white-robed throng,
 As in lengthening procession it blithely moved along,
 Amidst our bravest manhood, yet thyself the bravest still,
 And brighter than our girls with breath like breeze from Hybla's hill;—

Come nigh to us! we pant for thee! we faint at thy delay,
 O freer of the matron from the bondman's evil sway!
 For maid fair as she thou lovedst, and through toilsome trial wed,
 Thou must loose the virgin girdle, and bless the nuptial bed.

She hath waited for thee, Hymen! for many a long hour,
 For her soul hath been a fragment, her frame a folded flower,
 And her white limbs are all trembling now, until thy mystic rites
 Shall fill her life with perfectness, and overwhelm it in delights.

By the love that she has cherished, the hope to which she's clung;
 By the dreams her sleep have gilded, by the songs that she has sung;
 By the fire beneath her eyelid, the flutter of her heart,
 And by the spell cast 'round her through thy brother's wily art,—

We call thee, call thee, Beautiful! wait not a moment more!
 From where thy feet are wandering, glide field and mountain o'er,
 And all thine ivory altars their hands shall well supply
 With marjoram, and roses bright, and vests of blood-red dye!

V.

On the air empurpled riding,
 Saw ye not the God,
 Onward hither gently gliding,
 With a gracious nod?
 Mark ye not his mighty presence,
 'Round us, and within?
 Heard ye not his song of pleasure
 'Bove our choral din?

VI.

There's light that burns around us here
 That never shall be quenched nor dim;
 And threads spin now the gentler Fates,
 To sever vain 's their sister's whim;
 "Back! back!" they cry to ATROPOS,
 "Nor linger round our mystic loom!
 When birth and life are twining we,
 Thy finger shall not blight the bloom.

"The mystery of a human soul
 Is growing 'neath our fingers fast,
 And well the nascent ecstasy
 Is sowing as the shuttle's cast;
 While through the passion's present storm
 Are gleaming now the starry years,
 And stout and fair the Dual Life
 Is streaming bright through earthly tears.

“ The work our hands are weaving now
 Was glorious in our younger days ;
 Coals from our oldest altar-top
 Laborious ages make to blaze,
 And ere we planned one human doom,
 Doom bearing weal or wanton wo,
 Our type and strength prefixed this hour,
 And swearing bade it should be so !

“ Love thrilled with rapture at the sound,
 Though formless lying 'neath the sea,
 And Titan hearts that swelled with rage
 Were stormless at the glad decree ;
 Our mighty mother felt new joy
 Swift gushing through her weary frame,
 And strangely o'er unmeasured space,
 A hushing deep and holy came.

“ Immortal beings moving there
 Were duteous to the mighty Thought ;
 A life divine as SATURN'S OWN
 Sprang beauteous from the realm of Naught,
 And riding on the wings of Time
 Flew radiant towards its frame and hour,
 Until it reached these destined hearts,
 Obedient to its perfect power.

“ It reached this hour, this blessed hour,
 The brightest in the roll of time,
 Gold-written in chronologies,
 And lightest in the lyric rhyme ;
 It reached these forms—ye perfect forms !
 Maid ! fairest far of PYRRHA'S seed !
 And Man ! that with LATONA'S SON
 Comparest well in word and deed !

“ Like iron is the silken tie
 That bindeth now these Two in One ;
 The shadowy Future reads its book
 And findeth it as 'tis begun.
 A mortal dwelling on the earth
 Shall never see it snapped in twain ;
 Its sundering Heaven and Acheron
 For ever shall await in vain.”

So LACHESIS and CLOTHO sing,
 As spinning out the threads aright,
 Existence grows beneath their hands,
 Beginning well in wild delight ;
 “ Back ! back ! ” they cry to ATROPOS,
 “ Nor linger round our mystic loom,
 When birth and life are twining we,
 Thy finger shall not blight the bloom.”

VII.

With the day's departing glow
 Crimsons now the western sky,
 And her thin and curvèd bow
 Dian hangeth up on high :
 It is not Day—it is not Night,
 But something born of both, Twilight !

Holy hour, and happy hour !
 As the wind we love the best,
 From the Islands of the Blest,
 Comes the odorous South-West.
 Stilly round the curtains lower
 Of the couch of ivory
 Where the good united be,
 In a chamber high and fair,
 Archèd with a painted ceiling,
 Cupid's frolic freaks revealing ;
 Filled with perfumes rich and rare,
 Hung with well-wrought tapestry ;
 While a rose-tint over all,
 And sweet music's dying fall,
 Trembling like the coo of dove,
 Feed the heav'n-lit flame of Love !

VIII.

Temple meet of holiest pleasure,
 Ark, that shrines a priceless treasure,
 Consecrate to Love and Truth,
 And the plighted faith of youth !
 Silvered in chaste CYNTHIA's rays,
 In the scented air and cool,
 Singing at the vestibule,
 Here we celebrate thy praise.
 Woes break not thy sweet repose !
 Storms blight not thy blooming rose !

TIME, that doth the years devour,
 Time, that eats the moulded brass,
 Time, that o'er the stars hath power,
 Slowly by the Loving pass !

DEATH, pale daughter of the Night,
 Fatherless, and full of fright ;
 Death, that seeks the peasant's cot ;
 Death, that palace spareth not ;
 Banish from thy memory,
 That such glorious Life may be !

O new-born Life, serene and high,
 That round thy viewless form hast cast
 Bright effluence of the Upper Sky,
 The shadow of the FIRST and LAST.
 Learn that this time, this woless time,
 Know that this sky, this cloudless sky,
 Each in their calm content sublime,
 Thy future greatness typify !
 PEACE shall thy servant be, without, within,
 And smiling Love and Days devoid of sin.

IX.

Hushed be the white-robed choir,
 Toneless the golden lyre !
 Good Night !
 For Sleep around each brow,
 His poppies bindeth now,—
 Good Night !
 At such an hour as this,
 Silence best music is,—
 Good Night !

CH. S. CONGDON.

POETRY FOR THE PEOPLE.

THE predominant fact in the history of the nineteenth century thus far—and there is slight probability of the fact becoming a fiction—is unquestionably the importance and elevation of the mass—the People, by distinction—the *tiers-état* of France, the Commons of England. This fact is no less encouraging than novel. Before the era of the French Revolution and our own antecedent to it, the People as such, were considered with indifference, if not contempt. They had been regarded much in the same light as the Helots of Sparta, or the servile castes of Russia and Poland. Their rights were never mooted, for they had never been declared; they were supposed to exist only through the sufferance of the superior nobility and the will of the sovereign, and their lot was to toil, to suffer, and to pay taxes. This comprised their history, which might have been written in a very concise epitome. But modern science and modern philosophy—and, let us add, the silent influence of the true republican spirit of the Gospel—gave rise to a new state of things. Respect for the claims of human nature in the abstract, and of the individual in the concrete, begat sympathy for the former and reverence for the latter. Man, as such, was admitted by his brother, as a brother, and his name and title allowed to rank higher (as our admirable Channing wrote) than King or President. Humanity, in her naked magnificence, asserted her inherent privileges, which were as openly acknowledged. Rank, riches, and royal power, lost their hold on the popular imagination, and Europe saw, at that late date, the sovereign of an ancient house treated as an usurper and punished more ignominiously than even a usurper merited. Force of character, moral energy, intellectual resources—these became wealth in that trying hour, and the weak, the bigoted and wavering, naturally fell the necessary victims of the conqueror. Yet as evil generally precedes good, so out of this chaos of tumult and crime emerged a benefit, the bow of promise, as from an atmosphere of storms and physical convulsion. This

benefit we have already mentioned, and it is this peculiar feature in the character of the age, the present position and claims of the people, that has given birth to a new and striking application of poetry to life, which may be expressed in the phrase, Poetry for the People.

Poetry always conveys the truest and most striking features in the countenance of the time. The most accurate painters of men cannot fail so to portray their master passions, reacting upon contemporary opinions and current modes of thought and action, but that he must needs also depict the contemporary influences by which these, too, are moulded; and these influences combine what we popularly describe as the Spirit of the Age. The patriarchal period, the splendid hierarchies of the ancient and modern world, chivalry, classic heroism, popular mythology, national traditions, legendary superstitions, the maxims even of the court and the mart, all point to peculiar tendencies in the times wherein they flourished. The present epoch of literature and popular sentiment must have its mouth-piece also, and this it finds in Poetry for the People.

At this phrase, let not your fine scholar nor your fastidious gentleman smile; the people have their political theories and representations; they have their magazines, encyclopedias, lectures and science; they have their theologians and newspapers, and the active brain of the wise legislator. Universal in its native region, Poetry is restricted within the boundaries of no caste or condition of society, but ranges at will through every department of life, and every grade of rank, till (as at present) it finds its sweet home in the breast of the simple-hearted but sincere, the honest though humble, and the true lovers of the divine art, among the popular body. For them, too, the modern historian ransacks the archives of the past to ascertain the starting-point of modern liberty. For them, he turns over the fascinating pages of cowed friars, or the lively chronicles of the courtly historiographers, illuminated

no less by the pictures of genius than the colors of the artist, to be enabled to put his finger on precedents of priceless value and concessions of royal bounty, or to paint a Saxon freedman, a Norman knight, a German count, a Romish cardinal, a French king, a Spanish emperor; to note the democracy of the Romish Church, the republican character of commercial cities, the origin of parliaments and congresses, and to infer, from historical deductions, the dawns of an intellectual and a religious revolution long prior to the appearance of Luther.

The writer of prose fiction (the most popular form of contemporary literature) addresses himself to the people. Let him address scholars, like Lamb or Landor, and he is read by few else, even if he possess a degree of mental power that bursts beyond any confined limits of conventionalism or taste. Let him, however, write of the past with reverential retrospection, or of the future with gladness and joyful hope; let him present a faithful mirror of the present time, in his pages, and he is read by all. The substance of his work may happen to be grounded on history or real life, on land or sea, in the walks of busy, or the picturesque variety of common life; impressed with this spirit, it must be popular, for it is, in effect, a history of the people.

Still further to exemplify this universally prevalent popular tendency in all of our literature, at the present day, take the most abstract and (as vulgarly conceived) the least entertaining department of it, speculative philosophy, ethical or metaphysical. Here we find the appetite as keen as in the regions of fiction. Not only in lecture-rooms and in the pulpit, but also, in books* and even periodicals. Our leading magazines contain essays on these subjects, that would have been seen, in the last age, nowhere but in the volumes of professed writers on philosophy, and those too of the first class. We will not be so invidious as to attempt a comparison in the case of other periodicals, though we might point to papers in this Journal, to which no parallel can be offered in the monthly critical peri-

odicals of the last century. An inquisitive tone of critical speculation is to be seen in the most ephemeral productions of the day, and we need no other test of the growing intelligence of the people than the character of newspaper literature, the excellence of which must continue to advance in proportion to the demand for it.—But it is in poetry especially that we must look for the purest expression of the popular feeling. It is in poetry that (anti-poetical as we are thought to be) the national spirit is most faithfully evolved. Poetry, forsaking the knight in his bower, the baron in his castle, has taken up her abode, “for better for worse,” with the artificer and the husbandman, not restricting herself, to be sure, to such society, but including them in her wide province, and watching over them with affectionate care. The poor man, upright, sincere, earnest, with deep enthusiasm and vigorous self-reliance, he is the hero of our time. The old fashioned heroes of war and slaughter, one foot on land and one on sea, we are apt to consider with pity for their Quixotism and contempt for their absurd pretensions, at the same time that we are captivated by their brilliant accomplishments, and charmed by their humanity and knightly grace. The struggle of life, the war with circumstances, that is the great battle to be fought, and one in which different qualities are required from those that bear away the palm in the warfare of blood and the contest for dominion and power. For hypocritical professions of gallantry, the modern poet sings the real happiness of domestic love. The wife has supplanted the mistress, as a social tie; and marriage has put an end to the frivolities of idle gallantry, in the so called age of chivalry. We say *so called*, because we conceive true chivalry repudiates most of the current vices which were cloaked beneath the broad mantle of its name; and because we apprehend a true and accomplished knight to be the ideal of glorious manhood, and far beyond what that character was supposed to represent in the persons of the Templar and the knights of the Hospital. Tournaments

* We learn from one of the largest publishing houses in this city, that more copies of Abercrombie's Philosophical Compend have been disposed of by them, than of any other work, whether of reality or fiction.

are long gone by, the duel is fast becoming extinct, and the contest of rivalry is, now-a-days, limited to a contest of worth and spirit, not a trial of martial skill or physical prowess. A single illustration will express our meaning, and distinctly mark the characteristics of the past and the present; then they had the trial by battle, now we have the trial by jury.

The necessity and dignity of labor, of endurance; the native nobility of an honest and a brave heart; the futility of all conventional distinctions of rank and wealth, when opposed to the innate claims of genius and virtue; the brotherhood and equality of men,—not necessarily a social uniformity, independent of character and education, but the equality of civil rights and political advantages, for even actual blood-brethren are not necessarily equals, in aught beside the accident of their birth; the cultivation of manly liberality, of charity, in all its forms; of generosity, in not trenching upon the exactions of intelligent prudence and clear justice; an honorable poverty and a contented spirit, the richest of gifts—these are the favorite topics of the Poet of the People. To attain this title, the poet must be master of his age, its wants and privileges, the traits of his countrymen and the general aspect of society. Possessed of this knowledge, with a full heart, a firm hand, the "vision and the faculty divine," the rich resources of his art, and the aims and aspirations of humanity for his theme, what lessons can the poet not read the world—in what stirring tones will he not plead for his fellow men! How indignantly may he not repel the scorn cast upon them, how vehemently upbraid their oppressors, how manfully exhort and how wisely persuade! Of all men he is their dearest friend and strongest champion. No statesman, no patron, no general can effect a tithe of what he may accomplish; for give a man heart and true counsel and warm sympathy, and you give him what kings have never been able to purchase or capitalists to monopolize.

The great Poet of the People, the world-renowned bard, the Homer of the mass, has not yet appeared, but we have some deserving approaches to that model. He who might, if he chose, have gained that name, Wordsworth, has preferred to rest content

with the applause of sages and scholars, adopting the worldly schemes of churchmen and the defenders of the sacred right of kings. Two countries have produced great poets, truly Poets for the People, of their own soil, but whose peculiar dialects confine their generous sentiments almost entirely within their own boundaries—Burns and Schiller. The former, both in point of date and degree of genius, and the employment of it for the great end we are speaking of, has the best right to be placed at the head of a list of Poets for the People. Himself a peasant, sympathizing strongly with the (so called) inferior class of his countrymen; with the genius, besides, of a great and true poet, (not always convertible terms), and with the faithful heart of a noble human being; his mission it was to sing the native worth of man and the patent of nobility, to be derived solely from inherent virtue and a bounteous Providence.

Patriotism, Love, and Humanity, were the three darling graces of the poetic creed of Robert Burns, and the greatest of these was and is, humanity. His classic stanzas are engraven on the hearts of all, and a discussion of the admirable poetry he has left behind him, and the hardly less admirable character of their author, bating venial defects neither original nor voluntary, is, at present, quite unnecessary.

Schiller was more of the scholar and philosopher, and less of the man and the patriot, than Burns; but his appeals are as sincere, if not so direct, and where they are less passionate, they come recommended by the force of a strong intellect and the weight of an incorruptible character. With less fire, he has more solemn earnestness; and he compensates for the defects of wit and humor, by a manly sensibility and a deep enthusiasm, that mark the great poet of the Germans.

It was during the present century, however, that the claims of the people, and the demands for a new species of poetry, expressly designed to represent their condition and utter their aspirations, and at the same time to encourage and sustain their endeavors, have become established. In France and Germany there are poets now penning stanzas, addressed to the national heart of both countries, and that take their rise from the same source. But it

is in England and America, the foremost countries of modern times, where we must look for the noblest manifestation of this holy zeal for human happiness and universal liberty. In the former country, we find, among others, Crabbe, and Elliott, and Milnes, and Clare, the Northamptonshire peasant, and Thomas Miller, the basket-maker; to which we may add a new name in that of Prince, the Manchester operative. These are the chief. Proctor and Mr. Southey, and the Hon. Baptist Noel, and the author of the "Cathedral," have written very fine poems of this description, and the spirit of this poetry is ever discovering itself, even in the writings of those who are least disposed to favor its tendency. The only fear with us is, that the cant of freedom, which runs, as is the case too often, to mere license; the cant of toleration, concealing total indifference, and like the cant of learning, a mere apology for pedantry; the doctrine of popular improvement and the elevation of the laboring classes, may become a mere party signal, a stalking-horse for political hypocrisy, and nothing more; that the notes of the sacred hymn to liberty may be caught up and echoed by undevout worshippers, thus plagiarizing the feelings of the honest man as well as the images of the genuine poet.

At one period, the noble trio of poets, patriots and philosophers, Wordsworth, Southey and Coleridge, bid fair to become the *popular* poets of this nineteenth century. But alas! the warm enthusiasm of youth, instead of subsiding into the solemn love of maturity, proved recreant to its generous nature and deserted the cause of Man. Southey proved the extravagance of his nature in his conversion, falling into the extreme of conservatism. This recantation he employed sophistry and abuse to defend. Coleridge was more moderate, and too just not to deal fairly by his species, though, at the same time, a lover of "the good old times," "the old paths," and all the other favorite antiquities of his party. He is perhaps the wisest of the conservatives; and while he would preserve what was good in past ages, would also seek to better them. A stickler for institutions, he is no less a stickler for principles, and this is by no means the case with all of the conservative party, who

would prefer, of the two, rather to have unworthy priests and a church establishment, than no establishment with the best of dissenting ministers. Coleridge, as a political poet, is perhaps more influential by means of his disciples and followers than directly. Certain of his pupils are among the selectest spirits of England, at the present moment. Wordsworth, philosophic as he is, has yet more of the popular element in his poetry, nor can a fine spirit of humanity be denied to his genius. But it is restricted. A lover of man, he appears to care little for the obscurer classes of society. He cheers and invigorates the soul in its perilous passage, but rather as a philosopher than a poet. He is altogether too mild with tyrants and the harpies of governments. This admirable poet is the great philosopher of the day, the true teacher of wisdom, but not the orator for the people. He appears to be shy of their company. He is the advocate of liberty, and yet allows abuses to exist unchallenged, that are hedged in by precedent and guarded by the arm of power. He would have his country free, her name great among the nations, yet he discovers slight sympathy with any popular movement or the intellectual advancement of the industrial class. He would keep men in fixed castes. In a word, he distrusts the popular sentiment, and dreads the evidence of the popular will. Is this true! Let his poetry answer—noble as it is—it is *not* Poetry for the People, in the exact sense in which we employ the phrase. Scott was a high tory, and though high-toned, a narrow bigot in party politics; yet his comprehensive genius and the magnanimity of his nature proved too much for his politics. In despite of his exoteric opinions as a partisan, he was a genial humanitarian in his every nature, and though he "booed" to the great with a deference that would have satisfied even the fawning nature of Sir Pertinax Mac-Sycophant himself, he nevertheless preserved love for the people in his inmost heart, perhaps unknown to himself, yet easily seen in his works. With a glorious historical gallery, he still selects his noblest characters from the ordinary peasantry or from a race borne down by oppression,—Gurth and Edie Ochiltree, and honest Caleb and brave John Highlandman, and the stern

Covenanter and the sturdy lowland Scot. Byron was too much self-absorbed to be the advocate of any class of human beings. His devotion to the cause of the Greeks after all, may be regarded as a proof of his love for melo-dramatic display. To die fighting for them had a charm that he could not resist; nor is it unjust (as we conceive), looking at the character of the man closely, to suspect that vanity may have had no small share in inducing him to balance even probable defeat and death, as hardly a fair set-off against the glory of suffering martyrdom in behalf of the most ingenious nation of antiquity. The author of *Childe Harold* has painted Liberty in captivating colors, but it is as a poetic declamation; it does not read as the outpouring of the genuine feelings of the heart. Byron's temporary junction with Shelley and Hunt must have been a hasty proceeding; he called himself liberal, out of pique to those who thought a lord could not be a friend of the people. Moore loves Ireland and Irishmen, and can pour forth a perfumed melody of most poetic sighs over *their* wrongs, fit at least for a lady's song, if not for a freeman's battle-shout; but we question if the wrongs of the Birmingham and Manchester operatives occupy many of his thoughts. He lives in a bed of roses among the nobility and people of fashion,—why should any thought or concern for the starvation of unwashed artisans be admitted to crumple its leaves! Of Shelley much has and more might be written, but we shall not undertake the task at present. Crabbe, though a poet of this century, we cannot help regarding as a poet of the last age. Where he is conventional, a sin not often to be laid to his charge, he is of the school of Pope; but his matter is as fresh and unlike the form of his writings as it is possible to be. Perhaps a wider difference cannot easily be found than that which exists between the sentiments of Crabbe and the vehicle he has adopted for expressing them. In the structure of his verse, he has the point, the finish and the couplet of Pope; in his views of life, his pictures, satire, humor, he is perfectly natural, perfectly original. Crabbe paints in oil or water colors on canvas real scenes of some scope and character, while Pope copies an original, in the most delicate of miniatures on ivory. In pathos and religious sen-

timent, he is far above Pope; in his delineation of familiar passion, the tragedy of domestic life, he has no model but nature. From the same source he drew his material for the delineation of a class never before dignified by poetical description, the class of the village poor. Here he is admitted to be without an equal. Crabbe has hence become a classic, notwithstanding the rusticity of his subjects and the humble rank of his principal characters. He is a Poet of, but not strictly *for*, the People. Coming to living writers, professedly Poets for the People, we here meet something of a variety of taste and talent; we find amongst them liberals and Tories, cultivated scholars and plain peasants; but they are all *true men*. The peasant poet and the artisan rhymers compose a new order in the divine caste of poets; among them, from Burns to the baker of Nismes, there are some dozen truly poetic names. Three, of quite late appearance and, we believe, still living, are among the most distinguished, Elliott, Miller and Clare. We regret we have no specimens by us to present of the productions of the two latter; but we should fail to depict the Poet for the People, *par excellence*, did we omit the mention of Ebenezer Elliott. He is one of the very foremost men of England, at this present writing, and a bard of nature's own making. A manly writer, full of true feeling; a poet of vast pathetic power in the drama of daily life, simple and sincere—an English Burns, without his lighter and gayer gifts; more domestic and religious, yet scornful and satirical in the right place, though affectionate and merciful to the erring. The fine paper by J. B. Auld (in *Arcturus Magazine*, September, 1841) is by many degrees the most thorough and delicate analysis of this poet we have ever seen, and contains the most eloquent eulogium upon him. In the course of this admirable critique, we read the following vindication of the Corn-Law Rhymers and the subjects of his muse, no less instinct with truth than colored by a rich and choice eloquence, which we take pleasure in quoting:—"Let it not be said that this is a subject not heroic and suited for the poet, like the narrative of desolation on the field where nations drop in blood. Each one of these families, where the bread-tax has been a ban, with its world

of suffering and painful thoughts, successions of hope and fear, till death come, is a subject for our contemplation, a means to awaken our tears till the eyes run over and thrill the soul like a harp-string. Tell us that the great elder poets uprose in lofty abstractions, and far-removed allegories striving at the fountains of life, to purify the thought, teaching virtue rather than good manners, and their audience lawgivers, founders of cities and kings. Each man is a world, each man a lawgiver; some are poets, all can learn of the poet; all love the flowers, and bless the hands that sow them, and the hearts that are God's best flowers, full of the perfume of love. But, then, this national starvation is no unheroic matter. Riding with noiseless steps like the pestilence, it chokes with its air-fingers the child, and sucks the marrow of the man. The Florentine poet could draw the sad dungeon, and condemning all tyranny in that one impious deed, make terror sempiternal, while the page should last that told of Count Ugolino and his children, some in manly strength, some in childhood, all murdered by famine. Oh, when Justice, at her day, reveals the sufferings of England, scenes may show out more horrible than the Italian. Alas! for the sad subjects of our author, in a moiety of his productions. His Corn-Law Rhymes, one-half almost of the volume of his works, form a choral wail, expressing the effect upon him of this sad drama; where the impending fate is the corn-law tax, bringing a more startling action along than ever rose before the eyes and prompted the modulated sobs of Theban or Argive choristide." To confirm this, if it were necessary, numerous examples might be offered. There is that deeply interesting history, which bears the unostentatious caption, *Come and Gone*; or this sad tale of true love and constancy.

"WILLIAM AND ANN: A BALLAD.

BY THE CORN-LAW RHYMER.

He went.

"He left me sad, and cross'd the deep,
A home for me to seek;
He never will come back again;
My heart, my heart will break,

'To see me toil for scanty food,
He could not bear,' he said;
But promised to come back again,
His faithful Ann to wed.

Bad men had turn'd into a hell
The country of his birth:
And he is gone, who should have stayed
To make it heaven on earth;
A heaven to me it would have been,
Had he remain'd with me;
Oh! bring my William back again
Thou wild heart-breaking sea!

He should have stay'd, to overthrow
The men who do us wrong;
When such as he fly far away,
They make the oppressor strong;
But oh! though worlds of cruel waves
Between our torn hearts rise,
My William, thou art present still,
Before my weeping eyes!

Why hast thou sought a foreign land,
And left me here to weep?
Man! Man! thou shouldst have sent our
foes
Beyond that dismal deep!
For when I die—who then will toil,
My mother's life to save?
What hope will then remain for her?
A trampled workhouse grave!

He wrote.

He did not come, but letters came,
And money came in one;
But he would quickly come, they said—
'When I,' she sighed, 'am gone!'
Thenceforth she almost welcomed death,
With feelings high and brave;
Because she knew that her true love
Would weep upon her grave.

'No parish hireling,' oft she said,
'My wasted corse shall bear;
The hoarded labor of my hands
Hath purchas'd earth and pray'r:
Nor childless will my mother be.—
The dying sufferer smil'd—
'Thou wilt not want! for William's heart
Is wedded to thy child!'

But death seem'd loth to strike a form
So beautiful and young;
And o'er her long, with lifted dart,
The pensive tyrant hung;
And life in her seem'd like a sleep,
As she drew nearer home;
But when she wak'd, more eagerly
She ask'd, 'Is William come!'

'Is William come?' she wildly asked;
The answer still was 'No!'
She's dead;—but through her closing lids
The tears were trickling slow;

And like the fragrance on a rose
Whose snowy life is o'er,
Pale beauty lingered on the lips
Which he shall kiss no more.

He came.

At length he came. None welcom'd him;
The decent door was closed;
But near it stood a matron meek,
With pensive looks composed;
She knew his face though it was changed,
And gloom came o'er his brow;
'They're gone,' she said, 'but you're in
time—
They're in the churchyard now.'

He reached the grave, and sternly bade
Th' impatient shovel wait:
'Ann Spencer, aged twenty-five,'
He read upon the plate:
Why didst thou seek a foreign land,
And leave me here to die?
That sad inscription seemed to say—
And he made no reply.

Her mother saw him through her tears,
But not a word she said—
Nor could he know that days had passed
Since last she tasted bread:
She stood in decent mourning there,
Self-stayed in her distress;
The dead maid's toil bought earth and
prayer,
Sleep on, proud Britoness!

But thou, meek parent of the dead!
Where now wilt thou abide?
With William in a foreign land?
Or by thy daughter's side?
Oh! William's broken heart is sworn
To cross no more the foam!
Full soon will men cry 'Hark! again!
There now! they're all at home!'"

And pass not by this solemn strain of
patient fortitude, magnanimous Hope,
and unfeigned devotion:

"HYMN—THE POOR MAN'S DAY.

"Hail Sabbath! thee I hail, the Poor Man's
Day!"—*Graham.*

"Sabbath holy!
To the lowly
Still thou art a welcome day:
When thou comest, earth and ocean,
Shade and brightness, rest and motion,
Help the poor man's heart to pray.

Sun-waked forest,
Bird that soarest
O'er the mute, empurpled moor,
Throstle's song that stream-like flowest,
Wind that over dew-drop goest,
Welcome now the wo-worn poor.

Little river,
Young for ever!
Cloud, gold-bright with thankful glee,
Happy woodbine, gladly weeping,
Gnat within the wild-rose keeping,
O that they were as blest as ye!

Sabbath holy!
For the lowly
Paint with flowers thy glittering sod;
For affliction's sons and daughters
Bid thy mountain's woods and waters
Pray to God, the poor man's God!

From the fever
Idle never,
Where, on Hope, Want bars the door;
From the gloom of airless alleys,
Lead thou to green hills and valleys
Plundered England's trampled poor.

Pale young mother,
Gasping brother,
Sisters toiling in despair,
Grief-bowed sire, that life-long diest,
White-lipp'd child that sleeping sighest,
Come and drink the light and air!

Tyrants curse ye,
While they nurse ye,
Life for deadliest wrongs to pay;
Yet, O Sabbath! bringing gladness
Unto hearts of weary sadness,
Still art thou the Poor Man's Day.

Sabbath's Father!
Wouldst thou rather
Some would curse than all be blessed?
If thou hate not fruit and blossom,
To the oppressor's godless boom
Bring the poor man's day of rest,—

With its healing,
With his feeling,
With his humble trustful bliss;
With the poor man's honest kindness,
Bless the rich man's heart of blindness—
Teach him what religion is!"

Read next this noble religious pas-
toral:

"FOREST WORSHIP.

"Within the sun-lit forest,
Our roof of bright blue sky,
Where fountains flow and wild flowers
blow,
We lift our hearts on high;
Beneath the frown of wicked men,
Our country's strength is bowing,
But thanks to God! they can't prevent
The lone wild flower from blowing.

Hark, high above the tree tops,
The lark is soaring free;
Where streams the light through broken
clouds,
His speckled breast I see.
Beneath the might of wicked men,
The poor man's worth is dying;
But thanked be God in spite of them,
The lark still warbles, flying.

The preacher prays—'Lord bless us !'
'Lord bless us !' echo cries;
'Amen !' the breezes murmur low,
'Amen !' the rill replies :
The ceaseless toil of wo-worn hearts,
The proud with pangs are paying ;
But here—O ! God of earth and heaven,
The humble heart is praying !

How softly, in the pauses
Of song, re-echoed linnets,
The cushat's coo—the linnet's lay,
O'er rill and river glide !
With deeds of evil men,
The affrighted land is ringing ;
But still, O Lord, the pious heart
And soul-toned voice is singing.

Hush ! hush !—the preacher preacheth,
'Wo to the oppressor, wo !'
But sudden gloom o'er-cast the sun,
And saddened flowers below.
So frowns the Lord ! but, tyrants, ye
Deride his indignation ;
And see not, in his gathered brow,
Your day of tribulation.

Speak low, thou heaven-paid teacher !
The tempest bursts above ;
God whispers in the thunder—hear
The terrors of his love !
On useful hands, and honest hearts,
The base their wrath are wreaking ;
But thanked be God ! they can't prevent,
The storm of heaven from speaking.

We conclude our extracts with this characteristic and noble Epitaph, hoping, with the critic, that it may remain long unscrubbed on the tomb of its author, of whom it is most worthy, and by whom it may honestly be appropriated :

" EPITAPH.

" Stop, mortal ! here thy brother lies,
The poet of the poor ;
His books were rivers, woods, and skies,
The meadow and the moor ;
His teachers were the torn breast's wail,
The tyrant and the slave,
The street, the factory, the jail,
The palace and the grave !

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The meanest thing, earth's feeblest worm,
He feared to scorn or hate,
And honored in a peasant's form
The equal of the great.
But if he loved the rich who make
The poor man's little more,
Ill could he praise the rich who take
From plundered labor's store.
A hand to do, a head to plan,
A heart to feel and dare,—
Tell man's worst foes, here lies the man
Who drew them as they are."

Milnes is a true Poet for the People, though not of them. He is a scholar, a gentleman, and a Tory of the Cole-ridgian school. A late Quarterly Reviewer, in a notice of his poetry, speaks of him as a leading pupil of that school, which embraces some of the most intelligent politicians and best instructed of the nobility of England. They are aristocrats of the more liberal tone ; high-minded, pure, generous, and humane. Their aim is not to remove, but keep up, in their original brightness, now sadly obscured, the best portions of the ancient institutions of the realm ; the strongest doctrines of Church and State, the fine feeling for loyalty, a poetic attachment to the great names of the past, and a philosophic reverence for the eternal and immutable truths of morality and religion. In their veneration for antiquity they are apt to overlook abuses rendered venerable by time, and to shut their eyes, dreading horrible innovations, on the glorious vista of future improvement. And yet as a class they are the wisest of the conservatives, by far the most attached to the people, and what they are apt to suppose, their true interests, of all the conservative party. With their master, the great poet, they seek to ennoble the condition of humanity, to dignify the daily life of ordinary men, and to purify, strengthen and elevate the moral impulses of the mass. To such aspirations, worthily realized in living verse, our author brings a copious and varied scholarship, and a fruitful experience, the result of a high culture, wide reading and intelligent travel. He is, in general, a meditative rather than a descriptive writer ; though he has fine passages of picturesque beauty. He has a ready facility of imitation, and his poems are conceived in the spirit and executed in the manner of Wordsworth : a single stanza will decide this. It occurs in a poem, the Barren Hill :

"Before my home, a long straight hill
 Extends its barren bound,
 And all who travel that way will,
 Must travel miles around ;
 Yet not the loveliest face of earth
 To living man can be
 A treasury of more precious worth
 Than that bare hill to me."

There are rhymes soft, flowing and pure, that remind the reader of Campbell, and occasionally of Halleck. There is a charming song on page 109 of the first or second volume, we forget which, of the late London edition of Milnes's Poems of Many Years, that reads like the capital translation of a fine poem by Goethe. And there are heroic ballads, worthy of the bards of old. It is not difficult hence to perceive that Milnes is rather a tasteful artist than a great original poet. Yet he has originality, if not much force or any very great scope of invention. He has all the feeling and simplicity of a true poet, with a taste of delicate beauty. He has the genuine religious sentiment of a true poet, which is continually displaying itself, though in a most unostentatious manner. The historical incident relating to Charlemagne, so admirably versified, are a striking proof of this. Connected with this religious sentiment, or rather arising from it, a natural growth, is the loving sympathy with nature and man, the fresh sources of all poetry, and the un failing test of the poetic faculty. In these requisite sciences of the poet, Milnes is deeply learned. Had we the volumes by us, we might readily turn to several striking instances. We can recall two of special merit ; the Violet Girl, for its intense humanity worthy of Wordsworth, and the Patience of the Poor, with the entire series of Poetry for the People. He aims in verse at much the same thing that Channing's pamphlets in prose aim at effecting—popular appeals to national sentiment, to the individual conscience, and to the universal aspirations of society. Indeed, our author, in these Poems for the People, realizes the idea of a poetic Channing, with more, to be sure, of a rigid conservatism, and less of the purely democratic spirit, in its best form, of our American philanthropist ; yet essentially a friend to and lover of his race, and a willing helper. The ideal we have referred to, has been struck out by a fine writer, an American and contemporary critic,

and which we will below refer to in conclusion, in his own language. Milnes, we have admitted, does not belong to the first class of poets, but he is "eldest apprentice in the school of art." He is a wise poetic teacher, one of that rare class so much needed to educate the public feeling and direct the energies of popular impulse. Such writers form the best practical moralists, and are the most popular. The few great poets soar too high and dive too deep for the mass of readers of whatever class. *These* hit the intellect of the people just between wind and water ; being sufficiently above their audience to speak with authority, and far enough in advance to be the best fitted for leaders.

We may add, though it may be considered somewhat irrelevant, that Milnes is besides a poet for the scholar. He has fine antique imaginations of the past, and reverence for the memorials and monuments of national and personal greatness, that cannot fail to awaken the sympathies of the retired student, who knows nothing of political distinctions, but worships all of the remnants of ever faded glory. Our poet has a fine chivalry of nature, that by no means unfits him for the advocacy of the rights of his fellows : yet which adds an additional grace to the manliness of his thoughts and style, rendering him an attractive author to those who might be repulsed by the homeliness of one class of his productions.

Elliott and Milnes, different as they are in their individual capacity, in this divine pursuit seek the same end, the elevation of the people. These two authors are the leading writers in this department of poetry in England. Yet there are other names that should be mentioned, and with respect. We would remark by the way, however, the existence of a subdivision of the class of Poetry for the People, and that is, the Poetry of Pauperism, a defence of Beggary, in its defensible aspects, overtaken by age, feeble health, a maimed body, the inability to procure employment, or any other unfortunate cause,—a recognition of the primal truth, that the highest worth may accompany

"Poverty, in whose uncomely weeds
 Oft gods go forth on earth to watch man's
 words and deeds ;"

—and when all is past, the struggle of life over, the pauper's requiem. We shall give some touching passages of this strain. But, before we come to sadder rhymes, we have one inspiriting song of Barry Cornwall to give the reader. Proctor, amid his "fancies and good nights," his amorous dalliance with the muse, seldom written for any reader but the gay, the gallant and the scholarly wit, is occasionally tender, gentle, and mildly pathetic. Hence he struck vigorous notes to a right manly tune, in his famous Weaver's Song, and in the following poem :

" THE LEVELLER.

The king he reigns on a throne of gold,
Fenced round by his ' power divine,'
The baron he sits in his castle old,
Drinking his ripe red wine ;
But below, below, in his ragged coat,
The beggar he tuneth a hungry note,
And the spinner is bound to his weary
thread,
And the debtor lies down with an aching
head.

So the world goes !
So the stream flows !
Yet there is a fellow, whom nobody
knows,
Who maketh all free
On land and sea,
And forsoth the rich like the poor
to flee.

The lady lies down in her warm white
lawn,
And dreams of her pearlèd pride ;
The milkmaid sings to the wild-eyed dawn,
Sad songs on the cold hill-side :
And the saint he leaves, while he prattles
of faith,
Good deeds to the sinner, as scandal saith ;
And the scholar he bows to the face of brass,
And the wise man he worships the golden
Ass !

So the world goes ! &c."

Mrs. Southey's humanity is a fair set-off for her husband's violent political prejudices, and the Pauper's Death-bed may go far towards excusing his conservative sins and the repudiation of his first political love, by the poet.

" THE PAUPER'S DEATH-BED.

Tread softly—bow the head—
In reverent silence bow—
No passing bell doth toll,—
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

Stranger ! however great,
With holy reverence bow,
There's one in that poor shed—
One by that paltry bed—
Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,
Lo ! Death doth keep his state :
Enter—no crowds attend—
Enter—no guards defend
This palace gate.

That pavement damp and cold,
No smiling courtiers tread ;
One silent woman stands
Lifting with meagre hands
A dying head.

No mingling voices sound—
An infant wail alone ;
A sob suppress'd—agen
That short deep gasp, and then
The parting groan.

Oh ! change—Oh ! wondrous change—
Burst are the prison bars—
This moment, *there*, so low,
So agonized, and now
Beyond the stars !

Oh ! change—stupendous change !
There lies the soulless clod ;
The Sun eternal breaks—
The new Immortal wakes—
Wakes with his God."

From an occasional paper, we extract "The Pauper's Drive," by the Hon. Baptist Noel, who is an English clergyman of the Established Church. We have read several of this gentleman's prose pieces, but nothing, for cutting satire or eloquent feeling, comparable to the following :

" THE PAUPER'S DRIVE.

There's a grim one-horse hearse in a jolly
round trot ;
To the church-yard a pauper is going, I
wot :
The road it is rough, and the hearse has
no springs,
And hark to the dirge which the sad driver
sings :
' Rattle his bones over the stones ;
He's only a pauper, whom nobody
owns !'

Oh, where are the mourners ? alas ! there
are none ;
He has left not a gap in the world now he's
gone ;

Not a tear in the eye of child, woman, or man,
 To the grave with his carcass as fast as you can :
 ' Rattle his bones over the stones ;
 He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns !'

What a jolting and creaking, and splashing and din !
 The whip how it cracks ! and the wheels how they spin !
 How the dirt, right and left, o'er the hedges is hurl'd !
 The pauper at length makes a noise in the world !
 ' Rattle his bones over the stones ;
 He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns !'

Poor pauper defunct ! he has made some approach
 To gentility, now that he's stretch'd in a coach !
 He's taking a drive in his carriage at last :
 But it will not be long, if he goes on so fast.
 ' Rattle his bones over the stones ;
 He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns !'

You bumpkins ! who stare at your brother convcy'd,
 Behold what respect to a cloddy is paid,
 And be joyful to think, when by death you're laid low,
 You've a chance to the grave like a gemman to go.
 ' Rattle his bones over the stones ;
 He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns !'

But a truce to this strain ; for my soul it is sad
 To think that a heart, in humanity clad,
 Should make, like the brutes, such a desolate end,
 And depart from the light without leaving a friend !
 Bear soft his bones over the stones ;
 Tho' a pauper, he's one whom his Maker yet owns !'

We have introduced above, the name of Prince, the Manchester operative, as being, though entirely unknown on this side of the Atlantic, one of the most distinguished of that class of poets whom the present age has produced from the humblest ranks of life, as the expression of their wrongs, their woes, their aspirations and their resolves. He has published two editions of a volume entitled "Hours with the Muses," which, under the circumstances of his position and life, is truly

a wonderful production. An accompanying sketch of the life of the author, whose trade was that of a "reed-maker for weavers," presents a most pathetic and harrowing account of the privations through which he and his wife had, with extremest difficulty and exhausting toil of both, contrived to keep their family barely above the point of starvation. Were we not forbidden by our present limits, we would gladly place before our readers the materials for a full appreciation of his poetic merit by numerous extracts which have struck us in the volume, as both characteristic and interesting. On an early occasion, however, we shall seek to make them more fully acquainted for themselves, with the poetry of both Prince and Clare. For the present, we confine ourselves to a single quotation from Mr. Prince's "Lyrics for the People."

"THERE IS BEAUTY ON EARTH.

There is Beauty on earth, wheresoever our eyes
 May rest on the wonders that tell of a God ;
 For glory and grandeur look down from the skies,
 And loveliness breathes from the streamlet and sod ;
 But, alas for the Poor ! they are grievously blind
 To the charms which have lived since creation begun ;
 For sorrow and ignorance brood o'er the mind,
 As the shadows of winter brood over the sun.
 There is Plenty on earth ; for the soil that we tread,
 In reward of our labor, is sterile no more ;
 The broad lands are laden with fruitage and bread,
 That all may sit down and partake of the store ;
 But, alas for the Poor ! they may plant, they may sow,
 They may gather the grain, and the tillage renew ;
 But the blessings which God has been good to bestow,
 Are torn from the millions to pamper the few.
 There is Freedom on earth ; for a thousand glad wings
 In ecstasy sweep o'er the mountains and plains ;
 The light from its fountain spontaneously springs,

The winds have no fetters, the waters
no chains;
But, alas for the Poor! they are shackled
through life,
They are bondsmen in word, and in
action the same;
They are wed to the curse of toil, famine
and strife,
And a hope for the future is all they can
claim.

But a voice speaks within me I cannot
control,
Which tells of a time when these ills
shall depart;
When knowledge shall win its bright way
to the soul,
And beauty, like music, shall soften the
heart;
When plenty shall wait on the labors of
all,
And pleasure, with purity, sweeten each
hour;
When freedom shall spurn degradation
and thrall,
And man rise exulting in virtue and
power!"

The idea of a contemporary critic, to which we have alluded above, is thus beautifully expressed. "A series of poems, to express in popular verse the thoughts of Channing, in his writings for the elevation of the laboring classes, would be the best gift the American Poet could offer to his country; but they would require all the simplicity and refinement of soul to satisfy the most cultivated readers as well. It is a work not to be lightly done, but one worthy the best powers of Whittier or Bryant. Lines on such a subject should breathe a right manly indignation toward the false control of social habits, a fiery expression of the will to be high-minded and noble; the words should ring in every line like the short, quick blows on the anvil. The poet should have a mental energy answering to the strong right arm of the laborer. Soldiers fight to the tune of national ballads and martial verse; why may not the forest woodman have his verses echoing to the blows of the axe, or each artizan have his stock of poetry suited to the expression of his craft?" This is a noble suggestion, eloquently proposed.

Among American poets, "The Village Blacksmith," of Longfellow, is a picture by a true hand; and "The Beggar" of Lowell is a fine poem in the second order of Poetry for the People:

"THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!"

"THE BEGGAR.

A beggar through the world am I,
From place to place I wander by;
Fill up my pilgrim's scrip for me,
For Christ's sweet sake and Charity!

A little of thy steadfastness,
Rounded with leafy gracefulness,
Old oak, give me,—
That the world's blasts may round me
blow,
And I yield gently to and fro,
While my stout-hearted trunk below
And firm-set roots unmoved be.

Some of thy stern, unyielding might,
Enduring still through day and night,
Rude tempest-shock and withering blight,
That I may keep at bay
The changeful April sky of chance,
And the strong tide of circumstance,—
Give me, old granite gray.

Some of thy mournfulness serene,
Some of thy never-dying green,
Put in this scrip of mine,—
That grief may fall like snow-flakes
light,
And deck me in a robe of white,
Ready to be an angel bright,—
O sweetly mournful pine.

A little of thy merriment,
Of thy sparkling, light content,
Give me, my cheerful brook,—
That I may still be full of glee
And gladness, where'er I be,
Though fickle fate hath prisoned me
In some neglected nook.

Ye have been very kind and good
To me, since I've been in the wood;
Ye have gone nigh to fill my heart;
But good bye, kind friends, every one,
I've far to go ere set of sun;
Of all good things I would have part,
The day was high ere I could start,
And so my journey's scarce begun.

Heaven help me! how could I forget
To beg of thee, dear violet!
Some of thy modesty,
That flowers here as well, unseen,
As if before the world thou'dst been.
O give, to strengthen me."

The two poets have a right spirit on this deeply important topic, and we expect something yet more stirring, of the same kind, from the author of "Voices of the Night," and the author of "A Year's Life." Some fine, manly and true-hearted poems, affording a fair presage of future distinction within the reach of the author's capability, have appeared in this Review, from the pen of Mr. Andros, of New Bedford, Mass, some of which we should quote were they not already in the hands of most of our readers. "The Laborer," by W. D.

Gallagher, of Cincinnati, is also in a noble strain:

"THE LABORER.

Stand up—erect! Thou hast the form
And likeness of thy God!—who more?
A soul as dauntless 'mid the storm
Of daily life, a heart as warm
And pure, as breast e'er wore.

What then!—Thou art as true a MAN
As moves the human mass among;
As much a part of the Great Plan
That with Creation's dawn began,
As any of the throng.

Who is thine enemy?—the high
In station, or in wealth the chief?
The great, who coldly pass thee by,
With proud step, and averted eye?
Nay! nurse not such belief.

If true unto thyself thou wast,
What were the proud one's scorn to
thee!
A feather, which thou mightest cast
Aside, as idly as the blast
The light leaf from the tree.

No:—uncurbed passions—low desires—
Absence of noble self-respect—
Death, in the breast's consuming fires,
To that high nature which aspires
For ever, till thus checked:

These are thine enemies—thy worst;
They chain thee to thy lowly lot—
Thy labor and thy life accurst,
Oh, stand erect! and from them burst!
And longer suffer not!

Thou art thyself thine enemy!
The great!—what better they than
thou!
As theirs, is not thy will as free?
Has God with equal favors thee
Neglected to endow?

True, wealth thou hast not: 't is but dust!
Nor place: uncertain as the wind!
But that thou hast, which, with thy crust
And water, may despise the lust
Of both—a noble mind.

With this, and passions under ban,
True faith, and holy trust in God!
Thou art the peer of any man!
Look up, then—that thy little span
Of life may be well trod."

With our critic, we not only think this species of poetry would be the best gift of a great native poet, but we believe it will be the great department of

American poesy. Our chef-d'œuvres are to be in that province. For every new poem of this description, we look with lively interest. Whittier, by pre-eminence, we should select for the poet to execute this task, and next to him, Longfellow, who, with the same spirit and holy intention, has less vigor, to be sure, but more delicacy and scholarship. The vocation of such a writer is almost on an equality with the highest office that can be imposed on humanity, and his labors should be met by gratitude and love. The greatest bards of all time would not frown upon the humble attempts of the homeliest rhymers, so his verses had a life of their own and an independent origin. It is not essential that the Poet for the Peo-

ple should be one of themselves; but that fact would certainly add weight to his teaching and lend an energy to his appeals. The personal character and private life of such a man should be stainless; his life one of labor and honorable exertion; his benevolence bounded only by his means, which would be something more than merely pecuniary donatives, not neglecting those. With a pen informed by experience, and exercised on the immortal themes of the poet and the philanthropist, with hope in his heart and love on his tongue, with the fire, the fervor, the frankness of genius, such we would gladly hail, the Poet of the People and the Poet of the Poor.

NEW ENGLAND SUPERNATURALISM.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

I.

"There be no beggars in this country, but witches too many."
Josselyn's "Rarities of New England."

"YANKEE supernaturalism, forsooth!" sneers the reader: "What has your peddling, speculating, 'cute New Englander to do with matters beyond and above the conception of his sharpened five senses? Can he afford to tenant his houses with ghosts, who never pay rent? Can he sell city lots in Dreamland? In the midst of his steam-boats and rail-cars—in the whirl and buzz of his machinery—the rattle of his 'notions'—the chaffer of his bargaining,—can he hear the low voice which speaks from the Invisible? Ever in a hurry—swallowing his food as he does his physic, as if to taste were perdition—driven through the loom of life like the steam-sent spindles of his factories—plunging from one speculation to another, as if the fiery foot of the Evil One were fagging at his nether extremity,—what can he know of that deep, dark lore, that sublimated abstraction of soul, which has enabled the still, contemplative German to people even this material nineteenth century with the Shadows and Shapes of the World's Childhood? With senses dulled to everything but the chink of the 'almighty dollar,' and the true stamp of

the genuine bank-note, is he not what Dr. Buchanan would call an 'unimpressible subject?'—A man who has unconsciously revived the old Devil-worship of the early heretics—who bows down to the Demon of Thrift, according to the evangel of Dr. Franklin's Almanac—and has set up the money-changing temples of his faith all over the land, like altars of Baal in Jeroboam's Israel,—What has he to do with the deep, silent workings of the inner life—the unsounded depths of that mysterious ocean, upon whose solemn shores the loud foot-falls of Time find no echo?"

Nay, reader, this thrice-refuted abuse we will charitably pass to the account of thy ignorance of the facts in the case. Beneath the outward mask and habitude of the New England character there is a spiritual activity—an under-current of intense, earnest thought—an infinity of Belief—a capacity for Faith in its most transcendental possibilities. The careful observer will heed, above the din of practical and superficial Yankeedom, the low, deep questionings of the Future—the utterance of strange hopes

and fears, from spirits nervously conscious, amidst the hurry and glare of life's daily presentiments, of the growing and deepening shadow of the Eternal and the Infinite. He will discover no infrequent traces of the Old Superstition—that dark theory of the Invisible World, in which our Puritan ancestors had united the wild extravagances of Indian tradition with the familiar and common fantasies of their native land; and that gloomy, indefinite awe of an agency of Evil which their peculiar interpretations of the Sacred Volume had inspired;—a theory which threw a veil of mystery over the plainest passages of the great laws of the universe—agitating their entire community with signs, and wonders, and dark marvels—poisoning the fountains of education, and constituting a part of their religion. He will find that we, too, can

— “listen to our own fond thoughts
Until they seem no more as Fancy's children;
Yea, put them on a prophet's robe, endow
them
With prophet-voices;”

—that our “young men can see visions,
and our old men dream dreams.”

What means, for instance, that strange, vast, unsubstantial fabric, rising suddenly, like the geni-built palaces of the Arabian Nights, in the heart of Boston? Consider well that Temple of the Second Advent—its thronging thousands, with wild, awe-stricken faces turned towards the East, like Mussulmen to their Kebla, in hourly expectation of the down-rushing of the fiery mystery of the Apocalypse; waiting with trembling eagerness and “not unpleasing horror” to behold with the eye of flesh the tremendous pageant before which the elements shall melt and the heavens flee away—the Baptism of a World in fire! In what age or quarter of the world has the Supernatural in man taken a more decided and definite shape than this! Look at the nightly gatherings of the “Disciples of the Newness,”—grey, thought-worn manhood, and young, dreamy beauty, catching inspiration from the Orphic utterance of modern prophecy, and making glad the weary Present with sunny glimpses of a Transcendental Millennium. Look at Magnetism, with its fearfully suggestive phenomena,

enacting daily in our midst marvels which throw far into shadow the simple witchcraft of our ancestors. What are those but present manifestations of the unearthly and the superhuman bursting up through their crust of conventional and common-place existence?

Nor is this all. There is scarcely a superstition of the past three centuries which has not at this very time more or less hold upon individual minds among us. In the belief that facts illustrative of this will afford some amusement to the reader, I shall throw together such as occur to my mind, and which find in New England “a local habitation.” They may be classed under the heads of Ghosts, Witches, Haunted Houses, Trances and Visions, Warnings, &c.

It has been said, with far more poetry than truth, that

“The last lingering fiction of the brain,
The church-yard ghost, is laid at rest
again.”

There is a lurking belief in nearly all minds, that there *may* be some truth in the idea of departed spirits revisiting the friends and places which were familiar to them in life. I am not disposed to enter into an argument in behalf of this belief. It does not lack greater and better names than mine in its support. For five thousand years the entire human family have given it credence. It was a part of the wild faith of the Scandinavian worshippers of Odin. It gave a mournful beauty to the battle-songs of the old Erse and Gaelic bards. It shook the stout heart of the ancient Roman. It blended with all the wild and extravagant religions of the East. How touching is that death-scene of Cyrus, as told by Xenophon, when the dying monarch summoned his children about him, entreating them to love one another, and to remember that their father's ghost would be ever at their side, to rejoice with their rejoicing, and sorrow with their sorrow! All nations, all ages, as Cicero de Divinatione justly affirms, have given full credit to this ghost-doctrine; and this fact alone, Dr. Johnson argues, fully confirms it. The Doctor himself believed in the ghost of Cock-lane. Luther saw, talked, and fought with spirits. Swedenborg made them his familiar ac-

quaintances. Coleridge, and his friend, the Apostle of the Unknown Tongues, were spectre-seers. Against so much evidence shall we urge the apparently common-sense view of the subject, that the apparition of a disembodied spirit to the sensual organs of sight, hearing, and touch, is a solecism in philosophy,—a subversion of all known laws of matter and mind? What will that avail with the man who has actually seen a ghost? Fact before philosophy always. If a man is *certain* he has seen the thing, there is an end of the matter. "Seeing," as the old adage has it, "is believing." Disbelief under such circumstances would justly subject him to the charge which pious father Baxter brought against those who doubted in relation to Cotton Mather's witches: "He must be an obstinate Sadducee who questions it."

For myself, I cannot dismiss the whole matter with a sneer. If I cannot believe, I cannot entirely disbelieve. Our whole being is a mystery. Above, below, around us, all is fearful and wonderful. The shadow of a solemn uncertainty rests over all. Who shall set limits to the capacity of the soul when its incarnation has ended, and it enters unfettered, unconfined, into a new state of being? The objection, that whatever in its new sphere may be the condition and powers of the freed spirit, it can never manifest itself to mortal organs, lies with equal force

against the scriptural account of angel visitations, and the apparition of Samuel. The angels which John saw in his awful prophet-trance on Patmos, were the spirits of those who had departed from this stage of being.

The idea of such appearances has lent its deepest charms to American poetry and romance. What can be more beautiful than those lines of Longfellow?

"Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And like phantoms, grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful firelight
Dance upon my parlor wall;

"Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door,
The beloved ones, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more.

"With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes the messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

"And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies."

The lamented Otway Curry—the few fragments of whose dreamy and mysterious poetry have given his memory a place in many hearts—has made this idea of spiritual visitation his familiar theme. There is an exquisite beauty in the following, from his "Armies of the Eve":—

"Not in the golden morning shall faded forms return,
For languidly and dimly then the lights of memory burn;
But when the stars are keeping their radiant way on high,
And gentle winds are whispering back the music of the sky.

"The dim and shadowy armies of our unquiet dreams,
Their footsteps brush the dewy fern and print the shaded streams;
We meet them in the calmness of high and holier climes,
We greet them with the blessed names of old and happier times,
And moving in the star-light above their sleeping dust,
They freshen all the fountain-springs of our undying trust."

II.

"One of their fables of a church-yard carcass raised and set a strutting."—*Bishop Warburton on Prodiges.*

"Gorgons, and hydras, and chimeras—dire stories of Celeno and the harpies—may reproduce themselves in the brain of superstition—but they were there before. They are transcripts, types—the archetypes are in us and eternal."—*Essays of Elia.*

I CLOSED my last sheet with a special reference to ghosts. Modern scepticism and philosophy have not yet routed out the idea of supernatural visitation from the New England mind. Here

and there—oftenest in these still, fixed, valley-sheltered, unvisited nooks and villages,—the Rip Van Winkles of our progressive and restless population may be still found, devout believers

worthy of the days of the two Mathers. There are those yet living in this very neighborhood who remember, and relate with an awe which half a century has not abated, the story of Ruth Blaye, and the GHOST CHILD! Ruth was a young woman of lively temperament and great personal beauty. While engaged as the teacher of a school in the little town of Southampton, N. H. (whose hills roughen the horizon with their snowy outline within view of my window at this very moment), she was invited to spend an evening at the dwelling of one of her young associates. Several persons were present, of both sexes. The sun, just setting, poured its soft rich light into the apartment. Suddenly, in the midst of unwonted gaiety, the young schoolmistress uttered a frightful shriek, and was seen gazing with a countenance of intensest horror at the open window; and pointing with her rigid, outstretched arm at an object which drew at once the attention of her companions. In the strong light of sunset lay upon the sill of the open casement, a dead infant—visible to all for a single moment, and vanishing before the gazers could command words to express their amazement. The wretched Ruth was the first to break the silence. "It is *mine*—*MINE*—*MY CHILD!*" she shrieked; "*he has come for me!*" She gradually became more tranquil, but no effort availed to draw from her the terrible secret which was evidently connected with the apparition. She was soon after arrested and brought to trial for the crime of child-murder, found guilty and executed at Portsmouth, N. H. I do not of course vouch for the truth of this story in all respects. "I tell the tale as 'twas told to me."

Nearly opposite to my place of residence, on the south side of the Merrimack, stands a house which has long had a bad reputation. One of its recent inmates avers most positively that having on one occasion ventured to sleep in the haunted room, she was visited by a child-ghost which passed through the apartment with a most mournful and unbaby-like solemnity. Some of my unbelieving readers will doubtless smile at this; and deem it no matter of surprise that a young maiden's slumbers should be thus haunted. As the old play-writer hath it:

"She blushed and smiled to think upon
her dream
Of fondling a sweet infant (with a look
Like one she will not name) upon her
virgin knees."

An esteemed friend—a lady of strong mind, of the clear, common-sense cast, not at all troubled with nervous sensibility, and rather deficient in the organs of ideality and wonder than otherwise—has told me that while living with an aged relative, who was at that time in the enjoyment of her usual health, she was terrified by the appearance of a dead body lying by the side of her relative, who was quietly sleeping in her bed. The old lady died soon after, and my friend avers that the corpse as it lay before her recalled in the most minute particulars her recollection of the apparition. She had seen the same before by the side of the living sleeper.

A respectable and worthy widow lady, in my neighborhood, professes to be clearly convinced that she saw the spectre of her daughter a little time before her death, while she was yet in perfect health. It crossed the room within a few feet of the mother, in broad day-light. She spoke, but no answer was returned; the countenance of the apparition was fixed and sorrowful. The daughter was at that time absent on a visit to a friend.

I could easily mention other cases, some of which have occurred in my immediate vicinity, but the above may serve as a sample of all. I can only say that the character of these ghost-seers, in most instances, precludes the idea of imposture or intentional falsehood on their part. Most readers will remember the account which, about a year ago, circulated through all the newspapers, of an apparition seen in Warner, N. H., by two men while watching by the bed-side of a dying neighbor. A red, unnatural light filled the room; a stranger suddenly stood beside them, and fixed his eyes upon the dying man, who writhed and shrunk beneath their ghastly scrutiny. On the disappearance of the spectre, the sick man made an effort to speak, and in broken words confessed that many years before he had aided in the murder of the man whose spectral image had just left them. This statement, if I recollect rightly, was made under oath. It is but proper, however, to

mention, that it has been intimated that the *spirit* seen on this occasion was none other than one of Deacon Giles's sprites of the distillery—one of those bottle-imps which play as fantastic

tricks with those who uncork them, as *Le Diable Boiteux* of the old French novelist did with the student of Salamanca.

III.

—"There are powers
Which of themselves our minds impress."—*Wordsworth*.

"Our mothers' mayds have so frayed us with an ugly Divil having hornes on his hedde, fire in his mouth, and a taylor at his back, whereby we starte and are afraid when we heare one cry, Boh!"—*Reginald Scott*.

WARNINGS of death and disaster—signs and omens of approaching calamity—are as carefully noted at the present day in our rural districts, as they were in ancient Rome. The superstition seems inwrought and permanent—a part of the popular mind. I have rarely met with a person entirely free from its influence. Who has not at times, under circumstances of deep depression, nervous disparagement or physical illness, or in those peculiar moods of the spirit when even "the grasshopper is a burden," felt his flesh creep at the howl of a dog at midnight—the tick of a harmless insect in the wall—any unusual sight or sound the cause of which does not at once suggest itself—things in themselves trivial and meaningless, calling up dark and dread associations? There are, I believe, times when the most material sceptic of us reveals his deep and abiding awe of the invisible and the unknown; when like Eliphaz the Temanite, we feel a "spirit passing before us, the form of which is not discerned." For one, I confess there are seasons when I love to con over Increase Mather's *Remarkable Providences*, or Dr. More's *Continuation of Glanville*, or any other chronicle of the marvellous, with which the divines of former days edified the people. I know very well that our modern theologians, as if to atone for the credulity of their order formerly, have unceremoniously turned witchcraft, ghost-seeing, and second sight, into Milton's receptacle of exploded follies and detected impostures:

"Over the back side of the world far off,
Into a limbo broad and large, and called
The paradise of fools;"

—that indeed out of their peculiar province, and apart from the phenomena of their vocation, they have become

the most thorough skeptics and unbelievers among us. Yet, as Falstaff said of his wit, if they have not the marvellous themselves, they are the cause of it in others. In certain states of mind the very sight of a clergyman in his sombre professional garb, is sufficient to awaken all the wonderful within me. My imagination goes wandering back to the subtle priesthood of mysterious Egypt—I think of Janes and Jambres—of the Persian Magi—dim oak-groves with Druid altars, and priests and victims rise before me. Caffre rain-makers, Lapland wind-wizards, Powahs and Medicine-Men, glide before me like spectres. For what is the priest even of our New England but a living testimony to the truth of the supernatural and the reality of the unseen—a man of mystery, walking in the shadow of the ideal world—by profession an expounder of spiritual wonders? Laugh he may at the old tales of astrology and witchcraft and demoniacal possession, but does he not believe and bear testimony to his faith in the reality of that Dark Essence which Scripture more than hints at—which has modified more or less all the religious systems and speculations of the heathen world—the Arimanes of the Parsee, the Pluto of the Roman mythology, the Devil of the Jew and Christian, the Shitan of the Mussulman—evil in the universe of goodness, darkness in the light of Divine intelligence—in itself the great and crowning mystery from which by no unnatural process of imagination may be deduced everything which our forefathers believed of the spiritual world and supernatural agency? That fearful being with his tributaries and agents—"the Devil and his angels"—how awfully he rises before us in the brief outline limning of the sacred writers? How he glooms, "in shape and gesture

proudly eminent," on the immortal canvass of Milton and Dante? What a note of horror does his name throw into the sweet Sabbath psalmody of our churches! What strange dark fancies are connected with the very language of our common law indictments, when our grand juries find under oath that the offence complained of has been committed "at the instigation of the devil!"

How hardly effaced are the impressions of childhood! Even at this day, at the mention of the Evil Angel, an image rises before me, like that with which I used especially to horrify myself in an old copy of *Pilgrim's Progress*. Horned, hoofed, scaly and fire-breathing, his caudal extremity twisted tight with rage, I remember him, illustrating the tremendous encounter of Christian in the valley where "Apollyon straddled over the whole breadth of the way." There was another print of the enemy which made no slight impression upon me; it was the frontispiece of an old, smoked, snuff-stained pamphlet, the property of an elderly lady (who had a fine collection of similar wonders, wherewith she was kind enough to edify her young visitors), containing a solemn account of the fate of a wicked dancing party in New Jersey, whose irreverent declaration that they would have a fiddler if they had to send to the lower regions after him, called up the fiend himself, who forthwith commenced playing, while the company danced to the music incessantly, without the power to suspend their exercise until their feet and legs were worn off to the knees! The rude wood-cut represented the Demon Fiddler and his agonized companions literally *stumping* it up and down in "cotillions, jigs, strathspeys and reels." He would have answered very well to the description of the infernal piper in Tam O'Shanter:

"A winnock-bunker in the east
There sat Auld Nick in shape o' beast,
A towzie tyke, black, grim and large,
To gie them music was his charge."

To this popular notion of the imperfection of the principle of evil, we are doubtless indebted for the whole dark legacy of witchcraft, possession,

demons, &c. How far that notion is now seriously maintained, I am not aware. Certain it is that no public renunciation of it from our great theological authorities has been made. Failing in their efforts to solve the dark problem of the origin of evil, men fall back on the idea of a malignant being—the antagonism of good. Of this mysterious and dreadful personification, we find ourselves constrained to speak with a degree of that awe and reverence which are always associated with undefined power and the ability to harm. "The devil," says an old writer, "is a dignity, though his glory be somewhat faded and wan, and is to be spoken of accordingly." Cudworth, in his *Intellectual System*, says that "the inferior gods or demons being all of them able to do us hurt or good, and being also irascible, and therefore provokable by our neglect, it is our interest to appease and pacify them."

I have seen persons in that state of the drunkard's malady known as *delirium tremens*, who verily imagined they could see his Satanic Majesty hovering over them; but do not recollect of ever meeting with but one sane person who has been thus favored. He is a man of strong nerves, sound judgment in ordinary matters, and quite the reverse of superstitious. He states that several years ago, when his mind was somewhat "exercised," to use his own words, on the subject of his religious duties, he was standing one moonlight evening in a meditative mood on the bridge which crosses Little River near its junction with the Merrimack. Suddenly he became sensible of a strange feeling, as if something terrible was near at hand; a vague terror crept over him. "I *knew*," said he, in relating the story, "that something bad and frightful was behind me—I *felt* it. And when I did look round, there on the bridge, within a few paces of me, a huge black dog was setting, with the face of a man—a human face, if ever I saw one, turned full up to the moonlight. It remained just long enough to give me a clear view of it, and then vanished; and ever since, when I think of Satan, I call to mind the dog on the bridge."

(To be continued.)

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

BY HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

SLEEP.

SWEETEST of mysteries!—thy dews revive
 Hearts that seemed blighted by Toil's wasting rime;
 They start from thy embrace again to strive,
 And with new ardor breast the surge of Time.
 Blest interlude! whose music conquers Care,
 Maternal sleep, how soon away from thee
 Does Life her young enchantments vainly wear,
 And all our sense of pleasure cease to be!
 Thou art the angel that doth come at night
 To set us free, as was the saint of yore;
 The blessing that doth crown us for the fight,
 The fount perennial on a barren shore:
 Thine is the gift of dreams, the trance of love,
 And in thy breast Peace nestles like a dove.

THE WILLOW.

As o'er thy pendent leaves the zephyr flies,
 Lifting their silver lining to the light,
 Their mournful shiver, like a thousand sighs,
 Wakes in the heart a tremulous delight.
 Thy weeping vigil consecrates the grave,
 When through each trailing bough the moonshine gleams,
 And like hopes cast upon Oblivion's wave,
 Thy withered verdure flecks the autumn streams.
 What graceful meekness sways thy drooping form,
 Thou sylvan effigy of love and wo!
 In gentle patience yielding to the storm,
 The wisdom of a lowly trust to show:
 Of thee divinely sang Othello's bride,
 And in thy shade the fair Ophelia died.

THE BALCONY.

Rare was the pastime o'er thy rail to lean,
 And gaze upon the motley crowd below,
 Or trace the distant valleys broad and green,
 Girded by hills whose tops were bright with snow.
 It was a spot to muse;—life's waters beat
 Like a swift river in tumultuous flow,
 Winding capriciously beneath my feet,
 While flushed its wave with nature's purest glow.
 But when around night's balmy silence fell,
 Thou wert a paradise, for by my side
 Stood one whose presence, like a grateful spell,
 That scene of tranquil beauty glorified:
 And now thy name wakes thoughts of love that seem
 Like the remembered music of a dream!

HONOR BRIGHT ;

A STORY OF PROCEEDINGS IN BANKRUPTCY.

"OPEN it gently, Mary, and whoever it is, beg them for God's sake to come again in the morning, if they have any business. I would not have him disturbed now, for all the wealth the loss of which has brought him to this !"

But before unlatching the door of the humble little apartment where these words were spoken, in obedience to the knock from without by which they were occasioned, a brief survey of its interior and of its occupants will facilitate the understanding of the story I have to tell.

It was indeed a humble little apartment, being the front attic of a dingy, tumbling, poverty-stricken tenement, of two low stories, and wood long innocent of paint, situated in an out-of-the-way back street in New York. Slanting down on the one side at an angle of about forty-five degrees made by the roof, through the long-rotted shingling of which the rain found an easy way in a copious leakage, marked by broad discolorations of what seemed scarcely entitled to be called a ceiling, it was lit by a single dormer window, cut in the roof, and projecting a crazy and rattling frame, with a very imperfect supply of broken panes, to receive such rays of the sun as did not disdain to look in upon so forlorn a spot of human wretchedness. In one corner a double mattress was spread on the floor, unsupported by any such superfluity as a bedstead. A small semi-circular table, with a triangle of ricketty legs, stood out in the middle of the floor, under the light of the window—belonging to that generation of toilet-tables intended to stand against walls at the foot of looking-glasses, which were once common enough, but which seem to have mysteriously disappeared within the last fifteen or twenty years. A poor little stove in the corner opposite to the bed—(for this kind of room can scarcely be said to have more than two corners,)—bore emphatic witness to the meagreness of the culinary operations for which it could be sufficient. An old rusty stove-pipe carried off into

void space, through a circular hole pierced in the roof, that portion of its thin poverty of smoke that did not prefer to remain in the room,—for the most ample facilities for this latter purpose were afforded by its ill fitting joints, and the sieve-like perforations which in various places the rust had eaten through its venerable sides. It was singular indeed that any portion should ever adopt the latter choice, when it was free to go curling and careering off, in all the light curves of the fantastic grace of smoke, swaying to and fro and round and round, to the sportive eddying of every breeze of heaven, till it should melt itself away with very delight into the infinite expanse of blue beauty there. A couple of fragmentary chairs, with a scanty assortment of still more fragmentary crockery, completed the *menage* of this far from sumptuous establishment,—the latter being ranged on the floor against the wall. Of the two former, one was occupied by the person from whom the above words had proceeded, in a soft and cautious whisper ; over the other lay a rich ball-dress of rose-colored silk, trimmed with blonde,—not indeed as its owner, impatient, after the glittering bewilderment of the scene for which it was designed, with heated frame and throbbing heart, to escape from the beautiful splendor of its imprisonment, might have carelessly cast it there from her ; but extended with scrupulous nicety over the back of the chair, evidently fresh from the hand whose humble toil had produced all its graceful elegance, to adorn another and perhaps less worthy form. And so it was ; the young girl whom her mother had addressed, by that loveliest of names, which religion and poetry have united to consecrate, had just finished it, adding its concluding stitches by the last rays of the sunset, whose fading glories she now stood at the little window to gaze upon, through unconscious but fast falling tears. She had worked, worked, worked, on and on, with a bitter resignation of perse-

verance, ever since the first dawn of the approaching light of that same sun had awakened her from a scanty sleep. For the last hour or two it had been in entire stillness, suppressing as much as she could even the rustling of the rich fabric over which her silent sighs were breathed, and the quick sharp sound of the thread, as the little weapon of her labor plied the shining swiftness of its task, which was already delayed beyond the due hour of its delivery. But it was at last done, thank heaven! and the poor seamstress rose from the unhealthy posture whose weary monotony had almost paralyzed her limbs, besides inducing pains in her chest which had of late alarmingly increased in frequency, to stand erect by the window for a few minutes of rest. Rest alike for body and spirit;—for the one, from the simple change of position; for the other, by sending forth the thought so long tied captive as it were to her weary task by the thread that was its implement, to bathe its exhausted wretchedness in those golden floods of flame which yet lingered to witness of the departed glory. God be thanked for the Sunset—and especially in the name of the Poor! There are none, indeed, among the most favored of the children of pomp and affluence, to whom it does not daily bring blessings whose inestimableness is only forgotten in their familiarity, and before whom it does not spread out—if they will but lift the eye and the soul from the grovellings of their cherished earth—a spectacle of blended sublimity and loveliness, infinite in variety as in degree, to which no millions of their millions could ever purchase anything approaching in rivalry. But to the sad son of toil, it brings others, of a peculiar comfort and benefaction for him! While it breaks the chain that fetters him to his daily labor, and, with its angelic announcement of the hour of rest, sends him back, like the prisoner's dream, for at least a brief and happy interval, to freedom and love and home, it also, by the divinity of its own splendor hung out in the heavens to woo his eye, supplies in no small degree, that sustaining and renewing refreshment, which is still more needed by his exhausted spirit than by all the physical fatigue of his jaded limbs. The beautiful girl who now stood leaning her forehead against

the window—a pale young creature, with features slightly attenuated by confinement and fading health, and, alas, so early! sadly care-stricken—was drinking in deeply and deliciously its soothing influence; and even while her pent feelings were overflowing in the silent tears that half-blinded her sight, an unconscious comfort was gradually distilling itself as a dew of heaven into her soul. She had but brief time indeed to linger there, but she could not wholly withstand the temptation of that unsurpassed magnificence of sunset. The dress was to be carried home, to no small distance, and every moment of light now lost from that yet remaining duty was a moment of alarm and danger to be encountered on her return by dark, unfriended and unprotected, through the streets. It was perhaps well that she was interrupted in the abstraction of her attitude and occupation.

The other female, her mother, was sitting back in her chair, as she had been for upward of an hour, with her face resting on her hand, in that fixed posture and air of meditation which is often habitual with those advanced in years, whose lives have been crowded with solemn and sorrowful memories. Abjectly poor as was everything by which she was there surrounded—to a point of destitution to which even the pervading cleanliness could scarce afford its wonted redeeming palliation—there was that about her which to the discerning eye could not fail to speak the cultivated and noble-minded woman, and the true lady.

But there was a third person in the room, not yet alluded to, except in the caution to silence contained both in the mother's words and in the tone of their utterance. On the bed mentioned above, as spread out on the floor in one corner of the little attic, lay an old man, asleep. His head rested on one arm, being turned sideways towards the room. A few thin gray hairs straggled about a forehead deeply furrowed, and very sharply defined in all its bony outline, whose projection, increased by the grizzled thickness of his eye-brows, gave a cavernous appearance to the deep recesses of the eyes over which the lids were now closed. The ghastly paleness of his complexion, added to an extreme degree of emaciation and evident feebleness, his breathing being

scarcely apparent either by motion or sound, produced a most painful effect, as the old man lay there, in his double helplessness of age and sleep. There is nothing lovelier, or sweeter to behold, than the slumbers of a child ; I have never watched that of an old man without a peculiar feeling, far from agreeable though hardly perhaps easy to explain.

The old man was insane, though harmless. A sudden turn of fortune, followed by many troubles and fruitless struggles, had made him so. They were strangers in New York, so far as friends or even acquaintances were concerned, having come several years before from one of the West India islands. Pride had kept them from asking the charity of the almshouse hospital for his reception, even if the affections of wife and daughter, clinging only the closer as the need of their support and solace increased, would have permitted them to consign him to the treatment there to be expected. Bad enough at this day, the management of the insane in that hospital was worse then—for the date of the occurrence here related is about seventeen years ago). The care of him occupied the whole time, and even overtasked the broken health, of his wife, while the needle of the daughter supported them all—such a support as it was—as it could be. This task was cruelly increased in severity by the extravagant requisitions constantly prompted by the crazy fancies of the bed-ridden old man, to the gratification of which they sacrificed everything short of the last necessities of life for themselves. Mary could never leave her mother, to whom she was often indispensable through the course of the day, for the care of their common burthen ; to the old man, too, it seemed like the withdrawing of the atmospheric air whenever her absence was prolonged beyond an hour or two ; she could therefore only do such work as she could carry home—that home of which she was all the blessing and the brightness as well as its sole support. The obligation of carrying it out herself, to the various destinations where it was due, often entailed an exposure to the weather which, in our severe and variable climate, together with the closeness of her confinement and the nature of her incessant toils, had stamped its very

manifest effect on her health. Poor girl!—she would not probably be long kept from that last repose, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. About a couple of months before, she had had a severe and protracted attack of pleuritic inflammation, brought on by a cold caught one bitter night, which she had had double reason to remember, from the dastardly persecution of a scoundrel in the streets, whose lascivious eye had been attracted by her pale but striking loveliness of face and person, in the glare of a shop-window, as she was hurrying along laden with a bandbox. How much she had had to suffer in this way, herself only knew, as she never breathed a syllable of it to her mother.

This illness of hers had reduced them to a point of destitution much below that at which she had till then managed to keep them up. The sacrifice of everything, piece after piece, down to the condition in which we now find them, had been entirely inadequate to the necessary expenses of such a calamity. Their rent for several months unpaid, they found themselves compelled to move, as soon as her convalescence made it possible, and before it made it prudent, to their present miserable lodgings ; where the apartment above described, and a kind of nondescript garret closet, with floor room for her pallet, and a few nails for her clothes and bonnet, now perforce sufficed a family once surrounded with every luxury that taste could desire and opulence supply. They were turned out by the mandate of the rent-collector of one of our millionaires of New York. They were assisted gratuitously in their removal, by an old sawyer, who had once sawed and carried up for them a half-load of cheap wood. He had charged them then only half price for the service ; and though he had made no remark upon it, yet the look with which Mary accompanied the payment of his very moderate demand, spoke her full intelligence of his generosity, and her gratitude for it. Now this little sum was more to him than would have been the whole year's rent of their apartments to their wealthy owner. He ever after had a kindly eye upon them, and in many trifling ways helped them essentially through her sickness, and from time to time rendered them various little convenient services. He

loved them ever after his first act of kindness to them; so it is very apt to be; and thus did his own honest old heart receive from them a hundred-fold more good than it gave. It is a pity this thing is so little understood in the world,—the rich might so easily make themselves so much happier than they generally are. The name of the millionaire and his agent I forbear to mention—for they are ‘very respectable’ people; that of the poor wood-sawyer I only regret that I am not able to. But it has its place in a higher record than this page.

In obedience to her mother’s direction, Mary moved noiselessly to the door, casting as she went an anxious glance on the sleeper, who already exhibited signs of being disturbed, turning restlessly half over, with a convulsive twitching of the muscles of the mouth as though about to speak. She raised the latch, and looked out inquiringly into the twilight gloom of the species of garret hall from which their little attic opened. The visitor whose knock had thus summoned her to the door was certainly an unwonted one. A young man, with a gentlemanly air and an agreeable though not remarkably handsome countenance, stood outside of their humble threshold. He was an entire stranger, and the young girl, who, in her exposed and friendless condition, had had much to annoy and alarm her from the attentions of young men of similar fashionable appearance, by her first impulse half closed the door, though still looking the inquiry she did not speak, as to the nature of his business.

“Is it—can it be here, that Mr. H—lodges?” asked the young man after a moment’s hesitation, his own countenance anxious and agitated.

“My father is extremely unwell, and at present asleep,” was the reply, in a voice of much sweetness, though in a very soft whisper, “he cannot on any account be disturbed at this moment. If you will have the goodness to call or send in the morning, my mother—”

“Come in—come in, Fitzgerald!” exclaimed a shrill and eager voice from within, and Mary was startled, as she looked around, to behold her father sitting half upright on his mattress, and straining his eyes as though to pierce

through the wall and door that intervened between him and the stranger, their balls glittering, and his whole face working strongly with an excitement unlike the usual ravings of his insanity. “Come in! I know your voice! I felt you approaching! And I see you now as you stand there, though the door is between us! I see you with your blue eyes and your fair hair just as when we were boys together! Come in, I say!”—with a wild and increasing vehemence that was almost a scream—“Come in, and let me give you the curse of my very heart!—let me give it you once before I die!”

“He cannot be crossed now—cost what it will, you must come in, sir, and make every allowance for the state you find us in—and him,” were the rapid words of the wife of the old man, as she started quickly forward, and drew the young stranger into the room, whose threshold the pride of the decayed family would certainly never have allowed him under other circumstances to cross.

The young man, white with deep emotions of his own, obeyed mechanically. A single glance cast round the apartment, and then on the maniac face that glared fiercely though impotently upon him from the bed in the corner, sufficed to disclose to him the full extent of the suffering, past and present, of which all that he saw was at once the result and the record.

“Gracious God! So bad as this! But thank heaven that I am here at last!”

The old man paid no attention, or at least made no reply to his words, but looked at him with a wild earnestness of gaze, which seemed to denote a confused struggling between reason and madness in his brain. A dark and bitter expression soon shot from the shadowy depths of his eyes, and rested on his tight and skeleton-like lips. By an association of ideas, not surprising in his disordered state of mind, he confounded the young man who stood before him with his father, to whom in appearance and voice he happened to bear a strong resemblance. The circumstance of his feeling, or fancying that he felt, his approach, I leave to be explained by such philosophy as the reader may choose for himself. The effort he had already made had exhausted his feeble strength, and he now again

lay back, with his head resting on the bosom of his daughter, who had quickly kneeled to support and soothe him, and whose arm now encircled his neck, as with a gentle tenderness of caressing she pressed the soft and cool whiteness of her palm to his hot forehead.

"Dearest father," she spoke, striving to win his eye to her own, "be composed—there is nothing to fear—nothing to alarm or distress you—and oh, if you love *me*, do not curse anybody—anything!"

But he paid no apparent heed to her, pressing her face backward out of the line of sight between him and the stranger, though doubtless not free from some soothing influence from her sweet and pious filial ministrations; for when he at length spoke, his words were perfectly coherent and even calm, with no other appearance of insanity than the confusion of persons.

"Fitzgerald!" he said, in a voice hoarse but distinct, "You have come at last, to see what you have done, and to take my dying curse for it! I trusted everything to you, and you ruined me. I might have forgiven that, though you knew the endorsements I had to pay for you wholly beggared us—I might have forgiven that, if you had not again become rich after your bankruptcy, and then refused to pay me! Whether your bankruptcy was honest, you only know. I don't believe it was. Whether it was or not, yet when you again acquired fortune by your successful speculations, it was mine by all just right, even though the law had extinguished all other claim than upon your honor. Before that court you could never get discharged, while I was in the poverty you had brought me to. When I wrote to you, you denied my right, and offered me only a pitiful sum as a charity, which, already half destitute as I was, I threw back into your face with the scorn it deserved. And when I at last made my way here, to seek you and confront you in your iniquity, you were gone! You would not have dared to meet me! You knew I could not pursue you over half of Europe, and you made your health and the education of your boy the pretext for avoiding me. And now you have come back at last, Fitzgerald, looking just as when we left college together. It is curse enough to blight your soul for ever, here and hereafter, to see what

you see here—and I will not add to it, for the sake of this dear child and of those old days when I loved you so. I have sometimes been not quite in my right mind, I believe—but I am now—I am now—and——"

The old man's eye here wandered round and sought that of his daughter, whose tears were falling fast and warm over the grey hairs that were resting on her shoulder. "Mary, dear," he continued, "this is Fitzgerald. You've had a hard time of it—but God will bless it all to you—as I bless you, dear! It has been all his doing. I suppose he's heard that I was dying—and as it was he who has killed me, he has come to see it through. And he's come, looking just as in old times; he knew that I then shouldn't be able to curse him. But tell him to begone. I am not to be with you long, and his presence makes it feel dark and cold. Tell him to begone, or I will curse him so that it will eat like fire through the very marrow of his bones, for all he has brought on you—on you and your poor mother—where is she?—where are you, Catharine?"—and the thin skeleton-hand that was disengaged wandered feebly about over the bed-clothes in search of the faithful partner who had shared the wo as the weal of his now fast ebbing life. A film on his eyes prevented him from seeing her, as she was already sitting on the foot of the bed, where the well nigh heart-broken woman now seized his hand passionately between her own, and throwing herself forward, so as to bury her face in the coarse old coverlet, pressed it convulsively to her lips and her aged bosom.

"Dear father," said the girl, struggling with her own sobs for utterance, "you are agitated now—you will be better soon—as for us, we have nothing to complain of, and we are perfectly contented, if you would only be so. Never care for all the wealth we have lost—don't we make it up in love?—and it's all a mistake that poverty is so hard to bear. God is with us up here as well as in the beautiful home where we were once so happy, as we will be once more as soon as you get well again, as you are now going to do. And then life is after all so short, and we love each other so much! You see, sir," she added, turning aside to the stranger, "the impossibility of speaking to my father on any business

now. We can only beg you to comply with his own wish, and leave us that he may recover his tranquillity. To-morrow, perhaps——”

“I can wait for no morrow,” exclaimed the young man, “for the purpose that has brought me here, especially after all I have now seen!”—and he cast himself down on one knee by the side of the old man, bending over earnestly as though to implore his attention :

“You have taken me for my father,—I am, indeed, all that remains of him, for he has preceded you to the grave from which I trust that you may yet be long spared. Believe that it is he that speaks and acts in me, since it is as his representative, and in behalf of all his better nature, that I have come—come to do you the justice only too long delayed. It is not long since I knelt by his death-bed ; you occupied his last thoughts, and the remembrance of all you have reproached me with pressed heavily on his heart in that hour—as, indeed, it had long done. The usage of the world and the maxims of all the world’s law justified him in all he did ; and others declared him even liberal in the offers he made to you, which you rejected. It was for me that his heart was set on the wealth he had acquired subsequently to his former misfortunes, in which you were so unhappily involved, and it was this that warped his judgment and his conscience to admit the worldly sophistries which persuaded him that he acted only according to his own proper rights and his first duties to his family. But he was never at ease on the subject, and though I cannot say that he gave me any directions I could understand, yet, in the wanderings of his last hours, your name was much on his lips ; and I do not doubt that he had the desire to do you justice in his heart, even though it might be hard for him to sacrifice my inheritance to that object. But for me that is not hard, and I have lost no time in finding you, and am here in his name to surrender to you the last cent of the property which is rightfully yours. It is an ample opulence, though it still falls short of your loss and your due. I, therefore, shall reserve nothing—absolutely nothing. I only lament the impossibility of ever making any atonement for all that you have suffered through the past delay of this restitu-

tion. God knows he had never any idea of the extremity to which you were reduced. I landed but this morning, and have spent the whole day in a very difficult search to trace you out, from the clue contained in the last letter of yours which I found among my father’s papers. I even passed by the door of my own betrothed bride, which I did not suffer to divert me from the sacred path of my first duty. Being my father’s executor, as well as heir, that first duty is to apply his estate to the payment of his just debts. And now I have nothing more to say than to entreat forgiveness for my father’s error, whose act of atonement—not yet too late, thank God!—you must consider this to be.”

He rose again to his feet, and, drawing from his bosom a long and thickly-filled pocket-book, laid it on the bed before the old man, who had kept his eyes fixed upon him through all this, though with an expression from which it was difficult to judge whether he rightly understood what he heard.

“This is not all,” he continued, “but in money and certificates and various forms of evidence, it is all that was immediately within my reach to convey or control. A very brief delay will suffice for the rest. I now leave you—again entreating your heart’s forgiveness for my father’s memory—I leave you, richer myself than I crossed your threshold ; for I have removed the tarnish that rested on the jewel worth far more than all that wealth unjustly mine, the jewel of my Honor Bright.”

And, without waiting for reply, the visitor, who had thus so unexpectedly descended, as it were, from the skies in a shower of gold, into that little chamber of a destitution that was all but starvation, was gone, and his hasty step alone was heard as he made his way down the stairs of the creaking and crazy old tenement.

Charles Fitzgerald, after the very foolish piece of business he had just seen fit to transact, was at some little loss what next to do with himself when he stood once more out in the fresh cool air of an early spring evening. Not that there could be much hesitation in his mind as to the spot which should naturally attract the step of a young lover after a separation of many months from the beautiful mistress to whom he

was engaged ; but it began to press upon him, as a subject of serious thought, what might be the effect in that quarter, of his present altered position in point of worldly wealth. Of the disinterestedness and fidelity of his Helen's own devotion he scorned to admit a possible suspicion ; that her parents would look upon the matter in exactly the same sublimated point of view was far from being equally certain. It was in Italy they had met, accidentally, on their travels through that sunny land alike of ancient and modern romance, and it was within the shadow of the Coliseum that the vow of eternal truth had been plighted by the beautiful and brilliant young creature towards whose dwelling his footsteps now turned—it must be confessed with a less eager speed than seemed perfectly proper under the circumstances. In fact, he decidedly hesitated and lingered, and was half inclined to shrink, for that evening, from the ordeal of the crisis he had to meet, and to betake himself to his hotel, and address to Helen's father, Mr. S——, a frank statement of his present reduced—nay, destitute condition. Yet what could he say ! He was firmly resolved never to cast on his father's memory the reflection which would attend an avowal of the cause or mode of his sudden loss of his property ; it would be sufficient to state that his estate proved to be absorbed by a debt with which it was encumbered. And what prospect of suitable support could he exhibit, for one who, though herself possessed of no fortune, was accustomed to all the habits of expense of a distinguished *belle* in the most fashionable circles of New York society ! For commerce he had none of the qualifications of either training or taste, even if any favorable access to its more lucrative departments were open to him. Educated to no particular profession, he saw no other resource at hand than could be drawn out from the slender point of the pen,—at least for the interval of many years that must elapse before he could study and establish himself successfully in the practice of medicine, upon which his inclination had fixed itself,—(his amateur studies had turned themselves considerably in that direction, perhaps in consequence of the invalid state of health in which his father had lived for several years ; especially while in Paris, from

the admirable opportunities afforded by its lectures and institutions.) A long engagement, dependent for its consummation on the precarious contingencies of his unpromising fortunes, certainly was not a prospect likely to recommend itself very strongly to the worldly and ambitious parents of his Helen. Of her own truth, indeed, he had no misgivings, and in the sanctity of the relation in which they already stood together, our poor friend conceived himself to possess already a claim of high and holy right upon her duty as well as her love, which was now beyond the reach of any parental authority. He had no more idea of her abandoning him for the loss of the wealth he had once delighted to lay at her feet, than if the engagement which had plighted their mutual faith together had been, indeed, that marriage which he regarded as but the external expression and consummation of the higher mystery of the spiritual union. Alas, for so luxuriant a verdure of youthful simplicity and romance !

Plunged in all the perplexities of these conflicting hopes and fears, his step was slow and vacillating, and he had already sauntered about the streets on his way to his destination for thrice the time necessary to achieve its distance, when he felt himself slightly brushed in passing by the projecting band-box constituting the burthen of some belated milliner girl, who hurried by him, in the same direction, with a step whose trembling rapidity seemed to betoken as much trepidation as haste. The cause of this presently appeared. A young man followed her with an evidently pursuing step, and overtaking her a very short distance ahead, attempted to pass his arm round her waist, addressing to her some words of insolent gallantry, which, being spoken in a low tone, did not reach the ear of the now attentive observer, who was but a few steps behind. The reply he heard distinctly :

“ Sir, your dastardly persecutions of one whom you know to have no protector, are as base in you as they are hateful to me. Begone, or else——”

“ Nonsense, my sweet little——”

The sentence thus begun might have proved as elegant a specimen of that department of rhetoric as its author appeared to be of the fashion of the day in his dress and air, but it was un-

fortunately lost to the world, having never proceeded any further than these words of exordium. Two or three quick strides—a hand on a collar—a circular swing from a vigorous arm nerved by a hearty good will—and the individual in question lay much more quiet than comfortable, in the adjacent gutter, stunned by a violent blow on his forehead from the curb-stone as he fell. He had barely time for an instantaneous glance of recognition at the author of this impertinent and most unjustifiable intrusion into other people's business.

"I am most happy, Miss H——," was our young friend's address to the terrified girl, who was again hurrying on, not more than half conscious of the state of the case, "to have saved you from such brutal insult. Permit me to see you safely to your destination—and also to relieve you from this load, which has been heretofore a badge of honor to you, but which I trust you will never have to carry again."

Mary could not decline the arm of the generous protector whom she now recognized, though she resolutely refused the latter part of his request. In the course of the walk yet before her, as soon as she had sufficiently recovered from her trepidation, she explained that as the dress she had just completed had been promised and relied upon for a special purpose this evening, she had felt it a duty still to carry it home, having no means of sending it. No change had taken place in her father, who continued in the same half unconscious state; she had left him with reluctance, and was extremely anxious to hasten back to him. As they were at this time in the neighborhood of the Park in Broadway, he called a carriage, into which he handed her, and seating himself beside her, asked for the direction to be given the driver.

"No. — Greenwich street," was the reply.

"Mr. S——'s? And is the dress for Miss Helen?" was his quick question, in surprise at so singular a coincidence.

"Yes," answered his companion, "and I have had to work hard to get it ready for a ball at her own house, at which she is to wear it this evening."

"Why, it is her—," but he checked himself,—“it is there I was myself going; and that has caused the good fortune of my meeting you, as our route was the same.”

"She is indeed a beautiful creature, and there will be no one there who can be compared with her," presently said the soft and melancholy music of the voice beside him. A few moments of silence ensued, and if Charles Fitzgerald's ear had been as quick as had been his hand a short time before, he might have heard what bore at least some faint resemblance to the echo of a sigh. Perhaps it was for her own exclusion from such scenes, and from the conscious contrast between her position and that of the brilliant girl to whose triumphs in them she was so humble a minister. Perhaps—but what subject of speculation could be more idle and empty than a poor seamstress's sigh! And yet if our foolish friend had only known it, there was *that* in the pale and careworn young daughter of humility and toil, of whose presence he was scarcely conscious, which was worth all the bewitching fascinations that had enslaved him to the feet of Helen S——, ten times—yea, ten thousand times over.

When they reached the door, he handed out his companion, with a mechanical politeness which did not prevent her quick woman's intelligence from perceiving full well how little thought of her accompanied the act, absorbed as he was in the agitation of this proximity to the presence of another, who was the sole engrossing object of his warm and passionate affections. His resolution for the present was quickly formed. It would be improper for him to intrude at this exact moment on the family; the ball-room of her own house would be no place for either explanations or any manner of scene with Helen or her parents; the matter must, therefore, perforce be deferred till the next day. In the mean time, however, he could indulge in the delight which was not to be foregone, of seeing her, and for the whole evening, on what he knew to be always a theatre of her most brilliant glory. He therefore hastily pencilled a card, "*Be not surprised at the appearance of a guest who, if unexpected, trusts he will not be unwelcome, in C. F.*"—and handing it to the servant who opened the door, to be given to Miss Helen, hurried away, forgetting in his own excitement even the proper salutation of parting to his companion. The latter was admitted by the servant,

who supposed them to have accidentally met on the steps ; she had half turned round to give a timid and confused expression to her thanks for his kindness, when she perceived his back already turned. Why, when she was ushered into the presence of the young lady whom she found worked up to a fever heat of impatience and anxiety for her appearance, why was there a tear in the poor dress-maker's melancholy eye, an unwonted flush on her usually pale cheek, and a choking sensation in her throat that almost debarred utterance to the apology with which she explained her delay, on the ground of her father's severe illness? Her own patience in return was pretty severely tried, during the course of the rather hurried attiring of the angry beauty,—of whom we may be permitted to doubt whether her treatment of her humble dependant would have been exactly what it was, had she known that this was the last occasion of her officiating in that capacity, and that to-morrow morning's sun was to rise upon her as one of the wealthiest heiresses in town ;—made so, too, by the same act which, begging *her* lover, made a very serious and unpleasant change in her own position and prospects. At last, however, the process of the toilette was complete, and she stood before her tall Psyche glass, about as magnificent a specimen of a ball-room belle as ever came from the united hands of her Creator and her mantua-maker. It was not till then, from the bustle at that time prevailing in the lower regions of the establishment, that she received the card to whose pencilling the reader and the humble seamstress by her side were witnesses. The sudden kindling of her eye, the exhilaration of her whole countenance, following quickly on the first exclamation of surprise and pleasure that escaped her, would have sufficed to reveal to the latter the substance of its meaning, even if circumstances had not already so oddly put her in possession of the whole secret of the relation between her and the writer. As she took her leave and descended the stairs, catching passing glimpses of the brilliantly lit splendor of the rooms, so soon about to be filled with all their gay tumult of delight, I know not why or how it was—at least she did not—but she felt her heart sunk to a point of depression it had never known

in the worst hour of their past misfortunes, and something nearer to envy filled and embittered it, for the happier lot of the beautiful creature whom she had helped to make more beautiful, for the meeting soon to take place with one whom she already half regretted that she herself had ever met. As she threw herself back in the corner of the carriage, which was still waiting for her, the ejaculation escaped her—“ Ah, I wonder if she knows what a noble heart she has devoted to her! God bless him! I trust she is worthy of him!”

Now she had no business to be thinking about him at all—for he certainly was not of her—especially as it was not three hours since she had first seen him. But it must be acknowledged that the circumstances had been rather unusual, and there are often intense hours more than equivalent to common years. Considering, too, that her life had been at once so solitary and so severe—her heart so sadly pent and prisoned in, a heart naturally full of a sweet and noble tenderness, yearning for its own development in the sympathy of another, which is often called romance,—considering these and some other palliating circumstances not worth dwelling upon, I hope that our poor friend may be pardoned a little piece of folly as yet only nascent and slight, and easily within the control of her better sense, if she only has the sense to exert it. However, as she approached her home, every other thought soon faded from her mind but that of her father, whom she had left in a condition justifying the anxiety with which she hurried on the coachman, and sprang from the carriage, when, after some difficulty in finding the place, he at last drew up before the right door.

Her anxiety was a presentiment of evil that was too soon and too sadly verified. I shall not delay my narrative by dwelling on the scene that night witnessed by the wretched little apartment in which it opened. It will suffice briefly to say that the old man breathed his last in the arms of the heart-broken widow and child, even before all the gay guests in the house of revelry had quitted the scene of their splendid pleasure. The excitement of the incident of the afternoon had extinguished the faint ray that was already so feebly

flickering in his lamp of life. He died in the happy delirium of being again in their former home, in full enjoyment of his recovered wealth. The grief which poured its agonies over his death-bed, seemed all that grief can be. At any other time the blow would have pierced perhaps less deeply than at this moment, just when so strange and blessed a fortune had brought to them the end of their past sufferings, and the prospect of compensation for them all. Such are often the inscrutable combinations of the wisdom at which we can only wonder, obey, and adore. As a victim to the calamity which had brought him to the state in which we found him, the sacrifice of the poor old man was complete. What the wrong had left undone, its reparation finished. The narrative of this fact may not be wholly useless, if it should suggest to one in that class of whom it were easy to enumerate many—namely, men revelling in wealth, after bankruptcies or forcible compositions with creditors—to inquire into some of the consequences resulting from the ruin of which he perhaps has been the author; and then to answer truly to his own heart of the duty commanded to him by the sacred law of Honor Bright.

Helen's ball went off superbly; it was probably to be the last of the season, and everybody worth having was there. She was herself never so bewitching, and Charles Fitzgerald was never so bewitched. Their engagement was not yet public; yet in spite of her effort to restrain any visible expression of her delight in the meeting, no one who had witnessed the quick flush of cheek, brow, and bosom, the melting brightness of eye, and eager trepidation of voice with which she received his address, and expressed her gratification at his return so much earlier than he had intended, would be likely to guess very wide of the truth—even without knowing anything of the silent pressure of hands which was within nobody's cognizance but their own. Her parents were all cordiality and pleasure. It was a match which they looked upon with entire satisfaction; for their future son-in-law was considered even more wealthy than he really was, or rather had been; and though Mr. S—— lived in elegant

style, he had nothing to spare for a marriage portion,—nay, would have been somewhat put to it had he been called upon to settle his own extensive "credit system" affairs, and to pay up even his honest debts. The proper condolences on the death of the father of Charles were uttered with a manner almost as sincere as if he had not been in his heart delighted that the latter was thus placed at once in the full possession of his large fortune. Charles was more than once on the point of taking him apart and disclosing on the spot the true state of the case, but still shrank and postponed, and yielded to the familiar volubility with which the satisfied old gentleman ran on, without perceiving the slight degree of embarrassment and distraction which would not have escaped a nicer observer.

—"But where's Tom?" he at last exclaimed, looking round the room for his son, a young man of about Charles's own age, whom he had not yet seen, that exemplary youth not having been of the party on the European tour in which our friend's acquaintance with the S—— family had been formed. "Where's Tom? He'll be delighted to see you. Ah, there he is!"—as a handsome young man entered the room, with a pale face, and a clouded countenance, which on the present occasion was very disagreeably added to a certain sensual expression about its lower part, the result and evidence of a dissolute habit of life. Over his right temple was a long and broad piece of court-plaster, surrounded by a pretty extensive neighborhood of inflamed redness, to which he had been applying every restorative in his power, and over which the soft and shining blackness of his curls was drawn down as far as possible, though not quite effectually for concealment. The old gentleman promptly effected a rather hasty introduction of the future brothers, being himself in the act called off by the entrance of a guest to whom he had reason to be anxious to offer particular attention. It was well that such was the case, for both would have been rather embarrassed to explain their mutual start of surprise and the very unfraternal constraint of manner which neither could entirely dissemble. The fact was that each recognized the other, though they had interchanged but a single rapid glance in the street about

two hours before; fortunately, however, neither supposed the recognition mutual. They were soon relieved from a rather cold and awkward conversation—(brothers rarely like much their handsome sisters' lovers)—by the approach of one of young S——'s associates, accosting him with a salutation of—

"Why, Tom, where the d—— did you get that patch? What scrape have you been after now?"

"Oh, it's nothing," was the answer; "a cursed scoundrel, with a beam like Goliath's spear over his shoulder, was exercising his rights as a citizen of this free and independent country, by clearing his way along the sidewalk for about six feet before him as he went. As I was hurrying home this evening, and turning a corner suddenly in the dusk, I had the luck of running foul of his advanced works, and long before the lightnings had stopped playing about my eyes, he was out of sight, and out of reach of what he would otherwise have got."

Perhaps the keenest pain which the young man felt from his wound, was, that from its nature and circumstances he could not openly resent it against its author. His own position in the matter would be everything that was ridiculous as well as disgraceful. If, however, he was compelled to stomach the injury, it turned sour enough there; and before the end of five minutes he hated Charles Fitzgerald with a cordiality that would have enchanted Dr. Johnson.

But I must despatch my story rather faster. Nothing more of importance occurred that evening, and Charles took his leave, with an engagement to call the next morning—for three o'clock, A. M., is still by courtesy part of last evening). At the breakfast-table, however, the next day, a letter was placed in Mr. S——'s hand, which somewhat changed the aspect of things, and took that worthy old gentleman very considerably aback. Charles stated his penniless position with no extenuation, though accompanied with the expression of sanguine hopes from the future he chalked out for himself. The letter enclosed a note for Helen, which her considerate parents (after due consultation, in which her brother bore an emphatic part) kindly determined to withhold

from her for the present, till they could see their way a little more clearly as to the line of action to be pursued, in the "case" which was now so materially altered by "circumstances." But why linger over details!—The upshot of the whole was exactly as everybody but a hallucinated lover would have expected. Charles was very politely, and of course very properly, cut adrift. Fortunately for Helen, the engagement that had been made in Italy was not known beyond the circle of the parties—except, as we have above seen, to one insignificant little person. He was not admitted to see Helen on that day, on the plea of indisposition, and on the following morning the family were on their way for a visit to Washington. The brother was particularly vehement in insisting that the engagement must be utterly forgotten, and thus had the satisfaction of avenging the wound on his forehead before it had yet begun to heal. Helen herself was not allowed much agency in the matter, and had neither the strong nobleness of character, nor the true and deep enthusiasm of love, to sustain her in the feeble attempt she was at first disposed to make to remain faithful to her lover. Before a fortnight was over she came to see the affair in its proper light, and though very sorry for "poor Charles!"—"poor Charles," she should have said)—yet what could she do in the face of the fifth commandment, which treats of honor to father and mother, and length of days in the land? Before three months she was engaged to a rich and dashing southerner, with whom their acquaintance was formed at Washington and renewed at Saratoga; and she is now the mother of half-a-dozen children and the mistress of as many hundred negroes,—and whether in all those capacities she has been or is a happy woman or not, I neither know nor care.

Our foolish young friend had the disease of the heart natural to his position, with pretty serious severity, but he passed through it with whole-bones, as many a still more unhappy lover has done. His own conscious rectitude and nobleness, with the indignant contempt he could not but feel for the conduct of which he was the object, did much to sustain him under the cruelty of the blow,—though he

lied five hundred times to himself, in the assurances he as many times most positively made to that individual, that he cared nothing about it, and that he was on the whole rather glad than not. Not that he continued to love Helen. Any such sentiment rapidly disappears when that reverence which is the true foundation of love was once fairly undermined. But there are no griefs like those with which a young heart unshrines and casts forth its idols, false as it may discover them to have been. His purpose in regard to the restitution he felt himself to owe to the H——'s, he was resolved to carry fully out; nor could the strenuous opposition of the latter, who urged him to retain half, affect his purpose. His reasoning was very simple—very simple, of course, in a double sense. The money was not his—it was theirs; he had no more right to keep it, than he would have to take it by an act of dishonesty. Nor was there any reason why his pride should stoop to accept the gift of a portion of it at their hands, any more than from other strangers; length of possession but magnified the injury which justice bade him repair; and when he recalled that condition of destitution of which he had had a single but sufficient glimpse, he felt that the only atonement he could make to his own feelings, was by stripping himself to the last cent of all the unrighteous wealth which had been for so many wretched years withheld from its true owners. And he was the more fixed in his determination to accept nothing, because he fancied that it would be taking advantage of a generosity of feeling awakened on their part by what on his was an act of mere necessary right and duty,—that it would seem as though he were only fractionally honest and honorable. He claimed only secrecy respecting the whole transaction, for the sake of his father's memory; and in the few interviews with the widow requisite for the arrangement of the business, he had almost to force her full compliance with his determined will in the matter. Such was his reasoning; in the logic of which, I confess, it is hard to find the flaw, though it must be totally false and foolish, judged by its results, on the *reductio ad absurdum* method,—at least so all the world would say, and all the world must be right.

The intervention of some legal difficulties and delays made it several weeks before the whole was arranged—and it did him no harm to have a duty of this nature within that period to divert a part of his thoughts from his other troubles. He saw the H——'s no more than was absolutely necessary, notwithstanding their own desire to cultivate a more frequent and friendly intercourse. There was something morbid, perhaps—certainly excessive, in the pride that constituted one of the principal elements of his conduct. At any rate, it was a pride of no ignoble nature. He at last found himself the denizen of a cheap garret lodging, a student in the office of one of the ablest and best of the very respectable medical faculty of New York, and the owner of nothing on earth more than about a hundred volumes of books—a tolerable gentleman's wardrobe—a ream of paper for review, magazine, and newspaper writing—a brave and sanguine spirit—a firm trust in God and in good—a heart a little bruised, but far from broken—and his Honor Bright.

The above blank line represents a period of five years. The H——'s continued to reside in New York, though the spacious and elegant abode in which they were now established in St. John's square, contrasted somewhat with that in which the opening of this narrative found them. Charles Fitzgerald was one of the rarest, though perhaps the most welcome of its visitors. Indeed, his habits of studious labor and seclusion made him but seldom visible in general society. He had devoted himself with zealous industry to the wide range of study connected with the vocation he had undertaken, at the same time that no slight application of labor in other modes was necessary for his support. He had notwithstanding accomplished himself to an unusual degree in the fascinating lore of his profession, which he had been now for two years admitted to practise—that is to say, if he could get anybody to practise upon; by no means an invariable concomitant of a young physician's diploma. It must be confessed that his still continued studies were not very often interrupted by the summons of patients,—excepting of the unpaying poor, upon whom every young man

who chooses may acquire any amount of the "experience" necessary to gain him admission to the sick room of the rich ;—and many a time, in the course of the explorations into which he was thus led, was the occasion of his first close acquaintance with poverty in its own home, recalled to his mind by the parallel spectacles of destitution brought under his eye.

It was on his return pretty late one evening from one of these too frequent scenes, while the voice of blessing was yet in his ears, poured forth from the very soul of a mother whose child he had saved from a condition of severe pain and peril—(remaining for the greater part of the day by its side, watching the fluttering breath of its doubtful life, and almost worshipped as an angel of light descended like a revelation into the midst of that human wretchedness and wo)—that Charles Fitzgerald found on the table of the small apartment that constituted as well his office as his lodging, a note in a handwriting familiar enough to him, but which caused him an emotion as he opened it, which it might take longer space to analyze than I have now to spare. And yet it was a note from an elderly lady, and was very brief and simple in its tenor :

"Mrs. H— presents her kindest regards to Dr. Fitzgerald, and will be much obliged if he can spare her an hour this evening, when she will be alone in the hope and pleasure of seeing him.

"Thursday morning, Oct. 23."

"What can it mean !" was our young friend's meditation. "I have not done more than leave a card there for nearly six months. She must have thought it strange—and yet there is nothing but kindness in the note. She cannot have suspected—no, I have taken good care that nobody should ever suspect—but I must go, if it is not too late." And glancing at his watch he made a hurried change in his dress, and before the expiration of twenty minutes he was seated in a deep and luxurious easy chair by a famous blazing coal fire, with Mrs. H— as his *vis-à-vis* in a situation of similar personal comfort—though evidently enough in no corresponding state of mental composure. His reception had been marked with a kindness that was even affectionate, though there was at once melancholy and embar-

rassment in the good old lady's countenance and manner.

It was some time before she approached the subject that had led to the note whose summons placed him there. It was a matter in which, after apologizing for his delay, though without explaining the cause of his lateness, he was of course passive.

"I have troubled you with this request," she at length said, "because I could not bring myself to leave this place—this country—without again seeing you."

"Leave this country !" exclaimed her listener, whose heart was already throbbing so tumultuously that it was not easy for him to command a tone of calmness in his voice. "Leave this country !—Is it possible !—and when ? and why ?"

"As for the *when*," was the reply, "we sail for Havre on the 1st—that is, if Mary is able then to undergo the exertion. The *why*, too, is probably sufficiently answered in that ;"—and the mother's eyes filled with tears, and the quivering of her lip spoke the emotion to which it gave no other expression.

"Dr. F—," she resumed, "gives me but faint encouragement, though the voyage, the change, and the climate of the south of Italy, afford us now our only chance. Indeed, I have been long anxious for her to go, but have never been able to overcome her own repugnance, till now she has at last yielded the only point on which she had ever opposed herself to my wishes. If we can reach Europe, I shall then have some hope."

There was a whole life's history of complete identification of heart, soul, everything, between two human beings, all in all to each other, and to each other alone, shadowed forth in that unconscious form of expression, "afford us now *our* only chance."

Charles Fitzgerald had, no doubt, been much exhausted by his long watching by the bed of the sick child that day. The reader will not, therefore, be surprised that his face was now considerably whiter than had been the sheet on that same bed ; and that if he did not fall either to the right or the left, he owed his upright posture in his easy chair, much more to the ample sides of that inestimable article of furniture, than to any inherent ability of his own to maintain it.

"Is she so ill as that?" he at length spoke in a husky voice, after a few moments of mutual silence. "I had heard that she was not well for some time, and had been anxious for some mode of hearing about her—but—but——"

"But you did not adopt the very simplest and obvious mode of gratifying any such desire that you might have entertained. My manners have strangely belied the warmest and deepest feeling of my heart, next to those which are bound up in *her*—nay, I should have been sadly wanting in justice as well as in gratitude—if you would not always have been the most welcome visitor that crossed my threshold. You crossed it once before under circumstances which could not but make it for ever as free to you as your own."

"You have indeed always been most kind, and I have been gratefully sensible of it," was his reply; "but side by side with your own manifestations of a desire to afford me the pleasure of visiting you as an intimate friend, how could I shut my eyes to the equally marked absence of any participation in such a desire on the part of Miss H——? And if I have felt that I at once complied with her manifest preference on that point, and perhaps—perhaps—perhaps consulted a prudential regard to my own tranquillity of mind, the rareness of the visits in which I have indulged myself can scarcely be a subject of surprise to you. Such a person as Miss H——was scarcely to be seen too much with impunity; and if I meant ever to succeed in my profession, I believe it was better to—in fact, you know well enough, madam, that the wisest prayer ever placed on human lips is, 'Lead us not into temptation.'"

He smiled a very faint and sickly smile, as he thus alluded to hypothetical dangers which the young hypocrite meant to convey the idea that he had successfully avoided and resisted. If, however, he believed that he deceived his present listener, as he so often had tried to deceive himself, he was vastly mistaken.

I shall not dwell longer on a conversation in which both the parties seemed to consume a very unnecessary length of time in avoiding coming to a direct and full understanding. If on other occasions his visits had been

short as well as reserved, neither of these characteristics applied to the present one; for not only before he took his departure had he unbosomed to his *vis-à-vis* aforesaid, depths of his heart to which he had often vowed that no human eye should ever penetrate; but as he descended the steps of the house—another man than he had ascended them—old Time, in impatience at an evening call so improperly protracted, gave a single indignant stroke with his foot on the bell of the neighboring steeple of St. John's, making a most emphatic proclamation of the fact that it was one o'clock of to-morrow morning.

The sum and substance of the whole matter was, that the two very foolish young people with whom our story concerns itself—as so many others do in this mad world—had been for a long time at a great deal of trouble at once to misunderstand and to deceive each other. She would rather have had her heart torn out with red-hot pincers than betray how deeply, how devotedly she had allowed it to become filled with the image of one whom she believed worse than indifferent to her. The effect of such a state of things on the department of a proud and sensitive woman I need not describe—especially as she was so often placed on the rack lest her mother's pressing anxiety to attract his visits might be the subject of a suspicion of which the possibility was torture. He, too, had long loved her, with an attachment in comparison with which his former imaginative passion for the superficial brilliancy of a beautiful coquette seemed the merest of child's play. But he was firmly convinced that she made a studied effort to discourage any possible indulgence of such a sentiment, and, it must be confessed, he sometimes had very good apparent reason for such a belief. Shy and sensitive, as well as full of all noble and tender feeling, he was also characterized, as has perhaps been before seen, by a pride running almost into the morbid in its excess. He was utterly poor; and though too full of a manly and lofty self-respect ever to feel that that circumstance could degrade him in the slightest degree below the level of any woman that treads the earth, though the jewels of a crown might flash from her haughty brow, yet in spite of himself he obeyed an insen-

sible influence keeping him away from one in relation to whom the blaspheming world might impute a mercenary motive, so long as he felt what he regarded merely as a disposition and tendency to love, and not as the divine passion itself. The very fact, too, of the circumstances which had created the disparity in this respect, enriching her on the basis of his poverty, rather increased this influence;—might it not look as if he would thus reclaim what he regretted to have surrendered?—or like an abuse of the vantage ground given him by that former justice of his own, in which even he could not but feel that there was no small proportion of generosity mingled, by extorting as it were from gratitude that which should only be voluntarily bestowed by love?—or—in short he reasoned and acted very much like a simpleton, and was justly punished accordingly.

The consequence was eventually what we have seen. Mary's health had never been quite satisfactory since the date of the opening of this history; and she insensibly consumed herself away, till she at last reached the state in which we have again found her, and which, alas! too sadly justified her mother's apprehensions that she might not be able to endure the exertion of that voyage which afforded the sole means of attaining her only apparent chance of restoration. There was but this one subject on which there was any want of confidence on her part with her mother. It was a fault for which she suffered severely—perhaps not unjustly. The latter, however, entertained a suspicion but little short of moral certainty. Yet how could she interfere?—What could she do?—passive as the female side of the question is always bound to be in these matters. Her invitation to Charles Fitzgerald, which we have seen to lead to all this disentanglement, was made without Mary's knowledge, and had for its object that which she professed, the desire to see him before a parting which would probably be forever; together with that of again pressing upon him the acceptance of a portion of the wealth whose amount, already even largely increased by an enhancement of values, was fourfold more than sufficient for their most freely indulged wishes. The latter duty indeed had been strongly urged on her by Mary herself, though he was

never to know of any participation of hers in the affair. Whether at the bottom of the good old lady's heart—with all her staidness and all the positiveness with which she would have disclaimed it—whether there was not, I say, some slight, half-formed idea, or hope, or notion, that by some possibility of possibility, the result of this interview might be somewhat in the direction we have actually seen it to take—will only be known in that day when even the subtlest secret, lurking beneath the deepest fold of unconscionness in the very heart harboring it, will be brought forth to the radiance of a stronger light than our sun.

On the next morning, and every succeeding day, the neighbors might have remarked, and no doubt did, that another physician besides good, dear, and invaluable old Dr. F——, had been called in to a consulting attendance on the invalid at No. —. And certainly no physician in the city was ever half so devoted in the frequency and length of his visits, as young Dr. Fitzgerald. That is one advantage of the young medicos, who have plenty of time on hand to do full justice to every one of the few patients whose summons make their "angel visits" to the cobwebbed solitude of their offices.

As third parties, especially of the masculine gender, are usually excluded from the professional interviews between "the doctor" and a fair and young patient, I am unable to give the reader any account of what took place on any of these occasions,—nor should I if I could.

On the morning of the 1st, the day fixed for the departure for Europe, a singular scene was visible to the eyes of a very small number of persons present, in the front parlor in St. John's square. Those witnesses consisted of a half-dozen intimate friends, including the Rev. Dr. E——, who was in his robes. The last stroke of the hour of ten had scarcely died away on the ear, when the door opened, and Mary H—— entered, supported—nay, almost carried—between Charles Fitzgerald and her mother. Alas, how changed!—yet still how lovely, though in that marble beauty which seems to belong to the Angel of Death alone! They led her to a seat prepared for her reception,

and she smiled with a faint, sweet brightness on those around, which, with the thought of her condition and inevitable prospect, brought tears into every eye. Could it be possible? Had she indeed come thus, as though in a shroud for her white wedding garment, to be married? It was even so. She had not even the strength to stand upright for the performance of the solemn and melancholy joy of the ceremony, and she remained sitting, while Charles stood by her side. When it was concluded, and those whom God had joined together were now beyond the power of man to sunder, though death seemed almost waiting at the door to part them—so far as death can part that holy and mystic Dual Unity—as the Husband bent over to impress his first kiss on the pallid lips of his Wife, even while his tears streamed warm and fast over the transparent whiteness of her forehead, she whispered in his ear, in a tone tremulous as well from delight as from weakness:

“I am content to die now!”

Before the sun of that day had set, they were far away on the heaving bosom of the Atlantic.

One exact year from the date of the above occurrence, on a soft and warm autumn afternoon beneath the deep blue of an Italian sky, two persons might have been seen lingering some time after a number of other visitors, travellers apparently like themselves, within the solemn grandeur of the Coliseum's stupendous enclosure. The one of them, a lady, bore the marks of a certain delicacy of health, though there was still no want of color in her cheeks and tender lips, of a roundness in the light grace of her form, or of buoyancy in its wavy movement. She leaned on the arm of her companion as they sauntered around silently, as though both were under the spell of the awful genius of the place, with that quiet and confiding repose which always so beautifully bespeaks the happy wife. He at last led her to a fragment of a broken column which afforded a very convenient seat for two.

“You are fatiguing yourself too much, Mary,” he said; “and you must remember that this day twelve months I was admitted to the double authority of your travelling physician as well as

that dearer title which I would not exchange for the throne of all this magnificent Europe. I therefore prescribe that you sit down and rest on this pillar, and listen to a story I have brought you here to tell you.”

“Provided it is a short one, for mother will be lonely and anxious, if we remain much longer,” was the answer, in a voice whose clear and firm though soft melody of tone was very different from the feeble whisper which was the last sound we heard from it.

“Very well—it's short enough. This is the very spot, this very fallen fragment of a column, where I once imagined that ideal of which I have now the dear real actually in my arms. Helen S—— sat precisely where you do now;”—(he smiled as his wife involuntarily moved her seat as far as its limited space permitted)—“Ah, what a fascinating creature she was! But she could never have got beyond the threshold of the temple in whose inmost depth you are now enshrined. That was but the first nascent blossom in the yearning soil of the young heart—I have now reaped the rich and blessed maturity of the fruit!”

Charles Fitzgerald (of course I have disguised the real name) is living now, with the beautiful and lovely wife whom he sometimes points to with pride as a living trophy of his skill and care in his old profession, which he no longer practises otherwise than occasionally. From the portico of a beautiful residence on the banks of the North River, she can now enjoy, no longer alone and no longer through tears, the contemplation of those fading glories of the day which on our first acquaintance with her she was gazing upon through the dingy panes of a little miserable attic window. If she has lost the other of the two companions who were then the inmates with her of that unforgotten abode of virtuous suffering and striving, other objects of the happiest and tenderest affections have come to compensate and console the heart of the mother for the affliction of the daughter. And surrounded by her and them, I have never heard Charles Fitzgerald complain of the brave sacrifice he once made to preserve his Honor Bright.

THE DYING SYCAMORES.

BY MISS ANNE C. LYNCH.

A BEAUTY like young womanhood's
 Upon the green earth lies,
 And June's sweet smile hath waked again
 All summer's harmonies.

The insects hum their dreamy song,
 The trees their honors wear,
 And languid with its perfume spoils
 Sighs the voluptuous air.

A gorgeous wealth of leaf and bloom
 Enchants the dazzled sight ;
 And over earth and sky there smiles
 A Presence of delight.

From yon sad dying Sycamores,
 Alone a shadow falls,—
 As from the ghastly form of Death,
 In Egypt's banquet-halls.

Against the soft blue sky they stand,
 Their naked limbs outspread,
 And to the throbbing life around,
 They murmur of the dead.

Spring, with its soft and odorous air,
 Hath breathed on them in vain,
 Nor sun, nor dew, nor summer shower,
 Shall bid them bloom again.

Oh, stately monarchs of the wood,
 What blight hath o'er ye passed ?
 What canker in your noble hearts ?
 What spell is on ye cast ?

I watch ye where a thousand forms
 With life and beauty glow,
 Till half I deem that on ye lies
 Some weight of human woe.

Ye emblem many a weary heart,
 In this fair world of ours,
 For they that love not are like ye,
 Oh, dying Sycamores !

Providence, R. I.

EL VERDUGO.*

THE clock of the little town of Menda had just struck midnight. At that moment, a young French officer was leaning over the parapet of a terrace which bordered the gardens of the castle of Menda, plunged in a profounder depth of abstraction than seemed habitual to the thoughtlessness of military life,—but never were hour, site and circumstances more propitious to meditation.

Above his head, the beautiful sky of Spain stretched its dome of dark azure. The twinkling of the stars and the soft radiance of the moon cast a capricious light over an exquisite valley which lay in all its wealth of loveliness at his feet. Resting upon an orange-tree in full blossom, the young chef-de-bataillon could see, a hundred feet below, the town of Menda, which seemed to have nestled itself for shelter from the north winds at the foot of the cliff on which the castle was built. Turning his head, he could behold the sea, whose sparkling waters enclosed the landscape like a broad belt of silver. The castle itself was illuminated. The joyous confusion of sounds from a ball, the music of the orchestra, the laughter of some of the officers and their partners in the dance, reached his ear, softened into harmony by the distance, and blended with the far-off murmur of the waves. The fresh coolness of the night infused a new energy into his frame exhausted by the heat of the day; while the gardens were planted with trees so odoriferous and flowers of such exquisite sweetness, that the young man fancied himself, as it were, plunged in a bath of every delicious perfume.

The castle of Menda belonged to a grandee of Spain, who, at that period, was residing in it with his whole family. During the whole of this evening, the eldest of his daughters had directed her looks towards the officer with an interest blended with so deep a sadness, that the sentiment of pity expressed by the beautiful Spanish girl might well have given rise to the

young Frenchman's reverie. Yet how dare to imagine the possibility that the daughter of the most haughty and fastidious noble in Spain could ever be bestowed on the son of a Parisian shop-keeper!

The French were held in detestation. The marquis having been suspected by General G——, the governor of the province, of being engaged in plotting an insurrection in favor of Ferdinand VII., the battalion commanded by Victor Marchand had been placed in cantonments in the little town of Menda, to hold in check the surrounding country, which belonged to the Marquis de Léganès. A recent despatch from Marshal Ney gave reason even to apprehend that the English might shortly land on the coast, and pointed out the marquis as a man engaged in correspondence with the cabinet of London. So that, notwithstanding all the hospitable welcome with which the latter had received Victor Marchand and his soldiers, the young officer kept himself vigilantly on his guard.

While directing his steps towards that terrace, to which he went for the purpose of observing the state of the town and the country entrusted to his supervision, he had meditated on the problem how he ought to interpret the friendship which the marquis had never ceased to manifest towards him, and how to reconcile the tranquillity of the country with the anxieties of his general; but, for the last few minutes, all these thoughts had been driven from the mind of the young commandant by a feeling of prudential caution and by a very legitimate curiosity.

He had just observed a considerable number of lights in the town. Now, notwithstanding it was the festival of St. James, he had that very morning commanded that every fire should be extinguished at the usual hour prescribed by his general regulations. The castle alone had been exempted from that order. He could perceive,

* From the French of Balzac.

indeed, here and there the gleam of his sentries' bayonets at their accustomed posts; but there was something solemn in the silence that prevailed, and nothing announced that the Spaniards were plunged in the intoxication of a festival.

After seeking in vain to explain this general violation of his orders on the part of the inhabitants, the offence seemed to him the more strangely mysterious as he reflected that he had entrusted to some officers the charge of the police and the rounds of the night. With the impetuosity of youth, he was about to leap down by a breach in the terrace to effect more rapidly the descent of the rocks, and the sooner reach a little post of the guard which was stationed at the entrance of the town, on the side next the castle, when he was arrested by the sound of a slight noise. He fancied that he heard the gravel of the alleys grate beneath the light step of a woman. He turned his head back, but saw nothing; his eyes were struck, however, by the extraordinary whiteness of the ocean. He suddenly perceived there so fatal a spectacle, that he stood motionless with surprise, accusing even his senses of deception. The glancing rays of the moon enabled him to distinguish a crowd of sails at a considerable distance. A thrill shot through his frame, and he tried to convince himself that this terrible vision was only some optical illusion produced by the capricious play of the waves and the moonlight.

At that moment a hoarse voice uttered his name. The officer looked toward the breach, and he there saw the head of the soldier by whom he had been attended to the castle raised slowly and cautiously in the air.

"Is that you, mon commandant?"

"Yes. Well, what?" answered the young man in a low tone, warned by a sort of presentiment to act with mystery.

"Those scamps down there are twisting about like worms!—and I have hastened to communicate to you, if you will permit me, the little observations I have made."

"Speak," replied Victor Marchand.

"I have just been following one of the people of the castle who directed his steps this way with a lantern in his hand. Now a lantern is a devilishly suspicious thing, for I have no idea that that good Christian there has any occa-

sion to light pious tapers at this hour of the night. They want to devour us, said I to myself,—and I set about eyeing him pretty closely. And so, mon commandant, I discovered, hardly three paces from here, on a platform of rock, a certain pile of faggots—"

A terrible cry echoed through the town and interrupted the soldier. A sudden glare flashed over the face of the commandant. The poor grenadier at the same instant received a bullet in his head and fell dead. A fire of straw and dry wood blazed like a conflagration within ten steps of the young man. The musical instruments and the laughing voices were hushed in the saloon of the ball. The festal gaiety had suddenly given place to a silence as of death, interrupted only by groans. The report of a cannon boomed over the ocean's plain of light. A cold sweat started to the young officer's forehead. He was unarmed. He understood at once that all his soldiers had perished and that the English were about to land. He saw himself dishonored if he survived—he saw himself dragged before a council of war—and then he measured with his eye the depth of the valley. He was in the act of plunging off, when his hand was seized by that of Clara.

"Fly!" she said, "my brothers are behind me. At the foot of the rock, down there, you will find Juanito's swift Andalusian. Fly!"

She pushed him forward. The young man, half stupified, looked at her for a moment. But presently, yielding to the instinct of self-preservation which never abandons even the strongest man, he plunged among the trees in the direction indicated, and sprang across the wall, before trodden by no other feet than those of the wild goats. He heard Clara crying to her brothers to pursue him—he heard the steps of his assassins—he heard the bullets of several shots whizzing by his ears—but he succeeded in reaching the valley, found the horse, leaped upon him, and disappeared with the rapidity of lightning.

In a few hours the young officer arrived at the head-quarters of General G—. The latter was at table with his staff.

"I bring you my head!" cried the chef-de-bataillon, as he made his appearance pale and exhausted.

He sat down, and related the horrible adventure. His narrative was received with a fearful silence.

"You have been more unfortunate than criminal," at last replied the terrible general. "You are not responsible for the crime of the Spaniards; and unless the marshal shall decide differently, I acquit you of blame."

These words afforded but feeble consolation to the wretched officer.

"When the Emperor shall come to know this!"—he exclaimed.

"He will want to have you shot," said the general; "but we shall see. However, no more of this," he added, in a severe tone, "except to draw from it a vengeance which shall strike a salutary terror upon this country of treachery."

An hour after, a whole regiment, a detachment of cavalry, and a train of artillery, were on their march. The general and Victor marched at the head of this column. The soldiers, informed of the massacre of their comrades, were filled with an unexampled fury. The distance that separated the town of Menda from the headquarters was traversed with a miraculous rapidity. On the route the general found whole villages in arms. Every one of these miserable hamlets was reduced to ashes, and their inhabitants decimated. By some inexplicable fatality, the English vessels had remained lying to, without advancing,* so that the town of Menda was surrounded by the French troops with scarcely a blow struck. The inhabitants, seized with consternation, and seeing themselves destitute of that aid which the appearance of the English sails had seemed to promise them, offered to surrender at discretion. By one of those acts of self-devotion which have not been rare in the Peninsula, those concerned in the assassination of the French, foreseeing, from the well-known cruelty of the general, that Menda would probably be given to the flames, and its whole population put to the sword, proposed to the general to give information against themselves. He accepted their offer, adding to it the condition that all the inhabitants of the castle, from the lowest valet to the marquis, should be delivered into his

hands. This capitulation being agreed upon, the general promised to pardon the rest of the people of the town, and to prevent his soldiers from sacking or setting it on fire. An enormous contribution was imposed on it, and the richest inhabitants surrendered themselves as prisoners to guaranty its payment, which was to be consummated within twenty-four hours.

The general, having taken every precaution necessary for the safety of his troops, and provided for the defence of the country, refused to billet his soldiers in the houses. He encamped them, and then ascended to the castle, of which he took military possession. All the members of the family of Lé-ganès, consisting of his wife, two daughters and three sons, together with the servants, were placed under careful guard, and pinioned. The general ordered the prisoners to be shut up in the saloon in which the ball had taken place. The windows of that apartment embraced a view of the terrace that overhung the town. The staff was established in a neighboring gallery, where the general first held a council of war on the measures to be taken to oppose the landing of the English.

After having despatched an aide-de-camp to Marshal Ney, and given orders for the erection of batteries on the coast, the general and his staff turned their attention to the prisoners. Two hundred Spaniards whom the inhabitants had delivered up were immediately shot upon the terrace. After this military execution, the general commanded as many scaffolds to be planted on the terrace as there were persons in the saloon, and the executioner of the town to be brought to the spot.

Taking advantage of the interval to elapse before the service of dinner for the staff in the gallery of the castle, Victor Marchand went to see the prisoners. Presently he returned to the general.

"I come," he said in a voice of strong emotion, "to ask favors."

"You!" answered the general, with a tone of bitter irony.

"Alas!" replied Victor, "they are

* It was afterwards ascertained that these vessels carried only artillery, and that they had outsailed the rest of the transports.

melancholy favors. The marquis, seeing the scaffolds planted there, has indulged the hope that you would for his family change that mode of death. He entreats you that the nobles may be decapitated."

"Be it so," said the general.

"They ask also that the consolations of religion be afforded them, and that they may be released from their bonds. They promise to make no attempt at escape."

"I consent," said the general, "but you will be answerable for them."

"The old man, moreover, offers you the whole of his fortune if you will pardon his young son."

"Indeed!" replied the chief; "but his fortune already belongs to King Joseph."—He paused. A scornful smile wrinkled his brow, and he added: "I will even go beyond their wishes. I guess the importance of the last request. Very well!—let him purchase the perpetuation of his name, and let Spain preserve forever the memory both of their treachery and their punishment. I grant a pardon, and the whole of that fortune, to whichever of his sons shall perform the office of the executioner. Begone—and not a word more on the subject!"

Victor remained thunder-struck.

Dinner was served. All the officers, seated at table, satisfied the demands of a hunger sharpened by fatigue. One only of their number was wanting from the circle; it was Victor Marchand. After a long hesitation he proceeded to the apartment in which were mourning the proud family of Léganès. He entered. He cast a mournful glance over the spectacle now presented by that saloon where the evening before he had seen the gay and brilliant heads of the two young girls and the three youths whirling in the stream of the waltz. He shuddered as he thought that they were soon to roll to the ground, severed by the sword of the headsman. The father and the mother, the three sons and two daughters, pinned to gilt sofas, remained in a state of perfect motionlessness. Eight servants were standing in silence, with their hands bound behind their backs. These fifteen persons were gravely contemplating each other, and their eyes scarcely betrayed the emotions by which they were harrowed. A profound resignation, mingled with re-

gret for the failure of their enterprise, was depicted on some of the brows. They were guarded by soldiers, themselves motionless, and respecting the grief of these cruel enemies. A movement of curiosity animated every countenance on the appearance of Victor. He gave orders to unfasten the condemned captives, and hastened himself to loosen the cords which secured Clara a prisoner to her chair. She smiled mournfully. The officer could not help lightly touching in the process the elegant and fresh arms of the young maiden. He looked with admiration on the dark wealth of her hair, and her lithe form,—for she was indeed all Spanish; she had the Spanish complexion, slightly dark; and Spanish eyes, with long curved lashes and a pupil blacker than a raven's wing.

"Have you succeeded!" she said to him, with one of those funeral smiles in which there is still something of the young girl.

Victor could only answer with a groan. He looked in turns at the three brothers and at Clara. The one, the eldest, was thirty years old. Small, not well made, with a haughty and disdainful air, he still was not without a certain nobleness of manner, and did not seem entirely a stranger to that delicacy of sentiment which once made the gallantry of Spain so celebrated. He was named Juanito. The second, Felipe, was about twenty years old. He resembled Clara. The third was not above eight. A painter would have found in the features of Raphael something of that Roman constancy which David has given to the children in his republican pages. The old marquis had a head covered with white hairs, which seemed to have escaped from some picture of Murillo's.

At this sight, the young officer shook his head, despairing of seeing the general's bargain accepted by either of these persons. However, he summoned courage to confide it to Clara. She shuddered at first, but quickly resumed her calmness of countenance, and went to throw herself on her knees before her father.

"Oh!" she said to him, "make Juanito swear that he will faithfully obey the commands you shall give him. We shall be contented."

A sensation of hope thrilled through the aged mother; but as soon as, lean-

ing over toward her husband, she had heard the horrible disclosure of Clara, she fainted.

Juanito understood the whole, and he sprang like a lion in his cage.

Victor took it upon himself to send away the soldiers, after having obtained from the marquis his assurance of entire submission. The domestics were led away and delivered to the executioner, who hanged them all.

When the family had no other spectator than Victor, the old father arose.

"Juanito!" said he.

Juanito, understanding his father's command, made no other reply to it, than by an inclination of the head expressive of refusal. He sank back upon his chair, and looked at his parents with a dry and terrible eye.

Clara came and sat upon his knees, and with a cheerful air—

"Dear Juanito," she said, passing her arms around his neck, and kissing his eye-lids, "if you knew how much sweeter this death would be to me bestowed by you, I should not have to submit to the odious touch of the executioner's hand. You will rescue me from the evils that awaited me, and—dear Juanito, you were not willing to see me belong to any one—well, then—"

The velvet softness of her eyes cast a glance of fire upon Victor, as though to re-awaken in Juanito's heart his hatred of the French.

"Courage!"—said his brother Philip to him; "otherwise our family is extinct."

Clara suddenly rose, the group which had gathered round Juanito opened, and he saw his aged father erect before him, who cried with a solemn voice:

"Juanito, I command you!"

The young count remaining motionless, his father fell upon his knees to him. Involuntarily, Clara, Raphael, and Philip imitated him, and all, with hands outstretched towards him who was to save the family from oblivion, seemed to repeat the father's words:

"My son, can you be wanting in a Spaniard's energy and a true sensibility? Will you leave me longer on my knees, and ought you to think of your own life or your own sufferings?—Madam, is this my son?" added the old man, turning round to the marchioness.

"He consents!" cried the mother in despair; for she perceived Juanito make a motion of the eye-brows of which she alone understood the meaning.

Mariquita, the second daughter, was on her knees, pressing her mother in her feeble arms; and as her eyes were streaming with hot tears, her little brother Raphael came to rebuke her.

At that moment the confessor of the castle entered. He was immediately surrounded by the whole family. They led him to Juanito. Victor, unable longer to support this spectacle, made a sign to Clara, and hastened to attempt a last effort with the general. He found him in an excellent humor, in the midst of the feast, and drinking a delicious wine with his officers, whose conversation was beginning to sparkle with merriment.

An hour after, a hundred of the principal inhabitants of Menda were assembled on the terrace, according to the order of the general, to be witnesses to the execution of the Léganès family. A detachment of soldiers was stationed to guard the Spaniards, who were ranged under the scaffolds from which the domestics of the marquis had been hung, so that their heads nearly touched the feet of these martyrs. At thirty paces in front of them stood a block and flashed a cimeter.

The executioner was there, in case of refusal on the part of Juanito.

Presently, in the midst of the most profound silence, the Spaniards heard the advancing steps of several persons, the measured tread of a picquet of soldiers, and the light sound of their muskets. These different noises were mingled with the gay voices from the revelry of the officers, just as shortly before the dances of a ball had disguised the preparations for a sanguinary treachery. Every eye was turned towards the castle, and the noble family of Léganès was seen advancing with a firmness almost incredible. One alone, pale and nerveless, was leaning upon the priest, who was lavishing upon this man, the only one who was not to die, all the consolations of religion. The executioner understood, as did everybody, that Juanito had accepted his place for a single day. The old marquis and his wife, Clara, Mariquita, and his two brothers, came to kneel down at a few steps from the fatal spot.

Juanito was led by the priest. When he reached the block, the executioner, pulling him by the sleeve, took him aside, and probably gave him some instructions.

The confessor placed the victims so that they might not see the execution; but they were true Spaniards; they held themselves erect and firm.

Clara rushed forward the first towards her brother.—“Juanito,” she said to him, “have pity on my want of courage. Begin with me!”

At that moment the hasty steps of a man were heard approaching. Victor arrived on the spot of this scene. Clara was already on her knees, and already her white neck invited the cimeter. The officer grew pale; but he found strength to hasten up to her.

“Stop!” he said, “the general grants your life if you will be my wife!”

The Spanish girl flashed upon the officer a glance of scorn. “Come, Juanito!” she said, in a deep tone of voice.

Her head rolled at Victor’s feet; and the marchioness de Léganès suffered a convulsive movement to escape her, as she heard the heavy sound of the cimeter; it was the only indication of her feelings.

“Am I right this way, my dear Juanito?” was little Raphael’s inquiry of his brother.

“Ah! you weep, Mariquita?”—said Juanito to his sister.

“Oh! yes!” answered the young girl; “I am thinking of you, poor Juanito. Ah! how unhappy you are going to be without us!”

Presently appeared the tall figure of the marquis. He looked at the blood of his children; he turned towards the mute and motionless spectators; he stretched out his hands toward Juanito, and said with a strong voice:

“Spaniards! I bestow upon my son my paternal blessing! May it ever be with him! Now, marquis, strike without fear, as you are without reproach!”

But when Juanito beheld his mother approach, supported by the confessor:

“She nourished me!” he cried, and his voice wrung a cry of horror from the assembly. The noise of the feast, and the gay laughter of the officers were hushed at that fearful cry.

The marchioness, comprehending that Juanito’s strength was exhausted, sprang at a bound over the balustrade, plunging down to be crushed to death upon the rocks. A cry of admiration arose. Juanito had fallen in a swoon.

“General,” said an officer, half-intoxicated, “Marchand has just been telling me about that execution.—I bet that you did not command it.”

“Do you forget, gentlemen,” exclaimed General G——, “that in a month five hundred French families will be in tears, and that we are in Spain! Do you want to leave our bones here?”

After this speech, not a single officer was found, not even a sous-lieutenant, who dared to empty his glass.

Notwithstanding all the respect with which he is surrounded; notwithstanding the title of EL VERDUGO,* with which the King of Spain is said to have enriched the name of the Marquis de Léganès, he remains a prey to grief, living in solitude, and rarely allowing himself to be seen. Bowed down beneath the burthen of his sublime crime, he seems to await with impatience the time when the birth of a second son will give him the right to rejoin the shadows by whom he walks ore ver surrounded.

* *El Verdugo*, the executioner.

MR. CHANNING'S POEMS.*

THIS little volume is a pledge that the author need not owe any advantage to the eminent name he wears, but is ready to add, to the distinction which already encircles it, the fame of poetry. It is a collection chiefly of occasional poems on domestic, private, and personal topics, with poems of sentiment and reflection, and one or two narrative pieces; all very short, but a skilful reader will readily detect in them the presence of the authentic gifts of music and of fancy. All critics know that in the multitude of writers one who can write English is rare: and much more rare is one who can master the keys of rhythm, and express himself naturally in verse. The author of these poems has achieved this mastery in the easy and novel structure of his metrical style, which, though often falling into the popular forms, as into blank verse, or into the common octosyllabic quatrains, keeps a new character in these old forms. Meantime, many of his metres are original and of singular beauty. Especially, we catch some strains of that peculiar lyric eloquence which the old dramatists, and Herrick, and even Donne drew from our rugged and hissing language, which is like an exquisite nerve communicating by thrills, and which we sometimes fear to be a lost art. Equally with his music, we enjoy the activity of the fancy in these thoughtful poems, which never keeps the beaten road, but by its beautiful invention of methods and outlets, communicates a feeling of freedom and power, which the lovers of poetry will hear as the ringing of a wind-harp.

But the samples of his thought which the author of this book has afforded us, few though they be, betray higher gifts than melody and fancy. There is a delicacy and refinement in this mind, which put the reader at once at school in the most agreeable of disciplines, as it requires much culture to apprehend them. Far from being popular verses, we should rather say that this

was poetry for poets, and would be valued in proportion to the poetic taste of its readers. It has given us to think how much sincerity is an indispensable element of high poetry;—that the author should give us his proper experiences, neither more nor less, and should tell us not what men may be supposed to feel in the presence of a mountain or a cataract, but how it was with him. The truth must be spoken without reference to the reader or hearer, or to anything which is not the life of the poem itself. The writing shall have no foreign reference, but shall be a vent and voidance of things the man has at heart. Poetry thus written, we shall find wholly new, the latest birth of time, the last observation which the incarnate Spirit has taken of its work. This honesty comes only by highest endowment. Men utter follies, not because they prefer them, but from want of thought. The poet is preoccupied with the facts before him, and speaks well because the fact is too strong for him, and will not allow him to babble. That gratification this poetry will afford, as it is not conventional, but is stamped with truth. This veracity makes the value of the whole book; it is made up of the simplest expressions of a gentle and thoughtful mind, its privat^{est} knowledge and feeling. Much of it seems to be poetry of love and sentiment, fruits of a fine, light, gentle, happy intercourse with his friends; the poet obviously and consciously idealizing his portraits, because his interest is not in that which they are in the world, but in what they are to his genius. And the imagery has the same genuineness; it is not borrowed from the great poets, but, though sometimes a little whimsical or surprising, is the form which the thought clothed itself in, and which required some courage to adopt.

As we loitered among these Dorian measures, we have figured the author as a person of wayward habits, early

* Poems by William Ellery Channing. Boston: Little & Brown. 1843.

wisdom, and affectionate speech, with a tone that is tremulous with emotion like a flower in the wind ; as one—

“Who drew fine pictures on the swimming air ;”

—as one who loves—

“To see the early stars, a mild sweet train,
Come out to bury the diurnal sun ;”

—who walks in the grove by the columns of the temple, whilst—

“Fanned them the softly entering, singing air ;”

—who sees Beauty passing through the field ;—

“And dances on the sward the capering light,
And all the swinging herbs love her soft steps ;”

—who stands in the breezy meadow as in his home ;—

“The wind is feeling in each gentle bell,
I and my flowers receive this music well ”

—and in very deed leading the true and beautiful life of the flowers themselves :

“A life well spent is like a flower
That had bright sunshine its brief hour ;
It flourished in pure willingness,
Discovered strongest earnestness,
Was fragrant for each lightest wind,
Was of its own particular kind,
Nor knew a tone of discord sharp ;
Breathed away like a silver harp,
And went to immortality,
A very proper thing to die.”

But he has not only these strains pure and untiring as the summer-wind itself, but a sterner, autumnal, and even wintry music, when he expresses his impatience of the unmeaning conventions of cities, the lowness of our social aims, and the equal paltriness of our concealment and our display, and bids the aspirant—

“Boom like the roaring, sunlit waterfall,
Humming to infinite abysses ; speak loud,
speak free !”

—or when he contemplates the mysteries of humanity, the spiritual life, and the spectre death, with equal depth of nature to their own. He pauses at birth-days as “the solemnest days of our bright lives,” at the marriage festival, at the advent and the parting of human life ;—

“That I was father to so fair a child,
And that her mother smiled on me so long,
I think of now as passing gods' estate.
I am enraptured that such lot was mine,
That mine is others'.”——

With a keen sympathy with nature, he now mingles his sigh with that of the melancholy autumn :

“Summer is going,
Cold wind is blowing,
Tale of the autumn—the autumn so drear ;
No sower is sowing,
No mower is mowing,
Seed is sown, harvest mown, time almost sere.

Flowers are fading,
Autumn's wreath braiding,
To deck the sad burial—sad burial lone ;
The bees have done lading
And finished their trading,
Honey made, cellars laid, hive almost grown.

Gray clouds are flying,
Gray shades replying,
Soon shall come mourning—mourning so pale,
And the babe shall be crying,
And the mother be sighing,
Coldly lie, coldly die, in the arms of the gale.”

—now bursts into brief ejaculation of happiness, as he glances a glad eye round over the wealth of beauty which is all his, and ours, and every man's :

“A dropping shower of spray,
Filled with a beam of light,—
The breath of some soft day,—
The groves by wan moonlight,—
Some rivers flow,
Some falling snow,
Some bird's swift flight ;—

A summer field o'erstrown
With gay and laughing flowers,
And shepherd's clocks half-blown,
That tell the merry hours,—
The waving grain,
The spring soft rain,—
Are these things *ours* ?”

The poor man draws him to true sympathy, and gives occasion to stanzas of a plain and earnest eloquence :

“ Like a lion at bay,
Like a cold still day,
Stands the poor man here,
Few friends has he,
And fewer they be
With the turn of each year ;

Who can buy him no house,
Who cannot carouse,
Nor his neighbors delight ;
Whose cabin is cold,
Whose vestment is old,
Whose heart only shineth bright.

They eye him askance
With a feeble glance,
Half shake him by the hand,—
’Tis the poor man, he
Hath no gold to give to me ;
There are richer in the land.

But the sun shineth fair
Through the blue-woven air,
To the poor man’s mind ;
His ears are all ready,
And his hearing is steady,
As rushes the wind.

The seed he puts in earth,
Of its fruit hath the birth ;
Tall waves the fragrant flower ;
He hath carved a broad stone
That the time may be known ;
The dial telleth him the hour.

The birds over his head
Their broad wings spread,
Their songs to him they sing ;
The brook runs him to meet,
And washeth gently his feet,
While the meadows their joys bring.”

The wisdom of self-trust and of generous sentiment, and the feeling of sweet veneration for woman, pervades the book, and is excellently expressed in the poem entitled “ Reverence” :

“ As an ancestral heritage revere
All learning, and all thought. The painter’s fame
Is thine, whate’er thy lot, who honorest
Grace.
And need enough in this low time, when
they,
Who seek to captivate the fleeting notes
Of heaven’s sweet beauty, must despair
almost,
So heavy and obdurate show the hearts
Of their companions. Honor kindly then

Those who bear up in their so generous
arms
The beautiful ideas of matchless forms ;
For were these not portrayed, our human
fate,—
Which is to be all high, majestic,
To grow to goodness with each coming
age,
Till virtue leap and sing for joy to see
So noble, virtuous men,—would brief decay ;
And the green, festering slime, oblivious,
haunt
About our common fate. Oh honor them !

But what to all true eyes has chiefest
charm,
And what to every breast where beats a
heart
Framed to one beautiful emotion, to
One sweet and natural feeling, lends a
grace
To all the tedious walks of common life,
This is fair woman,—woman, whose applause

Each poet sings,—woman, the beautiful.
Not that her fairest brow, or gentlest form
Charm us to tears ; not that the smoothest
cheek,

Where ever rosy tints have made their
home,

So rivet us on her ; but that she is
The subtle, delicate grace,—the inward
grace,

For words too excellent ; the noble, true,
The majesty of earth ; the summer queen :
In whose conceptions nothing but what’s
great

Has any right. And, O ! her love for him,
Who does but his small part in honoring
her ;

Discharging a sweet office, sweeter none,
Mother and child, friend, counsel and re-
pose ;—

Nought matches with her, nought has
leave with her

To highest human praise. Farewell to
him

Who reverences not with an excess
Of faith the beauteous sex ; all barren he
Shall live a living death of mockery.

Ah ! had but words the power, what could
we say

Of woman ! We, rude men, of violent
phrase,

Harsh action, even in repose inwardly
harsh ;

Whose lives walk blustering on high stilts,
removed

From all the purely gracious influence
Of mother earth. To single from the host
Of angel forms one only, and to her
Devote our deepest heart and deepest mind
Seems almost contradiction. Unto her

We owe our greatest blessings, hours of cheer,
 Gay smiles, and sudden tears, and more than these
 A sure perpetual love. Regard her as
 She walks along the vast still earth; and see!
 Before her flies a laughing troop of joys,
 And by her side treads old experience,
 With never-failing voice admonitory;
 The gentle, though infallible, kind advice,
 The watchful care, the fine regardfulness,
 Whatever mates with what we hope to find,
 All consummate in her—the summer queen.

To call past ages better than what now
 Man is enacting on life's crowded stage,
 Cannot improve our worth; and for the world
 Blue is the sky as ever, and the stars
 Kindle their crystal flames at soft-fallen eve
 With the same purest lustre that the east
 Worshipped. The river gently flows
 through fields
 Where the broad-leaved corn spreads out,
 and loads
 Its ear as when the Indian tilled the soil.
 The dark green pine,—green in the winter's cold,
 Still whispers meaning emblems, as of old;
 The cricket chirps, and the sweet, eager birds
 In the sad woods crowd their thick melodies;
 But yet, to common eyes, life's poetry
 Something has faded, and the cause of this
 May be that man, no longer at the shrine
 Of woman kneeling with true reverence,
 In spite of field, wood, river, stars and sea
 Goes most disconsolate. A babble now,
 A huge and wind-swelled babble, fills the place
 Of that great adoration which of old
 Man had for woman. In these days no more
 Is love the pith and marrow of man's fate.

Thou who in early years feelest awake
 To finest impulses from nature's breath,
 And in thy walk hearest such sounds of truth
 As on the common ear strike without heed,
 Beware of men around thee. Men are foul,
 With avarice, ambition and deceit;
 The worst of all, ambition. This is life
 Spent in a feverish chase for selfish ends,
 Which has no virtue to redeem its toil,
 But one long, stagnant hope to raise the self.
 The miser's life to this seems sweet and fair;
 Better to pile the glittering coin, than seek
 To overtop our brothers and our loves.

Merit in this? Where lies it, though thy name
 Ring over distant lands, meeting the wind
 Even on the extremest verge of the wide world.
 Merit in this? Better be hurled abroad
 On the vast whirling tide, than in thyself
 Concentred, feed upon thy own applause.
 Thee shall the good man yield no reverence;
 But, while the idle, dissolute crowd are loud
 In voice to send thee flattery, shall rejoice
 That he has 'scaped thy fatal doom, and known
 How humble faith in the good soul of things
 Provides amplest enjoyment. O my brother,
 If the Past's counsel any honor claim
 From thee, go read the history of those
 Who a like path have trod, and see a fate
 Wretched with fears, changing like leaves
 at noon,
 When the new wind sings in the white-birch wood.
 Learn from the simple child the rule of life,
 And from the movements of the unconscious tribes
 Of animal nature, those that bend the wing
 Or cleave the azure tide, content to be,
 What the great frame provides,—freedom and grace.
 Thee, simple child, do the swift winds obey,
 And the white waterfalls with their bold leaps
 Follow thy movements. Tenderly the light
 Thee watches, girding with a zone of radiance,
 And all the swinging herbs love thy soft steps."

He sees the footsteps of death in all parts of nature, in the sea, the fields, the rivers, and the hills;—

"The air is full of men who once enjoyed
 The healthy element;"

—and he challenges the approach of the Angel with the most considerate tranquillity:

"Thou art not anxious of thy precious fame,
 But comest like the clouds soft stealing on;
 Thou soundest in a careless key the name
 Of him, who to thy boundless treasury is won;
 And yet he quickly cometh; for to die
 Is ever gentlest to both low and high.
 Thou therefore hast humanity's respect;,"

They build thee tombs upon the green hill
side,
And will not suffer thee the least neglect,
And tend thee with a desolate sad pride;
For thou art strong, O death! though
sweetly so,
And in thy lovely gentleness sleeps wo.

O what are we, who swim upon this tide
Which we call life, yet to thy kingdom
come?

Look not upon us till we chasten pride,
And preparation make for thy high home;
And, might we ask, make measurely ap-
proach,
And not upon these few smooth hours
encroach;—

I come, I come, think not I turn away!
Fold round me thy gray robe! I stand
to feel

The setting of my last frail earthly day;
I will not pluck it off, but calmly kneel;
For I am great as thou art, though not thou,
And thought as with thee dwells upon
my brow.

Ah! might I ask thee, Spirit, first to tend
Upon those dear ones whom my heart
has found,

And supplicate thee, that I might them
lend

A light in their last hours, and to the
ground

Consign them still,—yet think me not too
weak,—

Come to me now, and thou shalt find me
weak,

Then let us live in fellowship with thee,
And turn our ruddy cheeks thy kisses pale,
And listen to thy song as minstrels,
And still revere thee, till our hearts'
throbs fail,

Sinking within thy arms as sinks the sun
Below the farthest hills, when his day's
work is done."

Especially we are struck with his
bold prayer to that "unceasing river"
of consciousness, "that from the soul's
clear fountain swiftly pours," and the
piercing music with which he seems to
sound lower than plummet line those
mysterious deeps, in the poem entitled
"The Poet's Hope:"

"Flying,—flying beyond all lower regions,
Beyond the light called day, and night's
repose,

Where the untrammelled soul, on her
wind-pinions

Fearlessly sweeping, defies my earthly
woes;—

There,—there, upon that infinitest sea,
Lady, thy hope,—so fair a hope, summons
me.

Fall off, ye garments of my misty weather,
Drop from my eyes, ye scales of time's
applying;

Am I not godlike? meet not here together
A past and future infinite, defying
The cold, still, callous moment of to-day?
Am I not master of the calm alway?

Would I could summon from the deep,
deep mine,
Glutted with shapely jewels, glittering
bright,

One echo of that splendor, call it thine,
And weave it in the strands of living light;
For it is in me, and the sea smiles fair,
And thitherward I rage, on whirling air.

Unloose me, demons of dull care and want,
I will not stand your slave, I am your king;
Think not within your meshes vile I pant
For the wild liberty of an unclipt wing;
My empire is myself, and I defy
The external; yes! I rule the whole, or
die.

All music that the fullest breeze can play
In its melodious whisperings in the wood,
All modulations which entrance the day
And deify a sunlight solitude;
All anthems that the waves sing to the
ocean
Are mine for song, and yield to my de-
votion.

And mine the soft glaze of a loving eye,
And mine the pure shapes of the human
form,

And mine the bitterest sorrow's witchery,
And spells enough to make a snow-king
warm;

For an undying hope thou breathest me,—
Hope which can ride the tossing, foaming
sea.

Lady, there is a hope that all men have,
Some mercy for their faults, a grassy place
To rest in, and a flower-strown, gentle
grave;

Another hope which purifies our race,
That when that fearful bourne forever past,
They may find rest,—and rest so long to
last.

I seek it not, I ask no rest forever,
My path is onward to the farthest shores—
Upbear me in your arms, unceasing river,
That from the soul's clear fountain

swiftly pours,
Motionless not, until the end is won,
Which now I feel hath scarcely felt the
sun.

To feel, to know, to soar unlimited,
Mid throngs of light-winged angels
sweeping far,

And pore upon the realms unvisited,
That tessellate the unseen, unthought star,
To be the thing that now I feebly dream
Flashing within my faintest, deepest
gleam.

Ah ! caverns of my soul ! how thick your
shade,
Where flows that life by which I faintly
see,—
Wave your bright torches, for I need your
aid,
Golden-eyed demons of my ancestry !
Your son though blinded hath a light
within,
A heavenly fire which ye from suns did
win.

And, lady, in thy hope my life will rise
Like the air-voyager, till I upbear
These heavy curtains of my filmy eyes,
Into a lighter, more celestial air ;
A mortal's hope shall bear me safely on,
Till I the higher region shall have won.

O Time ! O death ! I clasp you in my arms,
For I can soothe an infinite cold sorrow,
And gaze contented on your icy charms,
And that wild snow-pile, which we call
to-morrow ;
Sweep on, O soft, and azure-lidded sky,
Earth's waters to your gentle gaze reply.

I am not earth-born, though I here delay ;
Hope's child, I summon infiniter powers,
And laugh to see the mild and sunny day
Smile on the shrunk and thin autumnal
hours ;

I laugh, for hope hath happy place with
me,
If my bark sinks, 't is to another sea."

Meantime, whilst we ascribe the high merits of truthfulness to this poetry, we are to say in honesty that when the poet fails, it is by departure from it. We think we find in certain passages a breaking faith with the reader, a certain want of intellectual integrity, which clouds and embarrasses the poem. He begins with one design, and the suggestion of a rhyme or an image diverts him from his first purpose, and the piece loses unity of character and impression, however cunningly the transition and change of argument is covered up.

We must not extend our criticism to the analysis or quotation of particular poems further than we have already done, though we are much tempted by

that palette of costly colors, the song of "The Sibyl to her Lover." It is, we fear, an example of the poetic infidelity just spoken of, that here the author's fancy was too strong for him, and after a struggle or two, he gave himself up to the delight of improvising, or, as we say in music, of *fantasying* on the piano, to see what would come of it. Yet it is like a quarry of gems, and will easily win grace for its poetic invention.

We regret, moreover, many inferior blemishes, such as some quite needless licenses or negligences of speech and imperfect sentences, some unnecessary irregularities of metre, and redundant or defective lines. One of the most pleasing pieces is the "Earth-Spirit," from which the following extract, with which we conclude our notice of this rare and delicate volume, may remind the reader of Herrick (quite unconsciously, we are sure, on the part of the author).

"I have woven shrouds of air
In a loom of hurrying light,
For the trees which blossoms bear,
And gilded them with sheets of bright ;
I fall upon the grass like love's first kiss,
I make the golden flies and their fine bliss.
I paint the hedge-rows in the lane,
And clover white and red the pathways
bear,

I laugh aloud in sudden gusts of rain,
To see the ocean lash himself in air ;
I throw smooth shells and weeds along
the beach,

And pour the curling waves far o'er the
glassy reach ;
Swing birds' nests in the elms, and shake
cool moss

Along the aged beams, and hide their loss.
The very broad rough stones I gladden too ;
Some willing seeds I drop along their
sides,

Nourish the generous plant with freshen-
ing dew,
Till there, where all was waste, true
joy abides.

The peaks of aged mountains, with my
care,

Smile in the red of glowing morn elate ;
I bind the caverns of the sea with hair,
Glossy, and long, and rich as king's
estate ;

I polish the green ice, and gleam the wall
With the white frost, and leaf the brown
trees tall."

THE TWO FAUSTS.*

THE history of the life and death of Dr. Faustus, who sold himself to the devil, once gave a tragedy to the British stage, long amused the nursery, and within the last half-century has been made, by the genius of the German Goethe, to furnish food for reflection to every thinking man of letters. In the following essay to examine the two great dramas which have been built upon the legend, the writer must begin by warning the reader, that Goethe is to him a sealed volume. Our first acquaintance with his Faustus was through the French of M. Stäpfer of Belgium; this, with the English version of Dr. Anster, we humbly presume to hope, gives a thorough idea of the original. Every important passage has been subjected to a new translation by dissatisfied scholars, but we apprehend that the differences which exist between them are rather characteristic of the peculiar train of thought of the correcting critic, than the detection or correction of serious error. We have, for example, a translation of the *Walpurgis Night*, by Shelly, varying considerably from that of Dr. Anster; and yet this gentleman does not hesitate to say in his preface, that had he not anticipated the publication of Shelly's poem, he should have hazarded asking the permission of his relatives to reprint the fragments from his poems, rather than venture himself on a translation. Confessing thus candidly our ignorance of the original, we must pray the reader to put as much faith in Dr. Anster as we do ourselves, and shall not hereafter apologize for quoting from his book.

Of the original legend we must also acknowledge our ignorance. Sometime about 1590,† "The Tragical History of the Life and Death of Dr. Faustus," written by Kit Marlowe, was

exhibited by the Lord Admiral's servants.‡ Marlowe, whose brief career of thirty-one years was in point of time contemporaneous with Shakspeare, is as an author or dramatist his predecessor. His is the first great name in the annals of British dramatic literature. He helped to found the stage, and then sank into obscurity, his light being dimmed by the superior lustre of his immortal successor. The excellency of Faustus was undoubted, but it was forgotten in the surpassing greatness of Hamlet and Macbeth. The legend again resumed its dominion in the nursery and around the winter's hearth, until the great German poet invested it with a new dignity, and it then began to be recollected that an English poet had formerly handled the same subject. A brief notice of each is the object of the present article.

There is not, however, much ground whereon to institute a comparison between the two poems. The English poem is a tragedy, written for the stage, and formerly acted. The German has very little more of the drama about it than the dialogue, the scenery, and what may be called stage directions. The English drama has all the simplicity of the sixteenth century, the German all the refinement of the nineteenth. The Faustus of Marlowe is a man, a mere man; a man in all his strength, and in all his weakness; a man who claims our sympathy even while he sins, for his sins are natural, tangible, and (for it is hard to rid ourselves of hereditary superstitions) possible. The hero of Goethe is, we think, something less than a man. Profoundly learned, he is yet the slave of profound ignorance. The Faustus of Marlowe knows that sorrow must follow sin, and justly reproaches no one but himself for his own misery; that

* The Tragical History of the Life and Death of Doctor Faustus, written by Ch. Marlowe. 1590.

Faustus, a Dramatic Mystery. Translated from the German of Goethe. By John Anster, LL.D. London. 1835.

† Marlowe was slain in May, 1593, by Francis Archer.

‡ The royal theatres were not patented until the accession of James I. Before that time the theatres were under the patronage of some powerful nobleman.

of the German, on the contrary, seems never to consider himself aught but as a puppet in the leading-strings of his master, and showers unavailing reproaches upon his infernal guide for every mishap which common sense should teach him to be the inevitable result of his own folly. The Faustus of Marlowe is at least blinded by sin, that of Goethe sins by shutting his own eyes. The English poet seems to have had a keen sense of the truth of divine revelation, the German to have viewed it as an object of cold and wordy criticism,—

The emptiness of human learning fills the mind of Marlowe's Faustus with dissatisfaction and disgust. A misunderstanding of a text of Scripture wherein all men are included under sin drives him to despair, and tempts him to add to his other sins the deeper one of magic. We have said that he was blinded by sin. We do not desire to enter into a theological controversy on the influence of sin over a man's conduct. The apprehension of the consequences of sins already committed, involves him more deeply :

"Seeing Faustus hath incurred eternal death,
By desperate thoughts against Jove's deity."

This is the motive which impels him. As to the rest, he sins with open eyes. The devils lure him with no delusive joys in expectancy. The truth, the naked truth they are compelled to tell him, as to their own misery and their lost happiness.

We give a part of his dialogue with Mephistopheles.*

"Faustus.—Who is this Lucifer, thy lord ?

Mephistophilis.—Arch regent, and commander of all spirits.

Faustus.—Was not that Lucifer an angel once ?

Mephistophilis.—Yes, Faustus, and most dearly loved of God.

Faustus.—How comes it then that he is Prince of Devils ?

Mephistophilis.—Oh ! by aspiring pride and insolence,

For which God thrust him from the face of heaven.

Faustus.—And what are you that live with Lucifer ?

Mephistophilis.—Unhappy spirits that live with Lucifer,

Conspired against our God with Lucifer, And are for ever damned with Lucifer.

Faustus.—Where are you damned ?

Mephistophilis.—In hell.

Faustus.—How comes it then that thou art out of hell ?

Mephistophilis.—Why this is hell, nor am I out of it.

Think'st thou that I, that saw the face of God,

And tasted the eternal joys of heaven, Am not tormented with ten thousand hells In being deprived of everlasting bliss ?

O Faustus ! leave these frivolous demands, Which strike a terror to my fainting heart."

In Faustus's reply we have a trait of his vanity, as well as the reasons which urge him to bargain with Lucifer, notwithstanding the terrible truths revealed by the demon :

"Faustus.—What ! is great Mephistophilis so passionate

For being deprived of the joys of heaven ! Learn thou of Faustus manly fortitude, And scorn those joys thou never shalt possess.

Go, bear these tidings to great Lucifer : Seeing Faustus hath incurred eternal death By desperate thoughts against Jove's deity, Say he surrenders up his soul

So he will spare him four-and-twenty years, Letting him live in all voluptuousness,

Having thee ever to attend on me ; To give me whatsoever I shall ask ;

To tell me whatsoever I demand ; To slay mine enemies and to aid my friends,

And always be obedient to my will."

The good and bad angels of Faustus enter the lists. The one urges him onward, the other admonishes repentance and prayer. Even the devil dares not lie. When asked what good the possession of Faustus's soul would do to Lucifer, the candid answer is, "*Solum miseris socios habuisse doloris*," a phrase best translated by the vulgar adage—"Misery loves company."—Wealth and honors, sensual delights, gain the victory over the better angel of the unfortunate Doctor, and the compact with Lucifer is signed, sealed, and delivered with all the formalities of a regular legal transaction.

* The modern name. Marlowe calls him Mephistophilis.

Let us now turn to the German drama. We pass over the prologue, evidently borrowed from the book of Job. It is difficult to avoid the idea of blasphemy in perusing it, and yet perhaps it would be difficult to produce a sentence or even a line, which would warrant the accusation. The admirers of Goethe defend him by the example of the earlier dramatists, who abound in similar scenes. This defence would be conclusive were the poem contemporary with those whose example is quoted to defend it. The moral sentiments are progressive; the preacher who should now use the language of Olivier Maillard, would be deprived of his pulpit. Yet Maillard was no unworthy precursor of Luther. But to return from our digression: Mephistopheles asks and obtains from God permission to tempt his servant Faustus. It is impossible not to fall into the track of every critic on Faustus, and inquire what was the grand idea intended to be conveyed by the writer. A great critic himself, the poet is in spite of ourselves made to pass through the same ordeal to which he has subjected others. If in Marlowe we find that he has dealt out poetical justice, we care very little about the moral. In Goethe, on the contrary, we care little for any sort of poetical justice, but involuntarily ask what system of philosophy the poet intends to inculcate. We naturally look for this in the prologue. Faustus is held forth as a good man. He is the servant of Der Herr, and he, at least, in giving permission for the temptation of his servant, announces a sentiment which we cannot avoid believing is to be the moral of the poem, but which is singularly and fatally falsified at every step in the subsequent career of the subject of the experiment:

“From his source divert
And draw this spirit captive down with
thee,
Till baffled, and in shame thou dost admit,
A good man, clouded though his senses be
By error, is no willing slave to it.
His consciousness of good, will it desert
The good man?—yea, even in his darkest
hours
Still doth he war with darkness, and the
powers
Of darkness;—for the light he cannot see
Still round him feels; and if he be not free,
Struggles against this strange captivity.”

Marlowe, as we have already seen, makes Faustus embrace the study of magic from despair at the consequences of sin. The Faustus of Goethe is introduced to us as a proficient in the black art. At his call, spirits answer from the “vasty deep,” and he holds familiar converse with them. He is oppressed with a sense of the littleness of his own nature, the natural limits to the acquisition of knowledge drives him to distraction. Life to him is clothed in the darkest habiliments. The same unhealthy spirit which made Childe Harold imagine himself unhappy, or rather which prevented him from becoming happy, is our hero's. And here we see a marked difference between the terms of the compact he makes with Lucifer, and that entered into by the hero of the English dramatist. The latter, undisturbed by the self-inflicted woes of a sickly imagination, barters for pleasure. Viewing eternity as lost, he makes an effort to enjoy time. The former, on the contrary, defies the power of Lucifer even for worldly pleasure:

“Comfort and quiet!—no, no! none of
these
For me;—I ask them not—I seek them
not.
If ever I upon the bed of sloth
Lie down and rest, then be the hour in
which
I so lie down and rest, my last of life.
Canst thou by falsehood or by flattery
Make me one moment with myself at peace,
Cheat me into tranquillity? Come, then,
And welcome life's last day—be this our
wager!”

A safe compact this with Lucifer, and one which shows a better knowledge of the consequences of sin than was possessed by Marlowe's Faustus. As his good angel was continually urging him to repentance, so the man who wilfully commits evil will forever be attended by the stings of a remorseful conscience.

But we have anticipated. The drama is considerably advanced before we arrive at the compact with Mephistopheles. The opening scene is a beautiful one, and the poet has added to its beauties by the introduction of an unexpected *jeu de théâtre*. Faustus is introduced to us on Easter even, reflecting painfully on his own condition. The reputation he enjoys among men,

affords him no solace against his own consciousness of his inferiority. A deep sentiment of humility would have directed him into the path of happiness. But he aspires to climb to a higher sphere through the portal of death; and he madly proposes to inflict death upon himself.

“Find life where others fear to die;
Take measure of thy strength, and burst—
Burst wide the gate of liberty;
Show by man’s acts, man’s spirit durst
Meet God’s own eyes, and wax not dim;
Stand fearless face to face with Him!”

Our limits will not permit us to follow him through the beautiful and melancholy monologues with which the drama opens; but we must make room for the following scene, in which the recollection of his infancy snatches the fatal goblet from his lips. Presumption makes him dare to be a suicide,—a beautiful touch of nature recalls him to life:

“—My last draught this on earth I dedicate,
(And with it be my heart and spirit borne!)
A festal offering to the rising morn. (He places the goblet to his mouth.)

Bells heard and voices in chorus.

EASTER HYMN.—CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ is from the grave arisen!
Joy is His. For him the weary
Earth hath ceased its thralldom dreary,
And the cares that prey on mortals:
He hath burst the grave’s stern portals:
The grave is no prison:
The Lord hath arisen.

Faustus.—Oh those deep sounds! those voices rich and heavenly!
How powerfully they sway the soul, and force
The cup uplifted from the eager lips!
Proud bells, and do your peals already ring
To greet the joyous dawn of Easter morn?
And ye, rejoicing choristers, already
Flows forth your solemn song of consolation!
That song, which once from angels’ lips
resounding
Around the midnight of the grave, was heard
The pledge and proof of a new covenant!

Hymn continued.—Chorus of women.

We hail him for burial
’Mong aloe; and myrrh:

His children and friends
Laid their dead master here.
All wrapt in his grave dress
We left him in fear—
Ah, where shall we seek him?
The Lord is not here!

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

The Lord hath arisen!
Sorrow no longer;
Temptation hath tried him,
But he was the stronger.
Happy, happy victory!
Love, submission, self-denial
Mark’d the strength’ning agony;
Mark’d the purifying trial.
The grave is no prison:
The Lord hath arisen.

Faustus.—Soft sounds that breath of heaven! most mild, most powerful,
What seek ye here? Why will ye come to me
In dusky gloom immers’d? Oh! rather speak
To hearts of soft and penetrable mould!
I hear your message, but I have not faith—
And miracle is Faith’s beloved offspring!
I cannot force myself into the spheres
Where those good tidings of great joy are heard;
And yet, from youth, familiar with the sounds,
E’en now they call me back again to life;
Oh! once, in boyhood’s time, the love of heaven
Came down upon me with mysterious kiss,
Hallowing the stillness of the sabbath-day!
Then did the voices of those bells, melodious,
Mingle with hopes and feelings mystical;
And prayer was then, indeed, a burning joy!
Feelings resistless, incommunicable,
Drove me a wanderer through fields and woods.
The tears gushed hot and fast—then was the birth
Of a new life and a new birth for me;
These bells announced the merry sports of youth,
This music welcomed in the merry spring;
And now am I once more a little child,
And old Remembrance, twining round my heart,
Forbids this act, and checks my daring steps—
Then sing ye forth—sweet songs that breathe of heaven!
Tears come, and Earth hath won her child again.”

We shall not follow the Doctor through the various scenes offered to

tempt him by Mephistopheles. The boon that he requires is only rapturous excitement. The brawls of a tavern only fill him with disgust; in the witch's retreat he drinks the elixir of life, and becomes sensible to the passion of love.

As soon as Margaret appears upon the scene, we feel ourselves fascinated; it is no longer possible to lay down the book. But the fascination is one of painful interest. She is represented as being in the humble walks of life, and it is, perhaps, this very circumstance which, by exposing an additional weakness, gives her a strange claim upon our sympathy. It is an imperfect sympathy, however. Young, tender, ignorant, confiding, passionate, we see her rushing on to destruction. He who seeks her love, can be guided only by an unhallowed instinct. Knowing this, we dare not, cannot sympathize with any of those sweet emotions which, caused by a purer sentiment, would have formed one of the most attractive pictures of female devotion. She is touchingly drawn throughout. Her artless prattle with Faustus before she falls, teaches us that a heart so tender and confiding must surely be worth the devotion of a true and manly bosom; and we shudder at the reflection, that invisible and infernal agents are at work to crush it. Her wo at her fall, and the fatal consequences which follow it, (the death of her mother and the assassination of her brother,) are heart-rending in the extreme; and have not, however, for her the wholesome and consoling sympathy with which we compassionate the frailties of others; we feel that the dreadful agonies which she endures in the cathedral, when, while others are praying, an evil spirit comes to torment her, are but the natural goadings of remorse, and it is with a sort of melancholy pleasure that we behold her firmness, (or rather madness, for it is madness which the poet depicts,) in resisting the efforts of Faustus to save her from her prison and the awful consequences of child-murder, feeling assured that the power of the evil one over her has passed away, and that though human laws shall punish, pardon and salvation may await her hereafter.

Were we to follow merely our fancy in making a quotation, we would insert almost every passage in which Mar-

garet appears; we must, however, be moderate, and shall give at a venture the following extract from one of her first conversations with Faustus; the topics may raise a smile in those whose taste is based on the dialogues of fashionable novels; we have, however, the deepest reverence for the unsophisticated nature, the bewitching artlessness, which she here exhibits:

Margaret.—Think of me when you are gone,

A moment, now and then—of you
I shall have time enough to think

Faustus.—Your time is passed then, much alone?

Margaret.—Why, yes; and then our house affairs,

Poor though they be, bring many cares.

* * * * * My days, somehow,
Are tolerably quiet now.

My brother earns a soldier's bread
Abroad;—my little sister's dead.

Trouble enough I had with her,
Yet cheerfully would I incur

Ten times the toil—so dear was she.

Faustus.—A very angel, if like thee!

Margaret.—Even from its birth, the child
I nursed—

And so it loved me from the first.

Born to distress,—its father torn

Away by death, ere it was born.

My mother, worn out by disease—

We long had given her up for gone—

Recovering faintly by degrees,

Came slowly, very slowly on.

She had no strength—she could not think

Of nursing it—and so, poor thing,

I reared it; for its natural trick

With bread and water tried to bring

The creature on—and thus my own

It seemed to be, and mine alone—

Lay on my arm, and on my breast

Would play and nestle, and was blest.

Faustus.—That must have been the purest joy.

Margaret.—Yet there were hours of great annoy—

Its cradle was by my bedside;

It kept me half the night awake.

To make it quiet, when I tried,

At times must I get up, to take

The little urchin into bed:

This would not do—then must I rise,

Walk up and down with measured tread,

And seek with songs to hush its cries.

Then daylight brought its tasks to me:

Ere dawn must I at washing be—

Go to the market,—light the fire:

And, if I felt the trouble tire

On one day, 'twas the same the next—

I felt dispirited and vexed

At times; but I was wrong in this;

For, after all, his labor is

What gives a poor man's food its zest,
And makes his bed, a bed of rest."

If the poet had designed to represent intense selfishness, he could not have selected a better instance than Faustus. Even the burst of human passion which comes to wound him in his eager pursuit after Margaret, only renders this grovelling instinct more palpable. His very remorse seems to give a zest to his unbridled passions. He feels that he is a selfish wretch, and with most devilish arguments lulls himself into a sort of compromise with better feelings. He knows that he can only ruin her, and consoles himself with the prospect of speedy destruction to both :

"Her too, her—her peace—her joy—
These must I undermine?—these, too,
destroy?
Hell! Hell!—this victim also!—Thy support,
Devil! and the dreadful interval make
short!
What must be, be it soon! Let the crush
fall
Down on me of her ruin—perish all—
She—I—all these wild thoughts together!

We have already said that his compact with Lucifer was a safe one. Whether this was or was not the moral intended to be conveyed by the poet, every line of Faustus teaches us, that he who puts himself under the protection of the Spirit of Evil, must be unhappy. He asks not for happiness,—he defies the power of Satan to procure him comfort and quiet. All that he wants is rapturous excitement, and he is willing to yield up his life the very day that he shall have felt content. And we find that unalloyed rapture never comes to bless him. Even the mighty and absorbing passion of love cannot make him forget himself. That he should have turned with disgust from the orgies of an alehouse is only in consistency with his previous character; but the ardent worshipper of knowledge might have been lured by the motley exhibition of a Walpurgis Night. Here, however, humanity comes to his aid; and the image of Margaret, degraded, disgraced and condemned for his sake, awakens the man from his dream of rapture, and rouses him to a sense of his own condition.

Mephistopheles is a devil of the

eighteenth century. Unlike his predecessor in the English drama, he is too polite to name places which would shock the ears of delicacy. He is the impersonation of the school of philosophy which flourished during the last century. His convincing argument is a sneer; the most serious truth is controverted by a scoff. The school that gave birth to *Candide*, is only brought out in stronger colors in the character of the German devil. We congratulate the world that this school has become a matter of history. Its philosophy was calculated only for the hour of prosperity; it brought no consolation to the afflicted; no hope to the unfortunate.

We feel bound to enter our dissent against those very enlightened commentators who see in Faustus the portraiture of a man led by a blind destiny. It is, we think, unjust to the author, and a bad moral is unnecessarily extracted from a book which might be made to teach a good one. That he abandons himself to his own wayward fancy is indisputable; but we are unable to discover anything that teaches or encourages the idea of fatalism. Faustus is introduced to us a free agent. He falls, indeed, most rapidly into temptation; but we cannot discover that he had to encounter any evil save that of his own unbridled will. Resist the devil and he will flee from you, is not only the dictate of Revelation, but the teaching of experience. Faustus makes not the slightest effort at resistance—nay, he courts temptation. Remorse ever bids him disenthral himself from his hateful companion, but an inherent depravity chains him in bondage. The same depravity causes Werter, another hero of Goethe, to live encouraging a lawless passion, and to die a martyr to it. This sort of fatalism is the same which governs every man who dares not make an effort. The will to be free, wanted only the energy of resolution to accomplish its purpose. The history of Faustus, in this respect, is merely the history of every man who has made shipwreck of fine prospects by the want of energy to turn his talents and acquirements to a good account. Goethe has, in another work, controverted the doctrine of fatalism. In his "*Wilhelm Meister*," one of his characters uses the following language:—"He alone

is worthy of respect, who knows what is of use to himself and to others, and who labors to control his self-will. Each man has his own fortune in his hands, as the artist has a piece of rude matter, which he is to fashion to a certain shape. But the art of living rightly, is like all arts; the capacity alone is born with us; it must be learned and practised with incessant care."

We return to Marlowe's Faustus. One of the most distinguished French writers of the age, in a very brilliant chapter, wherein he traces the analogy between architecture and printing, has characterized Shakspeare as a Gothic cathedral. The grand and imposing whole, made up of an infinite variety of motley and even ludicrous details, is not inaptly typified by one of those stupendous monuments of the middle ages. In Shakspeare the analogy is perfect; the grandeur of the whole prevents the details from obtruding themselves too glaringly. In Marlowe we discover an architect of equal power, but of less skill. There is too much of the ludicrous; it forms too essential a part of the whole. It would be tedious to follow Faustus through his mad career of folly. His sports are the mere tricks of the wanton boy. There is little malice in his mischief; it is rather the heedlessness of an urchin bent on amusement. His selfishness has not the offensive traits of the characteristic of the German Faustus; he has a heart still for his friends. He is not an isolated being. He is the sinner of the sixteenth century; his vices are, if we may use the expression, natural and wholesome; they are at least intelligible—open to every comprehension;—free from the morbid exclusiveness which shines so gloomily in the iniquitous heroes of the present age. In all his mirth and jollity the recollection of his bargain comes forever to damp his pleasures, and we have then the perfection of human weakness exhibited in the shape of the basest cowardice. As the thirst after sensual indulgence drives him into the arms of Lucifer, so bodily terror represses every thought of repentance. In vain do his conscience, his good angel, and his friends urge him to repent. Sensual delights and gross fear restrain him:

"My heart is hardened; I cannot repent;
Scarce can I name salvation, faith, or
heaven;
Swords noisens, halters, and envenomed
steel
Are laid before me to despatch myself;
And long ere this, I should have done the
deed,
Had not sweet pleasure conquered deep
despair;
Have I not made blind Homer sing to me
Of Alexander's love and Ænon's death?
And hath not he that built the walls of
Thebes
With ravishing sounds of his melodious
harp
Made music with my Mephostophilis?
Why should I die then, or basely despair?
I am resolved, Faustus shall not repent!"

But at times, Faustus does repent; in the same scene, we have the following:

"Faust.—Ah! go, accursed spirit, to ugly
hell;
'Tis thou hast damn'd distressed Faustus'
soul!

Enter two Angels.

Bad Angel.—Too late!

Good Angel.—Never too late, if Faustus
will repent.

Bad Angel.—If thou repent, devils will
tear thee in pieces.

Good Angel.—Repent, and they shall never
rase thy skin.

Faustus.—Oh Christ! My Saviour! My
Saviour!

Help to save distressed Faustus' soul!

Enter Lucifer, Beelzebub, and Mephostophilis.

Lucifer.—Christ cannot save thy soul, for
he is just;

There's none but I have interest in the
same.

Faustus.—Oh, what art thou that look'st
so terribly?

Lucifer.—I am Lucifer;

And this is my companion Prince in Hell.

Faustus.—Oh, Faustus! they are come
to fetch thee!

Beelzebub.—We are come to tell thee thou
dost injure us.

Lucifer.—Thou callest on Christ contrary
to thy promise.

Beelzebub.—Thou shouldst not think on
God.

Faustus.—Nor will henceforth; pardon
him for this,

And Faustus vows never to look to
heaven."

Our feelings are not harrowed in this tragedy by the exhibition of female suffering, and it is for this reason perhaps that the selfishness of the hero is never made to force itself upon us an object of disgust. For if there is a passion which more completely than any other absorbs the whole soul of man, and develops all the worst traits of his character, it is the unhallowed love of women. Faustus, an epicure in sensuality, asks and obtains as a paramour the Helen of Trojan notoriety, and for this creature of the imagination no sympathy is asked, and none given. He is always a social being; he retains his friends to the last, and shows himself kindly considerate of them. In the midst of festivity he remembers to make his will, and his pupil Wagner becomes his heir. We shall conclude this essay without apology for the following long extract from the last scene, powerful, and even awful as it is. It needs none from our hands:

“ACT. V.—SCENE 4.

Enter the Scholars.

Faustus—Welcome, gentlemen.

1st Scholar—Now, worthy Faustus, methinks your looks are changed.

Faustus—Oh, gentlemen!

2d Scholar—What ails Faustus?

Faustus—Ah, my sweet chamber-fellow! had I lived with thee, Then had I lived still, but now must die eternally.

Look, sirs! comes he not?—comes he not?

1st Scholar—Oh, my dear Faustus, what imports this fear?

2d Scholar—Is all our pleasure turned to melancholy?

3d Scholar—He is not well with being over solitary.

2d Scholar—If it be so, we'll have physicians, and Faustus shall be cured.

3d Scholar—'Tis but a surfeit, sir; fear nothing.

Faustus—A surfeit of a deadly sin, that hath damned both body and soul.

2d Scholar—Yet, Faustus, look up to heaven, and remember mercy is infinite.

Faustus—But Faustus' offence can ne'er be pardoned! The serpent that tempted Eve may be saved, but not Faustus. Oh, gentlemen! hear me with patience, and tremble not at my speeches; though my heart pant and quiver to remember that I have been a student here these thirty years. Oh! would I had

never seen Wittenberg, never read books! And what wonders I have done, all Germany can witness, yea, all the world; for which Faustus hath lost both Germany and the world, yea, heaven itself; heaven, the seat of God, the throne of the blessed, the kingdom of joy, and must remain in hell for ever. Hell! O hell, for ever! Sweet friends, what shall become of Faustus, being in hell for ever!

2d Scholar—Yet, Faustus, call on God.

Faustus—On God, whom Faustus hath abjured! on God, whom Faustus hath blasphemed! Oh, my God! I would weep, but the devil draws in my tears! Gush forth blood instead of tears! yea, life and soul! Oh! he stays my tongue! I would lift up my hands; but see, they hold 'em!—they hold 'em!

All—Who, Faustus?

Faustus—Why, Lucifer and Mephistophilis. Oh, gentlemen! I gave them my soul for my cunning.

All—Oh! God forbid!

Faustus—God forbid it, indeed; but Faustus hath done it; for the vain pleasure of four-and-twenty years, hath Faustus lost eternal joy and felicity. I writ them a bill with mine own blood; the date is expired; this is the time, and he will fetch me.

1st Scholar—Why did not Faustus tell us of this before, that divines might have prayed for thee?

Faustus—Oft have I thought to have done so; but the devil threatened to tear me in pieces, if I named God; to fetch me, body and soul, if I once gave ear to divinity; and now, 'tis too late. Gentlemen, away, lest you perish with me.

2d Scholar—Oh, what may we do to save Faustus?

Faustus—Talk not of me, but save yourselves, and depart.

3d Scholar—God will strengthen me; I will stay with Faustus.

1st Scholar—Tempt not God, sweet friend, but let us into the next room and pray for him.

Faustus—Ay, pray for me, pray for me; and what noise soever you hear, come not unto me, for nothing can rescue me.

2d Scholar—Pray thou, and we will pray that God may have mercy on thee.

Faustus—Gentlemen, farewell; if I live till morning, I'll visit you; if not, Faustus is gone to hell.

All—Faustus, farewell.

(*Ezeunt Scholars.*)

The clock strikes eleven.

Faustus, (solus)—Oh, Faustus! Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,

And then thou must be damn'd perpetually.
 Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven,
 That time may cease and midnight never come.
 Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make
 Perpetual day; or let this hour be but a year,
 A month, a week, a natural day,
 That Faustus may repent, and save his soul.
 The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,
 The devil will come, and Faustus must be damn'd!
 Oh! I'll leap up to heaven!—who pulls me down?
 See where Christ's blood streams in the firmament!
 One drop of blood will save me. Oh, my Christ!
 Rend not my heart for naming of my Christ;
 Yet will I call on him. Oh, spare me, Lucifer!—
 Where is it now?—'tis gone!
 And see, a threatening arm, an angry brow!
 Mountains and hills, come, come and fall on me,
 And hide me from the heavy wrath of heaven!
 No! Then will I headlong run into the earth.
 Gape, earth! Oh, no, it will not harbor me!
 You stars that reign'd at my nativity,
 Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,
 Now draw up Faustus, like a foggy mist,
 Into the entrails of yon laboring cloud;
 That when ye vomit furth into the air,
 My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths;
 But let my soul mount and ascend to heaven.

The clock strikes the half-hour.

Oh! half the hour is past! 'twill all be past anon!
 Oh! if my soul must suffer for my sin,
 Impose some end to my incessant pain!
 Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,
 A hundred thousand, and at last be sav'd.
 No end is limited to damned souls!
 Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
 Or why is this immortal that thou hast?
 Oh! Pythagoras, Metempsychosis! were that true,
 This soul should fly from me, and I be chang'd
 Into some brutish beast!
 All beasts are happy, for when they die,
 Their souls are soon dissolv'd in elements;
 But mine must live, still to be plagu'd in hell!
 Curs'd be the parents that engender'd me!
 No, Faustus, curse thyself; curse Lucifer,
 That hath depriv'd thee of the joys of heaven.

The clock strikes twelve.

It strikes, it strikes! now, body, turn to air,
 Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell.
 O, soul! be chang'd into small water-drops,
 And fall into the ocean; ne'er be found.

Thunder.—Enter the Devils.

Oh! mercy, Heaven, look not so fierce on me!
 Adders and serpents, let me breathe awhile!—
 Ugly hell, gape not!—come not, Lucifer!
 I'll burn my books!—Oh, Mephostophilis!
 (*Curtain falls.*)

MONTHLY FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL ARTICLE.

THE general state of financial affairs does not present any material change from that which we described at the date of our last. There is but little increase in the demand for money for business purposes; a slight improvement has indeed taken place in some branches of business, but not of a character to call into play those artificial accommodations of money, controlled by corporate institutions, although a disposition to sell on more liberal terms is manifest in many quarters. This is the season of the year when, the crops having mostly gone forward, and the bills drawn against them exhausted, that a turn in the exchanges takes place, and the bulk of the exports of specie for the year are made. In many quarters an opinion prevails, that from this time until the appearance of the new crop, specie will go out of the country to the extent of some three or four millions, and that in consequence the banks will call in their loans, that they have made on stock securities, and cause a fall from the high prices created by the expansion of the institutions in that direction. Hence a great deal of caution is exercised. In truth, the market is yet struggling against a superabundance of state credits, never yet absorbed for actual private investment. In our last number we illustrated the rapid increase of stocks in the United States and the immense quantity which is yet outstanding. A very large amount of those stocks is held in the nature of trusts, here and in Europe, and is constantly pressing the market, faster than the demand for permanent private investment absorbs those offered. The discredit attending the utter failure of the movement of the Federal Government in sending an agent to Europe last year to negotiate a United States stock, is producing its fruits. In the year 1840, at a time of great abundance of money,

an association of Paris and London bankers, with the view to obtain employment for the money then seeking investment, published proposals to issue certificates to bearer on deposit with them of certain foreign stocks. For this purpose they received Ohio 6 per cent. and New York State and City 5 per cent. stock, for which they gave certificates with coupons attached for interest, payable half-yearly at the office in Paris or London, after the payment of interest by the State. This arrangement was for the purpose of making American stocks better known on the Paris Bourse, and was to continue until 1849. About \$500,000 of these administration certificates are now outstanding, and although the interest has ever been regularly and promptly paid, they were at the latest accounts rapidly returning upon the association, and the stocks sent to this side for sale. This is the effect, upon the minds of European capitalists, of the natural results of that immense extension of the credit system of which the late National Bank was the instrument. In London, another large amount of stocks is hanging over the market on account of the United States Bank. In the year 1839, when the late National Bank was staggering to its fall, its agent in London was deeply embarrassed by the accumulating liabilities of the Bank there, without means to meet them. In the fore part of October the bills of the Bank were dishonored by a leading Paris house, and the discredit attending that event, precipitated an avalanche of debt upon the agent in London. Instant and total destruction was avoided only by obtaining two loans of the London houses, one for £800,000 and the other for £900,000, making over \$8,000,000 by pledging nearly \$15,000,000 of State stocks, as follows:

		<i>Market price.</i>	<i>Par value.</i>
Pennsylvania,	- - 5 per cents.	50 per cent.	\$5,119,906
Maryland,	- - 5 "	50 "	579,000
Illinois,	- - 6 "	35 "	1,401,000
Mississippi,	- - 6 "	nil.	3,088,000
Indiana,	- - 5 "	34 "	758,000
Michigan,	- - 6 "	nil.	3,852,000
Total,			\$14,797,906

On these stocks were issued debenture certificates, bearing 10 per cent., interest, and payable in twelve and eighteen months. Those at maturity were not paid, and were renewed from time to time on additional security; all the stocks pledged are delinquent in interest, and have fallen very low in value. An attempt has recently been made to have the stocks divided, *pro rata*, among the holders of the debentures at their market price, and hold the bank for the deficit, or to sell the whole of the stocks at auction for cash, pay a dividend on the debenture, and hold the bank for the difference. This latter course, it is now thought, will be pursued. Many other smaller amounts of stock are held by assignment from different bankrupt institutions, and are gradually finding their way to this side for sale, and must be "carried," if carried at all, by American capital. All these amounts of stocks, reaching full \$30,000,000, were surplus creations above the demand for private permanent investment, and are an incubus upon the market. It does not appear that the foreign private holders of American stocks in general have any disposition to sell; on the contrary, among the most intelligent, an opinion appears to prevail that the crisis is passed, that the paper revulsion has spent itself, and that the returning prosperity of the country, on a sound specie basis, will not only preserve the credit of those states which continue to pay, but will ultimately restore the honor of all, and free them from debt.

In a former number, we mentioned the departure of the commissioners of Illinois with a view to effect in London a compromise with the state creditors, by which the Illinois and Michigan canal shall be completed, and the means of the people to pay their debts increased thereby. At the latest accounts, these gentlemen had been favorably received by those most interested, and success seemed within their grasp. The final payment of the Illinois debt will have the highest moral influence upon those of the other states, and it is the duty of the foreign houses to lend their assistance to the attainment of that object. It is undoubtedly the case that the impulse which, through the agency of the late national bank was imparted to the credit system in this country, originated in London. In

1833-4, the Bank of England designedly made money cheap, in order to play into the hands of the government, which was then carrying through the West India loan for £15,000,000 to emancipate the slaves of the West India Islands. To aid in this, the Bank of England made money very plenty and very cheap. The consequence was, that the people of all countries went to England to borrow its cheap money; among others, the late National Bank borrowed £1,200,000, or \$5,700,000, to aid in "settling up its affairs." This facility of getting money from England tempted states, corporations, companies and individuals into borrowing, the late National Bank being the instrument of credit through which borrowed money poured into all sections of the country. When the inevitable ruin at length came, the States were left with gigantic works half-finished, and the means on which they had been taught to depend for the completion of them, cut off. In this state of things, the moral obligation of the debt and its fulfilment belongs as well to the tempters as the tempted; and, therefore, the States, in making offers of compromise to the best of their ability, have a right to expect that they will be favorably received.

The general state of business is such as has generally been looked forward to. A steadily increased demand and improving prices are apparent in the leading branches of business. This, apparently, is a reaction from the great stagnation of trade and the ruinously low prices which resulted from the great and sudden reversion from the 20 per cent. tariff of the compromise act, which expired on the 30th of June, last year, to a tariff more prohibitive in its operations than even the famous enactment of 1828. There has not for years, probably since the war, been a less amount of business transacted in the port of New York than during the eight months commencing July 1, 1842, and ending March 1, 1843. Since the last-mentioned period, the absolute wants of the community have induced a greater demand for goods, the stocks of which were reduced by exports for benefit of debenture and by limited imports. The consequence has been, that all the late sales of hardware, dry goods, groceries, &c., show an improvement in prices of from 10 to 15

per cent. over the lowest points of depression last spring. Assortments of goods have become broken, and imports to make them good have increased to an extent which affords homeward-bound packets freights nearly double in value to those that they procured through the corresponding months of last year. Still the imports are by no means large. The revenue of the port of New York, for the month of July, was about \$1,100,000, which, according to the usual proportion of two-thirds, gives a customs revenue of \$1,650,000 for the whole Union for the month, and shows a large increase over that of the same period of last year. The foreign exchanges show, however, a balance still in favor of the United States, although nearly at par. They have not advanced materially since the quotations in our June number, with the exception of France, on which point they have risen to *f.*5,26, and some small amounts of the best Mexican dollars have been shipped. The general import of specie, however, continues larger than the export. The basis on which trade is conducted throughout the Union now, is such, that no large and sudden demands for specie can take place. No large banking or mercantile credits are now outstanding. Capital, for the most part, is in the hands of its proper owners, and cannot be extracted thence without an equivalent. The immense amount of specie lying idle in the Atlantic Banks, as compared with last year, notwithstanding the increase in the business of the country, is proof that a far larger amount of trade is now conducted without the intervention of bank facilities than formerly, and that the goods purchased are actually paid for, showing a great increase in real prosperity as distinguished from that precarious business which, under a National Bank, depended for its continuance upon the nod of a dozen men in Threadneedle-street. The banks of

the Atlantic cities are both able and eager to extend their mercantile advances, in order to sustain their accustomed dividends; but, happily for the country, the great machinery which gave vent and activity to those advances is, for the most part, destroyed through the effect of its own corruptions. Under the late National Bank, when smaller institutions were multiplied in all sections of the country, a system of both buying and selling goods on long credits grew up. The interior banks gave facilities to innumerable traders to purchase goods at six and twelve months, and enabled them, in their turn, to give credit to consumers. The goods thus bought and sold were, for the most part, in excess of what the people would have been able to buy if confined to the actual profits of their own industry. The vent thus fictitiously created for imported goods, generated an increased demand from the importers upon the Atlantic banks for facilities. Every extension of the latter, therefore, tended directly to swell the imports, and immense credits were built up dependent entirely upon the strength of the interior banks. The more they pushed their loans, the more the demand grew upon those of the Atlantic cities, and the stability of the whole depended upon the amount of specie in the latter. All this has now changed. In Florida, Arkansas, Alabama, Mississippi, Michigan and Illinois, there are now comparatively no banks, where, in January, 1840, with a population of 1,777,000 there were \$89,672,000 of bank loans, or over \$52 per head. In other leading States, where banks are still in operation, an immense reduction in loans has taken place. This reduction is apparent in the following table of bank loans in five States, from 1835 down to July, 1843. These loans represent the artificial aid given to the people to enable them to buy and consume goods beyond their present means of paying for them, as follow :

BANK LOANS IN DIFFERENT SECTIONS OF THE UNION.

	Ohio.	Virginia.	South Carolina.	Louisiana.	New York.
Jan., 1835	9,751,973	11,277,304		37,388,839	61,968,943
Jan., 1836	17,079,714	14,329,680	16,316,319	57,234,158	72,836,111
Jan., 1837	18,178,699	18,021,429	18,899,838	59,108,741	79,313,188
May, 1837	19,505,662	18,311,769	13,331,234	50,852,018	74,053,857
Jan., 1838	17,212,694	15,900,987	16,657,217	55,550,371	60,999,770
May, 1838	15,880,908	14,718,313	16,443,403	52,058,084	57,903,043

Jan., 1839	16,520,360	17,010,567	15,378,020	56,855,610	68,300,486
June, 1839	16,029,540				
Jan., 1840	13,414,087	15,596,776	18,347,002	49,138,700	68,057,067
June, 1840	11,896,572				
Jan., 1841	9,878,328	15,495,117	16,106,806	48,646,799	69,780,230
Jan., 1842	11,477,466	15,925,088	6,855,212	54,710,899	56,388,685
June, 1842	6,376,950	14,258,306	7,476,146	46,891,482	53,245,160
Jan., 1843	3,892,533	12,648,609	6,585,045	34,628,623	52,348,467
Aug., 1843	4,053,952	12,698,804	6,170,910	31,695,439	58,593,081

The reduction is really much larger than even these figures indicate, because many of the institutions whose loans are here included, are about closing up their affairs. 1839 was a year of great imports, and the amount for the year was \$162,092,132, being the largest amount ever imported in one year, with the exception of 1836. In January, 1839, it appears that the bank loans of the above five states were \$174,065,043. The population was 6,134,994. The loans of the banks were therefore equal to about \$29 per head. In January, 1843, the loans in the same states had been reduced to \$110,103,277—a diminution of \$64,000,000, or over \$10 per head. The imports in 1842 had fallen to \$99,357,329. This facility of selling goods on credit, through the instrumentality of bank loans, swells the imports inordinately, and counteracts the effect of any duties, how high soever they may be laid under the pretence of protection. The reduction in bank loans, for the whole Union, in 1842, was about \$160,000,000, or about \$9 per head. The imported goods consumed, in 1839, were equal to an average of \$9.25 per head in the Union. In 1842, the consumption was only \$4.50 per head, although the exports of American produce were larger in the latter than in the former year. The banks are

now not in a condition to renew their loans, yet the masses of the people are more wealthy than ever. They have, however, no other means of purchasing than with the proceeds of their industry, and the money value of that depends upon the export of the surplus. Hence, a large proportion of the business now done is for cash or an actual interchange of commodities, creating no demand for bank facilities. The purchases of goods now made on the Atlantic border, instead of being settled for, as heretofore, with a note, payable in six or twelve months, at a bank in the interior, are paid for with the proceeds of produce actually here, not that which is to grow next year. The imports of goods, which take place to meet such a demand as this, will scarcely exceed the value of that portion of the produce which finds its way abroad. The variety and value of these exports, under the present regulations of Great Britain, are rapidly increasing. The export of agricultural products to England is becoming important, and prices are on the rise. A late parliamentary document gives the following statement of the trade with the United States at three periods, to which we have added the average duties in the United States at each period, giving the equivalent *ad valorem* for specific duties:

EXPORTS FROM ENGLAND TO THE UNITED STATES.

	1833	Duty. per ct.	1836	Duty. per ct.	1842	Duty.—per ct.
Apparel, &c.	£ 127,911	50	254,269	44	48,893	29 a 20
Brass Goods, &c.	158,456	25	270,028	24	89,952	21½ a 20
Cotton Goods and Yarn	1,733,047	80	2,729,430	66	487,276	38 a 20
Woolen Goods and Yarn	2,289,883	50	3,199,198	44	892,335	29 a 20
Earthenware	221,661	20	495,512	20	168,573	20 a —
Hardware &c.	711,305	25	1,318,412	24	298,881	21½ a 20
Iron and Steel	415,515	50	913,387	44	374,854	29 a 20
Silk Goods	251,278	free.	537,040	free.	81,243	20 a 20
Tin and Tin Plates	141,259	25	266,378	24	166,651	21½ a 20
Other Goods	1,529,384	—	2,441,941	—	919,845	— a —
Total	£ 7,579,690	—	£12,425,605	—	£3,528,807	— a —

IMPORTS FROM THE UNITED STATES INTO ENGLAND.

		1833	1836
Bark,	cwt.	18,459	27,648
Salt Beef,	cwt.	899	97,024
Butter,	cwt.	1	3,769
Cheese,	cwt.	9	14,097
Wheat,	qurs.	—	16,111
Wheat Flour,	cwt.	35,659	381,066
Hams,	cwt.	72	1,133
Lard,	cwt.	—	26,555
Pork,	cwt.	1,352	13,608
Rice,	qurs.	24,114	40,450
Clover Seed,	cwt.	350	22,632
Tobacco,	lbs.	20,748,317	38,618,012
Cotton,	lbs.	237,606,758	414,030,739
Turpentine,	cwt.	322,486	408,330
Sheep's Wool,	lbs.	334,678	561,028

The United States return for 1842 has not yet been published. This table embraces the whole operation of the compromise tariff. In 1833, it was in full operation at the highest rates. In 1836, the second biennial reduction took place. In 1842, the last instalment was taken off; and from July 1st to September 1st, the 20 per cent. duty only was in operation. Now, in 1842, under the lowest duty, the amount of exports from England to this country was one-half that of 1833, the year of the highest duties, notwithstanding that financial embarrassment had reduced prices in England for 1842 very far below those of 1833. With low prices in England, and low duties here, one-half the goods were sent to the United States that were exported under the high English prices and American duties for 1833. In the year 1836, the average duties on the above articles were 32.5 per cent., and the import was £12,425,000. In 1842, the average duties were 25.9 a 20 per cent., a reduction of 6 a 12 per cent.; yet the import fell off to £3,528,000, or to about 25 per cent. of that of 1836. To what other agency can this enormous decrease of business be ascribed than to the diminution of bank loans? If, then, the imports were so seriously affected by the contraction of the banks in those years, an extensive increase of imports beyond the proceeds of the exports cannot reasonably be looked for under the actual liquidation of a large portion of those institutions, which before only curtailed their movements. Herein consists the great inconsistency and evident want of principle, which induces Whig politicians

to tax the people for the professed support and "protection" of a class of manufacturers, while at the same moment they seek the establishment of a national bank, the action of which would counteract the operation of the most extravagant tariff. The welfare of the whole people consists in unrestricted industry, and a sound and cheap currency, which will insure to that industry its just reward. The real "protection" of the American people will then be found where nature placed it, viz., in their unsurpassed enterprise, skill, and persevering industry.

Under the violent fluctuation of trade exhibited in the above-enumerated facts, the finances, and nearly the credit, of the Federal Union, have been brought within the verge of ruin. The party lately in power is that which, since the formation of the Union, has ever been in favor of a splendid central government, with a preponderating executive power. This is only to be obtained by an enormous revenue. Now, the people of the United States, although prompt to expend their blood and treasure for the general welfare, will not submit to onerous direct taxes merely to support a government in an extravagance at war with the first principles of republicanism. The land revenues and the Federal customs afford ample means, with judicious management, to carry on the government vigorously and successfully, but will not allow republican officers to ape the splendor of the ministers of monarchy. It would be political death for any public man to propose taxes for such a purpose. Yet the same end is sought to be arrived at by indirection, that is, by a combi-

nation of the antagonist principles of a paper currency and national bank with a "protection to manufactures." With a specie and dear currency, an average of 30 per cent. duties is prohibitive, and ruins the revenue. With a national bank and an expansive paper currency, a duty of 50 per cent. would not check imports, because the prices rising *pari passu* with the paper inflation, induces imports, and swells the revenue to an extraordinary extent. Thus, in 1839, under the third reduction of the compromise tariff, the customs were \$23,137,924; while in 1834, under the highest range of the tariff, the revenue was one-third less, or \$16,214,957. By thus holding out a delusive idea of protection from high duties to one class, and the benefits of a national bank to another, the party desideratum of an immense federal revenue is sought to be attained. These two measures were the leading motives of the extra session, at which, as a preliminary step, duties were imposed, after September, 1841, upon all articles theretofore free. This was indeed necessary, in consequence of the declining imports consequent upon the approach to a specie currency. The

national bank project was defeated. At the regular session, however, a tariff was imposed, which averaged for the first quarter after its adoption a duty of 35.38 per cent. on the value of the imports, which, however, gave but a revenue of \$2,579,389 for the quarter. Had a national bank been in operation, with its facilities to importers, the amount of imports would have been equal, at least, to that of the same quarter of 1839, and would have given a revenue of \$9,000,000, instead of \$2,579,000, and would have furnished ample means to the party in power, how extravagant soever their views might have been. The important, and, to the party, vital measure of a national bank was, however, defeated, and the utter dissolution of the party has been the result, while the business of the country has suffered in a frightful manner from the sudden operation of an onerous tariff. In order to judge of the practical effects of the legislation of the 27th Congress upon the welfare of the country, we have compiled from various official reports the following table, showing the quarterly imports and accruing duties in the United States:

QUARTERLY IMPORTS INTO THE UNITED STATES, WITH THE ACCRUING DUTIES. ALSO, THE YEARLY EXPORTS.

	IMPORTS.			EXPORTS.	
	Free.	Dutiable.	Accruing Duties.	Foreign Goods.	Domestic.
1840—Fourth Quarter*	11,657,880	11,042,450	\$4,100,000	\$15,469,081	\$106,382,722
1841—First Quarter	18,617,299	17,626,102	5,506,376		
1841—Second Quarter	17,104,123	14,380,295	4,554,834		
1841—Third Quarter	18,640,439	18,877,599	5,922,218		
Total Fiscal Year	\$66,019,731	\$61,926,446	\$20,083,428		
1841—Fourth Quarter	8,533,943	14,582,432	4,936,003	\$11,558,881	\$92,559,088
1842—First Quarter	8,506,002	24,425,953	6,060,401		
1842—Second Quarter	8,191,214	17,919,887	4,679,144		
1842—Third Quarter	4,725,537	12,472,361	3,305,506		
Total Fiscal Year	\$29,956,696	\$69,400,633	\$18,981,114		
1842—Fourth Quarter†	6,450,601	7,197,493	2,579,389	\$2,243,101	\$25,229,818
1843—January			§ 3,913,710		

For the fiscal year 1841, the business was good, and the customs over \$20,000,000, fully justifying the estimates of Mr. Woodbury. In the fourth quarter of that year, the tariff of the extra session took effect, and produced the diminution in free goods imported. The aggregate imports in that year were \$29,000,000, or 20 per cent. less

than in 1841, yet the customs were reduced but \$1,000,000, or 5 per cent. Then was imposed the prohibitive tariff, without its twin measure, the national bank. The returns for the fourth quarter show the blighting effects of this proceeding. The ability of the country to purchase was good, as seen in the facts that the imports of free

* House Document, 17.

† Senate, 107.

‡ House, 136.

§ Senate, 188.

|| Treasury Tables.

goods for the quarter increased 50 per cent. over the previous one, and the exports of foreign goods were small, while the dutiable imports declined 50 per cent. from the corresponding quarter of the previous year, and the revenue fell also 50 per cent. The month of January shows the same low average

of customs. The result of this has been a great increase of the national debt, composed of money borrowed to spend; a disorganization of the party in power; and no alternative but to modify the tariff, the only one of its measures remaining,—“the idea of a national bank being obsolete.”

NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

The Battle of Lake Erie; or, Answer to Messrs. Burges, Duer, and Mackenzie.
By J. FENNIMORE COOPER. Coopers-town: H. & E. Phinney. 1843.

This controversy may now be considered at an end. Mr. Cooper has performed an operation analogous to that of the Niagara in the battle itself. He has not come into “close action” till rather late in the day, perhaps, but after he has once fairly entered the enemy’s line, scarce more than a single broadside of his heavy metal has been necessary to settle the question. The origin of this pamphlet is after this wise: In his Naval History of the United States, Mr. Cooper has adopted the version of the history of the battle contained in the official documents of the time, without regard to Com. Perry’s subsequent retraction of all then stated in his report favorable to the conduct of Com. Elliott, his second in command. He took no notice of the violent controversy which afterwards arose; for the reason that, while a thorough investigation of it failed to convince him of the truth of the imputations brought against Elliott, he was satisfied that it was not yet ripe for history. His history was attacked with great vehemence on this ground, chiefly by Mr. Burges of Rhode Island, who claimed the victory of Lake Erie as peculiarly belonging to “the maritime affairs of Rhode Island,” and by Mr. Wm. A. Duer, late President of Columbia College, and Lieutenant A. Slidell Mackenzie,—both the latter being by marriage connected with the Perry family. Mr. Mackenzie was the author of a severe review of the Naval History in the North American, and of a highly interesting Biography of Perry, in two volumes, published in the Harper’s Family Library. Mr. Cooper was very roughly handled in all these publications, on the imputation of having written his account of the battle of Lake Erie in a spirit of hostility to the fame of

Perry, and of partizanship in behalf of Elliott. It is a fact very little creditable to Mr. Spencer, the present Secretary of the Treasury, that in his capacity of Superintendent of Common Schools in the State of New York, he refused a recommendation of the Naval History into use in the common school libraries, on the ground of an imputed controversial character on this point of history, while he did extend that recommendation to the Life of Perry, a book which, though in general amply worthy of the selection, was in this same respect avowedly and pervadingly controversial. In defence of the truth and fairness of his history, Mr. Cooper adopted a proceeding, somewhat novel indeed, but crowned in its result with a triumphant success. He instituted a suit for libel against Col. Stone, the editor of the paper in which had appeared the review of the book written by Mr. Duer,—a suit which was eventually, by consent of the parties, referred to arbitration. The umpires (selected by Col. Stone) were three of the first members of the bar of New York; and the case was defended by eminent and able counsel; Mr. Cooper, on the other side, appearing for himself. If the maxim be in general true, that he who appears in court as the advocate of his own case has “a fool for his client,” it was signally reversed in the present instance. In this new field of intellectual effort, Mr. Cooper reaped a more brilliant triumph, perhaps, than any of those which had yielded him his former laurels. The investigation occupied several days; the whole question was explored, to its most hidden cranny; all was done that ingenuity and eloquence could effect, to sustain the criticism against the Naval History; yet Mr. Cooper succeeded in extorting, even from a previous opposite prejudice on the part of his judges, a decision as conclusive as it was unanimous in favor of his truth and accuracy as a historian. His own summing up in

the case was represented by those who had the fortune to hear it, as one of the finest forensic displays that had been witnessed for many years at the New York bar. Like the actor who, at the conclusion of one of Mirabeau's greatest efforts in the Convention, lamented that he was *only* a statesman, and that so great an actor had been lost to the stage and the world, one of Mr. Cooper's own judges, we have understood, expressed his regret that the bar had lost what literature had gained in his person.

For our own part, we had long been convinced of the truth of that version, of this controverted point, to which it must now be impossible for history longer to shut its eyes. Having closely examined the evidence on both sides, a number of years ago, we became satisfied that a most extraordinary delusion of popular prejudice possessed the mind both of the public at large and of the profession which would seem peculiarly interested and best qualified to judge. The case will deserve a conspicuous place in the "Curiosities of American Literature" yet to be written. It has been generally regarded as involving an issue between the comparative merits of Perry and Elliott for conduct in the action; but such is far from being the case. That justice to Elliott which claims for him an acquittal from the charge of cowardice or treachery in the fighting of his ship, does not withdraw a single leaf from the chaplet of Perry's glory; and it ought rather to be a subject of general satisfaction—even to those who have most strenuously maintained the opposite side of the controversy—that the tarnish should be wiped from the country's escutcheon, which would rest upon it if such imputation were true against its second in command on such a day.

Before concluding, however, we must express our regret that Mr. Cooper has not confined his attention to the historical question under discussion, but has unnecessarily, and, rather to the prejudice of his case, been led by the heat of controversy to introduce allusions, even cruel in severity and bitterness, to the recent unhappy event with which the name of his principal antagonist has been so painfully connected. All this might have been omitted, ought to have been omitted, and we doubt not it will hereafter be a subject of regret to Mr. Cooper himself that it was not omitted.

Donna Florida. A Tale. By the author of "Atlantis," "Southern Passages and Pictures," &c. Charleston: Burgess and James. 1843. 18mo. pp. 97.

This is an exceedingly clever imitation of the light and humorous eight-line stanza which Byron introduced into English poetry from the Italian. It was one of Mr. Simms's earlier youthful productions, having been written, as is mentioned in the preface, "at a time when the two famous productions of Lord Byron, Don Juan, then of recent publication, was a subject of constant remark and criticism, particularly in connection with the premature and lamented fate of the unhappy writer." Having been left unfinished at the time, in the capriciousness of youth, the manlier spirit of later years made the author reluctant "to bestow any further labor upon a performance the plan of which is so obviously unoriginal." We have therefore here only four cantos—though we are not left without an intimation that possibly the completion of the story here so happily begun, may yet hereafter be given to the world. It is founded on the well-known expedition of Ponce de Leon into the wilds of Florida, in quest of the fountain whose waters were reported to possess the power of renewing and perpetuating youth. The brave old knight is exhibited with much humor in the ridiculous attitude of courtship to a bright-eyed and bright-witted beauty, who amuses herself at his expense, and finally packs him off, at once to quaff the elixir draught of the fabled fountain for his own benefit, and to bottle up a dozen, like Congress water, for hers, to perpetuate those charms which have so bewildered the valiant veteran. Two specimens will better serve to give the reader an idea of the success with which Mr. Simms has caught the style which he so frankly owns that the ambition of boyhood thus prompted him to emulate, at the same time that it aimed to shun its licentiousness of utterance and malignity of mood. They are taken from the third canto; the first consisting of its opening stanzas:

"And Ponce hath left the spot which gave him birth;

Wept he at parting? Was there in his eye

That dewy-bright antagonist of mirth,

That seeks for sympathy, but no reply?

Or did he vainly dream that any earth

Could yield him that his own could still deny,—

Could aught restore of those dear memories,
Which never die though all enjoyment dies.

He did not weep, though bitter was his plight,

But at the stern he sat, as in the west,

In a full blaze of undiminish'd light,

The sun went down behind a willow's breast;

Then gazing back, with fond but failing sight,

For the faint shore-line on the sky impress'd,

He made that sad discovery of the heart,
The worst of mortal pangs, is that—to part.
To sever from the known and loved before,
The field of boyhood's hope, and young delight;
Each scene so dear to youth's confiding core,
When first the dawn of life broke blue and bright,
The morning triumph, when the cup runs o'er;
Hope in its first fruition; day and night
Conningling with joint glories to persuade,
That lovelier world than this was never made.
How traveller beautiful the well-known places,
About to lose them. With what sense the eye,
Taught by the yearning heart, reseeks, retraces,
Restores and renovates, what it must fly:
Tutored by memory, how affection graces,
Field, flower and shrub, gray rock, and mountain high,
With beauties which the heart hath dwelt on never.
Till told that it is losing them forever.
The old knight's forehead sunk upon his hand,
While the rough sea-boy, in his roughest tone,
Bade them survey, for the last time, the land
Too fondly cherish'd, far too dearly known;
Now narrow'd to a stripe of ocean strand,
Like dusky riband now,—now seen, now gone;—
He gazed, and sickened as he gazed,—his eye
Shut, as 'twould seek to shut out agony.
He did not heed the shadows, nor the chill
Of evening, that now gather'd round his frame;
Sick as he was, at heart, he lingered still,
And found a grateful music in the scream
Of one lone land-bird, that had used the will,
And wing, too, of the wildest, and still came
Lingering about them until day had gone,—
When it flew off, and they went on alone.

Yet, while it scream'd above him,—while the seas
Answer'd in murmurs,—and, along the sky,
Wheel'd the pale moon,—and gathering on the breeze,
Rose the wild sound of ocean mystery;
(Strange sound that well with wandering heart agrees.)
His feelings, saddened to intensity,
Grew into utterance, and with a tongue,
Made musical by anguish, thus he sung."

The band he leads on his wild enterprise
is a motley assortment of desperadoes
enough, assembled under the banner that

—bore the sign, Constantine's wonder,
Much used in every age to lead to—plunder.

And the pious labors of these gentle
missionaries for the conversion of the savages,
are thus related :

"The voyage was a long one: for the breeze
Shot forth on opposition's wings to stay
Their gallant vessels, which, o'er unknown seas,
And managed by dull pilots, made their way;
But, at the ending of some ninety days,
The western continent before them lay;
Blue skies, broad forests, deep and boundless waters,
And naked Indians, husbands, wives, and daughters.

Poor devils!—hapless was their wild condition,
Till came the good Don Ponce to mend their case;
He saw their need and bade them soon petition
The intervention of the Virgin's grace;
While he himself became their soul's physician
And brought redemption for that happy race.—
Though, when they spurn'd the holy truths he taught them,
He took another course for it, and fought them.

Had you but seen him as he shot them down,
Praying the while the Virgin's kind assistance!
That Christian soldier, happy in his frown,
Soon preach'd the truth in spite of all resistance,
The converts, promised all a heavenly crown,
Were sent apart, in prayer, a little distance,
Then shot,—these converts fresh from paganism,
Thus rendered safe 'gainst heresy and schism.

Ah! pious Ponce, how pleasant were thy cares!
And yet how strange the savage should refuse
The blessed boon of faith thy hand prepares,
And in his maddest desperation choose
Rather the solace of his heathen prayers,
His woodland temple, fresh with nightly dew,
To thy new creed, enforced by shot and rack,
Pikes cross'd within the abdomen and back.

Poor wretches! that could never understand,
Till slain, how very greatly they were wrong;
How they rebel'd against a heav'nly hand,
In peace too heavy and in war too strong;
Looking with evil eye upon the brand
That slew;—and cursing to the last the tongue,
That ordered the dread sacrifice—not knowing
How pleasant was the journey they were going.

Or if converted—thus the argument—
With souls already well prepared for heaven,
With a full faith in every sacrament,
Their truth made sure, their evil deeds forgiven;
They might—how strong the fear!—with human bent
Fall from the faith, if farther time were given;
'Twas mercy that, first fitting for the altar,
Provided, the next instant, shot and halter."

A Treatise on Food and Diet, with Observations on the Dietical Regimen, suited for disordered states of the Digestive Organs; and an Account of the Diets of some of the Principal Metropolitan and other Establishments for Paupers, Lunatics, Criminals, Children, the Sick, &c. By JONATHAN PEREIRA, M.D., F.R.S., and L.S. Edited by CHARLES A. LEE, M.D. One Vol. 8vo. pp. 300. New York: J. & H. G. Langley, 57 Chatham-street. (\$1.00). 1843.

Among the many subjects engaging the attention of physiologists, it is evident enough that there is none of greater practical interest and importance, than that of Food and Diet. This is a topic which practically concerns every individual of the human family; and we are glad to see the publication of a work like the present, which treats of the subject both in a scientific, as well as practical manner. This treatise of Dr. Pereira differs, in some important particulars, from all which have preceded it. In the first place, it contains a very full account of the chemical elements of food; the facts being derived from the recent researches and experiments of Bousingault, Liebig, and Dumas; a department, moreover, which preceding writers on diet, have either altogether passed over, or but incidentally alluded to,—and in no

work with which we are acquainted, has it been systematically treated. Another peculiarity of the present work, is the increased space devoted to the consideration of alimentary principles, the number of which the author has thought proper to considerably augment. Instead of adopting the classification of Prout, viz., the aqueous, saccharine, albuminous, and oleaginous alimentary principles, Dr. Pereira has followed one of his own, which appears to possess important advantages over all others. Great pains appear to have been taken in the preparation of tables, representing the proportion of some of the chemical elements, and of the alimentary principles contained in different foods. Another new and important feature of this treatise is the chapter on dietaries, which the author states, "has been rendered necessary by the discussions which have been going on, for many months past, in the public journals and elsewhere, respecting the amount of food proper to be supplied to paupers, prisoners, and others. The subject has in this way forced itself upon the attention of all grades of society; and professional men and others must have long felt the want of a work, giving an account of the dietaries in use in various public establishments in this country, as well as in the Navy and Army." We perceive that the editor has added much useful information on the subject of "American Dietaries," in the appendix.

As we merely design, in the present notice, to indicate the publication of this very important work, we shall defer to another number, a more full review of its contents. We shall, therefore, close by quoting the following remarks from the American Preface, in the justice of which we fully coincide:

"With respect to the merits of this treatise, it is scarcely necessary for me to speak. It fully meets a desideratum which modern discoveries, the improvements in practical and experimental physiology, and especially the late achievements in analytic chemistry, have created; and which, since the appearance of Liebig's remarkable works, every one must have felt could not long remain unsupplied. On perusal of these pages, the reader will doubtless agree with me in opinion, that the task could not have fallen into abler hands, as it certainly could not have been accomplished, in all respects, in a more satisfactory manner. The author, Mr. Pereira, is well known throughout Europe and America, as one of the most learned, scientific, and practical men of the age,—a physician of great experience and accurate observation,—a highly successful writer, unsurpassed in the judicious selection and arrangement of facts, and in the felicity of his illustrations and reasonings. To the medical profession especially, he is universally and most favorably known, as the author of the best work on the *Materia Medica* which has hitherto appeared in our language. With such rare qualifications, he could hardly fail in producing a most valuable

treatise; and, as such, we commend it to the favorable consideration of the public, as no less adapted to inform the physician and man of science, than to interest and instruct the general reader.

The Despatches of Hernando Cortes, the Conqueror of Mexico, addressed to the Emperor Charles V., written during the Conquest, and containing a narrative of its events. Now first translated into English from the original Spanish, with an introduction and notes. By GEORGE FOLSOM, one of the Secretaries of the New York Historical Society, Member of the American Antiquarian Society, of the Archaeological Society of Athens, &c. &c. New York: Wiley and Putnam, 161 Broadway. London: Stationers' Hall Court. 1843. large 12mo. pp. 431.

It is very strange that the execution of the task here so satisfactorily performed by Mr. Folsom should have been reserved to the present day; that we should never before have had in an English form these valuable and interesting records of an event so important in the history of the New World, from the same hand which had on the very field of battle to lay down the sword of conquest for the pen of its narrative. There have been two German translations of them, the one printed at Augsburg in 1550 and the other at Heidelberg in 1779; and one French one by the Vicomte de Flavigny in 1776, which is, however, exceedingly imperfect and mutilated. Mr. Folsom in his preface gives a specimen in which a half-page of the original is compressed by Flavigny into scarce half a dozen lines—a process of condensation very far from beneficial to the work. We have read them with a far deeper interest than any romance could awaken—constantly reminded of the parallel contributive to auto-historic literature (if we may make the word) of Cæsar's Commentaries. There is a straight-forward honesty and simplicity of style in them, which affords the amplest assurance of veracity; and the reality of every scene comes out very vividly, though drawn in few and natural strokes, before the imagination. The first of the series of Despatches (four in all) is not known to be in existence. No trace of it has been found, either in print or manuscript, in Spain or in Germany. The second, third and fourth are therefore all that can be given; though Mr. Folsom supplies the place of the first by a well-written introduction, giving such a narrative as other sources of authority have rendered

possible, of the events to which it must have related. Truly we are much indebted to that gentleman's intelligent research, and his just appreciation of the historical interest of these documents, for this translation. For our present number we content ourselves with this simple mention of its publication, reserving the intention of making it hereafter the subject of a more extended notice.

Selections from the Writings of Mrs. Margaret M. Davidson, the Mother of Lucretia Maria and Margaret M. Davidson. Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard.

These selections come to us in a handsomely-printed volume, whose general style is creditable to the Philadelphia press. It is got up with taste without pretension, and is just such a book as it should be. Mrs. Davidson now appears before the world in the train of her remarkable daughters, desiring to retain toward them, in their literary lives, the same companionship which made their physical existence so dear to her. Coming, not as an aspirant for literary fame, but as the mother of two girls whose writings place them high in the roll of American genius, she is not a subject of literary criticism, but claims and has our cordial, grateful welcome for their sakes, whose minds she did so much to develop. We have examined her volume with feelings of the highest respect, and have read the greatest portion carefully. An extremely delicate sensibility and a love of beauty appear throughout, in true harmony with a deep religious spirit. Love for her Maker, for her family, and for nature, pervades her writings. Her versification is easy and graceful, and seems the natural dress of pure and simple thoughts rather than a language composed for them. To all who remember her daughters with pleasure, and by this we would intend all who are acquainted with their writings, we recommend this book as a companion to the others; indeed, as necessary to a complete understanding of their remarkable gifts.

Exercises of the Alumnae of the Albany Female Academy, on their Second Anniversary, July 20, 1843. Albany: printed by C. Van Benthuysen & Co. 1843.

We have read with much pleasure this report of the very interesting occasion to which its title refers. It seems that the young ladies who have passed through

their course of education at the excellent institution in question, constituting its "alumnae," have adopted a resolution of meeting once a year, as well to brighten the links of the chain of memory and affection, as to contribute what they may find in their power to do towards the promotion of the general cause of female education. One of the features of this highly agreeable, and doubtless beneficial institution is, that a selection is made, by suitable judges, of the best literary productions in several departments contributed by the members within the year; which are then published, constituting in some sort the "transactions" of the society of young ladies. The pamphlet now under our hand is accordingly compos'd, besides a very good address by the lady-president, of a poem, by Miss Eliza Whitney, of Philadelphia; an essay on education, over the signature of "Mary Grafton;" a vivid sketch of the Empress Josephine in French, by Miss Delinda McCormack, of Oswego, New York; and an admirable tale, entitled "Home Education," by Miss Mary E. Field, of Had-dam, Conn. Though the last named occupies more than two-thirds of the whole, its length is but another recommendation, being a prolongation of the pleasure it yields. As the production of a very young person, even though she may have somewhat over-colored the truth of nature, it is indeed surprising, for the wise good-sense pervading it, very agreeably conveyed in much graceful simplicity of style, and in a well-combined and interesting narrative.

A Spanish Grammar; being an attempt towards a new method of teaching the Spanish Language. By Julio Soler. New York: printed by R. Rafael, 49 Liberty-street. 1842.

Mr. Soler is known as one of the most successful teachers of his noble language, fulfilling creditably the duties of its professorship in both the University of the City of New York and in the Rutgers' Female Institute. The Grammar which he has been led to prepare, to meet the wants suggested by his own extensive experience, appears, on such slight examination as we have been able to give it, well adapted to its object; and with the accompanying volumes of translations and phrases, and the aid of an efficient instructor, to afford every desirable facility for the acquisition of a well-grounded knowledge of the language.

LITERARY BULLETIN.

AMERICAN.

THE literary gossip of the month will not overtask the reader's patience: first, respecting the new annuals for 1844, among which there will be some novelties—for instance, Willis's "Opal," which is richly embellished by Chapman, and whose literary contents its ingenious editor describes as "opal-hued"—exhibiting a chameleon of gems varied as the rainbow, and shifting with every trembling of light into some new tint of beauty! It is a religious annual. Its binding is exceedingly elegant. Mr. Keese's new annual, entitled "Winter Green," which is to comprise sixteen fine plates, and contributions from such writers as Hoffman, Cranch, Downing, Mrs. Seba Smith, Mrs. Embury, Miss Swift, Tuckerman, &c., will exhibit all the taste which might be expected from the former beautiful productions of the editor. "The Rose," and "The Token of Love," as well as "The Gift," and some others of subordinate merit will altogether form quite a galaxy of costly books for the ensuing holidays. Two new novels, from the pen of Mr. Mancur, author of "Henri IV." entitled, "Governor Leisler," and "Christine, a Tale of the Revolution," are immediately to appear, the former in Philadelphia and the other from the press of Colyer, of this city.

An illustrated work on the "Ruins of Mexico," is nearly completed for publication, at the press of Winchester, by Mr. Mayer, whose beautiful drawings we had the privilege some months ago to inspect. It will be in the 4to. form, and doubtless attract great attention

Griswold, the well-known editor of "Poets and Poetry of America," is engaged on his great work, "Biographia Americana;" his "Curiosities of American Literature" are to be incorporated with a new edition of D'Israeli's celebrated work; to be issued shortly from the New York press.

Our own worthy publishers have a rather remarkable literary "bill of fare" at present, consisting of Pereira's curious work on "Food and Diet," of which we have spoken already. The "Poetry of Life," by Mrs. Ellis, third edition, of whose works they have already sold nearly 30,000 copies! A "New Glee Book," by Loder, and some two or three

new medical books. Their new Medical Journal is careering along most gallantly under command of its able Editor, Dr. Forry.

The polemics of Puseyism at length seem to be giving way to a more quietest state of things. We find the Appletons are publishing the following standard works in theology: "The Churchman's Companion in the Closet," by Spinckes and other early divines; "Disce Vivere," by the author of "Disce Mori;" a complete edition of Thomas à Kempis's celebrated work on "the Imitation of Christ;" Manning "on the Unity of the Church;" and Kipp's "Double Witness of the Church." They also announce "Lyra Apostolici," a choice collection of poetry, and "Tales of the Village," by Rev. J. Paget, 3 vols.

Dodd is about to publish immediately a very interesting "Memoir of Williams, the Missionary to Polynesia," by E. Prout; of which the English reviewers speak very highly.

We might also mention among the *serials*, that Redfield's "Pictorial Bible" has reached its seventh number, and the "Pictorial Prayer" its ninth; of the respective merits of each, we have already spoken in a former issue.

We have seen an early copy of Sears's new work—"The History of the Bible," and as we spoke of it in our last, we need only announce the fact of its publication. It is a highly attractive work, and very splendidly got up; indeed, the binder seems to have lavished his art on its decoration; we hear that some 6000 copies have been bespoke already.

Dr. Williams, of Deerfield, Mass., has just completed his "Biography of Late Eminent American Physicians," &c.; it will be accompanied with portraits. Those who have kindly volunteered sketches will please forward them to care of the Messrs. Langley.

Dr. Lee has just finished for publication a revised edition of "Paris's Pharmacologia," which will be enriched by a variety of valuable notes.

Dr. Stewart has nearly ready a work on Practical Physiology, as connected with Hygiene, &c.

Redfield announces a series of ladies' hand-books, comprising the following subjects: Baby-linen, Plain Needlework, Embroidery, Knitting, Dress-making, &c. The same publisher also

has in press Guizot's revised edition of Gibbon, 2 vols. 8vo.; Rollin's Ancient History, edited by J. Bell, 2 vols. 8vo.; also, an edition of Theirs's French Revolution, in one large octavo, complete. Wright, the author of a "Practical English Grammar," has just issued the first portion of a new work, entitled "Hours of Idleness Improved," the object of which is to detect and correct the inaccuracies of our colloquial idiom; its style is a little too florid and artificial to please us, and yet it contains much valuable suggestion, which will no doubt commend itself to the public attention.

A volume of poems has just reached us, entitled "The Crowning Hour, and other Poems," by Charles J. Cannon; judging more from the author's name than the book he has presented us, we doubt not it will go off with a loud report, as all great guns are accustomed to do. Those who are unacquainted with our poetic friend, can regale themselves by gazing on his effigy prefixed to the volume, which may be had at Duni-gan's, Fulton street.

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ENGLISH.

Among recent deaths in Europe, we observe the names of John Allen, M.D., late Master of Dulwich College, a celebrated contributor to the Edinburgh Review, and a person of extensive literary and antiquarian research, as well as author of numerous works; also, Henry Wilson Coleridge, brother of the poet, and editor of his "Literary Remains;" he was a contributor to the Quarterly; and W. H. Pine, an eminent artist: he was author of a splendid work on "Royal Residences," "Microcosm of London," and a delightful book, called "Wine and Walnuts," which

ought long ago to have been republished in this country. A new relic of the "immortal bard of Avon," has just been discovered. It is the identical black-letter copy of Holinshed's Chronicles, which was used by Shakspeare, encircled with his manuscript notes, and, above all, by his own autograph signature in full.

The following are among the recent issues abroad:—

"Pictorial History of the Jews," and "Natural History of the Holy Land." By John Kitto.

"History of Etruria," Part I. By Mrs. Hamilton Gray.

"Closing Events of the Campaign in China." By Captain G. G. Loch.

"The History of Gustavus Vasa."

"A Visit to the East, comprising Germany and the Danube, Constantinople, Asia Minor, Egypt, and Idumea." By Rev. Henry Formby, M. A.

"Acts of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, 1638-1842." Reprinted from the original edition, under the supervision of the Church Law Society.

"La Russie en 1839;" par le Marquis de Custine."

"Esprit de l'Economie Politique;" par Ivan Golowine, Auteur Russe.

"Histoire de Jeanne de Valois, duchesse d'Orleans et de Berri, reine de France, fondatrice de l'ordre des Annonciades;" von Pierquin de Gembloux.

"Synoptische Tafeln für die Kritik und Exegese der drei ersten Evangelien;" von J. G. Sommer.

"Uebersetzung und Auslegung der Psalmen, für Geistliche und Laien der Christl. Kirche;" von Dr A. Tholuck.

"Das wahre Geburtsjahr Christi, oder wir sollten 1862 anstatt 1843 schreiben;" von W. D. Bloch.

"F. Passows Vermischte Schriften. Herausgeg." von W. A. Passow.

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THREE SHEETS AND A HALF, OF THIRTY-TWO PAGES EACH.

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THE BALTIMORE CONVENTION.

WE are not to walk over the course so very much at our ease, after all, in November of next year. Nay, on the contrary, we shall have to strain every nerve to win the great match then to "come off" on the "Union" Course. If we desire to be beaten, to be distanced, nothing in the world is easier. If we desire to come in ahead at the judges' post, we shall have to spare neither whip nor spur when on the turf itself, nor—what is far more important—careful and thorough training in advance. The question is not yet indeed decided, which of the several noble animals in our stable is to be selected for this great contest. It is a most splendid stud, and our only difficulty consists in the *embarras de richesses*.* There are two in particular attracting attention the most prominently

for this momentous choice, and hot and heavy grows daily the war of discussion between the supporters of their competing merits and claims for the arduous honor. The grooms of each are as devoted in attachment to their favorites, as only grooms know how to love the gallant objects of their care and their delight. May we be permitted to raise a calm voice in the midst of the din which seems to be mounting louder and louder, warmer and warmer, to beg them not to sacrifice the race itself—(the stake is of ruinous amount to the whole concern, if lost!)—to the vehemence of this minor matter of competition; and to suggest that it is not the wisest of all possible modes of securing success, for each set to do their best to *spoil the training* of the rival horse, for the

* A noisy but ineffectual attempt is made to introduce into the stable a very sorry hack, which came indeed out of good blood though a degenerate scion whom even the most favorable early breeding could make nothing of. It is, however, perfectly understood that he only seeks a shelter from the common on which he has been turned out, because no one would now either mount or harbor an animal at once so feeble and so vicious. Hopelessly spavined and weak in the knees, besides being so blind as not be able to see an impassable stone-wall just before his own eyes, he is also evidently so thoroughly diseased, that he could only breed mischief and introduce perhaps dangerous contagion into the stable. He cannot be let in, and it is only a pity, for his own sake, that some friend does not put him out of his pain—a service which we have endeavored to render on a former occasion.

petty purpose of increasing the chance of the selection of their own. But enough of metaphor so transparent.

The election of '44 is to be no joke. Confound these Whigs—they are like John Barleycorn; why will they not "*stay dead*"?—although it did so satisfactorily seem at one time that "the brains were out." It is, however, a fortunate thing for us, that we have met this year with the two sudden checks, in our general career of sweeping prosperity, by which we were brought up rather unpleasantly, it must be confessed, in North Carolina and Tennessee. Like the voice of the slave whose duty was to sit in the triumphal car to remind the conqueror that he was but a man and mortal, they have come to us as warnings of which we adjure our friends not to be unmindful, that even in the midst of all our present exultant strength, we hold our pride of place by a difficult and doubtful tenure. Let those who stand take heed lest they fall. At one time, indeed, so overwhelming in every direction appeared the reaction from the still marvellous popular delirium of 1840, that the only question respecting the Presidential succession appeared to lie within ourselves—upon which of our great political leaders and representatives the crowning honor of that office should be bestowed, by that nomination which was regarded as synonymous with an election. It is to the prevalence of this feeling that is to be ascribed the violence, intemperate sometimes to the point of suicidal recklessness of ulterior consequences, with which some portions of our number have carried on the canvass for the nomination, and the discussions respecting the organization, and mode of action, of the Convention by which it is to be made. It was felt that no serious danger attended this course; that as there was no other foe in the field in the least degree formidable, there was no harm in a little brotherly bloodshed, in a civil feud of friends. The calculation was egregiously mistaken—the course of conduct to which some have been led by it, egregiously foolish. There is another great battle yet to be fought before the campaign is over, and the enemy has only retired to prepare for it—*reculer pour mieux sauter*;—let us beware lest we bring about the common rout and massacre

of all our sections and divisions, by ourselves making so different an employment of the interval; and by going into the contest weakened and wounded, dissatisfied and demoralized—according to the military meaning of the phrase.

There is no serious question as to the Whig candidate. It is to be Clay—Clay with an enthusiasm of personal feeling which we envy him the honor of having awakened in his friends and his party, far more than we should that of the office itself with which they are so earnestly bent to adorn and reward the closing years of his long political life. There is some little discontent—some little friction—but altogether insignificant. Webster's friends in the East are making a feint of putting him forward as a competing candidate for the nomination; but it evidently means nothing more than an attempt to answer at last his own yet unanswered question, where he should go? Back again!—is the reply now sought to be given,—back again, unto the arms of the Whig party; now that not only the special English mission and the \$40,000 oriental expedition have both proved abortive, but also every shadow of a hope has vanished of keeping Tylerism afloat on the surface of things. To demand or to beg restoration to communion, in the name of the Whig party of New England, is clearly its sole object—an object for which the means is probably sufficient to success. Mr. Webster found that his political had become as bad as his pecuniary credit, and that endorsement had become as necessary to his name in a profession of party fidelity as in that of a promise to pay; so that the subscription papers in circulation among the New England towns recommending him to the Whig nomination for the Presidency, are simply performing a process analogous to that of those of a different character not entirely unfamiliar to his past history. Clay, then, Clay alone can be the man; and the indications are apparent enough, as indeed it could not be doubted, that the rally and struggle to be made for him will equal, if not surpass, in vehemence and in lavish profusion of means, the before unparalleled efforts of 1840.

It is evident, it is indeed avowed, that the Whigs are holding themselves back in reserve for next year. Their

most influential organs, especially among those most devoted to Clay, have been discountenancing the idea of any earnest effort, any hard party "work," in the elections of this fall. Some of those rather disaffected to that ascendancy, have indeed urged a different course—doubtless in the expectation that general defeat would afford a basis of opposition to Clay's nomination, with a view to the adoption again of some other candidate of the "available" stamp. Doubtless, too, the desire to avoid trouble on this ground has been one of the motives of his more peculiar friends in evading a general party struggle this year, the issue of which might have given some plausibility, if not controlling force, to the objections which a portion of the party are sufficiently disposed to urge as far as possible against their thrice defeated leader. But the principal motive is to husband the resources of the military chest, and to concentrate on one season's campaign all that would otherwise be divided between two. Meantime is thoroughly maturing the most active and vigilant, while quiet organization. Nothing that money can do to make it efficient will be wanting. We have heard it freely said by leading Whigs, that there are thousands of men in the United States ready to lavish half their fortunes to secure the election of Clay. Who can set bounds to the contributions which would be joyfully poured in for the promotion of the same object by the enormous moneyed interests, here and elsewhere, involved in the State stocks, with a view to the practical adoption of the State debts by the Federal government, through the distribution of the Public Lands, if not in any more direct mode? And then there are the great manufacturing interests, who will be taught and persuaded to ascribe to the tariff their present prosperity—due mainly to the country's natural recovery and reaction from the late collapse of the credit system, and to that best of protections and encouragements of domestic industry, a *currency contracted to the specie point*. There can be no doubt that amounts of pecuniary aid to that object can be drawn from these vast and wealthy interests, limited only by the satiation of the demands that can be made upon them. There can be no doubt that in regard to this the main "sinews of

war" in the Whig political system, our opponents will be as overflowing in their abundance as we all know they can be skilful and unscrupulous in its application. We here mean only to refer to the less illegitimate uses to which large sums of money have been and can be applied with great effect upon contested elections—such as the support of papers, the circulation of political tracts, the payment of lecturers and haranguers, the stipend of spies, the employment of active electioneers, in situations of influence upon large bodies of men, to devote their time to party service, the expense of vehicles, public pageantry, &c. &c., independent of any more corrupt modes in which we have little doubt that large amounts of money were brought to bear upon the apparent results of the ballot-box at the last election.

On the other hand, there is every prospect that the Democratic party will have to go into the contest in a state of poverty even worse than their usual meagerness of supply for the most necessary and open expenses inseparable from an election. There can be no doubt—and there is no imputation upon the purity of our political system in the remark)—that when parties stand face to face, in such near equality of force as seems to be indicated by the results of the two elections above referred to, in Tennessee and North Carolina, this enormous disparity in this respect becomes an element in the calculation which it would be extremely unwise to overlook or to underrate.

Shall we be reproached by any of our friends for thus openly holding a language so encouraging and stimulating to our opponents? We care little for such small calculations. There is no doubt that they will do their extreme utmost, with or without such encouragement from our side, and that every possible Whig vote will go into the ballot-boxes in the important November of the crisis;—we shall be only too happy, indeed, if none but fair ones succeed in making their way there. We know no arts, no managements, no concealments, in dealing with all or any of the political questions claiming our attention. It is not for our side or our cause that danger can ever attend a course of frank and open sincerity. It is better always to tell the truth and shame the—Whigs. But the particu-

lar motive that has suggested this course of remark is our desire to awaken our own friends from the delusion in which the senses of so many of them are evidently lapped, that we have a safe and all-sufficient majority, so overwhelming that we can afford to distract and to disorganize it, by these mad and bad dissensions of which we see so much. If they are persisted in—in the spirit of growing bitterness which has been allowed in several quarters to break out—we are inevitably defeated; defeated in advance; defeated by our own self-inflicted wounds. Wo, then, hereafter and for ever in the future of our politics, betide those who shall appear to have been the responsible authors of such insanely suicidal disaster!

There are some who even on deliberate calculation please themselves in the idea of an election by Congress, as the consequence of the running of two candidates by the Democratic party, towards which this mischievous course of proceeding so directly tends—in some cases so directly aims. They argue that it would elicit a fuller Democratic vote, the different candidates being voted for in the respective sections or States where they are the most popular; and that thus, while Mr. Clay's defeat would be the better secured, the Democratic Congress then in power would have a safe choice where selection could not go wrong. We have little doubt that Clay would in that case be elected. The people of this country have derived from the experience he was himself so largely instrumental in affording them, a deep-rooted aversion to Presidential elections by Congress; and that consideration might well indeed decide a sufficient number of undecided votes to elect the Whig candidate. And even among the friends of a candidate run in any particular State, it could not fail to relax the effort made and to thin the popular vote, the knowledge that the result aimed at was not an actual election, but only the attainment of a position for a chance of one; while, on the other hand, upon that portion of the party in that State who had preferred and striven to nominate another, its effect would be withering to all zeal or cordiality, and most certainly fatal to all hope of success. There is not one of the States which may be regarded as

debatable for the election, where there is not a sufficient division in the preference of the Democratic party, to constitute a serious danger, if not a certainty of disaster, from this cause. No, no—this would be maddest madness of all, and should be most sternly frowned upon by every true Democrat—every one who, like ourselves, is earnestly solicitous for "THE GOOD OLD CAUSE" common to all the sections of our party, with comparative disregard to all minor interests or personal preferences.

THE CONVENTION—THE CONVENTION—in that body must be found our safety and our triumph; and on its hearty and harmonious support by the whole and by every part, every thing depends. The disaffection towards its anticipated organization, of which we have been made to hear so many threatening indications, is the worst disloyalty to the Party, and to the Principles which Party affords the only means of carrying into Practice. If persisted in, it will never be forgotten or forgiven, to those who may be its authors. No course could be pursued of more fatal hostility to the true interest even of those in whose behalf it is manifested. Our own sentiments, personally and politically, in relation to Mr. Calhoun, are such as to entitle our statement to some regard; and we do not hesitate to assure those of his peculiar friends and partisans to whom the above remark is applicable, that they are daily doing him and his prospects an injury which they may yet have cause to regret. The manner and spirit in which they dictate a particular mode for the constitution of the Convention, as the condition of their acquiescence in its action, have been calculated to try rather too severely the good temper and the good feeling of those who take a different view from them, both on this subject, and on that of the proper nomination to be made. The point of dissatisfaction is as to the *single district* (with a *per capita* vote in the Convention) or the *general ticket* mode of electing the delegates. We have no hesitation in avowing our own preference for the former—yet are we far from seeing in it a point of such importance or nature as to justify disaffection to the Convention on that ground. If ever a question had two sides, and two good sides, it is this. The argument in favor of the single district system is, simply, that it affords

the best mode of ascertaining the preference of the majority of the entire collective mass of the party,—the minorities in each State being allowed their proportionate weight in the Convention, and not being absorbed in the local majorities, so as to be made to count against their own preference. But on the other hand there is a great deal to be said in favor of the general ticket mode—on grounds independent of what may or may not seem to be the accidental interests of particular candidates.

In the first place, its analogy with the rule of the Constitution itself, and the usual practice of the whole Union, upon the very subject in question, the mode of counting the electoral votes for the Presidency, constitutes a powerful reason which ought to be alone sufficient to silence any imputation of sinister motive, against those who take this view and this course. This consideration addresses itself with peculiar force to the supporters of a school of political doctrine, which looks with much less favor upon the idea of the domination of aggregate national majorities, than upon the preservation of distinct State actions and powers; and which attaches itself with peculiar zeal to all those features in the Constitution which tend toward the maintenance of State sovereignty and independence. The Constitution does not make the President the representative of the collective national majority, by prescribing the now proposed single district mode of electing the electors. It is a matter left to the discretion of the States themselves; a discretion which they all have in point of fact exercised in such mode as to make the general ticket system the uniform practice throughout the Union. The State of South Carolina allots the appointment of its presidential electors to the Legislature, without any direct action of the people in their election. Under the Constitution, it may even happen that a President may be elected by a national numerical minority, by means of small majorities for the successful candidate in the States which he carries, and heavy majorities, or nearly unanimous votes, for his defeated competitor in the others. In case of a failure to elect by the people, it is scarcely necessary for us to allude to the fact that the Constitution devolves the election upon Congress—voting, neither

according to population through a *per capita* vote of the House of Representatives; nor on the mingled basis of population and State sovereignty, by the addition of the two Senators to the delegations in the other House; but simply on that of State sovereignty and equality, each State casting a single vote, determined by the majority of its Congressional delegation in the two Houses. In the face of a constitutional rule so strong and so vital, in the face of a practice by the States so uniform and well settled, it is so absurd as to make it difficult to believe fully in fairness of motive, on the part of those who would make the analogous adoption of a similar method for the appointment of delegates to the nominating convention, a ground for party rebellion, executed or threatened, against its action, whatever that action may prove to be. We earnestly hope that this course will not be persisted in—in spite of all the kind and friendly efforts of the Whig press to stimulate and aggravate it.

It may be well enough for the latter to indulge in the language of abuse and suspicion, against the whole political organization and action of the Democracy of the States friendly to Mr. Van Buren; and especially of his own State, in which they most falsely attribute to intriguing tactics of party management, that recent expression of almost unanimous preference, which proceeds solely from natural State local attachment, combined with other causes of a more general character, to which it is needless to advert. For the Whig press, this is all very well, and we have neither right nor disposition to find fault with it;—" 'tis their vocation." But attacks upon such a body as the late Syracuse Convention, proceeding from our own political friends, are an insult to the Democracy of the greatest of the United States, hard to bear, hard to forgive, and as unwise as they are unjust. There can be no question that it constituted as complete and true a representation of the powerful party in whose name it assembled as ever can be attained by conventions of that description. It included many of the best and truest, as well as ablest men in the State; and the harmony of sentiment and action, on the business for which it was constituted, between the more and the less radical

portions of the party, who are usually open and vehement enough in their mutual antagonism, was undoubtedly but the reflection of the corresponding state of feeling pervading the Democracy of the State. In fact, no dispassionate and honest observer, on the spot here, as we happen to be situated, can for a moment question the certainty with which the *native candidate* of the State would carry every district, every county, every town, every village, in it, so far as regards the preference of its Democratic party over any other of the competing candidates for nomination. So doubtless, would Mr. Calhoun in South Carolina, Mr. Buchanan in Pennsylvania, Col. Johnson in Kentucky. If the Syracuse Convention remembered the unanimity with which in 1829 the Legislature of the State adopted the general ticket mode of electing the Presidential electors, after its then recent experience of the mode in which the single district method could nullify the influence of the State upon the decision of the question,—if they complied, at once with the usage of former occasions, and with that principle of the Constitution of which we have above spoken,—if, while resting on the grounds of general policy so ably set forth by themselves, as a precedent for permanent rule, with a view to the internal harmony of the party, as well as to the maintenance of the constitutional weight of the State unimpaired by division or dissension, they at the same time followed also the example of the two other large States which had adopted any action on the subject,* (to say nothing of Georgia, a Calhoun State.)—if, we say, they did all this, in the action adopted by them, of sending the whole vote of the collective State into the Convention, to be cast according to the undisputed preference of its Democracy, it was not because there existed the slightest

doubt as to the preference and certain vote of every single district in the state. We know that some of the most zealous as well as most intelligent of the friends of Mr. Van Buren were in favor of the adoption of the single district system for the sole purpose of conciliation and harmony—in the perfect assurance that it would not affect a single one of the votes to be cast by the State in the Convention, whatever mode of voting should be established. We say this, because it is the unquestionable truth, and because we are anxious to warn and entreat our Southern friends—(and there are among them few sincerer or warmer friends to their great statesman than ourselves)—not to be deceived as to the true character and constitution of that body; not to be led further and further to take a ground less easy to be retraced, against the Convention, of which it is *now irrevocably settled* that at least a very considerable number of its members must take their seats on other qualifications than that single district election system, which some have put forward as the *sine qua non* of their acquiescence in the nomination that may be made.

Why, there appears every reason to deem it probable that a considerable majority of the Convention will be in their places on the general ticket mode of appointment, or something analogous to it. If the ground we have aimed to combat—for the sake of our whole Party and its great Common Cause!—be maintained,—and if double sets of delegates are to make their appearance at Baltimore, the irregular and disorganizing sets claiming seats under separate district elections of their own, and being supported by the main body of Mr. Calhoun's friends in that body and out of it, under threat of secession, dissolution, and consequent party defeat, if their demands are not yielded

* We refer to the unanimous vote of the Democratic members of the Legislature of Pennsylvania, in favor of the general ticket method; and to the Virginia method by which the whole vote of the State is to be cast for one candidate, by a large body which will in truth constitute a sort of convention like that of Syracuse, elected by districts, and then determining by a majority vote among themselves, the candidate of the State. The other of the four large States (Ohio) might have been added, if the manifest public sentiment and intention of the people as evinced by the general consent of its county meetings, may be taken as an anticipation of what will be the action of its authorized convention.

to,—it may as well be known first as last, and the whole idea of harmonizing and concentrating the action of the great Democratic Party of the Union, by means of a Convention, may be abandoned at once; and had better be abandoned at once.

But no—we feel too well assured of the attachment of all the main constituent portions of our party to those common principles which would be so foolishly, so criminally, devoted to destruction by such a course, to dread that the dissensions menacing it will be suffered to continue. There is so manifest a propriety in leaving to the Democratic conventions of the respective States the settlement of the mode of electing their delegates—(precisely as the Constitution leaves to their Legislatures that of the election of the electors)—that, however it may have been opposed in argument before its adoption, we cannot believe that that opposition will be carried out by any formidable number, into a factious and disloyal resistance, after its irrevocable adoption by any State or any number of the States. As we before said, our own preference has throughout been for the single district system; but not till we are prepared to carry the Democratic Review over to the support of Mr. Clay, and of all the bad principles of public policy which we regard as summed up in that name, shall we cease to protest against and denounce, with the most indignant emphasis in our power, this worse than suicidal course which has been so intemperately threatened, and already partially attempted to be carried into effect, by some whom we cannot but designate as the very worst friends Mr. Calhoun has in the whole Union.

What may be the action of the Convention, we do not even allow ourselves to anticipate. It may nominate Mr. Van Buren—it may, Mr. Calhoun,—it

may, neither of the two. It is enough to be prepared to support its nomination, whatever it may prove, with every energy and every effort. That is a question from which it is for obvious reasons proper and necessary that this work should stand entirely aloof. This, however, we may say—that if its choice should fall on Mr. Van Buren, and the friends of Mr. Calhoun should then hold back from giving to the party ticket the same zealous support of which the friends of the former have tendered the assurance in the event of *their* disappointment—Mr. Calhoun's chance of *ever* being placed by the Democracy of the Union in that high position which he would so nobly grace, would immediately sink to a position lower than that of any other public man before the national eye—(excepting, of course, the present Vice-President.) While on the other hand, a different course would scarcely fail to secure an ardor of grateful attachment, which would complete all that yet remains to be done to efface, from the mind of the Democratic party, the memory of the yet recent years when he occupied an antagonist party position to them and the great leader to whom their hearts are still bound, by ties combining the tenderness of personal affection with all the utmost strength of political sympathy and gratitude. And whether it is well to weaken or jeopard the formation of this feeling now, at the same time that so much injury, perhaps irreparable, is done to the healthy spirit of our party, by this system of irritation, threat, jealousy, distrust and acrimony, pushed sometimes to the length of abuse not the less offensive that it may be enveloped in gauze screens of pointed insinuation, and sometimes adorned with brilliancy of sarcastic wit—we commend to the reflections of the wiser and better portion of his friends.

THE KING OF MEN.

Ἄναξ Ἀνδρῶν.

Not unto them, who sit on thrones and sway
 Mightiest kingdoms, though a thousand years
 Founded their realms, nor those more honored chiefs
 Of nations, whom the voices of free men
 Exalted to their perilous seats of rule,
 Not unto them, give thou the homage due
 To mind alone.

But he, whose ampler realm
 The spirit is, and thought the instrument
 Wherewith he rules, is mightier than Kings
 Or Presidents, or Consuls; and his strength
 Lieth within himself, nor is it held
 Subject to accident. The unstable wave,
 Whereon the fabrics of material things
 Are driven in its ceaseless ebb and flow,
 He hath not rested on, and doth not heed.
 He reigneth in the thoughts and hearts of men,
 Creating their opinions, and their wills
 Subjecting to his own o'er-mastering will.
 To him give homage as the King of men,
 Whose sceptre shineth like a star from heaven,
 Making all others dim.

Perchance his roof
 Lies hidden in the shade of statelier roofs,
 But from the narrow and unnoticed walls,
 Goes forth a voice, stirring the hosts of men,
 As if a trumpet sounded. Through the clouds,
 Which the long night of elder ages rolled
 Above our heads, keeping the sun eclipsed,
 He reads the truth, imprinted on the sky,
 And unto men revealeth it. He holds
 Communion with the present and the past,
 With all the dead, the venerable host,
 Poets, and priests, and sages, who have left
 The traces of their footsteps on the earth,
 Their voices in the air. Old prejudice,
 The cold, false lessons of ancestral rule,
 The wrongs made hoary by the breath of time,
 He shall make war upon, and overthrow,
 Regardless of the angry scowl of power,
 Or clamor of upbraiding multitudes,
 Their praise alike unheeding, deeming well
 The seals of office but a paltry gift,
 Which not the bearer benefits, nor adds
 To the renown of noble thoughts or deeds.

The haughtiest conquerors and throned kings,
 From Cyrus to the Cæsar of our days,
 Had but a half dominion; mountains barred,
 Or the great sea confined it; and the sun

Erelong beheld it ended. But the might
Of sovereign Genius overcometh time,
And her dominion stretches to the shores
Of the remotest continents and isles,
Far as the reach of language ; for her words
Are mighty and immortal ; and the winds
Shall scatter them, farther than navies ride,
Or armies ever marched ; and they shall see
The vaunted sceptres of a thousand kings
Crumble in ashes, as they flourish on.

New York.

H. D.

CHANGE FOR MR. DICKENS'S AMERICAN NOTES.*

THIS is a flimsy book enough ; and if we take it up to make it the subject of an article, it is not from regard to any intrinsic claims it may possess to such an honor. It happens to lie handy as a convenient occasion to say a word or two which we desire to have off our mind, on a subject next door neighbor to it, though in itself not of importance worth more than an incidental and passing notice.

It does not indeed aim high. Professing simply to give "change" for Mr. Dickens's "Notes," it would have been a very unequal transaction if it had offered gold against such trifling trash—so very poor a specimen of paper-money. Not that we would rate it no higher than the latter. That would be too cruel a condemnation, (especially as the author records that she always received so much satisfaction when in London in taking up "the North American and Democratic Reviews")—nor would it indeed be just. It is altogether a far better, cleverer, and more entertaining book than Dickens's ;—in which on its appearance we really could not discover anything worth the trouble of a notice, though the public criticism of even his own country has already so severely punished him for the folly of thus far trifling with his former reputation.

However, let the "Notes" pass ; they were a mere catch-penny matter.

The author wanted money, and knew that his name, with the avidity of his countrymen for abusive American travels, would sell anything,—and no doubt he got it ; even though it was at the expense of letting the world see how shallow a measurement of water was enough to carry him out of his depth ; and how absurd a man, clever on his own single string, can sometimes make himself, when he attempts to "discourse most eloquent music" on another. Our worthy friend Jonathan made himself indeed absurd enough also, in stamping and swearing as he did at so small a moschetoe bite—but that we all know to be "a way he has." For our own part, we found little, if anything, in it to stir our bile in the slightest degree. While sorry that Dickens had not been able to make a cleverer book of travels, we found much to apologise for him, and only hoped that it paid his expenses. We loved too well the creator of Little Nell not to forgive him so trifling and harmless a peccadillo ; and having more than once closed our eyes over the book itself, in the performance of the religious duty of getting through it, we were very willing to keep them shut to all its faults and its author's folly. But the spirit he has shown in what may be regarded as a continuation of his "Notes," the record of the adventures of his Martin Chuzzlewit, is so thoroughly mean and bad, that we

* Change for the American Notes ; in Letters from London to New York. By an American Lady. New York : Harper and Brothers, 82 Cliff street. 1843.

not only cannot repress our disgust, but are unwilling to withhold the expression of it.

There was something generous—something truly noble—in the reception bestowed on this young man by the American people, even though it may not have been free from a few of those small touches of the ridiculous in exaggeration, which are often apt to attend the impetuous impulses of a high and warm-hearted generosity. It was a splendid national tribute of gratitude, love, and honor, to genius—genius humble in station, and wholly insignificant in respect to every accessory calculated to add distinction to the person of its possessor. It was because it appeared to be united to a good and genial heart, full of kindly sympathy for the victims of every form of social oppression, and to direct itself, at once bravely and beautifully, towards the aim of their rescue and redress. It proceeded from a spirit not less creditable to those manifesting it, than to the individual its object. A prince happened to land on our shores at nearly the same time,—the son of the powerful monarch of a nation with which we have peculiar historical sympathies, and towards which the lowering aspect of our foreign affairs at that time naturally disposed us to turn with a more than usual degree of friendliness,—and yet his reception served for little else than a foil to that of the youthful and humble novelist. The pen behind the ear far eclipsed the possible future crown upon the brow. Nay, if all the reigning monarchs in Christendom and out of it, had come in a body, though they might have been stared at a little as a novel genus of menagerie animals, ninety-nine hundredths of the popular throngs that did honor to his ovation would have turned from them all with the coldest indifference to the spectacle, to obtain a sight, and, if possible, a friendly grasp of the hand, of the poor scribbler. His reception was a thing unprecedented, and was an honor a thousand-fold higher than he had ever experienced before, or is ever likely to know again. Independent of the obligations of courteous respect and kindness due always from a gentleman to those from whom he has received, and professed to take pleasure in receiving, a profuse and cordial hospitality, it created moreover an

obligation of gratitude which ought to have been not less warm and affectionate than profound—and which could not have failed to be so in the breast of any but one immeasurably unworthy of it. Had he not been,—in spite of all the indirect professions of his writings,—a man of thoroughly mean and sordid heart, he would never have been able, to the last day of his life, to hear the name of America without a quickened throb in it; he would have cut off his unworthy hand before he would have suffered it to write a syllable of abuse against it, or its hospitable and generous people. Whatever others might have an unchallenged right to do, he at least was bound to respect that which gratitude made sacred to him. Even fair and legitimate subjects of rebuke or ridicule which America might have afforded, ought rather to have been left for other pens to do justice to. The world is wide enough, and he should have looked elsewhere for the materials for even a fair and legitimate indulgence of his Cruikshank faculty of caricature. Such a course would at least have been a more graceful one on his part, even if we concede him to have been under no actual obligation of duty or decency to pursue it. But when we see him actually going far beyond this, and, gratuitously creating occasion for it, rioting in invention—invention the most preposterous—to cast odium and ridicule upon this country,—the whole marked, too, with a spiteful and malignant character, and national, not individual, in its application,—it is thoroughly vile.

The sordid nature of his evident motives gives the last shade which might else have been wanting to its completeness. The original provocation left rankling in his heart was his disappointment in the money-making speculation of his visit,—because Congress would not be carried by storm, to make a sudden change for his benefit, in a law of great and pervading public concern, no adequate reasons being exhibited to it of either morality or policy. The more immediate motive was of a still meaner character. The public were getting tired of his one string. He had himself well-nigh worn it through. His writings, charmingly as they amused and entertained on the first reading, in the lengthened suspense of pleasure of the serial mode of publica-

tion, are not one of those commodities that are "warranted to keep one year." If their popularity was such that the question could be asked, Who did not read them a first time? its ephemeral character is equally proved by the next question, to which an answer would be long waited for in vain, Who ever did read them a second? His notes are like those of the Bank of England—they are never issued twice. After the exhaustion of the first demand, Dickens's copyrights cannot be worth much; even if he retained the ownership of them, they could not yield him more than a very trifling income. The revolution in his mode of life, caused by so sudden an influx of money and popularity, could only be sustained by the continuance of the same supplies through the periodical coinage of his brain. But this source must have already for a considerable time begun to run thin and poor. Barnaby Rudge added little to its author's fame—it probably added not much more to its publisher's purse. From the returns of sales of the earlier numbers of Martin Chuzzlewit, he must have received a fearful warning of the mutability of human affairs. And if the public would not buy it, it was for the best and simplest of reasons, because it was not worth it; the general dullness of the book being only relieved either by poorly hashed repetitions of his former writings, or by characters so nauseous, that where they do not make us sleep, they turn our stomach. Abuse of America would rally his market; and the more bitter and biting, the better for this effect.

However, he must have been, in his own secret heart, ashamed of himself in the act; and hence, partially, the stupidity of his performance of it. His pictures of New York life and character are not even caricatures, being equally destitute of humor, and of that basis of likeness essential to caricature. It is a pity that his own public cannot appreciate the utter worthlessness of the stuff with which they are imposed upon, under the sanction of a popularity which seems destined to fade as fast as it was made.

But enough of Dickens—and we are heartily sorry to have ever had to write thus much of one of whom we once delighted to think and to feel so far otherwise. His case is not one of

those common ones of abusive English travellers in America, which it is fittest to treat with silent contempt. A just indignation, partaking of that sorrowful disappointment always awakened by very bad ingratitude, so far mingles with the contempt which he deserves better than any of them, as to make its expression both natural and proper. But even less space than we have given the subject would have sufficed for its claims—and so, again, enough of him. We will glance again over a few of the passages which our pencil paused to mark, in that skimming flight over the surface of the volume before us, which befitted its own light and skimming character.

The "lady" author—(who, by the way, we are ready to swear never wore a petticoat, unless in masquerade)—while on the whole liberal and fair, makes occasionally some clever hits, well put; witness the following:

"Miss Julia — perhaps expresses surprise that I talk of ignorance among the English—attend, *ma belle*. It is long ago that an adventurer, named Thom, was regarded by numbers, in Kent, as an inspired prophet—in Kent, a county adjoining London, while its capital, Canterbury,) gives a title to the arch-episcopal head of the Church of England; and even when there was bloodshed in the capture of this impostor, and he was slain, numbers believed he would come to life again! On the borders of Wales, near Newport, two or three years back was a formidable insurrection; the misguided Welshmen showing the most deplorable ignorance, and a reckless readiness for any deed of violence. Charlatans flourish more in England than in all the world beside. London, one of the poets calls

'The needy villain's common home;
The sink and sewer of Paris and of Rome.'

The really learned are often incommunicative, while pretending braggarts pass off their brawling shallowness for the deep words of wisdom: and sympathizing hearers hail a kindred spirit, and applaud the orator, because they understand him; he speaks down to common, very common capacity, and they feel he must be, right, for *they* think so too. Believe me, there is a fearful mass of ignorance in the land, and masses of ignorance often are, and may be easily, kneaded into criminality. The people, the rich people, see or care nothing for what is passing around

them, they either look over it, and regard (publicly) the wants of foreign lands, or look on with no more special wonder than Shakspeare's summer's cloud commanded; but even a summer's cloud may be fraught with storm and thunder.

"Off the western coast of Ireland—I read this in a work of high authority—are a very great many islands, and the inhabitants are pronounced as rude and are apparently as little cared for as they were centuries ago—how disinterested, then, all these things considered, how *self-denying* in the British to send out teachers or missionaries, call them what you will, to Tahiti, to New Zealand, to the banks of the Niger! The Thames, and the Severn, and the Mersey, and the Ouse, and the other rivulets, flow through a land so overflowing with wealth, wisdom, and enlightenment, that it can afford to waft its superfluous knowledge and riches to the distant Niger. Am I deceived, dear Julia, in my irony—is this so? May it not be, rather, that pious, and wise, and prosperous are all the children of famed Great Britain; the voice of wailing and poverty is heard no longer in her crowded streets; the school has superseded the prison; the workhouse and the treadmill are among things that were—superfluous judges travel to uncriminal assizes. The soldiers' bayonets are broken to form steel pens; diseases are as rare as the vices that once engendered them; and this blessed consummation attained, is it not the duty of the high and wealthy to inform the African, to regenerate the Chinese, and show their love and admiration for the pious, virtuous, contented, informed, and grateful people at home, by striving to render distant regions as felicitous?"

"Impossible" is the word she finds most usually called into play, whenever any of the manifold horrors and abominations growing out of the political and social system of England are under discussion,—that is to say, "impossible" to be remedied. The following extract is spirited, and the moral fairly pointed:

"Certainly it was a gorgeous sight, and in England only could it be seen; what lines of carriages along the streets—what silver plate about the horses, and gold lace about the footmen—the coachmen with new wigs, and the policemen in their best uniforms—the crowd was in high good humour—it pleased the queen to hold a drawing-room—the morning smiled, and all the world was gay—I saw the pro-

cession with some friends from a balcony in St. James's-street. We have sometimes thought, in New-York, that the accounts we heard of Great Britain's wealth might be exaggerated; they now appear to me under the reality. Hour after hour rolled by, and still rolled the carriages. A very few hackney vehicles were in the line, and the crowd seemed inclined to laugh at them as misplaced; and I remarked that the windows were generally up, as if they who proceeded to their queen's presence at so much a mile, or an hour, did not court the garish eye of day. We could see into most of the carriages: the ladies were beautiful, and the dresses as far as we could observe, elegant and French, ostrich feathers were worn, the most stately of head-dresses; jewels blazed as if the English magnates had a monopoly in diamonds, as some of the Indian Maharajahs used to have. The gentlemen wore court-suits, a bag-wig, sword, and knee-buckles being the chief variation from their ordinary costume; great numbers were in their professional garbs, and in naval or military uniforms, blue, red, and green; this diversity of dress must render the scene much more picturesque.

"It is said a Persian declared that the finest gentlemen in London were those who rode behind carriages; but it is finery run mad; such colours, such gildings and fringes about them, besides long canes and powdered heads; hair-powder now is hardly worn at all, except by livery-servants; perhaps some leader of *ton* may bring it up again, if he finds himself becoming prematurely gray; I wonder if hair-powder was the fashion in Thomson's day? I think it must, or what means the epithet I have marked?

"While, a gay insect in his summer shine,
The fop, light fluttering, spreads his *moaty* wings."

"Nearly all the footmen were tall and young, and seemed well qualified to do nothing with admirable grace. A great many of the carriages, with their occupants, were known to Lieut. F., who was of our party. 'That's my Lord —! what fine grays! he's worth £70,000 a year, and saves more than half of it. And there's Sir John —! he's worth £20,000, (pounds, mind, and annually); and the next is Mr. —, the member for —; his election, they say, cost him £4,000,' and so on. Lieut. F., I was told afterward, is "a tuft-hunter," a pursuer of the great, who are not so easily caught, men say:

"Where'er their lordships go, they never find,
Or Lico, or their shadows, lag behind."

"I am not at all inclined to think this pageantry wrong, for there must be marks of respect paid to the head of every government, whether republic or monarchy; but, seeing this astonishing wealth, one cannot but wonder at the squabbles about poor-laws. One might ask the great, as was asked more than a hundred years ago,

"How dare you let one worthy man be poor?"

But the English always smile at such remarks, and say it is impossible. I am sorry for it; sorry that the judicious use of money is pronounced impossible, for it might easily be so used as to ensure employment to the whole population. I have heard it argued, there always must be great poverty where there is great wealth; there was in Rome of old; and was Rome of old a Christian land? Did the Roman mythology, like the Christian revelation, command those 'who are rich in this world to be ready to give, and glad to distribute,' and those who had much 'to give plenteously?' I trow not. Rome, indeed! It must be a weak argument that requires such a buttress; besides, the Cæsars did give the people bread and shows; and some shows are open to the poor here; but they may see them unfed. Don't call me cærulean. 'A riddle,' indeed, is England; but in such disregard of God and man is the very reverse of 'a jest,' or 'a glory.'"

Apropos of the young women of the bazaars of London, the ready excuse of the "impossible" again comes into play:

"In no country in the world, so wretchedly as in England, can a young woman, reared so as to be unfitted for domestic service, support herself safely or honorably; if she have not accomplishments, many and *showy* enough to obtain her the situation of a governess, I do not know what she can do to earn bread and water. The English profess to regret this, and 'selon leurs regles,' see no means of altering it, and so pronounce it *impossible*; they make not a single effort to amend the matter, and cry, 'Impossible,' 'impossible!' An Englishman would pronounce it 'impossible' to relieve his starving foster-mother, as he was on his way to purchase a pipe of port of some curious vintage to be bottled for the revelry of after years—'impossible!' How is it known to be 'impossible?' Gas-lights and steam-vessels were at first pronounced 'impossible.' Nay, the establishment of Christianity itself was declared 'im-

possible' by the misbelievers, the evil-doers, the credulous, in many gods and goddesses of old. Impossible! How English adjectives are misused!

And again:

"Churches are frequent in this city—sometimes two in the same street: these are old establishments, erected when the metropolitans were much poorer, and founded more churches; but there are complaints that *many* new churches are wanted in the populous districts of Bethnal Green and elsewhere. And if it be so, why do not the wealthy at once build and endow them? Every complaint of want of churches is a deep, an indelible disgrace to England. The rich people count their riches by hundreds of thousands, and churches are *begged for*—begged for of the many, the poor—begged by due notice on placards, duly pasted 'rubric on the walls!' The poor Irish can build their chapels and support their ministers. Scotland, in its poverty, did not complain that churches were too few. A young country like America affords means of religious worship to all; while England—the stain is indelible!

"When I have said, 'But if these churches are required, why are they not built without delay?' the answer is, of course, 'Oh! it's very easy to ask, but to build them so readily is impossible.' Their way of excusing all deficiencies IMPOSSIBLE!

"Of course you have heard of the inequality of the Church livings in England; how in their emoluments they are small by degrees and unbecomingly less; they taper down from thousands to tens of pounds annually; to correct this by augmenting the smaller livings is of course 'impossible;' it is hardly worth while to show you that this is not only possible, but easy. The Protestant dissenters in England support their own ministers, build their own chapels, and have to pay tithes and rates to the establishment beside; so out of the depth of their poverty do the Irish Roman Catholics; how, then, can the thousands of affluent churchmen in England find it 'impossible' to prevent many clergymen being worse paid than paviours? 'Impossible' means selfish, niggardliness; *this* 'impossible' is so glaringly fallacious, that it is hardly worth a scoff. The misers, Elwees and Dancer, pronounced it impossible in their mortal sickness to purchase needful medicaments. The people here have so often pronounced things to which they are not inclined 'impossible' that I fancy they believe them to be so at last! 'Tell a lie,' says Burke

(I think it's Burke), 'every day for three weeks, and at the three weeks' end you will regard it as truth.' The English supply continual proofs that Burke spoke truth. One hears of men declaring that they will support the Church with heart, head, and hand; perhaps they keep their words, but it is often found that all three are empty."

We would quote the spirited and just remarks of our fair (!) author on the subject of "repudiation," if our space permitted it. We Americans have submitted long and patiently enough to the abuse which has been heaped upon us on the text of this unlucky word. We will take leave, moreover, to say that some of our representatives abroad, in their communications with parties who have addressed them on this subject, have, in our opinion, carried this same humble patience a little further than was absolutely necessary. They may have tolerably well indeed illustrated the precept which commands, when reviled to revile not again; but whether they have exactly maintained the tone naturally appropriate to a sensitive and spirited pride of patriotism, whether they have repelled as might, could, and should have been done, the gross insults to themselves and their country very thinly covered over in those communications with phrases of official decorum,—may well admit of question. A recent occurrence in private life might suggest a useful hint to these public functionaries,—when a young American lady found herself the

object of treatment positively ill-tempered and ill-mannered in the house of an eminent literary celebrity in England, who had suffered somewhat in some of our stocks, and who saw proper to vent his resentment by making the chief theme of his discourse abuse of his visitor's country; until the patience of the latter (herself one of the finest representatives of American womanhood that ever left our shores,) was exhausted, and as she rose to depart, she did not fail to make a reply much more spirited and *manly* than that of her nation's public representative in the same country. The truth is that England has herself been a far more dishonest repudiator of public debt and public faith than would be any of the American States, even if the temporary inability of some of them (consequent on the state of collapsed exhaustion into which they have been thrown by the operation of a system of which England is the chief impelling and managing force,) were a permanent and wilful repudiation of just debt. The difference between the two countries is that *every cent of the American debt will most certainly be paid*, while no one entertains the preposterous dream that that of England will ever be paid,—or that the day is very far distant when her people will (most rightfully) "repudiate" also the annual burthen of its interest. However, to this subject we will take an early opportunity to do a fuller justice than is now permitted by either our space or time.

SONNET.

BY HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

DESOLATION.

THINK ye the desolate must live apart,
 By solemn vows to convent walls confined ?
 Ah ! no ; with men may dwell the cloistered heart,
 And in a crowd the isolated mind :
 Tearless behind the prison-bars of fate
 The world sees not how sorrowful they stand,
 Gazing so fondly through the iron grate,
 Upon the promised, yet forbidden land ;—
 Patience, the shrine to which their bleeding feet,
 Day after day, in voiceless penance turn ;
 Silence the holy cell and calm retreat
 In which unseen their meek devotions burn ;
 Life is to them a vigil that none share,
 Their hopes a sacrifice, their love a prayer.

ORIGIN AND GROUND OF GOVERNMENT.

BY O. A. BROWNSON.

CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

In the present paper, which concludes my remarks on the principles and constitution of government, I propose to consider, and as far as my limits will permit, dispose of, the three following questions :

1. What is the legitimate End of government ?
2. What should be the Constitution of government ?
3. What is the Part of the people in constituting it ?

According to the doctrine which I regard myself as having established in my last paper, that government is founded in Divine Right, the End of government, taken as a positive institution, or, as I have termed it, the *MINISTRY*, is not the collection and expression of the will of the people, but the will of God. In this I am happy to find myself agreeing with the eloquent and philosophic historian of the United States, who, in one of his publications, defines Democracy to be "Eternal Justice ruling through the people." Eternal justice and the will of God, are evidently one and the same. Mr. Bancroft, therefore, in giving this definition, unquestionably felt, that it is the divine will, not the mere popular will, that has the right to prevail in human affairs ; in which he denies the sovereignty of the people as such, and admits it only so far forth as it represents the sovereignty of God.

But, if in this view I am happy to find myself agreeing with a democrat of such high authority with his party, as Mr. Bancroft, I am equally sorry to find myself dissenting from Mr. Calhoun, the master, in all that relates to the practical constitution and administration of government, I am proud to follow. Mr. Calhoun's theory of government, as I have learned it from the incomplete developments of it given in his published speeches and writings, is immeasurably superior to the commonplace democracy, which obtains with us here at the North : for while this contents itself with merely collecting and

expressing the sense of a bare majority, his aspires to unanimity,—to the collection and expression in the acts of government, as far as may be, the sense of the *whole* people. This is much, but—if I may, with due deference to genius, ability, and experience,—venture to say so, not all that is essential to wise and just government, as I shall have occasion to show, when I come to speak of the constitution of the Ministry. Mr. Calhoun originates government in human nature, in which he finds both its necessity and its ground. The necessity of government, that which demands government, and always will demand it, has unquestionably its seat in the permanent and indestructible nature of man ; but how the government itself, the authority that is to meet this demand, to control human nature and its manifestations, can originate in this very nature itself, is what I am not able to understand, nor even to conceive. Mr. Calhoun, in what he has published, seems to me to have considered only the problem, How to constitute the ministry, or agents of authority, so as in the practical administration of public affairs, to secure the legitimate ends of government ? But back of this, lies the problem I have been trying to solve, namely, Whence derives government, however constituted, its authority, its right to impose the law ? This problem he does not appear to have considered, with the care and attention its great practical importance demands. He appears to have trenched it, by assuming the sovereignty of the people, and providing merely, in practically constituting the government, for the sovereignty of the *whole* people, instead of the sovereignty of the majority. He regards the people, we are told in the biography of him, recently put forth by an intelligent and impartial friend, "as the rightful source of power:" but he understands by the *people*, the people in political organization, the people as a body politic,—not

the people as an unorganised mass of individuals, existing in the imaginary "state of nature," of Locke and Rousseau; and this, in this country, where the government is already constituted, would be amply sufficient for all practical purposes, if there were no danger of confounding the people in the one sense with the people in the other; if no questions of innovation, or virtual revolution, could ever come up to disturb the established order. But as this danger actually exists, as these questions do come up, and as false theories lead inevitably to mischievous practice, it is necessary to go behind the State, the political organization, and ask, Whence the authority that organises the people into the State, and clothes them with the right to command? This question, as we have seen in the preceding essays, and as we are inclined to believe, Mr. Calhoun himself would admit, were he specially concerned with the problem here proposed, can be answered, only by rising from the sovereignty of the people to the sovereignty of God. Yet, so far as his views have been set forth, he evidently holds to the doctrine of the sovereignty of the people, only vesting this sovereignty in the *whole* people, instead of vesting it in merely the major part.

Assuming now, that government is founded in Divine Right, we may state its end to be the PREVALENCE OF THE WILL OF GOD,—“Eternal Justice,”—*is human affairs, both public and private.* But this, though philosophically and religiously true and just, is a little too vague for the practical statesman, and really presents nothing tangible to the mind. What is the will of God? What is the End in reference to which God himself governs mankind? The will of God, inasmuch as it is the will of Infinite Wisdom, must needs always contemplate some end. What is this end? This question leads to two others.

1. What is man?

2. What is man's destiny?

And these two questions, duly considered will lead to another: namely,

3. What are the conditions on which, and on which alone, man does or can fulfil his destiny?

Man is an Idea: his destiny is to actualize himself in individuals; the conditions of this actualization are expressed in one word, COMMUNION,—

communion with his kind, with nature, and with God; and the conditions of this communion are expressed also in one word, FREEDOM.

I pray my readers to be as indulgent as possible to this answer, and not too hastily pronounce it a fine specimen of transcendental nonsense. However unmeaning it may be to them, it has meaning to me, and I know very well what I mean by it: but what phraseology, or whether any phraseology will suffice to communicate my meaning to their minds, I own, I am at some loss to determine. My politics are, to no inconsiderable extent, founded on the Platonic doctrine of Ideas, and to all who are not acquainted with that doctrine, I must seem to be talking nonsense, when, in fact, I am talking very tolerable sense.

This Platonic doctrine of Ideas, I have stated, to some extent, in several of my previous essays in this Journal: nevertheless, I will try to state it again, and as briefly and as intelligibly as I can. The difficulty I find in stating it, does not arise from its intrinsic abstruseness, but from the shallow Nominalism of the English and American philosophy, and the fact, that the word *Idea* has, in modern times, come to be used in a sense wholly repugnant to the Platonic sense; and therefore inevitably misleads every reader, who is not more than ordinarily careful to catch the exact sense of what he reads. In ordinary discourse, people, in these days, mean by the word *Idea*, the *view* which the mind takes, or the *notion* it forms, of some object of mental apprehension; the greater part of the metaphysicians of the transcendental or non-sensualist school, mean by *idea*, a certain inward type, model, or exemplar, of external and spiritual realities, instamped by the Creator on the soul of man, made a part of its original garniture or patrimony, and therefore said to be *innate*, that is, born with it. *Neither of these is the Platonic sense of the word.* The Platonic sense, which I hold to be the true sense, places Ideas out of the human mind, in the Divine Mind, Nous, or Logos; and instead of holding them to be the patrimony of the human mind, makes them all simply objects which the human mind perceives. *Ideas are the genera of things:* active, puissant, creative; and therefore, must exist as substances, not as mere

phenomena, as we have demonstrated in demonstrating the identity of the notion of substance with that of cause, or causative force. They are real existences, as contended Guillaume de Champeaux and the Realists; not mere conceptions in the mind of the logician, as contended Abelard, and the Conceptualists; much less empty words, (*status vocis*) as maintained Rosceline and the Nominalists.

Humanity, that is, man taken generically, in a universal sense, as distinguished from individual men and women, as I showed in my last essay, exists ideally: that is, as an IDEA, in the sense here defined. But without attending to this qualification, the assertion, that man exists ideally, that he is an Idea, would either convey no meaning to the mind of the reader, or else a meaning the very opposite of the one I intend. By a strange misnomer, we call that system of philosophy, which like Berkeley's and Kant's, denies the material world, and admits the existence of only mental conceptions, *Idealism*, the sacred name of all sound philosophy. We should rather call this false philosophy *Ideism*, and regard it, not as identical with Idealism, but as standing wholly opposed to it. The Ideal is, in the Platonic sense, and in fact, objective, not subjective. In calling humanity an Idea, we assert that it exists objectively, though ideally.

By recurring to our Chapters on Synthetic Philosophy,—which contain more than our readers, who turn up their noses at them, suspect,—the reader will find, that we have demonstrated the substantiality of whatever is objective. Humanity, inasmuch as it exists objectively, is a substance. The Idea, being the genus, we here in this fact demonstrate *the substantive existence of all genera*. An immense fact, which must, as soon as comprehended, revolutionize all modern philosophy! Here is what Plato has done, and what he teaches, in his world-famous Theory of Ideas, though by no means all that he teaches in that Theory. What I have said is but the key, that unlocks to the incalculable treasures of the Theory itself.

Taking this explanation of the Theory of Ideas, as sufficient for my present purpose, and assuming man to be an Idea, I proceed at once to answer my second question, What is Man's Des-

tiny? Humanity, we have seen, is an Idea. It is, then, a substance. If a substance, then it is causative force, or, more simply, a *cause*. The destiny of a cause must be to cause, of an actor to act, of a creator to create. The Destiny of Humanity is then, in one word, to cause, to act, or to create.

But if the destiny of humanity is to act, to create, what are its acts, or its creations? Humanity, in the sense we are now considering it, is the genus, or man taken generically. The act, in this sense, is expressed by the word *generation*. The acts or creations of man, taken ideally, are in simple terms, individuals. Individual men and women are the *deeds* of humanity, and are to generic man, what our acts or deeds are to us as individuals. This is what I showed in my Essay on the Community System, in this Journal for February last; and since then; I find the same doctrine set forth by M. Cousin, in his valuable and learned work on the Scholastic Philosophy. "Let us," says M. Cousin, in showing the fallacy of Abelard's argumentation against the Realism of William de Champeaux, "Let us take the most obvious example, the one nearest at hand, to wit, ourselves. This I, one and identical, which we ourselves are, is essentially all and entire in each one of its manifestations. It is essentially and integrally, the same I or me, that reasons, that remembers, that wills, that thinks, &c. Common sense says it, consciousness affirms it; the I changes not, is not impaired, diminished, nor enlarged in the diversity and mobility of its manifestations; none of them exhaust it, and none of them is absolutely adequate to its essence; it takes no form to preserve it always, and in all its developments, for it is essentially distinct from its acts, and even from each one of its faculties, (!) although never separated from them. *Humanity (le genre humain) sustains the same relation to the individuals that compose it*. They do not constitute it; on the contrary, it is it, which constitutes them. Humanity is essentially, and all and entire, and at the same time, in each one of us, as we are essentially, integrally, and simultaneously, in each one of our different acts, and of our different faculties. Humanity exists only in individuals, and by individuals; but in return, individuals exist, collect

and form a kind (*un genre*) only by the unity of humanity, which is in each one of them."*

As it is the destiny of the individual to act, that is to live, so is it the destiny of humanity to act; and as its acts are individuals, I have answered truly, when I have answered, that it is the destiny of man—humanity—to actualize himself in individuals. Procreation is an act, not of man taken individually, but of man taken universally, that is, generically.

The answer to our *third* question now becomes easy. The destiny of humanity is to act; and its *power to act*, I have, in my last essay, demonstrated to be identical with its *freedom*. The power to act, is only another form of saying, freedom to act; for where I have not the power to act, I am not free to act; and where I am free to act, I have the power to act. The condition on which, and which alone, humanity can fulfil its destiny is, then, as I have said, **FREEDOM**.

But, as the acts of humanity, generically considered, are individual men and women, it follows that freedom for it to fulfil its destiny, is freedom to obey the command, to "multiply and replenish the earth." Whatever restrains humanity in this, whatever renders the Malthusian doctrine necessary, opposes the destiny of humanity, and is by that fact condemned as repugnant, not only to humanity, but to the will of God. The highest good of humanity must be to fulfil its destiny, that is to actualize itself in the greatest number and variety possible of individual men and women. It is glorified in each new-born child, and (*cæteris paribus*,) the greater the number of children, the greater its glory. This is what every one feels on reading the Old Testament; and this explains why, among the chosen People of God, nothing was accounted so dishonorable

as barrenness, and nothing so much to be deplored as to be childless. It also shows, that the answer of Napoleon to the idle question of Madame de Staël,—"Sire, whom do you consider the greatest woman in your empire?"—"She who has borne the most children,"—was profoundly significant, and profoundly true.

This may, in substance, be easily demonstrated.† The destiny of the individual is to live; to live is to manifest oneself in action, that is, simply to act. The more one acts, the more he lives; the more fully he manifests himself; for no one act reveals the whole man, and there is no one act, into which a man enters with his whole being, and exhausts himself. The individual can fulfil his destiny only by the greatest possible activity, by freedom to manifest himself in the greatest possible number and variety of acts. Each act represents the individual, not as M. Cousin would seem to teach, all entire,—though each act represents him in all his essential elements,—but a distinct phasis of his being; consequently, the greater the number and variety of his acts, the more fully will his being be represented, or actualized; and just in proportion as you hinder the individual's activity, do you cut him off from manifesting himself, and, therefore, from fulfilling his destiny.

Now, the relation between the individual and the race, is precisely the relation between one of my acts and me; that is to say, the relation of the effect to the cause. Individual men and women do not *make up* humanity, but they are its creations,—the acts in which it manifests itself. This premised, it follows that humanity, in order to be able to attain to its highest manifestations, must have the greatest freedom to act in the production of individuals. No one individual represents all hu-

* *Fragmens Philosophiques*, par Victor Cousin. *Philosophic Scholastique*. 2d editione. Paris: 1840. pp. 188–189. I do not accept the whole doctrine of this extract. I have introduced the passage because it is full on the point for which I quote it; namely, that the relation of the individual to humanity, is strictly analogous to the relation of one of our acts to us. But I do not agree with M. Cousin, when he speaks of individuals *composing* the race; a form of expression unauthorised by the doctrine of the passage itself; nor do I agree, that the individual is all and entire (*tout entière*) in each one of his acts; nor that humanity is all and entire in each individual, as I shall have occasion soon to show.

† My readers must suffer me here to reproduce rapidly, and summarily, what they will find at greater length, and with the necessary developments, in the *Essay on the Community System*, to which I have already referred.

manity, but each individual represents humanity,—human nature if you will—only under a special aspect; is the manifestation of only a special phasis of its essential power. The greater the number of individuals, the more complete, then, the actualization of humanity, and the more complete the fulfilment of its destiny. For whatever imposes a check on population, cutting off humanity from producing any given individual, must prevent it from manifesting a given aspect of itself. Evidently, then, Malthus is wrong and hostile to humanity; or God has created a world, in which the race finds evil in proportion as it fulfils its destiny; which would be to declare the Creator not good, but evil, unless, like Satan, we choose to say, that evil is good.

But the relation between the individual and the race, is not exhausted by this statement. The relation between the cause and effect, is permanent, indestructible. The race is not separated from the individual the instant the child is born. The birth of the child is the beginning, not the completion, of the act. Humanity must represent a distinct phasis of its own essence, in each separate individual; but it does not do this, it only *begins* to do this, in the newly generated child; it completes it only in the life,—the activity and growth,—of the individual. I touch here upon an immense fact. I live by acting, *and in my acts*. This living in my acts, that is, the continued connexion between me and my acts, is the fact we express by the word *memory*. Destroy this connexion, destroy, in all senses, all memory of my past acting, and I should be precisely where I was, when I began to act. I am dead to all that I have *absolutely* forgotten. The same need, then, that I had originally to act, I have to *continue* my act. The same need, the same necessity, that humanity originally had to act, that is, to put itself forth in an individual, it has eternally to preserve that individual, and to continue its manifestation in him. This, if duly comprehended, will be found to be an unanswerable demonstration of the immortality of the *individual*, as I hope some day to show. But leaving this by the way; humanity, I may add, lives only in producing individuals, *and in their life*. In order then to provide for the fulfilment of the destiny of man, we

must provide, not only for the simple production of individuals, but for the life of each individual produced; that is, we must study to enable each individual man, born into the world, to fulfil, in the completest manner possible, his destiny as an individual man.

But an individual is an individual, only so far as he represents humanity, under a distinct and peculiar aspect, represented by no other. His destiny is to represent this distinct and peculiar phasis of human nature. Hence, if by our social arrangements, we prevent this individual from preserving, and, so to speak, acting out his individuality, we not only prevent him from fulfilling his own individual destiny, but humanity herself from actualizing that aspect of her being, which it was the mission of this individual, in his life, to actualize. This brings us to another conclusion: As we have just shown that the race must be free in order to fulfil its destiny, we now see that the individual must also be free, as the condition of the freedom of the race; for it is only in the life of the individual, that the race itself can live. HENCE the necessity of INDIVIDUAL FREEDOM.

If you deprive the child of the means necessary to preserve its life, or to secure its physical, intellectual, and moral growth, of any of the care, means, or influences, necessary to enable it to rise to the full stature of a man, in the full sense of the term, you are guilty of a double wrong,—a wrong to the individual, and a wrong to humanity. The purpose of humanity in his production is frustrated; and, if we take enlarged views of the *solidarity* of the race, all individual men and women are thereby injured. When you tell me, I shall not act out myself, what is it you tell me? You say to me, “you shall not be you, but me!” You say also to humanity, that she shall not manifest that aspect of human nature, which it is my mission to represent. This is what every government practically says, whenever it attempts to restrict any individual in his communion with his brethren, with nature, or with God; determining what shall be his profession or pursuit, the amount of property he shall hold, the creed, moral, religious, or political, he shall believe, the dress he shall wear, or the forms of worship he shall observe. It then makes me not me, but another; commands that I see

with the eyes of another, understand with his intellect, and love with his heart. The State that attempts this, seeks to destroy all individuality, and, as far as possible, reduces humanity, whose life is in the number and variety of its manifestations, to simply *one form of manifestation*; so that millions of individuals shall give us no more of humanity, than we should have with only one.

There is no government on earth, that secures, to the full extent, this two-fold freedom. In almost every country, is humanity wofully restricted in the first form of the freedom we have pointed out. The mass of families must, throughout Christendom, look upon the birth of a new member, which should be a joyful event, as at best a half-calamity, as adding to their burdens already too grievous to be borne; and, if we look closely into the matter, we shall see that no small portion of the suffering, which the philanthropist deploras, and of the licentiousness and crime against which the moralist declaims, and the statesman in vain hurls his edicts, is attributable to the obstacles, which the constitution of modern societies, the mode of living, the expenses of sustaining an establishment, oppose to the proper discharge of parental functions. No woman, who cannot sustain the maternal relation, under circumstances favorable to her offspring, can regard her existence as blessed, or as having realized its legitimate end. Marriage is the best preservative against licentiousness; and the love and care of our children double our activity, and usefulness. Woe to the land, where the difficulty of obtaining the means to support and bring up a family, induces to celibacy, or makes it prudent to delay marriage till the parties are advanced in life. Habits are engendered, tastes are imbibed, a laxity of moral principle, an unchastity of soul, as well as of body, is produced, that marriage, under the most favorable auspices, will not be able to overcome. Love, which should be the sweetener of life, a sunbeam along our pathway from earth to heaven, is exchanged for lust, and the birth of a child, instead of being the mother's glory, becomes her shame,—her curse.

Man enjoys the freedom of which I speak, whether regarded as the freedom of the race, or of the individual,

only where the communion with other men, with nature, and with God, is left open. Freedom to commune with other men, is what we call **SOCIAL FREEDOM**; and is cut off by whatever social organization creates distinctions of castes, whether founded on difference of nation, of birth, of property, of manners, or of education. It will be secured only by the abolition of all castes or privileged orders, and by universal education,—meaning by the term general moral and intellectual culture, and, what was once expressed by the term, now obsolete with us, **GOOD BREEDING**. Communion with nature is expressed by the word **PROPERTY**, and is secured only by securing to all men the Freedom of Industry; by which I understand, not only what is called freedom of trade, but **FREEDOM OF LABOR**. The right to labor, that is, to such an organization of industry, as shall enable every man to obtain his living, and discharge his duties as a husband and a father, by means of his labor, is every man's inalienable right, if any specific right may be so termed. Communion with God is secured, so far as the State is concerned, by **FREEDOM OF WORSHIP**; by which I understand the entire independence of the Church on the State,—its absolute exemption from all civil control.

Passing over details, which belong to the practical moralist and statesman, rather than to the speculative or theoretical, I may sum up what I have said, by saying, that the freedom which the human race demands, as the condition of fulfilling its destiny, is full freedom—*not license*—to actualize itself in individuals. And full freedom—not license—for each individual born to the race, to live, to grow up, to be himself, to act out, in his entire life, his own individuality. Translated into plainer and less abstract terms, this will make it the *end* of government to provide for the greatest possible increase of population, and the greatest possible freedom and well-being of each individual. In strict reference to this end, government must be constituted, and administered. Government then, rightly constituted and administered, is not the antagonist of freedom. We want government, not to limit our freedom, but to guaranty it. We want it, because we cannot have freedom without it. Here, then, we have a

standard by which government itself, that is, as a positive institution, as the ministry, may be tried. Every ministry, or governmental institution, that in the least infringes the freedom of which I speak, in either of the senses in which I have described it,—for one is essential to the other, and both are essential to the life of the race,—or that fails to maintain this freedom in the fullest sense of the term, compatible with the present stage of human and providential progress, is not, and cannot be, held by any friend of man, or of men, to be the legitimate representative of the will of God. The will of God is, that man and men should *be*; but neither *is*, or can *be*, only in so far as free; for existence itself is, as we have shown, all and entire in freedom. The curse of tyranny is, that it superinduces the death of the subject, and to the full extent that it is tyranny. Its essence is, in saying to the race, “you shall not live in the life of individuals,”—to the individual, “you shall not be you, but me.” Every form of government, that says this, be it in but the faintest whisper, and to whomsoever it may, is by this fact alone proved to be no legitimate government, to be a usurpation, to be not of God, but of the Devil.

It will, doubtless, be observed by my democratic friends, that, in stating the end of government, I have not once introduced the word EQUALITY. I have studiously avoided the use of this term, because, when it is used to designate the end we are to aim at, it implies a false and mischievous theory. In speaking of the means of attaining the end, or of the constitution of government, I shall find a place for equality. Here I find no place for it, because society is not an aggregation, or assemblage of individuals. Why, does the reader suppose, I have gone into the long and metaphysical discussion about humanity as an Idea, if society, in my view, be nothing but an assemblage of individuals? It had been taxing my reader's patience, and my own, to no purpose. I have done this for the purpose of carrying the mind up to the unity of all individuals in the race, and establishing this important fact, that what we term human society, is not a mere *association of equals*, but a *LIVING ORGANISM*. In what I have said of humanity, it must be perceived that I have not been

speaking of the great collective family of man, but of the *generative principle* of men. This is essentially one and identical in all men, and is to the great body of individual men and women, under the relation I now consider it, what the principle of vitality, or vital force, is to the human body. It is the one vital force active in all, the life-current, that flows through all individuals, making them all *members* of one living body. It is to establish this fact, that I have insisted on the Platonic doctrine of Ideas, and attempted to demonstrate man's existence as an Idea, or as the *genus*, to speak the language of science.

Now, having established that society is an organism, and that all individuals are members of a one body, which has a one vital principle, and a common centre of life, it must follow from the analogy of the human body, that each individual member has his *special function*, which can no more be the function of another, than the function of the eye can be that of the ear; or, the function of the liver can be that of the heart. What is essential to the life and growth of the whole is, that each member be preserved in his sound and healthy state, so as to be able to perform, without obstruction, his special function. The doctrine of equality, as it must inevitably be understood, is directly in the teeth of the doctrine I here contend for. It implies, that society is an assemblage of individuals, that each, so to speak, is an independency in himself, and that the function of one may be as appropriately the function of this individual as of that. The eye may perform the office of the ear, the hand of the foot, the foot of the head, or the body of the mind. It is this radical falsehood, that vitiates the speculation of many of our democratic theorists on government. They have no conception of society as an organism,—no conception of the unity of humanity as the generative principle of individuals. Hence, they lose sight of the diversity of individual function, and try to compress all individuals into one, with one and the same individual, and social, function. It is to resist these, and in the origin, that I have brought out my Platonism, and sought to establish the *unity* of the race, and *diversity* of individual function. The only sense in which we can use the word equality,

when applied to the members of the social organism, is that each member has an equal right to be enabled, by the laws, to perform his appropriate function. The head has as much right to be the head, as the foot has to be the foot, and the hand as much right to be the hand, as the eye has to be the eye. There is a diversity of gifts and callings; each, however, in its place, in reference to its special end, as I have elsewhere said, is alike necessary, alike honorable, alike noble. Here is the doctrine I have sought to establish. In this view of the case, the end of government is not to maintain equality between all individuals, but to maintain, equally for each individual, the freedom to perform his special function, whatever it be, as a member of the whole.*

Having determined the end for which government exists, we are now prepared to pass to our second question; namely, What should be the Constitution of government? The practical end of government is freedom, or *provision for the freest and fullest manifestation of humanity in the life of individuals*. The problem now before us is, How to constitute the ministry, or agents of authority, so as to secure this end? This, if I understand it, is Mr. Calhoun's problem, and, I have little to add to the solution which he has given.

In general terms, I may answer to this question, that, probably, no one method of constituting the government, is worthy of universal adoption. The method, that answers for one country, will not always, if ever, answer for another and a different country. Each different country will require a different modification of the constitution, so as to adapt it to its peculiar circumstances, whether of genius, of pursuit, of soil, or of geographical position. What this special modification should be, it is the province of the practical statesman to determine. Any modification, any method of constituting the ministry, is legitimate, sacred, that secures the end we have designated. In what follows, I shall consider only the method applicable to our own country, without stopping to ask, whether the method proper to be adopted here, is or is not applicable to other countries. If universal

human society be an organism, each nation is also an organism on a smaller scale, and has its own vital force and central principle, which is the life of its members.

I begin by stating, in the most emphatic manner possible, that the *actually existing government of this country, is the most perfect solution of the problem of what should be the constitution of government for us, that I am able to conceive of*. In giving us our institutions, Providence has solved the problem for us. Let no man accuse me of a want of love or reverence for these institutions. I write on government as an American, and as a patriot; and my sole motive in sending forth these essays, is to guard, as far as so humble an individual as I can, against any departure, by my countrymen, from the true nature of the order already established among us.

But, it is only in their true and essential character, it is only as understood and administered in perfect accordance with their radical, essential principle, that, in my judgment, our American governments can be regarded as a practical solution of the problem as to what the constitution of government should be. What then is this radical, this essential principle or character, of our American institutions? To this question one of two answers must be returned.

1. Our government is a Representative Democracy.
2. Our government is a Constitutional Republic.

What is the difference between these two answers, and which is the true answer? Are we Americans, if true to our institutions, Democrats, or are we Constitutional Republicans?

A representative Democracy is neither more nor less than a simple Democracy,—at least theoretically considered. The representative principle, which some authors have regarded as a modern discovery, was not unknown to the ancient Republicans, and may be detected in the Athenian State as well as in ours. What is done by the people, whether done by them in person or by their deputies, is alike done by them. The question, then, is, What is the difference between a Democracy

* See on this point, *The Scholar's Mission*. By O. A. Brownson. Boston: B. H. Greene. 1843. pp. 12—20.

and a Constitutional Republic? Some among us contend that there is no difference between the two, but that both are one and the same. This was the ground assumed by some in the Rhode Island controversy, and hence they contended, that the Federal government must recognise the people's constitution, because that government is bound to guaranty to each of the states a *republican* form of government. But the word Democracy names a *species*, of which Republic is the *genus*. Every Democracy is a Republic; but every Republic is not, therefore, a Democracy. Rome was never a Democracy, but it was a Republic, and so called even under the emperors. Venice and the Dutch Netherlands were each a Republic, but by no means a Democracy. In the best, and authorized use of the term, any government is a Republic, in which power is held to be a trust from the commonwealth to be exercised for the public good, in opposition to the private interest of the ruler or rulers. France, England, Belgium, and some of the German kingdoms, are Republics, for the king in them is only the first magistrate, and represents not his own personal rights, but the majesty of the State; but Austria, Russia, and the Asiatic kingdoms and empires generally, are not Republics, for the king or emperor does not represent the majesty of the State, but is held to be it, the sovereign and proprietor of the kingdom; and his glory, not the public good, is the theoretic end that is to be sought. A Constitutional Republic, may, then, be defined, a *government in which power is held as a trust from the commonwealth, to be exercised for the public good, according to a prescribed law*, whether actually exercised by one man called king or emperor, by the few called the nobility or aristocracy, or by the many, called the people, or to adopt a *Europeanism*, adopted, but improperly, by some of our politicians, the *democracy*.

A Democracy, understanding the term strictly, is a government, not only administered by the people, but in which *the people*, or the major part, practically considered, are *Sovereign, and their will, whenever, wherever, or however expressed, IS THE SUPREME LAW*. The essence of Democracy lies in the assertion of the simple unqualified sovereignty of the people.

The people may adopt as many forms as they please; may tie up the exercise of their power as it seems to them good; but, if their simple absolute sovereignty lie at the bottom of the State, the State is a Democracy.

The great difference between a Constitutional Republic, in which, as with us, the mass of the people take part in the exercise of power, and a simple, absolute Democracy is in this, that in the Democracy, the people are absolute, subjected to no forms not *self-imposed*, and in which they are at all times, and on all subjects free to make their will prevail,—whatever they will is law; but in the Constitutional Republic, the people are free to act only *within certain limits*, only through *prescribed forms*, and, however unanimous they may be, only such of their acts are laws, as are done through these forms.

Now, according to these definitions, which is our government, a Constitutional Republic, or a Democracy? I do not hesitate a moment to answer for myself, that it is *not* a Democracy, but a Constitutional Republic, and that every effort to interpret it according to the democratic theory, is an attempt at revolution, and ought by no means to be encouraged by any who love their country, and desire individual freedom, or public prosperity. With us, whether we speak of the Federal government, or of the state governments, the Constitution is *suzerain*, paramount to the will of the people; or in other words, with us there is no will of the people officially cognizable, but that which expresses itself through the Constitution. This is established by two undeniable and generally admitted facts; 1. That no act of the people through the Legislature, however large the majority in its favor, unless it be constitutional, is law; 2. No alteration of the Constitution can be rightfully effected, but in the way and manner prescribed by the Constitution itself. The Convention called to revise, or amend, the Constitution, does not suspend or abrogate the Constitution, for it is a *Convention* only by virtue of its authority; the authority of the Constitution survives in the Convention; and is reproduced in the new Constitution, which comes forth from the Convention; for this new Constitution could never become

by a *legal* process a Constitution, did not the old Constitution empower the Convention to draw it up. Now, it is idle to call that government, in which the people can act only in and through the Constitution, only through and in obedience to prescribed forms, a Democracy. To speak strictly, it has not a single democratic element in it.*

This appears to me also, to be the view taken by our party itself, in its origin. The younger members of this party, in their innocence, may think, that it was always called the Democratic party; but it originally called itself, not the Democratic party, but the Republican party. Jefferson, Madison, and other fathers of the party, did not call themselves Democrats, but Republicans. I myself remember well, when members of the party regarded it as a foul reproach to be called Democrats. "I am not a Democrat, but a Republican," was their indignant reply to their Federal neighbors, who, in the heat of controversy, would sometimes so far forget the courtesies of civilized life, as to call them Democrats. The party has accepted and borne the name of Democrat, to any very considerable extent, only within the last ten or fifteen years; and it protests, in some sections of the country even now, against this new name, and insists upon its old name of Republican, which it bore in the days of Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe. If the party had really rallied around the democratic idea, and looked upon our institutions as being at bottom democratic, why did it so indignantly spurn the name of democrat?

But I go still further; I say, that, up to this moment, the dominant senti-

ment of the now-called Democratic party, if not its dominant theory, is that our government is a Constitutional Republic. I find proofs of this even in the views of those called *Barnburners* in New York, and *Radicals* in New Hampshire. The name *Barnburners*, was at first I believe applied to persons along the Canadian lines, who sympathized with the patriots; but it is now, if I am rightly informed, applied to those who sustain Colonel Young, Secretary of the State of New York, in his view of the constitutionality of certain acts of the Legislature of that State, authorizing the issuing of several millions of State Bonds. Now, what is Colonel Young's objections to these acts? Does he contend that they are, or were, disapproved of by a majority of the people, that a State has the right to break its faith with the public creditor; or that it is inconvenient for the State to redeem these bonds; and therefore, that it is not bound to redeem them? Not at all. He simply takes the ground, that the acts of the Legislature, issuing these bonds, were *unconstitutional*, and therefore not the acts of the *State* of New York; and, therefore, the State of New York is, in no sense bound by them; according to the maxim of law, that the principal is bound by the acts of his agent, only so far as the agent acts under his authority. Whether Colonel Young is right in his exposition of the Constitution, or whether the State of New York, allowing him to be right, ought or ought not to redeem the Bonds in question, are matters with which I have, at present, no concern; but I say this, that the principle for which he contends, is sound only on the condition, that New York is not a Democracy,

* In the preceding essays, and in my writings generally, though I am not aware of having ever contended for Democracy in the sense I here define and reject it, I have used the terms democrat, and democracy, with warm approbation. I have been betrayed into this verbal inconsistency, no doubt, sometimes through carelessness, perhaps, through ignorance; but, for the most part, because, when I have so used these terms, I have meant to approve of what I supposed to be the real faith of my party, and in order to do so, I must use the terms in which that party is accustomed to express its faith. The party is wrong in calling itself the democratic party, and its faith democracy. Its faith is republicanism, and it is the Republican party, and it should correct the misnomer of which it is guilty. But, I pray my readers, wherever they find in any of my writings the word Democracy, applied not to the *end* of government, but to its *form*, to translate it, if they would not misinterpret me, by the words, *Constitutional Republicanism*; for Constitutional Republicanism, is, in all such cases, what I really mean.

but a Constitutional Republic; and that the representatives of the people, can therefore exercise only such powers as are prescribed to them in the Constitution.

The Radicals in New Hampshire, may have many notions with regard to the origin of the Constitution in the will of the people, which are inconsistent with their practical doctrines, and, in my judgment, this is the case; but in the controversy between them and their Conservative brethren, they, originally, whatever may be the fact now, took the side of the Constitution, and were Constitutionalists rather than Democrats. The controversy, as I understand it, began about the right of the Legislature to allow Railroad Corporations to take, for their own use, the land, or private property of individuals, without the consent of the owners. The Radicals took the ground,—which each corporation, when it suits its purpose, always takes for itself,—that the corporation is a *private* corporation, created for private, not for public, purposes; and therefore, to allow it to take the private property of individuals, without the consent of the owners, is an obvious violation of the Constitution, which prohibits the property of individuals from being taken, for any public uses, without the owner's consent. I may say in passing, that I do not, for myself, admit that Railroad and similar Corporations, are to be regarded so exclusively as private proprietors, as my Radical friends, and the ultra advocates of vested rights, contend. They are at least *quasi*-public institutions, created for public purposes, and, therefore, not exempted from the supervision and control of the public authorities. Nevertheless, the principle laid down by the Radicals, bears witness to the fact, that they appeal from Democracy to Constitutionalism, and proceed, not on the principle, that our Government is a pure Democracy, but that it is a Constitutional Republic; for otherwise they would object to the measure not that it is unconstitutional, but that it is not democratic.

A single glance will show us the operation of democracy in these cases. In a Democracy the will of the people is supreme. This will is just as likely to be truly expressed by the Legislature as by the Convention. The people are in fact no more assembled in the per-

son of the Delegates than they are in the person of the Members of the Legislature. An act of the Legislature ought then to be deemed equal to an act of the Convention. We are here bound by no formulas. What we want is the will of the people,—of the majority. Well, the majority pass a most base and mischievous act,—“alien and sedition laws,” if you will,—laws abridging the freedom of speech and the press; agrarian laws, dividing equally the property of the state among all its inhabitants; or laws giving to a few individuals all the property of the rest; all these laws must be submitted to, because passed by the highest authority in the State. The active, intriguing, selfish, business men, who believe it hard times unless they can pocket eleven-twelfths of the proceeds of labor, want nothing better than this. Nothing is so hostile to them as Constitutional government; and they always try to make us believe, that what does not favor their special interests, is unconstitutional. The whole history of our country shows that the party in favor of monopolies, of special privileges, and opposed to equal rights, has been the party, that has interpreted, in its acts, our government to be a Democracy, instead of a Constitutional Republic. On what other than the democratic ground, that is, that the people are supreme, and that their will is paramount to the Constitution, have a protective Tariff, a National Bank, Distribution of the proceeds of the public lands, ever been defended? and have we not, for the most part, opposed them expressly on the ground of their unconstitutionality? How easily would Mr. Clay have carried all his favorite measures in 1841, had it not been for the Constitution! It is not for the interest of the men represented by Mr. Clay, to regard our government as a Constitutional Republic; for annul the the Constitution, and leave them to do whatever they can get a majority for the time to consent to do, and they will rarely fail to carry their ends. It is for the interest of the many, the great mass of working-men, mechanics, and small proprietors,—the quiet, peaceable part of the community,—on whom falls the principal burdens of the State,—it is for the interest of these, that the Constitution be held to be *sovereign*, paramount to the popular will: for the

popular will, sure to prevail, is never the will of these, but of the active, selfish, speculating few, who worship Mammon, and compound for their idolatry, by now and then making a donation to the Church, to a Hospital, University, or some institution for the poor. It is sheer madness on the part of the friends of the poorer and more numerous classes, to seek to change our institutions, and to substitute for our Constitutional Republic, a simple, and absolute Democracy.

Our friends have deceived themselves on this point, by not distinguishing truly between the *means* and the *end*. Their heart's desire is to make all men free, and especially to benefit the great mass of the people. To labor to make all men free, and to benefit the great mass, they have called democratic. Why? By what secret thought has this been called democratic? Simply because it has been rashly assumed, that, if government be vested solely in the people, and its administrators be held at all times responsible to them, it will be administered for the freedom and common good of all. Hence, Mr. Bancroft, as we have seen, defines Democracy, "Eternal Justice, *ruling through the people*." This definition states the end of government, to wit, the prevalence in human affairs of Eternal Justice, truly and felicitously; but it assumes, that, if the government be vested in the people, this end *will be secured*. Now the American people generally confound the end with the means; but the real application they make in their most intimate thought, of the term democracy, is not to this "*ruling through the people*," but to this "Eternal Justice," *ruling in human affairs*. They have not, generally, noted the subtle assumption contained in this famous definition, if they had, they would have hesitated before accepting it. My own definition of Democracy, which I embodied in a resolution adopted by the Convention of the Republican party of Massachusetts, in 1839, is better than this; but still contains a fallacy, and may serve to point out the fact to which I am seeking to draw attention. My definition was, "Democracy is the supremacy of man over his accidents." Take my whole thought: Democracy is that form of government, which legislates for man simply as man, without reference to his

accidents, such as position, wealth, poverty, birth, education, calling, or profession. Now, so far forth as men, all men are equal, and demand the same treatment. Government, therefore, restricted to act for man as man, would always act for that which is common to all, and for the special interest of no one. We should then have equal laws, and no special privileges. The government that would thus act, I called democracy, simply because the end was common to all men, and not merely to a few. "Well," said a Whig friend to me one day, when I was going to a neighboring town, to make a speech for the benefit of my party,—“Well, suppose you are right in your definition of democracy, how would you distinguish a Democracy from a Monarchy, that should in the practical administration of government, always maintain the supremacy of man over his accidents?” The question did by no means affect my theory of government, but it exposed, at once, the vague and absurd use I had made of the word *democracy*; for in giving my definition, I had no intention of affirming, that the democratic *form* of government would, or would not, secure the end in question. My object, in giving the definition, had been to propose distinctly to my democratic friends, the end they must seek, in all their political action, to realize.

Now, I apprehend, that the great mass of those who contend for the democratic name, really do so, on the very ground, that I did in giving this definition, and continued in all my writings to do, till the summer of 1841, when I learned better; for I then saw, that in theoretically giving it to the end, the people would, in practice, unconsciously, give it to the form, and then, losing sight of the end, come to contend only for the form. This use of the word, to designate the end of government, is not the true use of the word, and when so used it leads to practical errors. It properly designates the *form* of the government, and should be used for this purpose, and this alone. Make now the distinction between the end of government and its form, then ask the members of the party called Democratic, if they are Democrats, and you will get the true issue. When it comes to this, I much deceive myself, if the majority of the party, would not still say, that they are Constitution-

al Republicans, and not Democrats. But, there are, as Mr. Bancroft's definition proves, some among us, who are not avowed democrats only when they speak of the end of government, but also when they speak of its form. They hold, avowedly, the doctrine, that pure and simple democracy will secure the rule of Eternal Justice. With these I join issue. To these I oppose the deliberate conviction of the American people, so far as our actually existing institutions may be taken as an exponent of that conviction,—for these institutions I have proved to be not Democratic,—and also every appeal the Republican party makes from the will of the majority to the Constitution. I go further, and show them, that in a pure Democracy, where there is a diversity of interests and pursuits, and inequality of conditions, the stronger interest,—which will always be the interest of the few instead of the many,—will invariably be the ruling interest. The democratic form of government has, and can have, but two terms, *universal suffrage, and universal eligibility*. Every man, so far forth as a man, is equal to every man. Allow every man an equal voice, and every man will resist every attempt of his fellow, to gain a special advantage; and this resistance of each to each, will prevent all action, or compel each to fall back on that which is common to all. That which is common to all, and for the special interest of no one, is that which ought to prevail,—is the very end of government. Hence, universal suffrage will always secure the true end of government, or the prevalence of Eternal Justice. This is the democratic logic. But in order to be conclusive, every man must be, not theoretically, but practically, in all respects, in ability, position, intelligence, virtue, and interest, the exact measure of every other man; which we know is not the fact. I can command a thousand votes, my neighbor but one, and hardly that, if he depends on me for employment, and on the employment for the means of supporting his wife and children. We both have the equal right to vote, but we are no longer equal; for I virtually put in a thousand votes to his one, and to these thousand, whose votes I command, none. Here is a stubborn, practical fact, which forever renders the aforesaid democratic

reasoning fallacious. Nor is this all. The government itself, as soon as instituted, would create an inequality in society, if all the members were previously equal; and also antagonism of interests. It would divide the community into tax-payers, and tax-receivers. The taxes must be collected from the many, and paid out to the few. The many must pay more than they receive in return, the few less; for it would be absurd to disburse to every man as much as was collected from him. Now, here is inequality, and antagonism of interests. The interest of the few,—the tax-receivers,—will be to get as much tax as possible; of the tax-payers to pay as little as possible. In this contest the tax-receivers will always carry it over the tax-payers; for they are the administrators of the government, and can bring to their aid, in addition to their own individual influence, the whole weight of the government, and thus make the many afford the opportunity, and pay, for being plundered.

Nor stop I here. To contend that Democracy will secure the end, which we have found to be the true end of government, is to fall into the absurdity of taking the end as the means of obtaining the end! What is this end? Freedom for each individual to act out his own individuality. What does Democracy demand as its condition? The freedom of every individual to act out his own individuality. Leave every individual free to make his own voice heard in the affairs of government, and the government will be administered for the common good. Admirable! But then, this freedom is precisely, under one of its aspects, the end we are to gain by government. Do you not see, that you assume the freedom of every individual, as the condition of securing the freedom of every individual! How do you get this freedom to begin with? And if you get it without government, what do you want government for? Here you are, if you understand yourself, plunging into No-governmentism. You are doing in politics, precisely what Naturalism does in religion. The law that man is to obey, says Naturalism is in man's nature; was given him in the day of his creation; and if he obeys that, it is enough. What need, then, of Christianity? Ay, *if he obeys that*; but it is precisely because he does not obey, and, through disobedience, loses

his power to obey, that law, that he needs Christianity, as a gracious system of means, to be to him "the wisdom of God, and the power of God," to move, and to enable, him to obey. If all men are free and independent, your Democracy might be introduced, and answer the purpose of government; because there would be no purpose for government to accomplish,—the freedom and independence which it is its office to secure, being already possessed. But it is precisely because men are not free and independent, because they cannot be free, and each in a condition to perform his special function in the social body, without government, that government becomes necessary. Do comprehend, that government, like the Gospel, is the means to an end. Strange, that men in this Christian land, should comprehend so little of the universal necessity of Mediatorial Grace; that, not in the theological sense only, but in every possible sense, is it true that we come to the end only in and through a Mediator. The mediatorial character of government, the necessity of a mediator to secure us the freedom we need, is overlooked by every consistent democrat, just as the necessity of the Mediator to bring us to God, is overlooked by every unbeliever in Christ; and it is worthy of remark, that just in proportion as men follow the democratic tendency, the less do they think of government, and the more disposed are they to conclude, that after all, government is unnecessary, and we could get along perhaps better without than with it.

Let me not be misinterpreted in these remarks. My motive in making them, is to warn my countrymen against applying the democratic theory, instead of the constitutional theory, to our institutions, as the principle of their interpretation. To interpret them by the democratic theory is to destroy them; for democracy is *essentially* the antagonist of every *institution*. What absurdity to talk of *instituting* the people; or of popular sovereignty, as an *institution*! In a Democracy the people are sovereign, and, of course, everything to which the word *institution* can be applied, is inadmissible. Just in proportion then, as we apply the democratic principle to our institutions, and seek to realize it in the administration of the government, do we sweep away

government itself, and plunge into anarchy and disorder. There is safety for us only in adhering to the fundamental principle of our institutions, only in adopting, in our practical interpretation of them, not as we are beginning to do, the democratic theory, but the constitutional; only in keeping always in mind, that the American Government is not a Democracy, but a Constitutional Republic. Forget this, get up one universal shout for democracy, and cry down every man, however devotedly attached he may be to the Republican Government of the country, and however enlightened and ardent a friend he may be of all measures, which do really tend to work out a higher social good for the millions, and the constitutionalism which a wise and beneficent Providence enabled our fathers to establish, will soon be supplanted, and society will become a wild, weltering chaos, in which there shall be no security for either person or property; and in which the great mass, worrying and devouring one another, shall be finally converted into the mere tools with which the artful, the designing, the unprincipled, the ambitious, shall build them up wealth, aggrandizement, or thrones of despotism. I speak not here in wrath; I speak not in idle declamation; but in sober earnest, out of deep and all-enduring love of my country and her institutions, words, that, would to God, I could send home to every American heart. Am I speaking to the winds? I see the torrent swollen by recent rains and melting of the snows, broken loose, rushing from the mountains, and sweeping in wide devastation along the plains,—O, God! is it *TOO LATE*, to stay its fury, or direct its course?

Still, I repeat, let me not be misinterpreted. I am no advocate for the restriction of suffrage and eligibility, the two cardinal points of democracy. True, I understand nothing of the doctrine, that, independent of civil society, makes either a natural right. They are functions not of the *natural* man, but of the *political* man; and are, therefore, subject to the determination of the State. Without the State they are inconceivable, and can exist only within the State; and, therefore, must be subject, not to natural law, but municipal regulation. Let us beware how we confound *equal rights*,—for which

a party among us, sneered at and condemned as "workies," "radicals," "lo-co-focos," "agrarians," have done nobly in contending, however they may have misjudged as to the proper means of securing them,—with the equal right of every man to have a voice in saying who shall be the law-makers, and what shall be the laws. The equal rights, for which these contend, belong to social position, condition, or opportunity, and are, equal chances to equal capacities, and, equal rewards to equal works. The working men's party,—a party which has never been understood in the country, and which miserable demagogues are even now courting while perverting,—meant by *equal rights*, precisely what I have defined to be freedom for each individual to act out his individuality, or to perform his special function in the social body. They saw, that, in every society on earth, this freedom is restricted, and is nowhere enjoyed; they felt that government should secure this freedom; they felt, moreover, that neither of the great political parties of the country did secure, or even labor to secure it; and they came forward from their carpenter's shops, their blacksmith's forges, and shoemaker's benches,—men who were sick of humbug and cant, men of downright earnestness, and demanded, in such tones as they were masters of, that henceforth government should be administered so as to secure the end for which, and for which alone, it exists. Noble minded men! I heard your voice as it rang out from your work-shops, and responded to it from the Christian pulpit, where then I stood. It still rings in my ears, and in my heart, and, though you have been decried, denounced, and your noble aspirations blasphemed, I yet dare echo your voice; and, amid all the charges of fickleness, of change, and conservatism, with which I am now overloaded, I fear not to say, that never for a moment have I ceased to stand by your cause, and to defend it as the cause of truth, justice, right, patriotism, humanity, religion. Under your flag, which ye flung out to the breeze fourteen years ago this very month, I enlisted; under it I have fought, and in it I will be wrapped, when laid in my grave. It is not your doctrine, wronged and decried Working-men, not your doctrine of equal rights, that I condemn; but that of partisans

who have succeeded you, stolen your name and livery; but only as the hypocrite steals "the livery of the court of Heaven, to serve the Devil in." Ye wanted freedom to perform the functions which God gave you; to stand up the men ye were made to be; men of pure heart, of sound mind, and strong hand,—living and toiling for the realization of the will of Heaven, in the manifestation and growth of humanity; they want a political machine, in which ye shall be the cogs and wheels, or the motive power, which they can work for their own political elevation and selfish ends. Hence their fawning and caresses, their protestations of love for the dear people, and their maddening shouts of "democracy! democracy!" But what do they propose for your benefit? What have they done to elevate your condition? They would extend to you the elective franchise;—ay, but with the express understanding that you are to vote for them, and that they are to turn you off with mere political equality, while they reap all the advantages of the social state. Out upon them. They are wolves in sheep's clothing.

I must be pardoned for this apparent digression. Unwearied pains have been taken to prejudice me in the eyes of my old friends, the working-men, and to have it go forth, that it is their doctrine of equal rights, that I condemn under the names of democracy, and loose radicalism. No such thing. We erred in many of our views as to the proper means of gaining the equal rights for which we contended, and had we succeeded in carrying our measures, we should not have succeeded in our end; but the end itself was true and just, and was never confounded by one of our number with the democracy and equality, which in the pages of this Journal, and elsewhere, I have condemned. Trafficking politicians early seized upon some of our watchwords, and gave them a meaning widely different from the one we gave them, and would now fain make it believed, that they are our genuine successors, and that we in disowning them, are disinheriting our own children. Let them tell this to the marines, or to the green-horns; we who survive of the Workingmen's Party of 1829, are too old *salts* to believe them. We know what we struck for, and shall not be wheedled

out of it, by the mere adoption of our battle-cry.

The most that can be said is, that the political equality expressed by universal suffrage and eligibility, is a necessary means of securing the "equal rights," or the freedom, which, we have seen to be the legitimate end of government. The right of every man is to be well-governed, so governed as to enjoy this freedom. If the suffrage and eligibility are indispensable means to this end, then, but only then, can they be said to be a man's natural right. They are neither indispensable means, nor adequate means to this end. Mere political equality is by no means the equivalent of equal rights, or legitimate freedom. This is the error, as we have seen, of our democratic politicians. Nevertheless, we should, in a country like ours, where the conditions of the people are so nearly equal, contend that every man, who has not, in any way forfeited his manhood, by crime or misdemeanor, should have the municipal right in saying who shall be our law-makers, and, through them, what shall be our laws; and also an equal right with every other man to be voted for, if his fellow-citizens see fit to give him their suffrages. All I contend is, that the right in question, is a right of the *citizen*, not of the *man*. The rights of the man, I have defined under the name of freedom; the rights of the citizen, are simply means for securing, and enjoying, the rights of the man. And to this end, though not of themselves sufficient, the rights of suffrage and eligibility, no doubt, with us, do, or at least may, contribute, and should on no account be abridged.

Democracy says, that they will necessarily secure this end, and that the connexion between the rights of suffrage and eligibility, and Freedom, is so intimate, that no distinction is to be drawn between them. But this is founded on the assumption, that the voice of the people is the voice of God, and, therefore, that where every man is free to express his own sense, in the practical administration of the government, the voice, or will, of God, which we have translated by the word, Freedom, will necessarily prevail. To this we have objected, that in a Democracy, owing to the inequalities of conditions, and influences, and to the natural oper-

ation of government, we cannot secure this free expression of the sense of each man; and, if we could, government would be superseded, for the sense must exist, and the conditions of expressing it, independent of the government; we further object, that, what is assumed here, as the basis of the argument, that the voice of the people is the representative of the voice of God, is *not true*. I do not deny, nay, I assert, that the will of God, to a certain extent, speaks through man's nature; for Creation is no less a revelation of the Divine Will, than is Providence. Hence, I infer from the fact, that God has made man, that he wills man's freedom; for man exists, and can exist, only so far as he is free. But freedom is not license; it must therefore be directed: and while man is left free to act, his activity must be directed to the legitimate end of activity. I do not destroy the river when I prevent it from overflowing its banks, or when I give its channel a certain direction, and confine it within its channel. The current of human activity must flow on unobstructed; but all means, that can be taken, not obstructing its on-flowing, must be taken, to compel it to flow on in its destined channel. Hence, two forces are to be considered; the *propelling force*,—that carries man onward, the innate activity, which is man himself, or human nature; and the *directing force*,—which must be other than this human nature,—which confines the first named force within its appointed channel, and prevents it, not only from taking a wrong direction, but from overflowing and sweeping away what may grow along its banks.

Now, the assumption of democracy is, that this first named force is the only force to be recognised. Human nature unquestionably speaks out in every man, and speaks always, says democracy, what it should speak. Leave man solely to himself, to his natural promptings, to move in the direction his nature impels him, and he will always move in the right direction, to the precise end, towards which God wills him to move. Unless we assume all this, it were absurd to say, that the free expression of the sense of every man in the practical administration of the government, will be the prevalence of the will of God. But are the advo-

oates of this doctrine, aware of what they do, when they say all this? Are they aware, that they assume, that, whatever nature prompts, is just and right? That they, not only deny the fact, that human nature is imperfect, or depraved, as both religion and philosophy teach, but do actually contend for its Divinity,—actually making it identical with God; at least, the true and perfect, and, therefore, authoritative, representation of God.

But, with the history of the past, nay, with the present state of the world, open to our inspection, how can we fall into the monstrous absurdity of such a blasphemous assertion? How from a perfect, a divine, human nature, representing in all its instincts, all its promptings, all its tendencies, the Divine Will, could spring up the terrible evils, which have afflicted our race, since the eating of the forbidden fruit, and since the murderer Cain, who denied that he was his brother's keeper, down to the wrongs and outrages, selfishness, vice, and crime, under which we now groan in pain? Whence false governments? Whence tyranny and oppression? Whence the exaltation of the few at the expense of the many? You must either assume, that human nature left to itself, will not go directly to the end God wills; or else you must boldly declare, that whatever is, is right; that there are, and have been, no wrongs; that there have been no tyrants or oppressors; that there is, and has been, no disobedience to the Divine Will. They who are prepared to make this last assumption, are indeed unanswerable, they are past being reasoned with; and can be corrected only by physic and good regimen.

The fact is, men have always been free to follow Nature, in the full sense, in which democracy demands, and it is because of this, that we have had so many evils of which to complain. Is it, I ask, not natural for man to oppress man? Is not every man naturally a tyrant? Does not every man naturally seek to gain all he can for himself, and thus prove himself the plague and tormentor of his kind? Away, then, with this insane deification of human nature! With old paganism, our "Nature-Worship," should cease. What is the meaning of Christianity? What means its profound doctrines of Sacrifice and Self-denial, if Na-

ture is perfect, and always to be obeyed? Christ came to redeem man from the curse of his nature, and his religion is given us to control nature, and guide it to obedience to the Divine Will. Here is the condemnation of the doctrine of the divinity of humanity, which I with so many others, in the madness of theory, have been left at times to insist upon,—a doctrine which, in my Remarks on Universal History, I have done my best to expose and refute.

While then we leave to man his natural activity, that is, freedom to act with the whole force of his nature, we must, for the right governing of that force, have another force, out of him, to turn it in its proper direction for the attainment of the true end of man. Man's mis-directed energy, destroys his energy itself; and he annihilates himself, just in proportion as he abuses his power. Hence, say the Holy Scriptures, say, "*the wages of sin is death.*" The power itself, veritable human activity, is preservable only on condition of its right exercise. Now, as the democracy we are condemning admits no *directive* force, nothing to guide the *propelling* force of nature, it would not secure in the administration of government, the full expression of the Will of God, even if it could, as it cannot, collect the sense of every individual man, in the freest and fullest manner.

The office of the government is not to destroy, nor in any degree to weaken, the force which man is; but to guide it in the right direction. We have shown, that it cannot have its origin in human nature, for then it would be human nature, and therefore the force to be guided; but it must have its origin out of man, in God,—man's rightful Governor. We must then dismiss the democratic form of government, as false in its origin, impotent to direct, and dangerous in its tendencies. If, then, we contend for universal suffrage, and place the administration of the government in the hands of the people, *as we have wisely done in this country*, it must still be the people under the Constitution; not as the government taken absolutely, but as the ministry, subject themselves to the power that makes, or imposes, the Constitution.

If there be any force in my reasoning thus far, I have established two important facts: 1, that our Govern-

ment is not a Democracy, but a Constitutional Republic ; and 2, That just in proportion as we resolve it practically into a Democracy, do we destroy its character as a government,—its power to answer the true ends of government. To complete my view, and to show how our form of government solves the problem as to what should be the constitution of government, I ought now to go on, and give my views of the Constitution, and show what is the real Constitutional theory of the government ; but for this, it must be obvious to every reader, I have now no space. I must therefore content myself, with reiterating, that in this Constitution, understood and administered according to its true intent and meaning, I find the practical answer, which I accept with all my heart, to the question, what should be, for us, the constitution of government.*

But leaving now the *end* of government, and accepting our own institutions, as the practical answer to the question, what should be the constitution of government, we may proceed to consider our third question, namely, *What is the Part of the people in constituting the government ?* This question, in the sense I wish now to take it up, I repeat as I put it in my last paper : "Denying then the absolute sovereignty of the people, denying also, that the people are the representatives of the Divine Will, and assuming, that it is the Divine Will that is sovereign, and therefore that which is to be collected and expressed by the Constitution of the State, may we not say, that it is, nevertheless, *the people* who must devise, establish, and maintain this Constitution ?"

I have affirmed, that our government is a Constitutional Republic, that in our political order, the Constitution is supreme, and that no action of the people, through the Legislature, is law, unless authorized by the Constitution. This much, I presume, will be conceded on all hands. The point of the

controversy is not here, but further back ; not as to who may act, or what may be done, under the Constitution, but as to the power that makes the Constitution. The Constitution with us, when made, unquestionably represents the will of the sovereign. What then is the power that makes the Constitution ?

The popular answer to this question is, that the People make the Constitution ; that it emanates solely from them ; and is, therefore, at all times, and in all respects, subject to their will. This is the strictly *democratic* answer, and, if true, would prove that our government is, not a Constitutional government, but a Democracy.

Now, this is precisely what I have all along, in these essays, been denying ; and my chief purpose has been to demonstrate, that this answer is inadmissible, and that if it were, our government would be proved to be tantamount to no-government. In order to demonstrate this, I have gone back of popular sovereignty, and traced government to its origin in Divine Right, and shown, that it is not, and cannot be, government, unless it can speak with more than human authority.

This *more than human* authority, I have contended, must be embodied and represented in an outward visible institution ; which institution, in one of its necessary departments, is the Church, in the other the State.

By accepting our government, as the practical solution of what the constitution of government should be, and proving it to be not a democracy, but a constitutional government, I have necessarily identified the State with the Constitution.

The Constitution, then, represents, not the authority of the people, but, under the Church, the authority of God. On this ground, and this alone, I demand for it allegiance, and the loyalty of the subject. It expresses, not the propelling force, which we have seen is man himself, but that other force, which we found to be necessary for the control and direction of man.

* Those who wish to know what is my exposition of the Constitution, and, therefore, what is my answer to the question I am obliged to pass over, are referred to an *Essay on Constitutional Government* : Boston : Benj. H. Green. 1842. Also, to Mr. Calhoun's *Speeches and Letters* on the points involved in the Controversy between the General Government and South Carolina, and especially to his *Speech* in support of the veto power, February 28, 1842.

Now, premising all this, have the people any part, if so, what part, in making, devising, adopting, changing, modifying, or preserving, this Constitution, which, as we have seen, represents the Divine Will, and is identical with the State? This is the question now before us.

I must now ask my readers to turn back to my last essay in this Journal, and re-read it from page 257 to 261, inclusive. It is the metaphysical portion of that essay, and somewhat bristling with scholastic formulas, but important in solving the problem before us. Wherefore did I go into the demonstration of free agency, and prove from the profoundest data of modern philosophy, as well as of ancient Platonism, that man is an *entelechia*, essentially causative force? Why, but to demonstrate that God himself, in his government of man, can govern man only in and through man's freedom, and therefore, that every government claiming to be divine, must needs do the same, if it would make good its claims? And why this, but to establish beyond all cavil, by going to the bottom of things, that human agency must have its share in every wise and just, in every *legitimate*, government!

In constituting, and in administering, the government, in all that concerns it, there is room, not only for human agency, but *popular* agency. "Men," I say, in the conclusion of the last essay, "cannot create, or institute, the sovereign, they cannot originate or commission government; but they can provide, more or less wisely, for the free, full, and authoritative expression of the Divine Will, the only legitimate Sovereign." The force that acts in constituting the government, as well as in administering it, is the *force*, which I term humanity, and under our constitution, it is **THE PEOPLE**; the *authority* under which, and by which, it acts, is not the authority of this human force itself, but that of God. The solution of the problem, is in this distinction, between the **FORCE** that acts, and the **AUTHORITY** that directs it.

Let us state this in other terms. The people are not the government; but they really act in constituting, and administering it. As the active agency is that of man, and as man acts only in individuals, unquestionably, the greater the number of individuals

whose agency you can secure,—that is to say, *the more truly popular*, you can render this agency, the nearer you come to **COLLECTING THE ACTIVE SENSE OF THE WHOLE PEOPLE**, the better. Here is the great wisdom of our own institutions, and, in this fact, that they are so contrived as to collect the sense of a larger proportion of those who are their subjects, than the institutions of any other country, do I find their chief glory. Thus far I go with my democratic friends, and find room for the freest and fullest action, of what the Washington Globe calls "the Democracy of Numbers."

But, this popular agency must be subjected to authority, not to an authority which annihilates it,—for that would be for authority to annihilate its subjects, and to put itself out of the condition to govern; but to an authority, which, while it leaves it free to exert itself, yet prescribes to it the rules of its action, the forms through which, and through which alone, it can of right act. This authority the people are not, and cannot be. It must needs be over them, and independent of them. In some forms of government, this authority can make itself but faintly heard, scarcely felt; these are purely *human* governments, and therefore tyrannical and oppressive.

Translate what we have said here into the language of practical politics, and it will mean precisely what is exemplified in our own history. It will mean, that the people may modify the existing forms of the Constitution, but *only in obedience to the Constitution itself*. With us, as we have seen, the Constitution does not emanate from the people; because the Convention is called by a pre-existing authority; and it is that authority, which reappears in the Constitution that comes forth from the Convention. The people are acting under law, under the existing Constitution, just as much when assembled in Convention, as when assembled in the Legislature. They are in Convention the representatives, however, of the supreme authority of the State, and, therefore, may do whatever that authority has the right to do. They may,—with an exception hereafter to be noted,—do whatever seems to them good. But,—and this is the point to be borne in mind,—they do it, not in their own name, not in right of popu-

lar sovereignty, but in the name of the authority that convenes them. Assume the absence of that authority, and the whole action of the people would want the sacred character of legality. Their acts are law, only because they are sanctioned by authority, only because the Convention, is by virtue of the authority convening it, in principle that authority itself.

This amounts, as I understand myself, simply to this: the people in organizing the State, and administering its affairs, are the active agency, and may do whatever the State itself permits or authorizes them to do. But, I am asked, What then have you gained by your long metaphysical discussions, and furious tirades against your democratic brethren? Was it necessary to go over all this ground, to make all this ado, merely to tell us, that the people can only act under and in obedience to constituted authorities? Do you forget the "*ridiculus mus*" of the old fable? No, my good friends, but you forget, that I have, for your side of the house, demonstrated, that man is not the *passive* subject, but the *active* subject, of government, and therefore, have demonstrated his right to free action even in being governed. Moreover, I have demonstrated that men, are, and must be, *active*, not *passive*, agents in constituting and administering the government; and that the larger the number of individuals you can bring into the category of active agents, the more wisely will your government be constituted. This is more than any democrat, to my knowledge, has ever yet done, whether it be the mountain bringing forth a mouse or not.

But this is not the point. We would know where you lodge the sacred right of insurrection, "the glorious right of rebellion and revolution;" what the part of the people in throwing off corrupt and oppressive government, and instituting "a new government, and laying its foundations on such principles, and organizing its powers

in such form, as shall seem to them most likely to effect their safety and happiness." If the people can act only under the sanction of constituted authority, how can they overthrow that authority itself, when it becomes corrupt and oppressive? How can we, on this ground, ever get rid of bad government? Your rule, if adopted, would perpetuate every government that is, however corrupt and intolerable, and prohibit all change, all redress, and therefore all progress.

This, I presume, is the real objection in the minds of my countrymen, to the doctrine I am trying to set forth. It is a fair objection, an honest objection, and deserves a serious and an honest answer. Such an answer it shall have.

1. This objection can, in this country, never be anything more than a purely speculative objection; for we have agreed, that our government is all that can be wished. Change here can never be desirable. Every true American must say with Mr. Calhoun, "I am a conservative in the broadest and fullest sense. I solemnly believe that our political system is, in its purity, not only the best that ever was formed, but the best possible, that can be devised for us. It is the only one by which free states, so populous and wealthy, occupying so vast an extent of territory, can preserve their liberty. Thus thinking, I cannot hope for a better. Having no hope of a better, I am a conservative."* All that we need, or ever can need in this country, is to preserve our institutions in their purity, and administer them according to their true intent and meaning. Here, we are never to be revolutionists, and therefore have no occasion to assert the right of revolution.

2. But, still it may be insisted, that it is a right, and ought to be asserted theoretically, even if suffered to lie in abeyance, for the time may come when it will be necessary to assert it practically. I am not certain, that resort to this right, in the sense some of our

* Speeches. New York. Harper & Brothers. 1843. p. 258. It is but justice, however, to Mr. Calhoun, to add his own qualification of his conservatism. "Yet, while I thus openly own myself a conservative, God forbid that I should ever deny the glorious right of rebellion and revolution. Should corruption and oppression become intolerable, and cannot otherwise be thrown off,—if liberty must perish, or the government be overthrown, I would not hesitate, at the hazard of life, to resort to revolution, and to tear down a corrupt government, that cannot be reformed nor borne by freemen."

politicians contend for it, can ever in any country, or in any possible combination of circumstances, be necessary. In their sense, the right of rebellion and revolution, is the right of the people, independent of all the constituted authorities, to rise up and overthrow all constituted authority, and institute government *de novo*. The necessity of ever resorting to such a right, is in my judgment, to say the least, extremely problematical. I have met with no instance, in my historical reading, where the State has been modified by a practical resort to this right. I take the English Rebellion, which beheld Charles Stuart, and founded the Commonwealth of England, and I find the movement party acted always, professedly, under law, through the Parliament a legally constituted body, and claiming to represent the English State; in the Revolution of 1688, which drove out James the Second, and called to the throne William, Prince of Orange, I find the revolutionists acting also by authority of Parliament. In our own Revolution, I have shown that there was no rebellion, properly so called, of the inhabitants, and that resistance to the Crown of Great Britain was made by the authorities, to which the American people owed allegiance. Strange as it may seem to those, who have not investigated the matter, the same is the fact in regard to the French Revolution of 1789. The States General were a legal body, a constituent element of the French State; and they were assembled in 1789 by the competent authority. The Constituent Assembly *legally* succeeded to the States General, and the National Assembly was elected and convened by a law of the Constituent; and so also was the Convention, which, when the king had forfeited the throne, converted the French Monarchy into a constitutional Republic. There were doubtless factions, disorderly proceedings of individuals, which were authorized by no law, and which went against all law; but one shall look in vain, through all the successive stages of that terrible movement, for a practical avowal by the French people of a revolutionary principle so broad and unmitigated as that, which we have seen resorted to, in the case of Rhode Island, Michigan, and Maryland.

I repeat, that I have met, in my histo-

rical reading, with no instance in which the State has been modified by disregarding all the constituted authorities, and falling back on the right of the subjects to rebel and overthrow the government. There have been rebellions, insurrections, and outbreaks enough, I freely own; but whenever the constitution of the State has been successfully changed, the reform or movement party, has always acted under some publicly acknowledged authority,—an authority known previously to the State itself. I will not say, that the authority alleged has always been broad enough to cover all the doings of this party; but that the party always professedly acts under it, and relies on it for its justification.

3. We cannot admit the right of rebellion and revolution in the people, without destroying the very foundation of government. There is, in fact, no such right. I deny it altogether. It cannot be a right conferred by the Constitution; for it is the right to overthrow the Constitution. It is not a right conferred by the State, for it is the right to subvert the State. If a right at all, we must, then, in order to find it, go out of the State to that which constitutes the State, and commissions it. Assume now, with the advocates of this right, that this authority, which constitutes the State, is the people; it must be the people either as organized into a body politic, or the people as an unorganized mass of individuals. But the people, as an organized body, are not superior to the State, but are *it*, and subject to the authority that organizes them, and, through the Convention, prescribes the forms of their action. We cannot find the right in the people in this sense, for it would imply a right in the State to subvert itself,—a manifest absurdity, for the subversion would be by legal authority, and therefore no subversion; for again, the authority of the State would survive in the subverter, and reappear in all its doings. We cannot find it in the people as individuals, without asserting the right of *each individual* to rebel, and resist government whenever it shall seem to him good; which, as we have seen, is to deny the very foundation of government. I repeat, then, that the right of rebellion and revolution, *on the part of the people*, is no right at all. The people have not, and never can have, this

right. The people can never have the right to act, save through the forms prescribed by the supreme authority.

But suppose such is the character of the existing political order, that it is impossible for the people to modify the practical organization of the State by the authority of the State itself, what remedy would you propose? Must we submit and endure all?

The right to resist civil government, nay, to subvert it, when necessary for human freedom, I admit and contend for, in the most unqualified terms; though I believe violent resistance and subversion are rarely, if ever, necessary or expedient. But, in my view, civil government is, properly speaking, only the *subordinate department of government*. The people are subject to a higher law than that of the civil government,—to a higher sovereign than the State. When this higher sovereign,—the real sovereign,—of which the State is but the minister, commands, it is our duty to resist the civil ruler, and to overthrow, if need be, the civil government. This higher sovereign is, as we have seen, the Will of God, represented, in the department superior to the State, by THE CHURCH. It belongs to the Church, then, as the representative of the highest authority on earth, to determine when resistance is proper, and to prescribe its forms, and its extent. When this commands, it is our duty to obey.

But suppose, as in Protestant countries, the Church has been perverted to a function of the State, or that it has itself become corrupt and oppressive, as we contend was and is the case with the Catholic Church, and that there is no element of reform in the State on which you can seize to sanction your movement, what then will you do in order to get rid of bad government? NOTHING; for in such a case nothing could be done. But, in return, you suppose an *un*supposable case, or at least a case not likely to occur. If, however, such a case should occur, no remedy could come from the people themselves. A more wisely governed people must redeem them by conquest; or Providence must send a Lawgiver, specially commissioned to lead them forth from the bondage of Egypt to the Promised Land. A people in this case would have so little social virtue, be so destitute of all bonds of

union, and acknowledge so few rules of collective action, that no attempt, it could make at insurrection, would end otherwise than in disaster and total defeat. We see this in oriental populations, where insurrection sometimes changes the despot, never the despotism.

I know of only three cases in which insurrection, or rebellion, ever does, or ever can succeed. 1. Where the people rebelling has been a conquered people, and falls back on its national laws, customs, and usages, and under a descendant of one of its national chiefs, or under its national banner, strikes for its old nationality and independence. 2. When colonial populations, acting under the authority and ban of the colonial governments, declare themselves independent of the mother country. 3. Where the people act, under the sanction and at the command of their religion, through its, to them, authorized interpreters. Where one or another of the elements here implied, is wanting, the insurrectionary movement will amount to nothing. People will not fight, will not consent to kill or be killed except at the command of what is to them legitimate authority; at least this is true of the populations generally. The officer of state must lead them, or the minister of religion bless their cause. When God commands us to resist the civil ruler, we fear not to buckle on our armor; for we can say to the expostulations and threats of the tyrant—"Whether it is right to hearken unto men rather than unto God, judge ye?"

I see, then, I own, no occasion to assert this boasted right, on the part of the people, of rebellion and revolution. In the only cases in which insurrectionary movements can be successful, they are authorized by other principles, and imply no right of the people themselves, to rebel against government. I will add, moreover, that as I extend my historical reading, and the deeper I penetrate into the principles of government and the laws of its operation, the more and more convinced am I, that resort to this alleged right of rebellion can never be justifiable, nor even necessary.

But I have, in point of fact, as yet only half answered the question, what is the part of the people in constituting and administering the government?

The people are never to be regarded as the passive, but always as the active, agents in the constitution and administration of government. I have thus far spoken of only one mode of their activity. In attentively studying our Constitution, we shall find, that it does not of itself secure all the legitimate ends of government. The most we can say of it is, that it is a guaranty against bad government. Its positive benefits depend on its administration. Its administrators are, with us, the great body of the people. Now, their administrative action will always be affected by their own wisdom and virtue. The civil government, as such, in no country is the only *directive* power, essential even to secure the ends of civil government. There must be, beside the civil authority, a *moral* authority. This moral authority, organized is the Church; but I will not now speak of it as organized. The main sphere of human activity, of popular action, if you will, in regard to government, is within the domain of this **MORAL AUTHORITY**, under which term I conclude all that belongs to general and private intelligence, all that comes within the scope of public or private morality. Now, the constant *moral* action of the administrators of government, whether these be the whole people or a few, is essential to guard government, even when you have the best possible constitution; and, under the worst, it will find the means of legally and peacefully introducing such changes, organic or administrative, as shall be necessary to secure social and individual freedom.

This moral force is after all the great matter. This may be constantly accumulating in the mass of the people, and in the heads of administration, and moulding all, in obedience to the will of God, for the better security of Freedom. And here I find the sphere of the importance and influence of individual Statesmen. The necessity, and the great public blessing, of enlightened and virtuous Statesmen, we are too prone in this country to overlook. We have thought to elevate the mass, by reducing all to the level of the mass. A fatal mistake! The mass are too low, and need elevating. If not, what mean we by demanding individual and social progress? Is there already all the wisdom and virtue in the people, needed for the highest conceivable social state? If so, wherefore do we de-

mand anything better than we have? Wisdom and virtue cannot be hid, nor can they, in any state, be passive. Just so much as you have in your community, just so much will show themselves in the public, as well as private, action of that community. Unless you have individuals wiser and more virtuous than the mass, you cannot add to the wisdom and virtue already possessed by the mass. In contending for the necessity of individual statesmen able to instruct the mass, to be their school-masters and chiefs, I am not warring against the mass, but contending for their elevation. Is it a misfortune to the people of this country, that they have had a Washington, a Jefferson, a Madison, a Samuel Adams, a Patrick Henry,—not to speak of a Jackson, and a Calhoun? Has the superiority of these tended to depress the masses, to deprive them of their glory, and their rights? No: these men do lift the masses up from their degradation, and place them on a higher platform. Honor to the wise, the brave, the good! Blessed be God, that he does now and then send us a free and noble spirit, who gives us a higher conception of the capabilities of our race; in whose wisdom and virtue, enlarged intelligence, ardent patriotism, and all-enduring love of humanity, we find somewhat to which we can look up, or before which we can bow down and reverence. I would not feel in relation to every man I meet, "I am as good as you." In the darkness of life, and the uncertainty of my path through this wilderness, I want a guiding and directing mind, in whom I can confide, and feel that a wisdom superior to my own is directing me.

I believe as much in the capabilities of the masses, as do any of my brethren. I demand of them no blind reverence, no passive obedience to a distinguished few. I ask for them free and full scope for the manifestation of all the wisdom and virtue they have, and to acquire all that they are capable of acquiring; but I demand for them, men wiser and better than the general average, as the condition of enlarging the sum of their wisdom and virtue. My censures are not bestowed on them, but on the mischievous demagogues, who lay down the rule, that we must echo the opinion of the masses, instead of doing our best to form in

them wise and just opinions. I demand scholars and statesmen, priests and moralists ; but I demand that these scholars, statesmen, priests, and moralists fulfil their functions as *educators of the people*, that they seek for truth, and proclaim it, freely, boldly, conscientiously, whether it coincides with the previous convictions of the people or not. The wisdom of the people will be equal to the demands of good government, only on condition, that every man, according to the measure of his ability, from his own stand-point, wherever it may be, throws the highest wisdom he can command into the mass, to enlarge the general average. If this is aristocracy, so be it. If for this I am to be denounced by my countrymen, as an enemy of our institutions, and as a contemner of the people, so be it ; it will only prove, that my estimate of popular intelligence and virtue is none too low, and that in calling upon moralists, divines, scholars and statesmen, to seek to enlarge the moral power and intelligence of the whole people, I am not performing a work of supererogation.

Every country demands enlightened, virtuous, and patriotic Statesmen, and there is no country having these, that cannot, through these, obtain all the reforms needed. I say *through these*, for the whole history of our race proves, that nothing great or good can be obtained without sacrifice ; and peoples, or communities, can be made self-sacrificing rarely, if ever. Our appeals must be made not directly to the masses in their collective capacity, but to individuals, and first and foremost to the individuals, whose elevated position and commanding genius, enable them to operate powerfully on the masses. Individuals may be moved by appeals to duty. They may be wrought up to such a high pitch of enthusiasm for truth and justice, for religion, for country, for humanity, that they will sacrifice all to work out for us a higher social, and individual, good. Through these, placed at the head of the government, and guiding within constitutional limits its action, we can, if need be, reform the government itself, and continually enlarge its beneficent action. I may here say, that to one man chiefly, almost exclusively, who dared place himself in opposition to the majority of his countrymen, who scrupled not to

sacrifice all the brightest prospects of the highest political advancement, and almost at the hazard of life, to resist the popular invasion of the Constitution, it is that we owe the preservation of the Constitution, and the liberty of this country ; and when party animosities, and the wrath of defeated interests, shall have subsided, and the people come to understand the true nature of their institutions, they will see and acknowledge it ; and they will place the South Carolina Statesman, high, if not highest, on the lists of those, who have well served the Republic.

Here, in this moral power, through statesmen constantly elevating the intelligence and virtue of the mass, and, through the government itself, constantly improving its organization, where needed, and perfecting its administration, is my chief hope ; and in this I see a remedial power, that, in the worst of times, may save us from a resort to violence, to the alleged popular right of rebellion and revolution. I take, for example, the Government of Great Britain. I am no eulogist of the British Constitution ; I am too much of an Irishman to eulogize anything Saxon or English, if I can help it. This government is terribly corrupt and oppressive. The people under it are overwhelmed with taxes, and only one twelfth of the proceeds of labor, I am told, is secured, upon an average, to the laborer. Yet all the changes, organic or administrative, needed to make this the wisest and best of governments, are attainable, without revolution, if we only suppose a requisite degree of wisdom and virtue in the individuals placed at its head. Suppose these, and you can *legally* enlarge the popular basis of the House of Commons, convert the House of Lords into an American Senate, and divest the Crown of its undue patronage. Now, bring the moral power to bear directly on these individuals, and you force them to make the reform, needed. And you will sooner secure them in this way, than in any other. The same remark will hold good in any other country we may select.

It is, then, after all, the exercise of this *moral power* of the people, constantly accumulating, that is the real and efficient part of the people in constituting and administering the govern-

ment. My hopes of good government, of progress in its organization and administration, rest on this; and I venture to lay down the rule, that it is only such reforms as we can in this way carry, or force through existing political order, by the constituted authorities themselves, that we should ever attempt. These will be all that can, in any country, be successfully attempted; and in all countries these may be carried just in proportion as the virtue and intelligence brought to bear on government, become sufficient to sustain them when carried.

I have now concluded what I have thought proper to say on the general principles and constitution of government. Yet after all, I have, as I promised, given only bare hints, and detached observations. I leave the discussion very incomplete; and on many important points, I feel that I have not only not done justice to the subject, but not even to my own thought. I have opened a great subject, and run over a broad field, and all too hastily to satisfy either myself or my readers. I have not given, nor have I attempted to give, a regular treatise on government. If I was adequate to the task, which I am not, it is not in the necessarily hasty and crude essays in a Magazine, prepared amid a multiplicity of other engagements, and while the printer is calling for copy, that I could perform it. I pray my readers to take the essays for what they are,—hints and suggestions on a great and vital sub-

ject. If they lead to some correct conclusions, excite to a more thorough examination of the subject, than has hitherto been generally made by our politicians, and thus contribute to a better understanding of our institutions, and to a graver and juster popular action under them, the purpose for which I have written will be answered.

In conclusion, I have to thank the conductor of this Journal for permitting me to utter through his pages, doctrines and opinions so widely diverse from his own, and those of many of his friends and subscribers. High considerations of duty, which I, in common with every thinking man, owe to the public,—that of telling freely and unreservedly my best and deepest convictions,—have caused me to avail myself of a liberality, which I would, for no personal reasons whatever, have so severely taxed. I deeply regret that any of the friends of the Journal, should have testified their displeasure at my views, by withdrawing their subscriptions; but I doubt not, that many among the thousands of my countrymen, who welcome the publication of these views, will lose no time in indemnifying the losses of the publisher, a hundred-fold. Perhaps the day will come, when the very men, who now testify their displeasure at my speculations, will own, that I have spoken a true word, and spoken it seasonably. At any rate, I have aimed to do my duty, and shall wait cheerfully the result.

NOTE.—The present series of Articles by Mr. Brownson, on the "Origin and Ground of Government," being now complete, attacking as they do with great vigor as well as vehemence some of the leading views maintained by this work, and referring directly in various passages to former articles of our own, it is proper that they should be made the subject of review or reply. As we have no space at command for this purpose in our present Number, it will be attempted in the next.—ED. D. R.

VICTOR HUGO'S ORIENTALES.*

I.

SARA'S BATH.

Le soleil et les vents, dans ces bocages sombres,
Des feuilles sur son front faisaient flouter les ombres.—ALFRED DE VIGNY.

In a swinging hammock lying,
Lightly flying,
Sara, lovely indolent,
O'er a fountain's crystal wave,
There to lave
Her young beauty, see her bent.

As she leans, so sweet and soft,
Flitting oft,
O'er the mirror, to and fro,
Seems that airy floating bather
Like a feather
From some sea-gull's wing of snow.

Every time the frail boat laden
With the maiden
Skims the water in its flight,
Starting from its trembling sheen,
Swift are seen
A white foot and neck so white.

As that sweet foot's timid tips
Quick she dips,
Passing, in the rippling pool,
(Blush, oh snowiest ivory!)
Frolic she
Laughs to feel the pleasant cool.

* The present Translations, selected from the "Orientales" of Hugo, are the result of an attempt to ascertain if any of the grace and beauty of the originals could be preserved in an English version exactly reproducing their peculiar measures and combinations of rhyme. In some of his poems Hugo has undoubtedly carried to an extreme length his fantastic and daring extravagance of rhyme, in lines where he denies to his muse any freer elbow-room than may be found within the limits of a single syllable; sometimes, however, when not pushed to excess, there is an exquisite felicity in his light and dancing measures—as in "Sara la Baigneuse," which is here very imperfectly rendered. If any reader should so far misunderstand the principles of a true purity and delicacy of taste, as to find fault with the innocent and statuesque simplicity of the beautiful *tableau vivant* which it presents, he is referred to the story of Musidora's bath in Thompson's Seasons. In the poem of the "Djinns," the ascending and descending scale of the measure corresponds with singular effect to the meaning which it aims at once to express and to illustrate. In these translations (which constituted the amusement of a few travelling hours, with no other companionship than a pencil and a pocket volume) a certain degree of freedom is of course sometimes necessary, to preserve any portion of the spirit of the originals; though an unexpected degree of closeness has generally been found possible. The superior facilities of rhyme afforded by the French (being so much more a language of terminations than the English), will perhaps be best appreciated by those readers who may feel inclined to try the same experiment.

Here remain, remain concealed,
 And revealed
 Each bright charm shall you behold,
 In her innocence emerging,
 As the virgin
 O'er her breast her hands will fold.

For no star is more divine
 Than the shine
 Of a maid's pure loveliness,
 Frightened if a leaf but quivers,
 As she shivers
 Veiled with nought but dripping tress.

By the happy breezes fanned,
 See her stand,—
 Blushing like a living rose,
 On her bosom swelling high
 If a fly
 Dare to seek a sweet repose.

In those eyes which maiden pride
 Fain would hide,
 Mark how passion's lightnings sleep!
 And their glance is brighter far
 Than the star
 Brightest in heaven's bluest deep.

O'er her limbs the glittering current
 In soft torrent
 Rains adown the gentle girl,
 As if, drop by drop, should fall,
 One and all,
 From her necklace every pearl.

Lengthening still the frolic pleasure
 At her leisure,
 Careless Sara ever slow,
 As the hammock floats and swings,
 Smiles and sings
 To herself, so sweet and low.

“ Oh ! were I a capitana
 Or sultana,
 Amber should be always mixt
 In my bath of jeweled stone,
 Near my throne,
 Griffins twain of gold betwixt.

“ Then my hammock should be silk,
 White as milk ;
 And, more soft than down of dove,
 Velvet cushions where I sit
 Should emit
 Perfumes that inspire love.

“ Then should I, no danger near,
 Free from fear,
 Frolic in my garden's stream ;
 Nor amid the shadows deep
 Dread the peep
 Of two dark eyes' kindling gleam.

"He who thus would play the spy
 On the die
 For such sight his head must throw ;
 In his blood the sabre naked
 Would be slakéd
 Of my slaves of sable brow.

"Then my rich robes trailing slow
 As I go,
 None to chide should be so bold ;
 And upon my sandals fine
 How should shine
 Rubies worked in cloth of gold !"

Fancying herself a queen,
 All unseen,
 Thus she swings with long delight,
 In her indolent coquetting
 Quite forgetting
 How the hours wing their flight.

As she lists the showery tinkling
 Of the sprinkling
 By her careless frolic made,
 Never pauses she to think
 Of the brink
 Where her white chemise is laid.

To the harvest fields the while,
 In long file,
 Speed her comrades' merry band,
 Like a flock of birds in flight
 Streaming light,
 Dancing onward hand in hand.

And they're singing, every one,
 As they run,
 This the burthen of their lay :
 "Eye upon such idleness,
 Not to dress
 Earlier on harvest day !"

II.

ECSTASY.

And I heard a loud voice.—REVELATIONS.

Alone beside the waves, beneath the stars, I stood ;
 On the blue sky no cloud, no sail on the blue flood ;
 And as beyond this world pierced far my spirit's gaze,
 The woods, the mounts, and all that glorious nature round,
 Meseeméd did invoke, in dimly murmuring sound,
 The ocean waves, the starry blaze.

And all the countless stars that gild the firmament,
 Loud, low, in harmony of myriad voices blent,
 Answered, as, bending low, their flaming crowns adored :
 And all the azure waves that know nor chain nor rest,
 Answered, as, bending low, knelt every foaming crest :
 It is the Lord ! our God and Lord !

III.

SULTAN ACHMET.

Oh! suffer me, lovely maiden, to enfold my neck within thy arms.—*HAFIZ.*

To Juana ever gay,
Sultan Achmet spake one day :
Lo, the realms that kneel to own
Homage to my sword and crown—
All I'd freely cast away,
Maiden dear, for thee alone.

Be a Christian, noble King !
For it were a grievous thing
Love to seek and find too well
In the arms of infidel.
Spain with cry of shame would ring,
If I thus from honor fell.

By those pearls whose happy chain,
Oh, my gentle sovereign,
Clasps thy neck of ivory,
Aught thou willest I will be,
If that necklace pure of stain
Thou wilt give for rosary.

IV.

THE DJINNS.

E come i gru van cantando lor lai,
Facendo in aer di se lunga riga ;
Cosi vid' lo venir traendo guai
Ombre portate d'alla detta briga.—*DANTE.*

Town, tower,
Shore, deep,
Where lower
Cliffs steep.
Waves grey
Where play
Winds gay—
All sleep.

Hark, a sound,
Far and slight,
Breathes around
On the night !
High and higher,
Nigh and nigher,
Like a fire
Roaring bright.

Now on 'tis sweeping
With rattling beat ;
Like dwarf imp leaping
In gallop fleet :

He flies, he prances,
 In frolic fancies,
 On wave-crest dances
 With pattering feet.

Hark, the rising swell,
 With each nearer burst ;
 Like the toll of bell
 Of a convent curst ;
 Like the billowy roar
 On a storm-lash'd shore,
 Now hush'd—now once more
 Madd'ning to its worst.

Oh God ! the deadly sound
 Of the Djinns' fearful cry !
 Quick, 'neath the spiral round
 Of the deep staircase fly !
 See, see our lamplight fade !
 And of the balustrade
 Mounts, mounts the circling shade
 Up to the ceiling high.

'Tis the Djinns' wild streaming swarm
 Whistling in their tempest flight,
 Snap the tall yews 'neath the storm,
 Like a pine flame crackling bright.
 Swift and heavy, lo, their crowd
 Through the heavens rushing loud,
 Like a livid thunder cloud
 With its bolt of fiery might.

Ha ! they are on us, close without !
 Shut tight the shelter where we lie !
 With hideous din the monster rout,
 Dragon and vampire, fill the sky !
 The loosened rafter overhead
 Trembles and bends like quivering reed,
 Shakes the old door with shuddering dread,
 As from its rusty hinge 'twould fly !

Wild cries of hell ! voices that howl and shriek !
 The horrid swarm before the tempest tossed,
 Oh heaven ! descends my lowly roof to seek ;
 Bends the strong wall beneath the furious host.
 Totters the house, as though, like dry leaf shorn
 From autumn bough and on the mad blast borne,
 Up from its deep foundations it were torn
 To join the stormy whirl—ah ! all is lost !

Oh Prophet, if thy hand but now
 Save from these foul and hellish things,
 A pilgrim at thy shrine I'll bow,
 Laden with pious offerings.
 Bid their hot breath its fiery rain
 Stream on my faithful door in vain,
 Vainly upon my blackened pane,
 Grate the fierce claws of their dark wings !

They have passed !—and their wild legion
 Cease to thunder at my door ;
 Fleeting through night's rayless region,
 Hither they return no more.

Clanking chains and sounds of wo
 Fill the forests as they go,
 And the tall oaks cower low
 Bent their flaming flight before.

On! on! the storm of wings
 Bears far the fiery fear,
 Till scarce the breeze now brings
 Dim murm'ings to the ear;
 Like locust's humming hail,
 Or thrash of tiny flail
 Plied by the pattering hail
 On some old roof-tree near.

Fainter now are borne
 Fitful mutterings still;
 As when Arab horn
 Swells its magic peal,
 Shoreward o'er the deep
 Fairy voices sweep,
 And the infant's sleep
 Golden visions fill!

Each deadly Djinn,
 Dark child of fright,
 Of death and sin,
 Speeds the wild flight.
 Hark, the dull moan,
 Like the deep tone
 Of ocean's groan,
 Afar, by night!

More and more
 Fades it now,
 As on shore
 Ripple's flow,
 As the plaint
 Far and faint
 Of a saint
 Murmured low.

Hark—hist!
 Around,
 I list!
 The bounds
 Of space
 All trace
 Efface
 Of sound.

V.

MOONLIGHT.

Per amica silentia luna.—VIRGIL.

Bright shone the merry moonbeams dancing o'er the wave;
 At the cool casement to the evening breeze flung wide
 Leans the sultana, and delights to watch the tide
 With band of silvery sheen yon sleeping islets lave.

From her hand as it falls, vibrates her light guitar—
 She listens—hark, that sound that echoes dull and low!
 Is it the beat upon the Archipelago
 Of some deep galley's oar, from Scio bound afar ?

Is it the cormorants whose black wings, one by one,
 Cut the blue wave that o'er them breaks in liquid pearls ?
 Is it some hovering djinn with whistling scream that hurls
 Down to the deep from yon old tower each loosened stone ?

Who thus disturbs the tide near the Seraglio ?
 'Tis no dark cormorants upon the sea that float—
 'Tis no dull plunge of stones—no oars of Turkish boat
 With measured beat along the water sweeping slow.

'Tis heavy sacks, borne each by voiceless eunuch slave ;
 And could you dare to sound the depth of yon dark tide,
 Something like human form would stir within its side ;
 Bright shone the merry moonbeams dancing o'er the wave.

 VI.

THE VEIL.

Have you prayed to-night, Desdemona?—SHAKESPEARE.

SISTER.

What ails, what ails you, brothers dear ?
 Those knitted brows why cast ye down ?
 Why gleams that light of deathly fear
 Neath the dark shadows of your frown ?
 Torn are your girdles' crimson bands ;
 And thrice already have I seen,
 Half drawn within your shuddering hands,
 Glitter your poniards' naked sheen.

ELDEST BROTHER.

Sister, hath not to-day thy veil upraiséd been ?

SISTER.

As I returnéd from the bath,
 From the bath, brothers, I returned,
 By the mosque led my homeward path,
 And fiercely down the hot noon burned ;
 In my uncovered palanquin,
 Safe from all eye of infidel,
 I gasped for air—I dreamed no sin—
 My veil a single instant fell.

SECOND BROTHER.

A man was passing ?—in green caftan ?—sister, tell !

SISTER.

Yes, yes—perhaps—but his bold eye
 Saw not the blush upon my cheek—
 Why speak ye thus aside—oh, why,
 Brothers, aside do ye thus speak !
 Will ye my blood !—oh hear me swear,
 He saw me not—he could not see !
 Mercy !—will ye refuse to spare
 Weak woman helpless on her knee !

THIRD BROTHER.

When sank the sun to-night, in robe of red was he !

SISTER.

Mercy !—oh, grant me, grant me grace !
 Oh God ! four poniards in my side !
 Ah ! by your knees which I embrace—
 —My veil ! my veil of snowy pride !—
 Fly me not now !—in blood I swim !
 Support, support my sinking head !
 For o'er my eyes now dark and dim,
 Brothers, the veil of death is spread.

FOURTH BROTHER.

That veil at least is one thou ne'er shalt lift again !

VIL.

THE FAVORITE SULTANA.

Treacherous as the wave.—Shakspeare.

Have I not, lovely Jewess, say,
 Enough thinned my Seraglio ?
 Dearest, ah, cease to bid me slay !
 Must every flirt of thy fan's play
 Be followed by a headsman's blow ?

Nay, rest a while, oh beauteous one,
 Nor my poor flock devour quite !
 Thine, thine, thou knowest, thine alone,
 My heart, my soul, my realm, my throne,
 Why beg a death of me each night !

'Tis I, 'tis I that now entreat—
 Full half of them already dead ;
 When you come nestling at my feet
 So tenderly, with look so sweet,
 I always know you want a head.

Ah, jealousy of jealous wives !
 So fair and yet so fierce beside !
 Canst thou not spare their humble lives ?
 Unharm'd the lowly grass-flower thrives
 Beneath the rose's queenly pride.

Am I not thine ? Why carest thou,
 Enfolded thus within my arms,
 If in my wide Seraglio,
 A hundred pretty slaves or so
 Sigh o'er their unregarded charms ?

In their unbroken solitude,
 In hopeless envy let them pine ;
 Let them pass by, as flows the flood
 Thou smilest on in idle mood—
 Is not my every hour thine ?

Thine all the realm that kneels to me—
 Stamboul, whose thousand spires leap
 Skyward, so tall and arrowy,
 That, cradled fair upon the sea,
 It seems an anchored fleet asleep !

Thine my red-turbaned Spahis fleet,
 Thine, ne'er a rival sway to know,
 As stream their swift mares' mingling feet,
 Each gallant rider in his seat
 Like rower to his oar bent low !

Thine, thine, Bassora, Trebisond,
 Cyprus, where names of old are graved,
 Fez, where rich sands of gold abound,
 Mozul, where a world's mart is found,
 Erzéroum, with its streets all paved !

Thine Smyrna, all so fair outspread,
 Smiling above her foam-white shore ;
 Ganges, the Hindoo widow's dread,
 And Danube, from whose mighty bed
 Into the sea five rivers pour !

Say ! fearest thou Ionia's maid ?
 Damanhour's lily pale and bland ?
 Or flaming eye and brow of shade
 By Ethiopia's sun-blaze made,
 Like tigress of the same dark land ?

Then on these humble flowers here
 Cease to call down the tempest's might ;
 Enjoy thy conquest free from fear,
 Nor claim a head for every tear
 That dims those soft eyes' liquid light.

Thy bowers—the baths where thou dost lave—
 Thy gems—with these thy dreams be filled—
 Thy fairy barks upon the wave ;
 The Sultan must Sultanas have,
 As pearls must deck the poniard's hilt.

VIII.

EXPECTATION.

Esperaba, desperaba.

Squirrel, mount yon oak so high,
To its twig that next the sky
 Bends and trembles as a flower.
Strain, oh stork, thy pinion well,
From thy nest 'neath old church bell,
Mount to yon tall citadel,
 And its tallest donjon tower!

To yon mountain, eagle old,
Mount, whose brow so white and cold
 Kisses the last ray of even.
And, oh thou that lov'st to mark
Morn's first sunbeam pierce the dark,
Mount, oh, mount, thou joyous lark,
 Joyous lark, oh, mount to heaven!

And now say, from topmost bough,
Towering shaft and peak of snow,
 And heaven's arch—oh, can ye see
One white plume that like a star
Streams along the plain afar,
And a steed that from the war
 Bears my lover back to me!

IX.

PIRATE SONG.

"Alerte! alerte! voici les pirates d'Ochali qui traversent le détroit!"—*Le Capitaine d'Ochali.*

As into slavery we bore
 A hundred Christian dogs or so,
 To recruit the Seraglio
We coasted close along the shore.
Off, off, bold rovers! off to sea!
 From Fez to Catana our way;
 All in a galley brave and gay,
Just three times thirty oars were we.

Gleams a white convent in the sun;
 Silent and swift we anchor nigh;
 And the first object we espy,
Allah! a lovely novice nun!
Reclined beneath a shady tree,
 Close by the beach asleep she lay;
 All in a galley brave and gay,
Just three times thirty oars were we.

My pretty maid—hush, not a word!
 The wind is fair—to sea it calls;
 'Tis but a change of convent walls—
 The harem's much to be preferred.
 A good Mahometan you'll be,
 And just the thing to please the Dey;
 All in a galley brave and gay,
 Just three times thirty oars were we.

Away for flight she strives to break—
 Dare you? she cried, dark child of hell!
 I dare—our captain answered well;
 Vain were entreaty, tear and shriek.
 Despite them all, right merrily,
 We bore her in our arms away;
 All in a galley brave and gay,
 Just three times thirty oars were we.

By all her grief but lovelier made,
 Two diamond talismans her eyes,
 A thousand tomans for our prize
 Right willingly his Highness paid.
 In vain she sighed, Ah, wo is me!
 The nun became a queen that day;
 All in a galley brave and gay,
 Just three times thirty oars were we.

X.

THE SACK OF THE CITY.

"Fire, fire, blood and ruin."—CÔRTE REAL. *Le Siège de Dtu.*

Thy will, oh King, is done! Lighting but to consume,
 The roar of the fierce flames crowned ev'n the shouts and shrieks;
 Redd'ning each roof like some day-dawn of bloody doom,
 Seem'd they in joyous fight to dance above their wrecks.

Slaughter his thousand giant arms hath tossed on high,
 Fell fathers, husbands, wives, beneath his streaming steel;
 Prostrate the palaces huge tombs of fire lie,
 While gathering overhead the vultures scream and wheel.

Died the pale mothers!—and the virgins from their arms,
 Oh Caliph! fiercely torn bewailed their young years' blight;
 With stabs and kisses fouled, all their yet quivering charms
 At our fleet coursers' heels were dragged in mocking flight.

Lo! where the city lies mantled in pall of death!
 Lo! where thy mighty arm hath passed, all things must bend!
 As the priests prayed the sword stopped their accurséd breath,
 Vainly their sacred book for shield did they extend.

Some infants yet survived, and the unsated steel
 Still drinks the life-blood of each whelp of Christian hound;—
 To kiss thy sandal's foot, oh King! thy people kneel,
 With golden circlet to thy glorious ankle bound.

NEW ENGLAND SUPERNATURALISM.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

IV.

"*Tamar*.—But are they round us, Hadad? Not confined
In penal chains and darkness?

Hadad. So he said,
And so your sacred books infer. What saith
Your prophet?—What the prince of Uz?
Tam. I shudder
Lest some dark minister be near us now!"—HADAD.

IN conversing with a friend recently, who is a most decided unbeliever in the supernatural, he mentioned a fact of his own experience. Awakening one night from sleep, he saw distinctly, before him, looking through the thick wall of darkness, an eye, intensely bright—large, luminous, and with an expression of terrible malignity. He rose up in his bed, and, being a man of firm nerves, looked calmly at the singular apparition. It seemed slowly to approach him, until it rested just at the foot of his bed, where its demon glare gradually faded into the darkness. Had my friend lived two centuries ago, instead of regarding it as an optical illusion, he would have called in the priest to dislodge an evil spirit.

Old women in this region yet tell marvellous stories of Gen. M., of Hampton, N. H., of his league with the Devil, who used to visit him occasionally in the shape of a small man in a leathern dress. The General's house was once burned, in revenge, as it is said, by the Fiend, whom the other had outwitted. He had agreed, it seems, to furnish the General with a boot-full of gold and silver poured annually down the chimney. The shrewd Yankee cut off, on one occasion, the foot of the boot, and the Devil kept pouring down the coin from the chimney's top, in a vain attempt to fill it, until the room was literally packed with the precious metal. When the General died, he was laid out, and put in a coffin as usual, but on the day of the funeral, on opening the lid, his body was not to be seen, and the neighbors came to the charitable conclusion that the Enemy had got his own at last.

Haunted houses are getting scarce

in New England. Formerly every village could boast of one or more of these favored tenements. I have nevertheless, seen several of a most unchristian reputation in this respect,—old, black, and unseemly, with shingles and clap-boards hanging loose, and ragged, like the cloak of Otway's witch. A new coat of paint, in almost all cases, proves an effectual exorcism. A former neighbor of mine,—a simple, honest mechanic,—used to amuse us by his reiterated complaints of the diabolical revels of certain evil spirits, which had chosen his garret for their ball-room. All night long he could hear a dance going on above him, regulated by some infernal melody. He had no doubt whatever of the supernatural character of the annoyance, and treated with contempt the suggestion of his neighbors, that, after all it might be nothing more than the rats among his corn.

Whoever has seen Great Pond in the East parish of Haverhill, has seen one of the very loveliest of the thousand little lakes or ponds of New England. With its soft slopes of greenest verdure—its white and sparkling sand-rim—its southern hem of pine and maple, mirrored, with spray and leaf, in the glassy water—its graceful hill-sentinels round about, white with the orchard-bloom of spring, or tasselled with the corn of autumn—its long sweep of blue waters, broken here and there by picturesque islands—it would seem a spot, of all others, where spirits of evil would shrink, rebuked and abashed, from the presence of the Beautiful. Yet here, too, has the shadow of the supernatural fallen. A lady of my acquaintance, a staid,

unimaginative church-member, states that a few years ago she was standing in the angle formed by two roads, one of which traverses the pond shore, the other leading over the hill which rises abruptly from the water. It was a warm summer evening, just at sunset. She was startled by the appearance of a horse and cart of the kind used a century ago in New England, driving rapidly down the steep hill-side, and crossing the wall a few yards before her, without noise, or the displacing of a stone. The driver sat sternly erect—with a fierce countenance; grasping the reins tightly, and looking neither to the right nor the left. Behind the cart, and apparently lashed to it, was a woman of gigantic size, her countenance convulsed with a blended expression of rage and agony, writhing and struggling, like Laocoön in the folds of the serpent. Her head, neck, feet and arms were naked; wild locks of grey hair streamed back from temples corrugated and darkened. The horrible cavalcade swept by across the street, and disappeared at the margin of the pond.

I have heard many similar stories, but the foregoing may serve as a sample of all. When we consider what the popular belief of New England was no longer than a century and a half ago, it is by no means surprising that something of the old superstition still lingers among us. Our puritan ancestors were, in their own view of the matter, a sort of advance guard and forlorn hope of Christendom, in its contest with the Bad Angel. The new world into which they had so valiantly pushed the outposts of the Church militant, was to them, not God's world, but the Devil's. They stood there on their little patch of sanctified territory, like the game-keeper of Der Frieschutz in the charmed circle,—within were prayer, and fasting, unmelodious psalmody, and solemn hewing of heretics "before the Lord in Gilgal;" without were "dogs and sorcerers," red children of perdition, Powah wizzards and "the foul fiend." In their grand old wilderness, broken by fair broad rivers, and dotted with loveliest lakes, hanging with festoons of leaf and vine and flower, the steep sides of mountains, whose naked tops rose over the surrounding verdure like altars of a giant world—with its early summer green-

ness, and the many-colored verdure of its autumn, all glowing as if the rain-bows of a summer shower had fallen upon it, under the clear, rich light of a sun, to which the misty day of their cold island was as moonlight,—they saw no beauty, they recognized no holy revelation. It was to them terrible as the forest which Dante traversed, on his way to the World of Pain. Every advance step they made was upon the Enemy's territory. And one has only to read the writings of the two Mather's, to perceive that that Enemy was to them no metaphysical abstraction, no scholastic definition, no figment of a poetical fancy, but a living, active Reality, alternating between the sublimest possibilities of evil, and the lowest tricks of mean mischief; now a "tricksey spirit," disturbing the good wife's platters or soiling her new-washed linen, and anon riding the storm-cloud, and pointing its thunder-bolts; for as the elder Mather pertinently inquires, "how else is it that our meeting-houses are burned by the lightning?" What was it, for instance, but his subtlety, which, speaking through the lips of Madam Hutchinson, confuted the "Judges of Israel," and put to their wit's end the godly ministers of the puritan Zion? Was not his evil finger manifested in the contumacious heresy of Roger Williams? Who else gave the Jesuit missionaries—locusts from the pit as they were—such a hold on the affections of those very savages who would not have scrupled to hang the scalp of pious father Wilson himself from their girdles? To the vigilant eye of Puritanism was he not alike discernible in the light wantonness of the May-pole revellers, beating time with clever foot to the vain music of obscene dances; and in the silent, hat-canopied gatherings of the Quakers, "the most melancholy of the sects," as Dr. More calls them? Perilous and glorious was it under these circumstances, for such men as Mather and Stoughton to gird up their stout loins, and do battle with the unmeasured, all-surrounding Terror. Let no man lightly estimate their spiritual knight-errantry. The heroes of old romance who went about smiting dragons, lopping giants' heads, and otherwise pleasantly diverting themselves, scarcely deserve mention in comparison with our New England champions, who, trusting not to carnal

sword and lance, in a contest with principalities and powers—

—“Spirits that live throughout,
Vital in every part, not as frail man,”

encountered their enemies with weapons forged by the stern spiritual armorer of Geneva. The life of Cotton Mather is as full of romance as the legends of Ariosto, or the tales of Belzebub, and Florisando in Amadis de Gaul. All about him was enchanted ground—devils glared on him in his “closet wrestlings,”—portents blazed in the heavens above him,—while he, commissioned, appointed, and set apart as the watcher and warder, and spiritual champion of “the chosen people,” stood ever ready for battle, with open eye and quick ear for the detection of the subtle approaches of the enemy. No wonder is it that the spirits of evil combined against him—that they beset him as they did of old St. Anthony—that they shut up the bowels of the General Court against his long-cherished hope of the Presidency of old Harvard—that they even had the audacity to lay hands on his anti-diabolical manuscripts, or that “ye devil that was in ye girl flew at and tore” his grand sermon against witches. How edifying is his account of the young bewitched maiden, whom he kept in his house for the purpose of making experiments which should satisfy all “obstinate Sadducees.” How satisfactory to orthodoxy, and confounding to heresy is the nice discrimination of “ye divil in ye girl,” who was choked in attempting to read the Catechism, yet found no trouble with a pestilent Quaker pamphlet,—who was quiet and good-humored when the worthy Doctor was idle, but went into paroxysms of rage when he sat down to indite his diatribes against witches and familiar spirits.

All this is pleasant enough now; we can laugh at the Doctor and his demons; but little matter of laughter was it to the victims on Salem hill—to the prisoners in the jails—to poor Giles Corey, tortured with planks upon his breast, which forced the tongue from his mouth, and his life from his old palsied body—to bereaved and quaking families—to a whole community priest-ridden and spectre-smitten—gasping in the sick dream of a spiritual nightmare, and given over to believe a lie.

We may laugh, for the grotesque is blended with the horrible, but we must also pity and shudder. God be thanked that the delusion has measurably vanished; and they who confronted that delusion in its own age,—disenchanted with strong, clear sense, and sharp ridicule, their spell-bound generation,—the German Wierus, the Italian D'Apone, the English Scot and the New England Calef,—deserve high honors as the benefactors of their race. They were indeed branded through life as infidels and “damnable Sadducees,” by a corrupt priesthood, who ministered to a credulity which could be so well turned to their advantage, but the truth which they uttered lived after them, and wrought out its appointed work, for it had a divine commission and God-speed.

“The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the archèd roof in words
deceiving;
Apollo from his shrine
Can now no more divine,
With hollow shriek the step of Delphos
leaving.”

Dimmer and dimmer, as the generations pass away, this tremendous Terror—this all-pervading espionage of Evil—this well-nigh infinite Haunter and Tempter—this active incarnation of motiveless malignity,—presents itself to the imagination. The once imposing and solemn rite of exorcism has become obsolete in the Church. Men are no longer in any quarter of the world racked, or pressed under planks, to extort a confession of diabolical alliance. The heretic now laughs to scorn the solemn farce of the Church, which in the name of the All-Merciful formally delivers him over to Satan. Oh, for the sake of abused and long-cheated humanity, let us rejoice that it is so, when we consider how far long, weary centuries the millions of professed Christendom stooped, awe-stricken, under the yoke of spiritual and temporal despotism, grinding on from generation to generation in a despair which had passed complaining, because Superstition, in alliance with Tyranny, had filled their upward pathway to Freedom with Shapes of Terror—the spectres of God's wrath to the uttermost—the Fiend and his torment, the smoke of which rises forever. Through

fear of a Satan of the future—a sort of ban-dog of Priestcraft, held in its leash and ready to be let loose upon the disputer of its authority,—our toiling brothers of past ages have permitted their human task-masters to convert God's beautiful world, so adorned and fitted for the peace and happiness of all, into a great prison-house of suffering, filled with the actual terrors which the imagination of the old poets gave to the realm of Rhadamanthus. And hence, while I would not weaken in the slightest degree the influence of that doctrine of future retribution, the truth of which, reason, revelation and conscience unite in attesting, as the necessary result of the preservation and continuance in another state of existence, of the soul's individuality and identity, I must, nevertheless, rejoice that the many are no longer willing to permit the few, for their especial benefit, to convert our Common Father's heritage into a present hell, where, in return for undeserved suffering and toil uncompensated, they can have gracious and comfortable assurance of release from a future one. Better is the fear of the Lord than the fear of the Devil. Holier and more acceptable the obedience of love and reverence than the crushing submission of slavish terror. The heart which has felt the "beauty of holi-

ness," which has been in some measure attuned to the divine harmony, which now, as of old in the angel-hymn of the Advent, breathes of "glory to God, peace on earth and good will to men," in the serene atmosphere of that "perfect love which casteth out fear," smiles at the terrors which through the sick dreams of the sensual, which draw aside the night-curtains of guilt, and startle with whispers of revenge the oppressor of the poor.

There is a beautiful moral in one of Fouqué's Miniature Romances, "DIE KOHLERFAMILIE." The fierce spectre, which rose, giant-like, in its blood-red mantle, before the selfish and mercenary merchant, ever increasing in size and terror with the growth of evil and impure thought in the mind of the latter, subdued by prayer and penitence, and patient watchfulness over the heart's purity, became a loving and gentle visitation of soft light and meekest melody,—“a beautiful radiance at times hovering and flowing on before the traveller, illuminating the bushes and foliage of the mountain forest—a lustre strange and lovely, such as the soul may conceive, but no words express. He felt its power in the depths of his being—felt it like the mystic breathing of the spirit of God.”

V.

“It is confessed of all that a magician is none other than *Divinorum cultor et interpres*, a studious observer and expounder of divine things.”—SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

THE old tales of New England witchcraft are familiar to all. I shall therefore speak only of some of the more recent manifestations of glamour and magic which have been vouchsafed to an unbelieving generation, which, as King James lamented in his time, “maintains y^e old error of y^e Sadducees, y^e denying of spirits.” I give the incidents in the order in which they occur to my memory.

Some forty years ago, on the banks of the pleasant little creek separating Berwick in Maine from Somersworth in N. H., within sight of my mother's home, dwelt a plain, sedate member of the Society of Friends, named Bantum. He passed, throughout a circle of several miles, as a conjuror, and skillful

adept in the art of magic. To him resorted farmers who had lost their cattle, matrons whose household gear, silver spoons, and table linen had been stolen, or young maidens whose lovers were absent; and the quiet, meek-spirited old man received them all kindly, put on his huge iron-rimmed spectacles, opened his “conjuring book,” which my mother describes as a large clasped volume in strange language and black letter type, and after due reflection and consideration gave the required answers without money and without price. The curious old volume is still in the possession of the conjuror's family. Apparently inconsistent as was this practice of the Black Art with the simplicity and truthfulness of his religious-

profession, I have not been able to learn that he was ever subjected to censure on account of it.

Still later another member of the Friend's Society in Vermont, of the name of Austin, in answer, as he supposed, to prayer, and a long-cherished desire to benefit his afflicted fellow-creatures, received, as he believed, a special gift of healing. For several years applicants from nearly all parts of New England visited him with the story of their sufferings, and praying for a relief, which, it is averred, was in many instances really obtained. Letters from the sick who were unable to visit him, describing their diseases, were sent him, and many are yet living who believe that they were restored miraculously at the precise period of time when Austin was engaged in reading their letters. One of my uncles was commissioned to convey to him a large number of letters from sick persons in his neighborhood. He found the old man sitting in his plain parlor, in the simplest garb of his sect—grave, thoughtful, venerable—a drab-coated Prince Hohenlohe. He received the letters in silence, read them slowly, casting them one after another upon a large pile of similar epistles in a corner of the apartment.

In the town of Kingston, N. H., there lived a few years ago a family of reputed dealers in magic. There were two poor old sisters who used to frighten school-urchins and "children of a larger growth," as they rode by on their gaunt skeleton horses, strung over with baskets for the Newburyport market. They were aware of the popular notion concerning them, and not unfrequently took advantage of it to levy a sort of black mail upon their credulous neighbors. An attendant at the funeral of one of these sisters, who when living was about as unsubstantial as Ossian's ghost through which the stars were visible, told me that her coffin was so heavy that four stout men could barely lift it.

One of my earliest recollections is that of an old woman residing at Rocks village in Haverhill, about two miles from the place of my nativity, who for

many years had borne the unenviable reputation of a witch. She certainly had the look of one—a combination of form, voice, and features, which would have made the fortune of an English witch-finder in the days of Mathew Paris, or the Sir John Podgers of Dickens, and insured her speedy conviction in King James' High Court of Justiciary. She was accused of divers ill doings, such as preventing the cream in her neighbor's churn from becoming butter, and snuffing out candles at huskings and quilting parties.

"She roamed the country far and near,
Bewitched the children of the peasants;
Dried up the cows and lamed the deer,
And sucked the eggs and killed the
pheasants."

The poor old woman was at length so sadly annoyed by her unfortunate reputation that she took the trouble to go before a Justice of the Peace, and make solemn oath that she was a Christian woman and no witch.

Not many years since a sad-visaged, middle-aged man might be seen in the streets of one of our sea-board towns, at times suddenly arrested in the midst of a brisk walk, and fixed motionless for some minutes in the busy thorough-fare. No effort could induce him to stir until, in his opinion, the spell was removed, and his invisible tormentor suffered him to proceed. He explained his singular detention as the act of a whole family of witches, whom he had unfortunately offended during a visit down east. It was rumored that the offence consisted in breaking off a matrimonial engagement with the youngest member of the family,—a sorceress, perhaps, in more than one sense of the word, like that "winsome wench and walie," in Tam O'Shanter's witch-dance at Kirk Alloway. His only hope was that he should out-live his persecutors; and it is said that at the very hour in which the event took place, he exultingly assured his friends that the spell was forever broken, and that the last of the family of his tormentors was no more.

(To be Continued.)

THE MAN THAT KILLED A SPIRIT.

AN IRISH LEGEND.

BY FLORENCE M'CARTHY.

Yis—ye may laugh, but it's truth I'm telling yees—I seen a man that killed a spirit! And it's often and often I heered him tell the story himself on my own father's flure. Och, by this and by that! there's not a word of a lie in it, and the man that did it was Tom Malloy. May be yees wouldn't mind him, for he was an ould man and laid under the green sod, whin I was but a bit of a thing, not far past seventeen, and that's many a long year agone,—but this was the way of it.

Ye see Tom Malloy was once young, and troth, by all accounts, there wasn't a wolder divil in the whole kingdom. Thim was wild times to be sure, and it was rather a credit than the contrair, to be up to all kinds of diviltry; and so Tom Malloy wouldn't be behind the best, that is the worst, in all the pranks and divarsions that was setting forrard. If there was a fight at a fair, sure Tom was in the thick of it, laying about wid his thorn stick, and bating the world before him. If there was a race or a fox-hunt in the country, oh, who but Tom, to be sure, must ride the crack horse, or folly on wid the hounds. Och! he was the nate rider and the powerful; there wasn't the horse in all Ireland, and after that av coorse ye may say in all the world, that he'd be afear'd to back. It was always a great strife among the gentry, which of 'em should get Tom to ride for 'em, for he was sure to win the race. And thin he had such a pleasant turn, and could sing all sorts of songs, jist to suit the 'casion, wid a voice that was clear as a black-bird's, and he was so full of his jokes and his puns, that he was always a great favorite wid the wild young jantlemen, who used to come all the way from Dublin and other furren parts in the sporting saison. More was the pity for Tom, for he grew mighty conceited, and larned all their bad ways to the back of his own; not contint wid the drinking and fightin' which kem to him naturally along wid his mother's milk, he took to bettin' and cursin' and spakin' free and disrespectful of the

clargy; and left off mindin' his duties intirely, and may be wouldn't hear mass from year's ind to year's ind,—and indeed he couldn't be worse if he'd been a lord or a marquis itself.

Well, things wint on in this way for one while, and no harm kem to Tom Malloy. He was the gayest bachelor going, and for all his bad carackter nivir wanted a partner at a dance. It wasn't one, but twenty girls would have given their eyes for him; but he only divarted himself wid their schamings, purtending to be dying in love wid one or the other of 'em, and not a word did he spake from his heart all the while. Well! well! there's many like Tom Malloy, and may be 'twould be for their health to take warnin' by what happened him. His turn kem at last, and, contrairy-like, what must he do but fall in love in raal arnest wid the only girl in the country that wouldn't look at him! Mary Delany was the purtiest as well as the best girl in thim parts, as indeed she had the good right to be, seeing the priest was her mother's own brother. All her people were dacent, and well to do, and her father, old Murtough Delany, was a snug man, and had laid up something in bank as a portion for Mary when she'd marry;—she was all the child he had, and his heart was full of her only. It wasn't a likely thing that Murtough Delany would be consenting to the suit of sich a ne'er-do-well as Tom Malloy; and it only shewed how set up he was in his own conceit to dhrame of the thing for a moment.

But dhrame of it he did, sleepin' and wakin'; and it wasn't long before he tould the same to Mary herself. Well, if he thought 'twas only askin' and havin', Mary showed him the differ, and altho' the color kem an wint in her face, and she spoke very mild and gentle, her words were not plasin' to Tom Malloy, for she tould him nivir to think of her more, or minton his love agin, for that frinds was all they could ever be to each other. Well, to be sure, Tom was in a terrible takin', and

if it had been his life he was pladin' for he couldn't have said or done more. The words kem warm from his heart that time; and he looked so tindherly at her wid his handsome black eyes, and the tones of his voice were so soft and beguiling, that altogether it might have melted a harder heart nor Mary Delany's. May be she felt it too,—but if she did she nivr let on to Tom, but said the same as before, only that her voice trimbled a little, and her cheek grew white as a snow-drop—and whin Tom would know the raison why, she tould him truly that 'twas all along of his bad carackter; and how it would break her father's heart if she should think to marry the likes of him; and that her uncle the priest had warned her agin him time out of mind, and wouldn't be by no means plased at her keepin' his company that long even; and wid these words she bid him good night, and turned away very short, so that he couldn't see the large tears that were standin' in her eyes.

The black despair was wid Tom Malloy thin,—he was struck to the heart, and stud looking afther Mary till she turned the corner, widout as much as raising his little finger, and whin he had got the last look of her, he started like a man out of a drhame, and walked away like mad, nivr mindin' the road at all, but goin' thro' fields and bogs—and down by the ditch—any way, just as it come. And so he got at last to the public,—troth, it came so nat'ral to him, that he could have gone there in his sleep,—and what does he do but walks into the place and calls for the raal stuff, nothing less than the potsheen itself would sarve his turn. Och! but the sound of his voice gave Mrs. Murphy a fright; and whin she handed him the drink he glared upon her like a tiger, and clutched, not the glass, plase ye' but the whole canteen; and faix, but he nivr tuk it from his lips till he had swally'd the last dhrop.

Well, he set it down wid a thunderin' thump, and says he, “Biddy Murphy! if harm come to me this night, it's Mary Delany that's done it;” and wid that out of the house wid him, as if the whole world was at his heels, and wouldn't stop for all that could be said,—and it Hallowe'en too, of all nights in the year. Sure they bawled afther him as loud as they could bawl, and tould him he was sartin to be deluded

wid the fairies, if nothing worse should come of it. Och, they might have saved their breath, for he was past minding sinse, if an angel had spoke it. He just turned about wid an awful look, and says he:

“There's a worse divil in my own heart than I'll meet the night.”

And thin he was off again before any one could stop him; and the way he wint was straight out of the town off to the moor, where the ould stones lay—a place where the haythins used to worship in the ancient ould times, before St. Pathrick (blessed be his name!) druv thim out of it. Troth at any time of the year it was bad to be there afther nightfall—but a Hallowe'en night! the boldest and the best might be afear'd to vinture, and no shame to him. It would have taken all father Maguire's Latin, and the bishop's to the back of that, to have made a clear way thro' the spirits of all sorts that kem there as thick as blackberries. It was a kind of randyvoos, that's to say, an assimbling place, where they met to exult over their misdoings, the black-hearted thieves! and conthrive new mischiefs and bedivilments for the destruction of sows and bodies. And into the middle of thim walked Tom Malloy wid all his ignorance and his sins, and not even a good thought as a pertuction. The moon was at the full, but she wouldn't be shining down bright and clear on sich a company; so she only glimmered out a pale beam or two now and thin, through the heavy black clouds, frightened like to see what they were doin', and av coorse there wasn't much light to go by—but Tom Malloy could see filling the air all about him, horrid ould witches and ghosts widout any flesh on their bones, pointin' their long fingers at him, and grinnin' wid all their might, by way of showin' how glad they wor to see him, and there on the very top of the heap of stones stud the awfulest spirit he ever seed or heard of! May be it wasn't Satan himself, but 'twas his own twin brother. Tom shuk as if he'd the aguy, and his hair stud out straight from his head, and he struv hard to remember a prayer; but the divil had power over him thin, and not the laste holy word would come into his mind,—nothing but oaths and curses, sich as suited the place he was in,—so out he rapped wid the biggest he knew, and indeed there wasn't many

could bate him at that; and whinivir the spirits, and witches, and devils heard him a swearin' at 'em, they fell to laughin' and roarin' wid fun, and shout-ed out his name, "Tom Malloy for ivir!" and "you'll be one of us, Tom!" just as if 'twas a mumber they wor makin' him. And some peeped into his face wid great eyes that burned like coals, and some pinched him all over wid their red hot fingers, and more whispered in his ears their wicked in-vintions till he felt their fiery breath scorchin' him up. But nothing come up to the rejoicins of the spirit on the top of the stones; he kicked out his long legs, that wor crooked, for all the world like raping hooks, wid great claws at the ind of 'em, and held the two sides of him, jist as if he'd be afear-ed of breakin' in two; and as soon as he got breath to spake:

"Arrah, Tom, darlint," says he, "you're the boy I'm looking for,—and only say some more of thim purty words, if ye dare, and I'll be wid ye for ivir, dear."

Well, Tom's blood was up at that, to be sure, and so he shuk his fist at the spirit, and says he, "Do ye dare me, you ould villain! here's for you, thin!"—and out they come, as fast as he could spake—och, but I wouldn't for more nor I could mintion, tell you the laste of 'em!

Well, thin there was a greater noise than ivir; and the spirit on the top of the stones laughed out so loud that the heap trimbled undher him, and many of the great stones that had stud there since the flood, rattled down as if there was an arthquake.

"I'm wid you now, Tom Malloy," says the spirit, wid the howl of a wolf, and one jump brought him upon Tom's shoulders, where he set like a mountain of lead, clutching him round the neck, till he was like to choke him. Thin all the rest of the gang jined hands and danced round 'em by the light of blue fires that started up out of the ground, and the dridful laughter begun agin. It wasn't anything like Christian fun or jollity; the most piercin' cry of grief was a joyful sound in comparison! And Tom jined in, overcome wid mad-ness and terror, and roared and scream-ed till all power left him, and he sunk down on the ground and never knew no more that night.

Whin he come to his sinses next

morning, he was all alone on the bare moor, and the great heap of stones standing by the side of him, jist as if nothing at all had happened—and Tom thought in his own mind, 'twas bad dhrames he'd been havin'; but he hadn't that comfort long, for whin he stud on his feet, and thought to go home, a trimblin' tuk him, and he felt a dead weight on his shoulders, and he knew the spirit was wid him jist as it had said. He walked off as fast as he could wid such a load, but his heart a most died widin him, for all the while the spirit did be whisperin' in his ear all sorts of aggravatin' things; and betimes it would bring round its ugly face, right forenenst his own, wid a look of triumph that made Tom amost ragin' mad.

From that out the spirit nivir left him. Night an' day it was by him in some shape or other, temptin', tasin' and mockin' of him, till he was most worn out wid the misery. Betimes 'twould be a black dog stickin' close to his skirts, and fearin' him wid its horrid snarls; and when he'd get beside himself like, and go to strike him down wid his stick, the divil a bit would it stir for all he could do, and down would go the stick right thro' it, and there'd be the black dog to the good, shewin' its great teeth and laughin' ready to burst, as if 'twas the best joke in life. Thin it would be struttin' before him in the likeness of a big ould turkey-cock, makin' Tom bile over most wid the conceated ways it tuk on itself. And so that was the way it wint on, takin' the form of some ugly bird or baste, and more oftener wearin' its own hateful looks, which was hardest of all to bear, so that Tom hadn't no pace in life, but guv himself up intirely.

Och, but it was a pity of him! he that was the most light-hearted, free-spoken boy in the country, and so handsome and brisk, to be brought to such a pass! Every body was sorry for Tom Malloy, for wid all his faults he had got a houl of people's hearts. Ye see there was nivir no maneness about Tom, and he'd go thro' fire and water to sarve a frind, so the whole country tuk part wid him, and put the whole blame of his trouble on Mary Delany. Poor crathur, she didn't need that to add to her distresh; for she was soft-hearted enough by natur, and whin she see the way Tom Malloy was in, it amost fretted the life out of her.

And so days and weeks and months passed on, and Tom Malloy got thinner and thinner, and his face hadn't the laste bit of color, and his eyes that wor once so bright sunk deep in his head, widout any light in 'em. Most people thought he wasn't far from his ind; and the talk ran thro' the country, that if he should die that way, it wasn't his body only, but his precious sowl that the spirit would fly away wid. Mary Delany heard this said, for there's always plinty of folks to tell cruel things widout mindin' one's feelings at all; and it hurt her more nor all the rest. She couldn't sleep nor take the laste rest for thinkin' of the strait the poor boy was in, all bekause of his love for her; and her grief wore her down the more, that she had to keep it all to herself; and so from thinkin' so tindherly of him, and accusing herself as the cause of his misfortin, she came to love him wid all her heart. Well, she was sittin' one morning all by herself, very sad like, just doin' nothing at all, and the big drops rowling down her cheeks like rain, whin the door opened and in come ould Molly Malone, the wise woman, and she tuk a good look at Mary as if she'd seee right into her mind, and says she :

"It's thinkin' of Tom Malloy, you're now, Mary Delany; and whin its amost too late, its the best blood of your heart you'd give to make him asy agin."

Mary guv a start at hearin' her very thoughts spoken, but she knew it was no use to try and hide the truth from the wise woman, so she owned it all to her, and axed, could she give her any charm that would free Tom Malloy from the spirit. It wasn't asy to refuse Mary anything when the tears stud in her blue eyes; and so ould Molly up and tould her that there was just the one chance for Tom Malloy, and that was to kill the spirit wid one stroke of a black-handled knife—only one, mind ye—druv right into the middle of its sinful heart, and left stickin' there, be sure, or the spirit would come back to life, stronger nor ivir. And she tould her beside, that 'twould be in some holy place that Tom would have to go, where he'd have power to fix the spirit right down forenenst him, and thin if he didn't put a strong heart and a steady hand till it, 'twould be no use in life to attempt it, for if he missed, he'd be in a worsor condition nor he was before.

So that was all ould Molly would say, but there was nivir nobody so glad as Mary; she blessed her agin and agin, and pet her own bran new meriny shawl on her shoulders, besides making her a compliment of tay, enough to keep the ould crathur for months; and as soon as ivir the wise woman had turned her back, Mary was off to look for a black-handled knife. It was long or she found one exact to her mind; but she got it at last, and thin she nivir rested till she come to the place where Tom Malloy was all alone wid his sorrow.

He was sittin' under an ould thorn tree, that grew by itself on the common, a good piece from the town, wid his eyes cast on the ground, and no sign of life in him, except just now and thin, whin he'd give a sigh from the very bottom of his heart, which tould more nor words could, of the throuble he was in; and he nivir seen Mary till she had come close up to him, and wished him a "kind good evening." At the sound of her sweet voice, he riz up his eyes to her face, and his own flushed up wid surprise and joy, whin he seen the look of pity and tinderness she cast upon him, but he didn't spake nothing, only looked mournfully at her to see what she would say. So thin she tould him all that the wise woman said, and she handed him the black-handled knife, and begged him for the love of his body and sowl to try to kill the spirit. But he shuk his head, and says he :

"Mary, it's no use, 'twill be well for me whin my body is quiet and still; and for my sowl I've no power to strive in any good now, Mary."

And thin he grew white as the wall agin, and his eyes opened wide, wid a sort of fright, for ye see the spirit was at him grinnin' and pointin', and striving to come between him and Mary. Tom Malloy seed it, but Mary didn't; she only see the way Tom Malloy was in, and she wouldn't be put back from what her heart was bent upon; so she sat down beside him, and tuk his hand in hers, and, says she :

"Tom Malloy, if you can't strive for your own sake, won't you for mine—my heart will break if you don't get quit of that bad spirit."

And the tears come to her eyes and she couldn't say no more for a minit, only just looked up in his face beseeching-like. Well, Tom felt new life

come into him at her words, and the spirit disappeared whiles ivir he looked on Mary; for ye see her innocence and goodness druv it off the ground for the time—it was next to having the priest himself to the fore—and so Tom tould her, and, says he:

“Only give me hope, Mary, that if ivir I get quit of the spirit, you’ll look on me as you do now, and spake to me as you do now, and I’ll dare anything to plase you.”

Mary didn’t say nothing to that, for she wouldn’t make him down-hearted by denyin’ him the hope; so she only smiled very kind and gentle, and her smile soothed him more nor all she had said, and he tuk the black-handled knife and tould her he was ready that minit to do whatever she’d bid him, if ’twas to kill twinty spirits, let alone one. So thin Mary counselled him to go that very night to the ould Abbey, where the monks used to be long ago, for av coorse that would be holy ground; and she bid him get as nigh as he could to the stone crass, that was standin’ there may be a thousand years or more, and to keep a strong heart agin the spirit, and nivir to heed its timptins or tormentins; and so she parted Tom Malloy, wishing him all manner of luck, and her heart’s blessin’ on his endeavor.

Well, the minit she left the place, back comes the spirit upon Tom wid more spite nor ivir, and he thought it would go near to kill him wid its ragins; thin it amost broke his heart wid its sneers and its scoffins, strivin’ to set him agin Mary, and hiss in his ear just like a snake, that ’twas makin’ game of him she was, and putting all manner of doubts and misgivins into his mind; but he nivir answered a word, only struv to keep to the thoughts of Mary’s sweet face and kind words until nightfall, and thin he wint off just as she had tould him to the ould Abbey. Och, thin, all that the spirit had ivir done agin Tom afore, was light compared wid the scourgins it guv him all the way there; but he kep up his courage by thinking of Mary, and he felt himself get stronger and stronger the more he resisted the spirit. So at last he kem to the Abbey, and walked right into it, nivir mind all that the spirit did to hinder him. And he kem up as close as ivir he could to the ould stone crass; the light of the moon kem thro’ where

the roof used to be—for it was all fallin’ to decay—and showed him the spot, just as plain as day-light itself; so whinivir he got there, he bid the spirit, with a strong voice, get down forenenst him. And sure enough, down wint the ugly thing right afore his face, lookin’ up at him wid a look might have frightened a saint, not to mention a poor sinful man. ‘Troth, ’twould be past all intion to describe the horrid sights the spirit put upon Tom, to distract his mind and divart the stroke from the right spot; but Tom nivir tuk his eyes off him for a minit, and he lifted up the knife wid all his strength, and drav it right down into the middle of the black heart of the spirit, that was dartin’ out flames and serpents and stings.

“Strike me agin, Tom Malloy!” said the spirit wid a screech might have ris the dead.

“Faith, ould divil, you don’t come over me that way!” said Tom, for if he had struck him agin, ye know, the spirit would have had power to come back to life, and be a hauntin’ of Tom for ivir.

“Och! bad manners to you, Tom Malloy, you’ve did for me now!” screeched out the spirit agin; and wid that there riz up a storm beyant anything Tom had ivir seen before—sure he dreaded that the ould Abbey would fall down wid the shakin’ it got;—and thin such horrid screechin’ and groanin’ begun, that Tom just stopped up his ears and shut his eyes tight, to wait till it would be over. Thin it wasn’t long he had to wait—may be not more nor a minit had gone, whin he felt the soft wind of summer passin’ acrass him, coolin’ his burnin’ head; and whin he opened his eyes, there was the bright moon shining down on him, lightin’ up the ould ruins, wid the ivy creepin’ about ’em, and makin’ ’em look a dale purtier than the big new church down in the town, nate as it is.

Well, Tom Malloy was happy as a king. He was quit of the spirit, and he felt more light-hearted nor a bird, and so before he wint out of the Abbey, he looked all round to see was there any sign of the spirit in it; but nothin’ at all could he see, only just one drop of black blood on the spot where the thing had stud. So Tom wint out of the Abbey wid a grateful heart—and whin he passed the door, what should he see just a step or two beyant, but a figure kneelin’ wid her hands clasped; and

the moonbeams that worshinin' full on her beautiful face, showed him 'twas none other than Mary Delany herself, and whinivir she seen Tom comin' out, she riz up to meet him, but her heart was too full to spake. Well, may be he didn't step forrard in no time to comfort her wid the good news, and a pleasant walk they had home together by the light of the bright moon. And more nor that kem of it, for tho' Mary wouldn't promise to be his wife thin— for she wasn't the girl to give her father a heart-scald by doin' what wouldn't be plasin' to him—such a change come over Tom, and he grew to be such a daacent, sober boy, that there wasn't the laste fault to find wid him; and not many months afther that time, ould Murtough Delany giv' his consint and his blissin', and Tom Malloy married Mary. And sure it aint many a one's luck to be happier nor he was all his life afther, for if it was a bad spirit he had killed afore, it was a good angel he had won to be his wife.

THE NEW WIFE AND THE OLD.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

[Hampton, N. H., is one of the oldest settlements in New England. It has perhaps more than its share of marvellous anecdote, in which the celebrated Gen. M.—a Yankee Faust—is a celebrated character. The legend versified below was related to me when a child, by a venerable family visitant.]

HAMPTON'S woods are still to-night,
As yon spire which breaks the light
Of the half-faced moon. No breeze
Bears the murmur of the seas
From the long white beach, or waves
Elm leaves o'er the village graves.

From the brief dream of a bride,
She hath wakened at his side,
With half-uttered shriek and start—
Feels she not his beating heart?
And the pressure of his arm,
And his breathing near and warm?

Lightly from the bridal bed
Springs that fair dishevelled head;
And, a feeling new, intense,
Half of shame, half innocence,
Maiden fear and wonder, speaks
Through her parted lip and cheeks.

From the oaken mantle glowing
Faintest light the lamp is throwing,
On the mirror's antique mould,
High-backed chair, and wainscot old,
And, through faded curtains stealing,
His dark sleeping face revealing.

Listless lies the strong man there,
Silver-streaked his careless hair;
Lips of love have left no trace
On that hard and haughty face.

And that forehead's knitted thought
Love's soft hand hath not unwrought.

"Yet," she sighs, "he loves me well,
More than these calm lips will tell;
Stooping to my lowly state,
He hath made me rich and great,
And I bless him though he be
Hard and stern to all save me!"

While she speaketh falls the light
O'er her fingers small and white;
Gold and gem, and costly ring
Back the timid lustre fling—
Love's selectest gifts and rare
His proud hand hath fastened there.

Gratefully she marks the glow
From those tapering lines of snow;
Fondly o'er the sleeper bending
His black hair with golden blending,
In her soft and light caress,
Cheek and lip together press.

Ha!—that start of horror!—Why
That wild stare and wilder cry,
Full of terror, full of pain!
Is there madness in her brain?
Hark! that gasping hoarse and low:
"Spare me—spare me—let me go!"

God have mercy!—Icy cold
Spectral hands her own enfold,
Drawing silently from them
Love's fair gifts of gold and gem,
"Waken! save me!"—still as death
At her side he slumbereth.

Ring and bracelet all are gone,
And that ice-cold hand withdrawn;
But she hears a murmur low,
Full of sweetness, full of wo,
Half a sigh and half a moan:
"Fear not! Give the dead her own!"

Ah!—the dead wife's voice she knows!
That cold hand whose pressure froze,
Once in warmest life had borne
Gem and band her own hath worn.
"Wake thee! Wake thee!" Lo, his eyes
Open with a dull surprise.

In his arms the strong man folds her,
Closer to his breast he holds her;
Trembling limbs his own are meeting,
And he feels her heart's quick beating;
"Nay, my dearest, why this fear?"
"Hush!" she saith, "the dead is here!"

"Nay, a dream—an idle dream."
 But before the lamp's pale gleam
 Tremblingly her hand she raises,—
 There no more the diamond blazes,
 Clasp of pearl or ring of gold,—
 "Ah!" she sighs, "her hand was cold!"

Broken words of cheer he saith,
 But his dark lip quivereth,
 And as o'er the Past he thinketh,
 From his young wife's arms he shrinketh;
 Can those soft arms round him lie,
 Underneath his dead wife's eye!

She her fair young head can rest
 Soothed and child-like on his breast,
 And in trustful innocence
 Draw new strength and courage thence;
 He, the proud man, feels within
 But the cowardice of Sin!

She can murmur in her thought
 Simple prayers her mother taught,
 And His blessed angels call,
 Whose great love is over all;
 He, alone, in prayerless pride,
 Meets the dark Past at his side!

She, who living shrank with dread,
 From his look or word or tread,
 Unto whom her early grave
 Was as freedom to the slave,
 Moves him at this midnight hour,
 With the dead's unconscious power!

Ah, the dead, the unforgot!
 From their solemn homes of thought,
 Where the cypress shadows blend
 Darkly over foe and friend,
 Or in love or sad rebuke,
 Back upon the living look.

And the tenderest ones and weakest,
 Who their wrongs have borne the meekest,
 Lifting from those dark still places,
 Sweet and sad remembered faces,
 O'er the guilty hearts behind
 An unwitting triumph find.

"DIE GEDANKEN SIND FREY."

A LEAF FROM A TRAVELLER'S NOTE-BOOK.

THE WEDDING PARTY.

THERE is no country on the European continent, where a traveller is admitted to the intimacy and knowledge of domestic life, so much as in Germany. The general kindliness of the people, the absence of pretension, the Teutonic warmth of hospitality, open hearts as well as houses to strangers; and unconscious of necessity for disguise, and undoubting reciprocal interest in their private affairs, the minor circumstances of the *ménage*, as well as the more important, the expectations, the prospects the wishes, of themselves and those dearest to them, are frankly and freely exhibited and detailed to any respectably introduced traveller who may have gained their regard. And very disagreeable indeed must that traveller be, with quintuple portion of either English reserve and hauteur, or other persons' (I say not whose) presumption and impudence, who cannot obtain, even on transient acquaintance, a place in the honest German's liking, as well as a seat among the happy family at his table.

Having arrived late one autumnal evening in Strasburg, which, though a frontier town, distinctly preserves its German characteristics in its German population, I had occasion next day to call on the Bankers, Heiligthal and Brothers; so taking a look at a map of the city in one of the rooms of the hotel where I slept, I set off about ten o'clock, choosing my way by the famous Cathedral; whence, while I paused for a moment to admire the Gothic grandeur of its proportions, issued a gay wedding party, soon distributed into some splendid carriages in waiting, which swept rapidly away, allowing me scarce a glimpse of a very beautiful woman whom I conjectured to be the bride.

I was about an hour finding the house of Messrs. Heiligthal, and on entering the close, dim rooms of the counting house, was accosted by a civil youthful looking clerk, sitting alone and unoccupied by a window to the street, with a

polite inquiry as to my wishes. He replied to my question by saying "the Messrs. Heiligthal are not in, sir." "Could you inform me where, or how soon I can see them?" said I. "My business is very pressing, I should like to leave Strasburg to-night." "The gentlemen have gone to the Cathedral this morning, sir. Mademoiselle Heiligthal is to be married there to the great Rosenfeld of Milan," returned the clerk, with a slight air of reflected consequence.

"Indeed," said I, "I think I saw the wedding party;—probably Messrs. Heiligthal will not be here to-day."

"They will, sir, I believe, but the family live in the country two or three miles from town, and perhaps—"

The "perhaps" of the clerk was arrested by the sound of doors opening, and feet, stout heavy steps, tramping cheerily up the staircase, loud joyous laughs, and voices, whose full honest tones spoke well-earned, well-deserved happiness, and the portly brother bankers and two principal and favorite clerks entered the apartment in which I was standing. Without waiting for more than my name, all and each warmly shook my hand, inquired in what manner they could serve me, and after looking at the letters of credit I presented, the elder Heiligthal asked if had engaged lodgings for any length of time, strongly dissuaded me from my intentions of so suddenly departing, and finally insisted I should accompany himself and brothers to his villa to dinner, to remain all night at least, if not for a few days. The heartiness and warm sincerity of their manners attracted me exceedingly; it was almost impossible to refuse; besides a lurking desire to see more of the fair bride determined me; and promising to be ready when their carriage should call at my hotel, I left the hospitable strangers, delighted with so favorable a commencement of German acquaintance.

The villa was substantially elegant, the glimpses of river views exquisite,

the grounds tastefully laid out in the English style of landscape-gardening. The interior of the mansion was worthy of the natural beauties surrounding it; in all its details evincing a sober splendor, a subdued luxury, from which you inferred wealth won and worn, not for ostentation, but for the simple and natural enjoyment of the possessor and his friends. But with the inanimate externals I have not much to do, though associated in my mind as it is with another, it was a home never to be forgotten.

In a large saloon opening on a terrace we found the bridal party assembled. The mother, Madame Heilighthal, a large comely woman whose fresh and smiling countenance declared a heart overflowing with love and benevolence, received me with even affectionate familiarity. Two young cousins, looking so fair and rosy, and innocently happy, as if ignorant that evil or sorrow might ever shadow their lives, were also especially prepared to welcome the traveller. Several ladies and gentlemen young and old, but all expressing the general felicity, were also called on by my host to bestow their civilities upon me, and make me feel in fatherland. But passing over these lesser matters, the bridegroom, "the great Rosenfeld," as the young clerk styled him, an eminent Italian banker of German parentage, deserves more particular notice. He was tall, slender, pale, with large deep-set intelligent eyes of sparkling greyish hue, which constantly and singularly changed and varied from the grey to a deep glowing hazel. His features were coarse, but indicative of sense and talent; he was slightly bald, and no attempt at coaxing his thinly scattering curls was tried to conceal the depredation made by time or deep thought on the honors of his high pale brow.

Beside him sat the beautiful girl who had that morning vowed to him her young unblemished faith, and sealed it with her virgin hand.

Her form was full, and gave promise of a magnificent maturity—her complexion of a roseate fairness, as if a latent blush were floating beneath the lilies of her cheek and bosom; her hair falling in luxuriant ringlets, partially covered by the long bridal veil, was of a golden brown, like wreaths of autumnal foliage tinged by sunbeams; her eyes were beautiful, not so much from their expression—the long,

languishing eye of German beauty; with a full under-eyelid, deeply fringed by dark, silken lashes,—this is rare; even in the most beautiful women. Her nose was small and Grecian; her lips full and scarlet, her teeth small and brilliantly clear; and a soft, deep glow reposed on her fair cheek, which she presented to my salutation at her father's bidding, with an air of ineffable modesty, sweetness, and grace.

Dinner was announced soon after our arrival; and, seated between two merry young things at table, while attending to their gayety, I had not much opportunity of observing the principal personages of the *fête*. But when we all returned to the saloon of the terrace, at intervals, as I could escape from the successive attentions of this kind family, I tried to make out how a couple so dissimilar in general appearance had united in one destiny which could only be separated by the grave. There was no solution of the mystery: it was one of the inexplicable linking of sympathies not discoverable to the casual observer.

Monsieur Rosenfeld, calm, grave, seldom even smiling, was quietly courteous to all; he seemed pleased with, but did not partake in the hilarity of his new connexions, who each seemed to think he, or she, had as good a right to be father or mother to the bride, as Monsieur and Madame Heilighthal themselves. Sometimes his eyes rested for an instant, with a glance of intense devotion on his young bride, but they were quickly and coldly withdrawn, as if dreading the fervor of his feelings should be noticed by any one, however near or interested in their union.

She was less restrained in manner and expression; there was a dreamy happiness in her face, a trustfulness of love in her smile, a slow, bashful languor in her movements; yet she never, even once, that I could see or hear, looked or spoke during the evening to the beloved one beside her. It was enough for both, as it appeared, that they were conscious of inseparable union; that they breathed the same air, that they saw the same people, that they heard the same sounds; one might suppose that their joy was too unutterably deep, too overwhelming, to allow communication, by looks or words with each other.

"You see my daughter, Mr. H——," said Mons. Heilighthal, seating himself

beside me, when for a moment one of the brothers had left me; "you may imagine how inexpressibly dear she is to me—judging by her beauty alone, and the sweetness of disposition breathing from her lovely face. But when I tell you she is the last of six children, (three sons, two daughters have gone to the rest of peace, I trust,)"—he reverently bowed his head—"you may well be surprised that I have consented to part with this my best earthly treasure, my dearest and fairest, to one comparatively a stranger, to live in a distant land, and possibly never to behold her beautiful face again, when the few weeks appropriated to these festivities are over."

Of course I agreed with his supposition, and very plainly assured him of my surprise.

"She loved him, my dear sir, that is the secret of my acquiescence," he continued; "a singular love, you will say, for he is a cold, proud, reserved man, no carpet-wooler, no silken servant of a lady's whim,—and not remarkable in personal appearance either."

"Pardon me," I interrupted, "he is very remarkable, in my opinion, though not, as I presume you mean to say, for what strikes a woman's fancy."

"There it is," he answered, laughing, and clapping me on the shoulder; "no guessing, my dear friend, at what they fancy. Now the little perversity, had I proposed an elderly, bald-headed, saturnine, indifferent looking fellow to her, she would have turned up her dove eyes, and down her rose mouth,—and nothing since the days of Undine would have been so watery; but here comes this grave, sober stranger, of whose wonderful operations in the commercial world we had heard with astonishment, on some affairs of importance to Vienna—business with the Court, sir. In passing through our city, I invite him, as I have you, to my house—he comes—he eats his dinner like any other banker—he talks with me in Madame and Mademoiselle Heilighthal's presence, about the many, and to women, uninteresting secrets of finance, displaying wonderful capacity, a luminous knowledge of his *métier*, so far as it goes. Sometimes he pauses for an instant, and furtively glances at Mademoiselle Clotilde. Faust, my dear sir, whom it has always struck me, somehow, that he resembles, could not have had more

magical effect. Her mother found it out. On his return from Vienna he came to us again—he talked less of finance, but now, in sooth, little of anything—there was a free-masonry, sir, between them, though that is inapplicable to a woman. However, they found one another out. It was the night before he was to leave Strasburg forever, as he said, laying an emphasis, mark ye, on the word *forever*. I called for a song. Clotilde had been dull, I desired her to give us a lively air, and (she has a voice like the Persian nightingale!) immediately she began one of those delicious trills of a Swiss waltz. Rosenfeld forgot he was the grave, calculating, unimpassioned banker, with Austria, Sardinia, and what not to boot upon his shoulders; he rose up hastily, not to waltz, I assure you, but to walk out on that very terrace; and there he stood, with his hands pressed on his forehead, leaning against the balustrade. Madame followed him at my suggestion, to ask if he were ill; he raised his head—the frozen heart had thawed; large tears were in those keen, speculating, gray eyes; he expressed grief at leaving. How they came to the *éclaircissement* I can hardly tell; but this you may believe, my dear sir, in affairs of such nature, even a simple German *Frau*, like Madame, is a match for the shrewdest financier that ever plodded through the labyrinths of monetary systems. Clotilde was called into council, and left there by the good mother. Next day explanations and so forth were made to me. Be assured, I was not a little proud and gratified that I should call the great Rosenfeld son-in-law, at my child's own desire, even with the anticipation of separating from her, as it must be, for a long time, and the chance of seeing her at very distant intervals. But come, after this love-tale, let us have a bumper of Metternich's rarest Johannisberger; the flower of the vine has flavored it. Drink, Mr. H—," he proceeded, filling up a large, crystal goblet of wine seldom to be tasted of such quality but in the halls of princes, "drink to the health of those you love, and success to the great Financier of Beauty's dominions!" And raising his voice he called, "Music, music, my dear girls! In particular I should desire my favorite, *Die Gedanken Sind Frey*, to enliven the heart and eyes of my friend, Mr. H—." A

good thing, sir, a blood-stirring measure. I repeat the sentiment it expresses with all my heart—let the thoughts be free, as they are kind and honorable."

Without more solicitation, two or three laughing girls ran to a pianoforte which had been much in request during the evening; a light prelude was run over, and a word being whispered to the bride by Mons. Rosenfeld, she

joined her young friends, and after the first verse of Mons. Heiligthal's song was sung by the youngest girl of the group, a rich gush of delicious music filled the air; the full-toned warbling of birds might resemble, but could not surpass it. I sank back in ecstatic astonishment, though no "Fanatico," and those were the first sounds I heard from the beautiful lips of the enchanting Madame Rosenfeld.

THE OPERA BOX.

In 1830, passing a few weeks in Milan, I was in the habit of going every evening to my friend La Marchesa T—'s private *loggia* in La Scala, whether she were there or not; and I must confess I as often slumbered out the opera as listened to it; but somehow it was my customary lounge, and therefore inconvenient to dispense with, except on extraordinary occasions. There was one peculiarly dark corner, (and all the boxes in that theatre, as in most continental ones, are in deep shadow,) softly cushioned, and closely draped, a voluptuous resting-place to dream away an hour, enveloped in an atmosphere of music; and there, when I happened to be alone, I usually reclined, hearing as much as I desired, but seldom raising myself even to glance at the nymphs of the *Ballet*.

At the commencement of a very drowsy recitative, I had one evening fallen soundly asleep in this recess, the curtains almost completely covering me; and having been for some time in this delectable state of somnolence, I gradually awoke, hearing voices beside me in the box, and partially discerning figures through the imperfectly closed drapery. The words fell at first unheeded on my ear; the voices were strange, and the sensation of being recalled to outward perception was rather disagreeable than otherwise; but by a movement of the dark cloaked figure immediately before me, I got a glimpse at his companion, and perceived a woman, from what I could discern in the dim light, splendidly attired, and in her superb beauty worthy of that splendor.

Having no intention to become a listener, I took no pains to keep in one position; but they were too much absorbed in themselves to mind the rustle

of satin, or the muffled noise of pressure on velvet cushions. A few words suddenly spoken by the lady convinced me it might be dangerous to myself, and mortifying to her, to show that she had an additional auditor. I lay still and tried to slumber again, but curiosity, I will own, was more powerful, in spite of myself, in keeping me awake, than the sweet tones of the prima donna Giulia Grisi.

"For my whole life," exclaimed the lady passionately, "I have lived but to love and be loved! My childhood, my youth, were embosomed in the most devoted fondness. I longed for something more; for an intense, indescribable, undivided attachment to myself alone—for this I married, and what have I obtained?" She again repeated, "What have I obtained?" sighing heavily.

"Oh, surely you believe he loves you," said the man.

"Loves me!" she startlingly repeated—"Oh, in his own way he may have once loved me, but not now, and never half so well as a novel scheme of finance. But that I might excuse—the other I cannot!"

"What other?" inquired the man.

"Why do you ask?" she vehemently replied, "after my discoveries of to-day, confirming the suspicion of months. He may not love, but will he dare to slight? Even you could not shut my eyes to-day—and do I not hear he is constantly in his leisure hours with her?"

"Ah, madame," returned her companion, "you judge without seeing the *dessous des cartes*."

"It is fortunate," she replied petulantly, "that *il Signor Marito* has so zealous an advocate in my *Cavaliere*?"

"Do not reproach me," he said sor-

rowfully, "he has been my good angel. Oh, God, I am very, very ungrateful!"

"As how, pray?" demanded the lady saucily, "in trying to make his peace with a jealous wife, and incurring her displeasure for your trouble?"

"In loving that lady more than in honor she should be loved," he answered, in a low subdued voice, sighing deeply.

"Another of my dreams ending in the cold blank feeling of the awakening!" she continued. "I did believe, Luigi, the pure, deep, and holy sympathy between us was unlike all others, a blending of affections without mingling the earthy passions of our erring nature. In this belief I might have remained always, and have been comparatively happy, could you have ceased analysing our mutual feelings; but now there is no alternative between a common love or a common misery."

"Oh, Clotilde!" he exclaimed, "did I not so reverence your husband!"

"Cielo! Luigi," she ejaculated, "do not reiterate every moment that word, now so little pleasing to my ear! Hear me. While I was uninitiated in his schemes, while I was before the curtain, I too revered him, I adored him as some unseen minister of riches, pouring out the superabundance on mankind. I believed his extraordinary talents were devoted solely to advance the independence, consequently the happiness of his species. Not that I was simple enough to suppose, in all this exercise of benevolence, no advantage would accrue to himself; but though never admitted to his confidence, never of his councils, I had shrewd notions stored up of my old uncle Otto's teaching. Alas, poor man! when I yawned so wearily over his lessons on the mysteries of his favorite science, (for with him it was a science,) banking, I little dreamed how fatally to my peace it would be applied. But, as I say, I have gathered enough to comprehend the ultimate of Rosenfeld's expedients. I see frauds which laws cannot reach; fallacies which wisdom cannot disprove; ambition mingled with sordid avarice; and the burning thirst of the gambler stimulating the pursuit—on, on—untiring—unsatiated. Setting aside his too evident indifference to myself, I no longer respect him; he and his class, a numerous one, are not nominally, but indeed virtually dishonest, raising

wealth for nothing, to be disseminated by every wind, yet intangible, unfructifying, and utterly delusive—the phantasm of riches. Yes, Luigi, I scorn the luxury that surrounds me, won from the necessities and sufferings of wretched creatures, pursuing but never seizing the unsubstantial good that flies before them. Luigi, if you would desire me to hate and despise the dearest friend I could have in the world, whisper he is an authorized gambler, that baseest of all the grovelling gnomes of the mine, a keen, successful, distinguished financier."

She had spoken so rapidly, so vehemently, she was exhausted; and though Luigi had made several attempts at interruption, he could only at this moment's pause urge,

"Oh cease, cease, madame! you are prejudiced—you misconceive altogether. Exactly the reverse is the case with Rosenfeld."

"Folly!" she resumed, with contemptuous displeasure. "You see but the surface, I have penetrated further."

"You can never persuade me that Rosenfeld is not the wisest and most noble being breathing," said Luigi, firmly.

"I shall take no pains to do so," coldly answered the lady; "but if your high admiration of his character has originated a similar sentiment for me, you must permit me to decline the honor henceforth and for ever."

"Oh, Clotilde!" returned the young man mournfully, "you should pity, and not taunt me. Rosenfeld has been my sole friend and benefactor from my orphan childhood until now."

"And most likely," interrupted the lady, "so will remain until your declining age, if indeed he do not outstrip you in the race of time. However, let me not disturb the current of your friendship. I was deceived in my opinion, that is all."

"How deceived?" eagerly questioned Luigi, "how have I deceived you, Clotilde? Heaven knows how deeply and truly I respect Mons. Rosenfeld, but oh, how much more deeply, fervently, madly—oh, ruinously madly!—do I worship one who, belonging to him, never should have awakened such terrible conflicts in my heart! Oh, Clotilde, do not look so contemptuously! You are blind to your own happiness, to your own peace. Crush me, blight

me, drive me from your presence forever! Oh, wisest and best for both! Man never loved more devotedly, more nobly than Rosenfeld; never more fatally, more desperately than myself. Honor and all pure joys are with the one—shame and misery with the other. Oh, Clotilde! you are unconscious of the precipice before you. I see it, I shudder at it; but with you I rush into the terrible abyss beyond, regardless of the present, and despairing of the future. Is this a love to satisfy you, Clotilde? Is this total prostration of all pride, honor, hope, in time, now and to come—this entire abandonment—sufficient to prove to you the unequalled energy of my passion?—Silent, Clotilde?"

"No," she slowly and bitterly replied, "not silent; but did you feel for me as I require, you would see no sacrifice, no prostration, no abandonment in all this frenzied devotion. This pervading love would of itself exclude all thoughts of common friendships, regrets for the past, fears for the future; it would be self-sufficing; and absorbing these numerous sources of imaginary obligation, impossible duties, and fantastic gratitude, would exult in the fullness of its giant will, till in one engrossing object all meaner, weaker impulses were forgotten."

There was a strange mixture of con-

centrated passion, national phlegm, and wild mysticism in her words and manner; but saying thus, she coldly complained of weariness, and haughtily accepting the services of her singular Cavaliere, left the *loggia*, and me to the solitude of my recess, and to the unusually painful ideas arising from this unexpected renewal of my interest in the bride of Strasburg.

I afterwards learned from the Marchesa T—, that Madame Rosenfeld lived some miles from Milan; and being in the city for a few days, had that evening, at her request, occupied her *loggia*, the Marchesa being prevented accompanying her from sudden illness. Of course I was cautious in my inquiries about this lady, but I heard enough to verify her own intimations, that she was an unhappy wife. Five years had then elapsed since I had seen her a bride. She had no child; her husband was apparently neglectful. She lived retired, but it was surmised in her seclusion she had a dangerous companion. Poor Luigi!—had I dared to speak, I might have said he was "more sinned against than sinning." Weakness and crime were strangely compounded, in various proportions, between them. I need not pause to analyze those respective proportions,—each reader must do it for himself.

FRASCATI.

"My dear H—," said a young friend to me, one evening, while passing near the Palais Royal, "you are the best guide to Paris in every way; the safest as well as the most indulgent of companions, and so knowing in everything,—could you not give me a glimpse, without shocking even the Bishop's notions, into Frascati's? Come let us enter into the *Inferno*, and yet leave not all hope behind. I will look on, or play for just as much as you think proper."

I consented—thinking that when an ingenuous young person asks a favor, which in itself there is nothing absolutely wrong in granting, it is better to gratify his natural curiosity, and secure his confidence by never denying such temporary indulgence, when under certain restrictions. "You must not exceed 1000 francs," I said; "that is enough for experience, and I hope for curiosity also."

"You know," he returned, "I am not the least inclined to gaming, of all other misdemeanors."

"I believe you are not so disposed," I said, "but it is contagious; don't trust yourself frequently, or long, with those who have the disease."

We were soon ushered into one of these spacious and brilliantly decorated *salons*, where both men and women resort nightly, pursuing the phantoms of wealth, or pleasure, or both, until the chase is ended in the dismal regions of eternal death. We advanced to a *Rouge et Noir* table. I explained, as well as I could, the game, and its hazardous nature. R—, my friend, looked on earnestly for some time; while I, among the many faces around of various character, and varying expression, was peculiarly attracted by one who gazed with burning and dilated eyes on each card turned by the

mummy-looking, imperturbable *Crowmer*.

An old withered, shrunken sharper, with parchment face, seamed in minute wrinkles, his small, reddish eye obliquely regarding both the victim and the cards, stood beside him who had drawn my attention. They were betting deeply; the young man, a slight, dark-eyed, handsome fellow, had evidently come to his last stake. He clenched his hands tightly on the back of a chair, set his teeth, breathing hard through his distended nostrils. The damp sweat of uncontrollable agony stood like dew on his forehead. His curling hair fell heavily in wet masses on his cheeks. A dark, purple flush and deadly paleness passed in rapid succession over his countenance. Every nerve and muscle seemed in the extremity of tension. It was a cast for life or death.

"That is a last stake," whispered a gentlemanly person to me, observing the exceeding interest with which I watched the game; "he has lost immense sums here within a week; old Lavaure is the winner. A most unequal match the young fellow is, for one who has studied the chances of gaming, the science in theory and practice for twenty years."

"You are sure he will lose?" I half inquired, anxiously.

"Ah, Monsieur," replied the stranger, smiling, "one can never be sure while fortune is of *le beau sexe*; but I fear it, I assure you; and though he is unknown to me, I should regret his ruin for several reasons."

"Poor fellow," said I, musingly, "there is something familiar in his air,—a faint reminiscence I have, of seeing him, but where, but when—I feel really interested in his success."

"Apparently Monsieur comprehends the present arrangement?" half interrogated the gentleman.

"How, is there anything new in it?" I asked.

"Ah, not new," he replied, "there is nothing new, since before the days of the Epicurean Hebrew; but it is not usual."

"Pray, explain it, Monsieur, if you please," said I.

"Why, the young man has just staked his *chère amie*," he said in a low voice.

"What!" said I, indignantly, "is that old wretch playing for a woman?"

"Assuredly; the lady in question—the friend of the Italian—is a magnificent creature. I think," said he, looking around, "she is there, in the centre of that group of ladies laughing so gaily."

"Good God!" I exclaimed, "is the unfortunate woman to be so shamelessly transferred to that hideous spectre, without being consulted?"

"Oh, I presume not," returned my informant; "doubtless all was settled before. He loves her passionately; and how he has been urged by this demon vice, to fling her from him, is the problem to solve."

"Can it be possible any woman would agree to this? Set aside the dreadful bartering of her liberty, only look at the contrast!—could she be induced to separate from that man, and associate with such a horror as the other, be she as degraded as she may?"

"Ah, *c'est selon*," returned the Frenchman gaily; "fine apartments, fine equipage, fine jewels, a pension—Ah, my dear sir, these are temptations!"

At this instant the young Italian turned suddenly from the table.

"*C'est fini*," drawled the old Lavaure, with seeming indifference. He then spoke apart to the Italian, on whose face the tortures of the doomed were vividly traced by the finger of despair. He replied in a hoarse, unnatural tone, and waving to the gambler to follow him, passed on to the ladies, pointed out to me by the stranger. Pushing in recklessly—almost rudely—among them, he stopped before a lady sitting; who rose as he approached, and offered him her hand with indescribable grace, (the French gentleman, R—, and myself, had followed also,) but without taking it, he coldly bent his head, saying:

"Madame, Monsieur Lavaure" (introducing him) "will attend you to your carriage."

"Monsieur Lavaure?" she repeated, throwing her superb eyes on the cowering animal bowing before her. "Do you not leave now, Luigi! It is late."

"Monsieur Lavaure—Monsieur Lavaure"—chokingly reiterated the Italian; "go with him—go—I will see you soon—you understand, Madame," he gasped, "you remember—I will explain again all to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" she gravely repeated in a very low tone. "Monsieur Lavaure, I accept your escort. Luigi, be early to-morrow!"

One glance she gave of mingled pity and contempt, then calmly permitted the old gambler to lead her from the apartment.

"To-morrow!" murmured the Italian in a voice almost plaintively sweet; "To-morrow!" he paused for an instant, looking around fiercely, like a wild animal at bay, then rushing from the *salon*, before he could be followed, he had reached the grand entrance. A crash—the click of a pistol—a report—a heavy, dull fall on the marble pavement—a mingled cry of horror and commiseration,—told us the common consummation of the gambler's fate.

Apparently he had hastened to catch a last look of the lost and loved, but her carriage had driven off, and, as even in that dreadful moment I was rejoiced to see, had left behind Monsieur Lavaure, who now stood shivering among the crowd collected round his victim's corpse. Life was extinct; the unfortunate youth had paid the penalty of his criminal love and ingratitude, not even having been able to profit by the warnings of the woman for whom he destroyed himself. Such is the downward path!

The story of the elopement from Milan, I learned some days after this dreadful dénouement, from the quiet, young, civil-spoken clerk who had first mentioned to me the nuptials of Mademoiselle Heiligthal. I met him in a Restaurateur's; he was on business in Paris. His story ran, that after the first year of residence in Italy, Madame Rosenfeld returned to Strasburg on a visit, having in so short a time lost altogether the fresh and vivacious buoyancy of girlhood, without acquiring the tranquillity and repose of manner usually attendant on happy wedded life. She appeared preoccupied, nervous, and languid. Her good parents strongly expressed disappointment at her too apparent *ennuyeuse* expression. She heard them with indifference, and gave no explanation; while Rosenfeld was as incomprehensible as herself. From that time she never again revisited her native city. About a year before her elopement, reports reached the brothers Heiligthal, that Rosenfeld, through his influence over a favorite mistress of a

certain powerful prince, was secretly managing great speculations in Austria. He made frequent journeys from home, was long absent, leaving his young wife in complete solitude. They who well knew Rosenfeld's deep and ambitious character, were satisfied political views were concealed beneath this *esclandre*; but his wife had not been trusted with the real purpose that gave cause for it, nor, if she had, could she have believed the singular infatuation. A youth of some fortune, and carefully educated by Rosenfeld, was her only companion; what I had heard in La Scala, explained their subsequent intimacy, and who was the tempter, who the victim. In some moment of frenzied jealousy or wounded pride, Madame Rosenfeld left her home with the unfortunate Luigi. Rosenfeld was just returned from one of his long, unaccountable absences. He heard of his dishonored betrayal without making reply to the informant, composedly arranged the day's business, destroyed innumerable papers, drove out to his villa, and next morning was found in his bed as it seemed calmly sleeping. From that sleep he never awakened. Many said that some curious developments of dangerous state transactions, which might have sent him to a dungeon in a Silesian fortress, was the cause of his supposed suicide, rather than the desertion of his once beloved and beautiful wife.

Poor old Monsieur and Madame Heiligthal, after trying every means their great wealth could put in operation to discover their daughter, sank under the cruel calamity. The father died in a few months after the blow was stricken. My acquaintance, the clerk, had just followed the remains of the poor mother to the grave, previous to being sent to Paris by the youngest Heiligthal, who still continued the business of the senior partners in Strasburg—the second brother having withdrawn from the banking-house, after the death of the elder and dearly beloved brother. He it was who had commissioned this young man to seek out his niece in Paris, where they were informed she had of late been seen. And subsequent to the affair which had brought the names of the wretched pair into public notice, Mons. Sand, the clerk, had obtained an interview with Madame Rosenfeld. But after arranging everything for her immediate departure to her uncle's

chateau near Zurich, he found that she had mysteriously disappeared, and where she had gone he could not discover. The cause of the young Luigi's desperate act he partially explained. Having, in two years since their flight from Milan, expended his own small property, and the lady, always accustomed to indulgence, being unable to exist without her most extravagant wishes being gratified, Luigi sought fortune at the gaming table; had various success; became marked by Lavaure, and entrapped by the experienced sharper; and after losing even Madame Rosenfeld's jewels, as a last effort to retrieve his losses, he borrowed money, for which Madame

Rosenfeld gave her name as security. Lavaure possessed himself of the bond for fifty thousand francs, and in a moment of madness and despair, Luigi staked what Lavaure called his interest in her, for that bond—and, as we have seen, lost. From this, Mons. Sand supposed, that too proud in all her misery and guilt, to become a dependent on her rigid uncle, (for the fortune of the elder Heiligthal was bequeathed without reservation to the second,) and fearing the legal claim against her, held by Lavaure, she had fled either to England or America; if to the latter place, Mr. Sand entreated, should I hear of her, to immediately communicate it to the house in Strasburg.

THE ORGAN-GRINDER'S COMPANION.

I CAN imagine nothing so exquisitely delightful, so nearly approaching the felicity of the first dwelling in the verdant shades of Eden, as the gentle reveries of a quiet summer's day in the country, when, happily exempt from care for the present, or fears for the future, the mere consciousness of existence suffices for the perfection of enjoyment.

I had returned from Europe. My health and spirits having been deeply impaired by some private sorrows, I had sought relief in travel, in long years of absence; and in some degree resignation, if not tranquillity, was obtained in the course of my wanderings.

I do not quite agree with one who has said,

"There is no hope in other climes, in exile's varied years,
There may be change of land and time,
but still unchanging tears."

The tears may indeed still flow, but they rise not from so bitter, so heart-corroding a fount, as when the reality of our grief is ever painfully, unalterably before our eyes.

Setting aside the numerous advantages of travel for enlarging a man's knowledge, mind, and even human sympathies, it is sovereign as the anodyne of those sorrows which seldom ask, and seldomer receive consolation in friendship, or solace in the calmer affections.

In the large city where I usually reside, the summer months are insuf-

ferably warm. To avoid the inconveniences of sultry heat, I visited a friend, who had a pretty place within a few miles drive of town. It was a sweet, quiet, embowered cottage, overlooking a broad estuary, and though near the public avenues, secluded almost as a hermitage.

One glorious June day as I reclined in my easy chair, dropping the book I had been reading from my hands, and being absorbed in memories still dear, though less painful than formerly, I sank in half repose, while the balmy air waved rich blossoms of acacia against the light Venetian blinds, breathing around cool delicious perfume, peace-bestowing as if the wafting of some passing angel's wing. Everything both within doors and without was so perfectly still, that no sound but the warble of a bird, the hum of glittering insects, or the light rustle of fresh green leaves disturbed the dominion of silence. Suddenly a clear female voice, accompanied by the tuneless tinkle of a common grinding organ, burst forth in the joyous Swiss air I first heard in that splendid *salon* by the banks of the far distant Rhine—"Die Gedanken Sind Frey." Oh, that melodious voice, that fresh, heart-stirring air, like flashes of sunshine on deep shadow! I started up at once, and looked eagerly out on the lawn; but I sat in an upper chamber, and the thick branches of trees interlacing before the window, intercepted my view directly in front, while the portico roof prevented my

seeing beneath, where, as it seemed, the performers were stationed opposite the hall door.

I ran down stairs, and found my host's wife and daughters had likewise hastened at the sound of that enchanting voice to the verandah. Unwilling to be seen or recognized, if it were as, with rapid and most painful reminiscence, I supposed, I went into a parlor, and through the *jalousies* had a full view of the musicians.

On the gravel walk fronting the window, under the shade of broad green trees, stood a young man, slender, pale, rather good looking, in a coarse summer dress, with a straw hat placed carelessly on one side, his dark heavy curls covering a frowning brow, and his large black eyes glaring around with a singular expression of scorn and disgust. He turned mechanically the handle of the organ; not as if voluntarily, but as if, being set in motion, he was somehow compelled to go on, as his companion occasionally whispered to him. And that companion—oh the change, the wild, sad, pitiable change, from that bridal veil, those crowning roses, that gorgeous apartment, those joyous friends, that calm stately husband, to the immeasurable desecration of the present time!

She was greatly altered in appearance. Exposure, evil passions, and gross habits, had almost destroyed her former beauty. Her skin was brown and coarse, her face flushed and swollen; her eyes dim, with dull reddish lids, but boldly gazing with a reckless gaiety; her mouth yet retaining its treasure of pearls, which she failed not to display in smiles intended to be courteous, and still fascinating. Her hair was roughly gathered up under a large French cap, and in her hand she held a man's coarse hat, the substitute for the more seemly bonnet of woman. Her gown of flaring chintz, her gay colored shoes, dusty stockings, her loose gaudy shawl flung back from her sun-burnt bosom, panting with the excessive heat

of the day, all told a melancholy tale of woman's error and woman's unspeakable misery and irretrievable disgrace.

She continued to sing; and again and again, her voice, still beautiful, but strained, and sometimes harsh and broken, poured forth the rolling melody of that well-remembered air. Evidently pleased with the admiration of the innocent and happy creatures listening to her, she became more animated, and sang several French songs with inimitable grace and expression. Yes, even there, in that mean attire, conscious of her degradation, and bitterly sensible of the lapse from innocence to guilt, the exquisite elegance of manner of that singular woman was still discernible. Song after song was given, and concluding with a graceful bend, as she finished "*Si vous m'aimez*," she waited for the gratuity usually bestowed. Meantime, I desired one of the children to inquire where the woman lived. He did so, and I heard the address given. Turning to the young man, whose exact relation to her I could not of course ascertain, she handed him the money just received; then smiling her thanks, and kissing her hand repeatedly, and courtesying, she turned away, and followed the surly organ-grinder to the gate. In another moment I heard her carolling a wild Troubadour air as she trudged along the hot, dusty road. Oh, what strange beings we become when once we violate, or abandon the laws of morality and society, to enter on the paths of temptation and crime!

Early the next day I went to the street where Clotilde said she lived. No one resided in the lodging she mentioned. I sought for her everywhere. I advertised, but I saw her no more at that time. An old Italian once answered the advertisement, and said a friend of his had married such a woman as I described; that finding they could not make much in the city, they had gone through the country towns. He promised to inform me when they returned; but I never saw him again.

THE STREET.

THERE is no time in which I am so deeply impressed with the prevalence of evil, the weary destiny of our fellow beings, the bitterness of poverty, the agonies of want and suffering, the temptations to crime, and the hor-

rors of despair, as on a winter's night in the streets of a large city. The fearful inequality of station, the terrible preponderance of misery, the innumerable victims of delusion, folly, vice, all going the onward course, but whi-

ther—whither?—is the question ever suggested. The bleak, cutting wind, the driving snow, the wet pavements, the stern, dark, proud mansions of the rich, sometimes closed as the gates of Paradise, at others, shining and illusive in their light, as the palaces of fairyland; the temples of pleasure or infamy—places of idle or degrading traffic—the hovels of unmitigated, hopeless wretchedness—the hoarse, brutal mirth of drunken savages—the mad laugh of fallen woman—the whine of importunate beggar—the hungry gaze of ragged, shivering wanderer—the shrill wail of neglected, or houseless child—the yelping howl of the half-starved, slouching dog—the sobbing, panting hack, unable to spring, even when the lash cuts his quivering flesh—the loud prancing tread, and deep, steady roll of the horses and carriages of luxurious wealth, bearing the sons and daughters of opulence, unheeding all but their own short dream of pleasure,—unite in a portentous whole, over which we pause breathless, and whisper to our own souls—Is this the world as Almighty Benevolence has decreed? Is it thus to remain, with its awful predominance of contagious and reproducing evil? or when, and how, will come the mysterious, the unsearchable, the unimaginable End?

After returning late one December night from an evening party, I retired to my room in the — Hotel; and throwing aside part of my dress, in the weariness of a satiated spirit, sat down enveloped in a *robe de chambre* opposite a bright fire that cheerily blazed up, throwing through the apartment, and over the furniture, its warm, ruddy glow, delightfully contrasted with the chill, damp, sleety streets, I had left a moment before. Trimming my lamp, I opened a pleasant volume of romance, not feeling inclined to severer study; and becoming interested in the story, some time passed unnoted. The sounds of those going to and from the different chambers near me, had ceased, and all seemed wrapped in the repose of midnight. Just then, some brawlers beneath my windows, which opened on the street, commenced hallooing, swearing, clapping hands, and with various discordant noises put to flight completely the visions my novelist had conjured about me.

Laughter, mingled with execrations, and above all occasionally a wild tremu-

lous note of music, aroused my curiosity. I opened a window, and bending forward, tried to discover in the shadowy gloom beneath, what a knot of vagabond boys and men had found for the hour's brutal amusement. Diagonally opposite was a house of entertainment,—an oyster shop, or cellar, I believe,—before which flared a large, revolving lamp, that threw a strong light on the street around. Two or three half-famished and ragged men were looking on with stolid indifference, at about a dozen boys, filthy and scant of clothing, with faces prematurely haggard with misery and lined with vice, who were clapping, shouting, and leaping like imps of darkness, about a woman, in a light, thin gown, having a tambourine in her hand, which she twirled and struck from time to time, while executing as well as she was able, on the slippery pavement, the steps of some nondescript dance. She frequently lost her balance, and it was at each stagger, or fall, that the yells of applause and mockery became loudest. The good Dogberrys and their satellites of the city, were no doubt snugly snoozing out the inclement night in their warm houses, so that these wretched creatures continued undisturbed in their squalid riot.

"Sing, sing!" bellowed the biggest boys, "sing, as well as dance, you French —!"

But I cannot put down the vile vernacular of our streets. I am incompetent, as well as unwilling, to record the grossness of these miserable beings, for the amusement of the pure and innocent. And the woman sang, or rather shrieked: tuneless the sounds were, except when a chance note of rare melody told how richly that voice might once have revelled in harmony. German waltzes, Spanish, French romances, were tried in succession, without exhausting the demands of her audience. She stopped, panting with exertion, cold as the night was, and thinly as her garments covered her. She spoke something which did not reach my ear; though I had no difficulty in conjecturing it, when one of the crew poured out of a can something she took, and swallowed with avidity. Again she leaped forth, poised on one foot, twirled round and round, flung up her tambourine, struck it boldly to her renewed song, and again I recognized the father's favorite—"Die Gedanken sind frey, wir kan si ser rathen!" But

no music was there : a raven croak, a squeaking trill, had succeeded to the mellifluous gushes of melody that floated in my memory fresh and thrillingly clear, as when first breathed in the saloon by the fair blue Rhine.

"This time, at least," I said, springing up, "she shall not escape me."

Throwing aside my dressing-gown and slippers, my coat and boots were on in a moment. Down I rushed, and nearly upset a sleepy waiter, who was standing ready to close the hotel doors for the night. "Come," said I, "my lad, follow me."

I was in the street, and in that instant a wild scream, ending in a protracted groan, burst from the midst of the squalid group towards which I ran. Pushing them aside, I saw the poor woman had, in finishing her dance, fallen, and they told me her leg was broken. I desired some of the loungers to help us with her to the door of the Hotel. At the slightest motion she shrieked in agony, but we carried her up the steps into the hall ; and there, the master of the house, disturbed by the unusual bustle, met me, and civilly inquired why she was not taken to the Hospital—he could not have his house made a "repository for beggars, or worse." "Never mind," I whispered, and satisfied him for the time. One of the gentlemen lodgers was a skillful surgeon ; he had heard the confusion, and came down also to learn the cause of the unusual noise. The necessary articles were soon procured ; the limb set and bandaged ; part of her clothes changed ; and the miserable sufferer placed in a comfortable bed. I engaged one of the housemaids to sit up with her ; and from time to time I went myself to the room, to see how she was resting. Next morning Mr. Boniface insisted she should be taken away ; and indeed the surgeon advised the city Hospital as the best place for attendance and comfort. I went there, and obtained an apartment separate from the other patients ; found a steady, sober nurse ; engaged the sympathies of the physicians in my protégée's favor ; and saw her safely transferred to the care of those respectable persons, with tolerable hope of her speedy restoration to health, and ameliorated prospects for the future.

But the days of Clotilde were numbered. She was then far gone in con-

sumption. I had immediately written to her uncle to come for her, if he could, but before my letter was answered, I had followed Clotilde to the grave.

When I first visited her, she did not recollect me ; but when reminded of my former introduction to her notice, her heart was touched with early memories, and tears, the first, perhaps, those faded eyes had ever shed,—tears hot and bitter,—fell slowly, one by one, on her clasped hands. After some weeks of constant intercourse, in which I exerted myself to the best of my ability to comfort and soothe the poor creature, and lead back her passion-tossed and guilt-stained mind, through the blessed and ever open portal of repentance, into a condition better beseming that of her fast sinking frame—(a task in which the voiceless eloquence of THE BOOK wherein I sought the best and only effectual aid, performed by far the greater part)—she expressed a desire that I should listen to a short account of her life since our meeting in by-gone years. It is impossible to convey the grace or pathos of her own words to paper, but as nearly as I can, I will relate it as she told me ; not repeating the first part of her story, which has been already slightly but sufficiently detailed.

"Leaving all that early time, Mr. H——, to be spoken of no more, let me tell you why my life became so embittered after my marriage. Rosenfeld loved me with the passionate energy of his nature ; but it was as his amusement in hours of relaxation ; as the graceful mistress of his household ; as the jewelled idol of his pride. He never confided in me—he never trusted me ; his schemes, his busy schemes were never unfolded to me ; nor was I called on for sympathy or opinion. I could but now and then detect the result of some half heard conversation with his confidants ; the machinery was all a mystery. There was no equality of interests. I longed to know and to advise. I had perhaps a little too much of an inquisitive nature, and rated too highly my own powers of intellect, which, it most deeply mortified me to find, were overlooked, or worse, despised by Rosenfeld. His conversation never went beyond a few caressing epithets. My poor Fido, my little greyhound, was treated upon more equal terms by me, than was his wife

by Rosenfeld. Luigi staid a good deal at the villa. Stories ran, and laughs annoyed me, about Rosenfeld's solicitous attendance at the soirées of Prince M——'s acknowledged mistress. I was piqued, if not jealous. Jealous I could not have been, for I did not love him enough to be thoroughly jealous. When the first affections of a warm heart are thrown back on itself, they soon cool, and die away, almost unperceived by the possessor. Luigi was useful to me—necessary as a companion; we were of the same age, the same tastes—I never thought of harm, but indeed Luigi did; he was still lamenting of the wrong he was doing, while I saw nothing wrong in our natural friendship and daily association. It would have been easy to have repulsed Luigi; wildly as he loved me, I had but to command, and be obeyed. He would have gone, and I need never have descended from my palmy height for him. But I did not.—God knows why I fled with him!—I have often thought how little I understood myself. I believed it was love. Oh, Mr. H——, I never loved!—never, as I am sure I was capable of loving! Rosenfeld might have been the object of my heart's enthusiasm, but then he must have pursued a different system with me. No, I never loved, as I have heard, and seen, and read of love, and as I have been loved, Mr. H——; for Rosenfeld and Luigi each poured out the full treasure of their hearts, as well as they knew how—as much as they in their natures, could feel, and express of devotion; but it was not the wealth of love I wanted, and which alone would content my unregulated and passionate imagination.

"Day after day, I discovered how weakly I had flung away reputation and peace, for one whom I felt inferior to myself, that is, inferior in acquirements, in intellect, in strength of mind, and firmness of purpose—but oh, far surpassing in deep tenderness, in goodness of heart, in everything amiable and sincere. It is for Luigi I most mourn—and the fate I brought him to. I reproach myself less about Rosenfeld. He might have made me a different woman. I was plastic beneath his hands, but he would not take the pains to mould my capacities to the forms of beauty and truth he idealized in others.

"When I met young Sand in Paris, I

was still untamably wilful and proud. The demon in me was yet unsubdued. My own parents were dead. I knew my uncle Otho was morose, and, as I in my insane impiety regarded him, over-scrupulous in religion. Oh, I could never—so I thought—have lived through his years of homilies! I was indeed frenzied! No fortune—my inheritance left bound up in that sullen uncle's keeping—a prey to serpent griefs and vulture memories which I vainly strove to defy or forget—stung but not healed by that unchastened remorse which religion has not yet made repentance—the superadded fear of that hideous Labaure, and his claim on me, had surely disordered my brain! I gathered up some remaining jewels, sold them, and fled to your country. In England, I believed I should be discovered and answered. Well, I surely thought my fine voice would have gained me entrance into your theatres. But no—there was no one to speak for me, no one to push me on. The managers could hardly venture to trust their own opinions, and those called to judge, were prejudiced, or had favorites of their own to bring forward. I was yet handsome, what could I do?—somehow people saw very bad things in my face. I fell in with some needy Italians, we used to sing in little mean concerts for small pittances. I had not much character to lose, but when one young man proposed marriage to me, I thought it better than having neither name nor protection. Ah! he was a wicked, cruel, vile wretch; he had none but base and black designs in marrying me. He was idle and selfish, and would live easy and well, and I should be his slave in any way, and earn money for him, no matter how. I rebelled—he was savage—there," she continued, uncovering her neck, "he once stabbed me with a stiletto—'go, woman,' he would say, 'sing, dance, do anything, but bring me money.' And for what, Mr. H——? I will tell you. He was several years younger than I; of course he cared not for me; but my toil, my shame, was to assist in supporting a young girl he professed to love exceedingly. He bought old Battista's organ—Battista was her father, and a kind man. He went around with me from place to place; all I earned he took from me, scarcely allowing me food or common clothing. So at last I was sick—very ill of fever;

and being as he thought very nearly dead, he gathered up all he could find, left our poor room, and I never saw him more. Thank God! the master was gone, the slave got better; but still feeble, with scarce sufficient clothing for decency, I could not, as once, draw around me my poor street audience. I used to live strangely for those last summer months. Do you believe, Mr. H—, for weeks I lived in the fields near some houses in the suburbs; slept at night among some clustering bushes, and begged here and there for a crust through the day. But winter came at last. A Frenchman one day travelling with a basket of toys, gave me an old tambourine. With that novelty, for some weeks I have renewed my efforts to entertain my former friends of the street; with what success you can but too well understand. Oh that night—that dreary dark freezing night when you rescued me from my long, long years of punishment!

"I am exhausted now Mr. H—; I

am so fragile, I who used to be a great, stout, coarse, bold woman, trudging through heat and cold; strong, but with a breaking heart! Send me now that old meek gentle-spoken priest who has already been so kind to me. What better proof could there be of the divinity of that religion to which I have been led by so rough and burning a path of sin and suffering, than that it could give peace to a spirit like mine, and teach me even to contemplate with composure that event which, in spite of your kindly meant encouragements and efforts, I know to be now so near."

In a few days after this sad narration, Clotilde did indeed pass away, like a dying note of her own soft music.

I have since more than once heard the air and the words "*Die Gedanken Sind Frey*;"—what feelings they have the power to stir up within my heart, the reader can but faintly imagine, from the cold and imperfect medium of the narrative in which I have attempted to explain their origin.

MR. MATHEWS'S "POEMS ON MAN." *

A NEW book of poetry—so new, indeed, that though the early sheets have been placed in our hands by a friend of the author, it cannot yet, as a book, be said to have any present existence for the public,—any other than a future and prospective being,—a shadow cast before of a coming volume,—a refracted view of an approaching duodecimo, not yet risen above the common level of the horizon to the universal gaze,—being as yet, if we may be allowed to quote and apply in our own way one of its own lines,

"Unbadged, unbonneted, unbound."

We will call it a new volume, too, with other warrant for this, the highest praise of any book, if it be true, than the publishers' imprint of the present year. It has, even in the midst of faults neither few nor small, an unequivocal originality and young force

and freshness of its own, vigorous in its very rudeness and immaturity, together with a certain earnest spirit of Americanism which comes to us like a breath of new life, of the west wind from our own lofty fast-rooted American mountains, over the stagnant vapors of the East—the East whence blows that sirocco so deadly to American energy.

There are topics in this volume which may have been written of more eloquently by others, by Emerson in his so called prose lectures, which lack nothing of poetry but the name; but the reader will not often find a more honest assertion of the true claims of that which constitutes the element of all poetry, springing up from the depths of the human heart and looking with a capacious eye upon all human things; of that wisdom which is the offspring of love, and that sympathy of the unperverted heart which has no prejudices,

*Poems on Man, in his various aspects under the American Republic, by CORNELIUS MATHEWS, author of "Motley Book," "Behemoth," "Puffer Hopkins," &c., 12mo. pp. 112. New York: Wiley & Putman, 1843.

no indifference, but cherishes all with manly affection, from the nation to the fireside,—a clearer declaration of the vantage ground in the scale of humanity of the American citizen. So would speak the Genius of the State. It is the clear outlook of a man of the present, confident and assured of the true principles of his country, and the rights on which he takes his ground, and “looking before and after,” with a wise glance of love towards the past, with a prescient elastic hope towards the future. It is a book conceived in such a vein as the country at this time needs, to assure the timid, give new hopeful language to the despondent, and animate all. It breathes freely in the open air of the wide republic—not of that choking atmosphere where age, and disappointment, and sloth, and indifference, sit muttering in their prison house of despair. Of croaking we have had enough, and enough of dilletantism and proprieties and “decencies forever,” and foreign toryism, and English opinion, and the whole wasting brood. Let us have, if we can, such an image of rural life, of men in cities, of fathers, sons, statesmen, artists, poets, as the wide area of the land should reflect in the broad shield of the state. If only for the novelty of the thing, let us see what inspiration there may be in American citizenship.

The Poet's lyre is an instrument of many strings, embracing the whole compass of human life—

“ ‘Twas sad by fits, by starts, twas wild—
And now it courted love, now raving
called on hate.”

We have here every variety of subject and emotion. To commence with the beginning—We are first introduced to the Child, as the new hope of humanity, the prophet of the commonwealth. It is not the beauty of infancy by which our author is attracted (though he has a word for this), or its dependence, its repose, its gentle weakness, ministering to the pride of man, but its latent authority. Tennyson would stop to fondle the ringlets, arrange the silken coverlet, and most charmingly compliment the nurse. Mr. Mathews has none of this melodious luxuriousness. It is not his element. His mind seeks broad generalities. He looks through the boy to the man, from the man to the state :

“ Be stirred or still, as prompts thy beating heart!
Out of thy slumbering calmness there shall climb,
Spirits serene and true against the time
That trumpets men to an heroic part;
And motion shall confirm thee, rough or mild
For the full sway that unto thee belongs,
In the still house, or 'mid the massy throngs
Of life—thou gentle and thou sovereign Child !”

The next piece is entitled “The Father,” and is as complete a piece of new-world-ism as could well be written. We will not do it the injustice of a paraphrase, but give the reader the whole.

“ Behold thyself renewed ? But think not there :
A slave or suppliant lies ; nor on him bow
Thy curious looks, as if another heir
Had sprung to bear about thy civil brow
In public streets—thy sober suit to wear
In all things to obey, in all to trust—
And when thy time has past and his ensues,
Ape-like to track the downward in the dust.

See, rather, from the little lids look out
A soul distinct and sphered, its own true star,
Shining and axled for a separate way,
Be its young orbits courses near or far.
His little hands uplifted for his right
To have an individual life allowed—
Implore of men, of men, from thee the first,
The freedom by his birth-right hour bestowed.

Check not, nor hamper with an idle chain,
With customs harsh, of a loose leisure grown,
With habitudes of craft, of health or pain
The youngling life that asks to be its own :
His early friend, his helper and his guide,
To stay his hold upon the rugged way—
Turn not that life-branch from the sun or shade aside,
But in heaven's breezes, rather let it go astray.

Be thou a heaven of truth and cheerful hope,
Clear as the clear, round midnight at its full ;
And he, the earth beneath that elder cope—
And each 'gainst each for highest mastery pull :

The child and father, each shall sitly be—
 Hope in the evening vanward paling
 down,
 The one—the other younger Hope up-
 springing,
 With the glancing morning for its
 crown.

“There is no tyranny in truest love,
 Nor rightful mastery in triumphant
 force ;
 And gentleness at hearth and board will
 prove
 Felicity is born of their divorce :
 Father and Child, the after and before,
 Latest or first, whatever matters it ?
 Of mutual hopes, of mutual fears and
 loves,
 Rounded and firm, their strands of life
 are knit.”

One word embraces the eloquent ad-
 dress to the Teacher, who naturally
 follows next in this life procession—
 “Reverence”—reverence for the sacred
 dawn of heaven in the new descended
 youth. A fitter word could not be
 spoken. It shuts off harshness, tyranny,
 prejudice. It is the germ, the pro-
 lific seed of all educational reform.

“Bend to the Teacher, bend, oh world, thy
 knees !
 And pray him, blessed God’s name,
 be true !
 Lest he forever break that spirit’s pre-
 cious peace,
 And following millions in its fall undo.
 A consecrated man—thou man of thought—
 Keep clear thy master-soul in every act,
 And be thy features pure as early light—
 Crossing in power that spirit’s un-
 dimmed tract.
 The world’s dust ever shake from off thy
 feet,
 When drawest thou to that white tem-
 ple near,
 Nor vex its amber cope with words un-
 meet
 Of hate, or anger harsh, or unblest fear.

“Listen the way the spirit seeks to go—
 And watch its sacred steps, or firm or
 frail ;
 Hasten not its pace, nor hinder it
 path—
 Smiling or sad, in changeful mirth or wail.

Remember thou art standing by thy God !
 Ere earth has soiled his beauty, touch-
 ed his strength :

’Tis there th’ Almighty makes his sweet
 abode ;
 And there, if undisturbed, would Hea-
 ven at length

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Take up and fix its everlasting rest :
 Yea, Heaven with these, its children,
 fain would dwell,
 And, far-withdrawn within their stainless
 breast,
 Deliver thence, at times, a blessed
 oracle.”

The Citizen—It is a new name in
 American verse, a word unwritten in
 the poetry of the past. Let us hail
 it here as the prelude to trumpet tones
 to come. There is an air of grandeur
 and majesty in it, “above all Greek,
 above all Roman fame.” Let it be a
 hint to our future versifiers. Enough of
 dumb inanimate nature is there written
 in verse, of the false glory of battle. The
 warriors of sword and gunpowder have
 had the field too long. Let arms now
 yield to the toga.

“With plainness in thy daily pathway
 walk—
 And disencumbered of excess : no other
 Jostling, servile to none, none overstalk,
 For, right and left, who passes is thy
 brother.

“Let him who in thy countenance doth
 look,
 Find there in meek and softened ma-
 jesty,
 Thy Country writ, thy Brother and thy
 God ;
 And be each motion, forthright, calm
 and free.

“Feel well with the well-poised ballot in
 thy hand,
 Thine unmatched sovereignty of right
 and wrong—
 ’Tis thine to bless, or blast the waiting
 land,
 To shorten up its life or make it long.

“Who looks on thee, not hopeless should
 behold,
 A self-delivered, self-supported Man ;
 True to his being’s mighty purpose—true
 To a wisdom-blessed—a God-given plan.

“No where within the great globe’s skye
 round—
 Cans’t thou escape thy duty, grand and
 high,
 A man unbadged, unbonneted, unbound—
 Walk to the Tropic—to the Desert fly.

“A full-fraught Hope upon thy shoulder
 leans,
 And beats with thine, the heart of half
 the world ;
 Ever behind thee walks the shining Past,
 Before thee burns the star-stripe, high
 unfurled.”

The Farmer, who stands "nearer always to Heaven's gate,"—

"Full master of the liberal soil he treads,
With none to tithe, to crop, to third his bed
Of ripely-glowing fruit or yellow grain,"—

—his part, the supplement of the Atlantic citizen, naturally follows; and with true beauty is his path described. The husbandman secure on the solid basis of his own land, in the perpetual presence and pure breath of nature, and undisturbed by the riot and passion of cities, is the conservative hope of freedom.

"When Cities rising shake th' Atlantic shore—

Thou mighty Inland, calm with plenteous peace,

Oh temper and assuage the wild uproar,
And bring the sick, vexed masses balmy ease.

On their red vision like an angel gleam,
And angel-like be heard amid their cries

Till they are stilled as in the summer's stream.

Majestical and still as summer skies.

"When cloud-like whirling through the stormy State,

Fierce Revolutions rush in wild-orbed haste,

On the still highway stay their darkling course,
And soothe with gentle airs their fiery breast;

Slaking the anger of their chariot-wheels
In the cool flowings of the mountain-brook,

While from the cloud the heavenward prophet casts

His mantle's peace, and shines his better look.

"Better to watch the live-long day,

The clouds that come and go,

Wearing the heaven they idle through,
And fretting out its everlasting blue—

Than prow through streets and sleep in hungry dens

The beast should own, though known and named as men's:

Though sadness on the woods may often lie,

And, wither to a waste the meadowy land—

Pure blows the air—and purer shines the sky,

For nearer always to Heaven's gate ye stand!"

It is to the Farmer that Democracy among us has always looked as its main hope and reliance. With a few exceptions, the cities are generally against us in the long run of our politics. Jefferson's habitual sentiment on this subject is familiar to all; and it was a favorite saying of Jackson's, that Biddle had nearly all the cities, and he was welcome to them, but that his land began at the first cross-road out of town.

The Mechanic is in the spirit of Channing. Our author boldly challenges for him a portion of that creative power which is commonly restricted to themselves by the poets—as if these were not all imitative arts:

"In the First Builder's gracious spirit work,

Through hall, through enginery, and temples meek,

In grandeur towered, or lapsing, beauty-sleek,

Let order and creative fitness shine:

Though mountains are no more to rear,

Though woods may rise again no more:

The noble task to re-produce is thine!

The spreading branch—the firm-set peak may live

With thee, and in thy well-spiced labors thrive.

"The untried forces of the air, the earth, the sea

Wait at thy bidding: oh, compel their powers

To uses holy! Let them ever be Servants to tend and bless these new-found bowers;

And make them household workers, free and swift,

On daily use—on daily service bent:

Her face again old Eden may uplift,
And God look down the open firmament."

In the Merchant occur some of the best lines in the volume. His lesson is Truth:

"Slight duties may not lessen but adorn,
The cedar's berries round the cedar's shaft,

The pettiest act will lift the doer up,
The mightiest cast him swift and headlong down;

If one forget the spirit of his deed,
The other wears it as a living crown."

Mr. Mathews has but one apology for the Soldier:

"Thy battles are not wars but self-defences.

Girding this universal home about."

He has no ambition for the glories of conquest. It is truly a happy position that our land occupies—far removed from hostile interference, with courage nobly proved and undoubted from the acts of the past. Let us once be as assured, said a distinguished American author to us, of our manners and our thinking, as we are of our courage, and we shall look no longer timidly to Europe. Must not that time soon come? We confess for ourselves even a less degree of sympathy with "the Soldier," than our author accords. He bids him indeed—

"With grounded arms, and silent as the mountains,

Pause for thy quarrel at the marbled sea :
And, when comes the ship o'er the curled
wave bounding,

Remember that a brother in a foe may
be."

We have little faith in the very existence of the professional soldier among us, (excepting perhaps what may be rendered necessary by past mis-government for the police of our Indian frontier,) even though he remain in this attitude of patient defensiveness, and, as Mr. Mathews well expresses it—

,"And the dumb cannon stretches at his
leisure."

We plead guilty to the crime of Quaker sentiments on this subject; and could wish that the vast expenditure of money, time, and effort worse than wasted on military things, were applied to purposes of real utility and benevolence.

Of the Statesman is not our author's satire just? Let us once feel this justice, and the evil will be remedied. We feel tempted, for the wider diffusion of the lesson, to quote it entire :

"Up to the Capitol who goes, a heart
Should bear, state tyranny may not sub-
due :

Wakening at dawn to fill its ample part,
It, ever, day by day, grows fresh and new,
Nor sleeps through the mid-watches of the
night,

Though there the thankless world has
left its smart—

Without some visions, beckoning and
bright,
That make him gladly to his bedside
start.

"Accursed who on the Mount of Rulers
sits

Nor gains some glimpses of a fairer day!
Who knows not there, what there his soul
befits,

Thoughts that leap up and kindle far
away

The coming time! Who rather dulls the
ear

With brawling discord and a cloud of
words;

Owning no hopeful object far or near,
Save what the universal self affords.

"He that with sway of empire would con-
trol

The various millions, parted or amassed,
Should hold in bounteous fee an ample
soul—

Equal the first to know, nor less the last.
At once whose general eye surveys as well
The rank or desert waste—the golden
field:

Whose feet the mountain and the valley
tread,

Nor ever to the trials of the way will
yield.

"Deeper to feel, than quickly to express—

And then alone in the consummate act—
Reaps not the ocean, nor the free air tills,
But keeps within his own peculiar tract :
Confirms the State in all its needful right,
Nor strives to draw within its general
bound—

For gain or loss, for glory or distress,
The rich man's hoard, the poor man's
patchy ground.

"Strip from the trunk that props the em-
pire up,

All weeds, all flowers that hide the
simple shaft :

Plain as the heavens and pure as mid-day
light

Swell up its ample cope: nor there in-
graft

A single leaf nor draw a single line
To daze the eye, to coax the grasper's
hand;

Simple it rose—so simple let it rise—
Forever, changeless simple let it
stand!"

Friendship :—

"In fortune, quality and temper mated—
Let spirit, spirit choose—each suited
best

To th' other's moving mind or mind at
rest;

In kinship nearer than red blood related.

"No castled shadow falls upon the heart,
Darkening two faces each turned unto
the other,

No lowly roof shuts in or out the
heart's true brother:
Life deals to each, with equal chance an
equal part.

Many chapters might be written on this text, full of matter for wise and sad reflection. There would be many sighs for past tenderness, for the petrification of society, for youthful simplicity gone never to return, for the nicer shades of sentiment lost in the sunlight of the world. But these are individual feelings seldom free from prejudice. Friendship is of a private character, and on this account might have been spared by Mr. Mathews. He has not given us the lover, or attempted to catch the "Cynthia of the minute." Why give us the Friend, for whom there are no universal rules? This friendship is the most abused, arbitrary, exacting thing in the world. It substitutes prejudice for justice—it dispenses tyranny for respect. Its essence moralists say is equality; if so, it has no need of one virtue,—and one of the best,—gratitude. Among men it prevails but little. The sentiment is merged in the better relationship, the second-self of married life. As the world advances and we meet in every man a brother, this restrictive sentiment will disappear, or rather will be expanded into a broader, a more universal development and action. In times of danger, in religious or political persecutions, friendship is the most eminent. Its essence is in sympathy and charity—why should they end so near home? We expect a friend to be a partizan by a kind of Masonic bond. We exact from him, and repay with indifference, a boon for which the heart would warm in lasting gratitude to a stranger. A perfectly just man can have no partialities—he will forgive an enemy's weakness as soon as his friend's. His charity will cover all save himself. He will condemn his own errors and spare all others.

To return to our book. The Painter and Sculptor may be classed together. Mr. Mathews inculcates for both—originality. The following is finely expressed:

"Would the soul clothe itself in elder
gloom—

Let stand upon the cliff and in the
shadowy grove

The tawny ancient of the warrior race,
With dusky limb and flushing face,
Diffusing Autumn through the stilly
place."

And he thus, after lingering briefly amid the beauties of that nature which in this country affords to the Painter such noble inspirations, cheers him on to his duty and mission, of at once adorning it, and elevating and purifying by the benign influences of art, those whose lines are fallen in these pleasant places:

"Are there no spirits, kin to light and
beauty,
Springing to cheer these sweet and
suited haunts?
Faces of love and forms of eldest duty,
Which, unexpressed, the soul thereafter
pant?
Fill thou the mansion of thy Father-land
With hues to gladden in its hours of
need,
With glancing shapes that every fair-
ness breed,
And pour a larger life from thy creative
hand!"

The Journalist for its subject and execution, is among the best of these poems. Mr. Mathews's few verses are worth all the bad-spirited homilies of the Foreign Reviews, or rather they are worth a great deal more:

"A dark-dyed spirit he who coins the
time,
To virtue's wrong, in base disloyal
lies—
Who makes the morning's breath, the
evening's tide,
The utterer of his blighting forgeries.

"How beautiful who scatters, wide and
free,
The gold-bright seeds of loved and lov-
ing truth!
By whose perpetual hand, each day, sup-
plied—
Leaps to new life the empire's heart of
youth.

"The angel that in sand-dropped minutes
lives,
Demands a message cautious as the
ages;—
Who stuns, with dusk-red words of hate,
his ear,
That mighty power to boundless wrath
enrages."

The fourteenth poem is entitled,
"The Masses," a force in the State

which Mr. Mathews evokes to clear the air of foul pestilential vapors when the light of Heaven is hid from men. His language is bold and destructive, and savors little of the speech of those timid gentlemen who take so much satisfaction in circulating Alison's History of the French Revolution, not as the truest, but the most conservative—a very good book for the people!

“Remember, Men! on massy strength
relying,
There is a heart of right
Not always open to the light,
Secret and still and force-defying.
In vast assemblies calm, let order rule,
And, every shout a cadence owning,
Make musical the vex'd wind's moaning,
And be as little children at a singing-school.

“But, when thick as night, the sky is
crusted o'er,
Stiffing life's pulse and making Heaven
an idle dream,
Arise! and cry, up through the dark, to
God's own throne:
Your faces in a furnace glow,
Your arms uplifted for the death-ward
blow—
Fiery and prompt as angry angels show:
Then draw the brand and fire the thun-
der-gun!
Be nothing said and all things done!
Till every cobwebbed corner of the
common-weal
Is shaken free, and, creeping to its
scabbard back the steel,
Lets shine again God's rightful sun!”

But Mr. Mathews is no destructive. He has the *true* conservative principle, a constant looking to his country and a firm determination to abide by all the good she has thus far attained. Your true Reformer knows too well the hard means by which blessings are obtained to throw away the least advantage of goodness. The next poem, on “The Reformer,” is very happy, comparing the wrong and error of the past to some polluted, unclean beast, foul as Schiller's dragon:

“Man of the Future! on the eager head-
land standing,
Gazing far off into the outer sea,
Thine eye, the darkness and the billows
rough commanding,
Beholds a shore, bright as the Heaven
itself may be;
Where temples, cities, homes and
haunts of men,

Orchards and fields spread out in order-
ly array,
Invite the yearning soul to thither flee,
And there to spend in boundless peace
its happier day.

“By passion and the force of earnest
thought,
Borne up and platformed at a height,
Where 'gainst thy feet the force of earth
and heaven are brought;
Yet, so into the frame of empire wrought,
Thou, stout man, can'st not thence be
severed,
Till ruled and rulers, fiends or men, are
taught
And feel the truths by thee delivered:

“Seize by its horns the shaggy Past,
Full of uncleanness; heave with moun-
tain cast,
Its carcass down the black and wide
abyss—
That opens day and night its gulfy
precipice,
By faded empires, projects old and dead.
Forever in its noisy hunger fed;
But rush not, therefore, with a brutish
blindness
Against the 'stablished bulwarks of
the world;
Kind be thyself although unkindness
Thy race to ruin dark and suffering
long, has hurried.

For many days of light, and smooth repose,
Twixt storm and weathery sadness
intervene—
Thy course is Nature's; on thy triumph-
flows,
Assured, like hers, though noiseless
and serene,

“Wake not at midnight and proclaim the
day,
When lightning only flashes o'er the way:
Pauses and starts and strivings towards
an end,
Are not a birth, although a god's birth
they portend.
Be patient therefore like the old broad
earth
That bears the guilty up, and through
the night
Conducts them gently to the dawa-
ing light—
Thy silent hours shall have as great a
birth!”

The Poor Man gets very good ad-
vice. But we do not agree with our
author in all the parts of the following
sentiment:

“Plant in thy breast a measureless
content,
Thou Poor Man, cramped with want
or racked with pain,

Good Providence, on no harsh purpose bent,

Has brought thee there, to lead thee back again.

No other bondage is upon thee cast

Save that wrought out by thine own erring hand;

By thine own act, alone, thine image placed—

Poorest or President choose thou to stand."

We have not yet reached that degree of social perfection. Many a weary day's work for the friends of philanthropy lies between. Much work of the poor man has that blessed steam-engine to do yet before he can walk erect in Heaven's open air.

The Scholar gets little sympathy, with his "dull dead books." If they are to him "dull dead books," he certainly deserves none. In the Scholar, our author fails entirely. He evidently takes the word in a sense altogether narrow and mean.

We pass to the Preacher—a prolific topic—on which we are tempted to pause for a few words, though we can barely allow our pen to touch glancingly on it as we pass.

Religion, does she catch her spirit from the living man, or in inglorious content mumble idly the lesson she has learnt by rote of the past? With what are our pulpits filled? What are the words that come to us from the sacred place? We worship in splendid houses—but Holy Writ has taught us we may gild the tombs of the prophets whom our fathers slew, and yet be the sons, in the very likeness of those destroyers. Is the Christianity of the present day true to the Christianity of the Bible? We read in the sacred volume that it is a religion of sacrifice, that the fate of its followers is suffering and martyrdom, that its spirit is REFORM, uncompromising hatred to all wrong, love and ardent pursuit of all good; and what is its practice now? Why it misinterprets its lesson; it quibbles even in the sacred desk; it tells us that its suffering is not for good in battle with evil, but it is the acquiescence of evil; that its quiet is not the quiet of man vexed by social wrong and injustice, the quiet poured over the troubled soul crying out for knowledge;—no, the quiet is for rich men, sitting on well-stuffed velvet cushions, not to vex their righteous souls over-much for the disquiet of their

fellows. It tells us that we are to cultivate reason and test our faith by her laws—not that we may in all sincerity build up a pure temple to truth in the soul, but that we may learn to distinguish the shibboleth of one sect from the shibboleth of another sect. Religion, as it is taught, is thus a matter of grammar, or history, or chronology, or the art of dress—anything but a matter of philosophy. Man ceases to be a practical man when he enters his church. In his counting-house he is inquisitive of all that is new, and can detect a false bale of goods from a genuine one; he does not keep up this juggle of appearances with his lawyer or his physician. He falls into conventionalisms enough, but in no other instance within our knowledge does he so voluntarily run into them as in some spiritual matters. His soul is not educated, his charity is not sincere, his judgment is enfeebled, his tastes are low, the heart and head are divorced. Whence comes this evil, this difference? External life, the relations of man with the laws of space and matter, the necessities of the new century, have outrun his spiritual condition. It is true, we believe, that the Church has adapted herself in different periods to the actual condition of the people. In an illiterate age, when the popular mind was uneducated and sluggish, she arrested the attention of peasants and laborers by simple and ingenious stories that are to us now mere romances and jest books. Such, in the thirteenth century, were the fables of the *Gesta Romanorum*, the text book of monkish sermon-writing. A period of increasing light came, and Erasmus laughed at these childish legends. They were not ridiculous when they were first spoken. Christianity subsequently embraced learning, till the fine-spun logic of casuists and doctors of cases of conscience dwindled into the division of texts to the very letters of the alphabet. The humorous Echard, in his treatise on the Contempt of the Clergy, brushed away these cobwebs with his cap of bells. Ease and elegant periods afterward occupied the pulpit, but these grew too light for the awakening seriousness of the public mind, and Methodism brought forward the evangelical school, of whose sermons it has been remarked there is but one type. With trifling variations, this school now

fills the pulpit. But it preaches no longer with its old authority. Its terrors are neglected or enforced with lukewarmness. Happy indeed if it thus abandon its reign of terror; happier yet if it would embrace in all its extent the law of love. Its old missionary arguments are somewhat weakened upon the ear. We even hear from orthodox divines of the salvability of the heathen. Christianity is not the living principle of the state. Where is Puritanism? What is Puseyism but the admission of the need of a new element? But the world does not go back or seek in the wardrobe of the past save for an occasional masquerade. *Nulla vestigia retrorsum*, is its motto. Society asks and obtains in its minor literature, in the tale and the song, a recognition of its new ideas. The lightest miscellanies are full of thoughts of man and his social relations, of the economy of the state, of the welfare of sick and poor brethren, of man's infinite hopes and energies, of his earnest world-work—what does he hear of these things in our orthodox pulpits? Think you, Christianity, such as we have as yet had it, has received into its preaching all that Christ taught? Why, it will tell you of the divine right of almost every wrong the devil has ever sent upon the earth, and offer up thanksgiving for the bloody triumphs of war. Its motto on its banner is "the field is the world," and it will give thanks for a victory and the destruction of the sheep of its fold. With short-sighted weakness it will decide irrevocably upon the error of man, and taking to itself the power of God alone over human life, will stand by the executioner and bid him tighten the rope about the neck of a living human being.

There is nothing destructive in these views, nought by which Christianity may be impaired. Heaven forbid. It remains the same to-day, and forever—the one final deliverance of the human race; but in arguing for the admission of a new preaching that shall welcome the sound humanitarian philosophy of the day, (Christianity, we may be sure, can never be at variance with such,) we ask only that this preaching may have more life, be more freely received and glorified in the hearts and lives of men. And the world will have Christianity preached

with this life; for the clergy too, are men, as well as the laity, and will demand sincerity. We cheerfully adopt our author's appeal to them:

"Withered be he, the false one of the brood,
Who, husbandman of evil, scatters strife,
Brambling and harsh upon the field of life:

But deeper cursed whose secret hand
Plucks on to doom the safeguards of the land,
Freedom, and civil forms and sacred Rights

That conscience owns: he, conscience-stung, who plights
His voice 'gainst these, should sheer-down fall

From off the glory of the temple-wall.
Smitten by God as false to truth and love
And all the sacred links that bind the heavens above

And man beneath: a withered Paul,
Apostleless, beyond recall!

"Rather with blessings and the bonds of life,
Let Heaven's good workmen bind together

The house that roofs us on this dear, dear plot of earth,
An arbor in the genial sun,
A stronghold in the tyrannous weather:
Kindly and loving brethren every one,
All equal—all alike who thither tend,
Where all may dwell together without end—

And as our course must be, so let it be begun.

"But shrink not, therefore, from the coward age,

That shows, in mockery shows, its hideous face at times,
And crosses with its cursed din the very sabbath-chimes;

O, smite and buffet with a holy rage
Its brassy cheeks and brow of icy coldness—

Dash and confound it with the storm-cloud's boldness

That frowns and speaks till every house-roof trembles,

And face to face no more dissembles
The God-fear coiled within the crusted heart!

Brandish the truth and let its fount-edged dart

Cut to the quick, and, cut through every armor.

Unbosom to the light the Satan-charmer!

"Ye holy Voices sphered in middle air!
Lower than angels, nor as they so fair,

Yet quiring God's behest with truth and power—
 Pitch your blest speech, or high or low,
 That angels may its language own and know,
 Through the round Heaven to which it rises,
 And ever on the earth may fall in glad surprises,
 The spring-sweet music of a sudden shower.
 Heaven shall bless thee and the earth shall bless,
 And up through the close, dark death-hour thou shalt spring
 With fragrant parting, and heaven-cleaving wing—
 To ask, nor ask in vain, thy Christ's caress!"

The Poet is the subject of the concluding poem in the volume before us—but why has he omitted all allusion to Womankind?—as concentrating in himself the representation and embodiment of all the manifold phases of humanity of which it treats—as

"The mighty heart that holds the world at full,
 Lodging in one embrace the father and the child,
 The toiler, reaper, sufferer, rough or mild,
 All kin of earth."

And he is thus apostrophized :

"Gather all kindreds of this boundless realm
 To speak a common tongue in thee!
 Be thou—
 Heart, pulse and voice, whether pent hate o'erwhelm
 The stormy speech or young love whisper low.
 Cheer them, immitigable battle-drum!
 Forth, truth-mailed to the old unconquered field—
 And lure them gently to a laurelled home,
 In notes softer than lutes or viols yield.
 Fill all the stops of life with tuneful breath,
 Closing their lids, bestow a dirge-like death!"

We have now run over each of the topics of Mr. Mathews's volume, and set fairly forth a general view of its contents. As it is very uniform in its style and strain, the liberal extracts we have made will suffice to enable every reader to form his own judgment alike of its merits and its faults. It is

on the whole one that deserves to be welcomed with favor and friendly encouragement, by the public to which the nationality of its appeal peculiarly addresses itself. It has in every respect raised our appreciation of its author's literary powers and promise. It is by far the most complete and satisfactory book he has yet produced. It is the most under the control of his judgment. The fetters of rhyme have proved a wholesome restraint upon an exuberance that has often with him outrun, in grotesque and incomplete irregularity of movement, the minds of his readers; and there is much less that jars upon the tasteful sense of the intelligent reader. It must be confessed, indeed, that Mr. Mathews wears these same fetters of rhyme and rhythm very loosely and impatiently, shaking them about him sometimes with rather harsh discord of sound, in a very rebellious fashion to those laws of verse which have not been disdained by some tolerable poets who have not disgraced the language. We should have been well pleased if he had worn them with a little more respect and docility; nor would the poetry of the volume have suffered by the lengthened labor and more studied care, which might have been thus required of him. Had we indeed seen them before their appearance in print, we should have advised the author to devote many a midnight, many a morning hour, to the duty of improvement and polish. They have a great deal of excellent, sweet, and nutritive saccharine matter, but the process of clarification is yet incomplete. Mr. Mathews takes more liberties with his reader and with his language than so young a writer—than any writer—is entitled to take. It is evident that most of the poems have been struck off in very rapid and off-hand haste; so that we see great beauties left disfigured with great defects. Side by side with rich and noble thoughts, set, like apples of gold in vessels of silver, in fine passages of poetical language, obscurities, turgidities, forced and far-fetched expressions, taking the mind of the reader who endeavors to comprehend their meaning and bearing, to efforts not always adequately rewarded—are far more frequent than they ought to be; to say nothing of metrical sins, sins of extreme carelessness,—though they

sometimes have a less pardonable air of design, which would then make them affectations, deserving less gentle rebuke. A young poet should not forget that iron requires to be hammered hard and long, as well as simply heated in the glowing furnace of excited thought, or else it is apt to be full of cracks and flaws, and particles of worthless dust. This lesson is the more necessary to a temperament of sanguine, impetuous exuberance, such as we conceive to be that of the author of the present volume. It is not everything we write that we ought to print; or even to keep, for any other purpose than the periodical bonfires which most young men who know how to write have to kindle now-a-days. To borrow a very unpoetical illustration from a process we have had frequent occasion to watch during the rustication of the past summer, (on whose grave we beg to be allowed to drop a passing tear)—when the oyster-rake is struck down and then brought up to the surface, however rich the bed may be, it is not all the contents of its capacious prongs that are worth keeping—nay, sometimes there will be little else than the mud, stones and seaweed. The boat will soon be loaded indeed, if these are all taken in,—but the most experienced fishermen prefer to drop them quietly back again. We are speaking now for the benefit of several of our younger poets, and not of Mr. Mathews in particular—Hear ye! hear ye! hear ye! Do not so partake of the universal national hurry. Do not be so impatient, young gentlemen, to wake up the next morning and find yourselves famous. *Testinate lente.* More haste, less speed. Beware of the

monthly temptation of the Magazines, even though it be the Democratic. Nor is the publication of a collected volume necessarily *ipso facto* a sure passport to the summit of—

“The height where Fame’s proud temple shines afar.”

Bryant, we may hint in passing, writes slowly and little. Like the process of distillation, it comes by drops, but they are drops of diamond light, any one of which will far outvalue an ocean of that muddy fluency which is so easy. And there have been penmen who could transcribe within the surface of a thumb-nail all that Halleck has ever published.

It is our very appreciation of Mr. Mathews’s capabilities that prompts us to urge upon him with a friendly frankness and earnestness, a special attention to the general hint thus addressed to several of our young friends, whom it is unnecessary to go out of our way to specify. He can, and yet will, do fine things—but he must use the inverted end of his stylus far more freely than he has hitherto done. He must not shrink from the maternal bear’s labor of licking her own young into improved shape—nor even from Saturn’s still more severe treatment of his progeny. We have no doubt that this was the process performed by the Sibyl upon the nine books which she brought back, first in six, and then in three volumes—she was re-writing them in the interval; and this we take to be the triumph of the legend, or at least its best. Her only mistake was in not charging a triple price with the triple condensation.

THE WIDOWER.

“Sleep on, my love, in thy cold bed,
Never to be disquieted.

Henry King, on the death of his wife.*

She sleeps beneath the sod,
Watched by the eyes of God,
Till the last trump shall sound.
On earth though lonely now
My weary aching brow,
My heart is under ground.

* Henry King, Bishop of Chichester, 1591–1669.

Desire and passion cling,
 As to a sacred thing,
 Around her buried head ;
 Our life's intensity
 Is well nigh lost to me,
 Thus living with the dead.

Only the mourning air
 Kisseth her temple fair,
 And stirreth from its rest
 The ringlet falling low,
 That drifted with the snow
 Of her upheaving breast.

The cold night clasps her oft,
 There falls the moonlight soft,
 There sorrowing I weep,—
 Alas ! for the closed eyes,
 That look no sweet replies,
 To the fond love we keep !

My thoughts ungathered lie,
 That would not droop and die,
 If she were bending near.
 Strange the heart's dreams should be
 So slight and shadowy,
 In their fulfilment here !

The pleasant toils of girls,
 That wreath their clustering curls,
 For me to murmur praise,
 Are welcome to my sight,
 Recalling the glad light
 That shone on other days.

They wile the lifeless hours,
 They bring the early flowers
 I strew upon her grave,—
 The flowers to chide its gloom,
 Ere death should claim their bloom,
 With the lost love I crave.

It will be hard to turn
 Back to the world, and learn
 Only her form to see
 Within my faithful heart,
 Until I too shall part
 With this mortality.

It will be hard to miss
 My life's accustomed bliss,
 That lightened every breath ;
 But grief will bear me soon
 Where all my joy is gone,
 With her to sleep in death.

A. S. M.

THE LANDLORD.

BY HENRY D. THOREAU.

UNDER the one word, house, are included the school house, the alms house, the jail, the tavern, the dwelling house; and the meanest shed or cave in which men live, contains the elements of all these. But no where on the earth stands the entire and perfect house. The Parthenon, St. Peter's, the Gothic minster, the palace, the hovel, are but imperfect executions of an imperfect idea. Who would dwell in them! Perhaps to the eye of the gods, the cottage is more holy than the Parthenon, for they look down with no especial favor upon the shrines formally dedicated to them, and that should be the most sacred roof which shelters most of humanity. Surely, then, the gods who are most interested in the human race preside over the Tavern, where especially men congregate. Methinks I see the thousand shrines erected to Hospitality shining afar in all countries, as well Mahometan and Jewish, as Christian, khans, and caravansaries, and inns, whither all pilgrims without distinction resort.

Likewise we look in vain east or west over the earth to find the perfect man; but each represents only some particular excellence. The Landlord is a man of more open and general sympathies, who possesses a spirit of hospitality which is its own reward, and feeds and shelters men from pure love of the creatures. To be sure, this profession is as often filled by imperfect characters, and such as have sought it from unworthy motives, as any other, but so much the more should we prize the true and honest Landlord when we meet with him.

Who has not imagined to himself a country inn, where the traveller shall really feel *in*, and at home, and at his public house, who was before at his private house; whose host is indeed a *host*, and a *lord* of the *land*, a self-appointed brother of his race; called to his place, beside, by all the winds of heaven and his good genius, as truly as the preacher is called to preach; a man of such universal sympathies, and so broad and

genial a human nature, that he would fain sacrifice the tender but narrow ties of private friendship, to a broad, sunshiny, fair-weather-and foul friendship for his race; who loves men, not as a philosopher, with philanthropy, nor as an overseer of the poor, with charity, but by a necessity of his nature, as he loves dogs and horses; and standing at his open door from morning till night, would fain see more and more of them come along the highway, and is never satiated. To him the sun and moon are but travellers, the one by day and the other by night; and they too patronise his house. To his imagination all things travel save his sign-post and himself; and though you may be his neighbor for years, he will show you only the civilities of the road. But on the other hand, while nations and individuals are alike selfish and exclusive, he loves all men equally; and if he treats his nearest neighbor as a stranger, since he has invited all nations to share his hospitality, the farthest travelled is in some measure kindred to him who takes him into the bosom of his family.

He keeps a house of entertainment at the sign of the Black Horse or the Spread Eagle, and is known far and wide, and his fame travels with increasing radius every year. All the neighborhood is in his interest, and if the traveller ask how far to a tavern, he receives some such answer as this: "Well, sir, there's a house about three miles from here, where they haven't taken down their sign yet; but it's only ten miles to Slocum's, and that's a capital house, both for man and beast." At three miles he passes a cheerless barrack, standing desolate behind its sign-post, neither public nor private, and has glimpses of a discontented couple who have mistaken their calling. At ten miles see where the Tavern stands,—really an *entertaining* prospect,—so public and inviting that only the rain and snow do not enter. It is no gay pavilion, made of bright stuffs, and furnished with nuts and gingerbread, but as plain and sincere as a

caravansary; located in no Tarrytown, where you receive only the civilities of commerce, but far in the fields it exercises a primitive hospitality, amid the fresh scent of new hay and raspberries, if it be summer time, and the tinkling of cow-bells from invisible pastures; for it is a land flowing with milk and honey, and the newest milk courses in a broad deep stream across the premises.

In these retired places the tavern is first of all a house—elsewhere, last of all, or never—and warms and shelters its inhabitants. It is as simple and sincere in its essentials as the caves in which the first men dwelt, but it is also as open and public. The traveller steps across the threshold, and lo! he too is master, for he only can be called proprietor of the house here who behaves with most propriety in it. The Landlord stands clear back in nature, to my imagination, with his axe and spade felling trees and raising potatoes with the vigor of a pioneer; with Promethean energy making nature yield her increase to supply the wants of so many; and he is not so exhausted, nor of so short a stride, but that he comes forward even to the highway to this wide hospitality and publicity. Surely, he has solved some of the problems of life. He comes in at his back door, holding a log fresh cut for the hearth upon his shoulder with one hand, while he greets the newly arrived traveller with the other.

Here at length we have free range, as not in palaces, nor cottages, nor temples, and intrude no where. All the secrets of housekeeping are exhibited to the eyes of men, above and below, before and behind. This is the necessary way to live, men have confessed, in these days, and shall he skulk and hide? And why should we have any serious disgust at kitchens? Perhaps they are the holiest recess of the house. There is the hearth, after all,—and the settle, and the faggots, and the kettle, and the crickets. We have pleasant reminiscences of these. They are the heart, the left ventricle, the very vital part of the house. Here the real and sincere life which we meet in the streets was actually fed and sheltered. Here burns the taper that cheers the lonely traveller by night, and from this hearth ascends the smokes that populate the valley to his eyes by day. On

the whole, a man may not be so little ashamed of any other part of his house, for here is his sincerity and earnest, at least. It may not be here that the besoms are plied most—it is not here that they need to be, for dust will not settle on the kitchen floor more than in nature.

Hence it will not do for the Landlord to possess too fine a nature. He must have health above the common accidents of life, subject to no modern fashionable diseases; but no taste, rather a vast relish or appetite. His sentiments on all subjects will be delivered as freely as the wind blows; there is nothing private or individual in them, though still original, but they are public, and of the hue of the heavens over his house,—a certain out-of-door obviousness and transparency not to be disputed. What he does, his manners are not to be complained of, though abstractly offensive, for it is what man does, and in him the race is exhibited. When he eats, he is liver and bowels, and the whole digestive apparatus to the company, and so all admit the thing is done. He must have no idiosyncracies, no particular bents or tendencies to this or that, but a general, uniform, and healthy development, such as his portly person indicates, offering himself equally on all sides to men. He is not one of your peaked and inhospitable men of genius, with particular tastes, but, as we said before, has one uniform relish, and taste which never aspires higher than a tavern sign, or the cut of a weathercock. The man of genius, like a dog with a bone, or the slave who has swallowed a diamond, or a patient with the gravel, sits afar and retired, off the road, hangs out no sign of refreshment for man and beast, but says, by all possible hints and signs, I wish to be alone—good-bye—farewell. But the landlord can afford to live without privacy. He entertains no private thought, he cherishes no solitary hour, no sabbath day, but thinks—enough to assert the dignity of reason—and talks, and reads the newspaper. What he does not tell to one traveller, he tells to another. He never wants to be alone, but sleeps, wakes, eats, drinks, sociably, still remembering his race. He walks abroad through the thoughts of men, and the Iliad and Shakspeare are tame to him, who hears the rude but homely incidents of the road from every

traveller. The mail might drive through his brain in the midst of his most lonely soliloquy, without disturbing his equanimity, provided it brought plenty of news and passengers. There can be no *pro-fan*ity where there is no *fa*ne behind, and the whole world may see quite round him. Perchance his lines have fallen to him in dustier places, and he has heroically sat down where two roads meet, or at the Four Corners, or the Five Points, and his life is sublimely trivial for the good of men. The dust of travel blows ever in his eyes, and they preserve their clear, complacent look. The hourlies and half-hourlies, the dailies and weeklies, whirl on well worn tracks, round and round his house, as if it were the goal in the stadium, and still he sits within in unruffled serenity, with no show of retreat. His neighbor dwells timidly behind a screen of poplars and willows, and a fence with sheafs of spears at regular intervals, or defended against the tender palms of visitors by sharp spikes,—but the traveller's wheels rattle over the door-step of the tavern, and he cracks his whip in the entry. He is truly glad to see you, and sincere as the bull's-eye over his door. The traveller seeks to find, wherever he goes, some one who will stand in this broad and catholic relation to him, who will be an inhabitant of the land to him a stranger, and represent its human nature, as the rock stands for its inanimate nature; and this is he. As his crib furnishes provender for the traveller's horse, and his larder provisions for his appetite, so his conversation furnishes the necessary aliment to his spirits. He knows very well what a man wants, for he is a man himself, and as it were the farthest travelled, though he has never stirred from his door. He understands his needs and destiny. He would be well fed and lodged, there can be no doubt, and have the transient sympathy of a cheerful companion, and of a heart which always prophesies fair weather. And after all the greatest men, even, want much more the sympathy which every one can give, than that which the great only can impart. If he is not the most upright, let us allow him this praise, that he is the most downright of men. He has a hand to shake and to be shaken, and takes a sturdy and unquestionable interest in you, as if he had assumed the

care of you, but if you will break your neck, he will even give you the best advice as to the method.

The great poets have not been ungrateful to their landlords. Mine host of the Tabard inn, in the Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*, was an honor to his profession:

“A semely man our Hoste was, with alle,
For to han been an marshal in an halle.
A large man he was, with eye stepe;
A fairer burgeis is ther non in Chepe:
Bold of his speche, and wise, and well
ytaught,
And of manhood him lacked righte
naught.
Eke thereto, was he right a mery man,
And after souper plaien he began,
And spake of mirthe amonges other
thinges,
Whan that we hadden made our reckon-
inges.”

He is the true house-band, and centre of the company—of greater fellowship and practical social talent than any. He it is, that proposes that each shall tell a tale to while away the time to *Canterbury*, and leads them himself, and concludes with his own tale:

“Now, by my fader's soule that is ded,
But ye be mery, smiteth of my hed:
Hold up your hondes withouten more
speche.”

If we do not look up to the Landlord, we look round for him on all emergencies, for he is a man of infinite experience, who unites hands with wit. He is a more public character than a statesman—a publican, and not consequently a sinner; and surely, he, if any, should be exempted from taxation and military duty.

Talking with our host is next best and instructive to talking with one's self. It is a more conscious soliloquy; as it were, to speak generally, and try what we would say provided we had an audience. He has indulgent and open ears, and does not require petty and particular statements. “Heigho!” exclaims the traveller. Them's my sentiments, thinks mine host, and stands ready for what may come next, expressing the purest sympathy by his demeanor. “Hot as blazes!” says the other,—“Hard weather, sir,—not much stirring now-a-days,” says he.

He is wiser than to contradict his guest in any case; he lets him go on, he lets him travel.

The latest sinner leaves him standing far in the night, prepared to live right on, while suns rise and set, and his "good-night" has as brisk a sound as his "good-morning," and the earliest riser finds him tasting his liquors in the bar ere flies begin to buzz, with a countenance fresh as the morning star over the sanded floor,—and not as one who had watched all night for travellers. And yet, if beds be the subject of conversation, it will appear that no man has been a sounder sleeper in his time.

Finally, as for his moral character, we do not hesitate to say, that he has no grain of vice or meanness in him, but represents just that degree of virtue which all men relish without being obliged to respect. He is a good man, as his bitters are good—an unquestionable goodness. Not what is called a good man,—good to be considered, as a work of art in galleries and muse-

ums,—but a good fellow, that is, good to be associated with. Who ever thought of the religion of an innkeeper—whether he was joined to the Church, partook of the sacrament, said his prayers, feared God, or the like? No doubt he has had his experiences, has felt a change, and is a firm believer in the perseverance of the saints. In this last, we suspect, does the peculiarity of his religion consist. But he keeps an inn, and not a conscience. How many fragrant charities, and sincere social virtues are implied in this daily offering of himself to the public. He cherishes good will to all, and gives the wayfarer as good and honest advice to direct him on his road, as the priest.

To conclude, the tavern will compare favorably with the church. The church is the place where prayers and sermons are delivered, but the tavern is where they are to take effect, and if the former are good, the latter cannot be bad.

THE FATHERLAND.

BY J. R. LOWELL.

WHERE is the true man's fatherland?
Is it where he by chance is born?
Doth not the free-winged spirit scorn
In such pent borders to be spanned?
Oh yes, his fatherland must be
As the blue heaven wide and free!

Is it alone where freedom is,
Where God is God and man is man?
Doth he not claim a broader span
For the soul's love of home than this?
Oh yes! his fatherland must be
As the blue heaven wide and free!

Where'er a human heart doth wear
Joy's myrtle wreath, or sorrow's gyves,
Where'er a human spirit strives
After a life more pure and fair,
There is the true man's birthplace grand!
His is a world-wide fatherland!

Where'er a single slave doth pine,
Where'er one man may help another,—
Thank God for such a birthright, brother!
That spot of earth is thine and mine;
There is the true man's birthplace grand!
His is a world-wide fatherland!

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

(With an engraving on steel.)

THE subject of this sketch was born in Charleston, S. C., November 5th, 1779. He was fitted for college at Newport, R. I., and his school-fellows remember his strong predilection for his art at that early age. When he was sixteen years old he entered Harvard University, and graduated in 1800 with a poem. In college he painted several pictures, and copied some of those belonging to the institution. His designs at this period are distinguished for their tragic and romantic effect; one of them, from Schiller's "Robbers," represents Charles de Moor, meditating suicide in the forest, pistol in hand.

After leaving college, he disposed of his paternal estate in South Carolina, and, in 1801, embarked for London, where he spent some three years as a student at the Royal Academy, West at that time being President. He then went to Italy, where he spent four years, and returned to America in 1809. After remaining at home two years, during which period he married a sister of the late Dr. Channing, he sailed again for England in 1811.

While abroad he divided his time between London, Paris and Rome. Few American artists have devoted so much time to preparatory studies. He qualified himself thoroughly in every department of the art, and gained an exact knowledge of anatomy; he spent much time in modelling—a practice which he continued to the last year of his life. In 1818, he returned to America, where he afterwards remained.

His figure was tall, commanding, well-proportioned and very erect. The lines of his face were softened, as if the tone of the fair features he moulded had been reflected there. His hair in his later years fell in long silver locks, and was very abundant, graceful, and waving. We have seen a picture of Fuseli which reminds us of him, though the former wanted a certain inward religious expression peculiar to Allston. His countenance expressed with great animation what was passing in his mind, and each emotion was mirrored there with singular fidelity.

If ever any man was a painter in his appearance, that man was Allston; his language, the tones of his voice, his gestures, were polished and refined, as they only could be, by an unwearied study of beauty. He impressed his visitor by a certain patient expression, as if he had devoted more of life to labor than most men; and had an inward look of industry, as if toil had been harmonized into the softest beauty, yet lost not a whit of its sternness. He was this unwearied worker. His gestures and frequent changes of position were always graceful, and well illustrated his conversation. He displayed that high-bred courtesy, in which great artists are not inferior to kings. He poured out the glass of wine, and attended you to the door, with a pleasure in each little civility that showed how magnificent his feelings were. It was a high service he did in the great court of love, not any thing individual. This elegance and polish made his society enchanting, but he possessed, besides, a keen and subtle intellect, a warm and generous heart, and a lofty and religious spirit.

Among his Poems, (for he also excelled in this art) many will remember his "England and America," gratefully inserted in the Sibylline Leaves, by Coleridge. In his Sylphs of the Seasons, the longest poem of his early volume, the same minute care to polish without weakening, which renders his pictures such monuments of artistical skill, is observable; his later poems, like "Rosalie," have an added delicacy and sweetness, as his later female heads have. Years in him, did but deepen the creative beauty of his soul, and a serene gentleness rests every where on his last works, like the latest beams of the sun over the landscape.

His only published work of fiction, "Monaldi," could have been composed by no one except a great painter, and the conceptions of master-pieces are strewn on its pages. It is a bold tale of imaginative passion, a thrilling narrative of the lights and shadows of human character. He has left a series

of lectures on his art, said to be complete.

His reading lay much in the field of fiction, doubtless as novels abound more in pictures than any other class of works. He admired stories having something of the terrible in them, and I have heard him mention with approbation a novel called the "Five Nights of St. Albans," that most readers would not find to their taste from its *diablerie*. Anything deep, however, in metaphysics, anything that went down into the matter, and was not bungled, fixed itself under his roof as a companion.

Of all critics, he was that one into whose hands it was safe for the artist to commit his design. So far was he removed from the ready sneer at immaturity which characterizes many who pretend to judge, that his kindness, his careful fidelity, his sincere love of good intentions in others, has made his loss almost irreparable among American artists. He had reached the age when young painters came to him trustingly for his opinion, nor did they misplace their confidence. Thus he has been called the "Father of American art." A new artist, if a true lover of art, was a treasure to him. He loved all sincere followers of the muse, and named them often in his home, as if glad to have them mentioned. He expected good things of each, and delightedly prophesied their renown. If he said nothing favorable of an artist, he forbore comment yet not as some, who by their silence dispraise. He mused as it were, as if those who sought art, had thereby won a peculiar regard from him, and were to be a hope, if not a present fulfilment. He forbore to add to the dissatisfaction, so abundant in the world, with works of art.

It has been said that Allston had not been much before the public latterly; but by the exhibition of all his principal pictures in America at Boston, a year or two since, he was brought before the public more emphatically than he could have been in any other shape. Seeing how sudden was his decease, we must look with singular satisfaction upon that gloriquous display of art. In that gallery we saw specimens of his earlier and later styles; the Italian landscape, painted—abroad, the last female head completed in his silent studio at home. We were privileged to mark his eminent advances to loftier

ideals in each new conception, and we felt how gratifying it was to the artist, thus to be criticised by his own works. But one feeling inspired the spectator, that he was a truly rich man to have been permitted a sight so instructive, and that no prouder monument of fame could well be reared. The gathered treasures of a life, devoted to embalming the choicest images of beauty, were open before the public.

Some persons have remarked, knowing he rarely went abroad in the fields and woods, (hardly at all, for some period before his death,) that his landscapes would have been better, or at least more real, if he had not been so domestic. We remember describing some woods we had visited, when the scene recalled a similar one of his boyhood, forty years before, and he surprised us by the extreme fidelity of his memory, of the admirable portrait of the forest; then he said, "It seems, sir, as if I had visited the spot to-day, so vivid is my recollection of it." Indeed, the tenacity of his memory, was only equalled by the surprising store of facts, anecdotes, and criticism, he had gathered, in an education the most favorable in its influences, both at home and abroad.

His manner of painting was distinguished by its minute attention to all those details which heighten the singular effects of coloring. An artist who successfully copied his "Lorenzo and Jessica," a picture on which he lavished his skill, was told by him that he must have pursued the same course of tactics, to produce the same effect, but when the great painter was asked to repeat the various steps, he said he could not recall them. He was so rich in design, that he could afford to invent an individual method adapted to the piece before him. He shared with the great masters their desire for mechanical perfection, and no toil was too great for him, if he could but thereby accomplish his purpose. As an instance of this, an alteration in his "Belshazzar's Feast" may be taken, where some change in the figures required the lamp to be lowered, that hung from the ceiling. To effect this, the whole perspective of the immense picture was altered; every line drawn over in chalk, requiring at least a month's incessant labor, preparatory to putting on the dead color. He preferred to draw as much as possible from

reality ; to be perfect in small things, as well as in great.

When his picture of the "Blood Hound," from Mrs. Radcliffe's novel of the "Italian," was exhibited, a little girl was observed shutting the blinds in the room, one after the other, and when asked why, she said, "I want to shut out that light on the picture." In his great picture of "Jeremiah," the water jar on the left has attracted the notice of many, despite the majestic figure of the prophet. The minutest parts of his pictures bear impress of the master's hand, no less than the general idea of the composition. In his earliest drawings, in his last finished pictures, he never any where slighted or undervalued his genius.

He describes the method of painting the light, in his celebrated picture of "Uriel," where that angel dwelt, in the following manner : "I surrounded him, and the rock of adamant on which he sat, with the prismatic colors, in the order in which the ray of light is decomposed by the prism. I laid them in with the strongest colors, and next with transparent color so intimately blended them, I re-produced the original ray. It was so bright, that it made your eyes twinkle as you looked at it."

A young man who had a taste for painting, and was looking about after a profession, consulted Allston, through a friend, for his opinion. The great painter replied : "It is a calling full of delays and disappointments, and I can never recommend any one to pursue it. If he *must* be a painter, let him come prepared to bear up a mighty burden." It was his opinion that artists and literary men must of necessity be poor, yet he added, "I, surely, cannot complain of the public." Of pictures he used to say, that their interior meaning should be as much attended to, as their superficial effect. His advice to a young artist was : "Do not be anxious, but put faith in your fingers. When I paint I often do not look at my palette ; I take off my colors by a secret sympathy between my hand and the pigments." Being asked whether he did not prefer a certain picture of his above the rest, he replied : "I love all my children." Yet in his chalk outline of a scene from the "Midsummer Night's Dream," he pointed out a dancing figure to an artist, as happily drawn.

At one time, in London, he was re-

duced to his last sixpence, when he suddenly received the payment for his picture of the "Resuscitation of the young man on touching the bones of the prophet in the cave." If this had gone only to his own benefit, it would not have been worth mentioning, but when we learn that liberally and at once he applied a part of this sum to the needs of a brother artist, and gave him the means of visiting Paris, where the latter had long wished to proceed, we feel the noble generosity of Allston.

His criticism on pictures was not spread out in those sprawling Italianisms common with amateurs. "Your trees do not look as if the birds could fly through them," was his remark to the student.

He used to mention with peculiar satisfaction the skill possessed by Powers in the making of busts ; how closely he had imitated flesh ; for other American sculptors too he showed the warmest admiration ; while Greenough was very near and dear to him. The modern German school of painting he considered very promising, and the great work illustrating their pictures had been sent to him from the compiler.

His great picture, as it is called, of Belshazzar's Feast, which was to have contained two hundred figures, is left incomplete ; the scale of the piece having been often changed, and the chief figure, that of the king, once nearly finished, quite erased. He was once asked how he got his light for this picture, when he said, "from the mysterious letters on the wall ;—the MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN. The lamp in the vast hall grows dim, in the brightness of that supernatural light."

Mr. Allston's health had never been fully established, since a severe sickness he had abroad, some thirty years since ; but until within the last two years, no anxiety of a painful kind had been felt. He died very suddenly on the evening of the 9th of June, 1843, aged sixty-three years, after painting as usual during the day, and conversing with his friends almost to the hour of his death.

In so brief a notice of so eminent a painter, no particular criticism of his various works can be looked for, and it belongs to his biographer fully to portray his moral excellencies. It has been said, that he will not be chiefly celebrated in future times as an histori-

cal painter, yet what American will compare, thus far in this line of art, with him! In the course of time, can any one doubt that such works as "Miriam," "Jeremiah," "Uriel," and others of the like character, will rank with the best historical pictures extant.

His fame will not rest merely on these. Those designs, drawn from the artist's soul, so harmonious and perfect, that fitly to praise them seems impossible, must for ever remain to keep the name of Allston fresh in the memory of his country.

STANZAS.

INSCRIBED TO WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

BY GEO. B. WALLIS, OF VIRGINIA.

There is "Fountain" in our woodland dells,
 Deep in the solemn shadow of high hills,
 Where an unbroken sabbath stillness dwells
 Through the long summer day; where Memory fills
 Her golden bowl with nectar which distils
 From heaven; where the low, dim hum of bees,
 And a deep, mystic spirit-music thrills
 Upon the heart-strings, lulling it to ease,
 With spirits of love around—and thou art one of these.

And oft in the warm sunset hours of June,
 On the green margin of our mountain stream,
 Under the sparkling stars and crescent moon,
 While scanning the blue fields where poets dream
 Is Love's eternity, the immortal theme
 Has come upon me in the "Evening Wind;"
 So sweet the visitation, one might deem
 The invisible zephyrs angels good and kind,
 Diffusing from their wings those sweets which fill the mind.

And in mild Autumn's "melancholy days,"
 When the birds cease to sing, the flowers to bloom;
 Yet when around us a voluptuous blaze,
 The skies, the earth, the spirit doth illumine,
 So that we scarce regret the work of gloom
 In Nature's desolation:—in such hours,
 I think of that "meek blossom" of the tomb,
 With others gather'd from our summer bowers,
 That fair and gentle girl "who perished with the flowers."

Sweet is it to commune on Nature's page,
 Her ample page, meek bard, with such as thee;
 Who teachest that a flower may assuage
 The mind, and quell its murmurs; that a tree
 May give a friend's companionship to me;
 That the hush'd woods are hallow'd temples, where
 Amid their sounding aisles, whate'er may be
 Our creed, or our condition, or our care,
 The heart unfolds its leaves like flowers which bloom but there.

September,.....	83,549	239,719	254,573	259,483	_____
October,.....	203,368	325,095	268,808	411,025	_____
November,.....	255,716	420,144	321,048	252,258	_____
December,.....	14,783	36,400	19,279		_____
Total flour,	967,712	1,805,139	1,624,855	1,561,395	
wheat,	91,627	211,937	119,422	112,320	
Total wheat & flour, bbls.	1,083,407	2,083,977	1,776,250	1,747,520	

The receipts to September 1st, are larger than ever before, even in the year 1840. Showing the immense increase of natural wealth, and also the fact, that the business now doing in the Atlantic cities is a real business. The purchases are not on credit nor with money borrowed, but with the actual proceeds of industry. Hence the business has not been accompanied with the usual demand for money for its prosecution; on the other hand, the plenteousness of money seems rather to increase as it progresses. The weather of the past summer has, however, been far from propitious to the development of business. The last winter was an unusually "hard" one, and the absence of snow in many large sections had an injurious effect upon the winter crops. The spring was then very backward, so that the cotton crop was thrown back some three weeks later than usual, and, followed by a long drought, destroyed in a great measure in succession the crops of wheat, corn, and cotton; while the drought in the State of New York was so severe as absolutely to suspend the flouring of wheat; all these are events which will have an influence on the winter and spring trade. These untoward events, however, in our varied climate, occur but seldom. The general result of the summer business has been to give an impulse to the cash system, and put in motion the elements of great prosperity. The general features of the whole trade are, abundant products at advancing prices, an increase of trade, a great plenteousness of money, and a continued firmness in public securities. All these are indications that the crisis has passed; that the lowest point of depression has been reached, and a

continuance of that movement, which, by raising the prices of produce, giving the people the ability and will to pay commercial debts, will inevitably restore to them the disposition to pay taxes for the discharge of public debts. This view of the state of affairs seems, at the date of our last advices from England, to have wrought a change in regard to American securities, to which that market had long been a stranger. The negotiation of the Illinois Commissioners, which we described in our June Number, proceeds favorably; and the result of the disposition of the people of that State to settle their debts has been such as we then anticipated, viz., to remove in a great degree the imputation of disinclination to pay just debts. Accordingly, for the first time in many months, a disposition to speculate in American stocks was apparent in London, and many sales had taken place at improved prices. Nothing was wanting but a movement on the part of Indiana, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, towards paying their debts in order to recover American credit. Indeed, when we reflect upon the population and resources of the latter State, we are struck with the demoralising effects of the paper system. The creation of bank credits to an unlimited extent, the legalising of their fraudulent suspension, and the subsequent passage of a bankrupt act, were well calculated to suggest to the people a resistance to taxation, and as a natural consequence injure the national character.

That Pennsylvania is abundantly able to pay, is sufficiently apparent, even if we compare the population and debt of the whole United States in 1796; with those of Pennsylvania now, as follows:

	Debt.	Population.	Debt per head.
United States, 1796,.....	\$83,762,172	3,929,827	21.31
Pennsylvania, 1843,.....	37,500,000	1,930,224	19.40

The debt of Pennsylvania is not so large by \$1.91 per head, after a season of twenty-five years profound peace,

and when they are in possession of public works constructed with the proceeds of the debt, which was all spent among

their own people, as the debt of the United States after a long and disastrous war, when the country was destitute of capital and without public works of any kind. Yet the latter debt was, without a murmur, faithfully paid to the last cent, while Pennsylvania, with ample means, remains inert amid her disgrace. The triumphant discharge of the national debt in 1835, is a conclusive proof that all existing debts can be discharged, and that eventually such will be the case. The hesitation now evinced is the effect of the moral paralysis which was the natural result of the losses by paper gambling. The fictitious excitement of the paper system, is succeeded by the same reckless disregard of moral obligation in the public mind as is the

stimulation of a game of chance in that of a losing gamester. We have experienced the cause, and it has been succeeded by its effect. That feeling is now passing away. The wealth and the public morals are growing under the healthy action of industry and economy, and the time is not distant when the last stain will be wiped from State faith.

During the last session of the New York State Legislature, a law was passed in relation to the State Banks, by which they were required to make quarterly returns of their affairs to the Comptroller, by whom they were to be published on the 20th of August, November, January and May of each year. The first quarterly statement was made on the 20th August, and is as follows, as compared with the previous returns:

BANKS OF STATE OF NEW YORK, JAN., 1843, AND AUGUST, 1843.

	Jan. 1843.	August 1843.
Loans and Discounts.....	52,348,467	53,007,207
“ to Directors.....		4,155,775
“ to Brokers.....		1,430,099
Real Estate.....	3,568,725	4,053,595
Bonds and Mortgages.....	2,415,735	3,644,870
Stocks and Promissory notes.....	10,030,338	12,330,987
Due from Directors.....		39,788
“ “ Brokers.....		212,219
Bank fund.....	770,372	527,766
Loss and Expense.....	948,778	554,613
Overdrafts.....	87,328	98,639
Specie.....	8,477,076	14,091,779
Cash Items.....	2,273,131	2,735,417
Bills of Solvent Banks.....	4,888,987	4,906,792
“ “ Suspended.....		231,517
Due from Banks.....	7,700,044	11,728,808
	93,508,951	113,759,871
Capital.....	43,950,137	43,019,577
Profits.....	4,129,699	4,011,923
Circulation, Old.....	12,031,871	7,912,180
“ New.....		6,608,663
Due State.....		531,762
“ Canal Fund.....	1,495,888	741,382
Deposites.....	19,100,415	26,679,230
Individuals.....	213,411	316,453
Banks.....	12,072,679	21,340,748
U. States.....		4,033,385
Other Items.....	514,851	570,276
	93,508,951	113,765,579

The return for August presents a little discrepancy, which occurred through a misunderstanding on the part of one of the free Banks. The amount of deposits in these banks is very large, a proportion of which is specie, for which

there has been but little employment. The investments of the banks have increased, it appears, \$20,250,920, of which but \$700,000 have been of regular discounts. The remainder consists of stocks, mortgages, specie, and

loans to brokers and directors, showing the little business demand which has existed for money; the means have accumulated from deposits, public and private, and from banks of other cities, mostly Philadelphia and Baltimore, to which a balance of over \$10,000,000 is due. In September of last year money was here comparatively scarce, and the exchanges began to turn in favor of New Orleans, whither near \$3,000,000 in specie was sent from this city in payment of the crops, at the same time specie was flowing in here from Europe. This continued until the crops were mostly exhausted in the spring, when remittances began to be made to New York, and money to accumulate as seen above. As the season advanced, bills at the south began to grow scarce, and the rates to advance; and as money here had become

so plentiful as scarcely to find employment at all, even at exceedingly low rates, remittances were stopped in order that they might be made to better advantage, at the low rates which it was expected the bills against the new crops would command. The movement of business generally, being on a cash basis, only served to return money to the great centres of business whence it had previously been distributed for the purchase of produce. This process has gone on not only at all the commercial centres in the United States, but also in London, the great centre of the commercial world.

The following is a table of the specie held by the banks of New York City, South Carolina, New Orleans, and the Bank of England, at different periods down to August, 1843.

SPECIE IN THE VAULTS OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND, BANKS OF NEW YORK, NEW ORLEANS, AND SOUTH CAROLINA.

	Banks of N. Y. City.	New Orleans.	S. Carolina.	Bank of England.	Total.
Jan. 1842.....	\$4,074,001	1,741,526	857,649	26,010,000	32,683,176
July 1842.....	3,976,328	1,208,453	810,640	30,095,000	36,090,423
Jan. 1843.....	6,174,317	4,586,737	817,131	54,665,000	66,243,385
Aug. 1843.....	12,965,944	5,864,019	1,171,689	59,360,000	79,361,652

This table gives an increase of \$46,678,476 accumulated at four points in 18 months, and evinces the fact that the causes which produce such an effect are not local, but are general and embrace the commercial world. The receipts of specie at New Orleans from July, 1842 to August 1843, were \$10,500,000, whereas the increase in the banks was but \$4,500,000; \$6,000,000 passed into circulation to supply the vacuum created by the withdrawal of the paper circulation of the banks. The receipts of specie into the United States may be estimated at \$25,000,000, while the Bank of England has received \$33,000,000. These facts show how fallacious were the notions some time since indulged in by a large party, that without bank paper we should have no currency. The natural wealth of the United States answering the wants of Europe will always compel a supply of the precious metals sufficient for the wants of the country. The extent of that supply is always governed by the relative value of specie to commodities. When the supply is short, the price is high, or what is the same thing, commodities

are cheap. They are cheap when a given amount of the precious metals will command a greater quantity of articles generally than in any other country. When that is the case specie moves to that point until the increased supply has reduced the price, and commodities have attained a relatively increased value. The wants of the United States have been very large, because, it has been the effect of the enormous quantity of bank paper created in former years, and forced into circulation, so to increase the supply of the currency, as to decrease its value much below what it would command abroad. As the paper part could not be exported, the specie was sent abroad until nothing remained but some \$130,000,000 of paper which could not be redeemed, and was therefore valueless. A great part of that has perished, and specie, as seen above, has been imported in large quantities during the past year. The progress of the import, indicating the appreciation of the currency as the business of the year progressed, is seen in the following table of sterling exchanges at the leading cities:

RATES OF EXCHANGE AT NEW YORK AND NEW ORLEANS, FROM JULY, 1842, TO SEPTEMBER 15, 1843.

1842.	New York.		New Orleans.	
	Sterling.	Francs.	Sterling.	Sight on New York.
July.....	6½ a 7	5,40 a 5,41		
Aug.....	6 a 6½	5,42½ a 5,45	2½ a 3 prem.	3 a 4 prem.
Sept.....	7 a 7½	5,32 a 5,33	4½ a 5 “	½ a 1 “
Oct.....	8 a 8½	5,30 a 5,31½	para 2 “	3 a 3½ dis.
Nov.....	6½ a 7½	5,40 a 5,41	para ½ dis.	3½ a 3½ “
Dec.....	6½ a 6½	5,40 a 5,42½	3½ a 4½ prem.	½ a 1 “
1843.				
Jan.....	5½ a 6	5,43 a 5,45	3½ a 4 “	½ a 1½ “
Feb.....	5½ a 5½	5,43 a 5,45	2½ a 3 “	½ a 1½ “
Mar.....	6 a 6½	5,42½ a 5,43	½ a ½ dis.	3½ a 4 “
April.....	5½ a 5½	5,41½ a 5,42½	3 a 3½ prem.	1 a 1½ “
May.....	8½ a 9	5,27½ a 5,30	5½ a 6 “	½ a 1 prem.
June.....	8½ a 8½	5,28½ a 5,30	7½ a 8 “	— a par
July.....	8½ a 9	5,25 a 5,26½	7½ a 8 “	para ½ “
Aug.....	9 a 9½	5,22½ a 5,25	8½ a 9 “	1 a 1½ “
Sept.....	9½ a 9½	5,22½ a 5,23½	7½ a 8½ “	½ a ½ “

The import of specie since July, 1842, has been very large. The rates have in all that time continued much under the par of exchange, which is about 9,32 premium, and must rise to 10 and 10½ per cent., before specie becomes the preferable remittance abroad. The export of cotton last year commenced unusually early, and the quantity sent forward exceeded by far that of any previous year, the crop being 2,375,000 bales. And up to the present time, at which period of last year a great fall in the rates of bills in the southern ports took place, there has been no advance in bills. The exchange operations of the Union are in a great measure governed by the manner in which business is conducted at New Orleans and Mobile, from which two ports about 50 per cent. of the whole exports of the Union are made. The former port is not only the point of concentration for the cotton and tobacco of the Mississippi Valley, but it receives the agricultural produce of all the country tributary to the Mississippi, as far as settled along its mighty course. The valleys of the Ohio and Illinois Rivers send down large quantities of produce to New Orleans, which is either sold there, or exported. The proceeds are for the most part transferred to New York, in payment for the supplies which the dealers of those sections generally come here to purchase. The receipts of all these articles at New Orleans reach in a year in value, from 50 to \$60,000,000, and form the pivot on which the whole

exchanges of the country turn. Hence the soundness of the business there has a great influence upon the affairs of the whole Union. If, as was formerly the case, a few irresponsible speculators could through the medium of bank credits obtain possession of millions of dollars of produce, the bills drawn against it were sold in the New York market, where most of the imports of the Union are made, and the stability of the whole rested upon the success of individual speculations. Constant revulsions were the inevitable result of such a system, and ruin finally attended it. During the year which has now elapsed, the business has been mostly for cash. At Mobile, on the other hand, the banks have continued their suspension, and irredeemable bank paper has been the medium of transacting business. Finally, however, the evil has been remedied, and all the State banks have been put into liquidation, leaving the Bank of Mobile alone to conduct the business. That institution on the first of October, refuses to receive, or pay out, the State Bank bills, which during the past year have constituted the currency of the State, and issues its own bills payable on demand. This operation is artificial, and will be far less effectual than if performed without the agency of a Bank. During the past year, the currency of New Orleans has been cash, and that of Mobile irredeemable paper. We may contrast the business of the two cities in the following table :

THE EXPORTS OF COTTON FROM MOBILE AND NEW ORLEANS TO THE CLOSE OF EACH MONTH, ALSO THE RATES OF STERLING BILLS AND CHECKS ON NEW YORK IN EACH CITY. THE PREMIUM ON SPECIE AT MOBILE, AND RECEIPTS OF SPECIE AT NEW ORLEANS.

	NEW ORLEANS.				MOBILE.			
	Exports Cotton. Bales.	Sterling.	Checks on New York.	Receipt. Specie.	Cotton.	Sterling.	Checks on New York.	Premium on specie
August,	734,101	2 a 3 prem.	3 a 4 dis.	—	318,780	— a —	59 a 60	60 a 62
September,	749,267	4½ a 5 "	½ a 1 prem.	—	321,656	— a —	38 a 40	37 a 40
October,	20,111	par a 2 "	3 a 3½ dis.	—	4,625	19 a 20	15 a 18	23 a 25
November,	66,745	" a ½ dis.	3½ a 3½ "	—	6,544	14 a 15	10 a 11	15 a 16
December,	146,341	3½ a 4½ prem.	½ a 1 "	3,555,919	19,106	14½ a 15	11½ a 12	15 a 15½
January,	374,351	3½ a 4 "	½ a 1½ "	4,699,021	71,630	16 a 17	13½ a 14	13½ a 14
February,	480,680	2½ a 3 "	½ a 1½ "	5,257,736	125,347	35 a 37	28 a 30	24 a 26
March,	590,927	½ a ½ dis.	3½ a 4 "	5,772,727	194,324	19 a 20	16 a 17	22 a 23
April,	731,421	3 a 3½ prem.	1 a 1½ "	7,264,322	304,878	22 a 22½	17 a 18	19 a 20
May,	866,417	5½ a 6 "	½ a 1½ prem.	9,013,241	364,334	20 a 21	16 a 17	20 a 21
June,	976,264	7½ a 8 "	— a par.	9,382,245	437,702	21 a 22	14 a 15	15 a 16
July,	1,039,354	7½ a 8 "	par. a ½ prem.	10,100,858	470,224	24 a 25	17½ a 18	17 a 18
August,	1,066,982	8½ a 9 "	1 a 1½ "	10,368,621	477,553	27 a 28	19 a 20	17 a 18
September,	1,088,870	7½ a 8½ "	½ a ¾ "	10,415,531	479,345	24 a 25	17 a 18	16 a 17

This gives the complete movement of the cotton year at each point. At New Orleans the cotton moving steadily and rapidly forward for cash, turned the commercial balance in favor of New Orleans, and produced a large supply of specie. The current has not yet entirely ceased, and will probably soon be again renewed. The rates of bills did not fall steadily, because, although the supply of bills was very large, the demand fluctuated immensely, and was greatly influenced by the stagnation of trade under the legislation of the twenty-seventh Congress. At Mobile, the same causes for fluctuation existed, with the additional one of an irredeemable paper circulation. So low had that paper fallen in August, 1842, that \$162 would command but \$100 of specie, or in other words, the circulation was at a discount of 38 per cent. for the constitutional currency, and rose to 12 per cent. discount in January, when a portion of the new crops had been sent forward. The discount on the paper money was a principal element in the nominal price of exchange, and that discount depended upon the supply of the bills, the regulation of which was in the hands of the bank officers. When cotton was shipped, and the specie proceeds were in New York to the credit of the banks, instead of being remitted to Mobile to constitute a currency, as at New Orleans, it was too apt to be employed here, in purchasing the Alabama paper

at a heavy discount. When, as in August, the paper was at 38 per cent. discount, the Bank having 1000 specie dollars in New York, could buy up \$1,620 of its own bills, instead of redeeming them for their face, or it would sell a bill on New York at 60 per cent. premium. This operation, in a short time, withdraws the bills from the market, and raises their price, which was the case in January; they were then too dear to buy, or exchange was too low. All that was then necessary was to stop drawing bills, and to issue more notes. The rates immediately rose to 23 per cent. This paper juggling the people have endured with great patience, but have at last put an end to it. For the coming year broken paper will cease to be currency; a dollar in Mobile, will mean the same thing as a dollar in New York, or any other section of the country, and the rate of exchange will mean only the market price of a bill, fluctuating within the actual cost of transporting the dollars from one city to the other. With the restoration of specie payments in Alabama, the currency of the whole Union will be "equalized," and the exchanges "regulated," without any artificial assistance from banks or financiers; and the people, released from the withering grasp of the credit system, will be left in the "pursuit of happiness," dependant only upon their own never-failing energies.

NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

The first ten Cantos of the Inferno of Dante Alighieri, newly translated into English verse. Boston: William D. Ticknor. 1843.

Dryden, in one of his admirable, though rather inconsistent prefaces, sharply reproves the fault of those translators of poetry who run into "the extreme of a literal and close translation, where the poet is confined so straightly to his author's words, that he wants elbow-room to express his elegancies." And a little farther on he adds, "and for just reward of their pedantic pains, all their translations want to be translated into English."

This has been peculiarly the case with the many translations of Dante. That of Cary is generally esteemed to be the best, and certainly is the best known. At least we have Coleridge's testimony, in his Table Talk, in its favor; whose opinion, indeed, should not go far to convince us in such a matter, but for his wonderful instinct in making happy criticisms even on subjects in which his real knowledge was very limited. But Coleridge at that time had not seen Wright's version, which is clearly superior to that of Cary in many respects. Cary was hampered with the idea that there was a close similarity between his original and Milton. He therefore adopted blank verse as his vehicle, and imitating that of Milton to the best of his ability, easily caught its defects, (as was natural to one who was no poet himself,) but with careful and singular felicity he escaped any infection of its beauties. His leading error, it seems to us, was in supposing the resemblance between the two poets. The style of Dante was as compressed and decided as those iron lips of his. Even his flowers seem to have grown by chance upon a volcanic soil, and to have been plucked from among the arid scoræ with a gauntletted hand. Milton, on the other hand, had all the luxuriance of Spenser, (whom he somewhere calls "his master,") pruned somewhat, it is true, by a rigid puritanism, and yet at the same time dignified and exalted into sublimity by a religious enthusiasm scarcely less than Hebrew. The attempt of Mr. Cary, therefore, was an unfortunate one: it was like engrafting the rose upon the barberry bush, whose yellow sap infuses itself into the blossom, and gives birth to a new variety. His version is neither Dante nor Milton, though it is a to-

lerable mixture of the defects of both. It is as dull as those parts of Paradise Lost where (to quote Pope's happy criticism,) the Deity is made "to argue like a school divine," and as exact as Dante's measurement of Beelzebub.

Mr. Parsons, the author of the present version, has already made himself honorably known to the judicious by some original poems distinguished as well for their excellence, as for their truly English classicalness and purity of diction. He is a man of humor, also, and this is another qualification for his task, and no small one, either, for Dante smiles grimly now and then. He has chosen the English elegiac stanza for his medium, and to our mind, his choice seems a sagacious one. His design has been to render Dante interesting also to the every-day reader, and this would alone have been sufficient to have deterred him from the immitigable severity of the *terza rima*. In the metre he has selected we do not lose the enticing echoes of rhyme, which, moreover, in the hands of a poet, has always a meaning of its own which adds to and confirms the thought he means to convey. Dante in blank verse could never be a popular poet, though even then, the spice of John Bunyan in him might have made his chance better than Milton's. But we see no reason why he might not become even "easy reading," in a stanza like that adopted in the present translation which escapes the monotonous seesaw of the English heroic, while it allows all the continuous flow of blank verse.

We think Mr. Parson's version so good that we shall begin with noticing a few of its defects, though our criticisms may savor too much of verbal minuteness. On page 9, last line, we lose entirely the fine expression, "*nel lago dil cor*," which increases the force of the word "*durata*," with which Dante denotes the effects of fear. On the next page we do not like the use of the word "launch," as applied to "adamantine cars." The translator has here enlarged upon Dante, (who merely says "*quelle cose belle*,") but has not been so happy here as in a similar liberty in Canto III., p 25, where he makes the ghosts "quiver like naked birds"—a simile suggested by the rhyme, but at the same time eminently Dantesque. On page 12, he makes Dante call Virgil his "choice author," which is not, we think, the intention of the original. But we have neither

room nor inclination to enlarge our catalogue, even were it just. We merely wished to give our translator a hint and we doubt not he will be a more careful and severe critic of himself than we.

It would be unfair to quote the story of Francesca. It is untranslatable—but the four lines describing the approach of the two spirits are so sweet that we must copy them. It is a fine touch of artistic skill in Dante that he chooses so gentle and happy an image as that of the doves, for the contrast makes the fate of Francesca more touching.

"As wandering doves, bound homeward through the sky,
Called by desire, with wings wide open thrown,
Steadily towards their pleasant dwellings fly,
Sped ever onward by their wish alone,
So, from the throng where Dido ranks, they sailed
Tow'rd me through that dim atmosphere malign,"
—Page 36.

The following is also admirably done:

"As frogs before their enemy, the snake,
Quick scattering through the pool in timid shoals,
On the dark ooze a huddling cluster make,
I saw above a thousand ruined souls
Flying from one who passed the Stygian bog,
With feet unmoistened in the sluggy wave:
Oft from his face his left hand brushed the fog
Whose weight alone it seemed annoyance gave.
At once the messenger of heav'n I kened,
And tow'rd my master turned, who made a sign
That hushed I should remain and lowly bend;
Ah me! how full he looked of scorn divine!"
—Page 59.

This has few touches like those of Milton's brush; there is more of the Flemish school in it.

It is natural that the translation should improve as it advances. It takes some time for the poet to get his hand in. The tenth canto is almost unexceptionable. We copy a passage. Dante is passing among the fiery tombs of the arch-heretics.

"O Tuscan! thou who com'st with gentle speech,
Through hell's hot city, breathing from the earth,
Stop in this place one moment, I beseech—
Thy tongue betrays the country of thy birth.
Of that illustrious land I know thee sprung
Which in my day perchance I somewhat vexed.
Forth from one vault these sudden accents rung
So that I trembling stood with fear perplexed,
Then, as I closer to my master drew—
'Turn back! what dost thou?' he exclaimed
in haste—
'See! Farinata rises to thy view—
Now may'st behold him upward from his waist,
Full in his face already I was gazing,
While his front low'rd, and his proud bosom swelled.
As though even there, amid his burial blazing,
The infernal realm in high disdain he held.
* * * * *
Hereat arose a shadow at his side:

Uplifted on his knees he seemed to me,
For his face only to his chin was bare;
And round about he stared as though to see
If other mortal than myself were there.
But, when that momentary dream was o'er,
Weeping he groaned—'If thou this dungeon dim
Led by thy soaring genius dost explore,
Where is my son? ah wherefore bring'st not
him?'

"Not of myself I seek this realm forlorn—
He who waits yonder marshals me my road,
Whom once perchance thy Guido had in scorn:
My recognition thus I fully showed;
For in the pangs of that poor sinner wreaked,
And in his question plain his name I read—
Suddenly starting up—'What! what!' he
shrieked;
'Saysst thou, 'he had?'' what mean ye! is he
dead?
Doth heaven's dear light his eyes no longer
bless?
Perceiving how I hesitated then,
Ere I responded to his wild address,
Backward he sank: nor looked he forth again.

But that proud soul who first compelled my stay,
The same unalterable aspect wore;
Moved not his neck nor turned him either way—"

But the painter's name off this picture and put it where you will it could never be mistaken. The stern apparition of Farinata; the tender interlude of Cavalcante, and his pathetic inquiry after his son, and the grim face of Farinata, immovable through the whole, are all eminently characteristic. Mark how condensed it is—the whole agony of the father is satisfied with two lines, and the effect is proportionate. It strikes like a sudden blow. Indeed one chief peculiarity of Dante, and one in which he surpasses all other poets, is his self-denial. He never lets himself be seduced by a happy chance of displaying his power. This adds wonderfully to the reality of his story. It is never Dante who speaks, but the individual character whom he happens to meet.

We think that if Mr. Parsons would enlarge his historical notes, it would make the poem more easy to the general reader. An instance occurs to us on page 62, where he illustrates an illusion to the valley of Jehosaphat by citing a parallel passage from Dryden, which does not explain it. It refers, we believe, to a Jewish superstition, that the last judgment is to be held there.

We hope that he will receive sufficient encouragement to finish what he has so worthily begun. It undoubtedly promises to be the best translation yet made. We at first felt some regret that powers which might produce a fine original poem should be expended in such an undertaking. But certainly he stands next to the great poet, who makes him intelligible and interesting to the many.

Letters from New York. By L. MARIA CHILD, Author of *The Mother's Book, The Girl's Book, Philothea, History of Women, &c.* New York: Charles S. Francis & Company, 252 Broadway. Boston: James Munroe & Co., Washington-street. 1843. 12mo. pp. 276.

This is quite a refreshing book in these dull latter days. Though we had read no small number of the letters of which it is composed before their collection into the present volume, thus to meet them again is but a welcome renewal of an old pleasure. Every syllable that Mrs. Child writes comes evidently so straight from her own heart—a heart overflowing with all love and tender kindness—that it cannot fail to go as straight to that of her reader. It is truly delightful to go forth with her wherever chance may lead her steps, through all the infinite novelty which an open eye and soul will find in and about a great city, and follow her vivid description, and above all, note how beautifully she can shed the light of her own shining spirit upon all surrounding objects, till it reveals in them divine aspects and proportions else undetected by our darker and duller sense. A great diversity of subjects, with their respected trains of thought, passes before her notice, exceedingly tempting for quotation. We are led, however, by a peculiar interest in the question to which the following extracts relate, to give to them all the space we can command:

"To-day, I cannot write of beauty; for I am sad and troubled. Heart, head, and conscience, are all in battle array against the savage customs of my time. By and by, the law of love, like oil upon the waters, will calm my surging sympathies and make the current flow more calmly, though none the less deep or strong. But to-day, do not ask me to love governor, sheriff, or constable, or any man who defends capital punishment. I ought to do it; for genuine love enfolds even murderers with its blessing. By to-morrow, I think I can remember them without bitterness; but to-day, I cannot love them; on my soul, I cannot.

"We were to have had an execution yesterday; but the wretched prisoner avoided it by suicide. The gallows had been erected for several hours, and with a cool refinement of cruelty, was hoisted before the window of the condemned; the hangman was all ready to cut the cord; marshals paced back and forth, smoking and whistling; spectators were waiting patiently to see whether he would "die game." Printed circulars had been handed abroad to summon the number of witnesses required by law: 'You are respectfully invited to witness the execution of John C. Colt.' I trust some of them are preserved for museums. Specimens should be kept, as relics of a barbarous age, for succeeding generations to wonder at. They might be hung up in a frame; and the portrait of a New Zealand Chief, picking the bones of an enemy of his tribe, would be an appropriate pendant.

"This bloody insult was thrust into the hands of some citizens who carried hearts under their vests, and they threw it in tattered fragments to the dogs

and swine, as more fitting witnesses than human beings. It was cheering to those who have faith in human progress, to see how many viewed the subject in this light. But as a general thing, the very spirit of murder was rife among the dense crowd, which thronged the place of execution. They were swelling with revenge, and eager for blood. One man came all the way from New-Hampshire, on purpose to witness the entertainment; thereby showing himself a likely subject for the gallows, whoever he may be. Women deemed themselves not treated with becoming gallantry, because tickets of admittance were denied them; and I think it showed injudicious partiality; for many of them can be taught murder by as short a lesson as any man, and sustain it by arguments from Scripture, as ably as any theologian. However, they were not admitted to this edifying exhibition in the great school of public morals; and had only the slim comfort of standing outside, in a keen November wind, to catch the first toll of the bell, which would announce that a human brother had been sent struggling into eternity by the hand of violence. But while the multitude stood with open watches, and strained ears to catch the sound, and the marshals smoked and whistled, and the hangman walked up and down, waiting for his prey, lo! word was brought that the criminal was found dead in his bed! He had asked one half hour alone to prepare his mind for departure; and at the end of that brief interval, he was found with a dagger thrust into his heart. The tidings were received with fierce mutterings of disappointed rage. The throng beyond the walls were furious to see him with their own eyes, to be sure that he was dead. But when the welcome news met my ear, a tremendous load was taken from my heart. I had no chance to analyze right and wrong; for over all thought and feeling flowed impulsive joy, that this 'Christian' community were cheated of a hanging. They who had assembled to commit legalized murder, in cold blood, with strange confusion of ideas, were unmindful of their own guilt, while they talked of his suicide as a crime equal to that for which he was condemned. I am willing to leave it between him and his God. For myself, I would rather have the burden of it on my own soul, than take the guilt of those who would have executed a fellow-creature. He was driven to a fearful extremity of agony and desperation. He was precisely in the situation of a man on board a burning ship, who being compelled to face death, jumps into the waves, as the least painful mode of the two. But they, who thus drove him "to walk the plank," made cool, deliberate preparations to take life, and with inventive cruelty sought to add every bitter drop that could be added to the dreadful cup of vengeance.

"To me human life seems so sacred a thing, that its violent termination always fills me with horror, whether perpetrated by an individual or a crowd; whether done contrary to law and custom, or according to law and custom. Why John C. Colt should be condemned to an ignominious death for an act of resentment altogether unpremeditated, while men, who deliberately, and with malice aforethought, go out to murder one another for some insulting word, are judges, and senators in the land, and favorite candidates for the President's chair, is more than I can comprehend. There is, to say the least, a strange inconsistency in our customs."

"As we walked homeward, we encountered a deputy sheriff; not the most promising material, certainly, for lessons on humanity; but to him we spoke of the crowd of savage faces, and the tones of hatred, as obvious proofs of the bad influence of capital punishment. 'I know that,' said he; 'but I don't see how we could dispense with it. Now suppose we had fifty murderers shut up in prison for life, instead of hanging 'em; and suppose there should come a revolution; what an awful thing it would be to have fifty murderers inside the

prison, to be let loose upon the community!" "There is another side to that proposition," we answered; "for every criminal you execute, you make a hundred murderers *outside* the prison, each as dangerous as would be the one inside." He said perhaps it was so; and went his way.

"As for the punishment and the terror of such doings, they fall most keenly on the best hearts in the community. Thousands of men, as well as women, had broken and startled sleep for several nights preceding that dreadful day. Executions always excite a universal shudder among the innocent, the humane, and the wise-hearted. It is the voice of God, crying aloud within us against the wickedness of this savage custom. Else why is it that the instinct is so universal?"

"The last conversation I had with the late William Ladd made a strong impression on my mind. While he was a sea-captain, he occasionally visited Spain, and once witnessed an execution there. He said that no man, however low and despicable, would consent to perform the office of hangman; and whoever should dare to suggest such a thing to a decent man, would be likely to have his brains blown out. This feeling was so strong, and so universal, that the only way they could procure an executioner, was to offer a condemned criminal his own life, if he would consent to perform the vile and hateful office on another. Sometimes executions were postponed for months, because there was no condemned criminal to perform the office of hangman. A fee was allowed by law to the wretch who did perform it, but no one would run the risk of touching his polluted hand by giving it to him; therefore the priest threw the purse as far as possible; the odious being ran to pick it up, and hastened to escape from the shuddering execrations of all who had known him as a hangman. Even the poor animal that carried the criminal and his coffin in a cart to the foot of the gallows, was an object of universal loathing. He was cropped and marked, that he might be known as the 'Hangman's Donkey.' No man, however great his needs, would use this beast, either for pleasure or labor; and the peasants were so averse to having him pollute their fields with his footsteps, that when he was seen approaching, the boys hastened to open the gates, and drive him off with hisses, sticks, and stones. Thus does the human heart cry out aloud against this wicked practice!"

"The testimony from all parts of the world is invariable and conclusive, that crime diminishes in proportion to the mildness of the laws. The *real* danger is in having laws on the statute-book at variance with universal instincts of the human heart, and thus tempting men to continual evasion. The *evasion*, even of a bad law, is attended with many mischievous results; its *abolition* is always safe.

"In looking at Capital Punishment in its practical bearings on the operation of justice, an observing mind is at once struck with the extreme *uncertainty* attending it. The balance swings hither and thither, and settles, as it were, by chance. The strong instincts of the heart teach juries extreme reluctance to convict for capital offences. They will avail themselves of every loophole in the evidence, to avoid the bloody responsibility imposed upon them. In this way, undoubted criminals escape all punishment, until society becomes alarmed for its own safety, and insists that the next victim *shall* be sacrificed. It was the misfortune of John C. Colt to be arrested at the time when the popular wave of indignation had been swelling higher and higher, in consequence of the impunity with which Robinson, White, and Jewell, had escaped. The wrath and jealousy which they had excited was visited upon him, and his chance for a merciful verdict was greatly diminished. The scale now turns the other way; and the next offender will probably receive very lenient treatment, though he should not have half so many extenuating circumstances in his favor.

"Another thought which forces itself upon the mind in consideration of this subject is the danger of convicting the innocent. Murder is a crime which must of course be committed in secret, and therefore the proof must be mainly circumstantial. This kind of evidence is in its nature so precarious, that men have learned great timidity in trusting to it. In Scotland, it led to so many terrible mistakes, that they long ago refused to convict any man of a capital offence, upon circumstantial evidence.

"A few years ago, a poor German came to New York, and took lodgings where he was allowed to do his cooking in the same room with the family. The husband and wife lived in a perpetual quarrel. One day, the German came into the kitchen with a cleop knife and a pan of potatoes, and began to prepare them for his dinner. The quarrelsome couple were in more violent altercation than usual; but he sat with his back toward them, and being ignorant of their language, felt in no danger of being involved in their disputes. But the woman, with a sudden and unexpected movement, snatched the knife from his hand, and plunged it in her husband's heart. She had sufficient presence of mind to rush into the street and scream murder. The poor foreigner, in the meanwhile, seeing the wounded man reel, sprang forward to catch him in his arms, and drew out the knife. People from the street crowded in, and found him with the dying man in his arms, the knife in his hand, and blood upon his clothes. The wicked woman swore, in the most positive terms, that he had been fighting with her husband, and had stabbed him with a knife he always carried. The unfortunate German knew too little English to understand her accusation, or to tell his own story. He was dragged off to prison, and the true state of the case made known through an interpreter; but it was not believed. Circumstantial evidence was exceedingly strong against the accused, and the real criminal swore unhesitatingly that she saw him commit the murder. He was executed, notwithstanding the most persevering efforts of his lawyer, John Anthon, Esq., whose convictions of the man's innocence were so painfully strong, that from that day to this, he has refused to have any connection with a capital case. Some years after this tragic event, the woman died, and, on her death-bed, confessed her agency in the diabolical transaction; but her poor victim could receive no benefit from this tardy repentance; society had wantonly thrown away its power to atone for the grievous wrong.

"Many of my readers will doubtless recollect the tragical fate of Burton, in Missouri, on which a novel was founded, which still circulates in the libraries. A young lady, belonging to a genteel and very proud family, in Missouri, was beloved by a young man named Burton; but unfortunately, her affections were fixed on another less worthy. He left her with a tarnished reputation. She was by nature energetic and high-spirited, her family were proud, and she lived in the midst of a society which considered revenge a virtue, and named it honor. Misled by this false popular sentiment, and her own excited feelings, she resolved to repay her lover's treachery with death. But she kept her secret so well that no one suspected her purpose, though she purchased pistols, and practised with them daily. Mr. Burton gave evidence of his strong attachment by renewing his attentions when the world looked most coldly upon her. His generous kindness won her bleeding heart, but the softening influence of love did not lead her to forego the dreadful purpose she had formed. She watched for a favorable opportunity and shot her betrayer, when no one was near, to witness the horrible deed. Some little incident excited the suspicion of Burton, and he induced her to confess to him the whole transaction. It was obvious enough that suspicion would naturally fasten upon him, the well-known lover of her who had been so deeply injured. He was arrested, but succeeded in persuading her that he was in no

danger. Circumstantial evidence was fearfully against him, and he soon saw that his chance was doubtful; but with affectionate magnanimity he concealed this from her. He was convicted and condemned. A short time before the execution he endeavored to cut his throat; but his life was saved, for the cruel purpose of taking it away according to the cold-blooded barbarism of the law. Pale and wounded, he was hoisted to the gallows before the gaze of a *Christian* community.

"The guilty cause of all this was almost frantic, when she found he had thus sacrificed himself to save her. She immediately published the whole history of her wrongs, and her revenge. Her keen sense of wounded honor was in accordance with public sentiment, her wrongs excited indignation and compassion, and the knowledge that an innocent and magnanimous man had been so brutally treated, excited a general revulsion of popular feeling. No one wished for another victim, and she was left unpunished, save by the dreadful records of her memory.

"Few know how numerous are the cases where it has subsequently been discovered that the innocent suffered instead of the guilty. Yet one such case in an age is surely enough to make legislators pause before they cast a vote against the abolition of capital punishment.

"But many say, 'the Old Testament requires blood for blood.' So it requires that a woman should be put to death for adultery; and men for doing work on the Sabbath; and children for cursing their parents; and 'If an ox were to push with his horn, in time past, and it hath been testified to his owner, and he hath not kept him in, but that he hath killed a man or a woman, the ox shall be stoned, and his owner also shall be put to death.' The commands given to the Jews, in the old dispensation, do not form the basis of any legal code in Christendom. They could not form the basis of any civilized code. If one command is binding on our consciences, all are binding; for they all rest on the same authority. They who feel bound to advocate capital punishment for murder, on account of the law given to Moses, ought, for the same reason, to insist that children should be executed for striking or cursing their parents.

"It was said by them of old time, an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth; but I say unto you resist not evil.' If our 'eyes were lifted up,' we should see, not Moses and Elias, but *Jesus only*."

The Rose of Sharon; A Religious Souvenir for 1844. Edited by Miss SARAH C. EDGARTON. Boston: A. Tompkins & B. D. Mussey. 1844.

We have found ourselves beguiled into lingering much longer than we had designed over the leaves of this pretty volume—the best practical praise we could bestow. It is edited with much taste, and includes the usual variety and number of well-written contributions, of poetry and prose, to make it a very acceptable holiday gift for young people. Those which bear the name of the fair editor herself,—and especially her poems,—are among the best. The illustrations are all good,—that of the "Good Resolution," capital,—with the mug turned upside down on the bench before the tavern door, and the honest old hero, who, after having raised

its tempting contents of "flip" to his lips to test the force of his resolve, and then dashed them to the ground, has written and signed his temperance pledge, and is stalking off bravely and happily from the bad neighborhood. Both the drawing (by J. Liverseege) and the engraving (by W. H. Tappan,) are admirable.

Memoirs of the Life of the Rev. John Williams, Missionary to Polynesia. By EBENEZER PROT, of Halstead. First American Edition. New York: Published by M. W. Dodd. Andover: Allen, Morrill, & Wardwell. 1843. 12mo. pp. 416.

Mr. Williams was a zealous, able, and highly successful missionary in the employment of the London Missionary Society, who lost his life in his meekly glorious vocation on the shore of the Island of Erromanga, one of the New Hebrides, on the 20th of November, 1839. We have not had time to read this record of the life which was crowned by this melancholy martyrdom; but from the few pages through which we have been able to run, we have no doubt that it is a book which will well reward the attention of the large classes of readers peculiarly interested in details of this nature. Indeed, such a volume must form an essential part in the library of Missionary literature.

A Proposal to Improve the Orthography of the English Language, by a more Systematic Formation of Words. With a Sequel of Practical Illustrations. By AUSTIN BRAYNARD. New York: Printed for the Author. 1843.

The author of this pamphlet assures the world that "the orthography of our language abounds with errors and imperfections, and can and aut to be improved." We cannot congratulate him much on the prospect of success in his undertaking to do it. But before he proceeds further in his crusade against all the myriad anomalies which go to make up our dear and noble old vernacular what it is, and which we will consent to change as soon as we grow tired of reading what Milton and Shakspeare have written in it, we would respectfully suggest whether he ought not to present his system in a state of more perfect consistency with itself. On his own principles there is a great deal to "improve" in his own "improvements." Why, for example, when he will

have us spell *snowy*, "snoy," will he impose on us the trouble of writing a superfluous letter in "snoe?"

An Oration delivered before the Colchester Educational Association. By Rev. DANIEL SHEPARD, A. M. July 4, 1843.

We have read with much interest this eloquent address, of which the subject, selected most appropriately both for the day and the audience, is Popular Education. The author's mind and heart are evidently imbued with the right spirit of an American man and a Christian minister. We are wont to take great pride to ourselves in the State of New York for the liberal provision existing for this first of public duties and interests, but we quite agree with the author that the best of our common schools as yet fall far, very far short of what they ought to be. This matter should be taken up earnestly, and made the theme of exhortation and discussion in all parts of the State, in a spirit akin to that pervading the present excellent production.

Sears's New and Complete History of the Bible. E. Walker & Co., Fulton-street.

So many good things have already been said of this popular work, that it seems almost supererogatory to say anything more; still, if simply in justice to the editor, who has achieved an Herculean task with evident satisfaction to the religious public, we must add our quota of praise. The wood-engravings too, which amount to some hundreds in number, are in most instances excellent; the printing is first-rate; and the superb ornaments designed and executed by Thomson of this

city—the most elaborate specimens of the kind we have yet seen—impart such an attractive splendor to its exterior, that few who catch a glimpse of the volume, will be able to resist the coveting its possession—a very venial sin, and not difficult of expiation—one to which Mr. Sears himself would doubtless very cheerfully enact the Father-confessor.

The Wife of Leon, and other Poems. By Two Sisters of the West. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Philadelphia: George S. Appleton. 1844. 12 mo. pp. 256.

The delicate modesty of the preface to this very attractive looking volume, from the outset conciliates the kindest prepossessions on the part of the reader. It consists of fugitive poems, the outpourings from time to time of the full hearts and teeming fancies of two sisters, who never dreamed of their being thus brought out from the shades of their own privacy into the broad sunlight of publicity, until the wishes of a parent, to whom nothing could be refused, overcame the repugnance of the fair young authors, and caused them to be thus given to the world. There are some beautiful poems among the number, and the whole are much above the ordinary average of the fugitive poetry floating on the surface of things of the day. They give evidence of powers capable of more; and now that the first melancholy of maiden romance has probably sighed itself out, in the many poems of that character which abound through this collection, we may look for the future redemption of the promise of this volume, in something designed for a more enduring place in literature than it aspires to challenge.

MONTHLY LITERARY BULLETIN.

AMERICAN.

Mr. W. Gilmour Simms has in progress a "Memoir of the Life and Military Services of General J. Marion," the celebrated partizan leader of the Revolution. As a historiographer, Mr. Simms will, doubtless, exhibit that high degree of power so eminently characteristic of his numerous works of fiction. His recent "History of South Carolina," has had a prodigious sale, and been adopted as the text book for the District Schools of that state. His forthcoming volume is to be beautified by the magic pencil of Chapman, in some six or eight designs, and the work

will probably be ready for publication by the Langleys towards the close of the year. We learn Mr. S. is also engaged on an historical drama, but its epoch or locale have not transpired; it is written primarily for the purpose of developing the peculiar powers of Mr. Forrest. We observe the works of Mr. S. are in course of re-publication abroad; and as offering a premium to his celebrity, a certain bibliophile in the "Great Metropolis," recently in quest of a paternity for a batch of novelettes of unknown origin, actually was so 'cute as to avail himself of that of the author of "Yemassee." The popularity of Mr. Norman's inter-

- esting work on American Antiquities has not, it appears, been restricted to our own land: besides having been welcomed with the enthusiastic encomiums of several of the British Reviews, it is now in course of re-publication in Italy, a translation of the entire work having, we learn, recently been executed.
- Dr. F. Campbell Stewart's new and attractive book on the "Hospitals and Surgeons of Paris," is just published by the Langleys. Also by the same firm, Dr. Taylor's valuable work on obstetric Auscultation, by Kennedy, accompanied by numerous illustrations finely executed in lithography. This work is said to be one of high value to the professional man, both in *medicine* and *law*. We shall notice the former work in our next.
- Walker, Fulton street, has just issued a very clever pamphlet which doubtless, will have an extensive circulation, as the topic of which it treats is of universal and exciting interest in these times. It is entitled "Dr. Pusey Answered," by a graduate of Columbia College.
- Charles Wells & Co., have just issued an attractive annual entitled "The Winter-green," edited by John Keese, containing 16 fine plates, double the ordinary number of embellishments in such works, and therefore likely to outstrip most of its cotemporaries during the ensuing season;—if we simply except perhaps Willis's new bijou called the "Opal," which is a very chaste and elegant specimen of art. We have glanced at an early copy, and may safely advertise our readers of its exquisite exterior and very beautiful designs of Chapman, especially its frontispiece. "The Gift" for 1844 is very good, as also "The Rose."
- Wilson & Co., have printed "The Romantic Biography of the Age of Elizabeth," and Monteith's "Course of lessons in the French language on the Robertsonian method," &c.
- Mrs. F. Kemble Butler is said to have a volume of poems in press. Others are promised also from Lowell, Hoffman & Hosmer. The poet Dana is engaged on a Memoir of Washington Allston.
- D. Appleton & Co., are preparing for Press "An Historical Sketch of the Council of Trent," by Professor Ogilby. "The Gospel Narrative of the Holy Week, and our Lord's Passion Harmonized," by Rev. J. Williams. "A Treatise on Preaching," by Rev. W. W. Gresly, edited by Rev. B. Haight. "A Portrait of An English Churchman," by the same. A new religious Poem, entitled "Michael Agonistes," by the author of "Christmas Bells." The same firm have just issued "Double Witness of the Church," by Rev. W. J. Kip "Learn to Live," by C. Sutton, DD.; also, "The Rose; An Annual for 1843," and "Tales of the Village," by Rev. J. E. Paget, 3 vols. Dr. Stone is preparing a memoir of the late Bishop Griswold.
- The life of the late Noah Webster, LL.D., will be published from his MSS., etc., in the ensuing autumn.
- Mr. Prescott's "History of the Conquest of Mexico," will be issued by Messrs. Harpers early in November.
- Redfield's "Pictorial Bible," Nos. 8 and 9, are out, also No. 10 of Hewitt's "Pictorial Prayer."
- Hewitt, of New York, the latter publisher, has in press "An Illustrated Sacred History of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, as recorded in the four Gospels; to which is added an appendix, containing explanatory notes; embellished with numerous engravings on wood. By Dr. Wainwright." This will become one of the most elegant of the illustrated works of the season.
- Taylor & Co. have just completed an *abridgment* of "D'Aubigné's Reformation"—an acceptable thing in these labor-saving times, as the work is rather too diffuse, although its rhetoric is very fascinating.
- N. P. Willis has a work in press in London to be called "Dashes at Life with a Free Pencil."
- One of the few really interesting and useful new books of the day is Goodman's "Social History of England during the reign of the Stuarts," with plates.
- Charlotte Elizabeth is among the wonders of the age, *blind and deaf*, yet on the average sending forth more books into the world than almost any of her cotemporaries. Her forthcoming volume is to be styled "Forsaken Home." She has just produced a volume entitled "Letter Writing," and others we learn are also speedily forthcoming.
- Sears's new work, "Guide to knowledge," is to be published during the present month: and like all his previous issues, it will no doubt attract very general attention in all parts of the country; for there are few places in the Union where the publications of this enterprising friend to the spread of useful knowledge have not been cordially received. The "Guide to Knowledge" will be copiously illustrated.
- Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia, will speedily issue the following:—"Dr. Prout on Diseases of the Stomach," &c.

from the fourth London edition, with many colored plates, 1 vol. 8vo. "Outlines of Pathology and Practical Medicine," by W. P. Allison, 1 vol. 8vo. "A Practical Treatise on Diseases of Children," by Dr. T. Condie. "Dissector, or Practical Anatomy," with numerous illustrations, by E. Wilson. Edited by Dr. Goddard. A new edition of "Abercrombie on the Brain." Cooper on "Hernia," with many plates, which will form the first portion of the complete works of Sir Astley Cooper. "The Poetry and Poets of Connecticut," is the title of a literary novelty, edited by Rev. C. W. Everest; illustrated and well printed.

Herman Hooker is, by express desire and authority of the author, about to publish a fine edition of Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy"—the work is one of high reputation—it is a series of metrical essays.

The Association for the erection of the great MONUMENT TO WASHINGTON, has been incorporated by the Legislature, and the design, as it stands formed at present, is one of unequalled magnificence. *Four hundred and twenty-five feet* is the proposed height. To realize this prodigious elevation, one must remember that the steeple of the new Trinity Church, which is to be the tallest in this country, will only reach to one hundred and seventy-five feet. It is not to be merely a monument, but an immense public building, containing halls, libraries, and other appropriate apartments. The shape is to be a pentagon, and the style a florid Gothic.

ENGLISH.

The "Spas of Germany," by Dr. Granville, with supplement. Also by the same, "Northern Spas of England," and the "Midland and Southern," are just issued by Colburn; also Mrs. Gore's new novel, "The Banker's Wife;" "The Stage Coach," by Mills, and several others already announced in our former numbers, excepting only a work styled "The History of our own Time." "The Circassian Chief," a Russian romance, is just out. "Narrative of discoveries on the North Coast of America," under the patronage of the Hudson Bay Company, is likely to prove a valuable acquisition to literature.

An exquisite little volume has just appeared, entitled "Ruins and Old Trees, their Associations," &c. Also Mr. and Mrs. Hall's "Week at Killarney," with numerous fine illustrations.

We are happy to observe Mr. Folsom's important new work, "The Letters of Cortes," is already before the English public, and attracting considerable attention. Two new volumes on chemistry are just issued in London, one is entitled "Applied Chemistry, in Manufactures, Arts, and Domestic Economy," by E. A. Parnell, the other "Rural Chemistry," is by Edward Solby, both of which the reviewers herald forth the commendations.

"History of St. Andrew's, Episcopal, Monastic, Academic, and Civil," by Rev. C. J. Lyon, M. A., is immediately to appear in 2 vols., with embellishments. "Guide to Female Happiness, through the Paths of Virtue," by Elizabeth Jane Castell, is just out, price one shilling.

A series of select illustrations of ancient illuminated biblical and theological MSS., entitled "Palæographia Sacra Pictoria," is just commenced in large quarto, the plates printed in gold, silver, and colors.

The following novels are now ready—"Friend or Foe," by Miss Pickering. "The Smiths," a novel. "Gabrielle, or Pictures of a Reign." "Ben Bradshaw, or the Man without a Head."

A volume of exquisite domestic verses has just been issued by the well-known Delta of Blackwood; also "The World of London," complete, which originally appeared in the same magazine.

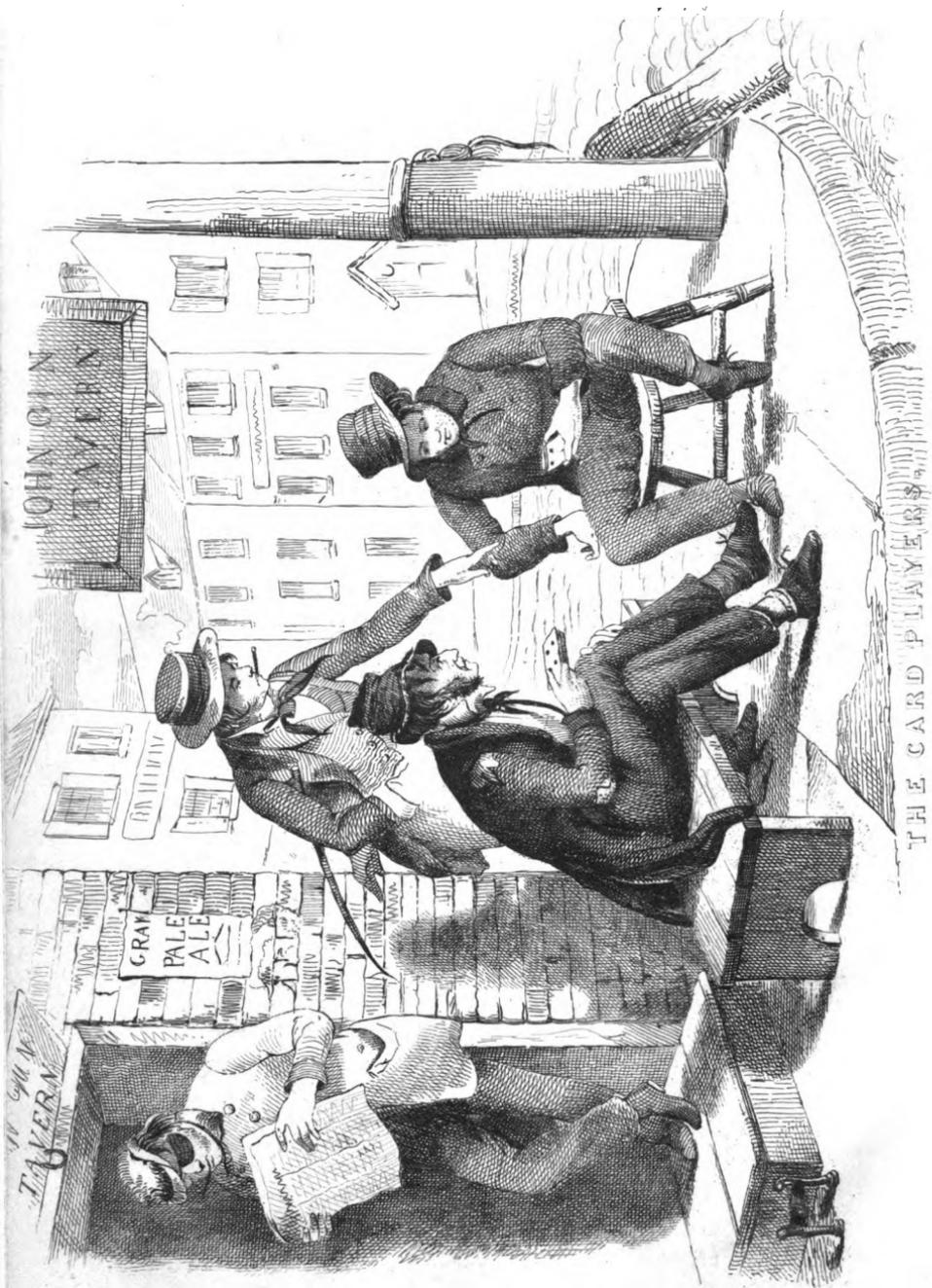
Shortly will be published in large quarto, with many plates, "Proportion, or the Geometric Principle of Beauty Analysed," by D. R. Hay; and another work on Canada, for emigrants, entitled "The Emigrant to North America," being the memoranda of a settler in Canada, comprising a compendium of useful practical hints to Emigrants, by an immigrant farmer of thirty years experience.

Sir Charles Morgan's demise is among the latest deaths in the literary world.

An ornamental façade is contemplated for the British Museum; this will not only vastly improve an unattractive old building, but tend to give a better representation of the costly rarities contained within its time-honored walls.

ERRATA.

Page 388, in the poem of "The Sack of the City, in the first verse, for "lightning," (in part of the edition) read "lighting;" and in the last verse, for "foot," read "dust."



THE CARD PLAYERS.

By J. G. K. & Co. Publishers, 11, Pall Mall, London, W.

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 AND
DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

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NOVEMBER, 1843.

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THREE SHEETS AND A HALF, OF THIRTY-TWO PAGES EACH.



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PARADISE (TO BE) REGAINED.*

We learn that Mr. Etzler is a native of Germany, and originally published his book in Pennsylvania, ten or twelve years ago; and now a second English edition, from the original American one, is demanded by his readers across the water, owing, we suppose, to the recent spread of Fourier's doctrines. It is one of the signs of the times. We confess that we have risen from reading this book with enlarged ideas, and grander conceptions of our duties in this world. It did expand us a little. It is worth attending to, if only that it entertains large questions. Consider what Mr. Etzler proposes:

"Fellow Men! I promise to show the means of creating a paradise within ten years, where everything desirable for human life may be had by every man in superabundance, without labor, and without pay; where the whole face of nature shall be changed into the most beautiful forms, and man may live in the most magnificent palaces, in all imaginable refinements of luxury, and in the most delightful gardens; where he may accomplish, without labor, in one year, more than hitherto could be done in thousands of years; may level mountains, sink valleys, create lakes, drain lakes and swamps, and intersect the land everywhere with beautiful canals, and roads for transporting heavy loads of many thousand tons, and for travelling one thousand miles in twenty-four hours; may cover the ocean with floating islands

movable in any desired direction with immense power and celerity, in perfect security, and with all comforts and luxuries, bearing gardens and palaces, with thousands of families, and provided with rivulets of sweet water; may explore the interior of the globe, and travel from pole to pole in a fortnight; provide himself with means, unheard of yet, for increasing his knowledge of the world, and so his intelligence; lead a life of continual happiness, of enjoyments yet unknown; free himself from almost all the evils that afflict mankind, except death, and even put death far beyond the common period of human life, and finally render it less afflicting. Mankind may thus live in and enjoy a new world, far superior to the present, and raise themselves far higher in the scale of being."

It would seem from this and various indications beside, that there is a transcendentalism in mechanics as well as in ethics. While the whole field of the one reformer lies beyond the boundaries of space, the other is pushing his schemes for the elevation of the race to its utmost limits. While one scours the heavens, the other sweeps the earth. One says he will reform himself, and then nature and circumstances will be right. Let us not obstruct ourselves, for that is the greatest friction. It is of little importance though a cloud obstruct the view of the astronomer compared with his own

* The Paradise within the Reach of all Men, without Labor, by Powers of Nature and Machinery. An Address to all intelligent Men. In two parts. By J. A. Etzler. Part First. Second English Edition. pp. 55. London, 1842.

blindness. The other will reform nature and circumstances, and then man will be right. Talk no more vaguely, says he, of reforming the world—I will reform the globe itself. What matters it whether I remove this humor out of my flesh, or the pestilent humor from the fleshy part of the globe? Nay, is not the latter the more generous course? At present the globe goes with a shattered constitution in its orbit. Has it not asthma, ague, and fever, and dropsy, and flatulence, and pleurisy, and is it not afflicted with vermin? Has it not its healthful laws counteracted, and its vital energy which will yet redeem it? No doubt the simple powers of nature properly directed by man would make it healthy and paradise; as the laws of man's own constitution but wait to be obeyed, to restore him to health and happiness. Our panaceas cure but few ails, our general hospitals are private and exclusive. We must set up another Hygeian than is now worshipped. Do not the quacks even direct small doses for children, larger for adults, and larger still for oxen and horses? Let us remember that we are to prescribe for the globe itself.

This fair homestead has fallen to us, and how little have we done to improve it, how little have we cleared and hedged and ditched! We are too inclined to go hence to a "better land," without lifting a finger, as our farmers are moving to the Ohio soil; but would it not be more heroic and faithful to till and redeem this New-England soil of the world? The still youthful energies of the globe have only to be directed in their proper channel. Every gazette brings accounts of the untutored freaks of the wind—shipwrecks and hurricanes which the mariner and planter accept as special or general providences; but they touch our consciences, they remind us of our sins. Another deluge would disgrace mankind. We confess we never had much respect for that antediluvian race. A thorough-bred business man cannot enter heartily upon the business of life without first looking into his accounts. How many things are now at loose ends. Who knows which way the wind will blow to-morrow? Let us not succumb to nature. We will marshal the clouds and restrain the tempests; we will bottle up pestilent exhalations, we will probe for earthquakes, grub them up; and give

vent to the dangerous gases; we will disembowel the volcano, and extract its poison, take its seed out. We will wash water, and warm fire, and cool ice, and underprop the earth. We will teach birds to fly, and fishes to swim, and ruminants to chew the cud. It is time we had looked into these things.

And it becomes the moralist, too, to inquire what man might do to improve and beautify the system; what to make the stars shine more brightly, the sun more cheery and joyous, the moon more placid and content. Could he not heighten the tints of flowers and the melody of birds? Does he perform his duty to the inferior races? Should he not be a god to them? What is the part of magnanimity to the whale and the beaver? Should we not fear to exchange places with them for a day, lest by their behavior they should shame us? Might we not treat with magnanimity the shark and the tiger, not descend to meet them on their own level, with spears of sharks' teeth and bucklers of tiger's skin? We slander the hyæna; man is the fiercest and cruellest animal. Ah! he is of little faith; even the erring comets and meteors would thank him, and return his kindness in their kind.

How meanly and grossly do we deal with nature! Could we not have a less gross labor! What else do these fine inventions suggest,—magnetism, the daguerreotype, electricity? Can we not do more than cut and trim the forest,—can we not assist in its interior economy, in the circulation of the sap? Now we work superficially and violently. We do not suspect how much might be done to improve our relation with animated nature; what kindness and refined courtesy there might be.

There are certain pursuits which, if not wholly poetic and true, do at least suggest a nobler and finer relation to nature than we know. The keeping of bees, for instance, is a very slight interference. It is like directing the sunbeams. All nations, from the remotest antiquity, have thus fingered nature. There are Hymettus and Hybla, and how many bee-renowned spots beside! There is nothing gross in the idea of these little herds,—their hum like the faintest low of kine in the meads. A pleasant reviewer has lately reminded us that in some places they

are led out to pasture where the flowers are most abundant. "Columella tells us," says he, "that the inhabitants of Arabia sent their hives into Attica to benefit by the later-blowing flowers." Annually are the hives, in immense pyramids, carried up the Nile in boats, and suffered to float slowly down the stream by night, resting by day, as the flowers put forth along the banks; and they determine the richness of any locality, and so the profitableness of delay, by the sinking of the boat in the water. We are told, by the same reviewer, of a man in Germany, whose bees yielded more honey than those of his neighbors, with no apparent advantage; but at length he informed them that he had turned his hives one degree more to the east, and so his bees, having two hours the start in the morning, got the first sip of honey. Here, there is treachery and selfishness behind all this; but these things suggest to the poetic mind what might be done.

Many examples there are of a grosser interference, yet not without their apology. We saw last summer, on the side of a mountain, a dog employed to churn for a farmer's family, travelling upon a horizontal wheel, and though he had sore eyes, an alarming cough, and withal a demure aspect, yet their bread did get buttered for all that. Undoubtedly, in the most brilliant successes, the first rank is always sacrificed. Much useless travelling of horses, *in extenso*, has of late years been improved for man's behoof, only two forces being taken advantage of,—the gravity of the horse, which is the centripetal, and his centrifugal inclination to go a-head. Only these two elements in the calculation. And is not the creature's whole economy better economized thus? Are not all finite beings better pleased with motions relative than absolute? And what is the great globe itself but such a wheel,—a larger tread-mill,—so that our horse's freest steps over prairies are oftentimes balked and rendered of no avail by the earth's motion on its axis? But here he is the central agent and motive power; and, for variety of scenery, being provided with a window in front, do not the ever-varying activity and fluctuating energy of the creature himself work the effect of the most varied scenery on a country road? It must be confessed that horses at present

work too exclusively for men, rarely men for horses; and the brute degenerates in man's society.

It will be seen that we contemplate a time when man's will shall be law to the physical world, and he shall no longer be deterred by such abstractions as time and space, height and depth, weight and hardness, but shall indeed be the lord of creation. "Well," says the faithless reader, "'life is short, but art is long;' where is the power that will effect all these changes?" This it is the very object of Mr. Etzler's volume to show. At present, he would merely remind us that there are innumerable and immeasurable powers already existing in nature, unimproved on a large scale, or for generous and universal ends, amply sufficient for these purposes. He would only indicate their existence, as a surveyor makes known the existence of a water-power on any stream; but for their application he refers us to a sequel to this book, called the "Mechanical System." A few of the most obvious and familiar of these powers are, the Wind, the Tide, the Waves, the Sunshine. Let us consider their value.

First, there is the power of the Wind, constantly exerted over the globe. It appears from observation of a sailing-vessel, and from scientific tables, that the average power of the wind is equal to that of one horse for every one hundred square feet. "We know," says our author—

"that ships of the first class carry sails two hundred feet high; we may, therefore, equally, on land, oppose to the wind surfaces of the same height. Imagine a line of such surfaces one mile, or about 5,000 feet, long; they would then contain 1,000,000 square feet. Let these surfaces intersect the direction of the wind at right angles, by some contrivance, and receive, consequently, its full power at all times. Its average power being equal to one horse for every 100 square feet, the total power would be equal to 1,000,000 divided by 100, or 10,000 horses' power. Allowing the power of one horse to equal that of ten men, the power of 10,000 horses is equal to 100,000 men. But as men cannot work uninterruptedly, but want about half the time for sleep and repose, the same power would be equal to 200,000 men. . . . We are not limited to the height of 200

feet; we might extend, if required, the application of this power to the height of the clouds, by means of kites."

But we will have one such fence for every square mile of the globe's surface, for, as the wind usually strikes the earth at an angle of more than two degrees, which is evident from observing its effect on the high sea, it admits of even a closer approach. As the surface of the globe contains about 900,000,000 square miles, the whole power of the wind on these surfaces would equal 40,000,000,000 men's power, and "would perform 80,000 times as much work as all the men on earth could effect with their nerves."

If it should be objected that this computation includes the surface of the ocean and uninhabitable regions of the earth, where this power could not be applied for our purposes, Mr. Etzler is quick with his reply—"But, you will recollect," says he, "that I have promised to show the means for rendering the ocean as inhabitable as the most fruitful dry land; and I do not exclude even the polar regions."

The reader will observe that our author uses the fence only as a convenient formula for expressing the power of the wind, and does not consider it a necessary method of its application. We do not attach much value to this statement of the comparative power of the wind and horse, for no common ground is mentioned on which they can be compared. Undoubtedly, each is incomparably excellent in its way, and every general comparison made for such practical purposes as are contemplated, which gives a preference to the one, must be made with some unfairness to the other. The scientific tables are, for the most part, true only in a tabular sense. We suspect that a loaded wagon, with a light sail, ten feet square, would not have been blown so far by the end of the year, under equal circumstances, as a common racer or dray horse would have drawn it. And how many crazy structures on our globe's surface, of the same dimensions, would wait for dry-rot if the traces of one horse were hitched to them, even to their windward side? Plainly, this is not the principle of comparison. But even the steady and constant force of the horse may be rated as equal to his weight at least. Yet we should

prefer to let the zephyrs and gales bear, with all their weight, upon our fences, than that Dobbin, with feet braced, should lean ominously against them for a season.

Nevertheless, here is an almost incalculable power at our disposal, yet how trifling the use we make of it. It only serves to turn a few mills, blow a few vessels across the ocean, and a few trivial ends besides. What a poor compliment do we pay to our indefatigable and energetic servant!

"If you ask, perhaps, why this power is not used, if the statement be true, I have to ask in return, why is the power of steam so lately come to application? so many millions of men boiled water every day for many thousand years; they must have frequently seen that boiling water, in tightly closed pots or kettles, would lift the cover or burst the vessel with great violence. The power of steam was, therefore, as commonly known down to the least kitchen or wash-woman, as the power of wind; but close observation and reflection were bestowed neither on the one nor the other."

Men having discovered the power of falling water, which after all is comparatively slight, how eagerly do they seek out and improve these *privileges*? Let a difference of but a few feet in level be discovered on some stream near a populous town, some slight occasion for gravity to act, and the whole economy of the neighborhood is changed at once. Men do indeed speculate about and with this power as if it were the only privilege. But meanwhile this aerial stream is falling from far greater heights with more constant flow, never shrunk by drought, offering mill-sites wherever the wind blows; a Niagara in the air, with no Canada side;—only the application is hard.

There are the powers too of the Tide and Waves, constantly ebbing and flowing, lapsing and relapsing, but they serve man in but few ways. They turn a few tide mills, and perform a few other insignificant and accidental services only. We all perceive the effect of the tide; how imperceptibly it creeps up into our harbors and rivers, and raises the heaviest navies as easily as the lightest ship. Everything that floats must yield to it. But man, slow to take nature's constant hint of assistance, makes slight and irregular use

of this power, in careening ships and getting them afloat when aground.

The following is Mr. Etzler's calculation on this head: To form a conception of the power which the tide affords, let us imagine a surface of 100 miles square, or 10,000 square miles, where the tide rises and sinks, on an average, 10 feet; how many men would it require to empty a basin of 10,000 square miles area, and 10 feet deep, filled with sea-water, in 6½ hours and fill it again in the same time? As one man can raise 8 cubic feet of sea-water per minute, and in 6½ hours 3,000, it would take 1,200,000,000 men, or as they could work only half the time, 2,400,000,000, to raise 3,000,000,000,000 cubic feet, or the whole quantity required in the given time.

This power may be applied in various ways. A large body, of the heaviest materials that will float, may first be raised by it, and being attached to the end of a balance reaching from the land, or from a stationary support, fastened to the bottom, when the tide falls, the whole weight will be brought to bear upon the end of the balance. Also when the tide rises it may be made to exert a nearly equal force in the opposite direction. It can be employed whenever a *point d'appui* can be obtained.

"However, the application of the tide being by establishments fixed on the ground, it is natural to begin with them near the shores in shallow water, and upon sands, which may be extended gradually further into the sea. The shores of the continent, islands, and sands, being generally surrounded by shallow water, not exceeding from 50 to 100 fathoms in depth, for 20, 50, or 100 miles and upward. The coasts of North America, with their extensive sand-banks, islands, and rocks, may easily afford, for this purpose, a ground about 3,000 miles long, and, on an average, 100 miles broad, or 300,000 square miles, which, with a power of 240,000 men per square mile, as stated, at 10 feet tide, will be equal to 72,000 millions of men, or for every mile of coast, a power of 24,000,000 men.

"Rafts, of any extent, fastened on the ground of the sea, along the shore, and stretching far into the sea, may be covered with fertile soil, bearing vegetables and trees, of every description, the finest gardens, equal to those the firm land may admit of, and buildings and machineries, which may operate, not only on the sea,

where they are, but which also, by means of mechanical connections, may extend their operations for many miles into the continent. (Etzler's Mechanical System, page 24.) Thus this power may cultivate the artificial soil for many miles upon the surface of the sea, near the shores, and, for several miles, the dry land, along the shore, in the most superior manner imaginable; it may build cities along the shore, consisting of the most magnificent palaces, every one surrounded by gardens and the most delightful sceneries; it may level the hills and unevennesses, or raise eminences for enjoying open prospect into the country and upon the sea; it may cover the barren shore with fertile soil, and beautify the same in various ways; it may clear the sea of shallows, and make easy the approach to the land, not merely of vessels, but of large floating islands, which may come from, and go to distant parts of the world, islands that have every commodity and security for their inhabitants which the firm land affords."

"Thus may a power, derived from the gravity of the moon and the ocean, hitherto but the objects of idle curiosity to the studious man, be made eminently subservient for creating the most delightful abodes along the coasts, where men may enjoy at the same time all the advantages of sea and dry land; the coasts may hereafter be continuous paradisaical skirts between land and sea, everywhere crowded with the densest population. The shores and the sea along them will be no more as raw nature presents them now, but everywhere of easy and charming access, not even molested by the roar of waves, shaped as it may suit the purposes of their inhabitants; the sea will be cleared of every obstruction to free passage everywhere, and its productions in fishes, etc., will be gathered in large, appropriate receptacles, to present them to the inhabitants of the shores and of the sea."

Verily, the land would wear a busy aspect at the spring and neap tide, and these island ships—these *terre infirme*—which realise the fables of antiquity, affect our imagination. We have often thought that the fittest locality for a human dwelling was on the edge of the land, that there the constant lesson and impression of the sea might sink deep into the life and character of the landsman, and perhaps impart a marine tint to his imagination. It is a noble word, that *mariner*—one who is conversant with the sea. There should be more of what it signifies in each of us. It is a worthy country to

belong to—we look to see him not disgrace it. Perhaps we should be equally mariners and terreners, and even our Green Mountains need some of that sea-green to be mixed with them.

The computation of the power of the waves is less satisfactory. While only the average power of the wind, and the average height of the tide, were taken before now, the extreme height of the waves is used, for they are made to rise ten feet above the level of the sea, to which, adding ten more for depression, we have twenty feet, or the extreme height of a wave. Indeed, the power of the waves, which is produced by the wind blowing obliquely and at disadvantage upon the water, is made to be, not only three thousand times greater than that of the tide, but one hundred times greater than that of the wind itself, meeting its object at right angles. Moreover, this power is measured by the area of the vessel, and not by its length mainly, and it seems to be forgotten that the motion of the waves is chiefly undulatory, and exerts a power only within the limits of a vibration, else the very continents, with their extensive coasts, would soon be set adrift.

Finally, there is the power to be derived from Sunshine, by the principle on which Archimedes contrived his burning mirrors, a multiplication of mirrors reflecting the rays of the sun upon the same spot, till the requisite degree of heat is obtained. The principal application of this power will be to the boiling of water and production of steam.

“How to create rivulets of sweet and wholesome water, on floating islands, in the midst of the ocean, will be no riddle now. Sea-water changed into steam, will distil into sweet water, leaving the salt on the bottom. Thus the steam engines on floating islands, for their propulsion and other mechanical purposes, will serve, at the same time, for the distillery of sweet water, which, collected in basins, may be led through channels over the island, while, where required, it may be refrigerated by artificial means, and changed into cool water, surpassing, in salubrity, the best spring water, because nature hardly ever distils water so purely, and without admixture of less wholesome matter.”

So much for these few and more ob-

vious powers, already used to a trifling extent. But there are innumerable others in nature, not described nor discovered. These, however, will do for the present. This would be to make the sun and the moon equally our satellites. For, as the moon is the cause of the tides, and the sun the cause of the wind, which, in turn, is the cause of the waves, all the work of this planet would be performed by these far influences.

“But as these powers are very irregular and subject to interruptions; the next object is to show how they may be converted into powers that operate continually and uniformly for ever, until the machinery be worn out, or, in other words, into perpetual motions.” . . . “Hitherto the power of the wind has been applied immediately upon the machinery for use, and we have had to wait the chances of the wind’s blowing; while the operation was stopped as soon as the wind ceased to blow. But the manner, which I shall state hereafter, of applying this power, is to make it operate only for collecting or storing up power, and then to take out of this store, at any time, as much as may be wanted for final operation upon the machines. The power stored up is to react as required, and may do so long after the original power of the wind has ceased. And though the wind should cease for intervals of many months, we may have by the same power a uniform perpetual motion in a very simple way.”

“The weight of a clock being wound up gives us an image of reaction. The sinking of this weight is the reaction of winding it up. It is not necessary to wait till it has run down before we wind up the weight, but it may be wound up at any time, partly or totally; and if done always before the weight reaches the bottom, the clock will be going perpetually. In a similar, though not in the same way, we may cause a reaction on a larger scale. We may raise, for instance, water by the immediate application of wind or steam to a pond upon some eminence, out of which, through an outlet, it may fall upon some wheel or other contrivance for setting machinery a going. Thus we may store up water in some eminent pond, and take out of this store, at any time, as much water through the outlet as we want to employ, by which means the original power may react for many days after it has ceased.” . . . “Such reservoirs of moderate elevation or size need not be made artificially, but will be found made by nature very frequently, requiring but

little aid for their completion. They require no regularity of form. Any valley with lower grounds in its vicinity, would answer the purpose. Small crevices may be filled up. Such places may be eligible for the beginning of enterprises of this kind."

The greater the height, of course the less water required. But suppose a level and dry country; then hill and valley, and "eminent pond," are to be constructed by main force; or if the springs are unusually low, then dirt and stones may be used, and the disadvantage arising from friction will be counterbalanced by their greater gravity. Nor shall a single rood of dry land be sunk in such artificial ponds as may be wasted, but their surfaces "may be covered with rafts decked with fertile earth, and all kinds of vegetables which may grow there as well as anywhere else."

And finally, by the use of thick envelopes retaining the heat, and other contrivances, "the power of steam caused by sunshine may react at will, and thus be rendered perpetual, no matter how often or how long the sunshine may be interrupted. (Etzler's Mechanical System)."

Here is power enough, one would think, to accomplish somewhat. These are the powers below. Oh ye millwrights, ye engineers, ye operatives and speculators of every class, never again complain of a want of power; it is the grossest form of infidelity. The question is not how we shall execute, but what. Let us not use in a niggardly manner what is thus generously offered.

Consider what revolutions are to be effected in agriculture. First, in the new country, a machine is to move along taking out trees and stones to any required depth, and piling them up in convenient heaps; then the same machine, "with a little alteration," is to plane the ground perfectly, till there shall be no hills nor valleys, making the requisite canals, ditches and roads, as it goes along. The same machine, "with some other little alterations," is then to sift the ground thoroughly, supply fertile soil from other places if wanted, and plant it; and finally, the same machine "with a little addition," is to reap and gather in the crop, thresh and grind it, or press it to oil, or prepare it any way for final use.

For the description of these machines we are referred to "Etzler's Mechanical System, page 11 to 27." We should be pleased to see that "Mechanical System," though we have not been able to ascertain whether it has been published, or only exists as yet in the design of the author. We have great faith in it. But we cannot stop for applications now.

"Any wilderness, even the most hideous and sterile, may be converted into the most fertile and delightful gardens. The most dismal swamps may be cleared of all their spontaneous growth, filled up and levelled, and intersected by canals, ditches and aqueducts, for draining them entirely. The soil, if required, may be meliorated, by covering or mixing it with rich soil taken from distant places, and the same be mouldered to fine dust, levelled, sifted from all roots, weeds and stones, and sowed and planted in the most beautiful order and symmetry, with fruit trees and vegetables of every kind that may stand the climate."

New facilities for transportation and locomotion are to be adopted :

"Large and commodious vehicles, for carrying many thousand tons, running over peculiarly adapted level roads, at the rate of forty miles per hour, or one thousand miles per day, may transport men and things, small houses, and whatever may serve for comfort and ease, by land. Floating islands, constructed of logs, or of wooden-stuff prepared in a similar manner, as is to be done with stone, and of live trees, which may be reared so as to interlace one another, and strengthen the whole, may be covered with gardens and palaces, and propelled by powerful engines, so as to run at an equal rate through seas and oceans. Thus, man may move, with the celerity of a bird's flight, in terrestrial paradises, from one climate to another, and see the world in all its variety, exchanging, with distant nations, the surplus of productions. The journey from one pole to another may be performed in a fortnight; the visit to a transmarine country in a week or two; or a journey round the world in one or two months by land and water. And why pass a dreary winter every year while there is yet room enough on the globe where nature is blessed with a perpetual summer, and with a far greater variety and luxuriance of vegetation? More than one-half the surface of the globe has no winter. Men will have it in their power

to remove and prevent all bad influences of climate, and to enjoy, perpetually, only that temperature which suits their constitution and feeling best."

Who knows but by accumulating the power until the end of the present century, using meanwhile only the smallest allowance, reserving all that blows, all that shines, all that ebbs and flows, all that dashes, we may have got such a reserved accumulated power as to run the earth off its track into a new orbit, some summer, and so change the tedious vicissitude of the seasons? Or, perchance, coming generations will not abide the dissolution of the globe, but, availing themselves of future inventions in aerial locomotion, and the navigation of space, the entire race may migrate from the earth, to settle some vacant and more western planet, it may be still healthy, perchance unearthy, not composed of dirt and stones, whose primary strata only are strewn, and where no weeds are sown. It took but little art, a simple application of natural laws, a canoe, a paddle, and a sail of matting, to people the isles of the Pacific, and a little more will people the shining isles of space. Do we not see in the firmament the lights carried along the shore by night, as Columbus did? Let us not despair nor mutiny.

"The dwellings also ought to be very different from what is known, if the full benefit of our means is to be enjoyed. They are to be of a structure for which we have no name yet. They are to be neither palaces, nor temples, nor cities, but a combination of all, superior to whatever is known. Earth may be baked into bricks, or even vitrified stone by heat,—we may bake large masses of any size and form into stone and vitrified substance of the greatest durability, lasting even thousands of years, out of clayey earth, or of stones ground to dust, by the application of burning mirrors. This is to be done in the open air, without other preparation than gathering the substance, grinding and mixing it with water and cement, moulding or casting it, and bringing the focus of the burning mirrors of proper size upon the same. The character of the architecture is to be quite different from what it ever has been hitherto; large solid masses are to be baked or cast in one piece, ready shaped in any form that may be desired. The building may, therefore, consist of columns two hundred feet high and upwards, of proportionate thickness, and of one entire

piece of vitrified substance; huge pieces are to be moulded so as to join and hook on to each other firmly, by proper joints and folds, and not to yield in any way without breaking.

"Foundries, of any description, are to be heated by burning mirrors, and will require no labor, except the making of the first moulds and the superintendence for gathering the metal and taking the finished articles away."

Alas, in the present state of science, we must take the finished articles away; but think not that man will always be a victim of circumstances.

The countryman who visited the city and found the streets cluttered with bricks and lumber, reported that it was not yet finished, and one who considers the endless repairs and reforming of our houses, might well wonder when they will be done. But why may not the dwellings of men on this earth be built once for all of some durable material, some Roman or Etruscan masonry which will stand, so that time shall only adorn and beautify them? Why may we not finish the outward world for posterity, and leave them leisure to attend to the inner? Surely, all the gross necessities and economies might be cared for in a few years. All might be built and baked and stored up, during this, the term-time of the world, against the vacant eternity, and the globe go provisioned and furnished like our public vessels, for its voyage through space, as through some Pacific ocean, while we would "tie up the rudder and sleep before the wind," as those who sail from Lima to Manilla.

But, to go back a few years in imagination, think not that life in these crystal palaces is to bear any analogy to life in our present humble cottages. Far from it. Clothed, once for all, in some "flexible stuff," more durable than George Fox's suit of leather, composed of "fibres of vegetables," "glutinated" together by some "cohesive substances," and made into sheets, like paper, of any size or form, man will put far from him corroding care and the whole host of ills.

"The twenty-five halls in the inside of the square are to be each two hundred feet square and high; the forty corridors, each one hundred feet long and twenty wide; the eighty galleries, each from 1,000 to 1,250 feet long; about 7,000 private rooms, the whole surrounded and

intersected by the grandest and most splendid colonnades imaginable; floors, ceilings, columns with their various beautiful and fanciful intervals, all shining, and reflecting to infinity all objects and persons, with splendid lustre of all beautiful colors, and fanciful shapes and pictures. All galleries, outside and within the halls, are to be provided with many thousand commodious and most elegant vehicles, in which persons may move up and down, like birds, in perfect security, and without exertion. Any member may procure himself all the common articles of his daily wants, by a short turn of some crank, without leaving his apartment; he may, at any time, bathe himself in cold or warm water, or in steam, or in some artificially prepared liquor for invigorating health. He may, at any time, give to the air in his apartment that temperature that suits his feeling best. He may cause, at any time, an agreeable scent of various kinds. He may, at any time, meliorate his breathing air,—that main vehicle of vital power. Thus, by a proper application of the physical knowledge of our days, man may be kept in a perpetual serenity of mind, and if there is no incurable disease or defect in his organism, in constant vigor of health, and his life be prolonged beyond any parallel which present times afford.

“One or two persons are sufficient to direct the kitchen business. They have nothing else to do but to superintend the cookery, and to watch the time of the victuals being done, and then to remove them, with the table and vessels, into the dining-hall, or to the respective private apartments, by a slight motion of the hand at some crank. Any extraordinary desire of any person may be satisfied by going to the place where the thing is to be had; and anything that requires a particular preparation in cooking or baking, may be done by the person who desires it.”

This is one of those instances in which the individual genius is found to consent, as indeed it always does, at last, with the universal. These last sentences have a certain sad and sober truth, which reminds us of the scripture of all nations. All expression of truth does at length take the deep ethical form. Here is hint of a place the most eligible of any in space, and of a servitor, in comparison with whom, all other helps dwindle into insignificance. We hope to hear more of him anon, for even crystal palace would be deficient without his invaluable services.

And as for the environs of the establishment,

“There will be afforded the most enrapturing views to be fancied, out of the private apartments, from the galleries, from the roof, from its turrets and cupolas,—gardens as far as the eye can see, full of fruits and flowers, arranged in the most beautiful order, with walks, colonnades, aqueducts, canals, ponds, plains, amphitheatres, terraces, fountains, sculptural works, pavilions, gondolas, places for public amusement, etc., to delight the eye and fancy, the taste and smell.” . . . “The walks and roads are to be paved with hard vitrified, large plates, so as to be always clean from all dirt in any weather or season. . . . The channels being of vitrified substance, and the water perfectly clear, and filtrated or distilled if required, may afford the most beautiful scenes imaginable, while a variety of fishes is seen clear down to the bottom playing about, and the canals may afford at the same time, the means of gliding smoothly along between various sceneries of art and nature, in beautiful gondolas, while their surface and borders may be covered with fine land and aquatic birds. The walks may be covered with porticos adorned with magnificent columns, statues and sculptural works; all of vitrified substance, and lasting for ever, while the beauties of nature around heighten the magnificence and deliciousness.”

“The night affords no less delight to fancy and feelings. An infinite variety of grand, beautiful and fanciful objects and sceneries, radiating with crystalline brilliancy, by the illumination of gas-light; the human figures themselves, arrayed in the most beautiful pomp fancy may suggest, or the eye desire, shining even with brilliancy of stuffs and diamonds, like stones of various colors, elegantly shaped and arranged around the body; all reflected a thousand-fold in huge mirrors and reflectors of various forms; theatrical scenes of a grandeur and magnificence, and enrapturing illusions, unknown yet, in which any person may be either a spectator or actor; the speech and the songs reverberating with increased sound, rendered more sonorous and harmonious than by nature, by vaultings that are moveable into any shape at any time; the sweetest and most impressive harmony of music, produced by song and instruments partly not known yet, may thrill through the nerves and vary with other amusements and delights.

“At night the roof, and the inside and outside of the whole square, are illuminated by gas-light, which in the mazes of

many-colored crystal-like colonnades and vaultings, is reflected with a brilliancy that gives to the whole a lustre of precious stones, as far as the eye can see,—such are the future abodes of men.” . . . “Such is the life reserved to true intelligence, but withheld from ignorance, prejudice, and stupid adherence to custom.” . . . “Such is the domestic life to be enjoyed by every human individual that will partake of it. Love and affection may there be fostered and enjoyed without any of the obstructions that oppose, diminish, and destroy them in the present state of men.” . . . “It would be as ridiculous, then, to dispute and quarrel about the means of life, as it would be now about water to drink along mighty rivers, or about the permission to breathe air in the atmosphere, or about sticks in our extensive woods.”

Thus is Paradise to be Regained, and that old and stern decree at length reversed. Man shall no more earn his living by the sweat of his brow. All labor shall be reduced to “a short turn of some crank,” and “taking the finished article away.” But there is a crank,—oh, how hard to be turned! Could there not be a crank upon a crank,—an infinitely small crank!—we would fain inquire. No,—alas! not. But there is a certain divine energy in every man, but sparingly employed as yet, which may be called the crank within,—the crank after all,—the prime mover in all machinery,—quite indispensable to all work. Would that we might get our hands on its handle! In fact no work can be shirked. It may be postponed indefinitely, but not infinitely. Nor can any really important work be made easier by co-operation or machinery. Not one particle of labor now threatening any man can be routed without being performed. It cannot be hunted out of the vicinity like jackals and hyenas. It will not run. You may begin by sawing the little sticks, or you may saw the great sticks first, but sooner or later you must saw them both.

We will not be imposed upon by this vast application of forces. We believe that most things will have to be accomplished still by the application called Industry. We are rather pleased after all to consider the small private, but both constant and accumulated force, which stands behind every spade in the field. This it is that makes the valleys shine, and the deserts

really bloom. Sometimes, we confess, we are so degenerate as to reflect with pleasure on the days when men were yoked like cattle, and drew a crooked stick for a plough. After all, the great interests and methods were the same.

It is a rather serious objection to Mr. Etzler's schemes, that they require time, men, and money, three very superfluous and inconvenient things for an honest and well-disposed man to deal with. “The whole world,” he tells us, “might therefore be really changed into a paradise, within less than ten years, commencing from the first year of an association for the purpose of constructing and applying the machinery.” We are sensible of a startling incongruity when time and money are mentioned in this connection. The ten years which are proposed would be a tedious while to wait, if every man were at his post and did his duty, but quite too short a period, if we are to take time for it. But this fault is by no means peculiar to Mr. Etzler's schemes. There is far too much hurry and bustle, and too little patience and privacy, in all our methods, as if something were to be accomplished in centuries. The true reformer does not want time, nor money, nor co-operation, nor advice. What is time but the stuff delay is made of? And depend upon it, our virtue will not live on the interest of our money. He expects no income but our outgoes; so soon as we begin to count the cost the cost begins. And as for advice, the information floating in the atmosphere of society is as evanescent and unserviceable to him as gossamer for clubs of Hercules. There is absolutely no common sense; it is common nonsense. If we are to risk a cent or a drop of our blood, who then shall advise us? For ourselves, we are too young for experience. Who is old enough? We are older by faith than by experience. In the unbending of the arm to do the deed there is experience worth all the maxims in the world.

“It will now be plainly seen that the execution of the proposals is not proper for individuals. Whether it be proper for government at this time, before the subject has become popular, is a question to be decided; all that is to be done, is to step forth, after mature reflection, to confess loudly one's conviction, and to constitute societies. Man is powerful but in

union with many. Nothing great, for the improvement of his own condition, or that of his fellow men, can ever be effected by individual enterprise."

Alas! this is the crying sin of the age, this want of faith in the prevalence of a man. Nothing can be effected but by one man. He who wants help wants everything. True, this is the condition of our weakness, but it can never be the means of our recovery. We must first succeed alone, that we may enjoy our success together. We trust that the social movements which we witness indicate an aspiration not to be thus cheaply satisfied. In this matter of reforming the world, we have little faith in corporations; not thus was it first formed.

But our author is wise enough to say, that the raw materials for the accomplishment of his purposes, are "iron, copper, wood, earth chiefly, and a union of men whose eyes and understanding are not shut up by preconceptions." Aye, this last may be what we want mainly,—a company of "odd fellows" indeed.

"Small shares of twenty dollars will be sufficient,"—in all, from "200,000 to 300,000,"—"to create the first establishment for a whole community of from 3000 to 4000 individuals"—at the end of five years we shall have a principal of 200 millions of dollars, and so paradise will be wholly regained at the end of the tenth year. But, alas, the ten years have already elapsed, and there are no signs of Eden yet, for want of the requisite funds to begin the enterprise in a hopeful manner. Yet it seems a safe investment. Perchance they could be hired at a low rate, the property being mortgaged for security, and, if necessary, it could be given up in any stage of the enterprise, without loss, with the fixtures.

Mr. Etzler considers this "Address as a touchstone, to try whether our nation is in any way accessible to these great truths, for raising the human creature to a superior state of existence, in accordance with the knowledge and the spirit of the most cultivated minds of the present time." He has prepared a constitution, short and concise, consisting of twenty-one articles, so that wherever an association may spring up, it may go into operation without delay; and the editor informs us that "Communications on the sub-

ject of this book may be addressed to C. F. Stollmeyer, No. 6, Upper Charles street, Northampton square, London."

But we see two main difficulties in the way. First, the successful application of the powers by machinery, (we have not yet seen the "Mechanical System,") and, secondly, which is infinitely harder, the application of man to the work by faith. This it is, we fear, which will prolong the ten years to ten thousand at least. It will take a power more than "80,000 times greater than all the men on earth could effect with their nerves," to persuade men to use that which is already offered them. Even a greater than this physical power must be brought to bear upon that moral power. Faith, indeed, is all the reform that is needed; it is itself a reform. Doubtless, we are as slow to conceive of Paradise as of Heaven, of a perfect natural as of a perfect spiritual world. We see how past ages have loitered and erred: "Is perhaps our generation free from irrationality and error? Have we perhaps reached now the summit of human wisdom, and need no more to look out for mental or physical improvement?" Undoubtedly, we are never so visionary as to be prepared for what the next hour may bring forth.

Μίλλαι τὸ θεῖον ἔστι τοῖσιν ἄνοσι.

The Divine is about to be, and such is its nature. In our wisest moments we are secreting a matter, which, like the lime of the shell fish, incrusts us quite over, and well for us, if, like it, we cast our shells from time to time, though they be pearl and of fairest tint. Let us consider under what disadvantages science has hitherto labored before we pronounce thus confidently on her progress.

"There was never any system in the productions of human labor; but they came into existence and fashion as chance directed men." "Only a few professional men of learning occupy themselves with teaching natural philosophy, chemistry, and the other branches of the sciences of nature, to a very limited extent, for very limited purposes, with very limited means." "The science of mechanics is but in a state of infancy. It is true, improvements are made upon improvements, instigated by patents of government; but they are made accidentally or at hazard. There is no general system of this science, mathematical as it is, which de-

velopes its principles in their full extent, and the outlines of the application to which they lead. There is no idea of comparison between what is explored and what is yet to be explored in this science. The ancient Greeks placed mathematics at the head of their education. But we are glad to have filled our memory with notions, without troubling ourselves much with reasoning about them."

Mr. Etzler is not one of the enlightened practical men, the pioneers of the actual, who move with the slow deliberate tread of science, conserving the world; who execute the dreams of the last century, though they have no dreams of their own; yet he deals in the very raw but still solid material of all inventions. He has more of the practical than usually belongs to so bold a schemer, so resolute a dreamer. Yet his success is in theory, and not in practice, and he feeds our faith rather than contents our understanding. His book wants order, serenity, dignity, everything,—but it does not fail to impart what only man can impart to man of much importance, his own faith. It is true his dreams are not thrilling nor bright enough, and he leaves off to dream where he who dreams just before the dawn begins. His castles in the air fall to the ground, because they are not built lofty enough; they should be secured to heaven's roof. After all, the theories and speculations of men concern us more than their puny execution. It is with a certain coldness and languor that we loiter about the actual and so called practical. How little do the most wonderful inventions of modern times detain us. They insult nature. Every machine, or particular application, seems a slight outrage against universal laws. How many fine inventions are there which do not clutter the ground? We think that those only succeed which minister to our sensible and animal wants, which bake or brew, wash or warm, or the like. But are those of no account which are patented by fancy and imagination, and succeed so admirably in our dreams that they give the tone still to our waking thoughts? Already nature is serving all those uses which science slowly derives on a much higher and grander scale to him that will be served by her. When the sunshine falls on the path of the poet, he enjoys all those pure benefits and

pleasures which the arts slowly and partially realize from age to age. The winds which fan his cheek waft him the sum of that profit and happiness which their lagging inventions supply.

The chief fault of this book is, that it aims to secure the greatest degree of gross comfort and pleasure merely. It paints a Mahometan's heaven, and stops short with singular abruptness when we think it is drawing near to the precincts of the Christian's,—and we trust we have not made here a distinction without a difference. Undoubtedly if we were to reform this outward life truly and thoroughly, we should find no duty of the inner omitted. It would be employment for our whole nature; and what we should do thereafter would be as vain a question as to ask the bird what it will do when its nest is built and its brood reared. But a moral reform must take place first, and then the necessity of the other will be superseded, and we shall sail and plough by its force alone. There is a speedier way than the Mechanical System can show to fill up marshes, to drown the roar of the waves, to tame hyænas, secure agreeable environs, diversify the land, and refresh it with "rivulets of sweet water," and that is by the power of rectitude and true behavior. It is only for a little while, only occasionally, methinks, that we want a garden. Surely a good man need not be at the labor to level a hill for the sake of a prospect, or raise fruits and flowers, and construct floating islands, for the sake of a paradise. He enjoys better prospects than lie behind any hill. Where an angel travels it will be paradise all the way, but where Satan travels it will be burning marl and cinders. What says Veeshnoo Sunma? "He whose mind is at ease is possessed of all riches. Is it not the same to one whose foot is enclosed in a shoe, as if the whole surface of the earth were covered with leather?"

He who is conversant with the supernal powers will not worship these inferior deities of the wind, the waves, tide, and sunshine. But we would not disparage the importance of such calculations as we have described. They are truths in physics, because they are true in ethics. The moral powers no one would presume to calculate. Suppose we could compare the moral with the physical, and say

how many horse-power the force of love, for instance, blowing on every square foot of a man's soul, would equal. No doubt we are well aware of this force; figures would not increase our respect for it; the sunshine is equal to but one ray of its heat. The light of the sun is but the shadow of love. "The souls of men loving and fearing God," says Raleigh, "receive influence from that divine light itself, whereof the sun's elacity, and that of the stars, is by Plato called but a shadow. *Lumen est umbra Dei, Deus est Lumen Luminis.* Light is the shadow of God's brightness, who is "the light of light," and, we may add, the heat of heat. Love is the wind, the tide, the waves, the sunshine. Its power is incalculable; it is many horse power. It never ceases, it never slacks; it can move the globe without a resting-place; it can warm without fire; it can feed without meat; it can clothe without garments; it can shelter without roof; it can make a paradise within which will dispense with a para-

dise without. But though the wisest men in all ages have labored to publish this force, and every human heart is, sooner or later, more or less, made to feel it, yet how little is actually applied to social ends. True, it is the motive power of all successful social machinery; but, as in physics, we have made the elements do only a little drudgery for us, steam to take the place of a few horses, wind of a few oars, water of a few cranks and hand-mills; as the mechanical forces have not yet been generously and largely applied to make the physical world answer to the ideal, so the power of love has been but meanly and sparingly applied, as yet. It has patented only such machines as the almshouses, the hospital, and the Bible Society, while its infinite wind is still blowing, and blowing down these very structures, too, from time to time. Still less are we accumulating its power, and preparing to act with gearter energy at a future time. Shall we not contribute our shares to this enterprise, then?

THE FIRST LIGHT AND THE LAST.

When life is all a merry morning—
 A bodied joy, brimful of glee,
 No prophet tongue, in tone of warning,
 Tells what the end thereof shall be;
 The stainless Light around us shining,
 God's element, we are,—we live;
 We think not of the eve's declining—
 That Sin is great to take, as Good is great to give.

Young children, of God's grace unknowing,
 Yet full of grace, we play, we dream:
 The violet-girded fountain flowing,
 Kens not, yet fills the turbid stream:
 O Light, that in a shower descendeth,
 Then for long years no more down pours:
 The fool that all his treasure spendeth,
 Then wants and wails, hath such a froward lot as ours.

The years upon the brow are pressing,
 And prays the Old Man's treble tone:
 "Father, my childhood's cradle—blessing,
 Be to my death-bed passing shown!"
 O earnest prayer, be murmured ever!
 O night, be not all overcast!
 Borrow the morn-light of Forever:
 So shall our years the first be like our years the last.

CH. S. CONEDON.

New Bedford, Mass.

THE IDEAL.

"La vie est un sommeil, l'amour en est la rève."

A SAD, sweet dream! It fell upon my soul
When song and thought first woke their echoes there,
Swaying my spirit to its wild control,
And with the shadow of a fond despair
Darkening the fountain of my young life's stream,
It haunts me still and yet I know 'tis but a dream.

Whence art thou, shadowy presence, that canst hide
From my charmed sight the glorious things of earth?
A mirage o'er life's desert dost thou glide?
Or with those glimmerings of a former birth,
A "trailing cloud of glory," hast thou come
From some bright world afar, our unremembered home?

I know thou dwell'st not in this dull, cold Real,
I know thy home is in some brighter sphere,
I know I shall not meet thee, my Ideal,
In the dark wanderings that await me here;
Why comes thy gentle image then, to me,
Wasting my night of life in one long dream of thee?

The city's peopled solitude, the glare
Of festal halls, moonlight, and music's tone,
All breathe the sad refrain—*thou art not there*;
And even with Nature I am still alone;
With joy I see her summer bloom depart;
I love stern winter's reign—'tis winter in my heart.

And if I sigh upon my brow to see
The deep'ning shadow of Time's restless wing,
'Tis for the youth I might not give to thee,
The vanished brightness of my first sweet spring;
That I might give thee not the joyous form
Unworn by tears and cares, unblighted by the storm.

And when the hearts I should be proud to win,
Breathe, in those tones that woman holds so dear,
Words of impassioned homage unto mine,
Coldly and harsh they fall upon my ear,
And as I listen to the fervent vow
My weary heart replies, "*Alas, it is not thou!*"

Depart, O shadow! fatal dream, depart!
Go, I conjure thee leave me this poor life,
And I will meet with firm, heroic heart,
Its threat'ning storms and its tumultuous strife,
And with the poet-seer will see thee stand
To welcome my approach to thine own Spirit-land.

A.

MOZART.

BY J. S. DWIGHT.

MOZART has been called "the Raphael of Music." To feel his characteristics most, you should first hear Handel; then he is like moonlight after the broad noon-day sun,—a warm, balmy summer's night, such as lovers choose, smiled upon by the pale moon, and yet a night when ghosts walk abroad, and disturbed by crackling, bloodshot meteoric lights.

He was born in Salzburg, in January, 1756, just three years before the death of Handel. His romantic story is better known, and is more of a story, than the lives of most of his brothers in the art. Some anecdotes of Mozart mingle with our childhood's recollections of Arabian tales and of whatsoever was ideal and marvellous to most of us. We briefly review it that it may be seen how much the music and the man were one.

He was the child of beautiful parents; which may account for his exquisite sensibility. His father was a musician of some note, second chapel-master to the Prince Archbishop; and devoted his leisure to the musical culture of his two children. When the boy was three years old his sister, a little girl of seven, began to take lessons on the harpsichord. The boy was attracted by the instrument, and would delight to find out *thirds* upon it. At four he played correctly (and it is said with expression) simple airs and minuets which his father taught him. From four to six he actually composed these little things and dictated them to his father, who wrote them down. Many of these are preserved and published. His father going home one day with a friend, found the child very busily writing. He took from him a paper covered with blotches of ink, asking what it meant. "It is a *concerto* I am composing," said the boy; "I have finished the first part." The friend laughed at the droll make-believe; but the father looking at it more closely, exclaimed with delight: "These are indeed proper notes, and according to rule; but it is too difficult, nobody can execute it." "It is a *concerto*," said the boy; "it must be studied; this is

the way it goes," and tried in vain to play it himself. He was so finely organized that discords were unendurable to him; at the sound of a trumpet he turned pale and swooned. A year or two later he detected the difference of a half-a-quarter of a note in the pitch of a violin from what it was the day before. Moral and mental qualities corresponded. Extreme affectionateness—Ten times a day he would ask, "are you sure you love me?" and if answered no, in sport, he would burst into tears. Love of knowledge,—for a period he even renounced his music and engaged eagerly in the usual studies of his age; and when he was learning arithmetic, the tables, chairs, floors and walls were covered with figures. But music was the great passion. He was a sprightly, playful boy at first, but all this fled at the sound of that harpsichord; and ever after music was indispensable to all his amusements. The children used to carry their playthings in procession from rock to rock with him, one of the number singing or playing on a violin.

At the age of six, he was taken to Munich to play before the Elector, and to Vienna, where he astonished the Emperor Francis and his Court. The anecdotes told of this excursion, while they show how wondrously the plant unfolded new beauties every day, also show a modest independence and appreciation of himself. He would not play showy trifles, but he put his whole soul into it when he played before good judges, and he knew who they were. "Where is Mr. Wagenseil?" he said to the Emperor, as he sat down to the harpsichord; "he understands the thing; send for him;" and the person in question, a distinguished composer, was made to take the Emperor's place by the piano. "Mr. Wagenseil, I am going to play one of your concertos, and you must turn over the leaves for me."

On their return to Salzburg, he took with him a little violin, which his father had bought him for a plaything in Vienna. On this he taught himself to play, as on the harpsichord. One day

they were trying some new trios at his father's. The boy begged that he might play the second violin; his father refused, thinking it too much for him. But he pleaded so earnestly, that the person to whom the part was assigned interceded for him, and he was allowed to play along with him, in an under tone, on his little violin. The man soon saw how it was going on, and winking to the others, laid his instrument aside, and let the child sustain the part alone, which he did to the end of that and two more trios with precision and expression.

And now begins his public life. The next three years were spent in travelling. The whole Mozart family went together; the boy of seven and his sister giving concerts. Touching at the principal German cities, they arrived at Paris, were allowed to appear at Court, and play before the royal family, and were received with admiration. The young Princesses, daughters of Louis XV., and the dauphiness, even forgot that they were goddesses, and offered the boy their hands to kiss, and patted him on the cheek; and the duchess and marchioness found out how to do the like, when they saw nature sanctioned by such august personages. Here young Mozart composed his first two sets of sonatas, which he dedicated to one of these ladies. Next they went to England. His organ-playing in the Royal Chapel was the most admired; he gave concerts with his sister, in which all the symphonies were his own composing; he played Handel and Bach at sight; he played a new opera-duett, with accompaniments for several instruments from the score, at the same time singing one part, and correcting the mistakes of his father, who sang the other; he would extemporize a melody to a given bass; and when the Queen's music-master, holding him on his knees, would play a piece of an air, he would continue it in the same style. But we see the most fore-glimmering of his future destiny, as the master in dramatic music, in the following anecdote related among others by the Hon. Daines Barrington: "I said to the boy that I should be glad to hear an extempore 'love-song,' such as his friend Manzoli might choose in an opera. The boy on this (who continued to sit at the harpsichord) looked back with much archness, and imme-

diately began five or six lines of a jargon recitative, proper to introduce a love song. He then played a symphony, which might correspond with an air composed to the single word, "*Affetto*." It had a first and second part, which, together with the symphonies, was of the length that opera-songs generally last. Finding that he was in humor, and, as it were, inspired, I then desired him to compose a song of rage. The boy again looked back with much archness, and began five or six lines of a jargon recitative, proper to precede a song of anger. This lasted also about the same time with the song of love; and in the middle he had worked himself up to such a pitch, that he beat his harpsichord like a person possessed, rising sometimes in his chair. The word he pitched upon for this second extempore composition, was "*Perfido*." He returned to Salzburg in 1766; and there spent one quiet year in regular musical studies, (his instinct seems to have taught him all thus far,) with his father. His models were Handel, the younger Bach, (Ch. P. Emanuel, who formed the stepping-stone from the old strict style to the freer style of Haydn,) and the most melodious of the old Italian church-writers. The next year he was playing before the Emperor, Joseph II. in Vienna, again, and composed an opera, which was approved by Metastasio; being now twelve years old. Another year of study at home prepared him for his career in Italy. We will not follow him from place to place. He was not yet fifteen, and all Italy acknowledged him a master; stars and orders were given him in one city; he was made a member of the selectest musical society in another, (composing the trial anthem in half an hour); the greatest opera composer, Hasse, said, "he will eclipse us all;" he was commissioned to compose the opera for the carnival season in Milan; and (greatest of all) after two hearings of the famous "*Miserere*," in the Pope's chapel, which it was forbidden to copy on pain of excommunication, he wrote it all down in all the parts, without losing a note. Most of his time was spent in Italy, composing operas and music for festival occasions, now and then returning to execute similar orders in Germany, until 1775, when he returned to Salzburg at the age of nineteen.

Here ends the chapter of the "infant phenomenon." The charm was gone, for vulgar eyes. Inwardly the man had more than kept the promise of the child; but the world—then, as always, seeking for a "sign"—had no eyes to see, nor ears to hear, this *real* miracle. The *show* was over: what market was there now for genuine merit? The young man who at nineteen had won all the musical honors of Italy, whose fame filled Europe from London to Naples, as a composer in every department of his art, could not find a patron among all the thousands of musical noblemen in Germany. For three years he waited in his native city with the vain expectation of being appointed chapel-master. Then he started for Paris, his mother accompanying him, on account of his extreme ignorance of worldly affairs. He stopped at Munich and Augsburg by the way; but one prince had no vacant place for him; and another said, "It is too early—let him go to Italy, and make to himself a name." His letters to his father from these places, full of sincerity and vivid perception of things and relations, and written in a simple and graceful style, show the struggle between his inward consciousness of superiority, and his perfect humility and nothingness in the great world. It was more than vanity, which compelled him to say, "Let the prince come to the proof: let him assemble all the composers of Munich; let him send for those of Italy, France, Germany, England, and Spain; I will engage with them all." In Paris it was worse. The great did not deign to notice him; the musicians were jealous of him; the opera-managers thought only of catering for a low public taste; for even the great revolution in opera produced by Gluck, had not yet taken effect. To add to his misfortunes he lost his mother, and he left Paris with a heavy heart, renewing his vain applications in different places by the way, for home. Mozart, the admiration of the world, could not even with great pains obtain the situation of music-teacher to the children of the Elector of Mentz, worth forty pounds a year! This is not a rare case in the history of genius. Real greatness and the talent of succeeding are separable things, not inconsistent with each other, also not essential to each other. Mozart was admired, and everywhere ac-

knowledged as one who had the divine fire in him; still the world would not move at his bidding; still the natural consequences of what he was, and had a right to expect, did not seem to follow; still nobody bought what everybody wanted; he called, but it would not sound; he was there, but his presence did not seem to cause any movement, or displace any particle of matter, more than an incorporeal ghost; all was well willed and prepared on his part, and off he would start, but the foot seemed glued to the ground, as in a nightmare, and so, dismayed, he had to learn the contradiction between the Ideal and the Actual. In truth, he had not the inherent faculty of influence; he was not one of those Powers whom all heads and hands involuntarily serve. A pale, diminutive young man, with "a countenance remarkable for nothing but its variableness," sensitive, nervous, and awkward, seeking sympathy, but with nothing imposing about him. He had; not that moral magnetism, by which a Handel, a Napoleon, and his own "Don Juan," always tell upon the world—always *succeed*, say what else you will of it. We believe he understood himself, and did not care to quarrel with a higher will so plainly indicated. He despised ambition, and rather than cherish a love of influence for its own sake preferred to have no influence. Handel was ideal and commanding, both. But he was of another mould. Perhaps a man in whom sensibility is the main quality, *should* not have that power. Perhaps it is a wise fatality which excludes him from all the vulgar politics of life, and postpones his influence, that it may not strike, but pervade and last forever. The world, by its very neglect, pays such characters the highest compliment, by seeming to take for granted that they are the peculiar care of heaven. And so they are. It is mysterious how they live *without* "getting along," how they glide through circumstances as calmly as the moon through clouds, making the clouds look beautiful. And Mozart so felt it. In one those letters to his father he closes thus: "My best regards to my dear father, and many thanks for the compliment which he paid me on my birth-day. Let him feel no anxiety; I never lose sight of my God—I acknowledge his power; dread his wrath; but at the same time, love to admire his

goodness and mercy towards his creatures. He will never abandon his servant; by the fulfilment of His will, mine is satisfied—by which means I can want nothing, and ought to live happily. I shall always make it my duty to follow punctually the counsels and commands which you may have the goodness to give me.”

To him the real evil of all this was, that it did not allow him to compose, except in the small way of drudgery. There was no demand for what he *could* do, what he burned to do. His mind was teeming with glorious conceptions, which, for the want of a resting place, could not take form. Thus, writing from Paris about his disappointments, he says: “If I were in a place where the people had ears to hear, or hearts to feel, or only understood and possessed a little taste for music, I should laugh heartily at these things; but as far as regards a taste for music, I am living among mere beasts and cattle. An aristocracy, which is from its very nature the slave of fashion, is deaf or blind to every kind of merit that does not bear the stamp of its idol.”

But it was not meant that the treasure should be lost. The spirit must fulfil its mission ere it leave the earth. Though destined never to know good fortune, he found a resting-place at last in 1780, at Vienna, where he remained in the service of the Emperor Joseph II., until his death, ten years. In this period he produced his greatest works. It was blessed, too, by his marriage with Constance Weber, whom he passionately loved, and who was his devoted friend and guide, soothing all his sorrows, and supplying all his want of worldly tact, being a woman of as much energy as loveliness of character. She was his inspiration while he composed the first of that great series of works, his opera “*Idomena*,” which determined the whole tendency of operatic music since its time. About the same time he composed another, at the somewhat reluctant order of the emperor, whose taste was for Italian music, “*The Escape from the Seraglio*.” “This is too fine for us,” said the emperor, looking over the score, “here are altogether too many notes.” “May it please your majesty,” replied Mozart, (who did not want a noble pride if he did seem weak at times through too much desire of being loved,) “there

are just the number that there should be.” Then, at least, his word carried weight with it. The emperor could not but respect Mozart’s imperial self-possession; and to his honor he heard the opera, and openly applauded. Still he paid the artist poorly, and employed him little. It was by the sale of smaller compositions, and in great measure by composing *waltzes* and *contrédanses* that he eked out a subsistence; while “*Figaro*,” and “*Così fan tutte*,” and “*Don Juan*,” were his recreations. The King of Prussia offered him a very much larger salary; all his friends said, go; but here he was weak again through his affections—a single appeal to them on the part of Joseph fixed him fast, and he declined the tempting offer, saying: “how can I leave my good emperor?” He was too unworldly to take advantage of the tide, and secure an increase of salary; the poor pittance of eighty pounds was all he had till the year of his death. Once when this was paid him he exclaimed: “Too much for what I *do*; too little for what I *could* and *would* do.”

Intensely as he toiled in these years, it was with great irregularity. A tendency to indolence and an impulsive way of doing things is only what we might expect from such a temperament. Thus it is said, the overture to *Don Juan*, his master-piece, was postponed to the very night before the first performance. He began composing about eleven o’clock, having stimulated his faculties with hot punch, his wife sitting by him, and telling him all the fairy tales and comic adventures she could remember, to keep him awake; and while he laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks, he worked to good purpose; but now and then would nod. It was finished, however, in time for the orchestra to play it without rehearsal. But doubtless he had carried it about in his head for many days; and as it embodies the leading features of the opera itself in an abridged form, certainly not the invention, but the using of the invention was the work of a single night. An extract from one of his letters may be interesting here:

“You say you should like to know my way of composing, and what method I follow in writing works of some extent. I can really say no more upon this subject than the following,—for I myself know no more about it, and cannot account for

it. When I am, as it were, completely myself, entirely alone, and of good cheer,—say travelling in a carriage, or walking after a good meal, or during the night when I cannot sleep—it is on such occasions that my ideas flow best and most abundantly. Whence and how they come I know not, nor can I force them. Those ideas that please me I retain in memory, and I am accustomed, as I have been told, to hum them to myself. If I continue in this way, it soon occurs to me how I may turn this or that morsel to account, so as to make a good dish of it—that is to say, agreeably to the rules of counterpoint, the peculiarities of the different instruments, &c. All this fires my soul; and, provided I am not disturbed, my subject enlarges itself, becomes methodized and defined, and the whole, though it be long, stands almost finished and complete in my mind, so that I can survey it, like a fine picture, or a beautiful statue, at a glance. Nor do I hear in my imagination the parts *successively*, but I hear them, as it were, all at once. The delight this gives me I cannot express. All this inventing, this producing, takes place, as it were, in a pleasing, lively dream; still the actual hearing of the *tout ensemble* is, after all, the best. What has been thus produced I do not easily forget; and this is, perhaps, the best gift I have my Divine Maker to thank for.

“When I proceed to write down my ideas, I take out of the bag of my memory, if I may use that phrase, what has previously been collected into it in the way I have mentioned; for this reason, the committing to paper is quickly done; for everything, as I said before, is already finished, and it rarely differs on paper from what it was in my imagination. At this occupation I can, therefore, suffer myself to be disturbed; for, whatever may be going on around me, still I write, and even talk on trifling matters. But why productions take from my hand that particular form and style which makes them *Mozartish*, and different from the works of other composers, is probably owing to the same cause which renders my nose so-and-so, large or aquiline, or, in short, makes it Mozart’s, and different from those of other people; for I really do not study to aim at any originality. I should, in fact, not be able to describe in what mine consists; though I think it quite natural that persons who have really an individual appearance of their own, are also differently organized from others, both externally and internally. Let this suffice, and never, my best friend, never trouble me again with such subjects.”

Excessive application, together with

excessive love of pleasure, soon began to wear upon his health. For the last three or four years of his life he worked with an incredible rapidity, yet with a perfect thoroughness of execution, which seemed inspired by the presentiment that he had not long to live, and that there was still the secret of his life to be told. “Life is short and art is long,” is a truth which grew upon him with a more and more alarming emphasis. The very last few months of his life witnessed the production of three of his greatest works. The opera of the “*Magic Flute*,” was undertaken to save an opera manager from bankruptcy. It was produced in a month—a month during which he wrote day and night, letting nothing tempt him from his work till he sank back exhausted on his couch. His wife and friends would try to win him from his infatuated abstraction in which he was fast tending to realize his own presentiment, by getting him out to walk, amid the green fields and happy groups of people, a sight always grateful to him. But in vain. He walked as a duty; his mind was studying far away the while. She would get his friends to visit him late at night, as if by accident; but he would not talk; he would write on as if they were not present, till sleep or exhaustion overcame him. While yet in the midst of this work, the coronation of the Emperor Leopold called him away to the composition of another opera; and a fortnight witnessed the conception and completion of his “*Clemenza di Tito*.” Still the “*Zauberflöte*” went on, was ready by the day appointed, and its magic music saved the sinking manager. It was a perfect “*Midsummer Night’s Dream*” in music, full of the most exquisite and fairy-like inventions and of beautiful songs, like the “*Dolce Conento*” and the “*Manly Heart*,” which have become as common as Scotch songs, yet never can be hacknied. It seemed a miracle how he completed it. He said that the whole second act was conceived in one day in a stage-coach, and that he only wanted more hands to write it down fast enough. It was played over one hundred nights in succession. He directed the performance in person only the few first times; his health permitted it no longer; but he would sit looking at his watch and imagine the progress of the piece; say-

ing to himself: "Now they have finished the first act, now comes such a song," &c.; and then would sigh to think how soon he must leave all this.

Who has not heard the mysterious history of his "Requiem?" He poured out the fevered current of his life in the hurried yet anxiously prolonged composition of it, and realized his own presentiment, that the Requiem which was ordered by the stranger, would prove his own! He died Dec. 5th, 1791.

So passed his short life, like a strain of his own music, alternating between the sweet sad ecstasy of love and the shudder of awe. Sensibility and marvellousness were the whole of him. All things in this world were nothing to him, save as the *heart* has property in them. His life was one intense longing to be loved; his music the expression of it, and in a great degree the satisfaction of it—Heaven's answer to his prayer. Such fond sensibility always stands on the very brink of the infinite, thrilled with strange raptures or strange fears. Love is full of presentiments; and no mortal seems to have had so much of that as he. The flesh-veil which separated him from the world of spirits was very thin and transparent. His senses fed his soul. The life of the senses was with him a spiritual life. His exquisite physical organization was truly a harp of many strings, that always thrilled with unearthly music; and in his music sense and spirit met and mingled. Hence there is a certain voluptuousness in all his music, without the least impurity. It is earnest and sad withal as the voice of the nightingale. He was born to give expression to all the passions, the loves, hopes, fears, longings, sorrows and presentiments of the private heart. He took no eagle flights up into the impersonal, the universal. That was for such as Handel. Strong, impartial, calm regard for all that is,—that was too bracing an element for one so delicately strong. Love and preference, romance and tragedy, the changing hues of passion, and the Aladdin's lamp of the imagination, which stands nearer than we think to every one, and is quickly lit by *feeling*; these, and the superstitions of the heart, the dreadful dreams (so natural) of seeing the opposite of what we ardently wish, of *being* the opposite of what we strive to be; these compose the sweetness and the

strength of his music; the exquisite melody and the harsh terrific passages which so often interrupt it. Handel is naturally strong; calmly, always so. Mozart is sometimes strong; but then it is with violence, with convulsion, more like striving after strength. Handel invigorates us to that pitch, that the great, broad, monotonous ocean, the monotonous day-light, the wide unvaried plain, the mere masses and spaces of life, and the great wide waste of monotonous reality which lies around us in our dull moods, become conversible and full of novelty to us. But in the spirit of Mozart we should feel sea-sick on the ocean; we should feel strange all through the garish day, and long for moonlight bowers and the magic coloring of sentiment and fancy.

I began with speaking of the man—I find myself speaking of his music—they are so inseparable and will run into each other. The anecdotes about his delicate musical organization, when a child, about his asking every one "do you love me?" and about his strange presentiment of death, furnish all the texts and mottos for his life and for his music. In him, therefore, we have the finest development of the *dramatic* element in music. In him music appears as the natural language of the affections and passions, and of the imagination which is passion's slave. The *Pathetic* and the *Romantic* made him the genius of the Opera. Gluck, his predecessor, the great reformer of the French opera, was perhaps more *operatic* in this sense, that all his melodies depend on dramatic situation for their effect. *Rossini* and others are more *operatic* in the modern sense of the word, which means *brilliant, startling*, all for *effect*. But Mozart's melodies and symphonies are the language of the heart, and explain themselves as well without action and scenery as with. Merely played over on the piano, without any knowledge of the story, there is infinite interest in one of his operas. And as for effect, for richness, and inexhaustible novelty of invention, the boldest of modern operas is still tame in comparison. Thousands of operas have only lived through a short day of fashion, satisfying the love of novelty, nothing more. But *Don Juan* and the *Magic Flute* can never become hack-nied. They swarm with ideas, which require no coloring or setting off to

make them pass; the charm is intrinsic. The novel effects of Rossini, and still more of Myerbeer and the modern French schools, strike with overwhelming power. But *these* haunt us and become part of us. You find a parallel in them for all that is most tender in Bellini, most sparkling in Rossini, and most dark and bodiful in Von Weber.

Not forgetting, therefore, that he was great in all forms of composition, that he stands between Haydn and Beethoven in the *symphony*, as one of the rulers of the mighty deep of instrumental music, and that his masses and his "*requiem*" yield the palm of church-music to none but Handel, Bach, and Beethoven, it is as the *representative of the opera* that we would chiefly consider him. In that he confessedly is greatest. In whatever he did he leaned to the dramatic style; his masses and anthems breathe a too scholastic and impassioned spirit for the more sublime, impersonal religion of this Protestant era of the intellect; but are more suited to the religion of the Catholic, which takes the form of personal love to the Virgin. His instrumental works are distinguished by what is called the *cantabile* or *singing style*; or else by somewhat harsh and violent attempts to break away from it;—how else can we account for what we are told that his symphonies, the symphonies of the delicate and sentimental Mozart, are among the noisiest works of that class?

The Opera was the first leap of the genius of music, from its cradle in the Church, where it had been held down till well nigh bed-ridden and paralyzed forever, out into the free secular air. It was the idealizing of the hopes and fears, the loves and sorrows, and the whole tragedy of private life. Music sought its own in this natural, spontaneous religion of the human heart. It became a voice to the good tendency which there is at the bottom of all our love of excitement and pleasure. It saved the senses from wandering away out of all hearing of the soul. It refined sensuality into a love of beauty; and developed in passion the divine restlessness, the prophetic aspiration of the soul, which is at the bottom of it; and thus effected in a measure a reconciliation between the higher and the lower tendencies in man, between the spirit and the flesh, between the sacred and the secular. The opera makes a

purely ideal thing out of a personal history. It does away all the reserve and disguise, all the common-place there is in human intercourse; and satisfies our craving for expression, by showing us men and women moving together in so strong a light that they become transparent. Passions, feelings, desires live and move and interact before us without any screen of dullness or imperfect utterance. The whole rude materials are fused together in music, which is a perfect medium of communication. The *dramatis personæ* of an opera, therefore, are so many personified passions or emotions. They are the inward history, the present inward lives of so many men and women, passing before us instead of their outward forms, which are more or less conventional, certainly fixtures of old habit, and therefore impervious to the light. What romance, what tragedy, there would be in every little scene of daily life, could we only remove this veil of custom and appearance. This music does. It lifts the veil, it banishes the obstructions, it abridges the time, concentrates the interest, throws away the extraneous and accidental, compresses the life of days and years into as many moments, giving life the speed it would have in a less resisting element, and shows how spirits would live in time and space, but not at all limited thereby. It does away the fiction, and shows the effect in the cause. In an opera, therefore, there are very few words, and a very slight skeleton of a story. When we see the spirits, what they are, we do not want to know what they will do. They sing *themselves* to us; the story is no more than the stage on which they stand. Could we know the feelings of men, we should learn at once, what their actions could only gradually and by a roundabout way reveal to us. Music is the spontaneous language of feeling. We seldom act or speak naturally. But when we do, the mere tone, without words, indicates enough. We know men by their voice more infallibly than by almost any sign. The opera composer, therefore, must be he who knows most of this natural language of the feelings; and of course he must be a person of sensibility.

But the Opera meets another want of ours. It supplies the craving of the senses for excitement, quenching the thirst of pleasure with a healthy

draught. It feeds the appetite with a nectar that is good also for the soul. Our tendency to excess, which it is dangerous to deny, dangerous to indulge unworthily, overflows with graceful self-recovery in the world of art and beauty. Transport is a necessity of every noble nature. And there is no music like Mozart's, to transport one into a voluptuousness, that does not smack of earth or aught impure. He in music, and Raphael in colors, have taught us the spiritual ministry of the senses. Through music Handel rises above the life of the senses. Through music Mozart bears a charmed life in the sphere of the senses. The consecration of the senses, the idealizing of common life seems to be the meaning of the opera.

But this it can never effect entirely. With the very zest of pleasure, with the very transport of love, comes a capacity for melancholy. Almost of its own accord, as if by a law of nature, the key modulates into the minor mode. There is a vein of sadness in all pathetic music; witness Bellini; witness equally, in spite of greater wealth and strength and elasticity, Mozart. He composed some comic operas; but there is no comedy in them; except the comedy which consists in the contrast of a pathetic melody with a ludicrous theme, as in the famous song of Leporello, in which he gives the catalogue of Don Juan's mistresses, and his recipes for the successful wooing of every kind of subject. Sad as the nightingale is all his music, when divested of the words. Don Juan's own melodies seem mournfully to rebuke the desperado.

Of fancy and romantic invention I will not speak as a separate requisite in the opera. Whoever has fine senses, and a soul for love, necessarily is something of a poet. Imagination is the Ariel which waits on all strong feeling. Every musical composer is fond of romantic subjects. *Feeling* was the "*Magic Flute*," which brought fairy-land around him. A writer, speaking of this opera, so called, says: "The story, which is like the wandering of a delirious imagination, harmonizes divinely with the genius of the musician. I am convinced, that if Mozart had been a writer, his pen would have been employed in depicting scenes like that where the negro, Mo-

nostates, comes in the silence of the night, by the light of the moon, to steal a kiss from the lips of the sleeping Princess."

But why does sadness wait so peculiarly on those who have the keenest sense of enjoyment, those who have the fairest dreams, the most refined excitements? those who know most of the heaven of this life? It is to show that Aspiration lies nearer to the principle of life than Ecstasy itself; that the Present can never satisfy; that behind the Finite is the Infinite, and just when we are happiest, we pause upon the brink of it. An awe, a sense of mystery, a vague foreboding necessarily darkens the harmonies of so much luxury of sense and feeling. How full of presentiment, of what the Germans call "*Ahnung*," was Mozart's life! how full of it his music! dark, sudden modulations; low murmuring *tremolos* stealing in in the accompaniments; and all those passages which we associate on the stage with luminous smoke-clouds of unearthly-colored light, rising up out of the ground, and vague forms of spirits and demons moving within. We shudder while we admire. Love trembles at the stirring of a leaf; its hour is so precious, it cannot be careful enough of danger.

We have thus all the elements which enter into the composition of his greatest opera, "*Don Juan*." It seems at first a waste of so much fine music, to couple it with a mere story of a desperate rake, finally brought to judgment in a most marvellous way; namely, by inviting in jest the statue of an old man whom he had murdered, the father of the heroine whom he sought to ruin, to sup with him; and being surprised in the midst of his feast by the statue in good earnest, with the whole *posse comitatus* of the lower world, rising to claim him. But it does not seem so when we come to enter into the spirit of it. His love of the marvellous and of fairy tales, naturally led him to this old tradition, which was part of the popular lore, and that for the good reason, that it is a purely ideal story, containing a truth for the mind only, so free from all the conditions of probability as to become ideal and consistent with itself, from that very fact. Moreover, what is Don Juan? Not a vulgar sensualist; but noble in mind and person, endowed with the finest gifts and

the loftiest aspirations, eager to embrace all, filled with an intense longing for sympathy which amounts to torment, blindly seeking relief in the excitement of the passion, still restless and disappointed, till love turns to hate, and aspiration to defiance, and he drinks the cup of pleasure to the dregs, not from sensuality, but from proud denial of the law, and, like a serpent charming a bird, seduces innocent woman to her ruin, in assertion of the devilish sense of power. No man ever came quite to this—but many have come to dread it. Beings, as we are,

inclined to excess, we dread the madness of it. Thirsting for love, we instinctively suspect a lurking wickedness in the desire to be loved for *our own sakes*, which if carried out may lead us far from the virtues which we should seek to make loved in us. Who more than the pleasure-loving, sympathy-seeking, sad, imaginative, Mozart, would be apt to shudder in dreams before the colossal shadow of what possibly he might become through unholy excess of the very qualities which made him diviner than common men?

LOOSE LEAVES OF A LITERARY LOUNGER.

No. II.

A CHAPTER ON COSTLY AND CURIOUS BOOKS.

WITH what rapt enthusiasm will the confirmed bibliomaniac pounce upon, and pour over the scarce legible pages of some antique mouldering manuscript; or clutch, with miser grasp, the musty cover of his favorite black-letter tome of the olden time. This feeling, though peculiar in its intensity to the class referred to, is yet possessed in degree by most who prefer any claims to a literary taste. An attachment or veneration for books—for books as books—if not a conclusive test of all mental refinement, is at least its rarely absent concomitant. In the companionship of books how many immunities do we enjoy, which are denied us in our intercourse with men;—with unobtrusive modesty, they trespass not upon us unbidden guests, nor do they ever outstay their welcome. Yet it must be admitted with a writer of the past century, that books, like friends, should be few and well chosen, and then like true friends we shall return to them again and again, well knowing they will never fail us, never cease to instruct, never cloy. Hazlett has indorsed this sentiment; he says, "I hate to read new books: there are twenty or thirty volumes that I have read over and over again, and these are the only ones I have any desire ever to read at all. When I take up a book I have read before, I know what to expect: the satisfaction

is not lessened by being anticipated:—I shake hands with, and look our old, tried and valued friend in the face,—compare notes, and chat the hours away." When it is remembered that books present us with the quintessence of the most cultivated minds, freed from their alloy of human passion and weakness, and that they are the media of our acquiring the closest proximity and communion with the spirits of the great and good of all ages, it cannot surprise us that books should become such universal favorites. With the historian, for instance, we lose sight of our own commonplace monotonous existence as we become fired with the enthusiasm of the apparently more noble and illustrious achievements of the mighty dead; or traverse with the poet, the glowing fields of his own ideal world, peopled with the bright creations of fancy; while in our more sober mood we gather from the grave teacher of ethics the collective wisdom of all time, whence we may learn the true nobleness of our destiny. "Talk of the necromancer of old," says an eloquent writer, "with his wand, his charms, and his incantations; what is he to an author? His charm is, that we lift the cover of his book; his incantation is its preface—his wand the pen; but what can equal their power? The spell is upon us; the actual world

around us is gone." Honor then to those gifted ones who can thus delight and instruct us: no praise or reward can be overpaid to them while they are amongst us, nor any homage too great when they are passed away. The works of an author are his embalmed mind; and grateful to the student's eye are the well understood hieroglyphics on this mental mummy-case that tell of the worthy preserved within. What was the extolled art of the Egyptians to this? Mind and body—the poet and the monarch—Homer and king Cheops!

There they reign
(In loftier pomp than working life had known,)
The kings of thought!—not crowned
until the grave,
When Agamemnon sinks into the tomb,
The beggar Homer mounts the monarch's throne!
..... Who of us can tell
What he had been, had Cadmus never taught
To man the magic that embalms the thought—
Had Plato never spoken from his cell,
Or his high harp blind Homer never strung?—
Kinder all earth hath grown since genial
Shakspeare sung!

Hume says, "it is with books as with women, where a certain plainness of dress and style is more engaging than that glare of paint and apparel which so dazzle the eye, but reach not the affections;" yet it cannot be denied that one is invariably delighted with an elegant book. The casket should be worthy of the gem.

In his curious chapter on the Earlier Manuscripts, D'Israeli gives the following ludicrous anecdote illustrative of the *mauvaise odeur* which, in monkish times, attached to the classics. To read a *profane* author was deemed by the communities not only as a very idle recreation, but even held by some in great horror. To distinguish them, therefore, they invented a disgraceful sign; when a monk enquired for any pagan author, after making the general sign they used in their manual and silent language when they wanted a book, he added a particular one, which consisted in scratching under his ear, as a dog which feels an itching, scratches himself in that place with his paw—

because, said they, an unbeliever is compared to a dog! In this manner they expressed an *itching* for those sad dogs, Virgil and Horace! Notwithstanding the odium with which the monks regarded the writings of these benighted heathens, there were yet others of a later date to be found willing to become their possessors at enormous cost, and even the transfer of an entire estate was sometimes not withheld to secure the boon; while the disposal of a manuscript was considered of sufficient importance to require to be solemnly registered in public acts. Even Louis XI., in 1471, was obliged to pledge a hundred golden crowns in order to obtain the loan of the MS. of an Arabian scribe named Rasis, for copying merely. Numerous other instances might be cited of a similar class, during the middle ages: *par example*,—Stowe informs us that, in 1274, a Bible in nine volumes, finely written, "sold for fifty marks," something like £34 of that time, when wheat averaged 3s 4d per quarter, and ordinary laboring wages were 1d per diem. This Bible was afterwards bought by the Earl of Salisbury, after having been taken from the King of France at the battle of Poitiers. The Countess of Anjou is also said to have paid for a copy of the Homilies of Bishop Hui-man, two hundred sheep, and other articles of barter.

Parnarme, writing to the King of Naples, says, "you lately wrote me from Florence that the works of Titus Livius are there to be sold, in very handsome books, and that the price of each is one hundred and twenty crowns of gold. Therefore I entreat your Majesty that you cause the same to be bought; and one thing I want to know of your prudence, whether I, or Poggius have done best,—he, that he might buy a country house near Florence, sold Livy, which he had writ in a very fine hand, or I, that I might purchase the books have exposed a piece of land for sale?"

In Spain, books were so exceedingly scarce about this time, that one and the same Bible often served for the use of several Monasteries. And even the Royal Library at Paris down to the fourteenth century possessed only four of the classic authors,—Cicero, Lucan, Ovid and Boethius. The bestowment of a book to a convent, was further—

more looked upon as a highly religious act,—and at the Monastery of St. Swithar at Winchester, a daily mass was actually founded for the soul of Bishop Nicholas de Ely, because he had given a Bible to that institution. In still earlier times we read of a Saxon king who actually gave away an estate of eight hundred acres for a single volume, entitled, *Cosmography, or the History of the World*.

The exceeding paucity of books in those days will account for the extraordinary premium at which we find them generally estimated. A book was often entailed with as much solemnity as the most valuable estate. Thus, at the commencement of a breviary of the Bible, there is a memorial by the donor—'I, Philip, late bishop of Lincoln, give this book, called *Petrus de Aureolis*, to the new library about to be built in the church of Lincoln; reserving the use and possession of the said book to Richard Fryerby, clerk, cannon, and prebendary of Milton, to hold in fee, for the term of his natural life; and afterwards to revert to the said library, or its keepers for the time being, faithfully and without delay." The purchase of a book was often a matter of so much importance that persons of consideration were assembled as witnesses on the occasion. Thus, an archdeacon of Leicester has written in Peter the Lombard's *Liber Sententiarum*,—"This Book of Sentences belongs to M. Rogers, Archdeacon of Lincoln, who bought it from Geoffrey, the chaplain, brother of Henry, Vicar of Northalington, in presence of master John de Lee, of master John de Liring, of Richard of Luda, clerk, of Richard the Almoner, of the said vicar Henry and his clerk, and many others. And the said archdeacon gave this book to God and St. Oswald, to the prior and convent of Barden." Books were of so much value that they were often pledged to learned bodies; and when they were lent a deposit was left on them. Thus Oxford had a chest for books thus pledged, which, if

not redeemed by a given day, became the property of the university.

We should tell nothing new to the reader at all conversant with the pleasant and curious antiquities of bibliography, were we to speak of the early materials and fabric of books;—to tell about the Egyptian papyrus plant, and the Herculeanum manuscripts with their sticks of nine inches in length by two or three diameter on which they are rolled; or of the waxen tablets of the Greeks and Romans, with the *stylus* which has afforded to the language of our own day its two widely different words,—*style* and *stiletto*; or of the metals (chiefly brass) on which certain public records were preserved by them, and sometimes used for important correspondence from state to state; or of the skins first prepared at Pergamus, in Asia Minor, a fact which is yet commemorated in one word, *parchment* (pergamena,) and which the Romans, in their more luxurious days, used to manufacture in yellow and purple, as well as white, to receive the characters in liquid gold or silver,—a mode continued down to monkish days, which have bequeathed to us copies, yet extant, of the Evangelists, executed in this gorgeous style, or of the silk formerly used by the Chinese, great as is the antiquity of paper among that curious people, the art of making which from cotton in Europe, dates back only to the eleventh century.

There is a small fragment of writing on bark, near a thousand years old, in the Cottonian library.*

The first book known to have been written in our own vernacular, was a volume entitled, "*The Confessions of Richard, Earl of Cambridge*," 1415; and the earliest ballad in the English language is supposed to have been the "*Cuckoo Song*," bearing date the latter part of Henry III., which, as few of our readers have probably seen, we subjoin:

"Sumer is icumen in
Lhudè sing cuccu;

* Bark is still employed for the purpose in some countries even now, as we learn by the following extract from Capt. Skinner's narrative:—"The natives of Ceylon as yet employ no paper; they write on thin leaves of the Ola, and are obliged to make use of an iron pen, which they support in a notch cut in the thumb nail allowed to grow for that purpose: a literary man is discovered by such a mark. A quill, or a reed, serves my friend of Mookba; for the pen runs as quickly over the skin of the bark, as it would over the surface of a glazed sheet."

Groweth sed, and bloweth med
And sprigth ye wdè nu :
Singe cuccu.

Awe beteth after lambe,
Lhouth after calvè cu ;—
Bulluc sterteth,
Backè verteth,
Murie singes cuccu :
Cuccu, cuccu.

Wel singes thu cuccu,
Ne swik thu naver nu.”

For the benefit of the uninitiated in antiquarian lore, is the following literal rendering into *modern* English.

Summer is come in,
Loud sings the cuckoo :
Groweth seed,
And bloweth mead,
And springeth the wood now.

Ewe bleateth after lamb,
Loweth after calf, the cow :
Bullock starteth,
Buck verteth,
Merrily sings the cuckoo ;
Mayst thou never cease.

The earliest specimen of illuminated manuscripts is the renowned *Codex Argenteus* ; it is an extremely beautiful and costly volume in the quarto form ;—its leaves, which are of vellum, are stained with a rich violet color, and the chirography executed in silver ; from which circumstance it derives the latter part of its title. It is a most elaborate performance, and one of exceeding beauty : and is further remarkable as being the only specimen extant of the parent tongue from which our own language as well as some of those of Northern Europe, including Germany, the Netherlands, &c., have descended. It exhibits a very close resemblance to printing also, although executed nearly ten centuries prior to its invention. This Codex was first found in the Benedictine Abbey of Werden, in Westphalia,* about 1587 ; it subsequently passed into the possession of Queen Christina of Sweden, then into that of Isaac Vossius, and finally was purchased by a northern Count, Gabriel de la Gardie,

for £250, and by him presented to the University of Upsal. This copy is said to bear great analogy to the reading of the Vulgate ; three editions of it have been printed. About the latter part of the seventh century, we find reference made by Bede to a magnificent copy of the Four Gospels having been done in letters of the purest gold, upon leaves of parchment, purpled in the ground, and colored variously upon the surface, for the decoration of the church at Ripon, at the instance of the famous Wilford : the chronicler speaks of it as a prodigy, and we may infer from this its rarity in those times. So costly a mode of producing manuscripts could not have become general in any age, accordingly we find these magnificent specimens were expressly executed for the nobles and princes of their times or the higher dignitaries of the Church. An instance of this is to be seen in the superb *Prayer-book* of a like description with the foregoing, with the addition of its binding, which was of pure ivory, studded with gems, and is yet extant, we believe, in the celebrated Colbertine library, founded by Charles the Bald. In the middle ages even the bishops bound books. With the monks it was a common employment. There were also trading binders, called *Ligatores*, and they who sold the covers were called *Scrutarii*. There are many missals now in existence with covers of solid silver gilt. Gold, relics, ivory, velvet, large bosses of brass, and other expensive adornments, were bestowed upon church books, and those intended for presents to royal and great personages.

Some of these manuscript copies of the sacred Scriptures were, it is well known, further embellished with elaborately executed miniatures and paintings. To follow in the order of chronology, we next meet with the magnificent Bible, presented by his favorite preceptor Alcuin, librarian to the Archbishop of York, to the great Charlemagne after he had learned to read and write ; (for although among the wisest men of his age, he even commenced his educa-

* An ancient copy of a portion of the New Testament has been recently discovered at Rheims Cathedral, written in the Slavonic language. It is said to be the identical copy, which, in former years was used in administering the oath to the kings of France, at their anointment and coronation. It is supposed to have been written between the 11th and 13th centuries.

tional course at the tender age of 45.) This remarkable copy of the Bible was in folio size, richly bound in velvet; its embellishments were of the most superb description; its frontispiece being brilliantly ornamented with gold and colors, and its text relieved by emblematic devices, pictures, initial letters, &c. This curious relic which was in fine preservation, was sold by Evans in London, it may be remembered, in 1836, and produced the sum of £1500, or \$7,500. The different libraries of Italy are said to comprise many curious specimens; in that of St. Mary at Florence, may be seen a superb copy of the entire New Testament, written on silk, including the liturgy, &c. At the end, the the following occurs in the Greek character,—“*By the hand of the sinner and most unworthy mark; in the year of the world, 7840;*”—id est, A. D., 1332.

While we think of it, we may as well mention in passing, that the first genuine bibliomaniac known to history, was Richard Aungerville *vel* Richard de Bury, the author of the celebrated “*Philoblion*,” as a proof of whose great “love of books,” in 1341, we find him purchasing of the Abbot of St. Albans, about 30 volumes, for which he gave in return *fifty pounds weight of silver*. In fact he bought books at *any price*, so great was his passion for them; and he is reported, on one occasion to have adopted, as his apology for his seeming prodigality and reluctance to part with his treasures, the divine axiom,—“buy the truth and sell it not.” Some idea of the wonderful attainments of this great luminary of learning in an age of almost Cimmerian darkness, may be formed when it is stated, that his collection of books exceeded those of all the other English Bishops combined.

Ingenious and exquisitely beautiful as are the illuminated *Mss.* and *missals* of the monks and scribes, we find they sometimes discovered an equal degree of patient assiduity in the fabrication of *colossal* volumes. Erasmus mentions the “*Secunda Secunda*” of Thomas Aquinas, as being so ponderous, “that no man could carry it about, much less get it into his head.” Froissart, the chronicler, presented to Richard II., a volume richly illuminated and engrossed by his own hand, gorgeously enclosed in crimson velvet cover, surmounted with silver and gold ornaments: he was well requited for his

toil however, by a massive goblet of silver, filled with 100 nobles. According to Wharton, two finely illuminated MS. copies of his ‘*Chronicles*’ yet exist in the British Museum; this appears to be incorrect, however, as we learn from the preface of the new and magnificent *fac-simile* edition of the celebrated copy of 1460–80 executed for Philip de Comines, the historian, of that two volumes only are comprised in the Harleian Collection of the British Museum, the remaining two being in the Bibliothèque Royale. By the way, speaking of this edition, we may add, that the colors of the miniatures, as well as the curious and elaborate borderings of the illuminated pages, exhibit surprising freshness and brilliancy, and indeed, as the delighted eye traverse these skilfully-wrought productions of the ancient limners, or conns over the thrilling story of the heroic doings it records, traced out in the quaint gothic character scarcely less characteristic of those times;—we cannot but frankly confess our indebtedness to the illuminations of these so-called *dark ages*.

One of the most celebrated books in the annals of bibliography, is the richly illuminated Missal, executed for John, Duke of Bedford, Regent of France under Henry VI., by him it was presented to that King, in 1430. This rare volume is eleven inches long, seven and a half wide, and two and a half thick, contains fifty-nine large miniatures which nearly occupy the whole page, and above a thousand small ones in circles of about an inch and a half diameter, displayed in brilliant borders of golden foliage with variegated flowers, &c.: at the bottom of every page are two lines in blue and gold letters, which explain the subject of each miniature. This relic, after passing through various hands, descended to the Duchess of Portland, whose valuable collection was sold at auction, in 1786. Among the many attractions was the Bedford Missal; a knowledge of the sale coming to the ears of George III. he sent for his bookseller and expressed his intention to become the purchaser; the bookseller ventured to submit to his majesty the probable high price it would fetch: “How high,” exclaimed the King; “Probably two hundred guineas,” replied the bookseller. “Two hundred guineas for a Mis-

sal," exclaimed the Queen, who was present and lifted her hands up with astonishment. "Well, well," said his Majesty, "I'll have it still, but since the Queen thinks two hundred guineas so enormous a price for a Missal I'll go no further." The biddings for the Royal Library did actually stop at that point; a celebrated collector, Mr. Edwards, became the purchaser by adding three pounds more. The same Missal was afterwards sold at Mr. Edwards's sale in 1815, and purchased by the Duke of Marlborough for the enormous sum of £637 15s. sterling.

Amongst the numerous, rare, and costly relics contained in the library of the Vatican, is the magnificent Latin bible of the Duke of Urbino; it consists of two large folios embellished by numerous figures and landscapes in the ancient arabesque, and is considered a wonderful monument of art; there are also, by the way, some autograph MSS. of Petrarch's '*Rime*,' which evince to what an extent he elaborated his versification. The mutilated parchment scroll thirty-two feet in length, literally covered with beautiful miniatures, representing the history of Joshua ornamenting a Greek MSS. bearing date about the seventh century, is, perhaps, the greatest literary curiosity of the Vatican. The *Menologus*, or Greek Calendar, illustrated by four hundred rich and brilliant miniatures, representing the martyrdom of the saints of the Greek Church; with views of the churches, monasteries and basilics, is also curious as presenting specimens of the painting of the Byzantium school at the close of the tenth century. It contains also a fine copy of the Acts of the Apostles in letters of gold, presented by Charlotte, queen of Cyprus, to Innocent VIII.; an edition of Dante exquisitely illuminated with miniature paintings by the Florentine school; these pictures are of about the ordinary size of modern miniatures on ivory, but far surpassing them in delicacy of finish.

The curious Mexican calendar unfolds and stretches to a prodigious extent; it is not of human skin, however, like the two horrible Mexican MSS., of the Dresden and Vienna libraries, described by Humboldt.

The immense and valuable accumulation of literary treasures contained in the private library of the late Duke

of Sussex affords many choice and rare specimens of beautiful bibliography. We can refer but to a few. It contains a Hebrew and Chaldaic pentateuch of the thirteenth century, is one of the richest illuminated Hebrew MSS. in existence; the paintings are said to be of wonderful beauty.

In the theological department of Latin MSS., there are no less than sixteen copies of the "Vulgate," on vellum, besides various copies of distinct portions of the greater and lesser Prophets. Two of these MS. Bibles are furnished with very numerous illustrations, one having nearly one hundred, and the other upwards of one hundred miniatures in gold and colors. Another, having forty-four illuminated drawings, one of which, attached to the 1st chapter of Genesis, represents Adam digging and Eve spinning, is a very choice MS.

A "Book of the Hours or Offices of the Roman Catholic Church," a MS. of the fifteenth century, presents one of the most exquisitely illuminated works of the kind.

Of the French MSS. it is sufficient to notice "*La Bible Moralizée*," a beautifully executed MS. of the fifteenth century, and in which, amidst innumerable illuminated letters and figures, there are eighteen miniatures in chiaroscuro of truly beautiful art.

An ancient Italian MS., entitled "*Historia del Vecchio Testamento*," is very curious and beautiful, and has 519 miniatures.

The Duke's rich collection of biblical bibliography surpasses any thing of the kind extant; it comprises something like 6000 or 7000 different editions of the sacred Scriptures, being in fact a copy of almost every rare and beautiful edition of the Bible that has ever appeared, together with a copy of all the *first* editions that have been published in most of the different languages of the earth. Among them is one that belonged to Elizabeth, embroidered with her own hands in silver upon velvet; another, in Arabic, which had belonged to Tippoo Saib, wrapped in its original coverings.

Should the costly collection come to the hammer, such a scramble will ensue among the black letter bibliomaniacs as is quite awful to contemplate. Our thoughts here naturally revert to the celebrated scarcely less delectable as-

semblage of literary treasures collected by the indefatigable Horace Walpole at his superb mansion at Strawberry Hill, at the recent auction of this magnificent library. The gross amount of proceeds of this sale are given at £37,298 7s. 3d.! Among the numerous objects of *virtu* which graced these literary spoils, we find a magnificent missal perfectly unique, and superbly illuminated, being enriched with splendid miniatures by Raffaello, set in pure gold and enamelled, and richly adorned with turquoises, rubies, &c. The sides are formed of two matchless cornelians, with an intaglio of the crucifixion, and another scripture subject; the clasp is set with a large garnet, &c. This precious relic was executed expressly for Claude, queen of France; it was bought by the Earl Waldegrave at 115 guineas. Another curious and costly specimen of bibliography was a sumptuous volume, pronounced by the *Cognoscenti* as one of the most wonderful works of art extant, containing the Psalms of David written on vellum, embellished by twenty-one inimitable illuminations by Don Julio Clovio, surrounded by exquisite scroll borders of the purest arabesque of unrivalled brilliancy and harmony. Its binding is of corresponding splendour. Its date is about 1537. This little gem produced from the purse of the above named collector the sum of 400 guineas! Queen Victoria purchased some few of the relics, among others, the celebrated silver clock originally presented by that monster-monarch Henry VII. to the unfortunate Anne Boleyn on her marriage; it was knocked down at 100 guineas.

Queen Elizabeth, it appears from Dibdin was a bibliomaniac of transcendent fame; her "*Oone Gospell Booke, garnished on th' inside with the crucifix,*" &c., is a precious object to the virtuoso. It was the composition of Queen Catherine Parr, and was enclosed in solid gold, and hanging by a gold chain at her side was the frequent companion of the "Virgin queen." In her own hand writing at the beginning of the volume the following quaint lines appear: "I walke many times into the pleasant fieldes of the Holie Scriptures, where I plucke up the goodly some herbes of sentences by pruning; chewe them by readinge; chawe them by hearing; and laye them up at length

in y^e his seate of memorie by gathering them together; that, so having tasted their sweetnesse, I may the lesse perceive the bitterness of this miserable life." This was penned by the queen probably while she was in captivity at Woodstock, as the spirit it breathes affords a singular contrast to the towering haughtiness of her ordinary deportment and expression of character. The MS. of the Evangelists, which was originally used at the inauguration of Henry I., and down to Edward VI., is yet extant in the library of a gentleman in Norfolk. It is written on vellum, bound in oaken boards an inch thick, fastened together with thongs of leather and brass bosses, it is surrounded by a gilt crucifix which the several kingly lips have kissed in token of submission to their coronation oath.

There is said to be in Charleston, a very extraordinary literary curiosity—a Hebrew Prayer Book; 1357 years old—it is a ponderous tome, beautifully written on fine parchment. In our own city is a folio MS. copy of the gospels in Syriac, written in the Estrongelo character, and arranged in lessons for the liturgy of the Jacobite Syrian Church. Its date is unknown, although from its whole appearance it must be of great antiquity. It is in the possession of the American Bible Society, and was presented by Dr. Grant, the missionary among the Nestorians of Persia. The same institution possesses a choice collection of oriental and early English editions of the Scriptures.

In the State Library at Harrisburg, are also several literary curiosities: one vol. bearing date as early as 1532; and a fine copy of Elliott's Indian Bible, printed at Cambridge, in 4to., 1680, very scarce and now unreadable, the people in whose dialect it was originally rendered, having become long since extinct.

The reader may remember to have heard of the renowned copy of the *Koran*; probably without a parallel, at least as to its *size* in the annals of *letters*. The task of transcribing seems to have devolved on a devotee of the prophet, styled Gholam Mohgoodeen; it might be perused by a linguist without the aid of glasses assuredly, for the characters are described as three inches long; the book itself being a foot thick, and its other dimensions something like five

feet by three. The binding was literally "in boards." It was the labor of six years.

As a set-off to the foregoing, we might refer to the no less curious piece of paper, once presented to Queen Bess, comprising the Decalogue Creed and Lord's prayer, all beautifully written in the compass of a finger-nail. Glasses were required here, and by their aid it is said the queen could easily read the extremely minute characters. The Iliad was once written on vellum so small that a nut-shell contained it; and an Italian monk wrote the Acts and gospel, in compass of a farthing! Even Schloss' Thumb Almanac hardly comes up to these.

Printing by blocks was an extension of the art of seal engraving, which had been carried to great perfection in broad seals. The first printed sheets were worked only on one side of the paper, and the impressions produced by a plane and mallet. The ordinary printing-press it may be remembered, was first made by Bleau, at Amsterdam; the first types cast in England, by Caslon in 1720, and the printing-machine originally suggested by Nicholson in 1790, who also invented the rollers for inking the types. Stereotype printing was first used in England and Holland in 1804.

"It is curious," observes an ingenious author, "how writing has had to struggle against power. At first the feudal baron was ashamed of being able to write, and the signing his name, was like putting on his armour, a service to be done by his inferior." The invention of printing was in the time of Jack Cade, (1461), denounced as contrary to the well-being of the state, and a conspiracy against "the king his crown and dignity, &c." To print a large folio was, however, more easily executed than a duodecimo;—a crime of less enormity from the inverse ratio of its extent; the reverse indeed of our own day, for we have a decided preference for the shortest method over the former ponderous and circuitous one of the olden time.

Antoine Zarot, an eminent printer at Milan, about 1470, was the first on record who printed the Missal. Among other works his execution in colors of the celebrated *Missale Romanum* in folio, afforded a beautiful specimen of the art. The MS. copy seems to have

been of a most dazzling description, its original date was mccccx.; every leaf is appropriately ornamented with miniatures surrounded with exquisitely elaborated borders; and its almost innumerable initials which are richly illuminated in gold and colors, render it unsurpassed by any known production of its class. It has been estimated at 250 guineas. The *Complutensian Polyglott*, otherwise known as Cardinal Ximenes, deserves a passing notice among the renowned books of by-gone times. This prodigious work was commenced under the auspices of the above named prelate in 1502, and for 15 years the labor was continued without intermission; its entire cost amounted to 50,000 golden crowns! Arnas Guillen de Brocar was the celebrated printer of this stupendous work. Of the four large vellum copies, one is said to be in the Vatican, another in the Escorial, and a third was bought by Herbets at the sale of the McCarthy library for 600 guineas. According to Gonzales, a Spanish historian, the earliest printed book of the "New World" was executed by Joannes Paulus in 1549—a folio, entitled "*ordinationes legumque collectiones pro conventu juridico Mexicano.*"

About 1572 we meet with another splendid production—the *Spanish Polyglott*, printed by Christopher Plantin. A most magnificent copy upon vellum, in the original binding, was sold in London some five and twenty years since for one thousand guineas! and enormous as was this price, the copy was actually wanting three out of the ten volumes—those being in the Bibliothéque Royale. One of the scarcest books in the language—for there are, according to Dibdin, but two known copies extant—is a little black letter tome of 1586, entitled, "*A Discourse of Englishe Poetrie,*" &c., one of which was sold in the Duke of Roxburgh's collection for £64. We might amuse the reader by citing a few of the quaint and alliterative titles of some of the books of these times. Take the following for instance: "*A Footpath to Felicitee,*" "*Guide to Godlinesse,*" "*Swarme of Bees,*" "*Plante of Pleasure and Grove of Graces,*"—1586. These were most rife in the days of Cromwell;—there were many bordering closely on the ludicrous, such as the one styled, "*A Pair of Bellows to Blow off the Dust*

cast upon John Fry;" and a Quaker whose outward man the powers thought proper to imprison, published, "*A Sigh of Sorrow for the sinners of Zion, breathed out of a hole in the Wall of an Earthen Vessel, known among men by the name of Samuel Fish.*" We might multiply the numbers *ad libitum*; but must content ourselves with adding one or two more. "*A Reaping Hook well tempered for the stubborn Ears of the coming Crop, or Biscuits baked in the oven of Charity, carefully conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the Sweet Swallows of Salvation.*" To another we have the following copious description: "*Seven Sobs of a Sorrowful Soul for Sin, or the Seven Penitential Psalms of the Princely Prophet David, whereunto are also annexed William Humuis's handful of Honey-suckles, and divers Godly and pithy Ditties now newly augmented.*"

A melancholy interest attaches to everything connected with the history and fate of Mary, Queen of Scots; and we accordingly find great store has been put on the Missal presented to her by Pius V., and which accompanied her to the scaffold, as well as another, now in the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg;—they each are described as being of extreme and even regal beauty. An amusing anecdote is recorded of Sixtus V., proving the solecism of Pontifical infallibility;—it ascribes to the pompous edition of the Bible printed under the immediate inspection of the Pope, in 1590, over two thousand typographical errors, notwithstanding every sheet was submitted to the careful revision of his holiness' *infallible* eye! Moreover, a severe anathema was by himself appended to the first volume, against any person who should alter or change any portion of the supposed immaculate text, yet so glaring and notorious became the errors aforesaid in process of time, that his successor, Clement VII., first had corrected slips pasted over them, and afterwards actually had the temerity to correct and thoroughly revise the whole in a new edition, thereby virtually ensuring his own excommunication; in addition to which he also annexed another anathema to the like effect.

The *Mazarin Bible*, so called, on account of its having been found in Cardinal Mazarin's library, is consid-

ered to be the very first book ever printed with metal types. The first Bible, of 1462, is an edition which exhibits a matchless effort in the art of printing. The first English Bible allowed by royal authority, and also the first translation of the whole of the Scriptures printed in our language, is the edition of Myles Coverdale. Only one perfect copy is known to exist, which is in the library of the Earl of Jersey, another nearly perfect is in the British Museum. A copy, with the title and the following two leaves in facsimile, once produced at auction £89 5s.

The earlier printers perpetrated some curious and unfortunate blunders in printing some of their Bibles. In one edition we remember, which emanated even from the Clarendon press at Oxford, no less than six thousand errata ornament its pages. In another, the negative is omitted in the 7th clause of the Decalogue, which instance of high treason against morals was visited with the penalty of three thousand pounds sterling. There is another known as the "*Vinegar Bible*," from the insertion of that word in the parable of the *Vineyard*, instead of its appropriate term. These are but a sample of the well known erratic Bibles, for which bibliomaniacs sometimes used to barter many a golden guinea.

The first book which bears the name of the place where it was printed, and those of the printers, (Faust and Schæfer, 1457.) was the celebrated *Psalter*, printed from large cut type. The *Litæra Indulgentiarum Nicholai V.*, on a single piece of parchment, was issued two years previously, and is the first instance of a printed book, *bearing date*: a copy of this work, which is said by Dr. Dibdin to be of inconceivable beauty, is to be found in the celebrated Library at Blenheim.

We read of a magnificent missal, nearly three feet in height, still extant in the library at Rouen, supposed to be the latest specimen of illuminated manuscripts, which occupied the labor of a monk thirty long years in its fabrication. The renowned Ibrahim Effendi, who not only acquired the Latin and other tongues by his own unaided industry, and who established a press at Constantinople in the beginning of the eighteenth century, produced some costly and curious specimens; among others a Turkish *grammar*, every sheet of

which was printed on paper of a different color.

It may be news to the reader that the book written by Henry VIII., which procured for him from the Pope the title still retained, of "Defender of the Faith,"—but which strictly applied is now most inappropriately used,—was stolen from the Vatican about the close of the past century, and coming into the possession of Payne the bookseller, it produced for the worthy bibliophile the reversion of a life annuity from the Marquis of Douglas.

Dibdin speaks in his *Bibliographical Tour of Vestigia delle Terme de Tito, e loro interne Pitture*, which comprises fifty-nine very large plates of the Arabesque decorations and paintings in the baths of Titus, most elaborately and exquisitely printed in opaque colors, like highly finished miniatures, &c. It is considered that no work was ever executed which can compete with this in the extraordinary brilliancy and beauty of its embellishments, which are said to be perfect. But one or two copies exist, and are worth about two hundred guineas each.

But it is quite time we noticed some of the beautiful specimens of the typographic art of our own times. The names of John Nicholls and John Boydell, who died about 1804, take prominent rank among the producers of splendid books;—they have the credit of having expended the princely sum of £350,000 in fostering and improving the sister arts of painting and engraving. Their magnificent "Shakespeare Gallery" is even to this day a noble monument of their enterprise and skill, as it was in their own, the delight of all true lovers of books. The gigantic speculation unfortunately failed, superinducing a loss to its projectors of over £100,000. Every one has heard of Dugdale's "*Monasticon Anglicanum*," in eight huge folios, which was originally published in fifty-four parts; the entire cost of a large paper copy was £238 10s. Latham's "*History of Birds*" was also a very splendid work in eleven royal quarto volumes, comprising descriptions of above four thousand specimens, illustrated by a series of over two hundred richly colored embellishments: the original publication price was about £50. Murphy's "*Arabian Antiquities of Spain*" was a beautiful specimen

of art; its exquisite line engravings discover wonderful finish: it cost ten thousand guineas in its execution. Again, the splendid ceremonial of the coronation of George IV., under the superintendence of the late Sir George Naylor of the Herald's College, furnishes another illustrious instance of costly bibliography. Notwithstanding the grant of the government of £5000 towards the expenses, the undertaking also was a great pecuniary failure.

It contained a series of magnificent paintings of the royal procession, banquet, &c., comprehending faithful portraits of the leading personages, all gorgeously tinted and emblazoned: the subscription price of the work was fifty guineas. We might allude to the progresses of Queen Elizabeth and James the First, the former in three, and the other four, volumes, royal quarto, both works of repute: but the magnificent work of Pistoletti on the Vatican, in seven royal folios, containing seven hundred large and beautiful engravings, is a still more stupendous affair: as also Napoleon's great work on Egypt, which is in fact a noble monument of art, there being no other work of the same description in Europe which will bear any comparison with it. The size and execution of the engravings are such as must always excite admiration; many of the plates being the largest ever produced,—and at no other establishment in Europe than the Imperial printing-press at Paris, could it have been brought out on the same gigantic scale.

The bibliographic connoisseur will remember the immaculate and *unique* copy of Valdarfer's edition of *Il Decamerone di Boccaccio* of the Roxburgh collection, which once produced the almost incredible sum of over two thousand guineas; the celebrated edition of *Livy*, exquisitely printed on vellum by Sweynheim, in 1469, which was sold for four hundred and fifty guineas; and the far-famed *Greek Testament* of Erasmus, printed at Basil, 1519, of which but one copy is now known to exist, being in the cathedral of York, and of which that renowned collector, Sir Mark Sykes, was refused the purchase at the prodigious offer of one thousand guineas. Bodini, the great Italian printer, produced some splendid specimens of his art; some of which are said to be unexcelled by

any subsequent efforts. His edition of Walpole's "Castle of Otranto," is one of the loveliest little gems extant; the plates are worked on white satin, and the text on the purest vellum. His *chef d'œuvre* was his "Homer," in three folio volumes: it was the work of six years.

Young's *Museum Worsleyanum* cost £27,000 in its production; it was never published, although a copy has been purchased at £400. A few years ago, a typographical wonder was exhibited in London, being a sumptuous edition of the New Testament printed in gold on porcelain paper of most immaculate beauty, and, for the first time, on both sides. Two years were occupied in perfecting the work. Only one hundred copies were taken off—one, superbly bound, was presented to William IV.

An interesting specimen, which may be known to very few, and which is, for its kind, unsurpassed in the annals of literature, is the great historical work which has recently been completed by the late Mr. Wiffen, the admirable translator of Tasso, and other popular works, which comprises the Family Records of every descendant of the ancient and distinguished House of Russell, compiled from authentic sources, chiefly in the possession of the family. This very beautiful production, which includes the *Portraits of every member of that Peerage*, direct and collateral, painted by one of the most prominent artists of the age, (Harding), is comprised in one folio volume, printed in a style of sumptuous magnificence; *only one single copy of which was printed off*. The unique bequest by the late Duke of Bedford, under whose personal superintendence it was commenced and completed, was designed by him as an *hierloom* in the family, and to be deposited in the Library at Woburn Abbey, from whence it was on no account to be removed. It cost the Duke three thousand guineas.

The most costly undertaking ever attempted by a single individual, of a literary character, which unquestionably the world has yet seen, is the magnificent work on the aborigines of Mexico, by the late Lord Kingsborough. This stupendous work is said to have been produced at the enormous cost to the author of £30,000,

or \$150,000. It is comprised in seven immense folio volumes, embellished by about one thousand superb illustrations, coloured so exquisitely as to represent the originals with the most faithful exactness. These volumes are of such extraordinary dimensions as to be almost importable. This unprecedented instance of munificence in the patronage of literature, is rendered the more astonishing from the lamentable fact of its having proved the ultimate ruin of its projector. Not only did this enthusiastic nobleman undertake to defray the entire expense attending the publication, in every item of which, as it might have been expected, he had to meet the most exorbitant charges, but he actually determined on having but a very limited number of copies printed, we believe only fifty, after which the lithographic drawings from which the plates were taken, were erased. These copies were appropriated for *gratis* presentation to the several Royal and Public Libraries of Europe. It is painful to add that this noble patron of literature and the arts, actually died in debt, a few years since, a sad instance of self-immolation to his munificence, in a prison in Dublin. A copy of this gorgeous work is in the Philadelphia Library.

Humboldt's *Mexico* is another splendid work: the same may be said of Merriek's *Ancient Armour*, Mayer's *Egypt*, and many others: indeed, to cite all under the category would require a space far exceeding that allotted us for the present paper.

We have said scarcely anything about binding as yet, and we fear our restricted limits will necessarily forbid much allusion to that department which has, in former times, as in our own, always constituted an important feature in book-making. There have been many names among the bibliopegistic brotherhood justly celebrated: these, however, we cannot stay to notice.

A rage for illustrating formerly obtained to a great extent. It is noted by Granger, a great collector, that a certain female of his acquaintance commenced the illustrating the Bible, and that before she had reached the 25th verse of the 1st chapter of Genesis, the number of her prints had reached seven hundred! Perhaps the most illustrious of all illustrated works, is the extraordinary copy of Shakespeare in posses-

sion of Earl Spencer, a work which owes its existence to the wonderful perseverance and taste of the Dowager Lady Lucan, his mother-in-law. For sixteen years, this herculean and pleasurable task was in progress. It is unnecessary to attempt a description of this costly work, as it contains whatever of taste, beauty and refinement in decoration it was possible to combine in the embellishment of Bulmer's beautiful folio edition of the great poet. This superb work is enclosed in rich velvet binding, surmounted with silver gilt clasps, corners, &c. "It is kept," to adopt the enthusiastic language of Dibdin, who has enjoyed the advantage of personally inspecting it, "inviolate from the impurities of bibliomaniacal miasmata, in a sarcophagus-shaped piece of furniture of cedar and mahogany."

The largest work ever yet attempted, is the "*Encyclopédie Methodique*," commenced at Paris in 1782, being a collection of dictionaries on the several departments of science and knowledge which has already extended to upwards of 220 quarto volumes. A somewhat similar work publishing in Germany, has reached to 146 volumes.

In Thibet, there is said to be a Cyclopaedia in forty-four volumes. The largest work ever undertaken in Russia is the great national Encyclopædia on which several hundred library men have been long engaged; we have not at hand the extent to which this gigantic production has already reached, although it cannot be very inferior in numbers to the voluminous works of Germany and France. We need scarcely refer to the many similar productions of our own tongue—such as Rees's Cyclopaedia, forty volumes quarto; the "Encyclopædia Metropolitana," in forty-two volumes quarto; Encyclopædia Britannica in twenty-two vols.; the Penny Cyclopaedia, just completed, in twenty-seven folio volumes, and as affording no equivocal evidence of the intrinsic worth of this great work, we may state, on undoubted authority, that Charles Knight, the *truly* enterprising publisher, has disbursed, "for contributions alone, a sum exceeding ten thousand pounds sterling."

We cannot consistently close our desultory chapter without a brief glance of a few of the splendidly embellished works of modern times. The astonish-

ing improvements in the arts of printing and engraving, especially the latter, form quite an epoch in the history of books. The present high degree of perfection to which these have attained, is mainly attributable to the long continued success which has attended the issue of those Pleasure books yclept *annuals*. This splendid class of pictorial publications have brought into requisition the highest order of talent of the age, and the result has been the present wonderful perfection to which the art has attained. To attempt criticism where all is so excellent, is no easy task, nor does it, indeed, fall within the scope of our present design, we shall merely cite therefore two or three of the numerous successful specimens with which the lover of beautiful books will of course be familiar: such, for instance, as the exquisitely beautiful *Book of Gems*, the first two volumes of which comprise a centenary of poets, painters and engravers—all presenting a rich galaxy of beauty and artistic excellence which the connoisseur could scarcely hope to see surpassed. A similar meed of praise should be awarded to the elaborately finished and lavish embellishments of Rogers's "Italy" and "Poems," produced at the cost to the author of £20,000. Campbell's *Poetical Works* in a similar style, and the recent edition of *Childe Harold* of truly regal beauty might be alluded to.

Before passing we must pay tribute to a forth-coming volume, a specimen of which we have seen and which will unquestionably be pronounced the gem of the season—being as novel in style as it is felicitous in its designs and execution. We refer to the new edition of *Moore's Melodies*, beautifully illustrated from the designs of the celebrated Maclise, in number about fifty; the feature which is new in this work, is that of the text being also engraved and incorporated with the embellishments: the effect of which is very pleasing.

Now a word about wood-engraving, and cuts. We have not to abate or qualify a single expression of our enthusiastic praise in reference to this department of art.

Knight's pictorial works, especially his elaborate edition of Shakspeare, afford abundant evidence of the high claims of merit which wood-engraving now present. The ideal designs of

Tyas' beautiful edition of the great poet of nature take a similar if not superior rank, as also the almost unrivalled "Abbotsford edition of the *Waverley Novels*:" but perhaps no specimen can be adduced that may compete with the exquisitely beautiful embellishments, being portraits from nature, of Selby's *British Forest Trees*, and the other volumes comprising Van Voorst's series on Natural History. The "Etching Club" of London, consisting of a dozen distinguished artists, have also devoted themselves to the illustrating some of the English classics in a novel style worthy of the highest school of art,—the Vicar of Wakefield, Cowper's Poetical Works being among the series. A little bijou entitled "A Guide to Westminster Abbey" is also very delightfully embellished in this style; and what does not detract from its interest, is the fact of its illustrations being the handicraft of old ladies of rank and fortune. Among the artists of our own country scarcely inferior attainments have been effected both on steel and wood, Durand, Sartain, Cheney and Halpin, rank high among the former, and Adams and Lossing the latter. The forthcoming *Illustrated Bible* of Adams, most of the embellishments of which we have seen, give promise of the highest excellence to which the graver's skill has yet ministered this side the Atlantic. In the absence of the patronage of a wealthy aristocracy, such proficiency in the fine arts among a people so professedly utilitarian is no mean achievement. Hall's *Ancient Ballads* is another rich and luxurious specimen of the art. Printing in colors is another auxiliary in modern book embellishment, an instance of the kind is to be seen in the sumptuous edition of Lockhart's *Spanish Ballads* published a year ago by Murray.

It is not a little remarkable to note the tendency of the literary taste of the present day; as if, having exhausted the stores of all cotemporary skill and ingenuity, it now reverts back to the semi-barbarous age of gothic book-embellishment. The same remark is no less applicable to the sister arts of poetry, painting, sculpture, architecture, &c. The poet no longer seeks

the classic Greek from which to paint the ideal, but prefers to portray the imagery of monkish pageantry during the days of the ascendancy of the Latin church. And is not this equally true of our architectural standard, in the prevailing preference for the florid gothic of our religious edifices? To resume, —there are already published several very costly illuminated works of matchless brilliancy and splendor; for instance, Shaw's "*Dresses and Decorations of the Middle Ages*," in two noble volumes. It comprises illustrations of costumes, manners, and arts of Europe, from the seventh to the seventeenth centuries. Another gorgeous work is the "*Palaeographia Sacra Pictoria*," by Westwood, containing facsimiles of Anglo-Saxon, Greek, Slavonic and other MSS., richly illustrated. One volume is only yet published. Its cost is \$250. There is also a facsimile edition of the original works of Froissart being printed in gold, silver and colors. A similar work, and indeed many others of the class, are in course of publication at Paris; but we must refrain from extending our remarks further. We might just mention one other, entitled "*The Arabesque Frescoes of Ruffelle*," a work of magnificent preparations.

Having thus regaled our mental vision with a brief and furtive glance at the exuberant riches of ancient and modern bibliography, we pause not to moralize on this mighty mausoleum of departed genius and skill; but simply to advertise the reader of the fact, that amidst all the magnificent displays spread out before our delighted sense, one delectable tome of all the rest, which would most irresistibly tempt us to infringe a certain canon of the decalogue—nay, two of them—is Smith's "*Historical and Literary Curiosities*:" consisting of an immense collection of most valuable *autograph* letters of noble, royal and literary characters of the past and present ages, illustrated with rare and most interesting plates. But it is time to close our "Loose Leaves" for the present, for we already begin to experience the incipient symptoms of the malady of the veritable bibliomaniac himself.

THE RUIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ATALANTIS," "SOUTHERN PASSAGES," "THE YEMASSE," ETC.

I.

A turret tott'ring to its fall,
 The sever'd arch, the broken stone,
 Gray lichen o'er the crumbling wall,
 And, near its base, the bleaching bone,
 And, through the long and lonely day
 Moss-bearded silence, holding sway
 Where subject thought is none ;
 While owls by night, with mournful scream,
 Rouse echo from her idiot dream !

II.

These sadden, though they bring no pain !
 But ruins of the soul to see,—
 Down-fallen souls, that ne'er again,
 Shall rise erect in majesty,—
 Hearts that once sweet and pure, now prone
 To earth must wear its stains alone,—
 Spirits no longer free,—
 Hopes baffled, pride debased, and name,
 Speech-banish'd, self-devote to shame !

III.

Dark, dreary ruins these ! The eye
 Turns, loathing, from the wretched sight,
 The lingering death that mocks the sky
 With aspect fair and vision bright,
 Concealing, at the core, the slime,
 Corruption, with its brooding crime,
 That, looking things of light,
 Engenders aye, in fruitful womb,
 Born victims for the fatal'st doom.

IV.

And thou so young !—And still the smile,
 Upon thy cheek of beauty dwells,
 That half I doubt, if heart of guile
 Beneath so fair a covering swells ;
 Oh ! what a mock to things of earth,
 Thus beautiful from bud and birth,—
 Yet, with thy thousand spells
 Of beauty, grace, and wit and song,
 Corruption in thy heart is strong !

V.

Who could have deem'd in early years,
 When all of life was bright,
 So sweet a joy should turn to tears,
 Such sunbeams set in night ;
 The promise, in dear parents' eyes,
 To love, whose speech was spent in sighs,
 Ne'er told of such a blight,

So dark a change, so dread a gloom,
Obscuring brightness, blasting bloom!

VI.

Yet still thou smil'st!—and can thy art
So readily subdue
Each nobler feeling at thy heart,
If still that heart be true!
If not to all its nature dead,
It still may bleed, as those have bled,
Whose early love it knew;
And, 'spite the smiles upon thy cheek,
Still feel the pang thou dost not speak.

VII.

Self-reckoning hours, methinks, must rise,
When in thy chamber, sad and lone,
The crowd withdrawn, the searching eyes
Departed, or all merged in one;
When all that might have kindly wrought
A refuge from the sterner thought,
Mirth, lights and music, flown,
How must the past, with all its train,
Of chiding spectres, rise again!

VIII.

And thou wilt shroud that pallid look,
Thy groan shall rise, thy tear will fall,
When, to thy soul, the dead rebuke,
They jointly murmur, shall appal;
When, all unbidden, on thy sense,
Shall rise the stern intelligence,
The last thou would'st recall,—
Betraying all, thou guilty one,
Faith wrong'd, love lost, and life undone.

IX.

And thus in Vice's wild abode,
Her thousand vultures at thy breast,
Remorse, with unrelenting goad,
Unresting, ne'er to let thee rest,—
And memory teaching, day by day,
The joys that thou hast thrown away,
Refusing to be blest,—
What hope, what angel hope, may rise,
Of future mercy to thine eyes?

X.

Ah, me! could I, ev'n now, restore,
The perished bloom that graced the flow'r,
And make thee what thou wert of yore,
The bud of love that bless'd the bow'r,—
Arouse once more those purest lays
As often heard, in happier days,
Throughout the evening hour,—
Thou still should'st smile, with gentle reign,
Though I might never smile again.

XI.

Oh! could I win thee now to weep
 Thy child-heart's madness, woman's shame,
 All should within this bosom sleep,
 Except its young and cherish'd flame ;
 For still, though all around condemn,
 I cannot, dare not, join with them—
 Too precious still thy name !
 And thousand memories come to press,
 Their seal on lips that cannot bless.

XII.

Farewell! Oh! still beloved, farewell!
 The glories of the earth,
 When in thy form its richest fell,
 To me are little worth ;
 Thou stand'st alone on memory's waste,
 Still precious, though with shame o'ercast,
 While gloom is at my hearth ;
 And, at my door, the wither'd vine,
 Deplores thy fate, resembles mine !

THE LAST DAYS OF SIMON KONARSKI.*

Translated from the Polish of Lucian Siemienski.

BY A COMPATRIOT.

... Jesli wytkniesz sobie
 Droge a prosta—to choc by do stonca
 Zaleciesz—czesto na krzyzu lul grobie
 Odpozywajac—Sec'ze wiec bez konca,
 Abedziesz chodzil wanielskiej ozdobie,
 Jako oyezuzny i wiary obronca :
 Anim zaalugi twoje w niebie zgina,
 Ziemia przemynie! i gwiazdy przemina!—J. SLOWACKI.

[If you choose for yourself a straight path, you may reach even the sun, though through sufferings and death. Onward then forever, and thou wilt be clothed in an angel's robe, as a defender of thy country and faith: and the earth and stars will sooner pass away than thy merits in heaven be forgotten.]

In the fall of the year 1836 extensive preparations were made on the bleak and uninhabited steppes of Woznesensk for a grand review by the Czar. Foreign journals were clamorous about the enormous mass of cavalry that was gathering to that point, as if to threaten Europe; and, in their grandiloquent language, saw another camp of Xerxes, or of the hordes of Tamerlane.

To which kind of diplomatic menace this great display belonged, it is not

our purpose to inquire. It is enough for us to know that with the clang of arms were also to mingle all the luxuries of Muscovite orientalism. As at the time of that famous journey which Catharine made on the Dnieper by order of Potemkin, sham cities and villages of wood and paint, peopled by the inhabitants driven in from other provinces, arose on its solitary shores, so now were built palaces, parks, theatres, riding schools and dairies; and

* If to contemplate the better side of human nature be a real pleasure and benefit, we may flatter ourselves we are putting our readers under some obligation to us for presenting them with an opportunity of doing so now. Although we can never contemplate the noble qualities of human nature without perceiving the strong back-

to give more life to the picture and gratify imperial majesty, the handsomest youths and maidens taken from the confiscated estates of the Ukraine and Podolia, were sent hither to be joined in wedlock and inhabit the steppes. All that was wanting to this autocratic *fête champêtre*, was that the Czar should himself don a straw hat and grasp a shepherd's crook.

It is a singular feature of our times that with all the royal shows and parades got up to impress the people, there always mingles the foreboding echo of some conspiracy, like the fiery hand at the feast of Belshazzar. An active police frequently discovers, and still more frequently invents, secret plots with which to poison the most innocent pleasures of a monarch.—Some time before the review at Woznesensk, the heads of the police of the neighboring districts of Luck and Włodzimierz, suddenly received orders to track an emissary conspirator from France, who, under the assumed name of Moszynski, had crossed the frontier from Austria and taken the post from Włodzimierz to Dubno; thence hired for a few miles the conveyance of a Jew, and finally started on foot and disappeared. The efforts of the police must at that time have been entirely fruitless, since for more than a year and a half they found no pretexts for

harrassing the citizens with their investigations and extortions,—nor indeed until the Czar passed through Wilna on his way to the review. When the Governor General, Prince Dolhoruki, assured the Emperor of the loyal spirit of his province, and that his Majesty's bounties had obliterated the memory of the misfortunes of the last revolution, Nicholas tapped the Prince on the shoulder, and smiling said: "I believe you, my Prince, but notwithstanding watch narrowly; for while you are speaking this, Konarski perhaps is way-laying me."

"Konarski!" inquired the astonished Governor.

"Yes! Konarski," said the Emperor "an emissary conspirator from France. Foreign police serves me better than my own. Here is a report from the embassy."

In that report, as it was said, proofs were to be found of Konarski's sojourn in Lithuania, some details in regard to his correspondence with Paris, and some friendly confessions relative to the progress and movements of the secret society called "Propaganda;" all in general terms and without specification of persons or places. This was enough to set the imperial blood-hounds keenly on the scent.

During all this period (from the first information of his sojourn until April,

ground of deep shades that make us shudder at the very glance at them; yet when we look at the lights of the picture, their effulgence effaces the horror, and we feel once more a delightful calm of the soul. It is in such moments that we feel baptized anew in God's holy grace, and that we are his children, born heirs to a different land than the one around us. It is then when our soul expands to drink more and more of that heavenly influence, that we feel our faith in a beneficent Creator, and our love for man, wax stronger; and then are we indeed true believers. Such feelings, we have no doubt, will be reproduced in the bosoms of not a few of our readers on the perusal of this passage in the life of Konarski, which we here present to them in an English dress.

But we expect to gain our readers' good will for more than this. We bring before them a specimen from the ore that, save to the Poles themselves, is scarcely known to the world. Indeed, to all foreigners, Polish literature is a *terra incognita*; and it is especially so to the merely English student. We know only by hearsay as it were, that the Poles have their history written in the blood of their innocent children; that much is buried under their ruins; but we know nothing farther. We can assure our readers that the mine is rich; rich enough to pay the workman generously. If circumstances would allow it, we should be glad to pioneer in this exploration, albeit we mistrust our own adequacy to the undertaking. There they would find many a thrilling story whose truth would look out of countenance fiction itself. Indeed we may safely say, that the heroism displayed in their last revolution alone, if collected, would outweigh that of all the Greek and Roman history combined. But we will not dilate upon this theme. We may, perhaps, some other time, be tempted to exhibit to them some other fragments from our mining; but now, we will take leave of them with the request that they may bless the Almighty for the freedom they enjoy, and that they would make a solemn vow never to cast, as far as in them lies, the least weight into the scale of despotism.—W.

1836,) Konarski traversed Volhynia, the Ukraine and Lithuania in different directions, finding everywhere hearts burning with a pure love of country, ready for any enterprise and any sacrifice, but without any organization, mutual understanding or guiding hand; in a word without any definite plan. They needed a determined man, one who could inspire the cautious with confidence, rally the terrified, and who should know how to avail himself wisely of the enthusiastic; in fine an upright man, absorbed in one aim manifesting itself in every thought and deed. Such was Konarski when he reached Lithuania, but not such when he was leaving France; for he carried away with him from the midst of his discordant fellow-exiles a mind irritated against every thing that belonged to the nobility. He was partly cured of this feeling when he met in Galicia with men belonging to the movement party, having more practical experience than himself; but wholly so, when, mingling with the people, he found that his mission took root most successfully through the instrumentality of well known and respectable persons of that class. In different meetings of the youths of Volhynia, Konarski discovered willing and energetic intellects with devoted hearts. Zealous only for a good and effectual management of this cause, he weighed well the means and probabilities of success, and was reconciled with the nobles in proportion as he found among them worthy citizens and gallant patriots. He sought among them for the ablest apostles to the people; and to that portion of the nation whose memory cherished most warmly the picture of their past historical greatness and whose fancy kindled the brightest hopes of future national regeneration, he carried himself the tidings of the gospel of freedom.

Konarski, from the first moment of his arrival in the provinces taken by Russia, secreted himself at Lissow. That estate lying in the marshes and forests of Polesia, near Pinsk, offered him a secure sojourn. It was a crown estate under the administration of Rodziewitz, whose similarity of ideas and feelings united him closely to Konarski. From this retreat, under the assumed title of

a relation of Rodziewitz, he made frequent excursions, entering every where into good understanding with the patriotic, and sowing in the hearts of his countrymen the seeds whose fruits were to survive him.

Future history will undoubtedly give an account of his extended operations. A portion of them, extorted by tortures, makes up already piles of documents relative to his prosecution; for this reason that part, however interesting it may be, will not occupy us here. The revolution of November has solved many riddles, and a future one, it is hoped, will solve this one. We shall begin with the catastrophe which was the first scene in that terrible drama.

Early in April, 1836, Konarski, with Rodziewitz, went to Wilna for the second time. It was the season of the so-called St. George's fair, when the nobility of the neighborhood assemble. It lasts from the 23d of April to the 15th of May. During their fortnight stay in Wilna, they made desirable acquaintances, and added many new members to their society, among whom the students of the University, worthy disciples of Zan,* strengthened their ranks nobly. Having accomplished their business, they prepared to start for Minsk, fearing that a longer stay would expose them to danger. As they were on the point of leaving, one of the initiated introduced to them a watchmaker named Duchnowski, as an honest and patriotic man, and proposed him for a member. This happened in the morning. In the afternoon Konarski went alone to Duchnowski's residence, where, having found some strangers, he invents a pretext for his coming, and gives him his watch-chain, which he purposely broke, to be mended. A few minutes suffice for the task, and Duchnowski hands it back to its owner, refusing his pay for the trifling service; whereupon Konarski invites him to take a glass of wine with him. There lived in the German street a Jew, named Rosenthal, a wine-merchant. Thither Duchnowski and Konarski repair, and not desiring the presence of other company, they are shown to a room for themselves where the latter discloses his projects, and invites Duchnowski to join their patriotic society.

* One of the university students, who was exiled to Siberia with other patriotic youths; of which number was Mickiewirz (Mects-keh-vitch) the poet.

At the same time he informs him of his intention to leave for Minsk that very night. Rosenthal had however suspected them, and communicated his suspicions to the authorities. A Moscovite spy shortly after made his appearance, and joined in the conversation, condemning the Government and extolling the Revolution. Konarski's eagle eye saw at once the impending danger, and, retaining his self-possession, continued the conversation in the same strain, and made the spy suppose that he was of the same craft; and cautiously drawing him aside thus addressed him:

"I see we are, both of us, chasing the winds. Neither of us can do any thing without the other. I have discovered the bird of which you are in pursuit, and am informed of his nest; but alone I cannot cope with him, for he is a huge fellow. Come with me, then; four hands may succeed better; and as for the reward, we will share it equally."

The spy looked thoughtful, smiled, shook his head doubtfully, and carefully watching him, inquired, "what he was so earnestly saying to Duchnowski about a conspiracy?" That he had so conversed, was certain, for Rosenthal had overheard them, and from a few words had guessed what sort of persons they were.

To this, Konarski, still sustaining his assumed character, replied, "You must be a novice in our craft. Do you not see that I was trying to entangle the old man, who has the character of being a patriot?"

"And have you caught him?"

"No, indeed: I lost my time and the bottle of wine to boot. He is a simple-hearted old man, who hardly knows that two and two make four."

Having thus dexterously deluded the spy, he carried him with him to an alley leading into Wilna-street, where he pointed out an house in which he informed him that the emissary they were in pursuit of was secreted. He stationed the spy at the door, while he entered to discover if the person they suspected was within. The house had two entrances. Konarski disappeared, and the spy, weary with waiting, learned that he had been deceived, and hastened to inform the chief of the secret police that he had actually had Konarski in his hands, and how the latter had effected his escape.

In consequence of this event, Duchnowski was thrown into prison; Wilna was surrounded with guards; swarms of spies were set loose; and many a quiet citizen, returning home late at night, saw sentinels at the corners of the streets, and watchmen secreted in the various alleys.

During the first two days of the alarm, Konarski was secreted in the city, and did not leave it in a post-chaise, as he intended, but in a hired private conveyance, with which he was furnished by Sawicz (Sah-vitch), a university student, who was afterwards condemned to perpetual service as a common soldier. In this way, Konarski and Rodziewitz fortunately reached the next post-station at Krzyżówka, on the road to Minsk. Rodziewitz alighted first, to hire post-horses, leaving Konarski concealed in the covered carriage, who, feeling uneasy and agitated, looked out, but instantly withdrew his head on discovering the red color of a Moscovite officer on the piazza. This attracted the attention of the officer, whose sole duty was to stop and annoy travellers. He immediately compared Konarski's appearance with the description he had, and gave orders to the secreted *gens-d'armes* to seize him. At this moment the horses were brought, and Rodziewitz was about to get in, but was prevented by a police officer from Wilna, named Wendzigołski. He preserves his self-possession, and showing the officer his passport, threatens to enter a complaint against him if he is detained. The policeman protests he has nothing against him, and that he is at liberty to proceed wherever he pleases, but insists on stopping his servant, whose looks correspond so well with the description of the conspirator. Rodziewitz endeavors to show the impossibility that his servant so well known could be a person so important. The officer once more compares the description with the looks of the arrested, and although he knew that during the past three days a number of innocent persons had been arrested, still he hopes that this seizure may prove more successful; and in a few minutes, Konarski, in a post-chaise surrounded by *gens-d'armes*, is on his way back to Wilna.

Rodziewitz remained at the post-station. He had various important

papers belonging to the conspirators, which he had scarcely time to destroy, before he heard the post-chaise returning. He was then himself put in chains and carried away with his friend.

Konarski was thrown into a dungeon under the royal palace, where he had nothing to eat for three days, nor had he even a blade of straw for his bed. On the third day he was brought before the Prince Dolhoruki, who asked him if he was not an emissary conspirator. The prisoner made no answer to the question, but indignantly said, "I want food; otherwise I will not reply." The governor ordered that his wishes should be complied with, after which they conversed a long time together. Konarski, with all the eloquence of a great soul, pleaded before the Moscovite the duties of a man to mankind, and especially of a patriot to his country. He spoke of self-sacrifice, of the martyr's crown, of the progress of liberal ideas among nations, and by predicting the speedy downfall of Czarism. Doubtless, more than one thought left an impression upon the governor's mind.

After the first examination, Konarski was removed to the convent of the monks of St. Basil, by the *Ostra Brama* (Sharp Gate), where he was imprisoned in a well-secured priest's cell. It was the same *bastille* in which Zan, Mickiewicz, and so many other martyrs had suffered. Classic spot! The memory of the unfortunate Simon must have filled it, in his lonely hours, with images of torture immortalized by the pen of Adam.

The arrest of Konarski was an event of great importance. To the greedy host of hirelings an opportunity now opened itself to involve the whole of Lithuania. An investigating commission was already established, and Prince Trubetski, civil vice-governor, was appointed at its head; and post-chaises were busy, night and day, carrying away the suspected citizens. It is impossible to imagine anything more disgraceful than a Moscovite criminal trial. The cruel tortures of the middle ages had a certain systematic order guarded by law, which was strictly adhered to with every prisoner; but, under the merciless superintendence of Trubetski, the hirelings were constantly inventing new and more severe me-

thods of punishment. At the commencement of every examination, Konarski and Rodziewicz were severely beaten, to induce them to divulge the whole truth. If they gave what were considered evasive replies, the flesh of the shoulder was cut, and smelted sealing-wax was dropped into the gaping wounds, and sometimes spirits were poured in and set on fire. At the same time, the fingers were drawn out of their sockets, and sharp instruments driven under the nails. Such cruelty on the one hand, and such endurance on the other, could only be equalled by the martyr deaths of the early Christians in the reign of that fiercest of the persecutors, Domitian. Frequently, when the tortured victim fell from exhaustion upon the hands of the hangman, who endeavored to bring him back to life, on coming to, he would exclaim: "Villains! I have already told you I know nothing, I know nobody, and if I am guilty, I am alone in my guilt." Again, in the midst of his agony, he would mockingly exclaim to Trubetski: "Now try some other torture; perhaps you may invent something better, and see if you can extort a single word from me."

Trubetski, with his head set close upon his shoulders, and a face swollen by drunkenness, with ferocious eye and implacable heart, foamed like a mad animal. Yet even his brutal soul seemed sometimes to be struck with the enormity of the sufferings, and the indomitable will of the martyr; for now and then he would exclaim in astonishment "He is a man of iron!"

But Rodziewicz did not show equal firmness. The old man whose head was blanched by age, and whose strength was worn out, at length yielded to the malice of his tormentors. Under the repeated tortures to which he was subjected he confessed all that he knew, and much that he did not perfectly know, respecting individuals; thus bringing ruin and wretchedness upon several hundred families. After these confessions a great hunt for human beings took place in Lithuania. Noblemen, clergy, and students were brought in from all parts of the country. Sometimes a culprit when brought before Trubetski was met by him at the outset with a blow of the fist, and the question uttered in a voice of thunder, "Did you take the oath or not?" He

would then torture his victim till he obtained from him his signature acknowledging that he belonged to the secret society, and had likewise taken an oath before Konarski. In one month there was no more room in the spacious convent of the monks of St. Basil.

In the midst of these secret murders, of tortures diabolically invented for the body and soul, of groans piercing the walls of the prison, in the very midst of the hard-hearted persecutors, a deed of high-mindedness was enacted; the more noble because performed by a man who was not a Pole, but one of the professional instruments of despotism, and who now sacrificed himself for truth and mankind.

It was early in September, 1838, that the Russian Captain Korovayeu, moved by Konarski's innocence of all moral guilt, and overcome by the nobleness of his character, with which he had become acquainted during short conversations while on guard, came to the prison one night and offered him his freedom. Konarski could not for some time believe he was in earnest. But when the captain told him how a passport and relay of horses might be procured, and that his company of soldiers was ready even to fight in his defence, should occasion require, he threw himself into the arms of his noble deliverer, and they were soon engaged in concerting a plan for escape. When no hope was visible on his horizon, freedom began to smile upon the prisoner.

They determined to free all those who were most deeply involved. Captain Korovayeu took from Konarski written directions to several of his fellow prisoners. With one of these the captain went to the cell of Anthony Orzeszko, handed it to him, and waited till the gratified prisoner should express his joy. But what astonishment, what disappointment does he feel, when the prisoner not only receives the news with indifference, but, folding the paper grasps it tight in his hand, saying: "I thank you, captain; you have given me a weapon,—now I will prove my inno-

cence, now or never!" Korovayeu endeavors to make him understand the matter; explains to him the minutest details, and proposes to bring Konarski to him, if he still mistrusts. It is all in vain—in vain does he depict liberty in the most vivid of colors. It is past all conception! A Moscovite captain strives to fan the flame of freedom in the unwilling breast of a Pole! The conduct of Orzeszko would embitter the heart of the best patriot. All efforts on the part of the gallant captain proved futile. The obstinate man could not be persuaded. Korovayeu saw the abyss before him, and in despair seized the prisoner, and endeavored to snatch the note from him. They struggled and fell. The noise alarmed the turnkey. Korovayeu departed without the note. The next morning Orzeszko deposited before the investigating commission, the testimony exculpating himself and condemning one of the noblest of men. There is no more hope for Konarski!*

Towards the end of December, after having extorted from the accused their signatures acknowledging their guilt, the commission, both in Wilna and Kiou, closed their proceedings. General Polozow, known for his honesty and humanity, was sent to Wilna to examine those proceedings, and to him many owed their complete acquittal or a commutation of their punishment.

The prisoners were divided into three classes—1st. those who were to suffer death; 2d. those who were to work for life in the mines of Siberia, and to have their estates confiscated; and 3d. those who were destined for the colonies of Siberia, or to serve as privates in the army in the Caucasus. Konarski was in the first, and Rodziewicz in the second class.†

When the decree was read to the University students, an affecting scene took place. Those gallant youths, with tears in their eyes, embraced and saluted each other, as if they were parting at the portals of the grave. General Polozow suspended the read-

* Korovayeu was tried and condemned to be shot, but, through the influence of his colonel, General Geismar and Prince Dolhoruki, who represented to the Czar that he did it out of a kindness of heart, and an excessive tenderness of disposition, for which he was distinguished, his punishment was commuted to fifteen years service as a common soldier in the Caucasus.

† In Russia, though capital punishment does not exist as a part of the civil penal code, it is allowed, and on very rare occasions inflicted, for high political crimes.

ing for a while, but seeing no early termination to their grief, he asked for silence, saying: "Gentlemen, are you not curious to learn your sentence?" "We listen to you, General," was the reply of Doctor Milkowski. "The decree of death from your lips will be more agreeable to us than even mercy from those of Prince Trubetski."

"You complain unjustly," rejoined the General; "the Prince obeyed the law; and," pointing to the piles of papers, "look, there are your own signatures."

"We have signed, it is true," again spoke Milkowski. "We have signed every thing we were required; but we swear before God, give us for half an hour the power of inflicting the tortures which made us sign, and this Prince Trubetski himself will plead guilty to the same crime for which we are now to suffer."

At this speech Trubetski and the rest of the investigating commission arose from their seats at the table, remonstrating against the insult their honorable body had received. "Well!" said one of them, "let the proceedings be torn to pieces, let us begin the investigation anew! let truth like oil come up to the surface!" Miscreant! he doubtless wished to prolong the enjoyment of the lucrative office!

General Polozow, requested the committee to be silent, and then addressing the young men, advised them not to set up any new complaints; for so doing, they would only prolong their sufferings and their suspense; and promised them that whenever it was in his power he would ask the Czar for a commutation of their punishment. He kept his promise, and a part of the prisoners afterwards experienced through his influence some alleviation of their hard fate. After the prisoners of the second and third classes were disposed of, Konarski's sentence remained to be carried into effect. Three days before, his mother who had come from the country to visit her unfortunate son, was ordered to leave Wilna. She endeavored to soften the authorities by her prayers and tears, to obtain permission to be present at the execution. "Be assured," said she, "that the faintest sob shall not escape my breast. I wish only by my presence to encourage him to die manfully."

But it was all in vain, and she was compelled to depart.

At 8 o'clock on the morning of the 26th of February, twenty-four hours before his execution, the decree condemning Konarski to be shot, was read. The whole of that day which was left to him for preparation for his departure from this world, was devoted by Konarski to the memory of his relatives, and friends. Now he rejoiced in the hope that the fate of his country, hitherto veiled from his view, would soon be uncovered to his disenfranchised vision; and now, as if to bid adieu to it forever, he called forth from his flute melody of the most exquisite tenderness. Touched by the fire of inspiration he asked for paper, and though unskilled in the art composed a poem in which he depicted his ardent love of liberty and country, and poured forth his enthusiasm for the improvement of the world and the extirpation of its deep-rooted wickedness; and gave a passionate vent to his agony of complaint against the unjust fate which awaited him. But when the violence of his first emotion had subsided into calm contemplation, Konarski appears like a vessel ready to sail just before she is loosened from her moorings. She is not let go at once, but gradually, so that she can take a free sweep on a deep sea. Having taken up the pen a second time, before he is launched forth upon the deep sea of eternity, he began slowly and calmly to unloose, one by one, the ties which bound him to his mother, his brother and his beloved. The following letter will portray the depth and purity of his heart, better than any phrases of high sounding eulogy:

"My dear mother—dear Stanislaus—my dear relatives—all of you who loved me and to whom my heart and soul owe gratitude for all my happy moments, and the dear remembrances which I have experienced in the course of my life—forgive the tears and sufferings which you have endured on my account. When you will read this letter, I have no doubt that my fate will be decided; General Polozow and the court-martial have assured me that my letter shall be forwarded to you. It may be that nature may overcome all philosophy and all logic, for the frailties of human nature are more powerful than I can describe. I should be

glad though, for I love you, that when you read this letter you also should feel the calmness and strength of soul which I enjoy; I should be glad to pour into you my whole soul, for you would then have that peace and courage which I trust will not fail me in my last moments. I might console you in the same way as those who, not knowing me, have the kindness, or feel it their duty, to console me, with the idea that the Czar may send on a commutation of my punishment. They seek to console me, for they do not know that I need no consolation. I ought to follow their example, for I know that you are in need of consolation; but having been open and sincere through my life-time, I will not be false to truth now. I therefore avow to you without argument, for I trust you will believe me, that the decree not only does not disturb my tranquillity, but actually yields me gratification. If you could see me, you would read in my countenance the truth of this confession. The same truthfulness makes me add, that if it should really prove as my friends hope, if the decree of death should be commuted by the Czar to imprisonment, torture, or exile to Siberia, then I should be indeed really unhappy. Then your sympathy and tears for me would be justifiable. I trust you will agree with me, that it is far better to die once by the hand of the executioner, than to die by inches through many years in some dungeon or in the mines of Nerezynek. You too will gain by this decree. You will bewail me—(this they cannot forbid you), but my memory will be rendered more pleasing by the conviction that my soul is unpoluted, and that I died bathed with your tears and those of my numerous friends; for I had friends whom I loved, wherever I went. As this is doubtless the last letter I shall write you, I wish to assure you, my mother, in order to alleviate the sufferings which you will feel on my account, and to sweeten the remnant of your life, that I die with a clear conscience. Should the malice or stupidity of men, when I am no more, torment you by calumniating my name, or representing my life in a false light,—should there be such as would inflict upon you even this form of suffering,—do not believe them, mother, for my conscience is clear in every respect, and my life has known no crimes. I am guilty in the sight of government, and for this I am to suffer death; but in the sight of mankind, of honor, of uprightness, in spite of the most difficult situations in which I have been placed, even in the sight of God, mother, I am guiltless, save of those sins to shun which one must be more than a man; save of those sins, I shall not be judged, nor doubtless punished.

“I have yet one petition to make of you all; of you all, because I know that you, mother, and you, Stanislaus, are poor. Although the sum is trifling, yet the frequency with which I have importuned my family, and the unwillingness which I feel of late to put myself under an obligation of this sort, make me address you all upon this subject. I owe 50 Prussian dollars to Mr. Weber of Leipsic, and 100 francs to Mr. De Roy, of Chaudes-fonds, in Switzerland. Send them the money addressed as follows: *à Monsieur Weber, à Leipzig*, asking his pardon for the delay, and assuring him of my friendship and gratitude, and *à M. De Roy, à Chaudes-fonds*, also assuring him of my friendship and gratitude.

“I cannot help asking you, if circumstances should allow it, to take leave of her who through my affections, through the choice of my soul, becomes related to you. I loved her and in spite of the enormity of the sufferings with which the late events have overwhelmed my soul, I love her still. I do not know whether my poor dear Emily can remember me long, when her heart is torn and bleeding. I do not ask it of her. I should not wonder if she should entirely forget me since her whole family are in prison. I would not however have any other one for my wife, should my life be spared. Bid farewell to her and to her whole family for me. Ask them in my name to forgive the tears and sufferings which they have endured on my account. They are now all imprisoned, but their innocence will be proved and they will be freed.

“You, Stanislaus, I know, love your mother. Remember that she has suffered much in her life-time through the malice of men; but did she suffer justly? God will judge. Remember that to your own, you add all my anxiety, all my love, for her. Let not my death delay your marriage. Do not put on any external signs of mourning for me. I do not know your future wife. I have only one observation to make to you therefore: Remember that he who marries charges himself with solemn duties to his wife for his whole life. You have a good understanding and experience. I believe, therefore, that you will be happy. Receive, therefore, as it were from heaven, the blessing of your Simon, together with that of our father and all of our family who have left the world. I know you will often think of me and of Emily. There in Heaven I will wait for you all, for here, in the age in which you live, wherein one must endure the torments of hell if he would be honest, life is a burden. You will some day, Stanislaus, tell your children of your brother Simon, who lived in this world an

honest man. If you have a son, call him in remembrance of me, Simon James, and if a daughter, call her Emily.

"As to the things I shall leave behind, I was told they would become the property of the government. Although I well know that the government does not need a few pieces of rags, yet it may be they will not be sent to you as a remembrance of me. I leave them entirely to chance. I will not ask for permission to send them to you. An importunity of this kind will displease the authorities, and the more since so many of my requests are refused.

"Mother! dear mother! have courage, have a heart to bear the blow that awaits thee. Remember that Stanislaus still lives, and that you should spare your life for the sake of his children. What would he do in this world if you should yield yourself up to despair and doubly bereave him? I have done with this world, and will not be unhappy; but poor Stanislaus, left alone, would lead a sad existence. I, though alone on my way to the other world, can bear a separation, for I have been for a long time accustomed to it. May you be happy, may you be free. May you enjoy at least half as much of happiness as I have suffered misery. Farewell! and do not mourn for me. We ought to mourn not for those who are gone, but for those who are left behind. Love each other, live virtuously, and you will be happy inwardly, and your death will be as light to you as mine is to me. Stanislaus! do not court luxuries; do not wish for more than you have, and God will bless your house.

"I do not know how soon I shall be executed, but it is all the same to me whether it be a day, a week, or a month hence. Good night! my dear relatives! By the side of my aunt's grave in Rumbowicze, put up a plain stone, without any inscription, in memory of me, for my life has been plain. There I hope to be present with my aunt, either to rejoice or to sorrow with you. I trust God will allow me this; and when you two have joined us, we will all resort thither to smile over the pains we have endured in this life.

"To-day, as the priest tells me, I am to be shot. Farewell, my friends, and put your trust in God as I do.

"SIMON KONARSKI."

He finished this letter before daylight. The turnkey informed him, by order of Prince Dolhoruki, that he might write down his wishes referring solely to himself. He wrote three of them: 1st. that he might take leave of his fellow prisoners; 2d. that Emily

should be set free; and 3rd. that the things he left behind him should be sent to his family. The first two requests were granted; the last, as he foresaw, was not.

Agreeably to his request, on the 27th of February, at day-break, Rodziewicz was admitted into his cell. At sight of the old man, the cause of so many misfortunes, a painful expression passed over Konarski's countenance, but he subdued the bitterness of his feelings, and said to him, mildly: "I willingly forgive you all you have sinned against me. May our country and our fellow martyrs likewise forgive you. You have sinned only through weakness; you have sinned through your old age."

Afterwards he took his last farewell of others, and by many a lofty truth he strengthened their weaker hearts. When Orzeszko was brought in, he struggled with himself for some time, but finally conquered himself and forgave him.

After these painful adieus, he called to him Sokolow, known for his cruel treatment of prisoners, and requested him to buy for him a pair of broadcloth pantaloons with the money his mother had left him. "It is so cold now," said he, "it may cause me to tremble, and the people may think that I tremble through fear." Sokolow answered, "that he had no permission to do so, and besides, the distance was not great."

Shortly after, a friar of St. Bernard came to hear him confess. Konarski kindly took him by the hand, and said: "Father! I am sure God will forgive me the sins I have committed, for I have suffered much. I have endured much for my country and mankind. Though I am a Calvinist, your blessing is as needful to me as that of my own pastor. Bless me, then, as your son, as a follower of the cross, and I shall die in peace." The monk shed tears, blessed him, and said not a word of a reconciliation with the Church of Rome, so much was he moved by the grandeur of the martyrdom. A Protestant clergyman, named Lipiuski, was afterwards sent for. Before he was found the clock struck ten. When he arrived, he found Konarski taking tea, of which he partook with him. They conversed together of the salvation of the soul, and of the nothingness of worldly possessions, and read the penitential psalms.

At eleven o'clock, Konarski made

known that he was ready, and smoothing down his light hair, which fell on his shoulders, put on a blue worsted cap made by Emily's hands, and over his summer dress, in which he had been arrested, he threw a grey cloak, and descended to the yard surrounded by *gens-d'armes*. On his departure, he desired Sokolow to distribute his remaining six roubles among the soldiers that were to fire at him.

In the meantime, the inhabitants of Wilna, before eight o'clock, received notice, printed in the Russian language, to this effect: "To-day, at eight o'clock, A. M., an emissary conspirator, Simon Konarski, will be punished with death for treason against the State. The place of the execution will be Execution Square, beyond the gate of Trock. Whoever wishes to witness the just punishment of the criminal may go there." Notwithstanding the severe cold, from eight o'clock to twelve the whole population of Wilna poured forth into the street leading to Execution Square, and there awaited the arrival of the martyr, who was then to shed his blood for his country.

To detract from the grandeur of this awfully impressive scene, the prisoner was led away from the convent through a back gate leading into the Police Alley. There he was put into a one-horse sleigh, with Lipinski on his right, and numerous *gens-d'armes* surrounded him. While this group was passing the market squares beyond the gate of Trock, Konarski requested the soldiers to make way that the people might behold and take leave of him. The *gens-d'armes* could not refuse so innocent a request. As the route turned to the street of Trock, and wound up the hill on which a great multitude of women were collected, waving their handkerchiefs bedewed with tears, and with prolonged sobs bidding him farewell, Konarski, deeply moved, raised his arm, encircled by a heavy chain, and exclaimed: "Do not weep for me, for in a moment I shall be free. Weep rather for yourselves!" As he approached the gate of Trock, he gazed, with a certain natural degree of pride, upon the immense mass of his countrymen bidding him their lamenting farewell, and turning to Lipinski, said with a smile, "Many a king would envy me a funeral train so numerous and so gorgeous." From the gate they turned to

the left of the road leading to Trock, in the direction of the highlands, opposite the place of public amusements, called *Pohulanka*, till they reached the square. That spot, as if to excite a longing for this world, presents a beautiful view. From there is seen Wilna, covering the dale with its white houses, the Ponarskie Mountains rising towards the south, and the *Wilna* meandering along its way amongst hills and valleys. On alighting here, Konarski's eye, which till now had been lifted up to higher worlds, was irresistibly fixed upon the beautiful wintry landscape, as though he said in his heart, "Oh, Nature! thou art always bountiful and beautiful. Thou art the image of thy Creator, but the creatures that live on thy bosom disgrace their high origin!" Or perhaps he had a livelier thought, for he gazed as if he wished to imprint for ever on his memory the situation of his grave, and carry this picture, as in a mirror, to a happier land.

All this lasted but a minute. They hurried him along, for the decree condemning him had to be read in public. The commanding officer of the city, General Kwietnicki, and many of the higher officers were present. After the reading of the decree, Konarski took the paper and, with great coolness, looked at it and said, "He (the Czar) has signed it with pale ink, but his sentence will be signed with blood." Lipinski, standing by his side, strengthened his spirit with pious words. Konarski, affectionately pressing his hand, thanked him for his Christian service; then turning to the Russian officers, he bowed to them, but they simultaneously embraced him; and, spite of the presence of the commandant, dared to take leave of the state criminal as of a brother and a martyr. And this was just and natural, for was he not, in the spirit of the gospel of nations, their brother and a martyr for their sake?

This conduct of the officers displeased the general so much, that when Konarski approached him and said, in a voice of calm courage, "General! grant me one favor. Let not my eyes be blinded," Kwietnicki turned his back upon him, and his countenance spoke this language—"Thou art unworthy, villain! that I, a faithful servant of the Czar, should speak to thee!"

Konarski was then brought near the

grave, surrounded on three sides by ranks of soldiers, and on the fourth by the civil, military and police officers. Beyond these were an immense multitude of the people. Music, consisting of fifes and drums, struck up a wild march as if to give courage for the perpetration of the murder. With such a march Suwarrow must have led his hordes to the butchery at Prague. Three grey watchmen surrounded the prisoner. One carried a death robe, another a white sash, and the third a handkerchief, with which to blind his eyes. As they were putting on the robe, his blue cap fell from his head. He picked it up and drew it tightly on again. His arms were then tied behind with the long sleeves of his shirt, he was girded with his sash, his eyes were blindfolded, and he was placed beside a post. At a silent order, twelve soldiers stepped forward, commanded by a sergeant. The officer that was to command was taken ill, and no other one would take his place. A gloomy silence reigned over the vast multitude. Each one could hear only the beating of his own heart. The order was at length given, the locks snapped, the twelve muskets echoed, and when the smoke cleared away, there lay the body of the martyr, pierced with balls. With the noise of the muskets mingled the prolonged groans of the people, filling the air even to the heart of Wilna.

The watchmen were the first to throw themselves upon the corpse. They took from it the blue cap, and commenced lowering the body into the grave. But the multitude at this time broke through the ranks of soldiers and crowded in from all sides. Some carried away pieces of the martyr's garment as relics, others dipped their handkerchiefs in his blood; and though the police endeavored by blows to keep

off the intruders, one of the students seized the cap from a watchman, and another carried away the cloak. The police endeavored to arrest the patriotic thieves, but the protecting multitude closed before them in a solid wall. From noon till late at night the inhabitants of Wilna flocked to the grave of their martyr. A patriotic lady suggested to a few others of her sex, that the grave should be ornamented with flowers, which was instantly done; each of them brought secreted under her cloak a flower-pot to deposit on the snowy hillock, which grew rapidly into a blooming garden. While some on their knees poured forth prayers mingled with fervent tears, for the soul of the departed, others planted crosses and flowers about the grave. The commandant at last sent his aids to request them to desist, stating that the spot was not a church, nor a fit place for prayers, and that the government would be displeased with their proceedings.

In this manner, though the individuals had to give their names at the gates, was Konarski's grave visited for three days. The post by the side of which he suffered death was cut up with pen-knives for relics. It is even said that some of the patriots had his body taken out and buried in the cemetery, while the chains which were taken off were made into finger-rings, which were even worn by many of the officers belonging to the corps of General Geismar. Many of them were persecuted for having thus honored the memory of the martyr, and some were sent into Siberia.

Such was the end of the life of Simon Konarski. His spirit, like that of another God, hovers over our country, and even now fills with fear the oppressors of our native land.

FROISSART'S CHRONICLES.*

AFTER the works of fiction with which the cheap presses had fed their readers so abundantly as to have surfeited them with light unsubstantial food, we are served at last, with good, plain, strong, and yet not unsavory nutriment—no less a book than the celebrated *Chronicles of Froissart*; and, if we may judge of the eagerness with which the mass of readers have purchased these, from the fact of having observed several cabmen intently occupied in perusing them at their stands, we should infer that the enterprising publisher has been well repaid for having better appreciated than his rivals the soundness of the public taste.

Not that we censure the diffusion of the imaginings of Cervantes, Le Sage, Cooper, Scott, Chateaubriand, Edgworth, Sedgwick, Gore, Bulwer, St. Pierre, Bremer; but we believe that the only class of readers to whom the lascivious and grotesque productions of Paul de Kock, and his wretched imitators, are likely to give delight, are Americans who have lived just long enough in Europe to vitiate their native taste, and to pick up as much French as will enable them to understand what they fully believe to be French wit, and correct delineations of Parisian society.

An enlightened critic has said that, to form a just opinion of any intellectual work, we ought to stand halfway between an excessive distance from, and too near a proximity to the epoch of its composition. If this be a sound canon of criticism, applicable to events as well as to books recording them, this generation, placed at equal distances from two social orders, stands on ground from which can be viewed, and rightly appreciated, both the social order of which Froissart has been the inimitable annalist, and the new system brought about by altered circumstances, changed habits, younger and healthier opinions. We are not so far removed from the former, as to find it difficult,

either to procure the records of the past, or to discover in them, as well as in our own opinions and prejudices, even the minutest springs of events, and the motives of actors. On the other hand, though surrounded by the ruins of that system, which the revolutions of the last seventy years have strewn over the two continents, like the armor of the vanquished scattered over an immense field of battle, we are, nevertheless, no longer under the sway of the revolutionary passions that first impressed their own life and power upon the new social order.

It was with thoughts like these, that we commenced the perusal of Froissart, in the translation. We had read the original in early youth, charmed then much more with the gorgeous coloring, the romantic interest of the events, and the heroic character of the epoch, than with the admirable art with which the author preserves the unity of the great drama, without confusion or intricacy, through incessant changes of scene and two generations of actors. If, like Ariosto, sporting with our curiosity, the chronicler often interrupts his narration at the very moment when we are following it most eagerly in the expectation that it will lead us out of the mazes of our uncertainty, like the Tuscan poet too, he never loses sight of it, and seizing again the golden thread, with a master's hand weaves it into the woof of the complex texture, of which it is only one of the countless filaments. As we proceeded, a new light seemed to have descended upon the weird pages. The entire fabric of feudality rose before our eyes; not such, however, as it has been portrayed by authors who sought only to elucidate that form of government in relation to such portions of it as, still preserving their vitality, continue to pervade our legislation, but, the actual everyday workings of that system, in the society it had created, and which for

* Sir John Froissart's *Chronicles of England, France, Spain, and adjoining countries.* New York, J. Winchester, 30 Ann-street.

ages it had ruled ; controlling, together with the inferior classes which it had been purposely framed to curb, the whole hierarchy of nobles,—nay, the clergy themselves, at that epoch the lawgivers of the world.

No man that lived during the fourteenth century, ever had such opportunities, as the accident of his birth, his varied pursuits and motley fortunes, threw in the way of Froissart, not to study that system,—(abstract meditations were neither his habit, nor congenial to the cast of his mind)—but to view and depict his contemporaries in all the various relations of political, civil, and private life. Born of humble parents—(as we infer since he began the study of heraldry, intending it as a profession)—he was no stranger, however, to the interests, opinions, and manners of those whom we would now term the middle classes. He has sketched, with inimitable art, the characteristic traits of the Flemish burghers, a race whose posterity in the Hanseatic cities, and in the Netherlands, present to this day family features proving the early talent of Flemish artists for perfect imitation of their models. A priest afterwards, more through love of ease and elegant idleness, than from any real vocation for the arduous and stern duties of that holy station, his long intimacy with high dignitaries of the church, gave him, as subjects to paint from life, in unfading colors, those voluptuous abbots, wealthy bishops, and lordly prelates, always censured by the church, who vying with the sturdiest knights in brute strength and martial prowess, with the most unprincipled statesmen in crafty policy, with the most dissolute of the laity in licentiousness, united the rudeness of the soldier with the sloth of the monk ; while lacking both the generous frankness of the one, and the ready devotion of faith of the other.

Having held honorable stations at the Court of England under Edward and Richard, at that of France under John, and Charles the Wise, he had associated there, in familiar intercourse, with those renowned feudal chieftains, the heroes of his Chronicles—an order of men having no parallel in antiquity—

with habits, manners, and opinions, moulded by the institutions of the middle ages. He has shown us those warriors, sometimes in their fortified castles, built like eagles' nests on high peaks, the tyrants of their vassals, the dread of the peaceful trader ; sometimes rushing to perilous battles encased in impenetrable armour. Loved and protected by Guy de Chatillon, Count of Blois,—attached to the person of Wincellaus, Duke of Brabant, as his secretary,—a welcome and honored guest at the Court of Gaston, Count of Foix and Bearn,—Froissart, in the characteristic traits he has recorded of the absolute authority exercised by these princes over their nearest relatives,* as well as their dependants, has given us the only contemporary memorial we possess of the singular domestic life of those proud vassals, ever ready to defy the monarch to whom they yielded an unwilling obedience, and ever prepared to betray him to whosoever offered the highest bribe.

The following passage, which, as by wizard art, rebuilds the ruined palace of Gaston de Foix, the Trouvère Prince ; and, after four hundred and fifty years, reassembles within its gothic halls the motley crowd of visitors drawn there by the fame, the kingly hospitalities of the noble Chatelain, we transcribe as a fair example of Froissart's last and best manner and style. It is taken from a manuscript lately discovered, and is therefore not contained in the common editions of the Chronicles ; it is a precious mediæval relic, a talisman by which we are brought into familiar communion with those illustrious dead, who furnished to Froissart, either themes for other chronicles, or information to render more perfect and authentic his earlier annals :

“ Avant que je vinse en sa cour je avois été en moult cours de Rois, de Ducs, de Princes, de Comtes, et de Hautes Dames ; mais je n'en fut oncques en nalle qui mieux me plût, ni qui fut plus sur le fait d'armes plus réjouie comme celle du Comte de Foix. On veoit en la Salle et es chambres et en la Cour, chevalier et Ecuyer d'honneur aller et marcher, et d'armes et d'amour les oyoit-on parler. Tout honneur étoit là dedans trouvée.

* We refer the reader to the third volume of the Chronicles, in which the death of Gaston's only legitimate son, who died of a wound inflicted by his father, is told without any inguuant remarks on so foul an act.

Nouvelles de quelque Royaume ni de quelque pays que ce fut, là dedans on y apprenoit ; car de tout pays, pour la vaillance du Seigneur, elles y appleuvoient et venoient ; Là, vis venir Chevaliers et Eucuyers de toutes nations, si m'en informois, ou par eux, ou par le Comte qui volontier m'en parloit." *

To this rare combination of advantages for the execution of his mission, of mirroring his own age in imperishable reflection for the information and delight of succeeding ones, we owe the equally astonishing variety and life-like fidelity of his delineations. The Chronicles form indeed a complete gallery of the portraits of all his contemporaries ; of all—except those of the serf, the working-man, the martyred peasant, of the fourteenth century. This exclusion of the laboring man, the personification of society itself, from the great pageant of an eventful epoch, like the absence of the images of the two last Romans from the funeral procession of the sister of one of them, fills the mind with a livelier vision of the banished figures !

The motives of this studied silence we can easily explain. The moment an individual of the oppressed classes had learned to read and write, he became either a priest, a lawyer or a clerk : and lost, in the selfish enjoyment of newly acquired privileges, all sympathies for, and communion with, the caste from which he had sprung. Hence it is, that, even in Froissart, we find but few passages, in which the proletary, the laborer, is even alluded to ; though his subject led him necessarily to relate the insurrections of the peasants, or, rather, the servile wars which, towards the end of the thirteenth century, broke out, almost simultaneously, all over France, Germany, and England, threatening, even at that early stage of the second civilisation of Europe, the total subversion of kingly and oligarchic institutions,

with studied brevity, the chronicles dismisses the subject with these few words : " Those peasants were swarthy, badly clad, and ill armed." Such men, in the opinion of the secretary of Queen Philippa, the bard whose lays amused the leisure hours of the Black Prince, were only fit to be trampled down by iron-clad knights of high lineage. Even in the chapters which describe, with a simplicity of style that often reminds us of Herodotus, the varied scenes acted, both in the French and Flemish camps, during the night that preceded the battle of Rosbecques (so fatal to the popular cause throughout Europe) and the incidents of that dread conflict, between the French chivalry and the ill-disciplined infantry of Flanders led on by Artavelde, Froissart disdains to throw on the vanquished those funeral garlands, he so delights to weave for noble knights fallen in adverse fields. Compassion for the people—the low-born—seek not the expression of that feeling in the Chronicles ! Froissart felt not those ennobling sympathies ; he knew them not ; in fact, at that period, they existed in the breast of no man capable of expressing them in writings that would have lived. Had the sacred love of the people dwelt in his heart, united with the varied talents he brought to the execution of his great work, instead of being the prince of chroniclers, Froissart would have stood by the side of Tacitus, and second to him alone among historians. Yet, even in the absence of that vivifying spirit, which would have thrown a nobler lustre over their pages, the Chronicles have a charm, a spell, in their artless simplicity, which, as soon as we have read the two preliminary chapters, holds the mind captive to the end of the volume. Is it that we feel that they were not written in the seclusion of a monastery, nor compiled from documents drawn from the dust of archives ? They have the glow and

* " I had been entertained at many courts, of Kings, Dukes, Princes, Counts, and high-born Ladies ; but never before had I been in one which so much delighted me, as that of the Count de Foix. In hall, in bower, in court, were always to be seen knight and squire of honor, sauntering and roving, discoursing the while of arms and love. Nothing that wins honor, nothing that spreads fame, but you might have found there. Of every kingdom, of every country, news was there to be heard ; for such was the renown of the valiant Lord that they were showered upon him from every quarter. At his palace I saw knights and squires of all nations, from whom I could collect ample information, as well as from the Count, who was ever willing to discourse with me thereof."

freshness of fields and groves. We seem to hear, while we proceed, sometimes the voice and the harp of the Trouvère; sometimes the din of arms, the tumult of the battle-field,—now, the war cry of French knights, “a Guesclin, a Guesclin, for France!” and now the dread shout of “a Chandos, a Chandos, for St. George!” We live with the generation of which Froissart has written, with the men he heard speak, saw combatting, conquering, dying; we know the Black Prince, the two Artaveldes, Chandos, Edward, Duguesclin, the Clissons, as if we had sat with them in council, as if we had fought under their banners, at Crecy, Poitiers, and Rosbecques.

It is not in the Chronicles, however, that we should look for what is now termed “the Philosophy of History.” The muse who dictated those annals sat not in a cell feebly lighted by the midnight lamp; a noble Chatelaine, she rode, graceful and fearless, a milk-white palfrey. On her gloved arm perched the hooded gersfalcon; by her side bounded the hounds impatient to be unleashed for the chase. In her train followed the iron-clad knight,—the stout archer, bearing gallantly the deadly long bow,—the priest neither stern nor rebuking, mirthfully himself enjoying the guiltless mirth of the young and happy,—and the Troubadour, too, repining that the humble chronicler should share with him the task of recording high deeds of arms and tales of faithful, unrequited love.

Though commenced in 1357, when our author had scarcely attained his 20th year, and brought to a conclusion before the end of the century, the language of the Chronicles is not near so unartificial, notwithstanding its seeming ease and carelessness, as one not familiar with the style of the better writers of that epoch would imagine; nor does it differ so widely, as that of the Poets of the following century, from the idioms and forms of expression still used by such of the French authors as have preserved the native strength and raciness of Comines, Rabelais, Chatelain, Amelot and Montaigne, the noble fathers of French prose. It is not an uninteresting study, to trace in the pages of Froissart, as shadows cast before the coming day, sometimes the manly vigor of Pascal, his proud disdain of rules and shackles, when, with the chisel

of genius, he marks out the bold outlines of sublime thoughts; sometimes the unpretending and playful lightness of La Fontaine; and sometimes, too, that simplicity which spreads like garlands of sweet wild-flowers, over the grace-inspired letters of Sévigné. It requires, indeed, but slight and rare glances over a short glossary (always found in the best editions) to render the perusal of the Chronicles a recreation, instead of a dry study of obsolete idiomatic phrases, so little have words during four centuries lost their original meaning. As soon as we have become familiar with the manner of Froissart, and lost the uneasy sensation which unwonted turns of thought and an unusual mode of embodying them seldom fail to produce, we find an indescribable charm even in the strangeness of his periods, constructed, however, with more attention to euphonious sounds than we should expect in an age when the study of the master works of antiquity had not yet disciplined writers to the practice of polished diction.

In order to free ourselves from all suspicion of blind admiration for a favorite author, we intend to use the original instead of the translation, in the very short quotations we may make; nor will our readers censure, we trust, this homage paid to the Prince of Chroniclers. They must not forget that the language of Froissart, harsh and uncouth as it may at first sound to modern ears, was once spoken in court and bower. It was the language in which Edward III. avowed to the fair Salisbury the sudden love kindled by her matchless beauty, and vainly urged, with kingly pride, the fruition of his guilty hopes. Even in that early dawn of its destined dominion over science, fashion and valor, the idiom of France, when Froissart wrote the Chronicles, was the only modern tongue used by statesmen in councils; by chroniclers (save in Italy, where Dante, in the preceding century, had at once created and perfected the Tuscan) to record noble adventures and high deeds of arms; and by Trouvères in minstrelsy.

Few men, in an age when travelling peacefully with a view to study society in its varied aspects was nearly as perilous as traversing a country as one of an invading host, had seen so many parts of feudal Europe as Froissart, in the many journeys he performed

purposely to obtain materials for the *Chronicles*, as he expressly states :

“ Et vous dis, certes, que pour faire ces *Chroniques*, je fus en mon temps moult par le monde, comme pour enquérir aventures et les armes, lorsqu'elles sont escriptes en ce livre. Si, ai pu voir, apprendre et retenir de moult d' états. . . Et ayant, Dieu merci ! sens mémoire et bonne souvenance de toutes les choses passées ; Engin clair et aigu, pour concevoir tous les faits dont je pourrois être informé, touchant à ma principale matière —age, corps, et membre pour souffrir peine. Pour savoir la vérité des lointaines besognes, sans ce que j'y envoyasse personne en aucun lieu de moi ; je prie voie et achoison raisonnable d' aller dever *Hauts Princes*, et redoutés *Seigneurs*.”

Besides France, where he resided many years, he journeyed all over Holland and Flanders. In the first, he witnessed the early prosperity of a people whose sturdy toils had subdued the ocean (ever threatening, however, to invade a soil it had but partially receded from) centuries before they began their heroic strife against Spain ; in the last, he beheld the young splendor of those great cities where commerce and municipal institutions, comparatively free and liberal, had hastened the second birth of all social arts. He saw Antwerp, then the most opulent city in Europe, receiving in its spacious harbor the produce of the known world, and sending to the most distant regions, in her own ships, the varied tributes of her unrivalled industry. He prayed, perhaps himself celebrated mass (for he was an ordained priest) in those majestic cathedrals, of Brussels, Antwerp, Bruges and Malines, in which an architecture unknown to Egypt and to Greece seemed to have brought out of the forest petrified trees, with all their far-spread boughs and luxuriant foliage, to form the arched vaults of lofty temples. He saw at Ghent, Artavelde, the precursor of the Medici ; he sat at the social board by the side of his son, Philip Van Artavelde, a merchant prince, with the wisdom, eloquence and valor of Pericles ; marching the equal of the haughty Edward ; commanding armies of fifty thousand men, all raised and equipped within one single city,—Artavelde, who afterwards at Rosbecques—fatal field!—but at that time he was young,

successful, victorious ; monarchs sought his alliance ; nay, beauteous dames said that his “ was a sweet name, and musical to hear.”

He had sojourned long in Germany ; in that age, as now, presenting to the meditative observer, in the features of its inhabitants, in the mystic wildness of its tradition, striking contrasts with those neighboring nations which had more thoroughly received the impress of Roman conquest. While residing in England, where he had followed, as he, tells us “ Haute et puissante Dame Philippa de Heynault, dont fus clerc en ma jeunesse,” he lived in the intimacy of those valiant knights whom the victories of Poitiers and Crecy have made so renowned. One of those frequent and short cessations of hostilities between the English and the Scotch afforded him an opportunity of visiting Scotland. There he obtained from warriors, statesmen, and minstrels, recent traditions of the wars waged by Robert Bruce, and by that dread Douglas of the Bloody Heart, against the Percies of Northumberland, the noble rivals of those heroes. It is from the *Chronicles*, then a virgin unwrought mine of feudal lore, that Scott took, in handfuls, the rich ore which, thrown into his crucible, freed by his weird art from the dross that dimmed its lustre, and chiselled by his hand, will shine now for ever in the beauteous forms his genius bade it assume.

The wild sublimity of the Caledonian mountains, so strikingly contrasting with the tame and monotonous aspect of Netherland scenery—the graceful garb of their bold inhabitants—their manners, so different from those of the continental nations of Europe—their proud untaught valor, disdaining even what little existed of military art and discipline in that age, seem to have made a deep impression on the mind of Froissart. He often recurs to that journey, and whenever alluding to it his style glows with the inspiration of that land of poetry and valour.

Conscious of high abilities—(and who possesses genius, without a warning that it dwells within him ?)—Froissart, determined, even in early youth, though another muse invited, enticed, inspired him, to worship only at the shrine of the most austere of the virgin sisters. He resolved to write “the *Chronicles*,” we use his own words, as most expres-

sive of the feelings that urged him to the task.—“*I know well that after my death, in coming days, these beautiful annals will be held in high repute, affording to the noble and the valiant, both delight and incitement to virtue.*” Surveying the immense stage on which the great drama of a century was to be acted, he saw the spirit of reviving civilisation hovering over the age, like the mystic dove that brooded chaos into life, hurrying the birth of mighty events. A vague instinct of the future, always vouchsafed to minds of the highest order, revealing that he should immediately portray the existing society, before it had assumed other aspects and forms, he commenced the annals of the epoch before he had attained his 20th year. Thus does the statuary hasten the modelling of a matron, still beautiful, but already arrived to that age when every month—nay, every day steals from her lips a smile, from her cheek a hue, from her limbs a grace, a charm.

It has been objected to Froissart, that he seldom gives the reader his own opinion on the causes of the events he records, or his own judgment on the motives of the actors he brings on the scene. To us, this unwillingness of the historian to give his conjectures, under the guise of the determining motives of action of some of the heroes of his narratives, is one of his chief merits. The frank declaration which so often recurs in the Chronicles, “*what was said in the councils on that occasion, I have been unable to learn,*” or, “*what were his motives for thus acting, I know not,*” are so many pledges that we can rely on the authenticity of those deliberations or motives which he does minutely report as held in his presence, or disclosed to some contemporary whose testimony may safely be trusted. Another advantage grew naturally out of this rule, which Froissart appears to have marked out to himself, and inflexibly observed—his narrative is never interrupted by ill-timed declamation. He brings before us, without ornaments, both the figure and the scene he portrays, so that the first lives, and the other rises to view in all the diversities and accidents of nature’s lights, shades, and coloring. In France, science and learning did not awake simultaneously with poetry and the arts, from the long sleep, which, as

if produced by foul and dark vapors exhaled from the grave of Boëtius, settled suddenly on the human mind, all over Europe; for there existed no glimmering of science, no vestige of real learning, either in France, England or Germany, when the Epistles of Héloïse burst on her contemporaries sweet and melodious as a choir of angels. They were hailed as a token that another alliance had again been formed between earth and heaven, between mind and matter. This explains what would otherwise strike us as singular,—we mean the total ignorance of Froissart (a priest, a poet, one to whom the Latin language of the epoch was familiar) of all classic lore. Even geography, now a universal science, was unknown to him, and the strange mistakes he falls into whenever he speaks of African, Asiatic, or even Grecian cities, have often baffled the persevering researches of Buchon, the industrious and learned editor of his works. And yet in spite of those imperfections there breathes from the Chronicles a native grace, light and sweet as the odors of wild-flowers. No remembrances of the past, in their magic pages. The eyes of the author, never directed toward distant objects, either in the past or in the future, view, perhaps for that very reason, with keener and more searching glances, all those that surround him. He is not like the eagle, who, beyond the reach of earthly vision, with the same organs that have reflected unmoved the full blaze of the sun, distinctly sees, in the dust below, the minutest insect; he resembles the bee, never rising high, never winging her flight to distant places, but, in that middle region where she ranges, no tree, no shrub, no grass, unvisited, unsearched; none from which the guiltless plunderer has not exacted her sweet and perfumed tribute.

The second moral childhood of European societies has secured to us of modern days the advantage of having obtained the unalloyed productions of two original literatures. The Greeks had no curtain drawn over their past. There were among them, previous to their two great poems of heroic and social life, no traditions of a higher civilisation, swept away by barbarians; none of a greater perfection of those arts they loved, and worshipped as divine, even in their first imperfect ef-

forts. Hence we find in their works no trace of that emulous striving with the giants of earlier days, which we discover in every page of Latin authors. The architects, the painters, the sculptors of Greece copied neither pictures, statues, nor temples. They drew, they modelled, from nature itself—from nature exuberant and young, before her wonders had palled on sated artists, and before she had become tired, as it were, of being too often portrayed. In the same manner during the middle ages, the Troubadours in their artless lays, the Chroniclers in their unstudied tales, obeyed only the inspiration of their genius. Free from the thralldom of precepts, from the dread of criticism, they consulted, as living archives, their own remembrance of events, the memory of aged chiefs, or that of time-worn minstrels.

In periods of declining civilisation, a master-mind, without a precursor, and destined to pass away without a kindred progeny, may rise, domineering in solitary majesty over degenerate contemporaries, as an aged oak is sometimes seen to flourish amidst dwarf trees, obtaining nutriment by striking its roots deep into ground not impoverished, like that of the surface, by overculture. Not so, in days approximating a revival. Then, both in literature and the arts, an inspired voice, when it speaks, proclaims to nations the coming tide of re-awakened genius. Thus, when Dante wrote that divine drama, the themes of which, in proud disdain of the earth, such as barbarians had made it, he sought in heaven and in hell, Chaucer had arrived at the age of manhood. Petrarch had reached his twenty-third year, Boccaccio was already a child of eleven, and Froissart, a youth of seventeen, sang in erotic verses, a prelude to the great work, which, as to Milton in latter times, a prophetic vision revealed to him that posterity would not willingly let die.

Froissart wrote verses in early youth; but the fame of the chronicler has so eclipsed that of the poet, that we candidly confess having never read any of his poems, until we met with Buchon's splendid edition of the Chronicles. In the last volume some of these (autobiographic in part) have been inserted by the editor as illustrative of the author's adventurous and romantic life. In perusing them we were surprised to

find so early a sway exercised by his genius over a young dialect as yet untamed by grammarians, untaught by the precepts of criticism.

The lyric muse whom Froissart forsook, enticed away by her no less beautiful, but austere sister, bore him no grudge for his infidelity. Nay, she often visited the truant lover, smiled over his graver pages, and, unbidden, threw over them the enchantments of the early inspiration.

In a future article on Villiardouin, Joinville, and Chatelain, we intend to give some extracts of Froissart's "Epinnettes Amoureuses," commending it for translation to our Bryants, Whitters, Longfellows, Hallecks, Lowells, Willises, Benjamins,—nay, to some of the fair poets whose contributions have graced the pages of this Review (among whom it may not be invidious to name the fair authoress of the "Song of the Wave"), that the renown of the bard may revive, in our country, together with that of the chronicler, by the kindred genius of American poets, as well as through the enterprise of American publishers.

Before we close the portion of our article that relates to Froissart's style, to his manner, and to the authenticity which his conscientious inquiries after truth ought to affix to "the Chronicles," we are called upon, by a sense of justice, to refute the ungenerous accusation of partiality to the English so often charged on him by most French historians. We commenced the perusal of the Chronicles, we confess, with that prejudice deeply impressed on our minds; but we gladly acknowledge that we have not found any trace of this imputed bias to the side of England. True it is, that Edward and his son the Black Prince are the heroes of the annals: but who can deny that they were the heroes of the age? It were indeed a puerile weakness to deny that those illustrious princes were the only generals of the fourteenth century who waged war in accordance with the principles laid down by the great commanders of ancient days. They kept their forces united, always ready, either to resist or to assail, and made no detachments on the eve of battle.

In the bold marches of the Prince of Wales, from Calais and Bordeaux, to the very gates of Paris, he paid no at-

tion to what vulgar commanders have before and since called "lines of communication," "bases of operations." Like Hannibal in Italy, Alexander in Asia, Cæsar in Gaul, in Spain, in Africa, he trusted to his own genius, the tried valor of his troops, and the fame of his arms, to keep in awe hostile populations. He always carried with him subsistence for more than three weeks. He had a regular corps of pontoniers well provided with materials to build bridges—nay, he had even among his troops a large body of experienced miners from Wales. Instead of battering the walls of fortified cities with the military engines then in use, the Black Prince was wont to throw them down by undermining their foundations. His miners had become so expert in those operations, that on several occasions whole bastions were seen sinking suddenly to the level of the ground, opening large breaches to let in the besiegers.

Du Guesclin,* the two Clasons, were undoubtedly distinguished officers, but they wanted the higher inspirations of the art. In the campaigns of France

and Spain, when they contended against the Black Prince, they appear in the same light as Pompey and Labienus, Fabius and Marcellus, Memnon and Porus, when those commanders stood opposed to Cæsar, Hannibal, Alexander. Besides, the long-bow was unquestionably the master-arm of the age, and no people in Europe, except the English, knew how to handle that dread weapon. The bolts discharged from the cross-bow, in the use of which the Genoese were thought skilful, proved puerile missiles, when compared with the cloth-yard arrows, which at Crecy, at Poitiers, showered, with deadly effect, on the ill-armed yeomanry of France, and went clear through the best tempered armor of knights and men-at-arms.

The slaughter of those fatal fields reminds the classic reader of those terrible Parthian shafts that destroyed the veteran legions of Crassus; compelled Anthony, the most renowned of the lieutenants of Cæsar, to retreat hastily from Armenia; and, in latter days, brought to an early close, both the conquests and the life of the eloquent, the learned, the valiant Julian.

* We have adopted the common modern orthography of this famous name, though it does not correctly represent the sound with which it was so often thundered in battle. The French pronunciation of the name drops the *s*, giving it the sound *Du Gueyclin*. How the *l* has been transposed from its proper place we do not know, for Froissart always gives the name as *Du Clayquin*; and in the 70th chapter of the Third Book, he relates an entertaining discourse between himself and a Breton knight named Messire Guillaume d'Ancenis, in which the latter gives him the history of the origin of the family and name. They were derived from a certain Moorish king named *Aquin* who had led an invading force from Africa into Bretagne, where he established himself and built a fortress, to which was given the name *Glav*. He was at last defeated, and driven out by Charlemagne; and in the evacuation of *Glav*, under the pressure of hot pursuit, his infant child was left behind in its cradle. The child was brought to the Emperor who received him with pleasure and favor, and had him baptized (the two famous paladins Roland, and Olivier his cousin, holding him at the font) by the name compounded of that of his father and his birth-place, *Olivier du Glav-Aquin*. This foundling, who grew to a stout and valiant knight, was the ancestor of the great Constable, whom modern history calls *Bertrand Du Guesclin*. The "doux et courtois" Breton knight assured Froissart that the name was properly, and ought to be pronounced *Du Glayaquin*, as always desired and contended by its owner, though he admits that the vulgar pronunciation (*Clayquin*) "falls more agreeably from the mouth of those who use it."

In the name of Bertrand's brother, Olivier, who was only inferior in prowess to the Constable himself, we see a reference to the tradition of the family origin; and we are told that Bertrand himself meditated the invasion and conquest of his ancestral kingdom in Barbary, from which he was only prevented by the incessant warfare in which he was kept engaged both in France and in Spain by the Black Prince.

In the church of "Saint Laurent des Jacobins du Puy, in Velay," on a cenotaph, in which the entrails of the illustrious Connétable were deposited, the following epitaph may still be read:

"Cy gist honorable homme, et valliant Messire
Bertrand Claikin, comte de Longueville, jadis
Connétable de France, qui trépassa l'an MCCCCLXXX, le
xiii. jour de juillet."

We hesitate not to say, that until the invention of the musket with the bayonet affixed to it, the long-bow, in the hands of an experienced archer, was the most formidable engine of war ever invented by man.

In conflicts between knights of the two nations in hostile fields, the French had generally the advantage. This was signally proved in the Fight of the Thirties, "le Combat des Trente," where thirty English encountered an equal number of French knights. The English were all killed or taken prisoners. It was on that occasion that the Beaumanoirs acquired the device of their arms. Bleeding and panting, Beaumanoir, the leader of the champions of France, cried out, "Water, water, I die with thirst!" "Bois ton sang, Beaumanoir!" was the indignant reply of the father of the warrior. Rebuked by that stern voice, Beaumanoir rushed again into the *mêlée*; and after the victory, the fair hand of his lady-love inscribed on his shield the memorable words, "Bois ton sang, Beaumanoir!" Mr. Jones, erroneously, states that Froissart has taken no notice of that celebrated combat. The manuscript containing the masterly recital of that conflict is one of those to which M. Buchon had access, and which served him to make his complete edition of the Chronicles. Froissart is so particular as to mention two of the surviving victorious knights, by the side of one of whom, he says, he sat at the table of Charles the Wise. But, in pitched battles, and particularly when large armies encountered each other, the English were almost constantly victorious. That superiority they held until the Maid of Orleans, infusing religious enthusiasm into the masses, changed, at last, the fortunes of that long war.

The history of the military art proves that, either the invention of a more perfect organization (as that of the legion, for example, which the Romans believed to have been taught them by a god), or that of a weapon of greater power than those used by antagonist armies, may, for ages, establish the

superiority in arms of a nation over all others. The phalanx of the Greeks, improved by Philip, prostrated Asia at the feet of Alexander, and preserved the dismembered monarchies founded by the lieutenants of that hero, against all the efforts of the subdued nations, until the better array of the Roman legions broke the spell of Macedonian invincibility. It was the unmatched skill and vigor of Arabian cavalry, more than the fanaticism inspired by Mahomet, that spread Saracen dominion so rapidly over the fairest regions of the earth. The effeminate legionaries whose sloth had thrown away their defensive armor, could neither endure, at a distance, the arrows of the Arabs, nor withstand, in hand-to-hand conflicts, the keenness of their well-tempered cimeters, which cut the Roman swords like twigs of greenwood.

We have already alluded to the frightful slaughter of Poitiers and Crecy, wrought by huge shafts discharged from rigid bows, made flexible only by the skill and vigor of well-practised archers. The Swiss peasants, assailed by the Burgundians, found, behind the impervious array of their serried pikes, safer ramparts than those which nature, by piling mountain over mountain, had formed, as though to secure an asylum to freedom, exiled from the plains, where feudal violence reigned uncontrolled. From the day when the slaughtered chivalry of Charles the Bold strewed the field of Morat,* to that when the impetuous valor of Condé broke through the ranks of the Spanish infantry at Rocroy, the pike, which Montecuculli has termed "the queen of arms," decided the fortune of every well-fought field. It was the pike that made Gustavus the arbiter of Europe. It was the pike which maintained, during thirty years, the fame of Swedish arms, under the guidance of the generals to whom that great man had taught the science of war.

After Vauban, one hundred and sixty years since, had added the bayonet to the musket, that arm, combining the power of the bow with that of the pike,

* The Ossuary of Morat, a pyramid built with the bones of the Burgundians killed in the battle in which Charles le Teméraire fell, was shown to Napoleon when he passed through Switzerland. "The Frenchmen of this day," said he, "would have crowned the tops of the surrounding hills, instead of crowding their cavalry in a narrow vale where they had no space to deploy and charge."

may be said to be the most formidable manual weapon ever invented by man. Since all European armies have adopted it, the ascendancy in war has been obtained, either by the superior valor of the troops, or the genius of their commanders. A slight improvement made in that arm gave, for years, a decided advantage to a third-rate power over the three most warlike and powerful nations of Europe—we allude to the use of the iron ram-rod instead of that made of wood. A great military writer, Bulow (him who, at Waterloo, turned the vibrating scales of fortune adversely to Napoleon), tells us that, against the incessant rapidity of firing which it enabled the Prussians to maintain, the discipline of the Austrians, the steadiness of the Russians, and the impetuous charges of the French, were alike unavailing.

Again, at New Orleans, the unerring rifle (improved as it had been by the American hunters, it may be said to have become a new weapon) astonished the veterans of Vittoria, Talavera, and Toulouse. They staggered under its deadly volleys, the impetus of their assault was checked, and, in less than an hour's conflict, one-third of the assailants lay on the field, dead or wounded, while the victorious army lost only twenty men.

It is not the purpose of this article, however desultory its themes, to examine, even cursorily, the origin of feudality; and yet it is impossible to read the Chronicles—the vast panorama of an epoch, when that form of government, having reached its extreme height, stood still for awhile, before it began its fatal decline and fall—without casting a retrospective glance over the state of the Roman world, previous to the establishment of that new social system.

All over Europe, save that portion of it embraced within the continually receding limits of the Eastern empire, which still felt the slow pulsation of a political life, beating feebly even at Constaantinople, society strove in convulsive agonies against the destructive strength of barbarism encroaching daily on an expiring civilisation. Ferocious tribes, hitherto unknown, even by name, to the Romans, issuing from distant regions, came like successive waves,—each billow overwhelming some province of the Empire—each

surge sweeping away some parts of the vast edifice of polytheist society. The great Roman unity was broken asunder; the guardian genius of the Empire had fled on the very first day that incense ceased to burn on the altar of victory. In the west, barbarians trod on the spot where once stood the capitol. In the east, a Grecian Constantinople usurped the sovereignty of the Eternal City! Yet it was at the very period of the most abject degradation of all temporal power, when Attila was approaching Rome, by hasty marches, at the head of an army, which, though defeated near Chalons, in a battle where "God only could count the slain," preserved undepressed their martial spirit, that a spectacle of unsurpassed moral sublimity was presented to the admiration of mankind. The degenerate Romans, instead of raising six legions, in six days, as their glorious ancestors did after Cannæ, to meet the Scythian Hannibal, relying only on spiritual aid, delegated Leo the Great, their aged and infirm Pontiff, to appease Attila's wrath: to stay the tide of conquest.—The monarch had reined the steed that had borne him victorious from the banks of the Volga, to those of the Mincio; not far from the Mantuan Lake. Unawed by the savage majesty of the conqueror, undepressed by the associations which crowded on his mind at the sight of grounds on which the Scythian cavalry, drawn in battle array round the tents of their leader, trampled on fields where Virgil had preluded in rural lays to the loftiest strains of his deathless epic—where Catullus tuned the lyre that charmed Rome when Rome ruled the world—Leo, old, infirm, and helpless, as he seemed to mortal eyes, appeared before the king, dressed in his sacerdotal vestments, bold and erect, in the proud consciousness that he stood in the sight of God, immovable upon the stone where rests the church against which the gates of hell shall never prevail. With prophetic voice, and all the authority of a divine mission, the Pontiff warned the haughty king to beware of the fate of Alaric, who expiated by a premature death the profanation of Rome. Awed by the majesty of the Pontiff, dreading the wrath of an unknown God, Attila listened with unwonted attention to the persuasive accents of the holy ambassador. The ardor of the chase, when the hunted prey

lay panting before him—the promptings of kingly ambition—alike urged him to pursue his career of conquest : while a superstitious fear, an unwilling dread, inspired by words which seemed oracles of the future, counselled him not to tempt the anger of the God, whose oracles the priest had revealed. But while the warring passions thus contended for mastery in the monarch's breast, the two apostles Peter and Paul, it is said, stood before him, stern and menacing, denouncing instant death if he advanced one step nearer the Holy City. Attila obeyed the divine mandate, and commanded the torrent of invasion to roll on other regions.

The historian of declining Rome, struck with the awful grandeur, both of the vision itself, and of the scene on which it impressed a character of sacred sublimity, terms this miracle “ the noblest legend of ecclesiastical tradition,” and yet, as if his scepticism were suddenly checked by veneration for Rome, the loved theme of his undying history, he adds : “ the safety of Rome might deserve the interposition of celestial beings.” Now that ecclesiastical traditions are again received with becoming respect, even by the ministers of a church which, in bygone days of error and incredulity, made it a boast to reject them with simulated contempt, we will offer no apology for the credulity of the many learned Christian writers who have recorded this tradition. It would ill become a layman to decide a question on which pious and enlightened divines have disagreed—but, believing the authenticity of miracles wrought long after the death of Christ, we must be allowed to say, that, though possessing some knowledge of human laws prescribing legal actions, we have yet to learn what divine law limits to any given epoch the special action of Providence on human events. Perhaps, the propensity natural to man to yield belief to what strikes it deeply as marvellous (a tendency from which we have not the pride to be thought exempt) was strengthened by having beheld on the walls of the Vatican, among the master-works which adorn that venerable edifice, a glowing page where Raphael has represented with all the poetic inspiration of genius, the scene

Thus, at the very moment when Rome, the Niobe of nations, after

mourning over her slaughtered daughters, stood trembling for her own existence before a ruthless conqueror, in accomplishment of mysterious decrees of Providence, commenced for that holy city a new era of spiritual domination, a new life of intellectual supremacy. The veneration of the sovereign Pontiff of which Attila set the first example to the barbarian invaders of Italy, made Rome a sanctuary where the annals of nations, the records of science, the master-works of arts which Greece, and the Rome of the Kings, of the Consuls, and of the Emperors, had bequeathed to posterity for the emulation of genius in future ages, were preserved sacred and inviolate.

Leo the Great had turned from Italy, for awhile, the tide of invasion : but it continued to flow over Europe, till all rules, both for civil and political life, enacted by the nation of the toga, were effaced by the stern conquerors : not only from the twelve tables, where the Decemvirs had engraved the written reason of Greece, but also from the records on which an improved civilisation had successively inscribed the whole body of the civil law. The level of victory was laid on all alike ; the haughty patrician bending so low under its presence, that his head rose not above that of the humblest proletarian,—a common bondage mingling all classes together. In the meantime, all over what had once been the western empire, were swept away even the vestiges of that domestic slavery undermined before by the principles of universal love and brotherhood, promulgated in the Gospels.

Awful problems were then presented for solution to the leaders who intended to govern in peace, the nations they had subdued by war. In what manner was permanent order to spring from the universal chaos ? whence would arise a power sufficient to harmonize so many discordant and jarring elements ? What hand strong enough to compel such diversity of warring interests and passions, to unite round a central reconstructive mind ? What potent moral principle would the lawgiver evoke, to combine and harmonize what remained vital of the past, with the new-born elements of the present, into the regularity and order of an organized society ?

That power, that plastic spirit, ex-

isted. It came as soon as it was invoked by the new rulers of Europe. The task of taming the wild passions of infuriated warriors, was assumed and accomplished by Christianity,—by a religion whose doctrine linked it to Platonism, through the heavenly purity of the morality it taught ; whose liturgy and dread mysteries satisfied, even more than Polytheism, the love of the multitude for the marvellous ; whose majestic temples, splendid pageants and awful ceremonies, gratified the artistic instinct of half-civilized nations,—a religion which offered to society the full fruition of the threefold aspirations of the human mind at that epoch—subjects of deep meditation, and subtle disquisitions to science and philosophy ; constant communings with the visible objects of abstract adoration to the multitude ; and, to the artist and the poet, an ever flowing source of inspiration.

By the combined action of these varied influences, on minds of diverse propensities, the stern ferocity of the warriors who had stifled the civilisation of ages, in the land which had been both its cradle and its tomb, were subdued with a facility that will ever be the wonder of those who view effects only, without ever meditating on their remote or immediate causes. The clergy, during the middle ages, assailed the human mind, through all the avenues by which it can be invaded,—they spoke to every faculty, to every power of the intellect ; sometimes quelling with gentle and soothing accents the wild excitements of ruthless hordes ; sometimes awakening with patient teachings the latent propensities of untamed barbarians for the culture of those arts, those sciences, which create pleasures that wealth cannot purchase — treasures which brutal strength cannot wrest from their possessors.

The power which had wrought among all ranks that desire to see society rebuilt, in another form, but resting on stronger foundations, was too enlightened to attempt the reconstruction of the Roman system of government which the invaders had overthrown ; aware that it had fallen, not under the force that attacked it, but through the weakness of those by whom it was defended. In fact, no one can doubt but that the subdued nations themselves would

have wrought their respective severance from Rome, even if the swarms of Northern barbarians had not successively fallen on the several provinces.

A fatal experience had shown that there are states of society where unity is weakness : when force must be sought from the strong organization of groups, with but a feeble dependence on the governing central power. This conviction gave birth to feudality ; a form of government whose foundations are made to rest on accidental superiorities, instead of being laid on the solid level of natural equality.

The impetus of conquest had inspired a spirit of independence which never could have been curbed by the fiction of distant allegiance. The warrior was willing to obey only on condition that the same chief who had commanded him in battle should continue to govern him in the relations of civil and peaceful life. The leaders, too, consented to abdicate a portion of their own authority, but only by transmitting it to the chiefs who had exercised a superior authority over them in virtue of higher military rank. These, in their turn, agreed, when called upon, on rare and well defined occasions, to bring to the field their retainers, under the command of the duke, count, prince, or emperor.

A countless hierarchy bound together the before severed rods of all social authorities. A homogeneous power arose from the separate actions of isolated force, each individual (except the serfs, held in hopeless bondage by the conquerors) alternately commanding and obeying. It would have been both absurd and unjust to have required, that the clergy, the only power, not founded on material force, which presided over this rebuilding of the social order, should have left itself altogether unprotected against that very brute strength, which its influence had disarmed of some of its formidable vigor, in the event of the warlike instincts again resuming at intervals their dangerous energies.

It was to guard against this danger that the high dignitaries of the church secured to themselves a large share of temporal, in addition to the spiritual authority they had never ceased to possess. That temporal authority was mainly defensive. In the worst time

of clerical usurpation, history, except in Italy, presents but rare instances of its becoming aggressive. The feebleness of kings, that even of the German emperors, the mere shadow of the Cæsars, made it necessary, in order to maintain some balances between power and obedience, that the word of him whom the Christian world venerated as the inspired expounder of divine laws on earth, should likewise be made the supreme arbiter, the counterpoise, of all worldly passions and ambitions. Viewed in that light, we hesitate not to assert, in spite of the declamations of modern philosophy, that the preponderance of the papal power, from the establishment of the Capetian dynasty in France, until the reign of Charles the Wise, was a social necessity of the epoch. It prevailed, because society without its salutary exercise would have relapsed into frightful anarchy. We go further; and, were this the place to proceed with the examination of a subject of so deep an interest, even at this moment we could easily prove, that even without the reform brought about by Luther, the temporal authority of the Pope would have gradually ceased. It was established because the spirit, the circumstances of the times in which it sprang into life, and grew rapidly to a giant size, demanded it. It would have died because another spirit had arisen, because other circumstances had modified that social necessity.

The authority of Rome, like feudalism itself, from its very nature, was transitory. As soon as it had ceased to be in accord with the opinions, the aspirations of the people, which had founded and supported it, it would have given way under its own inert weight. The period of its decay would have come when the descendant of the northern conquerors, having completed his initiation into a more perfect social order, under the guardianship of the barbaric oligarchies felt the want, at the same time that he saw the possibility, of political unity.

The royal power, to which public opinion entrusted the task of organizing, under the auspices of ecclesiastical influence, a system of social government, founded on the principles of a

centralization of powers, accomplished this new modelling of European society, by changing institutions which a growing civilisation had made unfit for the coming time. This is a singular trait of European history. To defend the people against the oligarchy, absolute monarchy was called into being by the democracy; and monarchy, in its turn, immediately after its birth, called on democracy to guard it from the attacks of aristocracy.

In France, particularly, this alliance of the kingly power with the municipal authorities of cities enriched by commerce, and with the peasantry in the more enlightened provinces, against feudal aristocracy, is worthy of the study of future historians. Charles the Eighth began the strife by forming a small standing army, by which he was enabled to crush the ambitious designs of disobedient vassals.

We will not be deterred from the due administration of historical justice by the fear of being charged with maintaining paradoxical opinions, and therefore, hesitate not to say, that it was only with his courtiers, with the nobles who were willing to purchase the advantages of the royal presence, by incurring all the dangers of royal caprices, that Louis the Eleventh was the heartless tyrant depicted by Philippe de Comines. It is a fact, on the contrary, well attested by impartial chroniclers, that he was loved by the people, whom he protected against the nobility.

Richelieu, too, a much vituperated and calumniated minister, was the champion of democratic interests when he vanquished the Protestant nobles, the allies of England, before the walls of La Rochelle; and though the aristocracy shuddered, more with fear for themselves, than through horror at the deed, when the head of Montmorency fell under the axe of the executioner, at the bidding of the stern cardinal, the people, all over France, hailed the blow as the signal of their enfranchisement from feudal thralldom.

But it is time that we here close this article, lest we trespass on ground where the giant footsteps of Montesquieu and Hallam are deeply impressed—like Diomedes, it is not for us to strive against unearthly might.

THE ASTRONOMER AND THE STAR.*

BY MRS L. LESLIE.

SERE forest leaves whirled from your summer home,
 Pale, withered grass, damp with ungenial rain,
 Dark river, rushing in thy turbid foam
 With tribute waters to the monarch main,
 Deep moaning autumn wind that wailing sighs
 Nature's wild dirge, and cloud-enveloped skies,

Where broods the winter tempest—seeing all
 Your multiform but long-accustomed change,
 Hearing your many voices—from the call
 Of social passage-bird, to whisperings strange
 Rustling 'mid ancient wood, by shelving steep,
 Or through dim cave, lorn dingle, echoing deep—

(Sounds that might realize the sunny dreams
 Of old belief—sweet mournings in the air
 Of summer sprite, departing with the gleams
 Of the year's dying splendor, from the care
 Of founts, and fields, and flowers, shrunk, bare, and wan;))
 Not as of wont I hear—Earth's charm is gone.

Nor as of wont I see—but turning, trace
 With soul-enkindled vision far amid
 Thy ebon depths, illimitable space,
 That path, till now to mortal gazers hid,
 Where the effulgence of thy golden car,
 Flings forth its glory, last-created star!

And upward thus, in speculative thought,
 Of what thou wert, and art, and yet may'st be,
 And how with mine thy destiny is wrought,
 And why thy dawning light first gladdened me,
 And wherefore, from old chaos' dim abyss,
 Thou 'rt called to shine upon a world like this.

And what thy times and seasons, and if there
 The Maker's mighty hand hath o'er thee laid
 A vesture like to earth's—more softly fair,
 And if or blight or misery shall invade
 Thy primal bloom—and if a holier chain
 Of life begin in thee, or if remain

Thy solitudes unpeopled. Crowding fast
 Such fond inquiry to th' uncertain mind,
 With transient brilliance, each may passing cast
 An Iris gleam, less palpable than kind,
 And fading, teach what words in vain express,
 How clay obscures the spirit's consciousness.

* The lustrous star which Tycho Brahe, in 1573, obtained the honor of discovering in the constellation Cassiopeia, had been previously observed by Paul Heinzel of Augsburg. It is somewhere related that he devoted himself to the contemplation of this splendid stranger with so much intensity, that his mental and bodily health were alike injured. And as in a few months the star gradually declined in brilliancy, and finally disappeared altogether, he became a prey to melancholy, and the disappointed astronomer sank despairing to the grave.

Yet still the ambitious questioner within,
Will rise again in strength, and shake its wings,
Unwearied, and unsatisfied, begin
Its curious chase of wild imaginings,
Rejoicing one high privilege is free,
Thought instantaneous, which can fly to thee.

* * * * *

Earth wears large jewels on her haughty brow,
Her mountain coronets, her regal streams,
Her gorgeous forests waving green and low,
Her broad plains smiling in the sun's fair beams,
Her seas sublime, o'er bright shores shining far,
Earth has rich raiment—what hast thou, O Star ?

Earth has her evils—want, and pain, and care,
Sorrow, and sin—and still o'er mastering wrong
Binding the weak by force or subtle snare,
And vital crimes, the old gigantic throng,
War, famine, pestilence, defile her throne—
Does ought dim thy sweet light, my radiant one ?

Earth's children have high thoughts—since that old day
When shouts presumptuous rose from Shinar's plain,
Down through long years of disappointed sway
The groping pride of nescience doth maintain,
Prompting each idle search and futile scheme—
Hast thou, too, sages wrapt in such wild dream,

As dazzles my calm vigil ! Day, that brings
Light, joy, and life to all, hath naught for me ;
Fevered till night, the dark enchantress, sings
Her mystic melodies, I wait for thee,
To pour thy starry music far along
The glorious fields of the sidereal throng.

And yet at times strange throes convulse my heart
With doubt and fear—if thou, so long concealed
In those resplendent regions, shouldst depart ;
Suddenly, as thy presence was revealed ;
Oh, in that agony of hope's decline,
I know this mean existence linked with thine

Inseparably !—But whence that link is cast,
I ask not—(Death may solve the mystery !)
Whether from old connexion with the past,
Or years unborn—enough, that thou to me
Dost manifest the still creating word,
Which calls from naught all being—and is heard.

Then leave me not, most beautiful, most bright,
Herald and sov'reign of all future fame !
Through the far vista of unfolding light,
By thee shed o'er my memory and my name,
I triumph o'er oblivion Thou hast given
Thyself my record on the Book of Heaven.

But night doth wear away, and thou hast gone
To wilder with thy lustre many a clime,
Feeling through each enfeebled nerve, upon
Thy lowly watcher, bowed by cares and time,

And stained perchance by sin, and pierced by woes,
Thou shinest not—I seek my dull repose.

Once more, once more, a denizen of earth,
Once more, too conscious of the dust that clings
Around th' impassioned spirit, from its birth
Still madly soaring on imperfect wings,
To perish like the Cretan boy who gave
Man a vain lesson, and himself a grave.

* * * * *

The wind is chill ; thick early mists arise ;
Low murmurs pass from valley, field, and flood ;
The grey cold dawn steals on through wintry skies ;
Hoarser the rolling of Vertova's flood—
Within my cell I shrink, to muse, and be
Apart from all the Universe but thee.

Illinois.

LIFE.

The poets tell us that life is a stream,
Down which in youth all joyfully we glide,
As brightly round our brow the sunbeams gleam
And dance the bubbles on the sparkling tide ;
And that along the bank are many flowers,
For ever blooming as in summer hours.

But ah ! not thus has been fair youth to me !
No flowers have bloomed along the stream of life ;
And if my bark e'er rode a quiet sea,
The storm too soon has risen in wilder strife,
And dashed my hopes as it doth dash the spray,
And fling aloft the foam-beads in its play.

But this life is a battle—no smooth river—
And men do wrestle as when time was young ;
Yet 'tis not for a crown of flowers, that quiver
And die, as a sweet strain from harp-string flung—
We wrestle with full many a sterner power,
In the deep midnight and noontide hour.

And I have wrestled with stern want—my lot
Hath been among the lowly of the earth—
The poor, whom even pity reacheth not ;
And while around the world has danced with mirth,
My portion hath it been to toil and weep,
And struggle up life's pathway as a steep.

But it shall not be thus for aye. The bow
Of holy promise beams along the sky ;
And if sad sighs ascend, and tears still flow,
The dawning of a better day is nigh,
And we are not as those for whom no ray
Of hope appears to cheer life's clouded way.

E. S.

NEW ENGLAND SUPERNATURALISM.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

(Concluded.)

VI.

"Our superstitions twine
Each with the next, until a line
They weave, that through each varied stage
Runs on from infancy to age,
Linking the spring with summer weather,
And chaining youth and years together."—Scott.

SOMETHING of that deeply wrought super-
stition of our Scotch and Irish an-
cestors, embodied in their Banshee and
Bodach Glas, the melancholy spec-
tral presage of coming death, beautiful
in the melody of Moore and the ro-
mance of Scott, still exists in New
England. A writer in the N. A. Re-
view of 1832, alluding to this subject,
says: "Our minds involuntarily turn
to the instance in which the early death
of one of the brightest sons of genius
in this city (Boston) was revealed at
the moment of its occurrence to his
venerable father, himself sinking under
the pressure of infirmity, at a distance
from home. We have also heard, on
authority which we cannot question,
another instance, in which a lady of no
vulgar mind communicated to her
friends her impression of the death of
a favorite daughter, from whom she
had long been separated, and where
the impression justified the event."

Two similar instances have occurred
in my immediate vicinity. During the
late war with Great Britain, a sloop of
war was lost on Lake Erie, and among
those who perished was Lieut. C—,
of Salisbury. On the night of the
event, his brother, who had just retired
to rest, was startled by a loud hoarse
gurgling sound, like that produced by
the plunging of a heavy mass in water.
He left his bed instantly and declared
his conviction that his brother had just
been drowned in the lake. A circum-
stance of the same nature occurred in
the case of Capt. B—, of this town,
who was last year drowned near East-
port. The memory, probably of every
reader, will recur to some parallel
case.

Is it not possible that there is a real-

ity in this? May it not be the result
of laws which have hitherto escaped
human investigation? May not the
spirit, on the eve of its departure, com-
municate with beloved objects by the
simple volition of intense sympathy
without the aid of its ordinary medium?
Walton, in his life of Dr. Donne, after
relating a striking case of this kind,
attempts to account for it by supposing
the existence of a sympathy of soul—
as when one of two lutes in the same
apartment is touched, a soft responsive
note will be heard from the other.
May not the sudden agony of death,
intensated by the thought of some dear
and distant object of affection, com-
municate a vibration to the electric
chain of mental affinity, strong enough
to reach that object, and impress it
with an unmistakeable sense of its be-
reavement?

As might be expected, in a commu-
nity like ours, attempts are not unfre-
quently made to speculate in the super-
natural—to "make gain of soothsay-
ing." In the autumn of last year, a
"wise woman" dreamed, or somnambu-
lised, that a large sum of money, in gold
and silver coin, lay buried in the centre
of the great swamp in Poplin, N. H.,
whereupon an immediate search was
made for the precious metal. Under
the bleak sky of November, in biting
frost and sleet-rain, some twenty or
more of grown men, graduates of our
"common schools," and liable, every
mother's son of them, to be made dea-
cons, squires, and General Court mem-
bers, and such other drill-officers as
may be requisite in the "march of
mind," might be seen delving in grim
earnest, breaking the frozen earth, up-
rooting swamp-maples and hemlocks,

and waking, with sledge and crow-bar, unwonted echoes in a solitude which had heretofore only answered to the woodman's axe, or the scream of the wild fowl. The snows of December put an end to their labors; but the yawning excavation still remains, a silent but somewhat expressive commentary upon the "Age of Progress."

Still later, in one of our Atlantic cities, an attempt was made, partially, at least, successful, to form a company for the purpose of digging for money on one of the desolate sand-keys of the West Indies. It appears that some mesmerized "subject," in the course of one of those somnambulant voyages of discovery, in which the traveller, like Satan in Chaos :

"O'er bog, o'er steep, through straight,
rough, dense, or rare,
With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues
his way,
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps,
or flies,"

while peering curiously into the earth's mysteries, chanced to have his eyes gladdened by the sight of a huge chest packed with Spanish coins, the spoil, doubtless, of some rich-freighted argosy, or Carthagenan galleon, in the rare days of Queen Elizabeth's Christian buccaners. Who, after this, shall set limits to Yankee faith in—money-getting!

A curious affair of this kind astonished the worthy citizens of Rye, N. H., last spring. Rye is a small farming and fishing town, looking out upon the broad Atlantic; and in the summer season, with its green headlands jutting into the ocean, its fine white beach, relieved in the back-ground by dark green woods, through which peer out the white walls of farm-houses, it is deservedly held in high estimation as a quiet and beautiful place of resort from the unmitigated heats of the inland. In the winter and spring its inhabitants are almost entirely left to themselves. In early March, however, of this year, a double sleigh drove to the door of Elder Philbrick, a worthy old gentleman, whose attention is by turns occupied with the duties of a landlord and publican, the oversight and direction of half-a-dozen fishing-smacks, and the untying of knotty texts of scripture. It deposited four of its

passengers—three long solemn-looking men with hair hanging down around their lank visages "like pounds of candles," and a female figure, closely muffled and veiled. They bespoke lodgings of the Elder, who was not a little puzzled to divine why his guests had chosen such an inappropriate season for their visit. Early the next morning, however, the good man was still more amazed to see the whole party wend their way to the beach, where one of them appeared engaged in performing some mystical incantation over the veiled figure, moving his hands in a mysterious manner above her head, and describing strange circles in the air before her. They soon returned to their lodgings, conducted the woman to her room, and having borrowed the Elder's shovels and crow-bar, immediately commenced digging with great diligence in the spot which had been occupied by the veiled mystery, only abandoning their work as the night closed around them. The same ceremony was acted over again the next morning; and Elder P., deeming it his duty as a Christian man to inquire into the matter, was gravely informed that his visitors were in search of a large sum of money, which the veiled woman had seen in the magnetic sleep, a few feet below the surface of the beach! The search continued for three or four weeks; the muffled Pythoness perversely changing the location of the treasure, now to the right and anon to the left of the previous day's excavation, wearying alike the souls and bodies of her companions with "hope deferred" and hard delving. They were at length reluctantly compelled to relinquish their object, and depart sorrowful and heavy at heart, yet firm in their faith that they were leaving behind them a treasure reserved for some more fortunate experimenters in somnambulism and second-sight.

Fortune-telling did not die with Moll Pitcher, the celebrated Lynn Pythoness. There is still living within a few miles of my residence, an old colored woman, who, during the last twenty years, has been consulted by thousands of anxious inquirers into the future. Long experience in her profession has given her something of that ready estimate of character, that quick and keen appreciation of the capacity,

habits, and wishes of her visitors, which so remarkably distinguished the late famous Madame Le Normand, of Paris. And if that old squalid sorceress, in her cramped Parisian attic, redolent of garlic and bestrewn with the greasy implements of sorry housewifery, was, as has been affirmed, consulted by such personages as the fair Josephine Beau-

harnois, and the "Man of Destiny," Napoleon himself, is it strange that the desire to lift the veil of the great mystery before us should overcome, in some degree, our peculiar and most republican prejudice against color, and reconcile us to the disagreeable necessity of looking at Futurity through a black medium?

VII.

"Thus saith the Book, 'Permit no witch to live,'
Hence Massachusetts hath expelled the race,
Connecticut, where swap and dicker thrive,
Allows not to their feet a resting-place,
With more of hardihood and less of grace,
Vermont receives the sisters grey and lean,
Allows each witch her broomstick flight to trace
O'er mighty rocks and mountains dark with green,
Where tempests wake their voice and torrents war between."

So sang Brainard many years ago. The hospitality of the good people of Vermont is proverbial, and, for aught we know, it may have been extended even to those whom sea-board Puritanism has felt bound to exorcize and cast out by Law and Gospel. But that the evil brood is not entirely extirpated, even in the old Bay State, seems manifest enough.

It is an old and familiar proverb, that a certain malignant personage is always nearest at hand when spoken of; and, in confirmation of this, since my last paper was in type, a scene of genuine *diablerie* has been enacted in the goodly and respectable town of Pepperell, in an adjoining county. There, it seems, is a veritable witch, riding o' nights in this cold autumnal moonlight, on a spectral white horse, like that of Dana's Buccaneer, with

"ghostly sides,
Pale streaming with a cold blue light,"

—a steed upon whose silent hoof shoe was never set, unless by the grim artisans of the infernal smithy. A poor girl, supposed to be one of her victims, recently died, and on the night of her death the witch was seen riding hurryscurry around the house, not indeed by natural eye-sight, but through the magic spectacles of animal magnetism. A mesmerised girl was put on the track of an old woman long suspected of being little better than she should be. She found her body lying *without any spirit in it*—the merest husk and shell imaginable, and following in the track of the wandering soul, discovered its

whereabout. She is at present grievously afflicting another poor child; and, as is usual with such evil-disposed characters, has made sad work with the dairies of her neighbors, bewitching churns and preventing the butter from "coming"—a peculiarly diabolic feat, which Burns alludes to in his enumeration of the ill-doings of "Auld Clootie":—

"Thence kintra wives wi' toil an' pain,
May plunge an' plunge the kirk in vain,
For, ah, the yellow treasure's ta'en
By witching skill."

In this case, however, she has not altogether escaped with impunity, for the red hot tongs being suddenly applied to the refractory cream, a corresponding burn was found the next day on her own "shrunk shank." Upon this fact and the evidence of the somnambulist, some of the good people are half disposed to hang her outright, as an undoubted witch.

The circumstance of the old woman's abandonment of her body during her nocturnal equestrian excursions, reminds us of the hypothesis of the erudite Dr. Jung Stilling, in his "Theorie der Gristerkunde." The Doctor professes to believe that the soul in a state of peculiar exaltation may be disengaged from the body, for a short space of time, without the supervention of death, and cites several remarkable instances in support of his belief.

During the past summer the quiet Shakers of Canterbury, N. H., who profess, in the midst of a sneering generation, to have restored within their

family limits the lost innocence and purity of Eden, have, I am told, like our first parents, been troubled with the subtle enemy. Not having forgotten his old tricks, he has once more crept into Paradise. He has been only seen by two or three peculiarly sagacious members of the family; but they have had several thorough hunts for him, the entire community joining with commendable alacrity in the search, and at times very nearly succeeding in capturing him. Once under the barn they supposed they had him fast, but he escaped the eye of some less vigilant brother or sister and took refuge under the great stone watering-trough. His cunning saved him; and he still, as my informant states, goes about subjecting the worthy family to divers perplexities and troubles, and new hunts equal to any recorded in the olden annals of New-England.

In a letter which I have just received from a distinguished member of the legal profession in New-Hampshire, a very remarkable case is narrated. My friend's informant was Judge Gove, at that time attorney-general. A few years since while attending court in Cheshire county, in his official capacity, a person came before the grand jury to enter a complaint for murder. As he had heard of no murder committed in that county, he looked at the complainant carefully, suspecting him to be insane. He was a young man of about twenty-five years of age, good-looking, intelligent and well-dressed. Perceiving the surprise of the attorney-general, he said to him, "I do not wonder at your astonishment: examine these papers." They were certificates of good character and perfect sanity from a large number of the most respectable people in the town where he resided. He then proceeded to state his complaint as follows:—In the winter previous he had been hired to work by a farmer. Soon

after he went to live with him he heard strange noises in the cellar and rooms. At first he took little notice of them; but one night he distinctly heard a spinning-wheel in the cellar, and loud sounds in the entries. The doors flew open as often as they were latched. The farmer laughed and remarked: "They keep up quite a rumpus to-night." The next night he heard groans as he went out to feed the cattle; soon after he saw a bright light in his bed-room, and an apparition, which said to him: "I will see you again; you are too much alarmed now." The next morning while passing an old covered well, he heard a noise. He spoke, and a voice from the well answered: "I am the Irishman who was murdered by Mrs. F., and put here." The farmer's wife saw him looking and beckoned to him to desist and escape; and looking up he saw the farmer pointing a gun at him through the window. He at first fled, but returning, promised to reveal nothing and continued to labor. Soon after, however, the farmer attempted to kill him with a sled-stake. On his return one night, the windows in the lower part of the house seemed brilliantly illuminated. He made some remark about having company, when suddenly the lower windows became dark and the upper ones illuminated, and the whole house was a blaze of fire. Upon this the farmer swore: "This is that cursed Irishman's work!" He now left the house, and told the story to the neighbors, and then was informed that some years before an Irishman in the employment of the farmer suddenly disappeared, and was by many supposed to have been murdered. The young man made oath that the facts above stated were in his belief true, but, of course, the intelligent attorney did not deem it a sufficient ground for prosecution.

VIII.

There is one phase of the supernatural which perhaps more than any other is at the present day manifested among us, growing out of the enthusiasm which not unfrequently attends strong religious feeling and excitement. Thus the state of Trance or Extasy, the subject of which sometimes visits in imagination the abodes of blessed

spirits, hears ravishing music, and gazes upon Ineffable Glory,—

"Sees distant gates of Eden gleam,
And does not dream it is a dream,"—

is not confined to the Methodist campground, but is sometimes among the phenomena of an awakened religious interest in other sects. The doctrine,

of the second coming of the Messiah, which has been zealously preached in almost all sections of New-England a few years past, has had a powerful influence over the imaginative faculty in its recipients. One of my neighbors, a worthy and estimable man, believes that in June, 1838, he saw the "sign of the Son of Man in the heavens" at noon-day—a glorious human form, with the figure 5 directly beneath it, indicating that the great consummation was to be in five years, in 1843." I have alluded to this subject with somewhat of hesitation and delicacy, for I feel that it is extremely difficult to define the exact point where devotion ends and fanaticism begins. In the beautiful records which Lady Guion, John Woolman, Dr. Payson and Mary Fletcher, have left us of their religious experience, we are compelled to make some allowance for over-wrought feeling and imagination. Bunyan in his remarkable auto-biography, "Grace Abounding," tells us that he heard devils behind him, and that he kicked at and spurned them; Swedenborg squelched a whole legion of fiends on the street pavement; Sir Henry Vane, the glorious martyr in the cause of civil and religious freedom, believed himself specially called to bear *raie* in the millenium; Luther, with true Teutonic vigor, dashed his massive ink-stand in the face of the Annoyer, grimly glaring on him through the stone wall of his cell, being "born," to use his own words, "to fight with devils;" Wesley was beset with invisible house-haunters; George Fox rebuked a witch in his meeting—but are we therefore to shut our eyes to the reality of the spiritual life in these men? For myself, I cannot but treat with some degree of reverence and respect every manifestation of the religious principle even where it seems to me the reverse of that quiet obedience to simple duty, that sober and "reasonable service" which our heavenly Father requires at the hands of his children. The excesses and extravagances to which I have alluded, are not the fault of the great subject itself, nor always of the manner however objectionable in which it is presented. The infinite importance of the soul's preparation for the great change which awaits it—the terrible and glorious imagery of the Bible—Heaven's unimaginable bliss, hell's

torment unutterable,—the sudden awakening of a sordid earth-bent soul to the consciousness that broad acres and hoarded coin are but shadows and phantoms, that Eternity and God are realities—the startling inburst of truth upon a hard dark heart, throwing intolerable light upon its secret sin—the overwhelming contrast of human weakness and guilt with Almighty power and purity,—surely in all this there is enough to shake and overawe the strongest mind. Often to minds which have grovelled in the very earth, wholly absorbed in the sensual, it carries an instantaneous revelation of the tremendous conditions of their existence. It is to them like the light which shone down on Saul of Tarsus. They tremble to know of a truth that "a spirit is within them," that life is no longer a mere money-making convenience, that the universe is no longer dead mechanism; even the common sequences of Nature seem to stretch beyond the limited horizon of time and lose themselves in the Infinite; the simplest phenomena of daily life take a solemn and supernatural character. Is it strange, that such circumstances of intense excitement should sometimes lead to a temporary aberration of intellect? It is indeed painful to witness in a Christian assembly the extravagance and superstitious folly of an Indian powow, or the whirl-dance of the Dervishes of Stamboul. But there is a sadder spectacle than even this. It is to see men regarding with satisfaction such evidences of human weakness, and professing to find in them new proofs of their miserable theory of a Godless universe, and new occasion for sneering at sincere devotion as cant, and humble reverence as fanaticism. Alas! in comparison with such, the wildest and most extravagant enthusiast, who in the midst of his delusions still feels that he is indeed a living soul, and an heir of immortality, to whom God speaks from the immensities of his universe, is a sane man. Better is it in a life like ours to be even a howling Dervish or a dancing Shaker, confronting imaginary demons with Thalaba's talisman of FAITH, than to lose the consciousness of our own spiritual nature, and look upon ourselves as mere brute masses of animal organization—barnacles on a dead universe; looking into the dull grave with no hope beyond it;

earth gazing into earth, and saying to corruption, "thou art my father," and to the worm, "thou art my sister!"

I have occupied more space than I intended with these papers, and more than the reader will probably deem profitable. In a desultory manner I have thrown together such facts in illustration of my subject as chanced to present themselves, with very little regard to order or connexion. It has been no part of my object to apply to these facts the test of philosophical and scientific analysis. I have contented myself with sketching in dim and indistinct outline the great temple of mystery, leaving to others the task of ascertaining whether it is really a solid structure or a palace of cloud-land; and of applying with mathematical accuracy Ezekiel's reed to the walls thereof and the gates thereof. I shall be satisfied if I have contributed in any degree to

the innocent amusement of the reader. The very nature of my subject has led me, by sudden transitions, from the grave to the gay, from the horrible to the grotesque and ludicrous; and it has been difficult to avoid altogether the appearance of irreverence on the one hand and of credulity on the other. I am aware that there are graver aspects to the subject than any I have presented, and which are entitled to serious inquiry. For the Supernaturalism of New-England and of all other countries, is but the exaggeration and distortion of actual fact—a great truth underlies it. It is Nature herself repelling the slanders of the materialist, and vindicating her claim to an informing and all-directing Spirit—the confused and incoherent utterance of her everlasting protest against "the fool who hath said in his heart there is no God."

THOUGHTS IN A LIBRARY.

BY MISS ANNE C. LYNCH.

Speak low—tread softly through these halls!
Here genius lives enshrined,
Here reign in silent majesty
The monarchs of the mind.

A mighty spirit-host they come
From every age and clime,—
Above the buried wrecks of years
They breast the tide of Time.

And in their presence chamber here
They hold their regal state,
And round them through a noble train,
The gifted and the great.

Oh child of toil! when round thy path
The storms of life arise!
And when thy brothers pass thee by
With stern unloving eyes!

Here shall the Poets chant for thee
Their sweetest, loftiest lays,
And Prophets wait to guide thy steps
In wisdom's pleasant ways.

Come, with these God-anointed kings
Be thou companion here;
And in the mighty realm of mind
Thou shalt go forth a Peer.

Providence, R. I.

PENNING'S AND PENCILLINGS, IN AND ABOUT TOWN.

BY JOSEPH C. NEAL, EDITOR OF "THE PENNSYLVANIAN," AUTHOR OF "CHARCOAL SKETCHES," ETC.

NO. III.

SLYDER DOWNEHYLLE:—A SEARCH AFTER HAPPINESS.

(With an Engraving on Steel.)

"How happy I'll be to-morrow!" exclaimed little Slyder Downehylle, in anticipation of Christmas; "oh, how happy I shall be to-morrow!"

"Couldn't you contrive to be happy a little now?" replied Uncle John, who had learned somewhat to distrust anticipation and its gorgeous promises.

"Happy now, Uncle John!" retorted little Slyder Downehylle, rather contemptuously, "happy now!—what with, I should like to know—what shall I be happy with—now? Where's the candy, the cakes, the pies—where is the hobby-horse that somebody's going to give me—and all the Christmas gifts? How I wish to-morrow had come—what a long day—what a long evening—what a great while I've got to sleep!"

Little Slyder Downehylle became quite cross, and uncle John whistled. Twenty-four hours afterward, little Slyder Downehylle was still more cross—he had been happy with candy, with cakes and with pies, until he was very uncomfortable indeed; he had been happy with toys, until he had quarrelled with his little companions and strewed the room with broken play-things; he had been happy with his hobby-horse, until he got a fall.

"Oh, what a stupid day!" said little Slyder Downehylle, "I wish to-morrow would come—I'll be so happy at aunt Betsy's."

It is unnecessary to intrude at aunt Betsy's, for the events there were of a character strongly resembling what had already occurred. Little Slyder Downehylle went to bed in tears.

It was always so with the unfortunate Slyder Downehylle. Throughout life, he wanted something to be happy with; and, strangely enough, it universally occurred that when he had obtained the thing, it did not prove to be exactly the thing he wanted. His expectations were never realized, and he was, therefore, constantly in a state of disappointment. Unlucky Slyder Downehylle it was deplorable too that such should

be the case, for Slyder Downehylle was anxious to be happy—he was always looking forward to be happy—for something "to be happy with." He never got up in the morning but that it was his resolve to be happy in the afternoon—and, if not successful in accomplishing his purpose at that time, he endeavored as far as possible to retrieve the failure by forming a similar determination for the evening. No one ever had a greater variety of schemes for living happy—very happy—than he; for living happy next week, for living happy next month, or next year; but it appeared to him that a malignant fate was sure to interfere, in order that his projects might be frustrated. At school, he was always thinking how happy he would be on Saturday afternoon; but then sometimes it rained on Saturday afternoon, or his companions would not do as he wished them to do on Saturday afternoon, or it may be that although he had toiled hard for pleasure on Saturday afternoon, and the toil for pleasure is often the severest of work, he returned home weary, dispirited and out of temper. Of course it was unavoidable that his pleasure should be postponed until some other Saturday afternoon. And it was even so with the larger holidays. They never were exactly what they ought to have been—what they promised to be—what they seemed to be, when viewed from a distance. If Slyder Downehylle went a-fishing, why a treacherous bank would often give way, and then—pray who can possibly be happy when dripping wet, with his clothes on? Nobody but poodles. What felicity is there in losing one's shoe in a swamp? Who is perfectly happy when scouring across the plain, like "swift Camilla," with old Jenkins' big dog—that dog always bites—rustic dogs do—following close at his heels, widely opening a mouth which showed no need of the dentist? Then, if Slyder Downehylle went skating, it not unfrequently happened that he cried with cold,—what a strange ar-

seasons, there was the sun. It never rains but it pours, in this world. Is it happiness, think ye, to have one's dear little nose—incipient Roman, or determined pug, as the case may be—all of a blister, and to have one's delectable countenance as red and as hot as a scarlet fever? "There's lime in the sack"—invariably, in Slyder Downehylle's sack—it would be easy to make mortar of it.

The young Downehylle, finding that happiness eluded his grasp while a boy, made sure of throwing a noose over its head when he should be a man. What on earth is there to prevent a man's being happy, if he chooses—especially if a man has money, as was the case in the present instance, Uncle John and Aunt Betsy both being gathered to their fathers and mothers. May not a man do as he pleases!—go to bed when he pleases, and get up when he pleases?—eat what he pleases and drink what he pleases? A man is not compelled to learn lessons. All his afternoons are Saturday afternoons—his holidays last all the year round. Who would not be a man? "Oh, when I am a man!" said Slyder Downehylle. "I wish I was a man!" exclaimed Slyder Downehylle. "I want to be a man!" cried Slyder Downehylle, with impatience.

Sooner or later, at least in the eye of the law, most boys become men, in despite of remonstrance. These boys are remarkable for an upstart tendency, and the Downehylles themselves are not exempt from the peculiarity. So Slyder Downehylle was a man at last, though on the whole it must be confessed that he did not derive the satisfaction from it that he had been led to expect.

* * * * *

Slyder Downehylle was extended at full length upon a sofa.

"I say, Spiffikens, what shall I be at? I'm twenty-one—I've got plenty of money—I'm as tired as thunder already—what shall I be at, Spiffikens?"

"Lend me a hundred, and buy yourself a buggy,—why don't you get a buggy, to begin with?"

"Yes, Spiffikens, I will. You're right—the Downehylles were always great on buggies, you know, Spiffikens."

It was Slyder Downehylle's theory, after this conversation,—for he often

theorized—that happiness was, to some degree, vehicular; that, like respectability, it was to be found in a gig, if it were to be found anywhere. So he bought him a sulky and a fast trotter—a mile in two minutes or thereabouts. What could escape a man who followed so rapidly? If you wish to be successful in the pursuit of happiness, do not forget to buy a sulky—there's nothing like a sulky.

"Aha!—that's it!" muttered Slyder Downehylle, as he tugged at the reins, and went whizzing along the turnpike in a cloud of dust, passing everything on the road, and carrying consternation among the pigs, the ducks, and the chickens.

Slyder thought that this was "it" for several consecutive days; but as the novelty wore off—there's the rub—(that Hamlet was rather a sensible fellow—did he too keep a "fast trotter?")—Slyder was not so sure whether it was the thing exactly, and on the recommendation of his friend Spiffikens, who borrowed another hundred on the occasion, he endeavored to improve it a little by drinking champagne and playing billiards, at the "Cottage." Fast trotters and champagne—fast trotters and billiards, harmonise very well. Under this combination, Slyder appeared to think that "it" was considerably more like the thing than before. He had found "something to be happy with," at last, and so had Spiffikens. It was not however so difficult to make Spiffy a happy man,—only allow him to go ahead, and say nothing about "returns." He hates anything sombre—anything "dun."

"Now I'm happy," said Slyder Downehylle, as he stood on the portico of the "Cottage," and saw every eye fixed with admiration on his establishment, as the boy led his horse and sulky through the crowd of vehicles. "That's it, at last!" and he lighted another cigar and called for an additional bottle of iced champagne. "That's it, certainly," remarked Spiffikens, at the explosion of the cork.

Slyder Downehylle was perfectly satisfied that this was indeed "it," for a considerable portion of the afternoon, and, to tell the truth, when he remounted his buggy, nodding his head to the bystanders, as he hung his coat-tails over the back of the vehicle, he was not a little "elevated."

"There—let him go!" said he, tossing a half-dollar to the hostler's deputy. Mr. Downehyille's sulky flew like lightning across the lawn.

"Splendid!" ejaculated the spectators.

"Superiaw—fine!" added Spiffikens. The dogs barked—the colored gentlemen who officiated as waiters grinned from ear to ear. There was quite a sensation at the "Cottage."

"That's it, at last!" said Slyder Downehyille, triumphantly. But he forgot that existence, short as it is, cannot be crowded all into the exhilarating moment of a "start." Life is not to be distilled and condensed in this way, though his life seemed to come as near it as possible, on the occasion referred to.

Why are we made ambitious? Why will we endeavor to jump over puddles that are too wide, when we so often miss immortality by no more than a hair's breadth? But "touch and go" is the secret of great enterprises. Slyder Downehyille was struck with a desire to sublimate the sublime—to "o'ertop old Pelion," and old Pelion, as it was natural he should, resented the insult. Downehyille was allowed to "touch"—we often do that—but there was a veto on his "go." He wished to shave the gate-post, in his curricular enthusiasm—to astonish the natives with his chariotearing skill. Yet the poplars might have reminded him of Phæton—of Phæton's sisters weeping, lank and long.

It certainly was the champagne—that last bottle, so well iced.

Mr. Downehyille was out in his calculation by about the sixteenth part of an inch. He was on a leeshore.

A cloud of splinters went up and came down again. "There is but a Frenchman the more in France," said a Bourbon on the restoration. It was also quite evident that there was a sulky the less in existence. As this could not be considered the "fast trotter's" business,—he having no further concern with the matter than to do a certain number of miles in a specific number of minutes—he therefore went straight on to fulfil his part of the contract, and it is to be presumed that he was successful, as nothing has been heard from him since.

"That's not it, after all," murmured Mr. Slyder Downehyille, as he was

carried into the Cottage for surgical aid.

The bystanders, lately so full of admiration, ungraciously placed their thumbs upon their noses, and wagged their fingers. Greatness always falls, when it meets with an upset.

"What could you expect from a fellow that holds his elbows so, when he drives!" was the general remark. When we are down every one can see the reason why. The world is always full of sagacity, after the event.

Slyder Downehyille is known by the colored waiters at the Cottage as "the gemplin that got spilt," and he was so knocked down by the affair that he felt flat at the slightest allusion to it. He never hunted happiness in a buggy again, but went slowly home in the omnibus, and, though it did not enable him to journey very rapidly, he yet contrived, while in it, to arrive at the conclusion that, if "fast trotters" carried others to felicity, the mode of travel was too rough for him.

He was puzzled. What could be the matter? He was a man, a man of cash—money in both pockets; but yet Slyder Downehyille was not happy—not particularly happy. On the contrary, striking an average, he was, for the most part, decidedly miserable. He yawned about all the morning; he was not hungry in the afternoon; he was seldom sleepy at night,—vexatious!

"There's something I want," thought Slyder Downehyille; "but what it is—that's more than I can tell; but it is something to be happy with. What other people get for the purpose that they go grinning about so, hang me if I can discover."

Slyder Downehyille was rather good-looking, about these times—not decidedly "a love," but well enough; and so, as nature had been propitious, he struck out a new line—a very popular line—the hair line. He cultivated whiskers, "fringing the base of his countenance;" he set up a moustache; he starred his under lip with an imperial, and he balanced the superstructure with the classical "goatee!" Medusa herself never had more luxuriant curls. When Slyder Downehyille wanted to find himself, he was obliged to beat the bushes. He passed half the day with a brush in his hand, in adjusting his embellishments—in giving them irresistible expression; and the

rest of the time was consumed in carrying them up and down all manner of streets, and to all sorts of public places. Slyder Downehylle was now the envy of the young bloods about town, and was regarded as a perfect Cupidon by the ladies. How, indeed, could it be otherwise! Birnam Wood had come to Dunsinane—not a feature was discernible. Esau and Orson were shavelings and shavers to Slyder Downehylle. But, notwithstanding the fact that Samson found strength in his hair, Slyder was not so lucky. A thickset hedge cannot keep out ennuï. It is true that the buffalo and the bison at the menagerie took Mr. Slyder Downehylle for a patriarch of the tribe, fresh from the head waters of the Oregon; yet, after all, Slyder's spirit was nearly as bald of comfort as the "hairless horse"—that unfashionable quadruped. It must be confessed, however, that there were gleams of consolation attendant upon his bristly condition. The servants at the hotels styled him "mounsheer;" how delightful it is to be mistaken for what you are not! People thought he talked "pretty good English, considerin'," and, best of all, the little boys ran backwards that they might look with wonder at his face, while the smaller children went screaming into the house to call their mammams to see the "funny thing." But "false is the light on glory's plume;" and it is no less false on glory's hair. Even the excitement of such enviable distinction as this soon wears away, and it may be questioned whether, barring the expense of soap, a furry-faced gentleman is, in the long run, much happier than the more sober citizen who has so little taste for the picturesque as to shave several times a week, and who is neither a "foundling of the forest" nor a perambulatory Moses, always among the bulrushes.

Slyder Downehylle, therefore, reinforced his whiskers by an elaborate care in dress. He was padded into a model of symmetry; but although the buckram was judiciously placed, he soon ascertained that this was not the kind of bolstering he wanted. The cotton made him warm, but it did not make him happy—not quite. It was "nothing to be thus," unless one were "safely thus." Slyder Downehylle began to feel small when his muscular developments were hung upon the bed-

post. Which was Slyder, in the main—he beneath the cover, or that larger part of him against the wall? He was tired of packing and unpacking; wearied with being "spectacular."

It was not exactly kind in Uncle John and Aunt Betsy—though they thought it was—thus to bequeath their savings to Slyder Downehylle. Their legacy perplexed him sadly. He discovered, in a very short time, that money is not in itself—notwithstanding the fact that it is generally known as the "one thing needful"—the material of happiness. But he was clear in his own mind that it was something to be got with money. Still, however, he could not find it—that "something to be happy with"—that cake, that candy, that sugar-ice, that hobby-horse. When his game was run down, why, it was only a fox after all.

"Life's an imposition—a humbug," said Slyder Downehylle, pettishly; "I've tried much of the fun that's said to be in it, and I'm beginning to have an idea it's a confounded stupid piece of business, when a man has seen it pretty much all through, like a farce at the theatre. I'm sure I don't know what to be at next. There's a man to be hung to-morrow; but I've seen two or three fellows hung, and they do it just alike. The fun is soon got out of that. Then there's to be a fight somewhere this afternoon; but what's a fight, or a race, or anything, in short? A spree is to come off to-night at Crinkumcrankum's, but I suppose everything's to travel down our throats in the old way—botheration!"

"You should go it," remarked Spiffikens, "go it strong—that's the way to scatter the blue devils; go it strong; and, as the poet judiciously remarks, 'go it while you're young.' That's the time—lend me fifty, and I'll show you a thing or two—there are several things to be seen yet, by individuals who don't wear spectacles. This is good brandy, Slyder—prime brandy—where did it come from? Have you got any more? Brandy's wholesome. It agrees with almost everybody."

This postulate is not exactly so self-evident as Mr. Spiffikens thought it to be; but while it is not clearly proved that brandy agrees with everybody, yet it was plain enough that Spiffikens agreed with it, and Slyder Downehylle began likewise to have a slight agree-

ment with that adjective, both in number and person.

He followed the advice of Spifflikens. No one knew the world better than Spifflikens, and, therefore, Spifflikens must, of course, be right,—so Slyder Downehylle became convivial. He slept by day and he frolicked by night. If this was not the long-sought "it," where could "it" be. Slyder Downehylle was merry—exceeding jocose. He was sometimes turned out of three theatres in one evening—he had fought in a ball-room—had thrashed several watchmen—had been honored with "private hearings" by the magistracy, and had been more than once almost beaten to a jelly. Slyder Downehylle earned the right and title to be known as a spirited youth, and so he was, generally. But, by dint of repetition, the blue began to disappear from this plum also—the peach was no longer downy. If it had not been for the peach-brandy, what would have become of Slyder Downehylle? It was not, indeed, perfect bliss—Slyder was subject to headache in the earlier part of the day—yet it was as nearly "something to be happy with," as he had yet been enabled to discover.

It was a hard case, view it as you will. Mr. Slyder Downehylle wanted to be happy—he had the greatest disposition to be happy. He had tried every possible experiment in that direction that either he or Spifflikens could suggest; but yet he was a dejected man, even when tipsy twice-a-day. He could find no delight that was of a substantial character—nothing to which he could constantly recur without fear of disappointment and disgust—nothing that would wear all the week through and be the same to-day, to-morrow, and the day after that. It was in vain that he intermingled his pleasures—took them in alternation—over-eat himself in the morning and over-drunk himself in the evening, or reversed the process, turning the bill of fare upside down. It came all to the same thing in the end. There must be something wrong—why could not Slyder Downehylle be happy? Who labored harder to boil down common-places and to extract from it the essence of felicity—to concentrate the soup of life, and to elicit essentials from their insipid dilution?

A man laughed in the play-house—laughed several times. What right

had he to laugh in that side-shaking manner? Slyder Downehylle could not laugh—he saw no particular joke that required it; but the man laughed again, and when Slyder requested him not to make a fool of himself, the man pulled Slyder's nose. Hope deferred engenders fierceness. Slyder quarrelled with the man about making so free with another person's nose, as if it were a bell-pull or a knocker. A nose is not much to be sure—many noses are not—but when a nose is constituted a point of honor, it expands to the dimensions of a geographical promontory—it is peninsular—it is a disputed territory, over which no one can be allowed to march, much less to make settlements upon it. Slyder Downehylle resolved to stand by his nose, and so he stood up to it, and a duel was the consequence—a duel, according to the barbarian custom of modern times, which was fought before breakfast. Who can be surprised that there is so much bad shooting extant on these interesting occasions? A gentleman, no matter how much of a gentleman he may be in proper hours, cannot reasonably be expected to be altogether a gentleman—altogether himself—at such an uncivilized time of day. A man may be valiant enough after nine o'clock—when he has had his coffee and muffins—he may be able to face a battery in the forenoon, and ready to lead a forlorn hope when he has dined comfortably; but to ask one to get up to be shot at, in the gray of the morning—in the midst of fogs and all sorts of chilly discomfort, his boots and his trowsers dragged with dew, and himself unsustained by a breakfast, why the whole thing is preposterous? No man can be valiant unless he is warm, and as no man can be warm without his breakfast, it is a demonstrated fact that breakfast is itself valor, and that one may be frightened before breakfast, without the slightest disparagement to his character for courage. Master Barnardine was right when he refused to get up early to go to the gallows. There is a time for all things. But Slyder Downehylle was not more alarmed than was right and proper—not more, probably, than his antagonist. "How do they come on?" said the surgeon to Goliah Bluff, who acted as Slyder's second. The fourth shot had been interchanged and no blood drawn. "As well as could be ex-

pected," replied Goliah; "they are approximating—the seconds don't have to dodge now, and the principals are not so likely as they were, to shoot off their own toes. Practice makes perfect. Gentlemen, are you ready!—one, two, three!"—bang!—bang!—The man had winged Slyder, and both were glad—the one that it was safely over, so far as he was concerned, and the other that the affair was finished and no worse, so far as he was concerned. Further approximations might have been dangerous. But the result was a downright flying in the face of poetical justice, owing no doubt to the fact that poetical justice wisely lies abed till the last bell rings. But then, as Goliah Bluff announced to the parties belligerent, Slyder Downehylle was "satisfied," and who else had a right to complain? His nose was the feature most interested and it said nothing, "as nobody knows on"—for it was now a nose which, when regarded in its metaphysical and honorable aspect, notwithstanding its rubid tints, had not a stain upon its escutcheon. The bullet in its master's shoulder had been soapsuds to its reputation, and the duel had been brick-dust to the lustre of its glory. Slyder Downehylle's nose actually "shone again," brighter than ever. His arm, no doubt, was in a sling—the same arm that had conveyed so many slings into him, to support him, comfort him and keep him up,—but his nose was self-sustained; it had been proved to be a feature not to be handled with impunity. But what are noses, after all—what are noses in the abstract—noses individually considered? Slyder, in the end, did not care much who pulled his nose, so they did it gently.

He was engaged in solving a great moral problem. He left the longitude and the squaring of the circle to intellects of an inferior order. It was for him to determine whether it was possible to live upon the principal of one's health and capacities for enjoyment, without being restricted to such beggarly returns as the mere interest thereof. As for content—the "being happy with one's self," as Uncle John expressed it—this was a very flat sort of happiness in Slyder Downehylle's estimation, if, indeed, he ever placed it in that category at all. It was by no means strong enough for the purpose. Happy upon water!—"I'll trouble you

for that pale brandy," said Slyder Downehylle. He desired that his existence should be one vast bowl of champagne punch—an everlasting mince-pie—terrapins and turtle soup—glaciers of ice-cream and cataracts of cognac, sunned by frolic and fanned by the breeze of excitement,—a "perpetual spree!" There were to be no shady sides of the way in his resplendent world.—How many practical philosophers have failed in the same pursuit! Is the *aurum potabile* never to be discovered? Are we always to come down to the plain reality, at last? Downehylle could not endure the thought.—"More cayenne, if you please."

"Have you ever tried faro?" whispered Spiffikens;—"there's considerable fun at faro, when you are up to it."

Spiffikens passed the bottle. Slyder Downehylle had never tried faro, but he did try it, and thought that he rather liked it. In short, it improved upon acquaintance. At length, he had reached the *ultima Thule*. The "something to be happy with" had, to all appearance, been found. Redheifer was but a goose. He knew not where to look for the "perpetual motion"—the everlasting jog to the flagging spirit. But the top of our speed brings the end of the race. He who moves most rapidly, is the soonest at the close of his career. Faro is fickle, and Slyder Downehylle, in his zeal to pile enjoyment upon enjoyment—to be happy, if possible, with several things at a time—had unluckily a habit of not taking even his fare "plain;" he needed syrup also in that effervescent draught, and as his head became warm, the "cool" amounts in his pockets melted away.

Slyder Downehylle was a cashless man—his researches after felicity had not only proved unsuccessful, but had left him without the means of future progression. He was bemired halfway—swamped, as it were, in sight of port. Even Spiffikens cut him dead. The tailors desired no more of his custom—his apartments at the hotel were wanted. The "credit system" was out of fashion. Financiering had been clipped in its wings. How doleful looks the candle when capped with an extinguisher? The wounded squirrel drops from limb to limb. The world has many wounded squirrels, besides those that crack nuts to earn a living. Just such

a squirrel was Slyder Downehylle, compelled, before he reached the top of his aspiring hopes, to abandon every step that he had so toilfully surmounted.

How he now obtained anything to eat, is not exactly known. His mode of obtaining something to drink, is, if not original, certainly ingenious. He never goes to the pump, having no taste for hydraulics. Nor does he find water with a hazel twig. He has a more effective "twig" than that. He lounges in bar-rooms, and as his old acquaintances, searchers after happiness not yet brought up with a "round turn," go there to drink—a dry bar is a sad impediment to navigation—it is astonishing how very solicitous he becomes in reference to their health.

"How do ye do, Mr. Jones! I've not had the pleasure of seeing you for a long time. How have you been?"

"Pretty well, Downehylle, pretty well—but excuse me—Bibo and I are going to try something."

"Why, ah—thank you—I don't care much if I do join. The pale brandy—yes—that will answer," would be Slyder Downehylle's response under such circumstances, from which it is apparent that misfortune had somewhat impaired his sense of hearing.

* * * *

Slyder Downehylle is supposed to be yet about town, looking earnestly for his undiscovered happiness. The last time he was seen by credible witnesses, they noted him busily employed in playing "All Fours," in front of John Gin's hostelry—a game probably selected as emblematic of his now creeping condition. He lounges no more in fashionable resorts. Cham-

pagne punch is a mere reminiscence. His Havanas are converted into 'long nines,' and his bibulations are at two cents a glass, making up in piperine pungency what they lack in delicacy of flavor. He is sadly emaciated, and in all respects considerably the worse for wear, while a hollow cough indicates that his physical capabilities have proved inadequate to the requirements of his method of employing life, and are fast dropping to pieces. Slyder Downehylle is consequently more melancholy than ever. He is troubled with doubts. Perhaps he may have proceeded upon an error—perhaps the principle, the high pressure principle, of his action was not the right one. It may be that excitement is not happiness—that our pleasures are fleeting in proportion to their intensity—that indeed, if "life be a feast," the amount of satisfaction to be derived from it, is rather diminished than increased by swallowing the viands hastily and by having a free recourse to condiments, and that a physical economy is as wise and as necessary to well-being, as economy of any other kind. He is almost led to suppose that his "something to be happy with," is a fallacy; he never could hold it within his grasp, and he inclines to the belief that a man probably does well to have a home in himself, that he may not always be compelled to run abroad for recreation, or to appeal to his senses to give vivacity to the hour. If it were his luck to begin again, perhaps he might try the tack thus indicated. But that hollow cough!—Our experiences oft reach their climax too late; yet others may learn from the example of Slyder Downehylle.

THE MOUNTAINS.

I love ye, Mountains! for since earliest time,
 When Tyranny hath bared his ruthless hand,
 And through the valleys of the fated land,
 Let loose the craven ministers of crime;
 Crimsoned the sod, as 'twere in very mirth,
 With blood of hoary sire, and generous youth,
 And in God's name razed to the reeking earth,
 The unstained altars of eternal Truth;
 Your snow-capt crags, upon whose dizzy height
 The daring vulture stays its weary flight;
 Your dark recesses, where the black wolves den,
 And outlaws dwell—more merciful than he—
 Have been the refuge of unconquered men,
 And home and citadel of Liberty.

New Bedford, Mass.

R. S. S. ANNES.

THE FARMER.

From golden morn, till dewy eve,
 When the sky gleams bright and red,
 With many a strong and sturdy stroke,
 I labor for my bread.
 No sickly fits nor ills I dread,
 My chest is deep and broad,
 And though I work the live-long day,
 I rise and thank my God.

No lily hue is on my brow,
 No rings on my hard hand,
 I wield the axe, I drive the plough,
 Or when black war shrouds the land,
 I seize my father's well tried brand,
 And that for Freedom's sod
 It is my glorious right to bleed,
 I rise and thank my God.

And when my daily task is o'er,
 And the sun is sinking low,
 As faint with work and honest toil,
 To my humble roof I go,
 I see the perfumed city bean
 With his ebony walking rod,
 And that I am not a thing like him,
 I rise and thank my God.

The widow's prayer upon my ear
 Unheeded never fell,
 I ne'er beheld the orphan's tear
 But my own heart's fount would swell.
 I never heaven for gold would sell,
 Nor for wealth would stoop to fraud,
 A poor—but yet an *honest* man,
 I rise and thank my God.

And when the good sun floods with light
 This land of liberty,
 And spreads around my happy sight,
 As in prayer I bend the knee,
 That I am strong, and bold, and free,
 In the land my fathers trod,
 With quivering lips, and with out-stretched arms,
 I rise and thank my God.

WM. HAINES LYTTLE.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

LA GRANDE BRÉTÈCHE.

A TALE.*

ON the outskirts of the small town of Vendome, situated on the banks of the Loire, stands an old, dark, high-roofed house, entirely insulated, without vicinage of any kind to disturb its seclusion.

In front of this dwelling, is a garden terminating on the river's edge; but the box-wood, in time past carefully trimmed, which marked its walks and alleys, now grows in freedom; the hedge enclosures receive no care; the young willows born in the Loire, have rapidly increased in size; weeds in rich vegetation crowd the river slope; the fruit trees have remained unclipped for ten years, and have ceased to bear. The garden paths, once well sanded and gravelled, are grass-grown; in fact, their outlines are scarcely distinguishable.

It is easy, nevertheless, to discern from the hill-top strewn with the ruins of the ancient castle of the Dukes of Vendome, the only spot from which the eye can plunge into the recesses of the enclosure,—it is easy, I say, to discern, that at some period of time more or less remote, it must have been the residence of some good old gentleman, fond of roses, dahlias—of horticulture, in a word—and also, perhaps, addicted to good and luscious fruit. You can still see an arbour, or rather the remains of one, under which is a table which time has not entirely destroyed.

In the presence of this garden, which is no more, you divine the peaceful delights of country life, just as the epitaph on the dead may indicate the pursuits of the living; and, then, to complete the soft and melancholy impressions it awakens, you find on one of the walls a rustic sun-dial decorated with the familiar inscription:

Fugit hora brevis.

Of the house itself the roofs are crumbling, the shutters closed; the balconies are covered by thousands of swallows' nests; the doors are open;

high grass grows from the interstices of the stone steps; the iron work is rusted; the moon, the sun, winter, summer, have worn the wood, loosened the frames, dilapidated all. The silence of this forlorn mansion is only disturbed by birds, cats, rats, and mice, who go and come in freedom. An invisible hand has traced throughout the word—*Mystery!*

If your curiosity should urge you to inspect this house on the street side, you will discover a large door, the top of round form, in which the children of the country have made innumerable holes. I subsequently learned that this door had not been opened for ten years. Through these irregular openings you may remark the perfect harmony existing between the front on the garden, and that on the court yard.

Clumps of grass are scattered over the pavements; enormous crevices furrow the walls; creeping ivy ornaments the copings. The door-steps are dislocated; the bell-rope is rotted; the gutters broken; all around is void, desolate, and silent. This mansion is an enigma of which no one knows the solution. It bears the name of *La Grande Bretèche*, and was formerly a small fief.

During my stay at Vendome, the romantic view of this singular house became one of my liveliest pleasures. It was something better than a ruin. To a ruin are attached historical recollections, known facts, the authenticity of which contemplation cannot reject; but, in this habitation still erect, and yet in the progress of self-destruction, there was a secret, an unknown, undiscovered design; at least, the whim of some eccentric fellow-being.

More than one evening, my steps led me to the wild hedge which protected the enclosure; then, in defiance of its prickly thorns, I made my way into this garden without an owner, into this property which was no longer either public or private; and I would there

* From the French (varied and adapted) of Balzac.

remain for whole hours contemplating its disorder. I would not, for the sake of learning the true story to which doubtless was owing the strange scene before me, question the townspeople; for there my imagination indulged itself in vague romance; and, had I known the motive, perhaps a trivial one, of its forsaken state, I might have lost the unexpressed poetry in which I revelled.

In this retreat, as I have said, I passed much of my time: I found in it the sanctity of the cloister, the peace of the grave-yard, without the dead who speak to you from their tombstones; rural life was there with its serene repose, its measured tranquillity.— There I often wept; there no emotion of gaiety was possible. I have been shaken by sudden terror by the whirling passage of the hurried wood-pigeon above my head. The soil is moist; you must guard against the lizard, the viper, and other tribes of noxious life whose home you invade. You must not dread the cold; in a few moments you will find its icy mantle fall unbidden on your shoulders. Place, circumstances, and disposition of mind at the time, increased my natural susceptibility. I would have trembled at a shadow. One night that I had fashioned out a tale, a drama associated with the dreary locality, the mere rustling of an antique weather-vane startled me. It struck me as the moaning of the desolate mansion.

I returned to my inn with gloomy thoughts. After supper my landlady entered the room with an air of mystery, saying:

“M. Regnault is here, sir!”

“Who is M. Regnault?”

“The gentleman does not know M. Regnault? Indeed!” And she went out.

A moment after her departure a man of very ordinary appearance entered the apartment.

“To whom, sir,” said I, “have I the honor of speaking?”

He sat down, placed his hat on the table, and replied, rubbing his hands:

“I am, sir, M. Regnault.”

I bowed.

“I am the notary of Vendome.”

“Well, sir!” exclaimed I.

“A moment, sir! I am told that you are in the habit of occasionally walking in the garden of *la Grande Bretèche*.

“Yes, sir.”

“I do not wish to accuse you of a crime, but in the name and as executor of the late Countess de Merret, I must request you to discontinue your visits. You are a stranger, and may not be supposed to know the reasons which I have for abandoning to ruin the best house in Vendome. Its state may excuse your curiosity, but representing the injunctions of the late proprietor, I have the honor to repeat that you are requested never again to place your foot in that garden. I, myself, since the opening of the will, have never entered the house. We merely numbered the doors and windows, so as to fix the amount of taxes due to the State, and these are paid by me annually out of funds appropriated for the purpose.”

“May I ask what motives occasioned this singular arrangement?”

“Sir,” replied he, “you shall know all I know. One evening, now ten years ago and more, I was sent for by the Countess de Merret, then residing at her *Chateau de Merret*. The message was delivered by her maid, who is now a servant in this inn. You must know that a short time previously the Comte de Merret had died in Paris. He perished miserably, the victim of incessant dissipation. On the day of his departure from Vendome, the Countess abandoned *Grande Bretèche*. It was said that she had caused all the furniture to be burned on the lawn. For about three months the Count and his wife had lived in a strange manner. They denied themselves to all visitors, and occupied different parts of the house. After her husband’s departure the Countess was only to be seen at church; she declined all communication with her friends, and was already an altered woman the day she left *la Grande Bretèche* for *Merret*. She was very ill, and had doubtless despaired of her health, for she died without seeking medical advice. Many here thought that she was not quite right in her head. My curiosity was greatly excited on learning that *Madame de Merret* required my professional assistance; but I was not the only one who knew it; the same evening, although it was late, it was reported about the town that I was called to *Merret*. The maid answered my questions vaguely; she said, however, that

the Countess had received the last offices of religion, and that apparently she would not survive the night. I reached the chateau at about eleven o'clock, and was introduced without delay to the bed-chamber of the Countess. A dim light scarcely enabled me to distinguish objects. The Countess reposed in a large bed; on a table within her reach lay a volume of the *Imitation of Christ*; austere devotion seemed to have removed from the room the usual accessories of wealth and rank. Approaching close to, the bed I could see the occupant. Her face was like wax, and was shaded over by long ringlets of black and white hair. Her large black eyes exhausted by fever scarcely moved in their deep orbits. Her forehead was damp; her hands, bones covered with skin; each muscle and vein was visible. It was a pitiful sight. Although in the discharge of professional duty, I was well accustomed to death-bed scenes, I must confess that nothing I had ever witnessed, families in tears, and the last agonies of the dying, struck me so painfully as that lone and silent woman, in that vast chateau. Not a sound was heard; even the breathing of the poor lady was imperceptible. I stood still, gazing at her with a species of stupor. At last her large eyes moved; she tried to raise her hand, which fell back on the bed; the following words issued from her lips like a whisper; her voice had ceased to be a voice:

"I have expected you with great impatience."

The simple effort brought the color to her cheeks.

"Madam," said I.

She motioned me to be silent.

At this moment the old nurse rose and whispered to me.

"Speak not a word. She cannot suffer the least noise."

I sat down.

After a few instants the dying woman collected what remained to her of strength, and with painful exertion, brought forth from under her pillow, a sealed paper.

"I commit to you," said she, "my last will; Ah! oh God!—Ah!" That was all.

She grasped the crucifix on her bed, bore it rapidly to her lips, and died.

The expression of her fixed eyes still causes me to shudder when I recur to

it. She must have suffered much. There was joy in her parting gaze, and her dead eye retained it.

I carried away the will.

When opened, I read that the testator had appointed me her executor. She willed the whole of her property to the hospital at Vendome, with the exception of some special legacies; but now I must inform you of her directions respecting *la Grande Bretèche*. She enjoined me to leave that house during fifty years, to date from the day of her death, in the precise state in which it then was—to forbid entrance to it to all persons—to abstain from the slightest repair, and, if necessary, to procure the services of a keeper to secure the execution of her intentions. At the expiration of the term named, the house will belong to me—or my heirs—that is to say, if the wishes of the testator have been complied with; if not, *la Grande Bretèche* will pass to her natural heirs, but still with the condition of executing certain acts set forth in a codicil annexed to the will and which is not to be opened until after the expiration of the fifty years. Such was the notary's tale.

"I must confess, sir, that you have produced on me a very deep impression. You must surely be able to form some conjecture touching the strange stipulations of the will."

"Sir," said he, "I can truly and sincerely assure you that it is not in my power to throw any light on the subject. The will itself is silent, and nothing is known of the manner of the life of the late Countess which points to a probable solution of my story."

He was scarcely gone when he was succeeded by my good-humored landlady.

"Well, sir, I suppose M. Regnault has been telling you his old story about *la Grande Bretèche*?"

"Yes."

"What has he told you?"

I repeated, in a few words, the dark and mysterious narrative. My landlady was all attention.

"Now, my dear madam Lepas," said I, in concluding, "you appear to know more. You knew M. de Merret. What sort of a man was he?"

"M. De Merret was a tall, handsome man; the ladies here say that he was pleasing; he must have had something to recommend him, else he would

not have won the hand of Madame de Merret, the richest and most beautiful heiress of these parts. The whole town was at the wedding; the bride was sweet and engaging. They seemed to be a happy couple."

"Did they live happily?"

"Oh!—Yes; at least so far as could be presumed. Madame de Merret was a kind, and indeed, in every respect, an excellent person. She may have been occasionally annoyed by the hasty temper of her husband; but he was, at bottom, a good man—a little proud—"

"Nevertheless there must have been some catastrophe to bring about a violent separation?"

"I have not spoken of any catastrophe—I know of none."

"I am now quite certain that you do."

"Well, sir, I'll tell you all. Seeing you received a visit from M. Regnault, I doubted not but that he would speak to you about Madame de Merret, and so it made me think that I would myself consult you on a matter which sorely troubles my conscience. I believe you to be a good, honest gentleman, and are indeed the first person I have met with to whom it would seem I might confide my secret."

"My dear Madame Lepas, if your secret is likely to involve me, I would rather forego the gratification of my curiosity."

"Don't be alarmed—listen:

"At the time the Emperor sent here several Spaniards, prisoners of war, one of them, a young man on parole, by order of the government, took up his quarters in this house. He was a grandee of Spain; he had a name in *os*, and in *dia*—Bajos de Feredia, I believe. I have his name on my books, where you may read it if you please. O! he was a handsome youth, not tall, but perfectly made; small hands, of which he took exceeding care; long black hair, brilliant eye and dark complexion. His manners were polished and affable. We all loved him,—and yet he was no talker; silent and pensive, he read his breviary daily, like any priest, and regularly attended all the offices of the church. And where would he place himself? At two steps from Madame de Merret's chapel. As he had taken that position the first time he appeared in church, no one attributed to him any particular intention; be-

sides, the eyes of the poor young man were never seen to wander from his book.

"In the evening he would walk to the mountain, among the ruins of the castle; it was his sole amusement. The first days of his captivity, he frequently returned very late; but as we were all anxious to please him, there was no interference with his habits. He had a key for the door, and let himself in and out at pleasure.

"I remember one of our men telling that he had seen the Spanish grandee swimming far out in the river, like a real fish. I ventured to caution him against danger. He seemed to regret having been seen in the water.

"At last, sir, one day, or rather one morning, he was missing. He never returned. . . . After much searching, I found a writing in a drawer in which were fifty large gold Portuguese pieces, worth about 5000 francs; then there were diamonds of the value of about 10,000 more. The writing said that in the event of his not returning, the money and diamonds were to become our property; and that it would be unnecessary to make any search for him, as doubtless he would have succeeded in making his escape.

"In those days I still had my husband, who in the morning had gone to look about for the Spaniard; and here, sir, is the most singular part of the story. He brought back, sir, the gentleman's clothes; he found them under a large stone, on the banks of the river, nearly opposite *la Grande Bretèche*. It was early in the morning, and my husband met no one by the way; so, after reading the letter, he burned the clothes, and reported that the Comte de Feredia was not to be found."

"The Sub-Prefect sent the *gens d'armes* in pursuit, but in vain. My husband was of opinion that the poor youth was drowned. For my part, sir, I think not, and rather incline to the belief that he is concerned in some way with the history of Madame de Merret. Rosalie, now in my service, says that the crucifix by which her mistress set so much store, that she was buried with it, was of ebony incrustated with silver. Now, it is quite certain that M. de Feredia had such a crucifix with him in the first days of his stay here, and which I have not since seen!

"Tell me, sir, having heard my story,

if I was not right in using the 15,000 francs? Did they not become my property?"

"Certainly—but have you never attempted to question Rosalie?"

"Often—but the girl is unyielding. She knows something, but keeps it close."

Madame Lepas' scanty additions to the notary's story added fresh fuel to my curiosity. *La Grande Bretèche* with its desolate park and garden, its closed doors and windows, its deserted chambers, was present to my imagination: its mysterious history, associated with the death of three persons, perplexed and fascinated my attention.

Rosalie became in my estimation the most interesting person in Vendome. For the first time, I discovered in her appearance traces of deep-seated thought: I gave a meaning to each look, gesture and attitude. I won her confidence by acts of kindness, and after a brief period I succeeded in obtaining from her a full and ample disclosure of all it was my object to learn. Were I to reproduce Rosalie's narrative with all its details, a volume would scarcely suffice to contain it. It takes its place between the stories of the notary and of Madame Lepas, with the exactness of a mean term in an arithmetical proposition. In abridging it, I shall endeavor to give it a proper precision.

Madame de Merret occupied a room on the ground floor. A small closet of about four feet in depth had been constructed in the wall, and was used as a wardrobe. Three months previous to the evening on which occurred the events I am about to describe, Madame de Merret had been seriously indisposed; her husband occupied a room in an upper story. By one of those chances impossible to foresee, he returned, on the evening in question, two hours later than usual from the club-room which he was in the habit of frequenting. He had been that evening unlucky at play, and on reaching his house, instead of merely inquiring, according to his custom, if his wife were well, he directed his steps towards her bed-chamber, leaving his lantern on the steps of the staircase. Rosalie, who generally received him, happened to be absent in the kitchen. His step was easy to distinguish, and distinctly resounded under the vault of the corridor.

At the very moment M. de Merret turned the handle of his wife's door, he thought he heard the door of the small closet close; and, when he entered, Madame de Merret was standing in front of the fire-place.

His first impression was that Rosalie was in the closet, but a suspicion which tolled in his ear like the sounding of bells, caused him to look round: he brought his fixed gaze on his wife's countenance, which he found both timid and confused.

"You return late," said she.

The utterance of these words, a slight alteration in her voice became perceptible to a familiar ear. M. de Merret made no answer, for on the moment Rosalie entered the room. Her presence shook his very soul. Without saying a word, he commenced pacing the room, his arms folded on his breast.

"Have you bad news?—Are you unwell?" asked his wife in faltering tones.

No reply.

"Leave me," said Madame de Merret to the girl. Foreboding, doubtless, misfortune, she wished to be alone with her husband.

As soon as Rosalie was gone, or was presumed to be gone, for she remained a few moments in the passage, M. de Merret placed himself opposite his wife, and said to her calmly, but with trembling lips and livid countenance:

"Madam, there is some one in your closet."

She looked at her husband for an instant with painful collectedness, and replied simply:

"No, sir."

The *No* went to his heart, for he did not believe it, and yet never had his wife appeared more pure and saintly in his eyes.

He rose and went towards the closet door; but Madame de Merret took him by the hand, stopped him, and looking at him in the most touching manner, she said in a voice of singular emotion:

"If you find no one—recollect that all is over between us."

An inconceivable dignity expressed in the attitude of the wife, brought the noble husband to a sense of the deep esteem in which he held her, and inspired him with one of those resolutions, which to be sublime, need only a vaster theatre.

"You are right, Josephine," said he, "I shall not proceed.—In one case or the other we should separate for ever. Listen, I know the purity of your mind, and know that you lead a devout life. You would not, to save your life, commit a mortal sin."

At these words, she looked at him wildly.

"Here is your crucifix—swear before God that there is no one in that closet.—I will believe you, and will never open the closet."

Madame de Merret took the crucifix—and said :

"I swear it."

"Louder," said the husband, "and repeat : I swear before God that there is no one in that closet."

She repeated the oath without faltering.

"It is well," said M. de Merret ; then, after a moment's silence :

"You have there a very handsome piece of workmanship. How did you come by it ?"

And he closely examined the crucifix which was of ebony inlaid with silver, and graved with great art.

"At Duvivier's. He had purchased it from a Spanish priest who passed through Vendome last year with a company of prisoners."

"Indeed !"—said M. de Merret.

He replaced the crucifix on the mantelpiece. At the same time he rang. Rosalie came instantly. M. de Merret met her with eagerness, and taking her aside to the recess of a window which opened on the garden, he said in a low voice :

"I know that Gorenflot wishes to marry you, and that you are prevented by mutual poverty from doing that which will make you happy. You have declined becoming his wife until he has established himself as a master mason. Well, go for him, and bring him here with his trowel and tools. Move so as to awake no one in his house. His fortune shall exceed your wants and expectations. Above all, leave this house without any tattling."

And M. de Merret intimated his possible displeasure by a significant gesture. Rosalie hastened away ; he called her back.

"Hold, take my pass key."

"John !"—called M. de Merret, with a voice of thunder in the passage.

And John, who was his coachman and confidential servant, came.

"Let all the servants retire to bed," said his master.

Then, M. de Merret motioning to him, John went to his side, and he addressed :

"When they are all fast asleep—*fast asleep*—understand well !—come down and tell me."

M. de Merret, who had kept his eye fixed on his wife, while giving his orders, now seated himself quietly by her side in front of the fire. He told her the news he had picked up at his club—described his loss at play—and when Rosalie returned, M. and Madame de Merret were conversing amicably together.

M. de Merret had recently caused some repairs to be made to the house, and so happened to have a quantity of bricks, plaster and mortar on the premises. It was this circumstance which prompted the design which he now proceeded to execute.

"Gorenflot, sir, is here !" said Rosalie.

"Let him come in."

Madame de Merret slightly changed color, on seeing the mason.

"Gorenflot," said M. de Merret, "go down to the yard and bring up a quantity of bricks sufficient to wall up the door of that closet. When you have finished the brick work, you will plaster the whole carefully over." Then, bringing the workman and Rosalie close to his side, he continued in a low voice :

"Listen, Gorenflot,—you will sleep here to-night—but to-morrow morning you shall have passport for a foreign land, where you will take up your residence in a city to be named to you. I shall give you six thousand francs for your journey. You will live ten years in the same city. Should you not like it, you may seek out another, provided it be in the same country. You will pass through Paris, where you will wait my coming. There, will be secured to you, by deed, a further sum of six thousand francs, to be paid to you only on your return, and in case it shall appear that you have strictly fulfilled the conditions of our bargain. For this reward, you will be required to observe profound secrecy on what you may do here this night."

"As for you, Rosalie, I purpose giv-

ing you ten thousand francs as a portion to be paid down on your wedding-day ; that is to say, on condition of your marrying Gorenflot ; you are also to observe strict secrecy. If not, no portion."

"Rosalie," said Madame de Merret, "dress my hair."

The husband walked quietly up and down, watching the door, the mason, and his wife, but without betraying any offensive mistrust.

Gorenflot could not avoid making some noise.

Madame de Merret seized an opportunity when her husband was on the opposite side of the room, and whispered to Rosalie :

"A hundred crowns a year, if you can tell him to leave a crevice open below."

Then, aloud, she said with frightful calmness :

"Go and help him !"

M. and Madame Merret remained silent during the whole time the mason was employed in walling the door. In this there was calculation on the part of the husband, whose object it was to avoid giving his wife a pretext for throwing in words of a double meaning ; and on the part of Madame de Merret, there was prudence, perhaps pride.

When the wall was about built, the crafty mason managed, when M. de Merret's back was turned, to break one of the two windows of the door. This act gave Madame de Merret to understand that Rosalie had spoken to Gorenflot :—then she and the mason saw, not without deep emotion, the face of a man of dark and sombre countenance, black hair, and piercing eyes. Before her husband had turned, she had time to make a signal to the stranger ; and that sign said, Hope.

At four o'clock, close upon dawn, for the month was September, the work was done.

The mason was placed under the care of John, and M. de Merret slept in his wife's room.

In the morning, as he rose, he carelessly remarked : "Oh, I had forgotten—

I must go to the mayor's office for the passport."

He put on his hat, but when he had made three steps toward the door, he bethought himself, and took up the crucifix.

Seeing that, his wife's heart leaped with delight.

"He will call at Duvivier's!" thought she.

As soon as he had gone out, Madame de Merret rang for Rosalie, and screamed in tones of frightful energy :

"A pick-axe ! a pick-axe ! and to work. I marked Gorenflot's way ; and we have time to make an opening, and to close it up again."

In an instant, Rosalie brought a sort of spike to her mistress, who with a degree of ardor not to be expressed, commenced demolishing the wall.

She had already knocked out several bricks, when on drawing back to give a vigorous blow, she saw M. de Merret standing behind her pale and menacing.

She fainted.

"Place your lady on her bed," said the merciless man. Anticipating what was likely to occur during his absence, he had simply written to the mayor, and sent a message for Duvivier.

The jeweller arrived shortly after.

"Duvivier," said M. de Merret, "have you not purchased crucifixes from the Spaniards, who have passed through our town !"

"No, sir !"

"That's all ! I thank you."

"John," said he, turning to his man, "you will serve my meals in Madame de Merret's room ; she is unwell, and I shall not leave her side until I see her restored to health."

The merciless man remained fifteen days by his wife's side ; and, during the first six days, if a noise was heard from the walled closet, and if his wife then cast an imploring look for the wretch who was dying within, he would answer, without permitting her to utter a single word :

"You have sworn that there was no one in that closet !"

LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF A TRAVELLER.*

LEAVING our party, who, alarmed by the unsettled state of the country, are coasting it from St. Jean d'Acre to Beyrout, Bartlett, the artist, and myself are zigzaging Galilee in search of the picturesque.

At Sidon it was concluded to visit Lady Hester Stanhope, but we were warned that we were reckoning without our host, she having rejected all comers for many months past, and that the English were her favorite abomination.

Undeterred by the prophecies of our Sidonian friends, Antonio was dispatched with a note, couched in terms of studied courtesy, stating, in substance, that an American gentleman would be happy to pay his passing compliments to her ladyship. An hour or two after his departure, we mounted and moved slowly towards her residence, which lies about four hours journey eastward. At a sudden turn in the road, which, like all other eastern roads, was a bridle-path, we came in full view of her famous retreat, resembling, in the distance, a small village, surrounded by a wall, and perched on the top of a barren, craggy, conical mountain, with scarcely an herb to be seen on its repulsive sides, though surrounded by a luxuriant country. The spot on which we stood was a perpendicular precipice of equal height with the object of our curiosity, from which we were separated only by a broad, deep valley. Here we halted, the sun two hours high, for the double purpose of affording Bartlett an opportunity to make a sketch, and to await our messenger. Bartlett had put his last touch to the drawing as Antonio, pushing his mule to his best paces, came up the steep road, puffing with exertion, and delighted with the success of his mission and the glorious prospect of rich fare, which is seldom the lot of an eastern traveller. He gave a glowing picture of the wonders he had seen, how he had been handed from sentry to sentry, and from servant to servant ;

how he had passed through gates and courts and halls, and had been actually in her presence. She was the grandest lady his eyes had ever looked on ; she had ordered him refreshments, and told him to stay the night, thinking he was to return to Sidon ; but hearing that it was a matter of doubt, told him to mount with all speed and endeavor to bring his master to her before night-fall ; that he was welcome, come when he would ; she had abundant accommodation for myself and all my company, provided they were not English. Bartlett, hearing his doom, took the path, with his servant and guide, to a village about seven miles distant, while Antonio, with a diligence sharpened by a mountain appetite, drove our baggage mules to Lady Hester's, where we arrived two hours after sun-set, with the single accident of the mule having slipped over a projecting rock and sent my yataghan, with its silver scabbard, into the abyss below, and with great difficulty recovering his foot-hold.

We entered a long passage guarded by Albanian soldiers in their fanciful costumes, and lined with well-dressed servants. A dragoman came forward, who led me to an Italian gentleman, who showed me my apartment. A divan of luxurious proportions, covered with crimson cloth, extended the width of a very large room opposite the entrance ; two European beds, covered with the same material, without curtains, flanked the door-way. This room was an isolated house ; in front was an arbor, forming a continuation of the roof, covered with vines ; the area formed by the arbor was bordered with parterres of flowers. The luggage was scarcely disposed of, when an Italian servant, in Syrian dress, with a candle in an European silver candlestick, came to say that *miladi* would be happy to see me. With a view, perhaps, to produce an imposing effect, he led me through any quantity of passages, doors and gates, till we arrived

* John W. Hamersley, Esq., of New York.

at her sitting-room. It was an unpretending snuggerly, both as to size and decoration, with low ceiling. Two divans, about the size of common sofas, stood opposite each other, about ten feet apart, and in the recess of a window were two spermaceti candles in tall candlesticks, so placed that the light was thrown between the two divans, which were both in the shade.

She rose to meet me with a cordiality and ease perfectly electrical; said how happy she was to entertain Americans, and with a lady-like rapidity, laughing with the glee of a girl. "Do you know," she ran on, "what a pleasant disappointment I've had by a mistake of my dragoman? He came to me with open eyes and mouth, half pleased, half frightened, with your open letter in his hand, and announced the arrival of a Persian prince! What, asked I, can a Persian prince want with me? I seized the note, and reading the words 'an American gentleman,' saw his error; he had read an 'Amercan,' which is the title of a prince of Persia, and you may easily imagine how much more gratified I am to entertain an American than a Persian prince."

Her presence is commanding, perhaps five feet ten inches in height, but slightly stooping with debility, being recently arisen from a sick bed; her eyes piercing; features prominent.

She dresses in a loose robe of fine worsted, with silk tassels pendant in perpendicular rows on either side in front; she wears the yellow Turkish slipper, and an enormous cachemere shawl, twisted into a turban, almost buries her head. Her costume, she says, is of no country; to use her own words, "mia fantasia." She has no weapons visible.

"Now," says she, "make yourself comfortable on that divan," pointing to that opposite her own; "put yourself in your easiest position; if you prefer it, sit like the Turks, or, if you like it better, lay yourself at full length, and put ceremony aside." We were scarcely seated, having chosen a Turkish position as best suited to my costume, when a little black girl brought in coffee, and anon, at two several journeys, two long cherry-stick pipes. Lady Hester sipped water instead of coffee, but smoked immoderately. This little girl is the only female of her

household; she brought out with her "une demoiselle de société," who returned home a few years afterwards. The usual preambles to conversation disposed of, she began to speak freely of her household; she "had a Turkish dragoman to attend to her Turkified guests, and a Frank to take care of her Frankified visitors." She passed to the English nation, whom she belabored most mercilessly, and finally launched into astrology. She professes to tell by the features of any person she sees, his whole history and destiny. She identifies his star; she expressed herself well pleased with mine; it is not a "proof print," but modified "by another near it." Though earnestly pressed, she would not designate the constellation, while she volunteered to say that such an one's star was in Leo, where, by-the-bye, she put her own.

About nine o'clock a servant announced dinner, waiting my cue. She said she had been very sorry to think that dinner was just over as my servant arrived, and made an apology for the Arab cookery. She is never seen to eat, and pretends that she has no occasion—possibly to foster the belief in her supernatural powers.

A table was set out in Frank fashion in the arbor in front of my room. Two wax candles disclosed to the savage appetite of a traveller four dishes of meats and two kinds of home-made wine. Everything had an air of elegant appropriate taste, that nameless stamp of comfortable, sensible England. Four servants anticipated my wants with a tact and unobtrusiveness, proving a rare discipline. Peach pies and cream succeeded meats, and gave place just at the proper moment, without the trouble of a wish, to pipes and coffee. Watching his opportunity, as the first smokeless whiff gave evidence that the pipe was *functus officio*, an upper servant said, that if fatigued, I might as well lie down; if not, *mi ladi* wished to see me. He took from the table one of the candlesticks, and conducted me again to my mysterious friend. She likes Americans because her grandfather loved them; she had heard him declare that had he been ten years younger he would have emigrated there, he was so disgusted with the vices of his country. She spoke much of her grandfather; had heard her grand-

mother say, that no one dared to look him in the face when he was angry. But she loved Americans for another reason; they were "to cut a great figure in the Millennium, which will commence in three months. At that time will appear on the earth the great good man and the great bad man; the last is now well known to the world. She knows the very spot where the great good man will first be seen; it is in Syria; his advent will be the signal of wars and rumors of wars. She knows the names of the horses and swords which will figure in the fight; one of the swords is called Ham, which has never been drawn but once. The good of the earth are to flock to the standard of the good man; the bad will gather their forces to his antagonist. A grand battle is to be fought in Syria, and five-sevenths of the population of the globe will die of the sword, pestilence, or famine. New diseases of a frightful character will overrun the globe. After four years of bloodshed, the earth will be peace, the good man triumphant, and the Millennium commence."

When asked the name of the bad man, she assumed an oracular bearing, and took my honor not to divulge the name; but the prophecy having failed it may be no breach of faith to say that it was Père Enfantin, chief of the Saint Simonians, who, with the remnant of his little band professing their faith to their fatherland, escaping from *liberal* France, and fearing *Christian* Europe! ("tell it not in Gath") found liberty of conscience with the sinned-against Ottoman.

It is the belief of this sect that La Bonne Mère will shortly appear to rule over them. They sent her a deputation from Egypt inviting her to be La Bonne Mère, which she attributes to a belief that she is rich.

"The good man has already been heard of: he was to travel blindfold, led by an angel, for three hundred days; he then finds two women, one of whom is to be very beautiful but deceitful, the other not so brilliant but good; after much doubt he will choose the latter. He will have several ministers—one from America."

When told of a certain Mr. Furman who thought the garden of Eden was in America, and had gone in search of it west of the Mississippi, confident of living for ever if successful, she replied

that she "well knew where the garden of Eden is; it is not in America, but it is very probable that this man will be the American minister. Seven countries of Europe will supply ministers. When the war shall commence half of America will be emptied; persons of wealth, enterprise, and merit, will flock to Syria. Now take my advice: Syria is in a troubled state; you cannot travel in it with satisfaction. Go to Greece, and return to me in three months; I will gradually initiate you in certain mysteries and secrets; you will find events then commencing at which the world will be astonished." But divers engagements conflicting with that arrangement, she was satisfied with the promise that she should see me with the American host which will come out in the Millennium.

She spoke in raptures of Colonel Dekay: "that is the kind of man I like, he came from Constantinople to Beyrout, in a cutter only a few yards long, on purpose to see me." She believes in the Bible only as a book of history; it corroborates other books in her possession; she has manuscripts of which there are no copies extant taken by her from the centre of solid masonry, where they have been buried for ages, disclosed only to her supernatural sight.

"Christianity," she added, "is the shallowest of all religions. In Judaism there is something, and more than men wot of. The morality of the Bible was made for milk-sops." She pitied the delusion of those who did not consider revenge a virtue; would not admit that Christianity had promoted civilisation.

Of Wolfe, the Jewish missionary, she spoke with great bitterness; impatient of my praises of Lady Georgiana, she answered, with ineffable sarcasm, "a woman with one eye whom her family were glad to get rid of at any hazard." Her knowledge, she says, is wonderful; she knows the place of deposit of charmed money. "Napoleon discovered it, but was immediately palsied when he touched it. Some are so beset with flies and vermin of all kinds that glad they are to abandon it and escape. The lost ten tribes of Israel are at this moment charmed in Egypt. Mehemet Ali has battered the iron gates which confine them with thirty-six cannon, but can make no impression; they are to appear on the arrival of the great good man."

When asked what was her religion,

she held up her crutch-cane by way of diagram; "every star has its good angel and its bad angel, or inferior one (laying her finger on the handle), and its demon; next in order comes the human being, and," running down her finger on the cane, "its plant, its medicine, its metal, and so on to insignificance. All this chain has a mysterious connection; the poison therein cannot hurt the man; the medicine can heal any disease or wound instantaneously of or to its associate link; the most ferocious beast of this holy alliance will fawn upon the man—the plant is his most nutritious food; but the star is the head and superior. The first study of every man should be to find out his star and chain of existence to avail himself of their aid; (after reading my destiny, she concluded), any agricultural enterprise you may embark in will succeed to a miracle, and that, although too mild to be first in the new empire, we shall greatly need such as you to temper our designs."

She has discovered the "grand arcana;" "there are two kinds known: one like that of Djeddar Pacha, who has been seen to sprinkle a powder, something like tobacco, over bars of iron, and, presto, they were gold. I have used a kind of oil, have tried its virtues, but will not practise it from conscientious scruples." Allegiance to her creed and sovereignty were in vain tendered as the price of a successful experiment.

At one o'clock, a servant brought a candle to light me to my apartment. "To-morrow I will send a man with you to point out the fine sights in the neighborhood;" she would not listen to my plea of honorary obligation to join company with a friend who was now being victimized, hard by, awaiting my appointment. Who was this friend? An Englishman—a serious objection. What is he? An artist—worse still. Is that the only obstacle? None other. Then he shall be sent for.

Eleven o'clock, and Antonio, next morning, surprised me in bed, and very reluctant to leave it; but fortified by a princely breakfast at noon, and a few contemplative pipes, with a bright sun, a fresh breeze, and the promised cicerone, we went in quest of Bartlett, whom we soon spied with his correct and rapid eye, transferring the rugged but brilliant mountains to his portfolio;

he had fared hard, reluctantly admitted to a wretched hovel, and, with more appetite than supper, had passed a night of watchfulness and suffering. Much piqued on learning the anti-Anglican sentiment which pervaded her ladyship's establishment, he flatly refused to enter her gates; but when I hinted at the peach pies and cream, the spirit of forgiveness beamed in the famished visage of the artist; in emphatic silence we followed our guide to the rarest specimen of bow and arrow castellation that this or any country can boast of—a strong-hold of the Druses, of massive construction, perched upon and covering the entire area of a lofty natural rock, some sixty feet square, inaccessible except by a narrow concealed flight of steps. Its basaltic character suggests the idea of nature imitating art. The castle is in perfect preservation, appointed with all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war, with its donjon, keep, turrets, secret passages, and forming withal the crown of an amphitheatre. The landscape was animated by a mountain torrent, which rushed by us bounding and sporting like a thing of life.

Taking a circuit we called at a Convent of the Greek Church. Il Padre Presidente refreshed us with pipes, coffee and sherbet; lauded Miladi to the seventh heaven, and, with the bearing of a courtier, charged us with his compliments. Four o'clock brought us to Lady Hester's. A servant said she wished to see me alone. After an hour's animated chat, she enjoined me to exact a solemn promise from my friend that he would not draw any horse he might see in her enclosure, or make a scaramouch of her, for if her friends saw her as she was, they would cry.

Asking after her wonderful horse, which report states to have a natural saddle, she said he was destined to perform an extraordinary part. Have you never heard, she inquired, that the Messiah is to come on a white horse? She afterwards said the animal was a mare, and had double back bones, giving the idea of a saddle; she was not white. But without satisfying my curiosity, she directed me to call my friend, that we might see her garden before it was dark. When Bartlett was come, she drew on her gloves, took her cane, and with feeble steps moved towards a door which had es-

caped my observation, and requested me to open it. Had we been suddenly transported by the magic carpet to fairy ground, our delight could scarcely have been exceeded, such a contrast did it afford to the flinty sides of the mountain, crested by her little colony. We found ourselves in a garden of great comparative extent, and artistically planned; formed of mould brought from a distance at great labor and expense. The designs were all her own. She stopped at a tent which she advised Bartlett to sketch; it was trellis-work covered with odoriferous flowers, and within a luxurious divan. She now led us through a long rustic arbor to a stately summer-house which she dwelt on with evident pride; the vistas, terraces and fountains, all were tasteful and original. From the garden she pointed out the tour she wished us to take on the morrow, offering the unqualified freedom of her house "to go and come, or make our home at, and no botheration if we wished to be private."

She asked who had been my travelling companions. The name of a distinguished Scotch family was mentioned.—She interrupted with warmth, "I'll warrant he is the flower of the flock."

Travellers seldom see her by daylight. She usually sits with her visitors from six in the evening till two in the morning.

This evening we were as thick as pickpockets. She gave reminiscences of her early history, savoring somewhat of the marvellous:

"She was born to be a warrior. She had always detested England, and was determined to leave it at eight years of age. About that time was her first attempt to run away. She got on board a boat, which, when her parents got wind of, was pursued by fifty others; when overtaken, she jumped into the water and was taken out by two oars crossed catching her neck like a pair of scissors. A short time afterwards she climbed up into an old tower, where her only amusement was a number of little pewter soldiers, whom she carried through evolutions. Hunger obliged her to descend after two days."

As a narrator she is inimitable, and always her own heroine:

"A captain of a man-of-war had per-

formed some meritorious exploit, and when asked what reward he wished, his only demand was that Mr. Pitt should dine on board of his vessel. All things were arranged, but the King sent for Mr. Pitt at the very moment he was going to dine; my uncle asked me to represent him. Thus it was that I got into such company, for except the lords and ladies I contrived to take with me, all present were cits. Before eating they appeared very sensible men, but when that operation commenced, the exhibition was so novel that I did not eat myself from amazement. One man near me eat a quantity of turtle soup, which would have sufficed for a dinner for four men. He unbuttoned his coat, then his waistcoat; he had two spoons, which he kept going with the exactness and rapidity of machinery. Then came venison. An account of what he eat would be perfectly incredible. Under the table he had two bottles of wine all to himself; he would lean down, put his mouth to the bottle, and guzzle for a minute at a time. He never looked off his plate, or spoke a word, or drank wine with anybody."

She gave ludicrous imitations with the vivacity of a girl. While sitting there was no appearance of debility.

She loved to ring the changes on her grandfather as the champion of America. She had no patience with Canning,—he was artificial, deceitful and selfish; when out of office abusing those to Mr. Pitt with whom he agreed wonderfully when he came into the cabinet. Her father used to say that she thought more in five minutes than the rest of the world in five years. He had a library of fifty thousand volumes, which he locked up, saying that history was all trash and nonsense. "Now take, if you please, the history of Alexander. They say he was the son of Philip, when in fact he was the son of a priest of the temple of Jupiter. All his battles are fictions; a necessary consequence of his biographers being his own retainers and parasites. I am acquainted with history from a much better source."

She never reads now, and seldom writes; her sight has suffered from illness. She stated her age at fifty-five; perhaps my looks seemed to say, more or less, for she attempted to prove she was no older, by appealing to historical facts.

She had the plague for thirty-two days. She described her sufferings by

supposing a hook drawn up and down one's entrails. Very recently she had a fever, and lay for some days apparently dead. Her little black girl was the only one who had the courage to approach her; she opened her mistress's eyes with her fingers, and discovered life remaining. When recovered, she found that her domestics had made division of all her furniture, and carried a portion of it away. Of twenty pairs of sheets, only one and a half remained.

It seems the holy brotherhood of bedlamites beset her from every quarter, by visits or letters, and some, too, who have method in their madness. A certain French astrologer is now an idle dependant at her winter residence, near Sidon. He proves from prophecy that he is to marry her; here, says he, is the very name in the Bible. They frequently quarrel about future events. There was another man came to see her; he could not be persuaded that he had not known and been attached to her all his life. Her servants repelling him by force, he took horse, put him to the run, and did not draw bridle for eighteen hours. She did not seem to relish our incredulity of this equestrian feat.

Another man thought himself the Messiah, but after much study became convinced, and very happy was he to have even that station, that he was only to be a second or one of the chief ministers of the Messiah.

She professed to tell my character. "You are ambitious." True, was the reply; it was a weakness of youth that would yield to a few autumns. "Why should you subdue it?—did God give it to you to subdue? No; but for some great purpose. The blood of the Koreish cannot be controlled." This alluded to her conviction that the Scotch and Koreish, the family of Mahomet, were of the same lineage, the details of which she promised on condition of my return from Greece, she would dictate, and permit me to publish it. She had previously been told of my Scottish original. "Do you tell me that by way of information; I knew it the moment I saw you, your oval cheek and high instep, are sure marks of the — family. You have a warm temper," she continued. To a fault, was the answer. "No, there is not a particle of badness in your temper; it is just as warm as it ought to be,—

you cannot deceive me, I knew your disposition the moment I heard your voice."

Several parts of her wall and many of her buildings are in a tumble-down condition, said to be partly the effects of slight earthquakes; but the whole forms a picturesque *coup-d'œil*, animated by jovial parties of Albanians, in their snowy camese and silver mounted arms, either caroling their native airs through the neighboring woods, or seated at cards, or puffing the chibouck as if grouped by the hand of an artist.

Lady Hester had received all the Albanians who chose to seek her protection at the reduction of St. Jean d'Acre by Ibrahim Pacha. She merely supplied their wants, and frequently balanced the expediency of sending them home by ship from Beyroot, but they were happy to remain, and she to maintain them in silent treaty of mutual protection. Truly their lines had fallen to them in pleasant places, if we compare them with their filth-covered brethren at home.

She repudiates, however, the idea of personal insecurity. She had passed the desert to Palmyra, mounted and armed as a warrior; the sons of Ishmael, so fatal to the traveller, gave her their unasked escort and hailed her Queen of Palmyra.

Except the merchants of Beyroot, who have bought her protested drafts, all love her, Druses and Franks, Arabs and Maronites; even the cruelty and insolence of Ibrahim Pacha, though she bids him defiance by giving shelter to his enemies, has never dared to invade the sanctity which oriental superstition attaches to an unsettled brain, or to question the impunity which Syrian usage accords to a female.

She resorted to every art to induce us to stay; she had her horse to show us, on condition we stayed one day longer, but our party had been doing penance some days at Beyroot.

Adieus exchanged—with allusion to the grand gathering. We found Antonio gloating over the bottles of wine, cheese and choice fruits with which her servants were storing our baggage-mule; with the resolution of martyrs, they rejected our proffered piastres, but with a casuistry not peculiar to Syria, each one unseen by his fellows, suffered 'quelque compliments' to be slid into his pockets with ill-disguised satisfaction.

THE ISSUE AT STAKE.

THERE is at least one satisfaction in the present position of our national politics, for which, in its contrast with the state of things existing at the time of the last great contest of parties, we are duly grateful, whatever may be the result yet veiled within the bosom of the future. We refer to the *distinctness* of the general issue on which we are about to go to trial—to go before “the country,” in the good old phrase of the institution of the Jury. We have at least that light of open day for which the Grecian hero prayed. We have a fair field, and we ask no favor. All that we have to do, and do it we will, is our duty there; nor fear to trust the event to that higher and better wisdom than human forethought, of whose purposes all of us, with all our infinite variety of purposes and points of departure, are but the unconscious instruments. “*Fais ce que dois, advienne que pourra!*” is the noble motto of a noble house, which be it also ours to adopt and obey; and whether we return with our shields or upon them, from the great battle of the day whose dawn now illumines the plain, let us at least secure the consolation of the French King at Pavia, and preserve our honor, even if nothing else.

Away with all simulations or dissimulations in this matter! With full due respect for the prudential counsels of those friends who have deemed the tone of our last article, on “the Baltimore Convention,” unwisely discouraging to our friends and cheering to our foes, we shall still speak out to both, with small care for small consequences, the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—or at least what we honestly believe to be such. If we think that we—that is, our Party and our Principles—are in a position of very momentous peril, we shall still beg, or rather take leave, to say so; and to say so in such frank fashion of phrase as shall seem most direct and effective for the object we have in view, namely to dispel the danger by disclosing it,—in the Irish baronet’s

style, to get out of its way by meeting it straight in the face.

There is indeed no doubt that the Democratic Cause is in this position. All the further developments of evidence since those on which we before urged the point combine to confirm it. *Great* efforts—perhaps *great* sacrifices—are necessary for its safety; and as it is for so *great* an object, surely there can none be found among us so unworthy of all their professions of principle as to be unwilling to make them—even though some of those necessary sacrifices should prove to be of *great* men,—of them perchance, and perchance by them. The Whigs are in admirable condition for the coming engagement—in strong force, strongly organized—eager in hope, bold in confidence, zealous in enthusiasm—abounding in all the ways and means of preparation, and harmonized to the most efficient degree of combined and concentrated unity of action. This time four years ago we despised them as an enemy; it is now not to be dissembled that they are very seriously to be dreaded. To be dreaded, indeed—no one will suppose us to mean with any of that unmanly fear which shrinks from the shock of conflict, or is either paralyzed into inactivity or agitated into confusion—but with that intelligent and courageous appreciation of the whole impartial truth, which not under-rates danger, but examines it coolly and closely, to derive from it only redoubled incentive to that energy in exertion, and that wise skill in preparation, indispensable to triumph over it.

For ourselves, on the other hand, it is not to be denied that we are this fall in a moral condition, as a party, entirely unfit for the formidable encounter now so nigh at hand. We are, comparatively, as the crew of the Chesapeake when she went into her ill-starred action with the Shannon—let us not disregard the warning of the example. The fatal influence of the dissensions now distracting us—dissensions about men and not about measures, about

persons and not about principles—is written in characters unequivocal enough on the records of too many of the elections of the season. If these are not harmonized, and that thoroughly and soon—we may as well spare ourselves from the outset that fruitless struggle which will not have even hope to cheer it, and resign ourselves at once to that inevitable cup, of the mortification and grief of defeat, in whose bitter draught the worst ingredient will be the thought that it is by our own hands alone that it was drugged.

But our pen has led us somewhat aside from the line of thought we had designed to pursue in this Article. What it has written shall however stand, though we have to recall it from its wandering, to return to the point from which it started—which was the expression of a sincere satisfaction at the broad and open *distinctness* of the general issue about to be joined between the two great parties of the country. The false issues, the sectional duplicities of profession, the temporary excitements and delusions, which gave at once its character and direction to the election of 1840, no longer now mantle the country as in one vast cloud of mystification and midnight blindness. The Proteus who then could alternate with such bewildering variety through his countless resources of metamorphosis, stands up now confessed before our eyes in his own natural nakedness of form,—and when once reduced at last to that point, if we are but true to ourselves, like the divinely taught shepherd boy of Tempe, we can have no difficulty in subduing him to our will. The cry of “CHANGE,” which did the best, or rather the worst, part of the work of 1840, can no more be raised—that magic horn has lost its power to set all who hear it awirl in enchanted dance. If the people were tired of hearing Aristides always called “the Just,” that passing impatience has fully exhausted itself, and they are ready enough to recall him with acclamation from his ostracism—provided he does not himself refuse to return. If they were tired of the long protracted ascendancy of a party, even though it were their own—and were willing to indulge that deep-seated instinct of human nature which is ever eager for variety, by making experiment, for at least a single term, whether there was

really any relief to be found, in all the tempting promises and professions of the Whigs, from the maddening agonies resulting from a great national disease for which party was not responsible—the trial has been made; and unless the Democratic party now justly forfeit, by their own misconduct, their own selfish and unpatriotic animosities, the old confidence to which the popular heart has reverted with renewed attachment, it will be long before they will be very anxious to make it again. If the Whigs could denounce the imputed greed of Democratic office-holders, and claim for themselves on that score a virtuous disinterestedness of patriotism which could not be disproved, however disbelieved, they can do so no longer, while the memory is yet unforbidden of those days when the earth fairly shook beneath the worn pavements of Pennsylvania Avenue, as the hungry legions of office-seekers shuffled along between the two white houses, to and fro—when they swarmed throughout Washington, not less numerous and more voracious than the locusts which were the last and worst plague of the land of Egypt—when the overtaken horses scarcely staggered on beneath the burthen of the mail-bags bursting with letters of application and entreaty—and when the still more overtaken old man whom in an evil hour for himself they had succeeded in making a President of, was driven at last into the only asylum safe from the unsparing persecution. This prejudice at least against the party to which time had before seemed to have given almost a life monopoly of public office, was exploded within the first thirty days of the reformed régime; and not a few Whigs, at the spectacle then exhibited by their own party, already then expressed the disgust of which it was less graceful for us, the defeated, to be the interpreters. If they could denounce the Debt forced upon the Administration by causes no fault of its own, its huge progressive augmentation on their own hands turns all these weapons back against their own breasts. The whoop and the war rife are now silent through the everglades, and that wildest of “Wild Cats” is now comfortably domesticated beyond the Father of Waters. The once terrible Standing Army has vanished like the ghostly legions which are said still on dark nights to muster on the Champ de

Mars, to pass in review before the shadow of a little man in a grey surtout and three-cornered hat. The great Gold Spoon has been melted down, and is supposed to be flowing up the Mississippi. The Bankrupts, honest and dishonest, have been "relieved," and the moment the whole immorality of the act had been consummated in its *retrospective* application, the benefit which would have attended its prospective action was hastily shut off. And the fallacy has been fully proved, of all the expectations of a possible reconstruction of the ruin of the old Credit System, which was to be wrought in some inexplicable way by the proposed change of administration. Mr. Webster himself has set down a national bank as an "obsolete idea;" and even at the time when its adoption was urged on the Vice President, who signed all the other bills of his party, and who at first quarrelled with them only on trifling points of detail in this measure, it was very generally conceded that it would not have been possible to get its stock subscribed, so as to carry it into execution.

The issue between the two parties is now, therefore, cleared of all the entanglements and perplexities in which it was involved by these and various other questions which were complicated into it the last time. This election is to be, more than any which the country has witnessed for a long period, one of general principle. The State-Rights and the Federal parties—the two opposite schools of limited and latitudinarian construction—are now to meet in a more simple and direct antagonism than perhaps ever before since 1800. Of the one, Mr. Clay is as complete a representative as could be desired; the other finds its expression satisfactorily in either of the prominent candidates for the Democratic nomination. The country is in a condition of calm, suitable to an intelligent and reflecting choice between the two. If it should be in favor of Clay and all that is included in the name of Clayism, then can there be no pretension that it is not a deliberate and conclusive judgment, and that it does not go the full length of the formal adoption of a complete system of principles and corresponding measures—an allegation which could not be made with truth, though it was by Mr. Clay himself without a visible

blush, respecting the election of Harrison and Tyler, the one a Nondescript and the other a Nullifier. If it should be in favor of Clay, then was it all in vain that the struggles were made which expelled both the elder and the younger Adams from the direction of the government,—all in vain that by which General Jackson, in his re-election, was so gloriously sustained in the policy of which his great Internal Improvement and Bank vetoes were the chief measures. If it should be in favor of Clay, then will the perpetuation of the Constitution, and of the Union of which it is the expression, have received a deeper and a deadlier wound than has ever been dealt upon it before.

For it will be the formal, not to say, final, repudiation of the State-Rights Principle as the governing rule of interpretation for the Constitution. It will be to pronounce solemnly that whole policy at an end; to declare the country tired of it, and anxious to fall back into the old abandoned track of its opposite. It will be that which the triumph of the Whigs in 1840 was not, for they did not then dare to venture on such an issue, nor to avow Clay as the exponent of their principles and meditated measures.

The day of such an event would be, indeed, the darkest that has ever yet shrouded the country with mourning for public calamity—for it is the firmest conviction among all our political ideas, that the State-Rights Principle is the vital principle of the Constitution and of the Union, and injury to the one cannot fail speedily to sap the foundations of the very existence of the other.

Why, look only at the fact disclosed by the six decennial censuses that have taken place since the adoption of the Constitution—namely, the increase of our population at the rate of upward of 33 per cent. within every period of ten years. What is there to arrest or to retard this ratio? Nothing, so long as, not only within the borders of the older States are to be found large tracts of unoccupied land, but westward, southward, and northward, stretch such vast regions inviting the subjugation of the settler. The time is yet too far remote at which the crowding of population within territorial limits, accompanied by a Malthusian pressure of numbers upon the means of subsistence, can be felt among us, to check the rapi-

dity of this already gigantic growth; while in the small degree in which it may begin to operate in particularly thickly settled sections, it must be more than compensated by the increased relative productiveness, both of agriculture and all other branches of industry necessary to life—independent, too, of the beneficial influence of improved and improving hygiene, and general information on the laws of dietetics, on popular health. And if the increase from emigration may be, even while absolutely greater, yet relatively less, it would affect the ratio but in a very

trifling degree, even if not covered by the opposite influences of the other causes favorable to still greater rapidity. There is reason, therefore, to anticipate a future continued growth of our population at about the same ratio, whose law is to be inferred from the past. The following table, then, carried back to the beginning of this wonderful progression and forward through its coming century, will show the condition in which this country will, in all probability, be witnessed by many an eye that has already opened to the light within its borders:

1790	—	3,929,827		
1800	—	5,305,925	Ratio of Increase	.35.01
1810	—	7,239,814	“	“
1820	—	9,654,596	“	“
1830	—	12,866,020	“	“
1840	—	17,069,453	“	“
1850	about	22,000,000	assuming only	.30
1860	“	29,000,000	“	“
1870	“	37,500,000	“	“
1880	“	50,000,000	“	“
1890	“	65,000,000	“	“
1900	“	84,000,000	“	“
1910	“	109,000,000	“	“
1920	“	142,000,000	“	“
1930	“	184,000,000	“	“
1940	“	240,000,000	“	“

Who, we repeat, shall question the probability that the ratio of increase of our population will be, and must be, through an indefinite series of years, in the awful depths of which all imagination is bewildered and lost, that which we have assumed—a ratio less than has heretofore marked our progress? What assignable cause is there that can arrest it? With a boundless expanse of fertile territory, within that region of the earth's surface most favorable to human life and the healthful development of all its faculties—a climate which must ever increase in salubrity, from time to time, with the extension of cultivation—an intelligence and enterprise of national character which will not fail to improve to the utmost every natural resource and advantage—the gigantic steps which the science of the present age is daily taking in the development of all the arts of utility, by which the physical sustenance and enjoyment of life can be facilitated and enhanced—the exemption from all possible danger of war, and from the heavy superincumbent pressure of accumulated misgovernment by which the nations of Europe

have heretofore been depressed, and stunted even in the natural growth which their physical circumstances and national characters might otherwise have permitted—the perfect freedom, alike of the moral and the animal man, to grow to the full stature and capacity of his nature, with “ample room and verge enough” to spread freely in every direction—in such a state of things, what assignable cause is there, we repeat, that can arrest the progressive increase of our population at a similar rate to that which the past half century has witnessed?

It is in this anticipation that we find the chief reason for the deep, the intense solicitude, which every friend of American liberty and union ought to feel for the broad and strong establishment of sound principles, as the basis of that grand structure of political and civil society which we thus see rising upward toward the heavens before our eyes—such principles as will be adequate to sustain so colossal a fabric. It is for this that the patriot would struggle to reform every vicious institution, the operation of which is found, or is calculated, to exert a de-

moralizing influence on national character. For this, that he would lament to see the baleful poison of that universal passion for wealth so often ascribed to us, sapping and corrupting the roots of all that is truly good and great, accompanied with that spirit of dishonest gambling at the grand national gambling-table of "the credit system," which we call by the more specious name of "speculation." For this, that he would frown sternly upon every attempt to sow discord and jealousy between different sections of the country; and would anxiously cultivate those feelings of harmony and brotherhood, which can only be maintained between great confederated communities, by the peaceful pursuit by each of its own industry and its own interests, without encroachment on those of another by the advantages of partial federal legislation, and without an offensive interference with each other's domestic concerns and institutions. And for this, that, in the working of our complex political machine, he would be anxious to restrain, as much as possible, the central action of the Federal Government, and carry out to the fullest extent that diffusion of power, at the greatest distance possible from the centre, on which the preservation of the Union wholly depends.

If we should be asked if we believe it possible that this Union can hold together a hundred years hence with a population of *two hundred and forty millions*, or even fifty years hence, with one of *sixty-five millions*, spreading from Atlantic to Pacific, and northward and southward, as their free natural growth should extend—we answer, *yes*, provided the theory of the State-Rights doctrine be but fully and fairly carried out into practice. But, administered on any other principles—on such principles as have, for the most part, heretofore governed its action—we must unhesitatingly answer, *no*. Too strong an action has been propelled outward from the centre, to afford a possibility of its working successfully on a scale so vastly enlarged. Thus continued, it must infallibly dislocate and dis sever the system, so soon as the distances and the masses increase to proportions considerably beyond their present dimensions. Such collisions of interest between great sections of country, as we have seen to grow out of the vicious

federal legislation of former, and, indeed of our own times, on Tariffs, National Banks, &c., would inevitably break up the Union, so soon as the weight and momentum of its parts receive a considerable increase by the progress of population and power. The central superincumbent pressure of the Federal Government must never be felt as a heavy burthen, or even as a very sensible weight,—else it will unquestionably be cast off by the section oppressed. It must possess and exercise only vital energy sufficient to hold together the cohesion of the parts, by subserving the few simple concerns felt and confessed by all to be of common usefulness and necessity. If it shall attempt to legislate upon, and for *special interests*, however large and powerful they may be, it must inevitably go to pieces; and if that political school whose theories and tendencies are avowedly in this direction, as contradistinguished from that whose negative constitutional abstractions they are so wont to ridicule, should be carried into power, as it would be in the person of Mr. Clay, we repeat that it must prove a deep, if not a deadly, blow to the perpetuity of the Union. Indeed, so far do we consider it from being safe to admit that party into power, with all their latitudinarianism of construction and proneness to overworking the conceded powers of the constitution, we rather incline to the belief that it will ere long, be necessary still further to contract the powers and sphere of action of the Federal Government, even below the point to which the worst of us fanatics for State-Rights now strive to confine them.

The above is the point of view in which we look upon the approaching election with the highest interest. It will not, perhaps, be appreciated with the same earnestness of feeling by all of our readers—those who are less disposed to dwell on the slow and insensible operation of abstract principles; than on the more speedy and visible action of specific measures. To the consideration of the latter—to that of all, indeed—it will be sufficient for us to suggest, rather as a topic for their own reflection than one which we have either time or space to develop in the present Article, what must be the pernicious, the fatal influence of the event we are here anxious to deprecate, upon

the peace and prosperity of the country, through the *Currency*, and the whole vast extent of concerns dependent upon the currency. Mr. Clay is the head of the national bank party, the paper-money party, the credit-system party, and his election must mean, if it mean anything, national bank, paper-money, credit-system. For God's sake, tell us—is that old agony to be agonized through again? Is the *business* of the country,—is all the infinite variety of interests, moral as well as material, of which that word is the expression—never to be allowed to repose from the perpetual agitations of politics?—never to be allowed that tranquil stability which is its first and last necessary of existence? This, as all know, has been the one main subject of controversy between the two parties during the past three Presidential terms. The Democratic policy has, throughout, been hostile to federal interference with the paper-currency and commerce of the country. In General Jackson's time it made the one step of the refusal to re-charter a national bank, as a federal controlling leader and head of those which the States, in their own bad policy, saw fit to create. In Mr. Van Buren's, it made the further step of the total disconnection of the federal government from all the banks, from the whole paper-money system. Whatever other differences of opinion might exist as to the merits of the Independent Treasury, there could be none that, in this point of view at least, it met one of the most important of the exigencies of the country. It placed its commerce, credit, industry, all that constitutes its "business," at a safe distance beyond the reach of those political disturbances which had heretofore so often distressed and distracted them. This was in itself, as not even the angriest Whig could deny, an immense good, even while he might be most bitterly charging against it other evils—or rather the negation of other benefits, which he erroneously considered it within the province and power of the Federal Government to render to these great national interests. And is this salutary policy to be now all undone? Is another national bank to plunge the country into another long convulsion of party struggle, on the one side for its repeal, and on the other for its retention? Is the currency to be

again and for ever tossed to and fro, now high in the air, and now dragged deep in the mire, as a foot-ball for the kicks of parties? The present state of things is a sort of interregnum, an imperfect kind of approach to a practical sub-treasury without the specie clause, existing, in the absence of other legislation on the subject, under the old laws respecting the organization of the Treasury Department. But it is one which does not even pretend to permanency, and which must, on the decision of the issue now pending between the two parties, give place to the one or the other of the two opposite policies in regard to the currency above alluded to. Can it be possible that any rational man, after all the light shed on this subject by the events of recent years, can hesitate in his choice? Can it be possible that the accession of the national bank party to power can be regarded, by any mind not wholly phrenzied by partisan passion, in any other light than as the worst calamity that could befall the country?

To avert such a calamity, what ought not to be done—what shall not be done, if necessary—by the Democratic party, in whose hands the destinies of the country now lie, if they are but true to themselves and their noble and sacred cause? Is its risk to be hazarded—say, rather, is its certainty to be incurred—for the gratification of any partial interests, favorite ambitions, or sectional jealousies? Are we to throw away such an election as this is to be, by continued indulgence in these fatal dissensions which time but aggravates, and by which we are already thus distracted and weakened? Perish rather, we say—and every true Democrat will echo the sentiment—perish rather all of these our most cherished great men, for whom we seem thus about to sacrifice all our most cherished great principles! If the friends of Van Buren and Calhoun cannot or will not unite upon either of the two to the exclusion of the other, with that cordial sincerity of zeal which it has become evident is indispensable to success, the party and the country must not be sacrificed to such rivalries, nor to any of the punctilios of personal pride which might prompt either to object to the secondary position on that splendid ticket which should contain the names of *both*.

MONTHLY FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL ARTICLE.

THE general state of commercial affairs remains nearly as represented at the date of our last. For the past year the whole country has made great progress towards emancipating itself from the thralldom of the paper system, and a large amount of sound and healthy business has been done during the past two months. We have now opened upon a new commercial year, as divided by the receipts of those large crops of produce which form the great basis of the business of the United States. The business of the past year has been done mostly for cash, and its results will compare favorably with those of any of the past twenty years of paper ascendancy. The business now doing is not, as the party papers represent it, owing to the influence of a tariff imposed expressly to injure the commerce of the country, by preventing imports. It is the natural result of a specie movement, and a disentanglement of the real wealth of the country from the paper promises of speculators, and was pointed out in our article of September, 1842. We then, after noticing the fact that bank credits had ceased to be the medium of business at New Orleans, the great head of the produce market, and that specie was there demanded, instead of bank promises for produce, remarked as follows :

“ This was the immediate cause of a demand upon the banks here for specie for that quarter, and a most welcome demand it is. It is obtained from the banks only on *bonâ fide* business paper; and being invested in produce for export, becomes the basis of new foreign bills of exchange, which are the instruments used by the banks to supply themselves with the precious metals from abroad.”

This operation commenced, it will be observed, before the present tariff took effect. The result was that \$10,500,000 of specie arrived at New Orleans, within a year from the date of that article, near \$7,000,000 arrived at Boston, and about \$5,000,000 more at this port from Europe, within the same period, and the specie in the Banks of this city has risen from \$4,000,000 to \$13,000,000. This was the inevitable result of known causes then in operation, being the necessary supply by specie, of that

vacuum in the circulation, caused by the withdrawal of paper. This movement of specie, which, by giving an actual equivalent for the products of the farmer and planter, filled the country with currency, we distinctly pointed out as the commencement of that business, which has, during the past fall, made such advances in prosperity. The same process, nearly, has now again commenced. The purchases of goods by the South and West have been confined to the actual means of the people, and have been paid for in cash. Hence a new crop year has commenced without, as is usually the case at this season of the year, finding them in debt to the North and East. Already specie again begins to move south for the purchase of produce. A large amount will probably again seek that destination, which will be re-supplied to the Atlantic cities from abroad. The highest point in the foreign exchange market has been passed without producing an export of the precious metals, and the material for fresh imports is again on its way abroad. In all this movement of trade, indicating the sound basis on which financial affairs are now fixed, no demand has sprung up for bank facilities. This fact is curiously instructive, evincing as it does, that when trade is healthy it is done for cash, and the purchases of each class of citizens are with the proceeds of their own industry, and no one has a use for bank money, even when it can be obtained as now at 3½ per cent. per annum. On the other hand, the more business progresses on the present system, the more does capital accumulate in those institutions. Produce goes out of the country, and its proceeds are returned in cash to the seaboard, whence it very slowly distributes itself into all the channels of circulation, whither it is attracted by the low prices of produce. The monied institutions having in consequence found great difficulty in employing their funds, stock loans have continued to be almost their only resource in order to keep up their dividends. The effect of this direction of bank facilities has been to sustain a constant speculation in stocks. The general improvement in affairs, and the abun-

dance of money have operated to increase public confidence in the ultimate payment of all the state debts, and a gradual and firm rise in all stocks has been going on. The action of the banks in making loans upon stocks as security, to operators without means, has produced constant fluctuation, be-

cause speculators would buy freely, and cause an artificial rise, far above what the market would support. An attempt to realise, or a panic created by slight rumors, throws the prices down, yet prices at the end of every thirty days average higher than before. The rates are as follows :

	Rate.	Releasable.	Feb., 1843.	April, 1843.	June.	Oct.
United States,	5½	1844	96 a 97	— a —	101 a 102	101 a —
"	6	1844	97 a 99	— a —	102½ a 103½	102½ a 102½
"	6	1862	— a —	112 a 113	116 a 116½	114½ a 115½
"	5	1853	— a —	— a —	— a —	103 a 103½
New York,	7	1848-49	— a —	105 a 106	109½ a 110	107 a 106
"	6	1850-54-60	79 a 80	103 a 105	109 a 110	107 a 107½
"	6	1861-62-67	78 a 80	103 a 105	109½ a 110½	107 a 107½
"	5½	1860-61-65	71 a 73	97 a 98	103 a 105	102 a 102½
"	5	1845	80 a 87	97 a 98	99 a 99½	97 a 100
"	5	1846-7-8-9	80 a 87	— a —	99 a 99½	97 a 100
"	5	1850-1-7	80 a 87	— a —	99 a 99½	97 a 100
"	5	1855-58	68 a 72	93 a 94	100 a 100½	96 a 99
"	5	1859-60-61	68 a 72	94 a 95	98 a 99	96 a 99
"	4½	1849-52	53 a 56	87 a 88	91 a 92	91 a 93
Ohio,	6	1850	68 a 70	68 a 70	89½ a 92	94½ a 94½
"	6	1856-60	67 a 68	67 a 68	92 a 92½	95 a 95½
"	5	1850-56	— a —	54 a 55	80 a 85	82½ a 83
Kentucky,	6	—	67 a 68	89 a 89½	99½ a 100	97½ a 98
Illinois,	6	1870	18 a 19	23 a 23½	40 a 41	35½ a 36½
Indiana,	5	25 years..	19 a 20	25 a 26	40 a 40½	35 a 35½
Arkansas,	6	—	33 a 45	28½ a 30	35 a 40	36 a 45
Alabama,	6	—	— a —	50 a 60	80 a 85	60 a 67
"	5	—	50 a 55	— a —	60 a 65	58 a 60
Pennsylvania,	5	—	44 a 49	41 a 42	49 a 50	61 a 61½
Tennessee,	6	—	— a —	— a —	80 a 90	90 a 92
New York City,	7	1857	— a —	107 a 110	113 a 115	111 a 111½
"	7	1852	— a —	106 a 108	110 a 113	107 a 108
"	5	1850	72 a 76	94 a 95	99 a 100	99 a 99½
"	5	1858-70	77 a 78	94 a 95	99½ a 100	99½ a 100

In those stocks which pay dividends there is but little fluctuation. They advance steadily both here and in Lon-

don, where the quotations have been at different dates as follows :

PRICES OF AMERICAN STOCKS IN LONDON AT DIFFERENT PERIODS.

	Rate.	July, 1840.	April 4, 1843.	June 17, 1843.	Sept. 4.	Sept. 15.
Alabama,	5	dollar.	— a —	— a —	60 a 65	67 a 68
"	5	sterling	78 a 80	— a —	69 a 70	68 a 70
Illinois,	6	1860	75 a 77	21 a 22	27 a 28	28 a 30
Indiana,	5	1861	78 a 80	22 a 23	27 a 28	28 a 30
Louisiana, M.	6	1844	89 a 90	69 a 70	80 a 85	86 a 87
" Ill.	6	1844	88 a 89	59 a 60	60 a 68	74 a 75
Massachusetts,	5	sterling	101 a 102	90 a 91	90 a 94	96 a 97
Maryland,	5	—	89½ a 83½	46 a 47	49 a 50	49 a 50
Michigan,	5	—	— a —	— a —	24 a 25	20 a 25
N. York State,	5	—	87 a 87½	80 a 84	85 a 86	90 a 91
" City,	5	—	81 a 81½	80 a 83	85 a 86	89 a 90
Ohio,	6	—	90 a 91	60 a 67	79 a 80	79 a 80
Pennsylvania,	5	—	81 a 83	40 a 41	45 a 47	49 a 50
Kentucky,	6	—	85 a 87	80 a 81	85 a 87	— a —
Tennessee,	6	—	— a —	80 a 83	— a —	83 a 85

The first column gives the rates before the failure of the States; the others show the gradual improvement during the present year.

The exceeding abundance of money in London, the continued payment of the dividends on the stocks of the leading states and the high and sustained prices of all stocks here have improved the state of public confidence there in regard to the ultimate payment of the debts, and consequently induced some investments in American stocks. Hence

on both sides of the Atlantic there has been a regular advance in stock values, which in itself is a powerful element in bringing about a settlement of state indebtedness. The indebted states are for the most part agricultural in their interests, and the means at their disposal for the discharge of debts and the purchase of goods, grows out of the money values of their produce, which in a great measure depends upon the state of the foreign markets for their sale.

The prospect was never more favorable than now for a large profit upon the labors of the farmers. The currency of large districts of the interior has been reduced to a low specie level by the liquidation of the banks, causing an absolute want of currency before the vacant channels of circulation could be supplied with specie. Prices of labor and of all the elements which enter into the cost of production have thus been exceedingly low. On almost all the public works the tolls have been greatly reduced and the means of transportation facilitated. Hence the crops can be placed in the Atlantic markets at remunerating rates far below the cost of production in former years. This influence has been exerted upon the products of the whole country. While the combined operation of a dear currency and increased industry has immensely improved the sources of supplies, the field of European consumption of those raw products has been immensely extended by the operation of nearly similar causes. From 1838 down to the present year, the tendency of the curren-

cy of England has been to contract, and prices consequently to fall under the vigorous measures of the Bank of England to recover its bullion. In all that period, the movement over the whole commercial world has been to curtail engagements, to diminish consumption and to economise expenditures. The movement of the Bank of England has been once more successful. By crushing myriads of private fortunes in all parts of the world, the tide of coin was once more turned into her vaults, where it has accumulated to an unprecedented extent, and money since the opening of the present year has been exceedingly abundant. These elements assisted by a full crop of corn have reduced prices of food to exceedingly low rates. Hence low prices and abundance of money have brought about an extent of consumption of the raw material of manufactures never before equalled. The article of cotton is an instance of this, and that which most nearly affects American interests. The progress of this trade is evinced in the following table :

CROP OF COTTON IN THE UNITED STATES. NUMBER OF BALES CONSUMED. POUNDS OF AMERICAN COTTON IMPORTED INTO ENGLAND. YARDS OF COTTON CLOTH EXPORTED FROM ENGLAND TO THE UNITED STATES. TOTAL YARDS EXPORTED FROM GREAT BRITAIN. PRICES OF UPLAND COTTON AND OF COTTON TWIST ON THE 1ST JULY OF EACH YEAR.

Year.	U. S. Crops.	U. S. Consumption. Bales.	Cotton imported into England fm U. S. lbs.	Cotton goods exported from G. B. Yards.	Cotton exported to U. States. Yards.	Price Upland Cotton, July 19.	Price 40 s. Mule Twist.
1830-1	1,038,848	182,142	219,334,628	421,385,303	68,577,893		
1831-2	987,477	173,800	219,756,753	461,045,203	31,508,744		
1832-3	1,070,438	194,414	237,506,758	496,352,096	35,141,989		
1833-4	1,205,394	196,414	269,203,075	555,705,809	45,630,862	d.	d.
1834-5	1,254,328	216,888	284,455,812	557,515,701	74,069,925	10 ¹ / ₂	12 ¹ / ₂
1835-6	1,360,725	236,733	289,615,692	637,667,627	62,042,139	11 ¹ / ₂	11 ¹ / ₂
1836-7	1,422,930	229,540	320,651,716	531,373,663	17,481,855	11 ¹ / ₂	7 ¹ / ₂
1837-8	1,801,497	248,069	431,437,888	690,077,622	38,493,113	5 ¹ / ₂	7 ¹ / ₂
1838-9	1,360,532	276,016	311,597,798	731,450,120	37,236,052	7 ¹ / ₂	9 ¹ / ₂
1839-40	2,177,836	295,193	487,856,501	790,631,997	32,073,004	4 ¹ / ₂	6 ¹ / ₂
1840-1	1,634,945	297,288	358,240,964	751,125,624	12,120,320	5 ¹ / ₂	7 ¹ / ₂
1841-2	1,683,574	267,810	587,340,000	557,980,000	31,342,301	3 ¹ / ₂	6 ¹ / ₂
1842-3	2,378,875	325,129	305,105,736	398,613,000	5,516,174	3 ¹ / ₂	6 ¹ / ₂

The consumption of the raw material in the United States in 1831 to 1833, was about 20 per cent. of the whole crop. During the past year it has been 14 per cent. only; showing that the production of the raw material is rapidly outrunning the American powers of consumption, notwithstanding that the import of cotton cloth into the

United States from Great Britain has fallen from 68,000,000 yards to 10,000,000. In the same time the quantity exported from Great Britain has doubled to all parts of the world. The figures show that nearly all the cotton cloth consumed in the United States is manufactured here. The quantity imported from Great Britain has fallen

from 75,000,000 yards in 1835, to 12,-120,000 yards in 1841, during which years the compromise act was operating on its descending scale. In the same period the consumption of cotton in the United States increased 5 per cent., while the currency of the United States and England has been immensely contracted. This contraction of the currency operating with the immense increase in the supply of the raw material which depends entirely upon the immense population, capital and colonial markets of Great Britain for its consumption, produced that extensive and gradual decline in the prices of upland cottons and mule twists indicated in the table. The result is that the prices were lower July 1st, 1843, in Liverpool, both of the raw material and twists, than ever before. The corresponding low prices

of the manufactured cloths have been the basis of the immense export, which has been larger in the first six months of 1843, than ever before. At this juncture a good harvest has been got in, insuring a continuance of low prices for food, which must greatly enhance the British consumption of goods, rendered more active by the abundance of money stimulating the manufactures. These features in the cotton trade are very marked, but they apply in a greater or less degree to tobacco, rice, and those provisions, such as beef, pork, lard, butter, cheese, &c., on which the duty last year was greatly reduced.

The following table will show the comparative prices of grain and provisions in Liverpool on the 8th of September of each of the last thirteen years :

Sept. 8.	Butter. Cwt.				Bacon. Cwt.				Dried Hams. Cwt.				Mess Pork, per brl.				Red Wheat. Cwt.			
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
1831	84	0	86	6	42	0	48	0	50	0	56	0	52	0	58	0	9	0	11	6
1832	79	0	80	0	44	0	45	0	60	0	62	6	57	6	65	0	9	3	9	6
1833	74	0	78	0	34	0	38	0	48	0	54	0	53	0	55	0	8	6	10	0
1834	73	0	76	0	28	0	34	0	42	0	46	0	44	0	46	0	6	0	7	6
1835	72	0	76	0	30	0	35	0	48	0	50	0	51	0	52	0	5	9	7	6
1836	100	0	104	0	44	0	48	0	50	0	54	0	60	0	63	0	10	6	11	8
1837	92	0	95	0	56	0	60	0	58	0	64	0	66	0	68	0	8	0	9	6
1838	91	0	94	0	47	0	49	0	58	0	65	0	63	0	67	0	15	6	11	6
1839	87	0	92	0	44	0	54	0	56	0	65	0	67	0	70	0	14	6	26	0
1840	90	0	94	0	50	0	54	0	56	0	64	0	65	0	70	0	9	9	12	6
1841	91	0	92	0	51	0	56	0	60	0	64	0	70	0	74	0	14	0	15	0
1842	74	0	76	0	42	0	45	0	56	0	60	0	45	0	50	0	7	6	9	6
1843	68	0	70	0	35	0	38	0	56	0	60	0	45	0	52	0	8	9	9	9

Nearly every article on this list it will be observed is now lower than it has been since 1837, during which period a rigid contraction of the British currency has been going on. That operation has ceased, and with a modified duty the expansive process has again commenced there, without being answered by any corresponding inflation here. The banking system here is by far too much crippled to allow of any fictitious rise in prices. Hence our abundant crops, governed by specie prices at home, will have the whole benefit of the anticipated rise in England, and a large market be thrown open. A steady specie currency is for the United States the great and real protection to all classes. When prices are low here and high in Europe, our produce goes freely forth, and the returns are only of those articles, which being scarce and wanted here command relatively high prices, and therefore will bear to be imported. Between two countries both of which have specie currencies

and free trade, a great and mutually beneficial business will exist without detriment to either nation. Both will be gainers. Because the natural advantages of one will enable it to produce a particular article in abundance, which abundance will cause it to sink below the relative values of all its other productions. That article is then cheap, and it will be exported to the other country where it is not produced in exchange for a production of that country similarly situated, and the relative values of each article in each country will be restored, by getting rid of the surplus of the one article and receiving the redundancy of the other; an equilibrium is thus arrived at without either party suffering loss. On the contrary, each has gained by the operation.

This natural operation it is the business of protection to prevent. It is its theory that if we are in want of an article we must go without it rather than purchase it from abroad, until some

portion of our own citizens shall be able to furnish it. Thus the surplus products of another class, which would have been applied to the purchase, are rendered valueless. Hence it is that at the moment a combination of circumstances has opened to the United States a great foreign trade, that trade is strangled by the operation of a tariff which forbids suitable returns being received for exports. This effect of a tariff is illustrated in the operation of the United States commerce for 1842. The returns of the department in relation to it are now first published. At the extra session of Congress, 1841, a tariff was passed for revenue purposes,

levying a duty of 20 per cent. upon most articles before free, and raising the duty to 20 per cent. on articles that before paid less than that rate. This was called for, from the fact that the government revenue was deficient, and it being supposed that by bringing up the duties to the level of the compromise rate, an additional \$5,000,000 of revenue would be obtained, a duty was accordingly laid upon the leading free articles with the exception of tea, coffee, wool under 8 cents and raw hides. The general results of the imports and exports under this tariff are as follows, as compared with former years :

IMPORTS AND EXPORTS OF THE UNITED STATES FOR A SERIES OF YEARS, DISTINGUISHING THE DUTIES.

Year ending Sept. 30.	VALUE OF IMPORTS.			VALUE OF EXPORTS.		
	Free of duty.	Paying duty.	Total.	Domestic Produce.	Foreign merchandise.	Total.
1834	\$68,393,180	58,120,152	126,521,332	81,024,162	23,311,811	104,386,978
1835	77,940,493	71,955,249	149,895,742	101,189,082	20,504,495	121,693,577
1836	92,056,481	97,293,554	189,980,035	106,916,680	21,746,360	128,663,040
1837	69,250,031	71,789,186	140,989,217	95,864,414	21,854,962	117,419,376
1838	60,860,005	52,857,399	113,717,404	96,033,811	12,458,704	108,486,616
1839	72,040,719	85,569,481	157,689,560	100,951,004	17,406,000	118,350,004
1840	57,186,204	49,945,315	107,141,519	113,895,636	18,190,312	122,080,948
1841	66,019,741	91,926,446	127,946,177	106,382,732	15,466,081	121,851,803
1842	30,627,486	69,535,601	100,163,087	92,969,996	11,721,538	104,691,534

Here we have the fact that the total imports in 1842 were far less than in any other year of the series, and that the exports present the same results. The falling off in free goods for the year was \$36,000,000, and the increase in dutiable goods but \$7,000,000.

000 in imports, the effect of a low revenue tariff of 20 per cent. We may now take a table of the articles which were charged with duty in 1842, naming the quantities and values imported in three years, in two of which they were free, as follows :—

There remains a decline of \$29,000,-

Articles.	1840.		1841.		1842.	
	Quan.	Value.	Quan.	Value.	Quan.	Value.
	Free.		Free.		Duty, 20 per cent.	
Almonds, - - - - - lbs.	2,930,089	199,863	815,195	58,573	1,772,620	122,874
Currants, - - - - - "	589,765	56,651	1,135,756	103,441	1,020,030	47,844
Prunes, - - - - - "	1,652,819	74,593	681,016	43,107	547,426	42,134
Figs, - - - - - "	2,023,073	102,333	1,989,585	85,944	1,714,563	58,892
Raisins, - - - - - "	13,620,963	787,228	9,967,141	615,414	20,639,927	797,961
Other Fruits, - - - - - "	4,923,084	184,221	4,696,959	168,960		
Mace, - - - - - "	9,575	7,576	22,639	13,777	4,551	2,307
Nutmegs, - - - - - "	142,890	122,603	207,543	132,961	114,016	66,715
Cinnamon, - - - - - "	22,167	15,314	2,753	493	14,976	7,105
Cloves, - - - - - "	268,951	47,568	108,226	17,867	278,057	46,145
Silks, veils, &c. - - - - - "		309,858		358,663		19,926
Other silks, - - - - - "		7,979,100		14,018,573		8,060,409
Silk and Worsted, - - - - - "		1,729,792		1,931,328		1,311,770
Camlet, - - - - - "		7,340		10,529		2,122
Worsted Stuffs, - - - - - "		2,387,338		3,712,206		2,366,122
Linens, bleached, - - - - - "		4,179,120		6,204,769		2,953,618
Ticklenburghs, - - - - - "		329,054		539,772		187,006
Sheeting, brown and white - - - - - "		261,173		325,167		110,782
Bolting Cloth, - - - - - "		74,534		43,888		9,045
		\$18,855,159		\$28,385,432		\$16,203,177

This was the effect of a 20 per cent. revenue tariff, which, without yielding the estimated \$5,000,000, brought into

the Treasury \$3,440,000 only. The duties upon all these articles were raised by the tariff of 1842, to an aver-

age of 25 per cent., and the effect has been in proportion, weighing upon commerce, and curtailing the means of the Treasury. The great want of goods naturally arising from the long continued depression of trade, produced, during the third quarter of the present year, an increase of business, and prices generally rose. This fact induced comparatively large orders for imported goods, under the impression that the improvement would be progressive, and that prices would rise above the grade of the Tariff, as in former years. This has not, however, been the case. Prices, after going up for a short time, became stationary, and then fell, because the wants of the interior were governed by their cash means to make purchases, and were not fed, as in former years, by bank facilities, to buy on credit. Under the high prices caused by the tariff, the farmers get less goods for their money; hence, the moment that the effective demand ceases, the tariff becomes a bar to commerce. The influence which the tariff has had upon the commerce of the country has been felt by the national Treasury in its diminished receipts, affording a pretext for the issue of a new emission of Treasury notes, to supply a deficit of \$5,000,000 in the government means, in addition to the \$19,000,000 which has been added to the national debt since the 4th of March, 1841. These notes will make \$24,000,000 borrowed in three years to eke out the means of the Federal Treasury. The new notes are to be issued in a form to which our country has been a stranger since the accounts of the revolution were settled

up, viz., government paper-money. The law of Congress authorizing the issues, provides for their emission in sums not less than \$50 each, bearing an interest, not exceeding 6 per cent., on this authority, and availing itself of the situation of the market, the department makes the notes payable on demand, in the city of New York, and bearing an interest of 1 mill per cent. only. Thus, these notes are, to all intents and purposes, paper-money, and of the most dangerous description. The present law of Congress, indeed, limits the issue to \$5,000,000, but next year the 5½ a 6 per cent., amounting to \$5,668,000, loans become due, the regular revenue of the government will again be deficient, and Congress will be called upon to make some new provision. If the paper-money is found to answer its purpose, that of providing temporary means, there is great danger that renewed and extended issues will be made, and national bankruptcy be the inevitable result. As soon as an increased quantity of these notes shall be in active circulation, they will of themselves create an advance in exchanges. They will then, from all sections of the Union, seek their point of redemption, New York, where, under a large foreign demand for coin, such as that which broke the late National Bank repeatedly, they must, necessarily, be dishonored. This is a danger of the first magnitude, incurred only through party madness, in destroying trade, depriving the government of its customs, and forcing it upon paper-money expedients, as in time of war, merely to afford a fancied protection to manufactures.

LITERARY BULLETIN.

AMERICAN.

OUR publishers seem to be preparing for a great demonstration in the way of literary novelties,—some indeed have already commenced the issue of a few attractive new books. We alluded in our last to the first-fruits of the new *Annals* and *present-books* for the New Year; others have since appeared, and the following, we hear, are immediately to follow: The Poetical Writings of Eliza Cook, comprising a complete collection of her esteemed lyrics, many of which have been long such universal

favorites in the musical world. This volume is we understand to be the most elegant specimen of book-making ever attempted in the country; its embellishments, twelve in number, are exquisitely beautiful. Altogether, this volume will form a perfect bijou for the boudoir, or centre table, and cannot fail of attracting the notice of all lovers of beautiful books. It is to be published by the Langleys about the 25th of the present month. The same establishment will also issue about the same time, in one handsome volume,

octavo, an illustrated edition of the popular works of Mrs. Ellis; embellished with a series of highly-finished line engravings, which are also exceedingly well done, and will impart quite a new and attractive interest to the admirable writings of this favorite authoress: we could scarcely imagine a more acceptable family present-book for the approaching holidays. The new forthcoming production by Mrs. Ellis, completing her series, entitled "The Mothers of England," may be expected in the course of the month, printed by the Langleys uniformly with their fine edition of the author's other works. Also another by the same pen, "Pictures of Private Life." We are gratified to learn that at length a collected volume of the poetical works of the late Mackworth Praed—whose exquisite lyrics and other fugitive pieces have so long remained unedited—is about to appear under the auspices of Rufus W. Griswold, who has long devoted himself to the agreeable task of collecting these admirable effusions of a true poet. The Messrs. Langleys are to be the publishers. They also announce for immediate publication, "The Result of the Court of Enquiry on the Mackenzie Case," from official documents at Washington, to which will be appended a review of the whole by James Fennimore Cooper. "Guy's Forensic Medicine" is the title of a new excellent medical compend, which is to appear in parts, edited by Dr. C. A. Lee. Part I. will be ready during the month—as also a new, revised and extended edition of Dr. Jas. Stewart's work on the "Diseases of Children," and an improved edition of that unrivalled juvenile, "Robin Hood." Loder's "New York Glee Book," containing 100 glees, quartets, trios, and songs, in parts, and price only one dollar, is now ready. Mr. Watson's "Annals and Occurrences of New York City and State in the Olden Time," &c. is to form a large octavo, and will speedily appear. We hear high expectations entertained for this work, the result of many years' laborious research. It is to be accompanied with illustrations. Such a work, presenting a reflex of the past, with the manners, doings, and portraits of our ancestors, cannot fail to interest everybody. Mr. Colman's "European, Agricultural and Horticultural Tour and Survey," is to be commenced on the first of the ensuing January, and continued in parts at intervals of two months.

The Appletons are just about to issue

Professor Liebig's new work, "Familiar Letters on Chemistry, and its relation to Commerce, Physiology, and Agriculture." "Portrait of an English Churchman," by Rev. W. Gresley; also by the same, "A Treatise on Preaching." "The Unity of the Church," by the Rev. H. E. Manning. "Lyra Apostolici," a collection of Church poetry—all the foregoing in the 12mo. form. The same firm have also now issued "The Rose, or Affection's Gift for 1844," illustrated by ten fine little engravings—A new volume of their juvenile series, called "The Farmer's Daughter," by Mrs. Cameron—and Mr. Parnell's new work, "Applied Chemistry in Manufactures, Arts, and Domestic Economy."

Wiley & Putnam will publish, in a few days, new editions of Dana's Mineralogy, Downing's "Landscape Gardening," Mahan's Civil Engineering, and Downing's Horticulture, &c.

Redfield has completed his Pictorial Bible, with over 1000 engravings, in various styles of binding. We suppose few will neglect such a book—one so cheap and beautiful. Mr. R. has just published a most attractive and unique little series of Ladies'-hand Books of Needlework, consisting of six varieties—quite loveable books, and which, no doubt, will find many fair admirers.

The re-publication of the English Reviews has recently passed into new and highly efficient (because *practical*) hands, which gives promise of important improvements in the publication of these sterling works. Leonard Scott & Co. is the style of the new firm under whose auspices these works will hereafter be issued.

Lea & Blanchard will publish this season, "On the Nature and Treatment of Stomach and Urinary Diseases," being an inquiry into the connexion of diabetes, calculus, &c., with numerous coloured plates, from the fourth London edition, by William Prout, M. D. &c., in 1 vol. 8vo. "Outlines of Pathology and Practice of Medicine," by William P. Allison, in 1 vol. 8vo. "A Practical Treatise on the Diseases of Children," by D. Francis Condel, in 1 vol. 8vo. "The Dissector, or Practical Anatomy," with numerous illustrations, by Erasmus Wilson, author of "Human Anatomy," with modifications and additions by Paul Beck Goddard, M. D., &c. &c., in 1 vol. large 12mo. "Abercrombie on the Brain," a new edition, in 1 vol. 8vo.

We are constrained for once, although a little clashing with our own interest, to

allude to the liberal enterprise of Mr. Winchester, of the New World Office, in the course he has pursued with his recent publications—such as the fine illustrated edition of Froissart, now on the eve of completion—a work hitherto wholly inaccessible to the general reader. A beautifully illustrated work on the Mexican Antiquities, by Brantz Mayer, is nearly ready for publication; also other popular works of fiction are constantly emanating from this press; and among works of a graver cast, we might mention the corrected and condensed edition of Alison's History of Europe, in one volume, for \$1, in which the egregious and extraordinary inaccuracies of that celebrated historian are amended, and his tedious verbosity reduced: a most acceptable service to the million who read for instruction as well as entertainment. This work must have prodigious success.

We learn with pleasure, that Mr. Wright Hawkes, of New York, now in Paris, a gentleman of abilities perfectly qualifying him for the task, has nearly ready for the press, a translation of M. Blanc's "History of Ten Years since 1830"—a work already of eminent popularity abroad, reviewing as it does with singular force and clearness, the general European history of the present epoch since the Restoration of the Three Days. The concluding volume of the history has not yet appeared, but Mr. Hawkes has been made acquainted with its contents in advance by the author. It will be published immediately on the issue of the conclusion of the work in the original.

ENGLISH.

The new Annuals for the ensuing season are "The Keepsake," "Book of Beauty," and the second series of the "American in Paris," with eighteen exquisitely beautiful illustrations—more beautiful than usual—a feature which will give a preference to this volume in the eyes of many. "The Friendship's Offering" and the "Forget Me Not" have also appeared. It is strange that some of the English publishers have not issued an *Illuminated Annual* this year, as the prevailing taste seems to tend that way; there is but to be one book of this kind as far as we can learn, it is to be styled "The Prism of Thought for 1844," done in arabesque, &c. The British "Prize Cartoons," consisting of eleven superb historical pictures, beautifully executed in eithotint, will be completed in large folio—price five

guineas a set. "Moore's Irish Melodies" is to be one of the most delightful books of the season in the way of embellishment, being illustrated by fifty fine designs after Maclise, with the text also engraved; and the musical volume entitled "The Book of Beauty for the Queen's Boudoir," with a gorgeously illuminated title, frontispiece and cover, is well worthy its ambitious name. The "Etching Club" have just completed "Goldsmith's Poems" uniformly with those of Thomson, &c., with wonderful success and taste. Longman's have among other novelties—The Philosophy of Christian Morals by Spalding; Chronicles of the Kings of Norway, translated by S. Laing; a new volume of Howitt's "Visits to Remarkable Places," comprising the birth-places and tombs of the celebrated poets, with illustrations; Poisson's Treatise on Mechanics, translated from the French by Harte, 2 vols. 8vo.; Sir Edward Ellis' New Chronological Tables, from the Creation to the present time, &c.—and a new volume by Maunder, entitled "The Universal Class Book," a New Selection of Reading Lessons for Every Day in the Year; each Lesson either recording some important Event in General History, Biography, &c., which happened on the day of the month under which it is placed, or detailing, in familiar language, some interesting fact in Science, occasionally interspersed with concise Poetical Gleanings: Questions for Examination being appended to each day's lesson, and the whole carefully adapted to Practical Tuition consistent with the present advanced state of knowledge.

"The Knights Crusaders' and Bishop's Effigies" in the Temple Church, London, as restored by Mr. Edward Richardson, Sculptor. They may justly be considered the finest collection of the Crusaders' Tombs in Europe, and, as restored, present beautiful specimens of the ancient military costume, as well as evident portraits of distinguished nobility of that martial and romantic period, several of which have been identified. There are eleven plates, including twenty-four views (side and front) to one-eighth size of the originals. With appropriate and descriptive Texts, including many curious particulars met with in the process of restoration. Imperial quarto.

Murray has just commenced a new series of cheap issues, under the general title of "Colonial and Home Library," each volume price two shillings. Southey's Nelson, his Essays, life of Crabbe, and other popular works, are to follow. &c.

This is a movement rendered necessary, or at any rate induced by the absence of the foreign non-protective system in literature. Charles Knight has at length nearly completed his great "Cyclopaedia," and with the last issue of his Pictorial Shakspeare, the eighth volume, that most acceptable and elaborately beautiful monument to our great vernacular poet: with either of these works he might have safely retired with his laurels, but we are glad to observe that he is determined not to let his pen lie idle:—his new work is to be called "Old England," regal, ecclesiastical, baronial, municipal, with historical and topographical accounts of its antiquities, &c. It is to be illustrated with three thousand engraved and two dozen coloured embellishments, 20 folio vols. The following are the new medical works—*"A Manual of Medical Jurisprudence and Toxicology,"* by A. S. Taylor: *"The Principles of Medicine, comprehending general Pathology and Therapeutics,"* &c., by Williams. *"Elementary Instruction on Chemical Analysis,"* with a preface by Liebig. *"Elements of Natural Philosophy,"* being an introduction to physical science, &c., in monthly parts. *"Liebig's Familiar Letters on Chemistry"*—the revised edition of his *"Agricultural Chemistry,"* and *"Parrell's Applied Chemistry,"* &c., in parts.

"Memoirs of William Smith, LL D., the Geologist," by J. Phillips. *"Results of Reading,"* by Shemford Caldwell. *"Farming for Ladies, or Instructions for Rearing all sorts of Domestic Poultry."*

"Precious Stories," is the cognomen of a new little manual, consisting of selections from eminent English prose writ-

ers of the past 3 centuries, by Wil-mott

The following are some of the new works of fiction:—*"Sir Cosmo Digby, a tale of the Welsh riots,"* by St. John. *"The Belle of the Family;"* *"The Grave-Digger;"* *"The Smiths and Allanson, or the Infidel,"* by Lady Chatterton. *"The Baronial Halls,"* by L. C. Hall, &c., is a beautiful work: the plates in folio after Harding, are very choice: part first ready. *"Memoirs of the Earl St. Vincent,"* by Tucker, is nearly ready. Also, *"Ireland and its Rulers since 1839;"* *"Pictorial Tour in the Mediterranean,"* by Allan, 2 vols. 8vo. Another new volume on the seat of the late War in the East, is announced for speedy publication, entitled *"Diary of a march through Sindh and Afghanistan,"* by Rev. J. M. Allen." Also, a volume by a Physician, entitled *"Thoughts and Reflections in Sickness and Health."* Among the numerous pamphlets on Puseyism, we observe the following, entitled *"Catholic Safeguards against the errors, corruptions and novelties of the Church of Rome,"* by Jas. Brogden, M. A. Murray's list of forthcoming novelties is by far the most attractive, it consists of the following:—*"Life and Voyages of Sir Francis Drake,"* by J. Barrow. A new work on Modern Egypt and Thebes, by Wilkinson. Letters from the Bye-Ways of Italy, with plates. *"Russia and the Oral Mountains,"* by R. J. Murchison, &c. *"The Fresco Decorations and Stuccoes of the Churches and Palaces in Italy, with Descriptions,"* by L. Gruner, comprising 45 superb plates, in folio.

NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

The first meeting of this body, after the Summer vacation, was held at their Rooms in the University, on Tuesday evening, the 2d of October. Among those present were the Hon. Gulian C. Verplanck, the Hon. Chief Justice Jones, and other gentlemen of distinction, and many visitors.

The Chair was taken by the President, the venerable ALBERT GALLATIN.

After the reading of the minutes of the last stated meeting, and also of the special meeting called to receive the President of the United States, the Recording Secreta-

ry, in the absence of the Librarian, announced the donations to the Library since the month of June, and read several letters from the donors.

One from Judge Jay stated, that on the 7th of October, 1767, Letters Patent were issued under the great seal of England, appointing eleven gentlemen, selected from various provinces, for the purpose of ascertaining and determining the partition line between the colonies of New York and New Jersey—that the Commissioners assembled in New York, 20th July, 1769, and appointed John Jay their Clerk, and

that all the documentary evidence excepting maps, submitted by the agents of the two colonies, and which was very voluminous, was entered upon the minutes, and the accuracy of the whole attested by Mr. Jay, under his signature—that the volume had remained in his possession and was now presented to the New York Historical Society as the most proper repository for it.

A letter from H. J. Porter, Esq., of Victoria, Miss., accompanied "a Homographic Chart of the Mississippi River," of which he is the author. A communication was read from the Hon. William Hill, Secretary of State in North Carolina, with an attested copy of a resolution passed by the General Assembly, January 27th, 1843, directing that the agent of the New York Historical Society be furnished with one bound set of all official documents, including the decisions of the Supreme Court and the Laws and Journals of the General Assembly of the State which might be hereafter published under the order of the Legislature, and also one bound set of all documents published in preceding years, if the Secretary shall deem it consistent with the State's Collection.

An application was submitted from the agent of Wabash College, in the State of Indiana, for a copy of the Historical Collection published by the Society—and on motion of Mr. Lawrence the Executive Committee were authorized to furnish the volumes. A note from Professor Delmar accompanied the second volume of the celebrated Spanish History by Padre Marianna, presented by that gentleman to the Library.

Among the other donations were an elegantly bound volume of Herring's National Portrait Gallery, in four volumes, from the author, and fourteen folio volumes of English newspapers, of a date immediately preceding the Revolutionary War, from George P. Putnam, Esq., and thirty volumes of official documents presented by the Legislature of New Hampshire.

Mr. Lawrence (the first Vice President) observed that the general understanding was that a vote of thanks was, of course, passed to the various contributors, and that it was deemed the duty of the Corresponding Secretaries to make the suitable acknowledgments. He said, however, that as he had examined the presents then on the table, he would take the liberty of making a few remarks in relation to them. He was happy to observe among the books recently published, one for which the Society was indebted to a gentleman of their association, whose ser-

vices in furtherance of their objects had been, on other occasions, noticed, and who was now extending his sphere of usefulness, by a visit to the *savans* and learned institutions of Europe. He said that, having minutely examined Mr. Folsom's translation of Cortes' Despatches, as well as the Essay by which it is preceded, he could bear testimony to the fidelity of the one, and to the value of the information contained in the other; and that he was sure that, whatever may have been his impressions of the civilisation of the Mexicans at the time of the conquest, or the ability of the Spanish leader, as derived from historians, no one could peruse the letters of the great commander without admitting that he had formed but very imperfect ideas of both. He alluded to a statement made to him, since he had been in the room, by Mr. Bartlett, of the existence, in the collection of a gentleman at Washington, of the first dispatch of Cortes, which Dr. Robertson, in his History of America, stated could not be found in his time, which is understood to have eluded all the recent researches of Mr. Prescott, and, of course, not contained in Mr. Folsom's collection.

After referring to some of the more valuable works upon the table, Mr. Lawrence said that his object in rising was not, however, so much to express gratification as to the contributions that had been received, as to call the attention of the Society to a gross libel, in the most insidious form, on the most honoured name in the history of the country. It was contained in a preface written by one who, it would appear from internal evidence, was an English dissenting minister of the Baptist persuasion, to an American poem, ("What Cheer; or, Roger Williams in Banishment,") reprinted by him at Leeds. Mr. L. made a respectful reference to the founder of Rhode Island—the subject of the work—as well as to its author, Judge Durfee; but he remarked that the gentleman who had transmitted it to the Society, by erasing with a pen the objectionable lines, had only presented them more clearly to view. He then read a passage from the English preface, which, after extolling Roger Williams, thus proceeds:

"In comparison with such a man, what are the names of Solon, or Lycurgus, Romulus, or Numa Pompilius, Marlborough, Nelson, or even Washington himself, who, after fighting so nobly the battle of independence, ignobly left to his heirs a legacy of slaves, not even excepting her, from whose bosom he had drawn the first nutriment of life." Of the special allusion to the infant education of Washington he could say nothing—he was not aware that

Marshall or Sparks threw any light on the subject. Nor should he enter into any discussion of the abolition question, or of slavery in the abstract. We cannot apply to men of another generation, and placed in different circumstances, the same rules by which we would judge those of the present day; and, on the subject of African slavery, the sentiments of Christendom have experienced a greater alteration since the death of Washington, than they underwent during the whole preceding period, from the time when, by the mistaken humanity of Las Casas, the first importations were made into Cuba.

That Washington possessed slaves, either inherited from his ancestors or obtained by marriage, is not imputed to him as a crime even by the English editor. What were his sentiments, when the abolition of the slave trade first began to be agitated in England, and when no one could have anticipated the extinction of slavery itself in the West Indies, may be learned from his own writings. In a letter to Robert Morris, dated April 12, 1786, he says, "I can only say that there is not a man living, who wishes more sincerely than I do to see a plan adopted for the abolition of it (slavery;) but there is only one proper and effectual mode by which it can be accomplished, and that is by legislative authority; and this, as far as my suffrage will go, shall never be wanting." To Mr. John F. Mercer, September 9, 1786, he says, "I never mean, unless some particular circumstance should compel me to it, to possess another slave by purchase, it being among my first wishes to see some plan adopted, by which slavery in this country may be abolished by law."

Again, in writing to the Marquis de La Fayette, 10th of May, 1786, he confirms the above sentiments: "The benevolence of your heart, my dear Marquis, is so conspicuous upon all occasions that I never wonder at any fresh proofs of it; but your late purchase of an estate in the Colony of Cayenne, with a view of emancipating the slaves on it, is a generous and noble proof of your humanity. Would to God a like spirit might diffuse itself generally into the minds of the people of this country! But I despair of seeing it. Some petitions were presented to the Assembly at its last session for the abolition of slavery, but they could scarcely obtain a reading. To set the slaves afloat at once would, I really believe, be productive of much inconvenience and mischief; but by degrees, it certainly might, and assuredly ought, to be effected; and that too by legislative authority."

Ten years later, 11th of December, 1796, in a long communication to Sir John

Sinclair, he assigns, as a cause, for the price of lands being higher in Pennsylvania than in Virginia and Maryland, that "there are laws here (in Pennsylvania) for the gradual abolition of slavery, which neither of the two States above-mentioned have at present, but which nothing is more certain than they must have, and at a period not remote."

Had Washington, in the absence of all attempts to prepare the emancipated slaves to occupy a useful position, hesitated as to suddenly throwing them upon the community as vagrants, he might well have been justified by considerations connected with the happiness of those whose interests it was his object to promote. But, that his course was otherwise, the provisions of his will, which was accessible to the editor, in common with every intelligent man in Europe and America, will show.

"Item—Upon the decease of my wife, it is my will and desire that all the slaves whom I hold in my own right, shall receive their freedom. To emancipate them during her life would, though earnestly wished by me, be attended with such insuperable difficulties, on account of their intermixture by marriage with the dower negroes, as to excite the most painful sensations if not disagreeable consequences to the latter, while both descriptions are in the occupancy of the same proprietor; it not being in my power, under the tenure by which the dower negroes are held, to manumit them, &c." The will proceeds to make provision for the support of those of the slaves who were incapable of taking care of themselves.

Mr. L. referred to the well-known fact that Mrs. Washington anticipated the period for their emancipation, and gave immediate freedom to the whole of the slaves. He added that, pure as the character of Washington was, he had not escaped the attacks of malevolence. The calumny in relation to Jumonville, who is alleged to have been killed while the bearer of a peaceful summons, by a body of provincials under command of Washington, then a major, at the commencement of the old French war, gained a general currency on the Continent. Originating in national antipathy toward the English, with whom Washington was then identified, and having been made the theme of a poem by a French writer of distinction, it has been incorporated in all their histories to the present day; and even in the *Biographie Universelle*, a work of singular accuracy, an attempt is made, while conceding the charge, to exonerate Washington's conduct by the apology of youth. The examination by Mr. Sparks of Gover-

nor Dinwiddie's papers, affords a full refutation of the story, and proves, that if Jumonville was a peaceful messenger, the fact could not have been known to Washington. Mr. Lawrence remarked, in conclusion, that when he reflected on the mischief which the Jumonville of M. Thomas had done, he could not allow a libel, which gathered strength from its connection with a patriotic poem of a respected American, to take its place on the shelves of a library destined, as he trusted, to last for ever, without presenting the refutation palpable as it was.

Mr. Bartlett exhibited a copy of the journal of Lieut. Col. Simcoe, an officer of the British army, detailing his military services in this country during the war of the Revolution. The book was privately printed for the friends of the author, and this is the only copy known to be extant, not even its title being found in any general catalogue either in England or America.

At the commencement of the contest, Col. Simcoe, then a captain under General Gage, attempted to organize a corps of American loyalists, and his original purpose was to form a regiment of *blacks* in Boston, but this failed from their strong attachment to liberty; and it has been noted as a curious fact, "*that the first American who lost his life in that great contest for Freedom was a negro.*"

Captain Simcoe next appears, during the march of Sir William Howe from the Patapsco to Philadelphia, in 1777, as the major commandant of a corps of rangers, composed of American Royalists, to which he gave the name of the Queen's Rangers; and with them he was actively engaged in the battle of Brandywine and at Germantown, and in various other passages of arms during the occupancy of Philadelphia by the British. When New York became their head-quarters, Col. Simcoe was employed near Kingsbridge, and in the lower towns of West Chester; and bore a prominent part in the battle of White Plains. In the winter of 1778-9, he was posted at Oyster Bay, on Long Island; and during the succeeding summer near the Croton river, with occasional excursions to Long Island. He attempted, also, some hazardous exploits in New Jersey—in one of which, undertaken for the destruction of a flotilla of large boats in preparation, as was supposed, for a descent upon Staten Island, he fell into an ambuscade; and being stunned by a fall from his horse, which was killed under him, recovered to find himself a prisoner. His life was placed in some jeopardy by the indignation excited among the people for some outrages committed by his Rangers; but through the interposition of Governor

Livingston, he was awarded the immunities of a prisoner of war, and placed upon his parole at Bordentown. Subsequently he was imprisoned at Burlington, of which he complains bitterly; and being afterward exchanged, appears during the winter of 1779-80, in the command of the British fortifications at Richmond, upon Staten Island. This was the coldest winter within the memory of man, when the entire harbour of New York was frozen over; and the American General, Lord Stirling, made a descent upon Staten Island from New Jersey, at the head of a large force, but after landing, suddenly retreated without any assignable cause.

In the spring, the Queen's Rangers were ordered to the south, arriving at Charleston a few days before the capitulation of General Lincoln. Col. Simcoe seems to have been soon recalled; and in June bore an active part in New Jersey in sacking Elizabethtown and Springfield, after which he traversed Long Island, guarding against the French in the county of Suffolk.

He was next detached in the celebrated Virginia expedition, headed by the traitor Arnold, who, after the death of General Phillips, retained the command until the arrival of Lord Cornwallis.

In the skirmishes on the James River, and the sacking of Petersburg and Richmond, Col. Simcoe, although in ill health, was the most efficient officer of the expedition. He adroitly deceived both Baron Steuben and the Marquis La Fayette, either of whom might have vanquished him had they known his strength; and dashing forward to the Roanoke, opened a way for the advance of Cornwallis. He soon afterward returned to New York, and his corps of rangers was dissolved.

Subsequently, Col. Simcoe was charged with the government of Upper Canada, holding his small court at Niagara, until the selection by himself of the present city of Toronto. These particulars are gathered from a sketch by Col. Stone, the biographer of Brant, with whom Col. Simcoe was on terms of great intimacy.

Mr. John Jay remarked, that although, as the Vice President had correctly stated, there was a general understanding that the thanks of the Society were returned for all donations to the Library, gifts of unusual value demanded a more special acknowledgment than was due to the honor of a stray pamphlet, or an ordinary volume. He therefore moved,

That the thanks of the New York Historical Society are due to the General Assembly of North Carolina, for the courtesy and liberality with which they have acceded to the request for copies of the Legislative Documents of that State, and

that the Secretary be directed to present the acknowledgments of this Society to that body.

The resolution was unanimously adopted, and on motion of Mr. Jay, it was also

Resolved, That the thanks of this Society be returned to George P. Putnam, Esq., for the rare and valuable series of English Journals, and other books presented by him to the Library.

Mr. J. R. BARTLETT read a paper giving a sketch of the progress of Ethnological Science, and of the attention it is now receiving in various parts of the world. Some of the most learned men of Europe are engaged in the elucidation of subjects connected with this science, and the governments of England, France, Russia and Prussia, have scientific expeditions in distant regions, engaged in investigations, which will tend greatly to the increase of our knowledge of the early history of nations, which have left behind them no other memorials of their existence than crumbling monuments and unknown inscriptions.

Mr. B. spoke of Dr. Pritchard, Humboldt, Genesius Lepsius, and other distinguished Archæologists, and of the contributions they had made to the science of Ethnology. In America, those who have contributed by their works to its advancement, are Dr. Morton, by his valuable work, the "Orania Americana." Mr. Gallatin, by his work on the "Indian Languages," which embodies a vast amount of interesting information, and vocabularies of all the languages North of Mexico, and East of the Rocky Mountains; Messrs. Stevens and Catherwood, by their late works on Central America, and Yucatan, showing that a great nation once occupied this continent, far advanced in the Arts; and Mr. Bradford, by his work on the "Origin of the Red Race." These inquiries all tend to illustrate the history of the Aboriginal Races of America, which is still veiled in so much obscurity.

In Persia, much Ethnographic information has recently been brought to light by the French Architects and Artists, attached to the French Embassy in that country. Their operations embrace ruins of the ancient cities of Nineveh, Babylon, Echbatana, Persepolis, Ctesiphon, &c. These researches, in connexion with the labors of Grotefend and Lassen, who have deciphered the arrow-headed inscriptions of those cities, are of great importance in elucidating a portion of the

world's history of which we know so little. The French Government has lately sent a party to explore the regions between Cashmere and Kafferistan, with orders to report on the geography of those countries, the various native tribes by which they are occupied, their languages, monuments, &c.

In Asia Minor, a new field for antiquarian researches has been opened, which bids fair to throw much light on the history of several nations, and particularly the Greeks, at a period the history of which we know but little. The researches of the English have chiefly been in ancient Lycia, where, in two different expeditions, Mr. Fellows has made some important discoveries of cities, remains of temples, inscriptions, &c. He has also been able to make out the language of the people who erected these edifices, through bilingual inscriptions found there. He is now on his way there again, with a large company and a steamer, for the purpose of transporting to England such monuments of art as are valuable and in good preservation. The French and Prussian Governments have scientific expeditions besides in other parts of Asia Minor.

We regret that our space does not allow us to follow out into further detail, an abstract of Mr. Bartlett's learned and interesting paper. But as a copy was requested by the Society for publication (together with a presentation of thanks to the author), we shall have a future occasion to notice it.

Mr. Gallatin made some remarks in reference to the subject of Ethnography, and the forthcoming work on the Foulahs, of William B. Hodgson, Esq., of whose labors and great accomplishments as a linguist he spoke in terms of high eulogium.

The Society then adjourned.

At the next stated meeting of the Society to be held on the first Tuesday of November, we learn that a paper will be read by Dr. D. FRANCIS BACON, entitled "An Ethnographic View of the African Tribes, from the Senegal to the Gold Coast, their Geographical Boundaries, their Affinities and Distinctions of Language, Government, Customs," &c. And also a paper by CHARLES F. HOFFMAN, Esq., on "The Manners, Customs, and Costume of the Anglo-American Colonists previous to the Revolution."

NOTE.—A reply to Mr. Brownson's recent articles on Government, which it was intended to insert in the present number, cannot find admission till the next.

ERRATUM.—Page 509, line 33, for "presence," read "pressure."

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* THREE SHEETS AND A HALF, OF THIRTY-TWO PAGES EACH.

[NOTE.—Publishers who have laid on our table, for examination and report, the works issued from their respective presses within the past two months, are informed that the pressure of matter accumulated under promises of insertion before the expiration of the year has again compelled us to defer our usual “Notices of the New Books of the Month,” a postponement of which it shall be our care to guard against the recurrence again.]

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CONSTITUTIONAL REFORM.

It will be twenty-one years on the first day of the approaching new year, since the present Constitution of the State of New York went into full operation, and became the fundamental law of the State. It was devised by a Convention, called for the purpose, as a substitute for the Constitution of 1777, and to embody the political science of the people for whom it was designed. A single generation of men has scarcely passed away, and already the necessity of numerous and comprehensive alterations is being seriously agitated. Several of the most influential presses in the State, irrespective of party connections, have opened their columns to its discussion—writers, both profound and eloquent, have engaged with devotion in its advocacy—and the cause has already taken formidable shape and energy from associations constituted solely with a view to favor its agitation, and to ensure its success.

Although the matter has so recently come into public discussion, yet we believe it has been almost universally conceded that several important alterations in, and additions to, the present Constitution of this State, are indispensable. Public opinion, however, is divided both upon the extent to which these changes should be carried, and

the means by which they should be effected. While the amendments contemplated by one class are, in their opinion, so various and so comprehensive as to merit the undivided consideration of a special Convention, another class maintain that the State Legislature is fully competent, in the ordinary exercise of its constitutional powers, to shape and initiate all the alterations that may be required. This diversity of opinion gives rise to two important inquiries:

First—What is the formula of progression according to which Constitutions are to be perfected? And *secondly*—What are the safest and most effective means of practically favoring this progression?

The comprehensiveness of these inquiries, and the breadth of interests which they cover, will make it sufficiently apparent, that in opening our pages to their discussion, we are not departing from that policy to which we have hitherto uniformly adhered, of entertaining no articles of a political nature, which concern merely local and temporary interests.

The modern science of government recognizes two orders of legislation—the one organic, or constitutional, and the other statutory. It is the function of the former to establish and to define

the powers of the Government. It states the rights which the people have agreed to delegate to their political agents—the Executive, the Legislature, and the Judiciary—and, by implication, those which they retain. It is the function of the latter order to vary and adapt the powers thus conferred by the former, according to the exigencies of the people.

The Constitution is intended to operate both as a guarantee against encroachment by the Legislature upon the rights of the people, and against the political caprices of the people themselves: and hence the amendment of the Constitution is defended by special solemnities against the fluctuations of public opinion. In the statutes, on the other hand, the Legislature have recorded the details of their attempts to ameliorate and improve the condition of their constituency in those matters over which the Constitution has confided to them discretionary powers. In fine, the Constitution records the political science of a nation—the Laws its political experience.

In a political system like ours, based upon man's capacity for self-government, and which, in theory at least, respects the will of every important interest in the State, the question naturally arises, Why impose delay or restrictions of any kind upon the popular will? why place any portion of the law above the immediate reach of the sovereign arm? why not give the people their way at once? In other words, why distinguish between the Statutes and the Constitution?

The reasons are important, and for their bearing upon our subsequent remarks, require to be glanced at.

In every social body, however advanced it may be in civilisation, will be found a greater or less number of aggregated interests. There is the agricultural and the manufacturing interest, the commercial interest, and the banking interest; public patronage of every kind to be dispensed, and private necessities of every degree to be relieved. Each one of these separate interests is perpetually disposed to ask for legislation that is inconsistent with the general interest. It not unfrequently happens that, from some unforeseen calamity, or from the operation of pecuniary or other disturbing forces in favor of some

of these limited interests, public opinion is turned entirely from its proper orbit, and disastrous confusion wrought in the policy of the government before time enough shall have elapsed for the public mind to recover from its delusion. Such disturbances can never occur without seriously harming a very large portion of the community, who, in turn, taking advantage of the sympathy which is immediately awakened in their behalf, endeavor to indemnify themselves by a like recourse to legislative interference. In a short time the proper functions of government are entirely abandoned in an ineffectual attempt to adjust the pressure of special laws equally upon each individual man. The corruptions to which this gives rise, and the inevitable oppressions by the majority which follow, drive all classes to unite in asking for a stronger government which has but a single interest or class of interests to satisfy; and which, when these are satisfied, may be disposed to consult the general welfare without other prejudice or partiality. This, in brief, describes the tendency of every government, which is subject to the uncontrolled will of partial or sectional interests, to gravitate towards a despotism. Sensible of this, mankind have devised various checks upon the caprices of the legislative power. In some countries this is aimed at in a priesthood, or by dividing society horizontally into castes, and sanctioning and ensuring the separation by a cunningly devised superstition; in others, by recognizing the Divine Right of Kings; in others, by entailing the supreme power upon a single family or class; and finally, in others, by written constitutions or charters. Of these, the constitutional check is the only one which the people volunarily assume, and is the only one known that is based upon a liberal representation of the popular will. It is likewise the one which admits of the largest liberty to the individual man. Hence we can readily understand why, until the introduction of constitutional governments into modern Europe, the human race made so little progress in the science of government. They had no sufficient constitutional guarantees against the vacillating legislation. When the public mind had digested and adopted a line of policy which was clearly calculated to promote the true ends of

government—the happiness of the subject—there was no process of embalming it, no provision made for securing it against the decomposing influences of corruption and tyranny. The rights which were conceded to one generation by its rulers, might be abrogated by their successors; a Titus might be succeeded by a Domitian; “the delight of the human race” by its scourge.

Hence it is that the whole political history of the human race, down to the establishment of constitutional governments, has been but a succession of revolutions. Each nation has advanced from the barbaric domination of a chief, through the successive stages of popular enfranchisement, until one class after another became powerful. Opposing interests in society were multiplied and brought into collision; then followed the corruption and oppression incident to all special legislation, and, finally, came the despot or the conqueror, who was, perhaps, to unite the people with him if he were just, and certainly against him or his successors if he or they were oppressive, and lay the foundations of new revolutions to be endured, and new battles of opinion to be fought over. Such, from generation to generation, has been the tread-mill toil to which the human race has been subject, and how trifling was the progress. They endured enough to make them wise, but had no means of accumulating their wisdom and of bequeathing it to posterity. Notwithstanding all the political experience of their ancestors, each generation was thrown back, like the beasts, upon their instincts, and compelled to learn the science of government anew; to roll on the same stone up the same unforgiving hill, to revolve from one generation to another, in the same brazen fetters, upon the same fiery wheel.

It is scarcely too much to say, that it has only been since the erection of constitutional guarantees against the encroachments of the legislative power, that mankind have made a uniform and perceptible progress in the science of government. They are the cogs which the people have fixed upon the machinery of legislation, to prevent its return to the often-rejected absurdities of the past. They at once embody the political science of the people and defy the people's caprices.

While, however, it is the function of

the constitution to embody the great results of national experience and to prevent a relapse of public opinion to those errors which it has survived; while it defies every art and all the strength of short-sighted and factious legislation to disarm or displace it, the impression should not for a moment be indulged that it is an unchangeable and unimprovable existence, that it knows neither increment nor modification; that, like Terminus, the god of metes and bounds, in the Roman Mythology, it is without arms or legs, because it is destined neither to advance nor recede from its first location. The science of human government has never realized, in any one department, its highest destiny. By how much it comes short of that, by so much, constitutions, its practical exponents, are immature and susceptible of improvement. But the law of progress, according to which legislative science advances, differs materially, we conceive, from that which controls the progress of any other; and it is through a desire to define this law that we are forced to this somewhat circuitous route of argumentation.

Of the physical sciences, most are experimental, and the philosopher may establish, modify or explode an hypothesis by an experiment. While the infinitely-varied phenomena of nature are hourly provoking his curiosity from every side, they are all taught to submit themselves to the scrutinizing test of the laboratory, the forge and the machine-shop. There they may be racked and tortured by the great inquisitor of nature until they shall disclose, one after another, the very laws of their existence, and all their properties, both of being and of action. Those of the physical sciences which are not experimental are mostly demonstrative. They may be certified by mathematical calculation, and each result may be made the basis of some new inquiry. In both these cases, however, the science is effectually secured from recession, and, at the same time, every man is himself possessed of the means of enlarging, to some extent, its territorial limits.

Political science, on the other hand, though inductive, is not strictly an experimental science; though based almost entirely upon experience, it can neither be advanced nor established

by experimentation proper.* Still, in a certain sense, political science is experimental. Through the imperfection of the human judgment we are sometimes compelled to risk measures of which we cannot foresee the consequences. Though we incur the risk by the persuasion of experience, yet all of the measure that is doubtful is in some sense experimental. It will readily be perceived that experiments conducted under such oppressive disadvantages can never be resorted to by the political economist with the single view of advancing political science. It is this kind of experimentation, however, that is carried on through the organization of our annual legislatures. From it is derived all our new experience. A system of policy is there armed with the power and the penalties of law, and put into operation, subject to being abandoned or pursued, as it shall prove successful or otherwise. If experience shall sustain it, a new principle of legislation is established, and the Constitution is ready to receive and perpetuate it. The legislature thus becomes the laboratory in which the separate wants of a community are combined and elaborated into political science. The statute book records the details of the experiment, and the Constitution its results—from which we conclude—

First, that what each nation has done and endured—the sum of its experience is the measure of its wisdom, other things being equal; and

Secondly, this experience will increase just in proportion to the completeness with which each interest in society is represented in the legislative councils, other things being equal. For most political truths are merely proximate, not final truths. A system of policy which to-day may be expedient, may become altogether inexpedient at some future time; and assuming as we do, that the end of government is the greatest happiness of all its subjects, that law which responds to the wishes of the greatest number, is, for the time being,

best. From the variety of interests represented, the legislative scrutiny will, in turn, be directed to a greater number of subjects than would be the case in a more limited representation; and though the tendency would be, as we have no doubt, to circumscribe the sphere of legislation, it would tend none the less to give the science symmetry and perfection.

It follows of course, in the third place, that there will be the most completeness of representation where the greatest equality of condition among the whole people prevails; where there is the greatest unity of interest. For where a great diversity of condition exists, where the comforts of life and the means of happiness are very unequally distributed, the wealth and intelligence of the superior class will both enable and dispose them to take advantage of the ignorance and necessities of the inferior class, and to disfranchise them actually or by indirection. If this be not the case, there will still exist such an antagonism of interest, that the wishes of one or the other class must, to a certain extent, be sacrificed. But no law is destined to be permanent which does not substantially subserve the proper interests of all whom it controls. Those whom it impinges, will ever be its enemies unless a change of circumstances occurs to remove or diminish its oppressiveness. Though the disaffected may be compelled to submit to it while they are weak, yet they will resist it when they become strong. It will, therefore, take much longer to settle a principle of legislation, and of course less progress will be made in constitutional science under such circumstances than where a greater identity of interests prevails throughout the whole community.

From all which we conclude, that other things being equal, where there is greatest equality of social condition, there will the wishes of all be most adequately represented in the laws.

That where this representation is most adequate, there will valuable po—

* Experience may be acquired in two ways; either, first, by noticing facts as they occur, without any attempt to influence the frequency of their occurrence, or to vary the circumstances under which they occur; this is *OBSERVATION*; or, secondly, by putting in action causes and agents over which we have control, and purposely varying their combinations and noticing what effects take place; this is *EXPERIMENT*.—*Herschell's Preliminary Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy*, p. 76.

litical experience most rapidly accumulate; and,

That where this accumulation is most rapid, there political science will be most progressive. And there, of course, the Constitution, which is the proper repertory of the political science of a people, will most frequently require review and amendment.

If we have been at all successful in making our statements as clear as our convictions upon these points, we feel that our readers will be prepared further to infer with us, that in a Government based upon a liberal system of representation, the Constitution will require periodical inspection, and comparatively frequent repairs. In no other way can the people fully avail themselves of their advantages. To neglect it, is to expose themselves or their progeny again to all the consequences of their former inexperience. While a great political error, with its disastrous results, is yet fresh in the memory of all, they are both wise enough and willing to guard against its recurrence. If that be neglected until the event, or its more painful features, are obliterated from the public mind, an opportunity may never recur again to repair the omission, except it come accompanied with all that brood of public calamities which spread terror and confusion at its first appearance. Impressed with the correctness of these views, we have always felt that when Mr. Jefferson proposed that every American Constitution should be subjected to a periodical revision, once in every twenty years, he had a

very correct and philosophical idea of the longevity of all political admonitions, as well as a just sense of the progress of political science among a free people.* While, on the one hand, time enough will have elapsed to obscure the remembrance of what may be irritating in the measures which have transpired, all their important lessons may remain comparatively uneffaced and distinct. A portion of those in that generation who were blind to the instructions of their experience will have passed away—a new generation will take their place without any deep and unrelenting prejudices to be overcome, but ready to listen to, to ponder, and to appropriate the wisdom which was bequeathed them in the experience of their predecessors.

Again, it must have been observed by those who are at all familiar with the progress of legislation in this country, that in the course of every twenty years, numerous and important principles of policy have been fully settled in the public mind—principles which, if not at war with the Constitution, were, at least, imperfectly defined by its terms.† Nay, there may be many questions of political doctrine concerning which the nation may require more than the life-time of a single generation to agitate and discuss; yet, as these difficulties originate at different intervals, so will they be ready for final legislation at different times. The harvest time will relate to the seed time, and that only need be gathered which is ripe for the sickle. If the period for revision come too soon for

* "Each generation is as independent of the one preceding as that was of all that had gone before. It has, then, like them, a right to choose for itself the form of government it believes to be the most productive of its own happiness—consequently, to accommodate to the circumstances in which it finds itself that received from its predecessors: and it is for the peace and good of mankind that a solemn opportunity of doing this every nineteen or twenty years should be provided by the Constitution, so that it may be handed on, with periodical repairs, from generation to generation, to the end of time, if anything human can so long endure."—*Jefferson's Letter to Kirchcaval in 1816.*

† In the State of New York, where, by means of its journals, the public mind finds more immediate expression in the laws than perhaps in any other part of the world of equal extent, we believe this statement to be particularly true. Indeed, the newspaper has become, to all intents and purposes, a co-ordinate branch of the Legislature, and oftentimes a question of policy is discussed and its fate is settled before it has received any serious legislative action. This wonderful facility in extracting and circulating public opinion, has abridged the period usually requisite for establishing a system of policy upon all political subjects, and permits a degree of promptitude and activity in legislation which appears to the old world almost revolutionary, and which is quite unprecedented in the history of nations.

some questions, they may lie over for the next, while the *principles* which have matured may be disposed of without delay.

To be convinced of this, one need but review the history of banking in this State for the last half century. The first applications for bank charters were made under the Constitution of 1777. Through the imperfections of that instrument—imperfections which sprang entirely from the inexperience of those who drew it, and of those by whom it was adopted—opportunities for such gross and flagrant corruption were afforded, that on three different occasions a majority in the Legislature was controlled by direct and unequivocal bribery. To propitiate the outraged feelings of the public, as well as to prevent the recurrence of such scandals in our legislation, the Convention who revised the Constitution in 1821, gave the subject a careful examination. The result was the introduction of a clause requiring the assent of two-thirds of both Houses to create a monied corporation. Though this provision may have prevented much impure legislation, yet the remedial principle had only been approached, not reached. The delegates to that Convention had not then the experience in the operation of special legislation which the last twenty years have furnished. They little dreamed that in less than three years from the time their deliberations terminated, fifty thousand dollars would be disbursed among the members of the New York Legislature in purchasing a single banking privilege,* and that it would become a notorious fact, that in nearly every banking institution to be established by that body for the next twenty years, a large number of its members would have a deep pecuniary interest—that they would be the first, in one way or another, to participate in the profits of those very institutions which

they, by their own votes, were to aid in creating. Yet that very amendment, which, in 1821, was thought to be sufficient, but which has proved to be vain, might, had it not been tried, be thought the only remedy which the present exigencies of the State required. By a timely interposition, however, then, we are now fully prepared to lay the axe at the root of the evil, and disencumber the State of its noxious influences for ever. The progress of public sentiment, likewise, in reforming the doctrine of eminent domain, and in limiting the power of the Legislature to contract State debts, has been even more rapid than upon the subject of banking. It has been almost entirely formed within twenty years.

We are, therefore, of opinion that in governments where all classes are so fully represented as in the United States of America; where public opinion is so rapid in its formation and circulation, and so controlling in its authority, the Constitution should be subjected to a thorough revision once, at least, in the life-time of every generation, and such repairs be made as are clearly and steadfastly demanded by a manifest majority of the voting population for whom it is designed.

We have been thus far attempting to show *à priori* the necessity of subjecting the organic law of a people to a periodical revision. We now propose to show *à posteriori* that a pressing necessity exists for numerous and important amendments to the present Constitution of the State of New York. We shall confine ourselves for the present to a brief statement of what we conceive the chief defects of that instrument to be, both because their discussion would, of itself, require more additional space than we can appropriate to the treatment of any single topic, and because they have elsewhere been presented with great perspicuity and completeness.†

* Chemical Bank of New York City.

† A periodical has been recently established in the city of Albany, entitled the "Albany Democratic Reformer," the purpose of which is to embody all such memorials, speeches and published papers as may from time to time appear upon the subject of Governmental Reform. In the first and only number which has yet appeared, are contained the speeches and letters of several of the most distinguished reformers in the State upon this subject. In the next number will appear a series of communications which appeared during the last summer in the columns of the New York Evening Post, upon the same subject, from the pen of E. P. Hurlbut, Esq., of New York city. The clearness and force with which the remedies to our present constitutional system are there presented, would be a sufficient excuse had we no other for our declining to enter upon their discussion.

To the present Constitution we object then,

First, that the highest Court of Appeal in the State unites in itself both the powers of making and of administering the laws. This union can not exist without exposing the members composing the Court—in some cases to the undue influence of political prejudices and partisan interests, which leads to a corrupt administration of the law—and in many more cases to a suspicion of such influence, which seriously impairs the usefulness of the Court, by weakening the moral weight and authority of its decisions. Being likewise, the exclusive judges of the constitutionality of the laws which they have themselves been instrumental in passing, they not only enter upon such inquiries as a Court with opinions fully formed and publicly expressed, but they have, through the medium of their judicial organization, the power of passing laws in direct violation of the Constitution. The proof of the existence of this power and an instance of its exercise, may be found in the passage of the General Banking Law in 1838, which being intended to create monied corporations, required a two-thirds vote of the legislature. A majority, however, passed it. When the constitutionality of the bill came before the Court of Errors, a mere majority was sufficient, and it was found, to sustain the law. In like manner a factious majority might conspire to pass any other bill which required a two-thirds vote, and establish its constitutionality in the Court of Errors by the same majority which had first carried it through the Senate, and thus violate, in the grossest manner, not only the spirit but the letter of the Constitution. To these considerations it may be added, that the members of the Senate are elected rather to make laws than to administer them, to press the measures of a party rather than to compose the differences between individuals, to exhibit skill and devotion as advocates rather than wisdom and impartiality as judges. The necessity of making this distinction arises from the union of such diverse functions in the same officer. The people cannot often find an active politician and a good judge in the same person; and as they are not permitted to select one man for their judge and another for their

Senator, each according to his special qualifications for the office to which he is elected, they are compelled to elect between their necessities, and in seeking for a good Senator, to run the risk of getting a bad judge, and *vice versa*.

Second, we object that the period for which most of the members of the Court of Errors are elected is too short to admit of that stability and comprehensiveness in their decisions which the dignity and influence of the Court demand—and is also too short to command that degree of talent and fidelity which are requisite for a proper discharge of its duties. The first point is familiar to every person conversant with the decisions of this Court, and the second is sufficiently proved by the reluctance of men distinguished for ability, to be elected to this highest judicial tribunal in the State, who would feel proud of a seat upon the bench of many inferior courts.

Thirdly, we object that the people are not properly secured against an improvident use of public money and public credit. That there is nothing in any of our State Constitutions to protect us from fraudulent insolvency or excessive taxation, but the contingent honesty and discretion of the Legislature. Not inexperienced we speak. The shameful condition of some of our sister States, and the headlong extravagance of New York legislation, by which the citizens of that State have been suspended more than once over the very precipice of national insolvency, are sufficient warnings to all who are not besotted with prejudice, or false to their own convictions.

Fourthly, we object that the property of the State is not liable in a suit by its creditors for the debts which it contracts, whereby the creditor is deprived of an absolute right, and the people of a most important safeguard against improvident legislation. Aside from the clear and obvious right which the creditor has to this remedy against the State, it would be calculated, in a high degree, to fix the responsibility of improvident legislation where it belongs, upon the guilty instruments. The people would have their attention awakened by the imprudence of their representatives in a comparatively short time after its perpetration. They would thus, on the one hand, be led to visit these unfaithful servants with a just indignation;

and, on the other, to be more cautious in granting similar powers for the future. By permitting the State to be made defendant at the suit of individual citizens, we should, at the same time, deliver the Legislature from some of its most trying temptations. Private claimants against the State would then betake themselves to the courts, instead of the lobbies, for redress.

Fifthly, we object that a man's rights over his own property, are not properly or even decently respected. That his land may be taken from him, and his houses torn down, to gratify an unprincipled lust of gain, without any pretence of public necessity. And that no fair system of compensation is provided to the ejected citizen, either when the property is taken by privileged corporations, or for the public use.

Sixthly, we object that the Constitution permits the creation of corporations with a larger credit, and with less liability for their engagements, than is permitted to individual citizens. Besides, the gross injustice which such privileges work to those who cannot participate in their enjoyment, their tendency has been, and is directly or indirectly, to make the currency of the State fluctuating, to derange the industry of the country, and to establish a large and powerful influence adverse to impartial legislation.

Seventhly, we object that it has seriously and unnecessarily diminished the legislative power of the counties and towns; that it has injudiciously deprived the people of their proper influence in the selection of their local officers, and has increased the patronage of the central government, and thus the capacity of its members for political corruption, to the serious obstruction of pure and equal legislation, and the calamitous depravation of public morals. Our government is based upon the doctrine that every town knows its own wants and their remedies better than they are known by any other town. This doctrine assumed, it is absurd to give the selection of merely local town and county officers to the General Government—worse than absurd, it is corrupting to the appointing power, and concedes to an oligarchy a dangerous control over the electoral votes, and thus over the legislation of the State.

Eighthly, we object that it has made no adequate provision for the prompt and

righteous administration of the law, in consequence of which, the citizen is often subjected to unjustifiable delay and expense in establishing his legal rights. The average duration of a litigated suit is not less than five years in our Court of Chancery, and three years in our Courts of Law. The average expenses are from 15 to 20 per cent. upon the whole sums recovered.

Ninthly, we object that it permits an unlimited creation of offices by the government, whereby the patronage of the executive may be dangerously increased, without the consent of the people. In consequence of this, vast numbers are tempted to abandon both their professions and their principles, for the desperate chances of political life, and the people are subjected to useless expense for services not only needless, but frequently prejudicial to the public welfare.

Tenthly, we object that the clergy are, by the Constitution, ineligible to, and incapable of holding "any civil or military office or place within this State," and are thus denied a full, practical enjoyment of the privileges of citizenship. This, we believe, is the only clause in the present Constitution which is unconditionally discreditable to the statesmanship of every man who advocated it. If anything could add to the absurdity of the act it would be the reasons they gave for doing it. "Whereas, the ministers of the gospel are, by their profession, dedicated to the service of God and the cure of souls, and ought not to be diverted from the duties of their functions; therefore, no minister of the gospel, or priest of any denomination whatever, shall, at any time hereafter, under any pretence or description whatever, be eligible to, or capable of holding any civil or military office or place within this State." In the first place, the conclusion is, in itself, a wretched *non-sequitur*; and, in the next place, when it is as well remembered as it was once understood, that this provision against the political elevation of the clergy was introduced solely to protect our institutions from the principles of that body which were generally conceived to be fatally adverse to the existence of civil and religious liberty, every one will, at once, perceive that we have branded the whole body with a mark of public distrust, which, whether deserved or not, is no more necessary, under our liberal

suffrage system, than it is to compel the people to border their garments with fringe, as the Jews were commanded by Moses, that they may become more mindful of, and obedient to the laws that exist.

We will admit, if necessary, that, at first, the clergy would make unpracticable and, we believe, unpopular statesmen; but, we have not the remotest idea that it would be possible for their whole united order to turn the Legislature of the State, in any perceptible degree, from its appointed orbit. Whether they would choose to avail themselves of the privilege of holding office, would depend upon two questions; first, whether it were calculated, as the Convention suggested, to divert them from the duties of their sacred functions; and, secondly, whether, if it were, they were conscientious enough to refuse it. If they were not, it is hardly worth while for the State to oppose obstacles to their leaving a profession which they can't but disgrace. If they were, it is idle to impose prohibitions upon them. If, on the other hand, the duties of the two functions were not found to be inconsistent, it is a gross injustice to the clergy to deprive them of their just influence in the making and administering of those laws which they are forced to submit to. It is not that we look for any special accession of wisdom to the councils of the State, or fidelity in the administration of her affairs, by removing these restrictions from the clerical profession; but we are not willing that our Constitution, the sanctuary of our political faith, should any longer give refuge to a principle of legislation so intolerant and so mean.

With most of our readers, to state

these objections is to argue them. They are as familiar as household words to every enlightened democrat, and to remove them, we hope will be the fervent aspiration of every pure one. We forbear going into a discussion of the remedies which we propose to these evils, as it has been and is our purpose now, merely to show a clear necessity for a substantial and comprehensive constitutional reform, and by what agency that reform can be most advantageously effected. The latter question remains to be considered.

The most devoted advocates of constitutional reform insist that a convention of delegates, elected by the whole people, would be the only body fit to undertake this vast and responsible work. That none but men specially called for the purpose, men uniting the most enlarged faculties of statesmanship with the most impregnable integrity, are sufficient for its "high argument." There is, on the other hand, another class, among which are many devoted friends of the Constitution and of civil liberty, who fear to trust a convention with such powers as are contemplated by the other section of reformers; who fear that an appetite for change may grow among them by what it feeds on, that, instead of confining their attention to necessary reforms, they may engage in a system of speculative or experimental legislation, and gamble with the public confidence for the chances that improvements may result. The class entertaining these apprehensions, prefer that the reforms should be initiated by the Legislature and ratified in the way provided by the Constitution.* In support of this view, among other things, it is alleged that, when the Revisers of the Constitution in 1821, provided a pro-

* SEC. 1st. "Any amendment or amendments to this Constitution, may be prepared in the Senate or Assembly, and if the same shall be agreed to by a majority of the members elected to each of the two houses, such proposed amendment or amendments, shall be entered on their journals, with the yeas and nays taken thereon, and referred to the Legislature then next to be chosen, and shall be published for three months previous to the time of making such choice; and, if in the Legislature next chosen as aforesaid, such proposed amendment or amendments shall be agreed to by two thirds of all the members elected to each house, then it shall be the duty of the Legislature to submit such proposed amendment or amendments to the people, in such manner, and at such a time, as the Legislature shall prescribe: and if the people shall approve and ratify such amendment or amendments, by a majority of the electors qualified to vote for members of the Legislature, voting thereon, such amendment or amendments shall become part of the Constitution."—Constitution of the State of New York, Article 8.

oces for amending that instrument, without a Convention, they intended to supersede that agency for the future. For this inference we entertain no respect whatever. It cannot be pretended that the Convention of 1821 divested the people of the right of amending the Constitution again by another Convention; but it is assumed that, having provided one organism for change, they meant to discourage every other. This is both bad statesmanship and bad logic. We could never see the slightest reason for so broad an inference, though we can discover abundant reason for the clause of the Constitution in question. Under the old Constitution of 1777, no amendment could be made without a Convention; and when a matter of mere machinery in the instrument required attention, a matter about the necessity of which little or no difference of opinion was entertained, perhaps a matter which could have been quietly passed through the Legislature without a discussion and ratified by the people without a caucus,—in these mere technics of legislation, the people were subjected to the expense and delay of a Convention before that alteration could be effected. This was the case in 1801, when it was required to fix the ratio of representation of the State of New York in the Legislature, and to interpret an ambiguous passage in the old Constitution. The expense and embarrassment which those trifling alterations involved, were the substantial, if not the sole reasons for the introduction of the provision in question into the new Constitution; and the propriety of its introduction we readily concede—but we deny that there is any authority for believing that the Convention of 1821 intended, by indirection or otherwise, to place the Constitution of the State under the control of the legislative power, or to supersede all revision by Conventions for the future.

There remains, then, this single question—Which is the better qualified to digest, without delay, a thorough and comprehensive system of constitutional reform—the Legislature, or a Convention to be specially called for the purpose?

We may as well, at once, avow our preference for the Convention—nay, we are prepared to go farther, and to

say, that while the present standard of legislative qualification obtains, we would prefer that the Constitution should continue as it is, rather than that the Legislature should attempt to amend it. And these are our reasons:

In the first place, the Legislature is not elected to revise the Constitution, but for other and very different purposes. The delegates to that body are expected to direct their attention to the current legislative business of the year. Those who are selected may be fully competent to represent the wishes of the majority upon the questions to which this business gives rise, while their doctrines of constitutional legislation might be altogether objectionable to their constituency. If there be a prospect of difficulty with a neighboring country, as in the McLeod case, or with a sister State, as in the Virginia claim—or if a change in the system of public instruction be contemplated, the delegates who would be employed for these exigencies are by no means necessarily equal to the task of constitutional reform. Eminent capacity for the duties of the former in no wise implies equal capacity for the duties of the latter. The most capable for one emergency might prove wholly unfit for the other. Consequently it happens that where the people would attempt a change in the Constitution without the agency of a Convention, they are obliged, at the election of their representatives, to decide two issues, about which they may entertain the most opposite opinions, by one and the same vote. They are compelled, in one case or the other, to sacrifice their judgment to their necessities, because they are not able to express their opinions separately upon each. The same incongruity of functions which we deplore in the organization of the upper house of the legislature, by which legislative and judicial powers are combined in the same body, is apparent here. We can understand why, in a remote and thinly-populated settlement, the very distinct duties of schoolmaster and dentist should devolve upon the same individual. Wealth and civilisation have not labored together long enough there to effect a division of the professions. But no one pretends that we have not far more accomplished statesmen in the country than the majority of those we employ

in making our laws; no one will pretend that to revise a Constitution does not require the best services of the ablest and best of men; no one will pretend that we cannot afford to pay for those services far better than we can afford to do without them. Why, then, we ask, shall we not avail ourselves of the wisdom of our wise men? Why not give the public sentiment its full and fair expression, without driving the people to choose between their rights, and to compromise with their necessities.

But, in the second place, suppose the legislature to represent the public sentiment fully upon all the fundamental questions of government, we again object that they have not time or opportunity to project and mature a comprehensive plan of reform. Every one, who is at all acquainted with the labors of a faithful legislator, knows that during session he is ever pressed with the current business of the houses. A large portion of his time is taken up in committees. He is inexperienced and uninformed upon some or all the subjects under deliberation, and requires time to prepare himself, to study, to reflect, to consult. The limited duration of his office, and his small compensation for that period, discourage him from devoting the vacations of his terms to that preparation. The consequence has been, almost invariably, that a large majority of all the bills, of every session, have been passed during its last week, many of which were not half discussed, and not more than half understood. Is it contended that much time is occupied by the two houses in political trifling? But would they trifle less with five or six bills for a reform of the Constitution waiting a third reading? Would it become a whit the less necessary for Mr. A to detain the action of the house while he talks for a given number of days in every session at his constituency upon the few and altogether immaterial topics, concerning which he happens to have some information? Would it become a whit the less necessary for Mr. B to recite all the calamities, real or imagined, which have originated since the creation of the world from the policy pursued by his political opponents? Would it become a whit the less necessary for Mr. C to pursue his dispute, *de rebus nihili*, with Mr. D, until, in

striving for the last word, he puts off the dignity of a legislator to cover himself with the ignominy of a blackguard? Would that it might! The friend of civil liberty might then be spared the mortification of defending the system of popular governments against the scandals of legislation, which so frequently make its operation disgusting. Would that it might! and it would be given him to see those institutions which he cherishes with such fidelity and hope, commending themselves to the whole world as an example to be admired, not as a warning, and to be despised. But such speculations are idle. The pendency of any constitutional question reconciles no political or personal differences, it satisfies no selfish appetites, it gives to legislators no enlarged views, it takes from them no selfish propensities. They will devote just as much time to their own ends, and just as little to the public good, as they please. As usual, they will work for individuals during the session, and for the public the day before adjournment. The consequence is that they will not touch any constitutional subject at all, or if they do, they will huddle it through at the heel of the session, without deliberation or debate. Many may vote against it for the want of time to consider its merits, and many in favor of it for the same reason. It may thus be rejected and pronounced an unpopular measure, or adopted, and fix a serious and permanent deformity upon the Constitution; a risk, in either case, of the most serious character. Therefore, we insist upon it, that the legislature have not time, though it were their business, to initiate all those constitutional reforms which the progress of political science in this State demands; and, as we shall proceed to show, in the third place, that they are incompetent, both by qualification and position, for such a task, if they had the time.

We have already had occasion to remark that the Legislature are not sent to amend the Constitution, but to attend to the current legislation of the year. We may add, that the individuals usually chosen for that class of duties, are not selected by a high legislative standard. It will hardly be claimed that the higher qualities of statesmanship are insisted upon for our State representatives in any case, while it will

be conceded that obligation for past, or the prospect of future services as a political partisan, have much, very much, if not most to do with establishing a candidate's competency for the duties of legislation. Hence those who are selected are, many of them young, and most of them inexperienced in the higher duties of their vocation. They are called to a kind of business, to which their previous pursuits had, perhaps, never led them to direct their studious attention, and for which they have no preliminary education. On this point of incompetency, however, we cannot dwell, for to say what we feel, would be unpleasant to ourselves, and perhaps to some of our readers, nor is it necessary to elaborate the matter. We put it to every honest and reflecting member of any party, whether, assuming that a convention had been determined upon, he would be content that any legislature elected in this State, for the last twenty years, should be drafted for that convention. If we rightly anticipate his answer, then we ask, if he be willing to impose upon that body the very duties which the Convention in question would be called to discharge.

Again, it unfortunately happens to be the case, that nearly every legislator thinks the interests of his own county of more importance than those of the State—the interests of his own town of more importance than those of his county—and his own interests of more importance than any or all of the others together. Through this prevailing infirmity of the legislative conscience, it has come to pass that the votes of the members have become a common article of barter and exchange. Who has a favorite measure to propose, secures for it all the votes of indifferent members, by pledging, in turn, his own vote to their favorite measures, about which he happens,

himself, to be indifferent. In this way the legislation of an entire session is bound up and interlaced to such a degree that the passage of infamous bills is sometimes made the condition upon which measures of the most vital importance can become laws. Those who will call to mind the conduct of a portion of the legislature in 1812, in their attempt to charter the Bank of America, may see to what corrupt issues this system of log-rolling in legislation may be made to tend.*

We mention this then, as another reason for not relying for constitutional reform upon the legislature. There are a variety of political and personal interests operating upon them to modify very much, if not to control their action, which an independent convention would not be exposed to. Very few private or party ends could be answered by combining for or against any particular measure in a convention. While the nature of the high duties which the delegates are called upon to perform, and for which each would feel personally responsible before his contemporaries as well as to posterity, would constitute a very important security against any infidelity in the exercise of their powers.

In the fourth place, from what we have observed of the state legislatures, it is idle to expect, indeed, it may be idle to expect from any legislative body, a deliberate and spontaneous resignation of any of its important powers; without which, we can have no adequate constitutional reform. It will be observed, that the operation of nearly every change we have alluded to, in our brief summary, would be to deprive the legislature of some substantive right, and restore that right to the people. Indeed, the great purpose of the present movement is to circumscribe the sphere of legislation, and to enlarge the sphere of the individual man. We

* We quote the following paragraph from Hammond's Political History of the State of New York:

"The Bank advocates in the Legislature had systematically prevented any action on nearly all the important business before them. Holding a majority, they seemed determined that nothing of consequence should be done, until their favorite measure (the charter of the Bank of America) should be adopted. The more pressing the necessity of legislation on any given subject, the more carefully did they watch and strenuously oppose, final action upon it. *Of two hundred and forty bills, ultimately passed during that session, the greater part of which were then on their table, they had passed but thirty-nine when they were prorogued*" (by Governor Tompkins, for corruption.)—Vol. i., p. 309.

should surely be regardless of all the teachings of history, we should have watched with but little profit for the controlling motives of the human heart, if we could look to the legislature for reforms, which would involve such a serious sacrifice of authority. To us now, *sic notus Ulysses*. We have rarely seen the man, who believed that he had more power than he could manage better than any one else, or that the public interest would be served by his transferring any portion of it to another. Still more rarely have we seen the legislature that labored under the oppression of any such self-distrust. On the contrary, we have found that generally they act from the conviction that the public interest rather required an enlargement than a contraction of their authority. Aristotle has somewhere in his politics, very sagaciously observed, that generally, mankind are satisfied with their respective shares of virtue, however scanty they may be, but are extremely dissatisfied with their shares of all other advantages. Without saying anything worse of our legislature than Aristotle said of all mankind, we may be permitted to express our own conviction, that that body are far more anxious to stretch their prerogatives than to be delivered from temptation.

We have long since, therefore, relinquished all hope of relief from the legislature, for as we have before remarked, we have no confidence in the efficacy, or in the purity of reforms emanating from that quarter.

Forasmuch then, as the legislature are not elected to reform the Constitution, but for very distinct purposes, and often entertain opinions quite contrary to those of their constituents upon many questions of constitutional polity: and,

Forasmuch, as they have not sufficient time, even though they did fairly and fully represent public sentiment upon those questions, to discuss and present all the required reforms with-

out neglecting their other legislative duties; and,

Forasmuch as, admitting that abundant time might be spared them, the political and personal interests of the legislature, which grow out of their official powers, are adverse to prompt and decided action upon the Constitution; and also lead them to make every popular reform the vehicle of more or less impure or unnecessary legislation; and, finally,

Forasmuch, as the legislature always have been, and doubtless will continue to be, unwilling to relinquish any of their powers and restore them to the people, without which restoration, no constitutional reform can be at all complete or satisfactory—we conclude that such a revision of the Constitution as the public interest at present demands can only be undertaken with safety by a convention of delegates to be chosen directly, and for the purpose, by the people.

It will have been observed, that the preceding remarks were not intended to be confined in their application to the present exigencies of the State of New York, but that they equally concern every other State in our confederacy; that we have intended to keep before us distinctly the welfare of no particular section or sect in the country, but of the whole country. We have labored at some length, to show the necessity of subjecting all our State Constitutions* to a thorough revision once at least in the life-time of every generation; and that this revision should be conducted by a convention of delegates elected directly from the people, and for that single purpose. And though the recent movement in the State of New York has been made the occasion for these remarks, we are very far from implying that the Constitution of that State is, in any sense, more defective than the Constitution of any other of the United States in America; on the contrary, there are not more than one or two, and those the least considerable, of the defects in the New York

* We do not include the Federal Constitution here, not because we think it an exception, but as it has not lain in our way to speak of that instrument in this connection, and as we might be misunderstood, if we included it in the rule we have laid down, without an explanation of our views, we prefer to exclude it until an opportunity shall occur of presenting our reasons at length, for applying the same principles of constitutional reform to it as to the State Constitutions.

Constitution, to which we have alluded, which are provided against in any of the other State Constitutions, and we take leave to say that it is the distinguishing glory of the people of New York, that they have been the first to commence the movement of reform, an example which, we have no doubt, will be ultimately imitated by every state in the Union.

We look to see ample and systematic provision made by every State in the Union for the expansion of constitutional science, and that, too, without much delay. The time has come when we must take heed, that that guard which the citizen has placed to protect him from capricious and immature legislation, be not converted into an agent of tyranny to oppress or constrain him; That the instrument which was intended to embody and preserve the political science of the people, and to define the political boundaries of the Government, be not permitted to perpetuate obsolete

or erroneous doctrines, nor to vest political powers in a mode or degree unsatisfactory to the manifest wishes of those whom the exercise of those powers concerns; and that every Constitution contain within itself an organism for expansion and growth, corresponding to that by which its subjects grow in wisdom and in power.

We are not of those who believe, that every nation is destined to revolve in a single circle of birth, progress and decline; and that the growth of each, like the fulling of the moon, "is but its progress to decay;" least of all do we think such a destiny awaits the institutions of our country. If, however, we should be mistaken, and years should bring with them decrepitude to this nation, we do not hesitate to believe that the cause of her decline will be found in the inflexibility of her Constitutions, and the tyranny which their supremacy must always occasion without adequate facilities for amendment and growth.

SONNETS.

THE REFORMER.

THE true Reformer, like the pioneer
 Who hews the western forest, must throw by
 All thought of ease or resting till he die :
 Nor in his noble breast admit the fear
 Of ill ; although, through life, he may not hear
 The voice of friend, nor see one loving eye
 To cheer him on his way of duty high,
 And warn him when his foes are lurking near !
 Yet fields of beauty, by his dauntless hand,
 Shall rise in loveliness, where now the gloom
 Of Error doth the light of Truth withstand ;
 The lonely wilderness he fells shall bloom
 Throughout all after time ; and those who now
 Scowl with mad hate, before his tomb shall bow !

LOVE.

Like the still stars that glow with fadeless light,
 Unchanging ever in their holy ray,
 Unseen, perchance, in the full glare of day,
 Yet with mild glory shining through the night,
 So Love, whate'er the time, is ever bright ;
 And though unnoticed while the sunbeams play
 Around prosperity, has its holiest sway
 When dark afflictions come the soul to blight.
 The loftiest and the lowliest bosom feels
 Its empire sweet, and brightens in its glow ;
 The proudest spirit to its sceptre kneels,
 And gentlest hearts its sweetest influence know.
 Soft to the couch of death it gently steals,
 And, even through its tears, eternal joy reveals !

Port-Chester, 1843.

E. H. BACON.

FLEETS VERSUS FORTS.*

On the 9th April, 1840, a resolution was passed by the House of Representatives, requesting the Secretary of War "to lay before the House, as soon as practicable, a report of a full and connected system of national defence," &c. In compliance with this request, the Secretary (Mr. Poinsett) submitted, on the 12th May, the first of the two documents mentioned below, drawn up by an able board of army officers (from the pen of the present accomplished and excellent head of the Engineer Bureau, Col. Totten), the views expressed in which were sanctioned in the most emphatic manner by the Secretary, and are, in the main, the same which have been submitted by boards composed of distinguished military officers, for the last twenty-five years.

The system which has been so frequently recommended, and which, up to the present time, has been acted on, is, that, wherever practicable, the entrance to our harbors must be closed by fortifications; which means, that the forts defending these entrances must be able to resist any naval attack which would probably be directed against them, and that the injury which hostile vessels would sustain in endeavoring to pass them, would be such, that the object to be attained would not compensate them for this injury. Whenever the object should be so great that its attainment would compensate an enemy for any injury which would probably be inflicted by the forts—such, for instance, as the destruction of New York, its Navy Yard, &c.—then the passage is to be closed by a line of floating obstructions, which would, to an enemy, hermetically seal the harbor, and the removal of which would be effectually prevented by batteries placed at the extremities of the line. The history of naval warfare, for the last two hundred years,

presents us with numerous instances of batteries which have been taken by the crews of ships landed for the purpose. All of our forts, then, must be strong enough to resist a land attack of this kind, and this is precisely the degree of strength which has been given to nearly all of them. In some few instances the importance of certain works and the advantages which the localities offer towards attempting their capture, are so great that an enemy might be induced to land a force sufficient to besiege them. In such cases, it is evident that the fortifications should be so strong as to enable them to hold out until they could be reached by a force large enough to oblige the enemy to raise the siege.

The second document referred to at the head of this Article, was published by order of the House of Representatives on the 26th of April, 1842, after having passed through the Navy Department. These circumstances give it a weight which it does not possess intrinsically, and consequently increase its power of doing harm. On this account we have deemed it worth while to endeavor to point out some of its errors. Some parts of the Report are exceedingly contradictory of each other, and would seem to show that the author had written it with very indistinct ideas of what he was to prove or disprove. For instance, he says, at page 9th: "We agree that the means of defence shall be by neither the fortifications nor the navy exclusively;" while at page 26 he says: "It is clear that whatever policy (fortifications or the navy) we shall adopt, must and ought to be nearly exclusive in its application;" and again at page 27: "We have shown that fortifications do not resist the attack of fleets successfully, and that the system should be abandoned." In one place he speaks of our fortifications as so

* Letter from the Secretary of the Navy, transmitting a copy of the Report of Lieutenant L. M. Powell, of the Survey of the Coast of the Gulf of Mexico, from Apalachicola to the mouth of the Mississippi River. 27th Congress, 2d Session. House of Representatives. Doc. No. 220, pp. 34.

Letter from the Secretary of War, transmitting a System of National Defence, and the Establishment of National Foundries. 56th Congress, 1st Session. House of Representatives. Doc. No. 206, pp. 148.

small in number that, "if placed side by side they would not cover a sea league of our waters;" and in another place he says that these same fortifications "would cover our land with castles." He finds fault with the Board of Inquiry for desiring "to prepare for war without the cost of war;" and immediately after says: "a radical objection to their system is its enormous cost."

A great part of the Report is taken up with a repetition of the arguments advanced in 1836 by a high officer of the government, which arguments have been ably answered in the Report of the Military Board referred to at the head of this Article. It is to be regretted that this Report is so voluminous. Members of Congress and others interested in the subjects discussed in it, on finding that it contained 148 pages, have been deterred from reading it, whereas the most important part, treating of and rebutting the erroneous ideas which had been advanced respecting our system of fortifications, occupies not more than 40 pages. The views laid down in this able document might perhaps be dwelt upon with advantage, but the fear of too much lengthening this paper would alone prevent us from making the attempt. We will confine ourselves in this Article to *one* branch of the many which would be included in a complete discussion of the subject of the fortifications of our sea-board; and this branch, the relative value of ships of war in contests with batteries on shore, occupies the most conspicuous place in the Report of Lieutenant Powell, and gives it indeed its character.

We proceed at once to examine what Lieutenant Powell styles his "enumeration of works which have fallen before the broadsides of fleets;" and will take up each instance enumerated, merely changing the order so as to make it nearly chronological.

The first paragraph we take up states, that Admiral Drake took Carthagena in 1565; that it was again taken by the French in 1697, and once more by the English in 1706. It is true that Drake took Carthagena in 1585 (not 65), but it was taken by troops who were landed and stormed the entrenchments. The broadsides of a fleet had nothing to do with it. (See Southey's Lives of the Admirals, vol. iii., page 187.) In 1697 it was taken by the French under the

Sieur Pointis, but also by a land attack. (See Campbell's Naval History, vol. iii., page 32.) The above attacks refer to Carthagena in South America. It was not taken by the English in 1706. Carthagena in Spain was surrendered to the English fleet in this year, and perhaps our author mistook this for Carthagena in South America. The capture, however, was not owing to the broadsides of a fleet; but the English Admiral understanding that the inhabitants were disposed to declare themselves in favor of the Archduke Charles, whose claims to the throne England supported, sailed there with his fleet, upon the arrival of which the town at once surrendered and embraced the cause of Charles. (See Ledyard's Naval History, vol. iii., page 432.)

Paragraph 7th of the "enumeration," states, that Jamaica was taken by the British fleet in Cromwell's time. It was taken by a British army under General Venables; the fleet having had nothing to do with the capture. (Campbell, vol. ii., page 101.)

Paragraph 13th states, that Rio Janeiro was taken by Du Guay Trouin with a small fleet. In 1711, Du Guay Trouin forced his passage into the harbor of Rio Janeiro, sustaining in the act a loss of three hundred men out of his small fleet. The troops on board were then landed and batteries were erected. Several days after, when all the arrangements for an assault had been made, it was understood that the garrison and the inhabitants had fled from the city during the previous night, whereupon the French entered and took possession. (See the life of Du Guay Trouin by himself.) What does this account prove? Du Guay Trouin did not pretend to combat with the batteries defending the entrance; he merely passed them. That fleets may sometimes force their way through passes defended by batteries, is plainly admitted in the report of the Military Board which Lieutenant Powell attempts to criticise; and it is there laid down that, when the object to be attained will compensate for the loss which must be sustained in forcing the passage, a line of floating obstructions should be placed across the channel, which line an enemy will not be able to break under the fire of batteries placed at its extremities.

The next instance, in point of time,

cited is, "Porto Bello taken by Admiral Vernon in 1740." Here we have at length one of the few instances which deserved mention. But what were the facts? On the 21st November, 1739, Admiral Vernon made his attack on Porto Bello. The harbor was defended by a castle called the Gloria, and two forts, one called the Iron Fort, and the other St. Jeronimo. The attack was made by six ships of the line mounting three hundred and seventy guns upon the Iron Fort alone; which fort, with an advanced battery, mounted one hundred guns; a number amply sufficient, if they had been properly served, to have destroyed the fleet opposed to them. A short time after the attack commenced, the men defending the fort fled from their guns, and almost all abandoned the fort. The sailors of the fleet then landed in boats, and, having no scaling ladders, got into the embrasures by some climbing on the shoulders of others. The next day the Gloria and St. Jeronimo surrendered without having been attacked. The loss in killed and wounded on the part of the English, out of a fleet of six ships of the line, was only twenty.

Now what does this instance prove? Nothing, it is evident, beyond a total want of courage on the part of the Spaniards in question. The English authors from whom the above account is taken, who are naval historians, and therefore not disposed to detract in the least from the merit of their fleet, say: "It must be confessed that their easy conquest must be in part attributed to the cowardice of the Spaniards in surrendering the fort attacked before a breach was made, and the other two before they were attacked;" and, "The Spaniards became panic-struck and fled further up the castle. They no longer listened to the commands of their officers; some fled to the town, and others hung out the white flag, wishing to capitulate." (Campbell, vol. iv., pages 265 and 486; and Beatson, vol. i., page 49.)

The next instances in point of time mentioned, are, "Chagres in 1741 and Carthagea again." The only attack on Carthagea in 1741 was made by an English army landed from the fleet, which attack failed, and the army was obliged to re-embark. (Campbell, vol. iv., page 276.)

As to the attack on Chagres, the

attack on Fort St. Lorenzo, at the mouth of the river, is no doubt alluded to. This was made in 1740 by Admiral Vernon. The fort, mounting only eleven cannon and eleven small mortars for throwing stones called pattraroes, was attacked by four ships of the line mounting 290 guns, besides bomb-vessels, fire-ships, &c., and sustained a furious cannonade for thirty-six hours before it surrendered. (Campbell, vol. iv., pages 272 and 489.) If hot shot had been used by the fort, the destruction of the bombarding ships at Gibraltar shows what would have been the fate of the fleet at the end of *thirty-six* hours. The ships of the line alone had on one broadside 110 guns to contend against the eleven guns of the fort, for, the pattraroes, being small mortars for throwing stones, must, from their short range, have been useless against shipping; and of the eleven guns it is not probable that more than seven or eight could have been brought to bear against the squadron.

The next instance is that of Louisburg, which Mr. Powell says "was attacked and taken by a naval force." Louisburg was attacked and taken twice, but at neither time by a naval force. The first expedition against the place in 1745 was undertaken by troops to the number of 4000, raised in New England and commanded by General Pepperel. The place was invested on the 30th of April, and was not surrendered until the 17th of June. The squadron merely blockaded the harbor during the siege. (Bancroft's History of the United States, vol. iii., p. 456.) The second attack was made in 1758 by an English army commanded by General Amherst. The place was invested on the 8th of June, and did not surrender until the 28th of July. During this siege the fleet did nothing but blockade the harbor and cut out two ships of war which lay there. (Campbell, vol. v., page 106.)

Paragraph 8th of the enumeration states, that "Madras, Calcutta, Pondichery, and Ceylon, were all taken by the British fleets." Madras was never captured by the English, and Pondichery and Ceylon were taken by British armies. Calcutta, when attacked in 1756, was garrisoned by the native troops, who scarcely knew the use of artillery, 40,000 and 50,000 of whom were frequently defeated by 4000 or

5000 Europeans. The governor having deserted the place on the approach of the English, the garrison surrendered as soon as the English squadron opened its fire. (British India, Harper's edition, vol. ii., pages 16 and 21.)

Paragraph 5th states that "all the West India Islands" had repeatedly fallen before the broadsides of fleets. This is a sweeping assertion, but totally devoid of foundation. When Mr. Powell particularizes, it will probably be easy to show that his instances are as incorrect as those of the list under consideration.

The next instance brought forward is the attack on the batteries of Guadeloupe by the English in 1759. Mr. Powell states, from a French account, that the batteries were *nearly* silenced after a cannonade of nine hours, and the garrison, to avoid being made prisoners, fled to the mountains. An *English* account states that the batteries mounted eighty-one guns, and the ships which attacked them 558. That the shot from the ships neither *injured* nor *dismounted* the cannon of Fort Royal, which mounted forty-seven out of the eighty-one guns. (Beatson, vol. ii., page 236.) Do not these accounts prove that the fault was in the garrison, not in the battery? Instances of cowardice and unaccountable panics may be found in the history of all wars by sea or by land.

The next instance given is perhaps the most remarkable of all. It is thus stated: "Quebec was taken from the French in 1759 by Admiral Saunders." To be sure he adds afterwards: "His fleet conveyed the gallant Wolfe and ten thousand troops to the walls of the city, which capitulated in less than three months." How absurd then to place this as an instance in an enumeration of works alleged to have fallen before the broadsides of fleets!

The next instance is that of Havana, taken (according to Mr. Powell, in 1763) by Admiral Pocock. This capture, which was in 1762, embraces the memorable attack on the Moro Castle. The circumstances were these. The army under the command of Lord Albemarle was landed on the 7th of June, on the coast about six miles to the eastward of the entrance to the harbor. The siege of the castle was then commenced, and on the 30th of July, a breach having been made by a mine, it

was taken by assault. The attack on the city was then commenced by the army, and on the 14th of August, it surrendered. (Campbell, vol. v., p. 54.) The fleet and its admiral, it thus appears, had nothing to do with the capture either of the city or the castle.

Paragraph 9th enumerates, among the places which have fallen before the broadsides of fleets, "Sumatra, Java and the rich city of Manilla—the latter by Admiral Cornish." The facts are these. Manilla was captured in 1762 by an army of three thousand men under the command of General Draper, who first proposed the expedition. The troops were landed on the 24th of September, and on the 6th of October, a breach having been made by the land batteries, the place was assaulted and taken. (Campbell, vol. v., p. 65.)

Java was taken in 1811 by an army under the command of Sir Samuel Auchmuty. Two actions were fought with the Dutch army under General Jansens before the island was surrendered. (Campbell, vol. viii., p. 262.)

As to Sumatra, nothing is recorded respecting it, having anything to do with the subject under consideration.

In paragraph 27th, Mr. Powell states that "during the attack on Long Island, in our revolutionary war, the frigate Roebuck silenced the efficient batteries at Red Hook." Ramsay says not a word about this affair; Marshall and Botta merely mention a cannonade; and Beatson, the *English Naval Historian*, says: "The Roebuck only, which was the leading ship, exchanged a few random shots with their battery on Red Hook." (Vol. iv., p. 161.)

Next in order comes the remark about Charleston: "Charleston was taken notwithstanding the attack on Fort Moultrie failed." Yes; four years after the memorable attack on Fort Moultrie, Charleston was taken; but what has that to do with contests between the broadsides of ships and fortifications? There was no action between the fleet on entering the harbor and the forts on shore, and Marshall states that, at the time, Fort Moultrie, on one side of the entrance, was entirely out of repair, and Fort Johnson, on the other side, in ruins.

The 24th paragraph of the enumeration states, that "most of the West India Islands were re-captured by D'Estaing's fleet." This is incorrect.

Two or three islands only were re-captured, and by troops landed for the purpose. (Campbell, vol. v., p. 452.)

Paragraph 22 is entirely incorrect. The circumstances were these. In 1794, during the attack on Fort Royal, Martinique, Captain Faulkner, of the Zebra, ran his ship close to the fort, landed his men and, in conjunction with the men landed from the rest of the squadron, escalated and took the fort. (Campbell, vol. vi., p. 417, and James's Naval History, vol. i., p. 218.) This was a very brave and gallant action, certainly, but has nothing whatever to do with the question of the superiority of the broadsides of ships of war over land batteries.

The action of the Winchester, mentioned in paragraph 23d, is thus mentioned by James, in his very detailed work written for the purpose of glorifying the English Navy:—"In 1794, Lord Garlies laid the Winchelsea frigate within half musket-shot of the enemy's batteries, and soon silenced the guns." (Vol. i., p. 221.) No particulars as regards the number of guns, the batteries mounted, their construction, &c., are given, and that the affair was very unimportant we may conclude from the manner in which James mentions it. Brenton, also an English Naval Historian, and better authority than James, calls the "batteries" a battery. In all probability a little field-work, thrown up in haste and imperfectly constructed.

The next instance in point of time is, "The Cape of Good Hope by the British fleet." The Cape has been twice taken by the English, but on both occasions by armies landed for the purpose: first, in 1795, by troops commanded by Generals Clarke and Craig; and the second time, in 1805, by an army under Sir David Baird. On both occasions battles were fought with the Dutch before the colony surrendered. (Campbell, vol. vi., p. 446, and vol. viii., p. 74.)

As to Malta, mentioned in paragraph 11th, it was surrendered to the French in 1798 without opposition, and in consequence of French influence with the Knights. (Scott's Napoleon, vol. iv., p. 61.)

Paragraph 19th refers to the passage of the Dardanelles in 1807 by Admiral Duckworth. This was not a contest between ships and forts, but, like the

entrance into the harbor of Rio Janeiro, already mentioned, an attempt to pass through a strait defended by fortifications. The remarks which were made in that case will apply to this. The expedition, however, was a failure, as the object (which was the destruction of the Turkish fleet) the admiral did not dare attempt. In his official despatch, the admiral states that, *had the Turks been allowed another week to complete their fortifications on the Dardanelles, it would have been very doubtful whether the return passage could have been effected at all.* (See Sir John Duckworth's official letter, and Campbell, vol. viii., p. 97.)

According to Mr. Powell's own statement, the capture of Curaçoa, in 1807, by Sir Charles Brisbane, has nothing to do with the question as to the relative strength of forts and the broadsides of ships; but it will not be useless to say a word or two as to this capture. The fort was surprised and taken by an escalade during the absence of the commanding officer and a large portion of the garrison. To show what chance of success there would have been in a contest with the forts, we will merely insert a paragraph from an account of the capture by Captain Brenton, of the English Navy. He says: "Ahead of our ships stood Fort République, which might have sunk every ship in half an hour." (See Brenton, vol. ii., p. 204, and a letter from Sir Charles Brisbane himself, in the United Service Journal, 1829, p. 676.)

Paragraph 15 states: "The British fleet forced the passage by Flushing and took the city, in 1809." The fleet did run past the city towards the close of the siege, and, considering that the river there is two miles wide, this is not at all surprising. The place was regularly besieged and taken by an army of 17,000 men. A detailed account of the siege may be found in the notes to Jones's Journals of Sieges in Spain.

Paragraph 28 states, of the attack on Fort Washington, on the Potomac, during the last war: "But the fortress on the Potomac, which had more than 'two guns behind a parapet,' and was well placed, like the case cited by the reporter at Cape Licosa, had a good garrison, nay, when all the requisite 'conditions were fulfilled,' was evacuated by the fire of two hostile frigates."

Mr. Powell, in this passage, quotes from the report of the Military Board, and evidently chuckles at the home thrust he gives its reporter. James, the English naval historian, thus relates the circumstances of the case:—"On the 27th, the squadron arrived abreast of Fort Washington. The bomb-ships immediately began throwing their shells into the fort preparatory to an attack the next morning by the two frigates. On the bursting of the first shell the garrison was observed to retreat." (Vol. vi., p. 312.) The officer commanding the fort was afterwards tried and cashiered for cowardice.

We are then told that "the Mobile fort surrendered to a force landed from ships." Why this circumstance should have found a place in Mr. Powell's enumeration we cannot imagine. That forts have been, times without number, taken by forces on land, is well known, and why the important fact that the forces had been previously landed from ships should make a difference, is what we are at a loss to conceive.

The next instance brought forward is Algiers, which it is said, "has been five times bombarded into submission by ships of war." To bombard a town situated, like Algiers, directly on the sea shore, is a very different thing from a contest with the guns of fortifications. When a town is so placed, a single ship may take up a position at a distance of three miles from it and every bomb thrown from her will fall in the town, which may be thus set on fire and burnt; and, at such a distance, the ship would run but little risk from shells thrown at her, especially by such unskilful artillerists as the Algerines. We suppose the attack in 1816, by Lord Exmouth, is included in the five bombardments. This, however, was an affair very different from a bombardment, and we reserve it as well as the attack on St. Jean d'Acre, also cited by Mr. Powell, for subsequent examination.

To swell the long lists of the triumphs of fleets over fortifications, the recent victories of the English over the Chinese are enumerated!—the poor Chinese, almost entirely ignorant of everything relating to artillery and gunnery, and who fancied that by clashing their swords together, so great a noise would

be made, that the English would be frightened and run away.

We have now, we believe, examined every instance adduced by Mr. Powell except two, Nos. 14 and 16 of this "enumeration"—the first, the capture of Senegal by the French, and the second, the capture of Mocha, by *one English frigate*. We find this capture of Senegal scarcely noticed by the authorities we have consulted, and, therefore, conclude that the affair was unimportant; and as regards the capture of Mocha by the English, with *one frigate*, it deserves a place by the side of their Chinese victories.

There is still one instance which has been omitted, that of Constantinople, which, it is stated, was once taken by the Venetian fleet. We have looked over the history of Venice for mention of this exploit, and the only account we can find having a bearing that way, is, that the Crusaders, with important aid from the Venetian fleet, took Constantinople in 1204, before the invention of gunpowder—a case, it must be confessed, remarkably in point.

In this long catalogue of nearly fifty instances, it has been shown that there are but five which deserve mention at all. Of these five we reserve two, St. Jean d'Acre and Algiers, for further remark; and of the remaining three, it is clearly shown that the results of two, viz., the capture of Porto Bello in 1739, and of Guadaloupe in 1759, were owing to cowardice on the part of the defenders. As to the remaining instance, that of Chagres in 1740, we refer to the remarks already made in relation to it. We might here, so far as Mr. Powell's document is concerned, close these remarks, but as, in other quarters, ideas have been advanced indicating doubts as to the relative strength of fortifications and ships of war, we will say a few words on the subject.

In the Report of the Military Board, from pages 16 to 28, accurate accounts of many actions between ships of war and land batteries are given, all proving the very great superiority of the latter. We will enlarge a little upon what has been said in that Report with respect to two memorable instances. The first and most important is the great attack on the water batteries of Gibraltar in 1782. Never was an ex-

periment on a grand scale more complete, and never was a result more clear and decisive. The combined energies of France and Spain were put forth to wrest this fortress from England. Forty thousand land troops, commanded by a most distinguished general, and forty-seven sail of the line, besides frigates and smaller vessels, constituted the force of the besiegers. For nearly three years every effort had been vain, and the last and greatest was to be the attack with floating batteries. Mr. Powell chooses to undervalue these floating batteries by calling them "hulks." They were all that the skill and ingenuity and treasure of France and Spain could make them. Willingly would the allies have sacrificed twenty of their best ships of the line to have effected the reduction of the fortress. In fact, Campbell tells us that one of the plans for reducing it was, that the whole fleet should attack the place by water at the same time with a land attack by the army, and it was hoped that, by this plan, the fortress might be captured, with the loss perhaps of ten or twenty ships of the line and a proportional number of troops. This plan was abandoned as impracticable, and that of an attack by floating batteries substituted. These batteries were made bomb-proof by means of sloping roofs of timber, their sides were made so thick as to be shot-proof, and, by filling in the sides with wet sand and cork, thoroughly soaked, and by a system of pipes circulating through the sides, which pipes were, by pumps, kept constantly full of water, it was supposed that they had been made proof against red hot shot. About ten in the morning of the 13th September, the ten ships sailed over and took up their positions at distances varying from 500 to 1200 yards from the batteries of the fortress. They carried, on the broadside opposed to the batteries, 142 heavy guns, and the whole number firing on the fortress, including the land batteries of the besiegers, was upwards of 300. To these were opposed, on the part of the besieged, 80 cannon, 7 mortars, and 7 howitzers, the fire being principally directed against the battering ships. The cannonade commenced at about ten, and on the part of the ships was powerful and well sustained. The garrison commenced using red hot shot at twelve, but their

use was not general until between one and two. Some of the ships were soon discovered to be on fire and the greatest exertions were made by their crews to extinguish the flames. At 7 or 8 in the evening, the fire had increased so much on board the ships that their cannon ceased firing, and during the night and the next morning, six of them blew up and the remaining four, their magazines having been drowned, were burnt to the water's edge. The injury done to the fortifications during the engagement was trifling, and, out of a garrison of 7500 men, there were but 15 killed, and 68 wounded. Was ever the result of any action more conclusive? To one not blinded by prejudice it proves, beyond a doubt, supposing the relative state of land and naval artillery to be as in 1782, that, at similar distances, a contest between land batteries and ships will always result in the destruction of the latter. For the facts stated we refer to Drinkwater's detailed account of the siege, and Campbell's Naval History.

The second of the instances referred to above, is the attack on Fort Moultrie in 1776, by the British squadron, under Sir Peter Parker. Fortunately for the cause we are supporting, this memorable instance occurred in our own country. The attending circumstances are familiar to all of us; we all can appreciate the difficulties under which the little garrison labored, and no American will doubt that, what they so nobly did on that occasion, our countrymen, under more favorable circumstances, can do again. To render the account of this action more striking, we will give it in the words of an English Naval Historian, Campbell. In volume 5th, page 376, he says: "Everything being settled between the commanders, by sea and by land, the Thunder bomb-ship took her station, covered by an armed ship, and began the attack by throwing shells at the fort. The Bristol, Solebay, Experiment, and Actæon, soon after brought up and began a most furious and incessant cannonade. The Sphynx, Syren, and Actæon, were ordered to the westward between the end of the island and Charleston, partly with a view to enflade the works of the fort and, if possible, to cut off all communication between the island and the continent, and partly to interrupt all attempts, by means of fire-ships or other-

wise, to prevent the grand attack. But this design was rendered unsuccessful by the strange unskillfulness of the pilot, who entangled the frigates in the shoals called the Middle Grounds, where they all stuck fast, and, though two of them were speedily disengaged, it was then too late to execute the intended service. The *Actæon* could not be got off, and was burnt by the officers and crew to prevent her stores and materials from falling into the hands of the enemy. Amidst the dreadful roar of artillery and continued thunder from the ships, the garrison of the fort stuck with the greatest firmness and constancy to their guns, fired deliberately and slowly, and took an effective aim. The ships suffered accordingly, and never did our marine, in an engagement of the same nature with any foreign enemy, experience so rude an encounter. The springs of the *Bristol's* cable being cut by the shot, she lay for some time so much exposed to the enemy's fire that she was most dreadfully raked. It is said that the quarter deck of the *Bristol* was at one time cleared of every person but the commander, who stood alone, a spectacle of daring firmness which has never been exceeded, seldom equalled. The fortifications being exceedingly strong, and their lowness preserving them from the weight of our shot, the fire from the ships produced not all the effect which was hoped or expected. The fort, indeed, seemed, for a short time, to be silenced, but this proceeded only from a want of powder which was soon supplied from the continent. The night, at length, put an end to the attack of the fleet. Sir Peter Parker finding all hope of success at an end, and the tide of ebb nearly spent, called off his shattered vessels after an engagement of ten hours." The force of the British fleet in the action thus described by one of their own writers, was two 50 gun-ships, four frigates of 28 guns each, and several smaller vessels; in all, 276 guns. To these were opposed, on the part of the Americans, 26 guns, many of which were of small calibre. The loss in the two 50 gun ships alone, was 190 killed and wounded, whereas in the fort there were but 32 killed and wounded. The distance at which the action was fought was within the point blank range of heavy guns, consequently less than 700 yards. Our

authorities for these facts are Ramsay (American) and Beatson (English). In his *Naval History of the United States*, vol. 1st, page 133, Cooper, whom no one would accuse of a bias against the Navy, says of this action: "It goes fully to prove the important military position, that ships cannot withstand forts, when the latter are properly armed, constructed, and garrisoned. General Moultrie says, that only thirty rounds from the battery were fired, and was of opinion, that the want of powder alone prevented the Americans from destroying the men of war."

At the risk of being too prolix, we cannot refrain from mentioning three other instances of conflicts between shipping and forts, two of which have not been referred to in the Report of the Military Board.

James (vol. 2d, page 116) states, that, in 1798, May 7th, a French squadron consisting of 53 gun-brigs and flat bottomed boats, attacked a redoubt in the island of St. Marcouf, on the coast of France. The enemy had eighty bow guns, of which many were long 36's, and none, it is believed, below long 18's; while the guns on land, which could be brought to bear against them, were in number nineteen, consisting of four 4 pounders, two 6 pounders, nine 24 pounders, two 32 pounders, and two 68 pounders carronades. The gun-boats took up their stations at between 300 and 400 yards from the redoubt. The attack was repulsed, with a considerable loss to the assailants, while the loss in the redoubt was but five killed and wounded.

In 1814, as stated by the United Service Journal for 1833, a French 80 gun ship attempted to silence a small battery of one 18 pounder and one 5½ inch howitzer near Antwerp. The ship took her position at 600 yards from the battery and commenced firing, and although, from the direction of the embrasures, the howitzer only could be brought to bear upon the ship, after a cannonade of five hours, she was obliged to haul off, with a loss of forty-one killed and wounded, besides having sustained serious injury in her hull and rigging.

The last instance we will mention is the attack on Fort Bowyer, near Mobile, in September, 1814. This was a small, temporary work, mounting only twenty guns, of which the greater part

were of small calibre, and not more than fifteen could have been on the water fronts. The garrison numbered only 158 men. The attacking squadron was composed of two ships, of 26 guns each, and two 18 gun brigs. Besides the attack by the squadron a false attack was made on the land-side by a force of 330 men, landed from the ships, marines and Indians. After an action of three hours' duration, fought at a distance of about two hundred yards, the squadron was repulsed, with a loss of 230 killed and wounded, and one of the ships burnt. The loss, on the part of the garrison, was four killed and five wounded. (See Eaton's Life of Jackson, and the official letters of General Jackson and Major Lawrence, in Niles's Register for 1814.)

In our short history we can thus point to two remarkable instances in which our temporary batteries have proved their superiority over ships with a much greater number of guns; and during the war of the Revolution and the late war, our enemy being the greatest maritime power in the world, not a solitary instance occurred of her ships having conquered one of our forts. Americans, then, have every reason to feel confidence in their fortifications, and while the proud mistress of the ocean knows that the same eyes are sighting our great guns which glanced along the muskets and rifles at Bunker's Hill and New Orleans, we may be sure that those fortifications will be respected.

We desire it to be particularly noticed, that all the facts mentioned in this paper have been accompanied by references to the works from which they were taken, and that, whenever necessary, the volume and page have been given. It will be perceived, also, that our authorities have been generally English naval historians, and consequently, our object having been to reduce English naval achievements from the false value assumed for them to their real value, the bias of our authorities must naturally have been against us.

The actions between ships of war and fortifications, briefly described in the Report of the Military Board and in this Article, prove, we think, conclusively, the great superiority of the latter over the former, under similar circumstances. It remains, then, to show

whether those circumstances have been or might be changed, and what effect such changes would produce.

The circumstances that would most materially influence the results of such combats are, the relative value of marine and land artillery, including all improvements which have been made in cannon, projectiles, the construction of batteries, gunnery, &c., and the distances at which these actions might be fought. As regards the improvements which have taken place in artillery and gunnery, we hesitate not to say that those which have been made in land batteries are quite as great as those which have been made on ship-board. The introduction of the Paixhan shot results greatly to the advantage of land artilleries, for while against them they are of less value than solid shot, it is acknowledged by all, that against shipping they will prove destructive beyond any other projectile. The most absurd ideas respecting the effect of these shot upon fortifications have been generally circulated. Their relative values, when used against forts and shipping, are most clearly set forth in the Report of the Military Board, pages 29 and 30 :

“Whi'e on this part of our subject, it is proper to advert to the use of horizontal shells, or hollow shot, or Paixhan's shells (as they are variously called), it having been argued that the introduction of these missiles is seriously to impair the utility of fortifications as a defence of the sea-coast.

“We fully believe that the free use of these shells will have an influence of some importance on the relative force of ship and battery; but that influence must be the very reverse of such predictions. How are the batteries to be affected by them? It can be but in two ways: first, the ship gun having been pointed so as to strike a vital point—that is to say, a gun or a carriage—the shell may explode at the instant of contact. This explosion may possibly happen thus opportunely, but it would happen against all chances; and if happening, would probably do no more than add a few men to the list of killed and wounded. For reasons that will soon appear, it is to be doubted whether the probability of dismounting the gun would be so great as if the missile were a solid 32 pounder shot. Secondly, if it be not by dismounting the guns, or killing the garrison, the effects anticipated from these missiles must result from the injury

they do the battery itself. Now, we are perfectly informed, by military experience, as to the effects of these shells upon forts and batteries; for the shells are not new, although the guns may be so—the 8 inch and the 10 inch shells having always been supplied in abundance to every siege train, and being perfectly understood, both as to their effects and the mode of using them.

“Were it a thing easily done, the blowing away of the parapets of a work (a very desirable result to the attacking party) would be a common incident in the attacks of fortifications; but the history of attacks by land or water affords no such instance. The only practicable way yet discovered of demolishing a fortification, being by attaching a miner to the foot of the wall; or by dint of solid shot and heavy charges, fired unremittingly, during a long succession of hours upon the same part of the wall, in order not only to break through it, but to break through it in such a manner that the weight and pressure of the incumbent mass may throw large portions of the wall prostrate. This, the shortest and best way of breaching a wall, requires, in the first place, perfect accuracy of direction; because the same number of shots, that, being distributed over the expanse of a wall, would merely peel off the face, would, if concentrated in a single deep cut, cause the wall to fall; and it requires, moreover, great power of penetration in the missile—the charge of a breaching gun being, for that reason, one-third greater than the common service charges. Now, the requisite precision of firing for this effect is wholly unattainable in vessels, whether the shot be solid or hollow; and if it were attainable, hollow shot would be entirely useless for the purpose, because every one of them would break to pieces against the wall, even when fired with a charge much less than the common service charge. This is no newly discovered fact; it is neither new nor doubtful. Every hollow shot thrown against the wall of fort or battery, if fired with a velocity affording any penetration, will unquestionably be broken into fragments by the shock.

“After so much had been said about the effect of these shells upon the castle of St. Juan d’Ulloa, it was deemed advisable, although the results of European experiments were perfectly well known, to repeat, in our own service, some trials touching this point. A target was, therefore, constructed, having one-third part of the length formed of granite, one-third of bricks, and the remaining third of free-stone. This was fired at by a Paixhan gun, and by a 32 pounder, from the dis-

tance of half a mile; and the anticipated results were obtained, namely:

“1st. Whether it was the granite, the brick, or the free-stone, that was struck, the solid 32 pounder shot penetrated much deeper into the wall, and did much more damage, than the eight inch hollow shot; and,

“2d. These last broke against the wall on every instance that the charge of the gun was sufficient to give them any penetration.

“The rupture of the shell may often cause the explosion of the powder it contains, because the shell, the burning fuse, and the powder, are all crushed up together; but the shell having no penetration, no greater injury will be done to the wall by the explosion than would be caused by the bursting of a shell that had been placed against it.

“From all this, it appears, incontrovertibly, that, as regards the effects to be produced upon batteries by ships, solid shot are decidedly preferable to hollow shot; and the ship that, contemplating the destruction of batteries, should change any of her long 24 or 32-pounder guns for Paixhan guns would certainly weaken her armament. Her best missiles, at ordinary distances, are solid shot; and, if she can get near, grape shot to fire into the embrasures and over the walls. The best shells against batteries, are the sea mortar shells, fired at high elevations; which, being of great weight, and falling from a great height, penetrate deeply, and, containing a considerable quantity of powder, cause material ravage by their explosion. Such shells, however, can only be fired by vessels appropriately fitted.

“The use of these same hollow shot by batteries against vessels, is, however, an affair of different character. The shells do not break against timber; but, penetrating the bulwarks, they, in the first place, would do greater damage than hollow shot, by making a larger hole, and dispersing more splinters; and having, as shot, effected all this injury, they would then augment it, many fold, by exploding.

“In all cases of close action between ship and battery, the shells will pass through the nearer side, and, if not arrested by some object on the deck, will probably lodge and explode in the farther side; causing, by the explosion, a much greater loss among the crew, and greater injury to the vessel, than by their mere transit across the vessel. As before suggested, the vessel would suffer less injury, were her sides made so thin as not to retain the shell, permitting it to pass through both sides, unless fired with a small velocity. It is not impossible that an exten-

sive use of these horizontal shells may lead to a reduction in the thickness of ships' bulwarks."

As regards the effect of diminishing the distances at which actions between ships and fortifications have been fought, the only advantage that would result to the former from the change, would be, that their necessary inaccuracy in firing would be of less importance; but, at the same time, the amount of fire which could be brought to bear upon any battery on shore, would be very much diminished, and it is a question whether this decrease in the amount of fire, would not alone counterbalance the advantage of increased accuracy. Supposing, for instance, a casemated battery on shore; if, from each extremity of the front, which we suppose to be rectilinear, two lines be drawn, the one parallel to one cheek of an embrasure, and the other parallel to the other cheek of the same embrasure, the fire of all ships anchored without the space included between these two lines would have no effect upon the battery, because shot from ships so placed could not possibly enter the embrasures, and would consequently be harmless. We thus see that the fire which could be developed against a battery, would decrease as the distance decreased. Besides, however, this decrease in the amount of fire, ships, in approaching forts, would labor under other great disadvantages. Their men on the upper decks, would be so exposed to the grape, canister, and musketry of the upper or barbette tier, that these decks would be absolutely untenable, and then the combustibles, such as carcasses, fire balls, &c., which would be showered upon them, would, at short distances, all take effect.

One great change which has been effected in the composition of navies within a few years, is the introduction of steam ships of war. These vessels certainly possess great advantages as regards locomotion, but no naval officer would recommend their use, in contests with fortifications, in the place of ordinary ships of war; for, to the same space exposed, they carry not one half the number of guns of ordinary ships, and, besides being just as vulnerable and combustible as these, they possess an additional liability to danger in the exposure of their machinery.

We now commence the last branch of our subject. Have there been, since the attacks on Gibraltar, Fort Moultrie, and others, any combats between ships of war and fortifications, tending to alter the conclusions we have arrived at from the results of these attacks? Those who maintain that ships can contend successfully with land batteries, point to the attacks on Copenhagen in 1801, on Algiers in 1816, on St. Juan d'Ulloa in 1838, and on St. Jean d'Acrc in 1840. We are not aware of any other instances which have been advanced, worthy of consideration. Each one of these instances will be examined, and we hope to prove that no conclusions unfavorable to fortifications can, with fairness, be drawn from them.

As regards Copenhagen, it is surprising that any one, conversant with the particulars of that action, should cite it as a conflict between fortifications and shipping. It was simply an action between the British fleet, under Lord Nelson, and a line of Danish floating defences, consisting of rafts, block ships, and ships of war. The British fleet, during the action, was one mile distant from the batteries of the city and the island of Amak, and as the line of Danish ships, block ships, &c., lay between the English fleet and these batteries, of course, the latter could not be used at all. The Trekonner battery of 68 guns, was too far to the rear to be of much use in the action; but it was attacked by three frigates and two sloops of war, under Riou, one of the most gallant officers in the English Navy. These vessels were driven off with great loss, and yet, so insignificant did the Danish commander consider this attack, that, in his official report, he states that the Trekonner battery was not engaged at all. For the accounts of this battle, we refer to Campbell, James, and Brenton, all English Naval historians; and for plans of the battle, showing the positions of the fleets, batteries, &c., we refer to Brenton and vol. 2d Napoleon's Memoirs, by Montholon. Considering that the fortifications of Copenhagen and the adjacent batteries were untouched, it may cause surprise that the Danes should have yielded to the demands of the English. This is easily explained. Copenhagen, like Algiers, is so situated that, notwithstanding its fortifications, the city may be bombarded and burnt. The

Danish floating defences alone prevented this. The Crown Prince saw this, and after the destruction of the floating defences, to save his capital from being burnt, yielded to the demands of the English. To understand this it is only necessary to look at the plans referred to above.

The attack on Algiers, by Lord Exmouth, in 1816, is unquestionably the strongest case in favor of the superiority of ships over land batteries which can be advanced, and, therefore, we request for the following examination of this case a careful consideration. The circumstances may be briefly stated thus :

On the 27th of August Lord Exmouth, with five ships of the line, five frigates, and four smaller vessels, and a Dutch squadron of five frigates and a corvette, the whole fleet carrying 892 guns, advanced to the attack of the batteries of Algiers. The ships quietly took their stations, the Algerines, for some unaccountable reason, not firing upon them as they approached. The vessels which attacked the batteries of the Mole, were anchored from ninety to three hundred and fifty yards from the batteries, and the other vessels were stationed about three hundred yards from the opposing batteries. The number of guns engaged on the part of the fleet, was 446, and in the batteries, opposed to the fleet, 225, a number amply sufficient, if they had been properly served, to have destroyed the ships opposed to them. The firing commenced at a quarter before three P. M., continued until nine without intermission, and did not wholly cease till half past eleven. At this time, the fleet hauled off; the Algerine fleet lying within the mole, but which did not take part in the engagement, having been burnt, the town partially destroyed, and the batteries very much injured. Lord Exmouth, in his official account of the action, states that "many of the Algerine ships, being now in flames and the destruction of the whole certain, I considered I had executed *the most important part of my instructions*, and should make every preparation for withdrawing the ships;" and again he says: "Providence, at this interval, gave to my anxious wishes the usual land wind common in this bay. We were all hands employed in warping and towing off, and by the help of the

light air the whole fleet were under sail and came to anchor *out of the reach of shot and shells.*" In another letter he states: "I was forced to attack with a lee shore, and I was quite sure I would have a breeze off the land by one or two in the morning, and equally sure *we could hold out till that time.*" In the life of Exmouth are some observations by a distinguished officer who served in the flag ship during the action, from which the following is an extract: "In a conversation after the action, ——— observed, it was well for us that the land wind came off, or we should never have got out, and God knows what would have been our fate had we remained in the whole night." This observation was made to the Admiral, and undoubtedly by an officer of high rank. The Dutch Admiral, in his official despatch, states: "The destruction of nearly half Algiers, and the burning of the whole Algerine Navy have been the results of it." Observe that nothing is here said about the destruction of the batteries. Again he says in the same despatch: "In this *retreat* (mark the word retreat) which, from the want of wind and the damage suffered in the rigging, was very slow, the ships had still to suffer much from a new-opened and *redoubled fire from the enemy's batteries.*" In the United Service Journal for 1831, page 184, an officer engaged in the action says, that most of the Algerine shot went overhead. It appears that the Algerines did not use hot shot, and Captain Warde, who was sent to Algiers by Lord Exmouth, some months before the engagement, to inspect and report upon the state of the defences, states in his report, that the Algerines "*load their guns with loose powder poured in with a ladle.*" What ignorance and want of skill as artillerists does this one fact prove?

The above extracts show, we think, conclusively, that the Algerines were miserable artillerists; but, notwithstanding this, that the batteries, instead of being silenced, kept up a powerful fire on the hostile fleet while hauling off in retreat. It appears, too, from these extracts, that Lord Exmouth went into action with no expectation of silencing the batteries, for he expressly states, "I was sure we could *hold out* until one or two in the morning." His principal object, as stated by himself,

was the destruction of the Algerine fleet, which was so placed, within the mole, that it could not be destroyed without first attacking the batteries. Having effected this object, he was glad to *retreat* from the fire of the batteries as fast as towing and the providential land wind would enable him. Mr. Powell would have us believe, that the Admiral was so grateful for this providential land wind, because the coast was dangerous and he was afraid a storm might arise which would shipwreck his fleet before morning. This is counting a little too much on our ignorance of nautical matters, for we know that, under such circumstances, something more than hauling off just "out of reach of shot and shells," as stated by the Admiral, is desirable.

The destruction of his fleet and part of the town, together with the certainty of the destruction of the remainder by a distant bombardment, easily account for the compliance of the Dey with the demands of the English. For the facts and extracts given in the above account, we refer to the *Life of Lord Exmouth*, by Osler, particularly to the documents and plan in the appendix.

We have but one remark more to make about Algiers. We have seen that, at Gibraltar, ships nearly incombustible were destroyed at a distance of 1000 yards, by eighty cannon. If there had been British, or French, or American artillerists behind the batteries of Algiers, with two hundred guns firing red hot shot, and carcasses and fire-balls, at a fleet but one or two hundred yards distant, what would have been the result?

As regards the attack on the castle of St. Juan d'Ulloa, in 1838, its examination in the Report of the Military Board is so full and conclusive that we can add nothing to it. Even though at the cost of the necessity of lengthening this paper considerably beyond its proper or convenient limits, we feel bound, in justice to the subject, to quote it—inaccessible as the document is to most readers.

"The only other instance we will adduce is that of the late attack on the castle of St. Juan d'Ulloa. Having before us a plan of this work, made on the spot, after the surrender, by a French engineer officer who was one of the expedition; having, also, his official account of the affair, as well as narratives by seve-

ral eye-witnesses, we can fully understand the circumstances attending the operations, and are liable to no material errors.

"On the 27th of November, 1838, Admiral Baudin anchored at the distance of about seven-eighths of a mile in a north-east direction from the castle, with the frigates *La Néréide*, of 52 guns, *La Gloire*, of 52 guns, and *L'Iphigénie*, of 60 guns; and after being a short time in action, he was joined by *La Créole*, of 24 guns: in all 188 guns, according to the rate of the ships. In a position nearly north from the castle, and at a distance of more than a mile, two bomb ketches, carrying each two large mortars, were anchored. The wind being adverse, all the vessels were towed into position by two armed steamboats belonging to the squadron. 'It was lucky for us,' says the reporter, 'that the Mexicans did not disturb this operation, which lasted near two hours, and that they permitted us to commence the fire.' He further says 'We were exposed to the fire of one 24-pounder, five 16-pounders, seven 12-pounders, one 8-pounder, and five 18-pounder carronades; in all, 19 pieces only.' In order the better to judge of these batteries, we will convert them, in proportion to the weight of balls, into 24-pounders; and we find these 19 guns equivalent to less than 12 guns of that calibre. But we must remark, that, although this simplifies the expression of force, it presents it greatly exaggerated; it represents, for example, three 8-pounders as equivalent to one 24-pounder; whereas, at the distance the parties were engaged (an efficient distance for a 24-pounder) the 8-pounders would be nearly harmless. It represents, also, the 18-pounder carronades as possessing each three-fourths the power of a long 24-pounder; whereas, at that distance, they would not be better than the 8-pounders, if so good. Although the above estimate of the force of the batteries is too great by full one-third, we will, nevertheless, let it stand as representing that force.

"There were, then, twelve 24-pounders engaged against 94 guns (estimating for one broadside only of each ship) and 4 sea-mortars. During the action, a shell caused the magazine in the cavalier to explode, whereby three of the nineteen guns were destroyed, reducing the force to about ten 24-pounders.

"Considering the manner in which this work was defended, it would not have been surprising if the ships had prevailed by mere dint of their guns; but our author states, expressly, that, though the accident just mentioned completely extinguished the fire of the cavalier, still 'the greater part of the other pieces which

could see the ships, to the number of sixteen, continued to fire till the end of the action? They were not dismounted, therefore, and the loss of life at them could not have been great. What, then, was the cause of the surrender of the castle?

"Much has been said of the great use, made by the ships, of horizontal shells, or shells fired at low angles, from large guns; and it is a prevailing idea that the work was torn to pieces, or greatly dilapidated by these missiles. This engineer officer states that, on visiting the castle after the cannonade, he found 'it had been more injured by the French balls and shells than he had expected; still the casemates in the curtains, serving as barracks for the troops, were intact.' 'Of 187 guns found in the fort, 158 were still serviceable; 29 only had been dismounted by the French fire. The heaviest injury was sustained by the cavalier' (where a magazine exploded) 'in bastion No. 2; in battery No. 5' (where another magazine was blown up), 'and the officers' quarters.'" They found in the castle 25 men whose wounds were too severe to permit their removal with the rest of the garrison.

Of the 29 guns dismounted, 5 were thrown down with the cavalier; the remaining 24 guns were no doubt situated in parts of the work opposite to the attack, being pointed in other directions; and were struck by shots or shells that had passed over the walls facing the ships. There is reason to suppose that, of the remaining 16 guns pointed at the French, none were dismounted; and we know that most of them continued to fire till the end of the action.

"The two explosions *may*, certainly, have been caused by shells fired at low angles from Paixhan guns. But it is much more likely they were caused by shells from the sea-mortars, because these last were much larger, and therefore more likely to break through the masonry; because, being fired at high angles, they would fall vertically upon the magazines, which were less protected on the top than on the sides; and because there were more of these large shells fired than of the small ones, in the ratio of 302 to 117.

"But, considering that the cannonade and bombardment lasted about six hours, and that 8,250 shot and shells were fired by the French, it is extraordinary that there were no more than two explosions of magazines, and that no greater injury was done the fort; since it is certain that there were no less than six other similar magazines situated on the rampart, in different parts of the

work, not one of which was shell-proof. The surrender, after these explosions, was a very natural event, with a governor and garrison who seem to have known as little about the proper preparations for such contests as about the mode of conducting them. The second explosion must have satisfied them, if the first did not, that they had introduced within their own precincts much more formidable means of destruction than any it was in the power of the French to send from gun or mortar.

"The important points to be noticed in this contest are these:

"1st. The French took such a position that their 94 guns were opposed by the equivalent of 10 or 12 guns only.

"2d. In proof of the inefficiency of the Mexican guns generally, it may be stated, that, although the three French frigates were struck in their hulls about three hundred times, they lost but thirty-three men in killed and wounded. The *Iphigénie* was hulled 160 times, and yet had but thirteen men hurt; very few, therefore, of these 160 balls could have passed through her sides.

"3. It appears that very few, if any, of the guns exposed to the direct action of the French broadsides were dismounted or silenced by their fire.

"4th. The narratives of the day contain exaggerated statements of injury inflicted on the walls by shells fired from guns; the professional report, above quoted, of the chief engineer of the expedition, neither speaks of, nor alludes to, any such injury. After deducting from the parts of the work said to be most injured—the cavalier, and also battery No. 5, in each of which a magazine exploded—there remain, as having suffered most, the quarters of the officers and bastion No. 2. As to the first, if it was elevated above the walls (as it is probable), it would, of course, suffer severely; because the walls of mere barracks, or quarters, are never made of a thickness to resist shot or shells of any kind; and if not elevated above the walls, but covered by them, the injury resulted most probably from shells fired at high angles from the sea-mortars, and not from shells fired nearly horizontally, from the Paixhan guns. Whether the injury sustained by bastion No 2 was the effect of shot and shells upon the face of the walls, or of shells falling vertically within the bastion, is not stated; it was probably due in part to both. If there had been any extraordinary damage done by the horizontal shells, we may reasonably suppose special mention would have been made of it, because it was the first time that this missile had been tried, in a

large way, in actual warfare. That anything like a breach could have been effected with solid shot, at that distance, and in that time, we know to be impossible; but it is neither unreasonable to suppose, nor unlikely, that many of the heavy vertical shells may have fallen in the bastion and caused much injury. Whatever may have been the cause of the damage, or its amount, it did not, we have reason to believe, extinguish the fire of any of the five 16-pounders that were pointed from the bastion against the ships.

"5th. So far as effects were produced by the direct action of the French armament, whether guns, bomb-cannon, or sea-mortars, it does not appear that there was the slightest reason for the submission of the fort. There is little doubt that the 8,250 shot and shells fired at the castle must have greatly marred the surface of the walls; and it is not unlikely that three or four striking near each other may have made deep indentations—especially as the stone is soft, beyond any material applied to building in any part of the United States; but these are not injuries of material consequence, however they may appear to the inexperienced eye; and we should risk little in asserting, that, abstracting the effects of the explosion, the castle was as inaccessible to assault, after the cannonade, as before it; that, so far as regards the levelling of obstacles lying in the way of a sword in hand attack, the 8,250 shot and shells might as well have been fired in the opposite direction.

"6th. The explosion, however, of two deposits of powder in the castle (one of which is reported to have buried sixty men in its ruins), showed the defenders that, although they might evade the vertical fire, and their works might cover them from the horizontal fire of the French, there was no protection against, no evasion of, the dreadful ravages of exploding magazines. With this ruin round them, and a six-fold greater ruin likely, at every moment, to burst upon their heads, it is not surprising that a garrison, found in circumstances so unmilitary, doubted their power of protracted resistance.

"7th. It must be borne in mind that these explosions have nothing to do either with the question of relative strength, or with the peculiarities of the French attack. No defences, with such management, can be effective; and no attack can fail. The French, not dreaming of such culpable, such inconceivable negligence, on a point always receiving the most careful attention, entered upon the cannonade with no other purpose, as is avowed, than that of somewhat weakening the defences,

and dispiriting and fatiguing the garrison, before proceeding to an assault which was to have followed at night, and for which all preparations had been made. Had the Mexicans thrown all the powder of these 8 magazines into the sea, or had they transported it to their barracks, and every man, making a pillow of a keg, slept through the whole cannonade (as might have been done safely), in their quarters in the curtain c. semates, the castle of St. Juan d'Ulloa would, we doubt not, have been as competent to resist the projected assault, as it was when the French first arrived before it.

"8th. The number of killed and wounded in the French vessels, in proportion to the guns acting against them, was, for ten guns, more than twenty-seven men—being upwards of four times as great as the loss sustained by the English at the battle of Trafalgar.

"In concluding this reference to facts in military history, we will add, that we do not see how it is possible to avoid making the following deduction, namely: that fixed batteries upon the shore are capable of resisting the attacks of ships, even when the armament of the latter is by far the most numerous and heavy.

"There are several reasons for this capacity in batteries, of which the principal may be thus stated; and these reasons apply to vessels of every size and every sort—to small or large—to vessels moved by wind or steam: The ship is everywhere equally vulnerable; and large as is her hull, the men and the guns are very much concentrated within her: on the other hand, in the properly constructed battery, it is only the gun itself, a small part of the carriage, and now and then a head or an arm raised above the parapet, that can be hurt: the ratio of the exposed surfaces being not less than fifteen or twenty to one. Next, there is always more or less motion in the water, so that the ship gun, although it may have been pointed accurately at one moment, at the next will be thrown entirely away from the object, even when the motion in the vessel is too small to be otherwise noticed; whereas, in the battery, the gun will be fired just as it is pointed, and the motion of the ship will merely vary to the extent of a few inches, or at most two or three feet, the spot in which the shot is to be received. In the ship, there are, besides, many points exposed, that may be called vital points. By losing her rudder, or portions of her rigging or of her spars, she may become unmanageable, and unable to use her strength; she may receive shots under water, and be liable to sink; she may receive hot shot, and be set on fire, and these damages are in addition to those of

having her guns dismantled, and her people killed by the shot which pierce her sides and scatt r splinters from her timbers; while the risks of the battery are confined to those mentioned above, namely, the risk that the gun, the carriage, or the men, may be struck. That the magazines should be exposed, as were those of the castle of St. Juan d'Ulloa, must never be anticipated as possible."

From this examination it appears, that the French, in attacking the castle with their fleet, had no other object in view, as is avowed by them, than to weaken the defences preparatory to the assault which was to have been made on the following night; and that the surrender of the castle resulted from the terror caused by the explosion of two magazines, which were not bomb-proof, the garrison fearing too the explosion of six others which were also not bomb-proof.

The last instance which remains to be noticed is the attack on St. Jean d'Acre, in 1840, by the British fleet, under Admiral Stopford. We have not yet any details respecting the fortifications of St. Jean d'Acre, but from English accounts in the United Service Journal, for January, 1841, and October, 1841, notwithstanding a manifest disposition, on the part of the writers, to magnify the achievement, we find the following facts: The fleet, consisting of eight ships of the line, nine frigates, corvettes, and sloops, and four steamers, in all, 920 guns, took their stations on the two water fronts of the town, at a distance of 900 yards from the fortifications. These fronts mounted about 100 cannon and 16 mortars, and, according to Admiral Stopford's official despatch, the fortifications were in an unfinished state. The cannonade, on both sides, commenced at two P. M., but the Egyptian "shot went mostly overhead." About four P. M. the principal magazine and the whole arsenal blew up, and, by this explosion, in the words of the commander of the English land forces on board of the fleet, "two entire regiments were annihilated, and every living creature within the area of 60,000 square yards, ceased to exist. Immediately after the explosion the fire of the fortifications abated, and soon ceased, and during the night the town was evacuated by the garrison. On the next morning, the English took possession, and found

that the explosion had made a large breach in the fortifications on the land front. Of the 100 cannon defending the two sea faces, only thirteen had been shattered, and of the sixteen mortars, four only had been injured. The loss in the whole fleet was only eighteen killed and forty-one wounded."

From the above account, we see that the fortifications, at the time of the attack, were incomplete, and from the trifling loss on board the fleet (fifty-nine killed and wounded out of probably 14,000 or 15,000 men) and the fact mentioned above, that most of the shot went overhead, we must conclude that the artillery of the place was miserably served. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, we find that but thirteen guns out of the hundred, and four mortars out of the sixteen were injured, so that the fortifications were still in a condition to have resisted successfully the attack of the fleet, but at four P. M. this terrible explosion took place, laying a great part of the town in ruins, annihilating two entire regiments and every living creature within an area of 60,000 square yards, and, moreover, causing a large breach in one of the land fronts. The Egyptians, terrified by the explosion and knowing that the 3,000 troops on board, assisted by the crews of the ships, could easily storm the works by the breach, abandoned the place during the night.

On account of the blowing up of the magazines at St. Juan d'Ulloa and St. Jean d'Acre, it may be well to mention that the thickness of masonry which makes a magazine bomb-proof, is well known to every engineer, and there have been instances, in sieges, of hundreds of shells falling upon the roof of one magazine without breaking through. We ask, then, any candid and unprejudiced person, is there anything in this account of the capture of Acre, calculated to affect the conclusion previously arrived at, that, in the words of Cooper, "ships cannot withstand forts when the latter are properly constructed, armed, and garrisoned!"

In the course of these remarks, we have examined the series of instances brought forward by Lieutenant Powell, to prove that fortifications have repeatedly fallen before the broadsides of fleets, and have shown that it is a mass of incorrect statements, from beginning to end. We have, then, by referring to

well authenticated instances, stated in the Report of the Military Board, and by accounts of a few others, equally well authenticated, shown that experience, up to the year 1814, had clearly proved the great superiority, at that time, of fortifications over the broad-sides of ships. We have, then, endeavored to prove, that this experience applies perfectly well to the present day, by showing that, since that time, no changes have taken place in artillery which would increase the relative value of that of ships; but that, on the contrary, one important improvement, the introduction of the Paixhan shot, results greatly to the advantage of land batteries. Finally, we have examined two or three instances, of comparatively recent occurrence, which have been thought, by some, to counterbalance the weight of former experience, and have shown, however strikingly these results may appear at first, that, on ex-

amination, there appears to be nothing in them which should shake our faith in the efficiency of fortifications.

We will now, in conclusion, state one fact which, of itself, appears to us to settle this question. Within the last half century, the most important ports of France have been blockaded for years and years by English fleets, commanded by their Howes, their Hoods, their Nelsons, their Collingwoods, and their Exmouths, the heroes of the English Navy, for the purpose of preventing the French fleets from coming out; and yet, to destroy those fleets, and the French naval establishment with them, never have these commanders attempted an attack on Brest or Toulon, or Cherbourg, or Rochfort, or any other fortified port of France. What these men, with such inducements, did not dare to attempt, we may safely conclude to have been impracticable.

THOUGHTS AT SUNSET.

Thou setting sun, thou setting sun,
 Another pilgrim day is done,
 Another page of sorrow read,
 Another tale of marvel said,
 Another dawn of hopes o'ercast,
 Another mystery the past
 With touch impalpable hath won
 For time's abyss—thou setting sun.

What pleasant lands thy orient smile
 Hath waked to conscious bliss the while;
 Wide plenteous fields and healthful air,
 Undimmed by that foul shadow, care:
 Childhood's wild mirth and fond caress,
 And manhood's sober happiness,
 Age resting on his labors done,
 Thy light hath cherished, genial sun.

What want, and misery, and crime,
 What stern despair, and hate sublime,
 What carnage of the base and brave,
 Anguish of master and of slave,
 Groans from the prison-bound, that pine
 In dreary cell or darksome mine,
 What evil sought, a worse to shun,
 Thy beams have witnessed, setting sun.

Thy young rays gleamed in palace hall
 Welcome to sumptuous festival ;
 Sparkled in thy meridian blaze
 The proud procession's jewelled maze ;
 While regal pomp, and martial steel,
 Broad silken banner, and the peal
 Of shouts exultant blent in one,
 Graced thy day's glory, setting sun.

What hours, including years of pain,
 What struggles of the heart and brain,
 Patience o'er-tasked, and sordid strife
 To grasp the meaner needs of life ;
 Things fearful even to think, not name,
 Secrets of cruelty and shame,
 Deeds wrought by many, owned by none,
 Thy light illumined, setting sun.

What vows by pure affection sealed,
 What new and thrilling ties revealed,
 Bride blushing to the altar led,
 Young mother by her infant's bed,—
 What holier scene, the dying just,
 Mind clear in faith, heart strong in trust,
 Rejoicing o'er the journey done,
 Have set with thee, thou setting sun.

What pallid victim's loathing sigh
 Hath told the half-suspected lie ;
 What sin hath cunning misery glozed,
 What founts of nature vice hath closed,
 How signed the sceptic's final bond
 Death, with no hope of life beyond,
 Madd'ning chimera doubt to shun,
 With heaven's last gleam, departing sun.

Thou, in mysterious glory still
 Unchanged, since first the Mighty Will
 Called thee to be, and saw thee good,
 Hast in thy central radiance stood,
 The seeming principle of life
 To all thy circling subjects,—rife
 With being—yet even thou shalt run
 But thy appointed course, O sun !

Thou, whose impassive splendors fall
 On each alike, material all ;
 Lone despot of attendant spheres,
 Thou too must wane, wax old with years :
 Thy calm unsympathizing day
 Smiles on the suffering child of clay,
 Whose thread of various life is spun
 By light of an Eternal Sun !

Yes—when hours, ages, time shall be
 Merged in the vast Infinity—
 When, units of the wondrous whole,
 Thou, and thy system, like a scroll
 Shall shrink, and shrivel, at the doom,
 Bursting Earth's long expectant tomb—
 Man's mightier destiny begun
 Will dawn o'er thy last setting, Sun !

LITERARY PHYSICIANS.

BY W. A. JONES.

IN the catholicism of taste, dear Mr. Editor, evinced in your conduct of the *Democratic*; in your liberality in laying the fewest possible restrictions on your contributors, and confining the range of prohibited topics to the smallest possible circle, I have remarked one feature peculiar to your Magazine, i. e., the leaning towards the speculations of skilful and intelligent medical men, and a certain fondness for physical inquiries, subservient to the amelioration of the future social condition of man, and indicative of a higher and purer spiritual philosophy. Though political science and the philosophy of Progress be your characteristic and leading design, yet you neglect not Science in its less direct and (immediately) practical bearings, nor do you overlook the claims of Literature of a less solid and philosophical character. You admit even gossiping essays, and retrospective sketches of literature. As my papers have naturally fallen under that head, I have thought you and your readers might be inclined to run over, in a cursory manner, the list of physicians, who have won a classical reputation as authors, not of mere professional works (for they fall out of our account), but writers of books of general interest, and especially in the lighter departments of the belles lettres. Even of these, we shall take up a consideration only of the most prominent and best known.

Before proceeding to this, we will stop to suggest the inquiry (which we shall not attempt to settle) of the comparative literary rank of the three learned professions, (according to the old formal decision, which left out many callings that require far more real acquirement, and that, too, of a finer character than is necessary to enable one to succeed, to a degree much beyond mediocrity, in either of the faculties of law, divinity or physic). And each may appear, from the statement of a partial advocate, to take the lead. The lawyer may claim, to draw upon English literature alone, Shakspeare, who alone would outweigh all

the clever authors among physicians, we can muster, by any diligence of research. The advocate may claim, too, Burke, the finest of political orators, and almost the first of English prose writers, putting out of view his later political principles; the long array of statesmen and able debaters and political essayists (one of the glories of England) are lawyers, almost to a man; and in literature, properly so styled, from the essays of Bacon to the *Ion* of Talfourd, we conceive no doubts can be raised, no question advanced that they are not first among the first. Of the great dramatists, from Shakspeare down, excluding the professional poets and actors, which of the faculties can compete with the Law? The fame of historical skill is pretty equally divided. The Bar boasting its More and Bacon and Clarendon and Hallam; and the Church its Fuller and Burnet and Lingard and Arnold. We recollect no classical history by a physician. In the field of fiction, or the page of the manners-painting novelist, the lawyers can point to their Fielding, the prose Homer of human nature, and the Ariosto of the North—Scott himself: the divines may boast of their Swift and Sterne (though they are a little shy of both), and the doctors have among them four capital humorous painters, Arbuthnot and Goldsmith and Smollett and Moore. The divines bear away the palm in serious eloquence and in moral reasoning, as might be naturally expected. The minor forms of literature, from biography down, are better represented by briefless barristers than by well benefited divines or physicians in full practice. The poets are of every class and condition, though we think the best, in general, have followed literature alone. Neat, agreeable verses have been written by doctors, but the best versifier among them, Goldsmith, was, essentially, an author by profession. Mere learning, as distinct from elegant literature, may at one period have been confined to the profession of physic: natural science, always the

most popular species of knowledge, falls naturally within the scope of their studies, and certainly they have been great discoverers in natural philosophy: but in a higher philosophy, that of the government of men and the advancement of the race, the legal and political inquirer has greatly distanced these; whilst in the highest philosophy, that of the moral nature, aims, capacity and sympathies of man, the individual as contrasted with and distinct from man, the citizen or political unit, the first class of divines from Jeremy Taylor to our own Channing, deserve the highest place.

Lawyers have at all times done their full share in advancing the interests of society, and their memory should be preserved with reverence. The profession of the law has produced the greatest statesmen and most brilliant orators of modern times; some of the ablest divines have been originally lawyers, and have brought to the high topics of theology, an acute, logical head, as well as an ardent imagination and a pure heart. The greatest writers of the present century, for instance, from Sir Walter Scott down to a lively newspaper critic, as those of the London Examiner and the best monthly and quarterly journals, have been lawyers. From the law has the world received the blessings of that profound and admirable philosophy, so conducive to public interest and so well adapted to private happiness, which we read in the pages of Bacon, of Burke, and of Brougham. The sharpness and transparency of intellect, that legal studies and legal practice afford, go far toward the general improvement of the faculties of observation and comparison. Hence, we find lawyers such masters of real life, and the best society (intellectually considered) of any place you may enter. In the country, the judge is the first man, and the principal advocate stands next highest. In the city, even in this commercial mart, the profession of the law, as a profession, stands unquestionably the highest. At least six out of ten of our most distinguished public characters and persons of eminent private worth, have come out from the law. The most sagacious foreign critic of our government and its workings, has most justly demonstrated the bar to be the bulwark of our political liberties, the intelligent

and fearless defender of our rights. Though law itself is unromantic enough in its study, let Euromus and Lord Bolingbroke, Sir James Macintosh and Dr. Warren, say what they may to the contrary, yet is it very far from being a dull pursuit, to a successful lawyer.

The most unexpected incidents and turns daily arise, the rarest characters are to be met with, the most open reference to the human heart is often made by the able lawyer, in a free and diversified practice. We are very far from thinking the legal life, as it is, comparable to that of the true man of letters, as it might be; still, where there is much to praise, it is churlish to remain silent. Finally, as a class of men for general intelligence, clearness of mind, temperance of opinion, real force of character, polished amenity of manner, we can find no class of men superior to the best class of lawyers; the old senatorial band of judges and counsellors of long standing, or the new and fresher army of smart, young attorneys.

Having offered our humble tribute to the profession of the law, we should not omit to pay due respect to genius and virtue, as it is embodied in the Christian church. As the noblest portion of that noble body, we shall glance merely at the general character of the standard old English divines, the Donnes, Halls, Taylors, Barrows, Souths, Mores, Earles, Fullers, Tiltsons, and Berkleys. These great old masters form a choice collection in a select library of old English literature. It has been said, that a complete library could be formed from their works, and that, too, a most valuable one. For though divines, they were none the less wits, historians, scholars, poets, orators, and moralists—unlike the French clergy, the ornaments of which have been, either mere declaimers or else scholastic controversialists, the English divines wrote books of moral essays, satires, descriptions of characters, works on men and manners. They had wit and humor, as well as fancy and sentiment. They were not merely the spiritual guides, but also the popular writers of their day. As mere scholars, their acquisitions were wonderful: as thinkers, the richness of their matter is fully equivalent to its gorgeous setting. As men, where shall we look for a more

primitive piety and holiness of character comparable to that of the heavenly George Herbert? what Christian, at once so simple and so learned, so wise and yet so humble as Hooker? whose devotional raptures (in our own day) equal the enthusiastic fancies of Crashaw? whose keen satire rivals that of Hall or Eachard? What later martyr to principle outshines the apostolic Latimer? whose golden eloquence casts the fancy and the imagination of Taylor or South into the shade. We should be glad to learn if ever there existed a more copious, exact, and comprehensive reasoner than Barrow, or a finer model of the true Christian gentleman, than Berkley. Later metaphysicians have not yet obscured the fame of Clarke and Butler. We might run on with these glorious old names, and fill many a page. But it is unnecessary. Do we wish to confirm our proposition of the elevated position and powerful claims of the clergy to the highest station, we have only to turn our eyes to the Unitarians of New England, who once *could** boast, among their leading ministers, the ablest minds of the country, Channing, Bancroft, Brownson, Emerson, Dewey, the Wares, Sparks, Palfrey, Bellows, Furness. Out of the pulpit, there are the Sedgwicks, Mr. Bryant (we believe), and, if we are not mistaken, Daniel Webster. The Unitarian clergy is decidedly the most intellectual body of men in our country, and their congregations are composed of thoughtful, educated persons, who attend the sanctuary to be instructed, and not as a matter of routine, to hear repeated for the thousandth time, the stereotyped phrases of an established church, and the lifeless teaching of an inert spiritual philosophy.

With these tributes to the Law and Divinity, sincerely offered, and not introduced merely for the sake of a display of impartiality, we come at last to the Faculty of Medicine. And, in the outset, we may quote the opinion of Johnson, gained from a wide and intimate experience on his part of the skill and benevolence of physicians, the most eminent of whom, in his day, took pleasure in prolonging the life and alleviating the poignant diseases under

which this great man suffered, not only without fee or reward, but with a readiness, a patience, and an affectionate zeal that could not be remunerated by any merely pecuniary returns; services to be commanded neither by the patronage of the titled, nor the applause of the famous. A strong feeling of personal attachment existed between Dr. Johnson and several of the first medical men of England in his time, and a mutual esteem honorable to both sides. In his case, too, the willingness to accept gratuitous services, discovered as much liberality of spirit (for a man of such manly independence of character), at the eager offer on their parts to proffer them.

In Boswell's life, the commendations of the faculty occur in several places, but we now have reference more particularly to a passage in the life of Sir Samuel Garth, which reads as follows: "Whether what Temple says be true, that physicians have had more learning than the other faculties, I will not stay to inquire, but I believe, every man has found in physicians, just liberality and dignity of sentiment, very prompt effusion of beneficence and willingness to exert a lucrative art where there is no hope of lucre." Though we most readily assent to Johnson's own dictum in the matter, we are far from being governed to any great degree by the dictum of Temple, who has been shown to have been a very superficial scholar, and hence no safe critic. Besides, the period was not very distant from the age in which Temple lived, when the physician held not his present position, but ranked with the apothecary, or rather the two professions were more generally merged into one; when the surgeon was generally the barber, and his operations few and simple. A similar analogy holds in regard to other offices; the chancellor of Great Britain is now always a layman, but up to the time of Sir Thomas More, in the reign of Henry VIII., the office was invariably held by the primate, and the Court of Equity was considered the just province of ecclesiastical jurisdiction.

In point of erudition, we have little doubt that physicians formerly, and perhaps still, have surpassed lawyers, though we suspect not the clergy, who

* We are perfectly well aware that certain of the above names are now neither to be classed among the Unitarians nor to be designated as clergymen.

have an interminable professional literature of their own. But in regard to natural genius, with the exception of the choice instances we have collected, we are inclined to suspect the Faculty will not be able to sustain a fair parallel with the Bar or the Pulpit. This is, however, a point we are by no means solicitous to decide. Most physicians have too rare an opportunity of leisure to employ much of it in writing, and then we do not so naturally look to them as authors, as we desire to regard them as friends, companions, counsellors, acquaintance. We entertain for them rather a personal attachment, than an abstract literary admiration. We are touched by their kindness: excited to gratitude by their skill and successful endeavors, and rendered trusting by the confidential intercourse that so naturally springs up between doctor and patient.

It appears to us, therefore, no matter of wonder that the doctor should aim to excel in conversation more than in composition—and should seek professional rather than literary fame. To become skilful and discriminating in his art; agreeable and gentlemanly in his address; to perform well the character of a judicious yet kind friend, and entertain by all allowable arts the dull hours of the invalid; to act the part of the philanthropist and the good Samaritan; these surely are honors sufficient for the ambition of any reasonable human creature, and require the exercise of virtues that make men akin to the angels and ministers of heavenly mercy. Than this we know no more desirable character, no office more to be coveted.

To come, however, closer to the subject of our present speculations. Before the reign of Anne, we meet few names among distinguished physicians, equally celebrated for literary composition. The great doctors were either discoverers like Harvey, or cultivators of science and professional lore, as Mead (who had so little taste for general literature, as to accept Defoe's fictitious history of the Great Plague, for a true relation), or mere learned men, encyclopedical scholars. Sir Thomas Browne is the only one, we can recollect, whose literary pretensions have become confirmed by posterity. No eloquence can be found more fitting to paint the gloom of melancholy, or the murky solitariness

of the grave, than his rich, sombre tints. His stately, philosophical tone, ennobles while it exalts, and does not merely excite or stimulate only to depress the more when the attraction of novelty has fled. Browne is, to his profession, in a great measure what Bacon is to the Law, not from his professedly professional writings, but from his general spirit and the tone of his mind. He is the true medical moralist; the active Christian practitioner. In his religious passages, there is an unction and a sublime piety, that should make his prime work, "*Religio Medici*," the manual of those of the same class with himself. It is a confession of Faith, a compend of Devotion, a Hymn of Thanksgiving, an offering of Gratitude. We can object to but one defect in the philosophy of Browne, it is too much tintured with an austere seriousness. His descriptions of death are just the opposite of Taylor's; the former draws the mere skeleton folded in a rich cloth of dark velvet, whilst the latter paints the body lately fresh with life, and with a countenance full of hope, and lips parted in a sweet smile of joy.

The reign of Anne produced two physicians equally conspicuous for their wit and benevolence, their amiable qualities and a certain fine spirit of humanity—Arbuthnot and Garth. Arbuthnot, for humor and learned satire, has been placed by some above even Swift. He was the popular Tory physician, as Garth was the favorite of the Whigs. Our author was, notwithstanding his partizan zeal, the favorite of all parties, and conciliated the hostile wits. He was the strong personal friend of Swift, Pope, Gay, Addison; Steele, Bolingbroke, and Atterbury. The noble, affectionate heart of Arbuthnot softened even the splenetic temper of the sarcastic vicar of Laracor. Arbuthnot was the idol of Swift. He thus (in one of his letters) writes of him, with mingled admiration and a gay humor, that seeks to conceal its love by mockery of it:—"Oh! if the world had but a dozen Arbuthnots in it I would burn my travels! But, however, he is not without a fault. There is a passage in Bede, highly commending the piety and learning of the Irish in that age, where, after abundance of praises, he overthrows them all by lamenting that, alas, they kept Easter at the wrong time of the year. So

our doctor has every quality and virtue that can make a man amiable or useful; but, alas, *he has a sort of slouch in his walk!* I pray God protect him, for he is an excellent Christian, though not a Catholic." In his celebrated Epistle, Pope has expressed himself twice with generous warmth in grateful acknowledgment of the skill of his friend:—

"Friend to my life! (which did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song)."

And, a little further on, he pathetically sings,—

"The Muse but serv'd to ease some friend, not wife,
To help me through this long disease, my life;
To second, Arbuthnot! thy art and care,
And teach the being you preserv'd to bear."

In Gay's Epistle to Pope, a welcome from Greece, on the occasion of his having finished his translation of Homer's Iliad, in which all Pope's intimates and admirers are represented as meeting him on the quay to congratulate him on his arrival from Troy, the following lines occur, a just compliment to the humorist, the physician, and the man:—

"Arbuthnot there I see, in physic's art,
As Galen learn'd, or famed Hippocrate;
Whose company drives sorrow from the heart,
As all disease his medicines dissipate."

The heartiness of the sentiment is the best excuse for the tameness of the inspiration, and amply atones for it. The chief work of Arbuthnot is his satirical history of John Bull, a species of comic political allegory, which has been copied with no slight degree of success by our countryman, Paulding. Arbuthnot had also a hand in the Scribbles memoirs, but to what extent we are not informed. Garth, we have noticed, was the favorite Whig physician, that is to say, he was the intimate associate of the Whig wits, but his real practice was said to have been confined. He was an ardent philanthropist and a strong political partizan. He was a member of the celebrated

Kit-cat club, and as a companion and good fellow equalled only by Arbuthnot. Pope styles him "well-natured Garth" in the list of his early friends. The same fine writer, whose affectionate disposition shines through all his works, wrote in these terms of Garth just after his death. In a letter, deploring the loss of Parnell and Rowe, he concludes, "After these, the best-natured of men, Sir Samuel Garth, has left me in the truest concern for his loss. His death was very heroical, and yet unaffected enough to have made a saint or a philosopher famous. But ill tongues and worse hearts have branded his last moments as they did his lip, with irreligion. You must have heard many tales on this subject; but if ever there was a good Christian without knowing himself to be so, it was Dr. Garth." Steele, in his dedication of the *Lover*, a forgotten periodical work devoted to the tender passion, to Sir Samuel Garth,—one we are disposed to regard as among the first, if not the finest address of the kind in the English language,—speaks the following language. We would like to transfer the whole paper, but it is rather long for extract, and we must content ourselves with some of the choicest passages:—"The manner in which you practise this heavenly faculty of aiding human life, is according to the liberality of science, and demonstrates that your heart is more set upon doing good than growing rich. The pitiful artifices which empirics are guilty of to drain cash out of valetudinarians, are the abhorrence of your generous mind, and it is as common with Garth to supply indigent patients with money for food, as to receive it from wealthy ones for physic. How much more amiable, sir, would the generosity which is already applauded by all that know you, appear to those whose gratitude you every day refuse, if they knew that you resist their presents lest you should supply those whose wants you know, by taking from those with whose necessities you are unacquainted! The families you frequently receive you as their friend and well-wisher, whose concern in their behalf is as great as that of those who are related to them by the ties of blood and the sanctions of affinity. This tenderness interrupts the satisfactions of conversation, to which you are so

happily turned, but we forgive you that our mirth is often insipid to you, while you sit absent to what passes among us from your care of such as languish in sickness. We are sensible their distresses, instead of being removed by company, return more strongly to your imagination by comparison of their condition to the jollities of health." This charming eulogium seems to convey the universal impression of Garth's character. The author of the *Dispensary* (his sole work of any consequence, and by no means a poem of much pretension) was a warm whig and adherent to the house of Hanover, in whose behalf he drew the pen of a political pamphleteer. For these services, on the accession of the first prince of that family, he was knighted with the sword of Marlborough, his favorite military hero, and appointed physician in ordinary to the king and physician-general to the army. From Garth, we turn to another physician, who was also a poet and also a knight, Sir Richard Blackmore, the very antipode of that heroic poetry he so much affected, yet a most worthy man, and if a mediocre versifier, still a scholar of considerable acquirement, who has had staunch admirers among philosophers, who, it must be confessed at the same time, had little insight into the mysteries of genuine poesy. Copiousness and a "fatal facility" appear to be the distinguishing traits of Blackmore's muse. He wrote no less than five poems in the epic form alone, which the world has "willingly" enough "let die."

Gay has made a poetical catalogue of these productions, accompanied by a lively, satirical commentary, in his easy, graceful style.

"See who ne'er was nor will be half read,
Who first sang Arthur, then sang Alfred,
Prais'd great Eliza in God's anger,
Till all true Englishmen cried, 'Hang her!'
Made William's virtues wipe the bare a—
And hang'd up Marlborough in arras;
Then, hissed from earth, grew heavenly quite;
Made every reader curse the light;
Maul'd human wit in one thick satire,
Next, in three books, spoil'd human nature;
Undid creation at a jerk,
And of redemption made damn'd work.
Then took his Muse at once and dipt her
Full in the middle of the Scripture.

What wonders then the man, grown old,
did!

Sternhold himself he out-Sternholded.
Made David seem so mad and freakish,
All thought him just what thought King
Achish.

No mortal read his Solomon,
But judg'd Re'boam his own son.
Moses he serv'd, as Moses Pharaoh,
And Deborah, as she Siserah:
Made Jeremy full sore to cry,
And Job himself curse God and die.
What punishment all this must follow?
Shall Arthur use him like King Tollo?
Shall David as Uriah slay him?
Or dextrous Deborah Sisera—him?
Or shall Eliza lay a plot,
To treat him like her sister Scot?
Shall William dub his better end,
Or Marlborough serve him like a friend?
No! none of those!—Heaven spare his
life!
But send him, honest Job, thy wife!"

Notwithstanding the witty, satirical assaults Blackmore was obliged to submit to from his contemporary wits, he could number among his admirers, Locke and Johnson and Watts, men who could appreciate the purity of his life, and the general good sense of his moral speculations, but who were as ill qualified as any three English writers that could be named, for the office of poetical critic. Even Addison (whose taste in poetry leaned toward the correct and delicate) praised the Creation, as we suspect, almost extravagantly; while the fierce Dennis, in the later period of his career, placed it above the great work of Lucretius. Blackmore had, it seems, some talent for the philosophical poetry (as the piebald species of didactic writing, half prose, half rhyme, was called), current at that time, but for the higher philosophical poetry, he was about as fit as the coachman that drove his lumbering old chariot. Of Blackmore's early stupid simplicity, we have a proof in the reply of the celebrated Sydenham to him. On being asked by the young doctor what course of reading to pursue, he advised him to read Don Quixote, as a capital work, into which he often looked himself. We must not forget, however, the high personal moral character of Sir Richard. Detraction and witty malice could find no occasion for serious censure. He never resented the most abusive attacks, and soothed the mind

of Dennis in his old age (as did his great rival, Pope) though he had virulently scandalized him at the outset of his career, by which magnanimity he so won the heart of the fretful old critic, as to draw from him the encomium on his Creation, to which we have above alluded.

During the reigns of the second and third Georges, we meet the names of these several authors, who were at the same time physicians, Armstrong, Akenside, Smollett, Goldsmith, Grainger, Darwin, Moore, Wolcot, and Currie.

Armstrong wrote a sensible poem on the means of preserving health, which might have been as well written in prose, without any considerable loss to the world. It is essentially a didactic essay in verse.

Akenside has higher pretensions, but we cannot say that the imagination of his readers is inclined to admit them. Hazlitt thought his lines stately and imposing, but turgid and gaudy.

We have never heard of nor met with a hearty lover of Akenside's poetry. True it has power and a philosophical precision; the Pleasures of the Imagination is an elaborate commentary on the Platonic philosophy, in blank verse, but it wants nature, freshness, unconscious grace. It was written at the early age of twenty-three, and published in the same year; at which time, also, our poet took his degree in medicine. The history of the publication of this work is pleasant to record. It was offered to Dodsley, who took it to Pope for his advice, who with his natural generosity told him by all means to secure the MS., and not offer a niggardly price, as the author was no every-day writer. If we do not mistake, Bulwer, in his conversations with an ambitious student, passes a high eulogium on Akenside, to whom he also devotes a critical analysis, but the effect of it is, to impress one with the idea that he criticises for the sake of criticism, as Johnson often talked for victory, and with no very strong conviction of the tenable nature of his position. The life of Akenside contains a noble instance of friendship, in the case of Mr. Dyson, who, when the poet's resources had almost entirely failed him, settled upon him an income of three hundred pounds a year, by which he was not only rescued from

poverty, but was enabled to commence his professional career in a suitable manner. Akenside's practice, like that of his brother poetical physicians, was never large, and he was busied in several labors connected with general literature and the literature of his profession. As a man, he had an independent and high-toned temper; as a scholar, rich in acquisitions, and with an active and accomplished intellect. He is said to have been pompous and ostentatiously pedantic. But he must be a churlish critic, who cannot pardon an author for a defect incident to his calling.

From Akenside we naturally enough turn to Smollett, as his satirist (in the character of the Pedant in *Perigrine Pickle*): the supper in imitation of the dinner of the ancients being intended as a burlesque, and it is inimitable, to be sure, of the affectation of learning that Akenside occasionally displayed in familiar conversation. Yet Smollett needed to satirize no one to build himself a reputation thereby. Himself an admirable comic painter, a pleasing poet, a master of character, and a generous man, he had all the qualities to charm, to enlighten, and command reputation. But he was unfortunate, jealous, and irritable; these two most venial defects growing out of the pressure of circumstances. He is classed with physicians, though practising only in the early part of his life. He was a surgeon on board of a man of war, where he saw that life he has painted with such force and coloring in *Roderick Random*. Most of his characters and even the incidents of his novels were taken from real life—and, in *Count Fathom*, there is a sketch of a medical quack, the cleverest, we believe, ever drawn. Smollett is said not to have succeeded in his practice, because he could not manage to conciliate the female portion of his patients (who generally make a man's fortune), though he was handsome, graceful, and perfectly courteous. Yet he was so open in expressing his contempt for affectation and pretence, had so little sympathy with meanness and servility, so heartily despised all cunning and trickery, that he failed in getting on in a pursuit in which we every day see worth, talent, and gentlemanliness obscured by chicanery, fraud, and impudent imposture. Though a high Tory,

he had the cause of liberty (as he viewed it) sincerely at heart, as every reader of his noble poem, *The Address to Scotland*, and the *Ode to Independence*, must confess.

Goldsmith may have ranked low among medical men; we are not sure, but think he did; it is not wonderful; he was no courtier, and he was poor; the two heaviest of all social sins; yet his fame is immortal and his works delightful. We will not be guilty of the impertinence of re-writing a trite criticism upon them.

Grainger is known by a few short pieces, the happiest of which are inserted in *Percy's Reliques*. Darwin was the poet of science; the *Botanic Garden* is one continued treatise on the Linnæan system of botany, delivered and couched under the form of allegory. It is as ornate as the rhetoric of Robins the auctioneer; trivial phrases and glittering metaphors, are substituted for simplicity of feeling and strength of passion. Yet it is full of ingenuity, learning, and misplaced vigor. Wolcot cannot be accused of similar faults; he is sufficiently downright and homely. A strong, coarse satirist; the Cobbett of political versifying. Dr. John Moore, the father of Sir John, and the friend of Burns, who preferred him to Sterne and Addison, is much less known than he should be. He has written one capital novel, *Zeluco*, and one a little inferior to it, *Edward*. *Zeluco* is a truly admirable portrait, and though the author suc-

ceeded best in the dark traits of character (at least in this work), there are still fine strokes of humor, and many less observable points of excellence. The faculty may be honestly proud of Dr. John Moore and place him next to Smollett. The best life of Burns (to our mind) has been written by Currie, a man of elegant taste, clear judgment, and varied scholarship. He closes the short list.

Three fine poets of our own time, may by some poetic license be ranked among the faculty. Crabbe was apprentice to a surgeon, but soon relinquished the calling. Shelley walked the hospitals for a season, purely out of humanity, and with no eye to future practice. And Keats was also apprenticed to an apothecary.

At home, Holmes and Drake, both fine poets, are the only instances we can discover of the union of the two arts. A Dr. Belknap wrote a humorous work, the *Foresters*, many years ago, but we know nothing of it but the name.

French literature may boast of its Rabelais, and probably other bright names, among the physicians of that country. So too of the Germans; but we have brought together the best in our own literature, some of them among our standard classical authors, to demonstrate the fact, that if formerly the physicians had the most learning of the three professions, they have now not the least literature.

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

BY HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

THE few sere leaves that to the branches cling,
 Fall not to-day, so light the zephyr's breath;
 O'er Autumn's sleep now plays the breeze of Spring,
 Like love's warm kiss upon the brow of death:
 Serene the firmament, save where a haze
 Of dreamy softness floats upon the air,
 Or a bright cloud of amber seems to gaze
 In mild surprise upon the meadows bare:
 Summer revives, and, like a tender strain
 Borne on the night-breeze to the wondering ear,
 With tender sighs melts Winter's frosty chain,
 And smiles once more upon the dying year.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

"A pard-like Spirit, beautiful and swift,
A Love in desolation mask'd; a Power,
Girt round with weakness; it can scarce uplift
The weight of the superincumbent hour;
It is a dying lamp, a falling shower,
A breaking billow—even while we speak
Is it not broken?"—ADONAIS.

MR. MADISON observed to Harriet Martineau, that it had been the destiny of America to prove many things which were before thought impossible. It may be said, with equal truth, that it is the destiny of the same country to teach the world what men have been among its brightest ornaments and worthiest benefactors. We have an instance of what is to be done in this respect, in the unfortunate but extraordinary man whose name graces the head of this paper. It is reserved for America to rescue his fame from the cold neglect which it is the interest of older nations to gather round it, and to show mankind, by her warm appreciation of his genius and character, how much virtue and excellence were lost when he perished. In his own country, and in his own day and generation, he lived an outcast. He was banished from the keen delights of his paternal fireside; he was expelled the society of his fellows; his property, the fruit of his toil, and his children, the offspring of his body, were alike torn roughly from him; his name was heaped with obloquy; his spirit broken by persecution; nor did death soften the ferocity of prejudice which haunted his life. His ashes still slumber far from his native land, beneath the mouldering walls of Rome, and his memory is still pursued with reproach. Yet he was the most remarkable man of his time—a scholar, rich in the lore of all tongues and ages—a poet, gifted with sensibility beyond any contemporary—a man, of the loftiest integrity and self-sacrificing worth—and a philanthropist, of the broadest benevolence, of the noblest aspirations. His life was a perpetual illustration of how much virtue could be combined with consummate genius. In the dark history of the past, he rises upon our view like "some frail exhalation which the dawn robes in its golden beams," that, after struggling awhile with the mists of earth, turns upward again and mingles with its native sky.

"By foreign hands his dying eyes were closed,
By foreign hands his decent limbs composed,
By foreign hands his humble grave adorned,
By strangers honored, and by strangers mourned."

Let the stranger and the foreigner undertake the grateful task of placing his merits on their true basis, and of assigning him his right position among the illustrious names of English literature.

We design to remark upon Shelley as a poet and a man. We think that justice has never yet been done him. His countrymen are not in a mood either to apprehend or to confess his legitimate value. The tincture of the bitter gall of prejudice has not yet passed from their eyes; their judgments are warped by old remembrances, and it is left to their late posterity and other lands to form a proper estimate of all that he was. No time or place more fitting for the formation of such an estimate, than this age of progress and this land of freedom!

In entering upon the task, we do it with diffidence. We know the difficulties of the undertaking. Our sympathy with the subject is great; our love for the man deep and abiding; but we fear the want of ability rightly to present him to the minds of the multitude. Let the warmth of our attachment, then, be an apology for the defects of our execution.

Shelley was born at Field Place, in the county of Sussex, on the 4th of August, 1792. His father was Sir Timothy Shelley, a gentleman of property and high family distinction, who traced his remote ancestry to the chivalrous and poetical Sir Philip Sidney. As a child, Shelley appears to have been delicate and sensitive to a painful extreme, ardent in his affections, and tenderly alive to the influences of natural circumstance. The residence of

his friends, far from the tug and bustle of active life, amid the stillness and beauty of rural scenes, early impressed him with a love for tranquil and domestic enjoyments. He has himself, in the Revolt of Islam, touchingly described those aspects of mankind and nature, which were the first to mould his young imagination.

“The star-light smile of children, the sweet looks,
Of women, the fair breast from which I fed,
The murmur of the unreposing brooks,
And the green light, which shifting overhead,
Some tangled bower of vine around me shed,
The shells on the sea-sand, and the wild flowers,
The lamp-light through the rafters cheerly spread,
And on the twining flax—in life’s young hours,
These sights and sounds did nurse my spirit-folded powers.”

These—the friends of his youth, his mother, the home-circle, and the green and sunny looks of outward nature,—were the earliest influences that moved his sensibilities. He was, of course, under this mild discipline, gentle, studious, warm-hearted, and contemplative. The stream of his life flowed on, like the brooks near which he wandered and dreamed, in silent and cheerful harmony.

But the placidity of the current was destined soon to be ruffled by the rough winds. His avidity for knowledge, and the premature growth of his mind, fitted him, at an earlier age than usual, for the preparatory studies of Eton. He was sent thither accordingly; and then the trials of his life began. His career, in that seat of learning, was a series of disappointments. Going there with all the enthusiasm of youth, burning with a zeal for Truth, and expecting to find companions willing, like himself, to devote days and nights to the pursuit of it, he was mortified and repelled to discover that the votaries of learning were filled with a spirit of worldliness and false ambition. This was the first revulsion which his feelings received; and how much was the impetus of it increased when he was himself made the victim of that disgraceful custom called *fagging*, which compels a certain class of the students

to wait as servants upon the others! Shelley had too much pride and independence to submit to such a degradation. He refused to “fag,” and he was consequently treated with arrogance and even despotism. His spirit, sensitive as it was, was no less firm. Neither the cruel vituperation of his fellows, nor menaces of punishment on the part of his superiors, could bend a will whose only law was the self-inspired law of truth. He rejected an obedience which could only be performed at the expense of self-respect. It was not long, therefore, before he was removed from Eton school, and afterwards sent to Oxford College.

His appearance at Oxford was like that of a stray beam of light amid the dust and darkness of an old, cloistered hall. He was slight and fragile of figure, youthful even among those who were all young, retired and thoughtful yet enthusiastic, pursuing with eagerness all branches of science, and exploring, with the impetuosity of first impressions, whatever struck his fancy as novel or useful. But the college, he found, was only a continuation, on a larger scale, of the school. The selfishness, the tyranny, and the falsehood which had shocked him at the one, he soon saw to be the prevailing spirit of the other. Was it not natural that he should contract an aversion to the society of his compeers? Finding no pleasure in the gross and boisterous enjoyments of those about him, he retired to the fellowship of books and his own thoughts. He became enamored of solitary reading, solitary rambles, solitary experiments. Even the necessary usages of discipline grew to be a restraint to him. He could not endure the servitude of regular hours and established forms. A rare notion of freedom brought him into conflict with masters and laws. He was corrected; but instead of being corrected by gentle methods, he was used with severity and imperiousness. His impatience was not subdued but aggravated, under this unnecessary rigor. He passed on to other, and still more offensive, acts of independence. A restless desire of knowledge, leading him to push his inquiries into every domain of science, had brought him acquainted with the bold speculations of the French philosophers. As it might have been expected from a youth, consumed with

the zeal of freedom and justice, he was convinced by their reasonings and captivated by their lofty descriptions of the future. He rejected the more commonly received opinions in politics and religion; but too honest and fearless to hold his new faith in concealment, he openly declared his convictions, and sought to make proselytes to his creed. He was seized with an "ambition to reform the world." He threw down the gauntlet of defiance at the feet of his teachers, and challenged them to an encounter of reason, on such questions as the truth of Christianity and the being of a God. A student who should thus formally set himself up as a teacher of atheism, and, above all, hurl a proud scorn at the heads of his professors, could not, of course, be tolerated in a secluded academical community. He was, consequently, made a subject of discipline, and deliberately expelled from a society, whose prejudices he had assaulted, whose laws he had outraged, and whose authorities he had somewhat wantonly contemned.

How far the College was right in treating him with this severity, or what aggravations there may have been in the manner of it, is not now a topic for inquiry;—suffice it to say, that the event exasperated and embittered his mind to an extreme of almost madness. He was only confirmed in his false but sincere convictions by what he esteemed the despotism of his enemies. He came to regard himself as a victim of oppression. He ceased to respect and love those whose main arguments were force, whose only replies to his appeals had been execrations and reproaches, who shut him out from their sympathies, and branded him as a reprobate and a criminal. There was, undoubtedly, much exaggeration in all this—yet it had its effect in driving him further from the religion to which most erroneously it was intended to bring him back. Religion to him, no longer wore an aspect of loveliness and charity; it was associated with falsehood, intolerance and hatred.

Entertaining such feelings, Shelley was not the man to shrink from giving them definite form and shape. Filled to overflowing, at the same time, with compassion for his fellow men, he mourned over the injustice, the wrong and the misery of human society. His

heart was torn with anguish by the contemplation of the sufferings of the unfriended and the poor, and he wept with scalding tears the desolations of ignorance and vice. He saw the wicked triumphing, and the righteous ground to the earth. The whole history of mankind struck his fevered sensibilities as one continuous chronicle of woe, want, wretchedness, on one hand, and blood-stained tyranny on the other. Society seemed like a vast lazaret-house, in which were gathered all fell diseases, all ghastly forms, and all dreadful plagues.

"He heard, as all have heard, life's various story,
And in no careless heart transcribed the tale,
But, from the sneers of men who had grown hoary,
In shame and scorn, from groans of crowds made pale
By famine, from a mother's desolate wail
For her polluted child, from innocent blood
Poured on the earth, and brows anxious and pale
With the heart's warfare; did he gather food
To feed his many thoughts." * * *

In this spirit Shelley composed his first poem, *Queen Mab*. Although it was not published until several years afterwards, and then surreptitiously, it suits our plan to speak a word of it here.

Queen Mab, we regard as the most extraordinary production of youthful intellect. The author was but seventeen when he wrote it, yet in boldness and depth of thought, vigor of imagination, and intensity of language, it displays prodigious power. In its metre and general form, it resembles Southey's *Thalaba*, but is even superior to that poem, we think, in wild grandeur and pathos. The versification, though sometimes strained and elaborate, is, for the most part, melodious. Its narrative portions are well sustained, while the descriptions, if we may so express it, are hideously faithful. It is easy to perceive, however, that the writer's ungovernable sensibilities ran away with nearly all his other faculties. In the fragmentary state in which it is given to us in the later editions, it is confused in sentiment and rhapsodical. Yet it has

one broad, deep, pervading object. It is a shout of defiance and battle sent up by an unaided stripling, against the powers and principalities of a world reeking in its errors. Every page of it is a fiery protest against the frauds and despotism of priests and kings. It is like the outburst of a mass of flame from a covered and pent up furnace. It is the fierce wail of nature struggling to escape from the accumulated oppressions of ages. Its irregular, convulsive movements, its lurid and dreadful pictures alternating with passages of mild beauty and soft splendor, seem like the protracted battle of Life with Death, of Giant Hope with Giant Despair. The blasphemy and atheism which are so flippantly charged upon it, are the tempestuous writhings of a pure and noble spirit, torn and tossed between the contending winds and waves of a heart full of Love and a head full of Doubt. It is, throughout, the intense utterance of one shocked into madness by the miseries of the present, and at the same time drunk with intoxicating anticipations of the glories of the future.

It was never the intention of Shelley to have published this indiscreet and immature effort of his genius. But the unfortunate notoriety which certain events in his domestic life had procured him, induced a piratical bookseller to give it to the world. When it did appear, he wrote a note to the *London Examiner*, disclaiming much of what it contained.

The domestic events to which we refer, are his marriage and separation from his first wife. We speak of them only so far as the knowledge of them is necessary to the right understanding of his poetry and character. In very early life,—some of his friends say, impelled by interested advisers—he married a young woman, whose tastes he soon found were altogether unsuitable to his own, and from whom, after the birth of two children, he separated. A few years subsequent to this voluntary divorce, the wife committed suicide; not, however, before Shelley, most wrongly, as we conceive, had united himself to another woman. This woman, it is true, was one of illustrious birth, being the daughter of Mary Wollstoncraft and William Godwin, and inheriting some measure of the splendid abilities of both parents;

but he should not have united himself to her—great as she was in herself, and glorious as were the associations that radiated around her history—while his first wife lived. It was the error of his life. He never recovered from the shock given by the distressing mode and manner of his first wife's death. It tinged with remediless sadness and remorse the whole of his after life.

But the most melancholy part of this tragedy was the catastrophe enacted in the court of chancery, under the infamous presidency of Lord Eldon. Our limits will not suffer us to go into the legal merits and bearings of the atrocious case. The end was, that the children of Shelley's first marriage, to whom he was devotedly attached, were taken from him on the ground that his opinions rendered him incompetent to take care of their education. This wicked act of tyranny, this unredeemed and shameless violation of the most sacred ties of the heart, filled the cup of Shelley's woe. He never forgave the injustice, but to the hour of his death, felt to his inmost soul the keen and cruel pangs of the blow.

With these few words, we dismiss this part of our subject.

Shelley, before these events, was living with his second wife on the Continent. He had already angered his family, and been exiled from their protection and sympathy. It is just, however, to say that this abandonment did not take place without attempts on their part to reclaim him from his "errors." One relative, it is said, made him the offer of an immense fortune if he would enter the House of Commons, to sustain the cause of the whigs. But he despised alike the money and the motive, preferring the life of an outcast, true to his convictions, to that of the pampered idol of a party, false to his own soul. The spirit which seems to have actuated him on this occasion, was the spirit of his whole life. He held no half-faced fellowship with God and Mammon. What he believed, that he did, leaving to the developments of time, the issues of his conduct.

Shelley's first acknowledged poem, *Alastor, or, the Spirit of Solitude*, written in 1815, exhibits his mind in a more subdued state than that in which he must have composed *Queen Mab*. He

was then residing at Bishopgate Heath, near Windsor Forest, made immortal in the early lays of Pope. There, in the enjoyment of the companionship of cultivated friends, reading the poets of the day, and visiting the magnificent woodland and forest scenery to be met with in a voyage to the source of the Thames, several months of health and tranquil happiness glided away. The more boisterous excitability of earlier years gave place to habits of calm meditation and self-communion, while the vicissitudes and disappointments which had already chequered his young life, tempered, no doubt, his exalted hopes and restrained the impetuosity of his zeal. In *Alastor*, accordingly, we find the traces of more mature and deeper inward reflection. It contains none of those intense and irrepressible bursts of mingled rage and love, which are at once the merit and defect of *Queen Mab*; but is a quiet and beautiful picture of the progressive condition of the mind of a poet. It represents, to borrow the language of his preface, a youth of uncorrupted feelings and adventurous genius, led forth by an imagination, inflamed and purified through familiarity with all that is excellent and majestic, to the contemplation of the universe. He drinks deep of the fountains of knowledge, and is still insatiate. The magnificence and beauty of the eternal world sink profoundly into the frame of his conceptions, and afford to their modifications a variety not to be exhausted. So long as it is possible for his desires to point towards objects thus infinite and unmeasured, he is joyous and self-possessed. But the period arises when those objects cease to suffice. His mind is at length suddenly awakened, and thirsts for an intercourse with an intelligence similar to itself; he images to himself the being he loves, and the vision unites all of wonderful, wise, and beautiful, which the poet, the philosopher, or the lover could depicture.* He, however, wanders in vain over the populous and desolated portions of the earth, in search for the prototype of his conceptions. Neither earth, nor air, nor yet the pale realms of dreams can accord him the being of his ideal love. Weary at last of the present, and blasted by dis-

appointment, he seeks the retreat of a solitary recess and yields his spirit to death.

Such is the story of a poem, which, Mrs. Shelley says, is rather didactic than narrative, being the outpouring of the poet's own emotions, embodied in the purest form he could conceive, and painted in ideal hues. As much, if not more than any of his works, *Alastor* is characteristic of the author. It is tranquil, thoughtful, and solemn, mingling the exultation animated by the sunny and beautiful aspect of Nature, with the deep, religious feeling that arises from the contemplation of her more stern and majestic mood, and with the brooding thoughts and sad or stormful passion of a heart seeking through the earth for objects to satisfy the restlessness of infinite desires. The impression which it leaves is that of a soft and chastened melancholy. It is full of a touching and mournful eloquence. There is one of these passages we cannot read without tears. It is when the wanderer, in the loneliness and desolation of his heart, after his weary march over the waste, unfriendly earth—

“ At length upon the lone Chorasman
shore
Has paused—a wide and melancholy
waste
Of putrid marshes—A strong impulse
urged
His steps to the sea shore. A swan was
there,
Beside a sluggish stream among the reeds.
It rose as he approached, and with strong
wings
Scaling the upward sky, bent its bright
course
High over the immeasurable main.
His eyes pursued its flight.—‘Thou hast
a home,
Beautiful bird! thou voyagest to thine
home,
Where thy sweet mate will twine her
downy neck
With thine, and welcome thy return with
eyes
Bright in the lustre of thine own fond joy.
And what am I that I should linger here,
With voice far sweeter than thy dying
notes,
Spirit more vast than thine, frame more
attuned
To beauty, wasting these surpassing pow-
ers

* Preface of 1815.

In the deaf air, to the blind earth and
heaven,
That echoes not my thoughts?"

In the summer of this year Shelley paid another visit to the Continent, when he met Lord Byron, with whom—an "uncongenial spirit," he spent the greater part of the time on the shores of the Lake of Geneva. He seems to have written little this year, besides a few shorter pieces, among which are the Hymn to Intellectual Beauty, and the Mount Blanc. But the following year he returned to England, and though heart-harrowing events, referred to above, awaited him there, though his sufferings from illness grew more frequent and severe, his mental activity revived. The very weakness that depressed his physical powers, appeared to enliven and incite his brain. Pain, which kept his mind awake and restless, quickened his sympathies with the afflictions of others.

He was established at Marlow, near London, a sequestered abode on the banks of the Thames. He led a meditative and studious life, but his meditations and studies were of a nature unlike those of most secluded scholars; the claims of his fellow-men were not forgotten. Floating quietly down the stream of the river, under the rich beech-groves of Bisham, or along the exuberant and picturesque meadows of Marlow, he was projecting a poem pregnant with important issues for the world. His head was filled with the gathering visions, and his heart expanded with the noble affections that were destined to give immortality to the Revolt of Islam. It was finished in little more than six months, and given to mankind.

The "Revolt of Islam," though by no means Shelley's greatest work, if his largest, is the one which will endear him most strongly to the lovers of their race. It is written in twelve cantos of the Spenserian stanza, and in his first design was to be entitled "Læon and Cythna, or the Revolution of the Golden City," thereby implying that it was intended to be a story of passion, and not a picture of more mighty and broadly interesting events. As he advanced in his work, however; as the heavy woes of mankind pressed and absorbed his heart, the mere individual figures around whom the narra-

tive gathers, dwindled in importance, and he poured out the strength of his soul in the description of scenes and incidents involving the fates of multitudes and races. The poem may have lost in interest as a narrative by the change, but Oh, how much it has gained as a poem! It is now a gallery of noble, glowing, and spirit-stirring pictures. It paints, in a series of the finest and boldest sketches—sometimes in dim and silvery outline, and sometimes in a broad mass of black and white—the most interesting conditions of a pure mind in its progress towards light and excellence, and of a great people in the passage from slavery to freedom. It is the great choral hymn of struggling nations. The dedication is a melting prelude addressed to his wife. The first canto, like the introduction to some great overture, runs over in brief but graceful and airy strains, the grand and unearthly harmonies which are to compose the burden of the music. After illustrating in passages of great beauty, the growth of a young mind in its aspirations after liberty, and how the impulses of a single spirit may spread the impatience of oppression until it takes captive and influences every soul, the poet proceeds at once to its great topic,—the awakening of a whole nation from degradation to dignity; the dethronement of its tyrants; the exposure of the religious frauds and political quackeries, by which kings and hirelings delude the multitude into quiet subjection; the tranquil happiness, moral elevation, and mutual love of a people made free by their own patriotic endeavors; the treachery and barbarism of hired soldiers; the banding together of despots without to sustain the cause of tyrants at home; the desperate onset of the armies of the allied dynasties; the cruel murder and expulsion of the patriots, and the instauration of despotism, with its train of pestilence, famine and war. But the poem closes with prophecies for the sure and final reign of freedom and virtue.

In this *argument*, to use the phrase of the older poets, Shelley had a high moral aim. We refer not merely to what he himself describes as an attempt "to enlist the harmony of metrical language, ethereal combinations of fancy, and refined and sudden transitions of passion in the cause of lib-

erality, or to kindle in the bosom of his readers a virtuous enthusiasm for those doctrines of liberty and justice, that faith and hope in something good, which neither violence, nor misrepresentation, nor prejudice can ever totally extinguish;" but to that fixed purpose with which he has avoided the obvious conclusion that an ordinary mind would have given to the poem, and adhered to the loftier moral. It ends, as we said, with the triumphs of despotism. What Shelley wished to teach by this, was the lesson, so necessary in that age, when the hopes of mankind had been crushed by the disastrous events of the French Revolution, that every revolt against the oppression of tyranny, that every struggle for the rights of man, though for the time it might be unsuccessful, though it might fail in its resistance of arbitrary power, was, in the end, worth the effort. It destroyed the sanctity that surrounded and shielded the dogmas of the past; it broke the leaden weight of authority; it kindled fear in the breast of the oppressors, by awakening among the people a knowledge of their rights; and it strengthened the confidence of men in each other, while it filled them with visions and hopes of the speedy prevalence of a more universal justice and love. No lesson could then have been more needed by the world. The excesses and apparent failure of the French people had frightened even the warmest lovers of freedom from their early faith. They had scarcely foreseen in the outset, that the weight of long centuries of oppression could not be thrown off without terrific throes and struggles. At the first demonstration, therefore, that the populace were really in earnest, the flush fled from their faces and they gazed upon the scene aghast and trembling. They were seized with a panic of dread. They deprecated what they had before abetted—to the wild exultation which hailed the opening of the outbreak, there had succeeded a feeling of despondency and gloom. The people were no longer the objects of sympathy and zeal, but the victims of misgiving and distrust. Men who had once espoused their cause, now doubted their capacity of self-government. An uneasy suspicion seized them that principles of liberty and justice, having so signally failed in one instance, were

not to be tried in a second. But in the number of these Shelley was not included. To him, the French Revolution was not a failure. Its atrocities and crimes, so far from diminishing his attachment to free principles, cemented and strengthened it. He saw in every frantic outrage, in every unnatural vice, in the mummeries, the violence, and the excess, additional arguments for a milder and more benevolent government. "If the Revolution," says he, "had been prosperous, then misrule and superstition would lose half their claims to our abhorrence, as fetters which the captive can unlock with the slightest motion of his fingers, and which do not eat with poisonous rust into his soul." The evils of that frightful upturning of society, seemed to him as they now seem to every observant mind, transient, while the good was durable. Under such convictions he prepared his poem. Bold as it is, in many of the sentiments, it is a noble monument to the loftiness of his aims, the brilliancy of his imagination, the wealth of love in his heart, and the breadth and power of his intellect. It is an armory from which the young enthusiasts of many generations to come may draw their weapons, in the assurance that they are of tried temper and exquisite polish. We have never read it without feeling our souls stirred within as with the sound of a trumpet—it has enlarged our thoughts, expanded and warmed our affections, quickened our purposes of good, and filled us with an unquenchable flame of philanthropy and love. It is almost the only poem that we can read at all seasons. In those darker moments, when the sense of misdirected efforts, or the exhaustion of disease, or the dark and mysterious dread of some future ill, weighs like an incubus upon the soul, it is almost the only work, after the Gospels, that furnishes nutriment and solace to our mind. Then, it touches us with a feeling of universal sympathy. It awakens us to the broad, deep sorrows of the world, it quickens languid and lagging resolutions, it confirms our faith in good, and swells our hearts with high and bursting hopes. Oh sweet, incomprehensibly sweet, are the emotions of intense and burning enthusiasm that it kindles!

Yet in this poem, as in most of Shelley's others,—indeed, as in nearly all

the poems that have sprung from our past and present state of society, we regret that so much use is made of Violence—that the higher Philosophy, which teaches us how mankind may escape from the darkness and perils of the abyss in which it is everywhere plunged, had not dawned upon the world—and that the best efforts of our best and greatest bards are stained with the taints of destructive and revolutionary principles.

In 1818, Shelley left England, never to return. That divine region, "the paradise of exiles," Italy, became his chosen residence. Under the influence of its beautiful climate, and the inspiration of its scenery, his poetical life seemed to receive a new impulse. Three subjects presented themselves to his mind as the ground-work of lyrical dramas; the first, the touching story of Tasso; the second, the woes and endurance of Job; and the third, the Prometheus Unbound. With the instinct of genius, and led, no doubt, by his growing delight in the Greek dramatists, he selected the last of the three, as the one best suited to his purposes. In the very choice of the subject, he betrays the tendencies of his nature. There is not in the whole round of the universe, any real or imaginary personage so well fitted to dramatic or epic representation as Prometheus. The mythology of his existence is the grandest fable that the human mind ever conceived. In the Lear of Shakspeare, we behold a grand conception;—we have a man—a noble, towering man,—but only a man—battling, heedless of the war of the elements around him, with the storm of raging emotion in his own breast. Again; in the Satan of Milton, we see the demigod, fierce, defiant, unconquerable, wage proud strife with the Omnipotent; but, while we pity his wrongs and sympathize with his daring, the nature of the combat forbids us to applaud his courage, and the exhibition of envy, falsehood, and revenge, destroys our admiration. But in the Prometheus of the ancient fabulist, we behold an Innocent One, exposed to the oppressions of Evil, for the good which he had conferred upon others; bearing for ages without complaint, the tortures of Tyranny; a spirit full of godlike fortitude and hope, warring with the gods: a Calm Sufferer, exempt from bitterness or hatred, though sustaining the

fooulest wrongs that Infinite Power can inflict: an Immortal Nature triumphing over mortal pangs; a Moral Will rising superior to the agonies of physical torment; embodied Goodness and Beauty, recovering from the struggle of centuries of Darkness into the clear light of Heaven, and diffusing universal joy through the realms of space.

In the treatment of the ancient fable Shelley has seen fit to alter it so as to adopt it to his more exalted conceptions of the character of its hero. Prometheus, as we gather his story from the ancient writers, was chained to the rock by Jupiter, for having bequeathed to mankind the gift of knowledge. But there was in the possession of the Titan, the secret of a prophecy which it much concerned the perpetuity of Jupiter's kingdom that he should know. On condition that this should be revealed to him, he offered the Sufferer a full pardon for his primitive crime. The Titan resists, and in the sternness and stubborn power of this resistance, the moral sublimity of the myth consists. The story runs, however, that after enduring the inflictions of the god for ages, the Titan purchased freedom from torture by communicating the secret. The latter part of the fable, Shelley rejects. His Prometheus is true to himself to the last, since, to have made him "unsay his high language, and quail before his successful and perfidious adversary," would have been reconciling the champion of mankind with its opposer. He had a nobler aim.

"To suffer woe, which Hope thinks infinite;
To forgive wrongs, darker than death or night;
To defy Power, which seems omnipotent;
To love and bear; to hope till Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates:
Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent;
This was thy glory, Titan! 'tis to be,
Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free,
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire and Victory!"

The poem opens as day breaks upon the icy rocks of Caucasus, where Prometheus, typifying Humanity, is discovered bound to the precipice. The

sharp glaciers pierce like spears into his side, the chains cut with "their burning cold" into his bones, the vulture, "Heaven's winged hound," is tearing his vitals, and storms and whirlwind and keen hail dash round his defenceless form. But above the raging of the blast is heard his calm voice of defiance to the Monarch of gods and demons, or Jupiter, typifying the Evil Principle, who nailed him to the unsheltered cliff. He is calling, too, upon the Mountains, with their echoes, the icy Springs, and the serene-est Air, to witness his endurance. He begs them, not in exultation but in grief, to repeat his dread curse against the tyrant. The Mountains, the Springs, the Air, and the Earth make reply, when the phantasm of Jupiter arises to declare the fearful words. Prometheus, terrified by the depth of his own curse, and taught goodness by suffering so that he wishes no living thing to suffer pain, repents him of his blind, quick hatred. The spirits around him, who have learned to look upon his triumph as the means of their redemption from evil, howl with misery, as they infer from his words that his firm mind is about to relent. But he continues obdurate and unsubdued. The gods, more and more exasperated by his patience, let loose upon him all the furies; they arm

With the strange might of unimagined
pains,
The powers who scheme slow agonies in
hell.

Mercury appears from Jove to offer the alternative of submission and pardon, or endurance and redoubled torments, and persuades him with soft, moving eloquence, to relinquish the hopeless war. His reply is full of the noblest resolution and self-confidence. Again the furies resume their work of desolation; again the Oceanides, with the beautiful spirits of the suffering worlds, crowd around him, to watch in breathless anxiety the dread conflict of the Immortal Powers; and again the Titan baffles the hatred of his enemies, and drives them into the abyss. Love, Liberty, Wisdom, Hope, and the Sister Spirits of Nature close the first act, with a choral hymn, touching and plaintive, but prophetic of good.

In the second act, Asia, or Nature,

wife of Prometheus and one of the Oceanides, with her sister Panthea, are led by the echoes through the lonely vales of the Caucasus to the cave of Demogorgon, or the Supreme Necessity. She demands from him, when Prometheus shall accomplish his task, and arise the Sun of the rejoicing world. The rocks are cloven, and through the purple night, she beholds the Hours pass in their winged cars. One of these stops for her, and they ascend within a cloud to the top of a snowy mountain. Her form gradually acquires new beauty and radiance, a good change is discovered to be working in the elements, celestial voices sound her praises, and she is gradually prepared for some grand transformation about to take place in the Universe.

The third act opens in Heaven, with Jupiter on his throne, surrounded by Thetis and the inferior deities. He is congratulating the assembled powers on the strength and glory of his reign, when, in the midst of his exultation and voluptuous enjoyment, the car of the Hour arrives with Demogorgon. Jupiter is dethroned and hurled into the abyss; Apollo and Ocean rejoice in his downfall; Hercules, or Strength, releases Prometheus, who joins Asia, Ione, Panthea, and the Spirit of the Earth, and retires with them to the depths of a beautiful forest, to celebrate the emancipation of the Universe from Evil. The fourth act is taken up with the shouts and hymns of gladness with which the powers of Nature, the Unseen Spirits of the Elements, the thoughts of the human mind, the earth, the moon, and the stars, hail the triumph of Humanity and the dawn of Love.

It was the lost drama of Æschylus which suggested to Shelley this poem, of which we have given only the meagerest outline. In the earlier portions of it, where he describes the trials of the Titan, he has imitated the lofty grandeur and solemn majesty of the Grecian Master. But to avoid the charge of mere imitation, he has varied the story, and enlarged the groundwork of plot and incident. It would be an exaggeration to say that he had rivalled the sublimity of the Father of the Dramatists; but it is no exaggeration to dwell upon the moral superiority of his conceptions. He has not the force, the strength, and the awful and

imposing sternness of his robust and rugged model—but he has, we think, more delicacy, softness, and elegance. Indeed, the lyrical parts of the drama are only surpassed in graceful ease and harmony by Sophocles. They rise upon the ear like strains of sweet melody, ravishing it with delight, and leaving, after they have passed away, the sense of a keen but dreamy ecstasy. For delicacy and beauty, nothing in the range of poetry is finer than the description of the flight of the Hours—not even the imagery in which Ione and Panthea discourse to each other while listening to the music of the rolling worlds. The whole impresses one like a noble oratorio, expressive of the Life of Humanity in its passage from early darkness through pain and strife, through weariness and anguish, to the overflowing joy and sunshine of its mature development.

During the following year, the tragedy of the *Cenci* appeared. It has since attained so wide a popularity, and has so often been criticised, both in England and among the Germans, that we shall have little to say of it in this place. It has more of direct human interest in it than any other of the author's poems—but, like all the rest, it serves to display his character. His keen insight into the workings of the human heart—his dread of evil—his hatred of oppression—and above all, his quick sympathy with the delicate and graceful emotions of the female nature, are exhibited in language of unsurpassed elegance and force. Through all the developments of the terrible story, there appears a lofty, moral aim, not taught as is the case with Euripides, in formal declamations, but as Shakspeare does it—by the unfolding, as it were, of an actual life—as if a curtain were lifted suddenly from before an actual scene, revealing all the actors in their living and breathing reality. While in the *Prometheus* he had shown what Will could accomplish under the dominion of Love, so in the *Cenci* he showed what that same Will could do when under the adverse guidance of subversive passions. The elder *Cenci* is the personification of unbridled Will. Rich enough to indulge every desire, and to purchase impunity for every crime, the white-haired and passion-torn father, opposing his own will, in a single burst

of tremendous and fearful rage, to the will of the Almighty Father, becomes thereby the incarnation of all that is bad. It is a dreadful contrast which is formed between his demoniacal spirit and that of his angelic daughter. Beatrice, the lovely, sincere, high-minded woman, formed to adorn and grace the most exalted position, but bearing about a load of remediless griefs, of heart-wearing sorrows, is the bright light on a back-ground of awful tribulation and darkness. She is purity enveloped in a cloud of falsehood and strange vice. Herself sportive and sincere, she is yet the victim of unnatural crimes and endless woes, “around her are the curtains of dread fate—no lark-resounding Heaven is above her—no sunny fields before her—no passion throbs in her breast”—but

The beautiful blue Heaven is flecked
with blood.
The sunshine on the floor is black! The
air
Is changed to vapors such as the dead
breathe
In charnel houses;

and the wronged though beautiful maid is cut off from life and light in youth's sweet prime. Only Shakspeare could have created such another woman.

We must here close our remarks upon Shelley's separate poems, and proceed to give our opinion of his general character as a poet. Let it suffice on the former head, that in what he has written at a date subsequent to that of the poems to which we have referred, he exhibits the same general powers, enriched by experience and use. We could have wished to have spoken in detail of the “*Rosalind and Helen*,” that touching tale of the sufferings of woman; of the “*Hellas*,” in which he celebrates the revival of the ancient spirit of Grecian freedom, with much of the spirit of the old Greek lyrical poets; of the “*Adonais*,” so full of pensive beauty; of the spiritual “*Prince Athanase*,” of the wild “*Triumph of Life*,” of the “*Ode written in dejection at Naples*,” the noblest of the lyrics of melancholy; of the “*Hymn to Intellectual Beauty*,” so high and grand in its invocations; to the “*Skylark*,” in the profusion and melody of which the author rivals the bird he sings; and, more than all, of

those translations from the Greek, German, and Spanish, which are among the best specimens of that kind of composition in the English language. Our space will not suffer us to engage in this agreeable task. We must commend the reader to the poems themselves, in the full conviction that they will impress upon his mind a deeper sense of their surpassing merits than any observations we might make.

What, then, are the claims of Shelley as a poet? This were a hard question to answer in the case of any person, and particularly hard in that of Shelley. His poetry, like his life, is set round by so many prejudices, that it is with difficulty the critic preserves his mind from the influence of common opinion on one side, or the exaggeration of reacting sympathy on the other. Shelley's faults, too, are so nearly allied to his excellences, springing as they do, for the most part, from the very excess of his intellectual energy, that the task of discrimination is felt to be an embarrassing one. Aside from these considerations, however, there were some defects in the structure of his mind. These were shown partly in his use of a peculiar language and diction, and partly existed in the very texture of his thoughts. He was apt to be vague in his phraseology: words were often used not in their common or obvious meaning, but in a sense derived from remote and complicated relations. Thus, referring to the influence of the moon upon the tides, he speaks of the ocean which rises at the "enchantment" of the moon. Thus, too, he indulges in such phrases as the "wingless-boat," meaning thereby, not a boat without wings, which would be common-place enough, but a boat propelled by some mysterious power beyond the speed of flight. We might mention many other instances of the same kind. Again; his descriptions are not always recognized as real. They seem to be enveloped in a hazy and wavering atmosphere, as if they were not actual scenes, but the combinations of a remembered dream. One does not look upon them, as he looks upon living nature, when he stands face to face with her beauty. They are seen through a gauzy medium of memory, like places which may have impressed the mind in the earliest period of its consciousness. They strike us, in the same way as those

views which come suddenly upon us, when travelling in strange lands, as something which we have seen before, but of which we know neither the time nor place. It may be objected further, that his descriptions possess too much of dazzling glare and splendor. Neither his language nor his imagery is always sufficiently subdued for the nature of the subject. This fault is the common fault of young artists. Their pictures are either all in light or in warm colors. Sir Thomas Lawrence was accustomed, when asked his opinion of the productions of painters, to tell them to put out the lights. Some such monitor should have stood over the writing-desk of Shelley. His many-colored fancy threw its glaring flames over all objects. Arrayed in gold and fire, they stood out, like the forest which lies between our eyes and the horizon, when its trunks and leaves are lit up by the evening sun.

But the greater fault of Shelley's poetry is the frequent obscurity of which so many readers complain. His more enthusiastic admirers, we are aware, answer, that as much of this obscurity may lie in the minds of the readers as in the mind of the poet; and they answer with no little truth. Yet we think that Shelley is chargeable on this score, and chargeable, because the fault springs from a misuse of some of his highest powers. It takes its origin from two peculiarities—from the exceeding subjectivity of his mind, and the exquisite delicacy of his imagination. What we mean by subjectivity is the disposition to dwell upon the forms and processes of inward thought and emotion, rather than upon those of the external world. Shelley was by no means deficient in sensibility: he loved the external world; was ever living in the broad; open air, under the wide skies; and was keenly alive to the picturesque and harmonious in Nature. But his power of reflection predominated over the power of his senses. He was more at home in the microcosm of his own thoughts, than in the larger world of Nature. He was ever proceeding from the centre, that is, his own mind, outward to the visible universe. He was ever transferring the operations of his mind to the operations of Nature. Of this tendency, he was not himself unaware. "The imagery which I have employed," he says in the pre-

face to Prometheus, "will be found, in many instances, to have been drawn from the operations of the human mind, or those external actions by which they are expressed." An appropriate instance of this, we have in the same poem, where he speaks of the avalanche:

"—— whose mass,
Thrice sifted by the storm, had gathered
there,
Flake after flake—in heaven-defying
minds,
At hought by thought is piled, till some
great truth
Is loosened, and the nations echo round,
Shaken to their roots, as are the mountains
now."

Here the avalanche is compared to the thought, not the thought to the avalanche, which reverses the usual process of comparison. There is a class to whom this kind of imagery may appear natural, but to the larger number of men, and those even intellectual men, it is, to use a common adage, putting the cart before the horse; it is illustrating the known by the less known; it is an attempt to make an object clear and intelligible, by comparing it with that which is not clear and intelligible in itself—a *lucus a non lucendo*. This is one cause of Shelley's obscurity; but a more frequent cause of it, we are persuaded, is the surpassing delicacy and refinement of his imagination. So keen was his intellectual vision that he saw thoughts where others saw none, and shades and distinctions of shade appeared to him where, to others, it was blank vacuity or darkness. He possessed, in a more eminent degree than any man of the day, that faculty from which proceeded Shakspeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," which peoples the universe with tenuous and gossamer existences, which sees a world in drops of liquid dew, which sports with the creatures of the elements, and is of finer insight and more spiritual texture than the brains of ordinary mortals. If Shelley has erred in the excessive use of this faculty, we are also indebted to it for some of the most beautiful conceptions that ever adorned the pages of poetry.

While, therefore, admitting his liability to the charge of being obscure, we must be allowed to observe that he is not so obscure as his detractors,

many of them, are wont to represent. The dimness, we fear, is, in too many cases, in their own sight. They are of gross and earthly composition, while the themes which they essay to understand are elevated to the third-heaven of spiritual elevation. The plump and well-fed alderman, whose life has passed amid the coal-dust and fogs of the city, sees not so far into the keen atmosphere of space, as the hardy children of the mountain. "These things ye cannot behold," says the Apostle, "because they are spiritually discerned." Your eyes are yet filled with the mists of earth,—the reeking vapors of sensualism are still steaming before your hot brains,—the clear spirits have been ruffled by the storms of passion, or darkened by the muddy discolorations of prejudice,—many-colored life, with its entanglements and delusions, has drawn you down from the higher regions of thought, and having eyes, ye see not, and ears, yet hear nothing! Not to the poet, oh, critical friends! not to the poet, but to your own dark and debased natures must ye look for the solution of many a mystery you may find recorded! There is a life of the spirit in which Shelley particularly lived; there is a world of experience to which worldlings, and many who are not so, never attain: there are secrets in this wonderful existence of ours, which, to some, are more palpable than the stars, but which, to others, must for ever—in this state of being at least—remain hidden and imperceptible. Look to it, then, that you are yourselves right!

But we pass from the faults of Shelley to a rapid consideration of his excellences. One of the first things that strikes us, in entering upon the topic, is the elevated conception which he had formed, and always strove to carry with him, of the true function and destiny of a Poet. The vocation of the bard impressed him as the highest of all vocations. "Poetry," says he, in a glowing passage of a most exquisite prose composition, "poetry is, indeed, something divine. It is at once the centre and circumference of knowledge: it is that which comprehends all science, and that to which all science must be referred. It is at the same time the root and blossom of all other systems of thought; it is that from which all spring and that which adorns all; and that which, if blighted, denies

the fruit and the seed, and withholds from the barren world the nourishment and the succession of the scions of the tree of life. It is the perfect and consummate surface and bloom of all things; it is as the odor and color of the rose to the texture of the elements which compose it, as the form and splendor of unfaded beauty to the secrets of anatomy and corruption." Again he says: "Poetry is the record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best minds"—"Poetry turns all things to loveliness. It exalts the beauty of that which is most beautiful, and it adds beauty to that which is most deformed; it marries exultation and horror, grief and pleasure, eternity and change; it subdues to union, under its light yoke, all irreconcilable things. It transmutes all that it touches, and every form moving within the radiance of its presence is changed by wondrous sympathy to an incarnation of the spirit which it breathes: its secret alchemy turns to potable gold the poisonous waters which flow from death through life; it strips the veil of familiarity from the world and lays bare the naked and sleeping beauty, which is the spirit of its forms."

In this spirit, Shelley composed his own poems. It would be absurd to rank him among the highest of the great English poets as an artist, although it would not be absurd to put him among the highest in other respects. We do not mean that he was altogether deficient as an artist, since he certainly had a singular command of language and rhythm. But we do mean, that the qualities of the artist were not those which predominated in his composition. The opening chorus of *Hellas* alone, not to refer to other instances, would prove that he possessed most extraordinary artistic capabilities. But the same poem again, not to mention others, would also prove that these capabilities were smothered beneath the exuberance of thought and imagery. The skilfulness with which he has used, in *Prince Athanase*, the *terza rima* of the Italians, and the stanza of Pulci, in the *Witch of Atlas*, shows how far he could have been successful in the region of mere art, could he have submitted his chainless impulses to the laborious discipline of Art. When the leisure and humor for such

discipline allowed, his minor lyrics betray no want of the most dexterous and versatile power to perfect. In general, however, he impetuously tramples upon the finer laws of creative effort. Like an improvisatore, he gives the rein to his fancy, and dashes wildly onward wherever the bewildering trains of thickcoming associations may lead. It is to be regretted that it was so: it is not a sign of the highest genius.

Not to dwell upon these points, however, let us say, that Shelley's poetry is chiefly distinguished by two characteristics—the first, its imaginative power, and the second, its glowing spirit of freedom and love. Mr. Macaulay, in his beautiful essay on John Bunyan, has anticipated all that we need to say on the first head. "The strong imagination of Shelley," says he, "made him an idolater in his own despite. Out of the most indefinite terms of a hard, dark, cold, metaphysical system, he made a gorgeous Pantheon, full of beautiful, majestic and life-like forms. He turned atheism itself into a mythology, rich with visions as glorious as the gods that live in the marble of Phidias, or the virgin saints that smile on us from the canvass of Murillo. The Spirit of Beauty, the Principle of Good, the Principle of Evil, when he treated of them, ceased to be abstractions. They took shape and color. They were no longer mere words; but 'intelligible forms,' 'fair humanities,' objects of love, of adoration or of fear. Some of the metaphysical and ethical theories of Shelley were certainly absurd and pernicious. But we doubt whether any modern poet has possessed in an equal degree the highest qualities of the great ancient masters. The words bard and inspiration, which seem so cold and affected when applied to other modern writers, have a perfect propriety when applied to him. He was not an author, but a bard. His poetry seems not to have been an art, but an inspiration."

It was chiefly in the glow and intensity of his sentiments that the vast fusing powers of his imagination were manifest. His heart, burning with the purest fires of love, seemed to melt all nature into a liquid mass of goodness. Over the wildest and darkest wastes of human experience, he cast the refulgence of his own benignant and glorious nature, as the many-colored rain-

bow expands over the dark bosom of the summer than the cloud. Out of the rankest poisons, he extracted the most refreshing of sweets.

—“ Medea’s wondrous alchemy;
Which, wherever it fell, made the earth gleam
With bright flowers, and the wintry boughs exhale
From vernal blooms fresh fragrance,”

was his; and from the exceeding fullness of himself, he poured out into the mighty heart of the world, a perpetual stream of life. No poet that has come after him, and few that were gone before him, had equal power of stirring within the soul of humanity, such noble aspirations—such fervent love of freedom—such high resolves in the cause of virtue and intelligence—and such strong prophetic yearnings for the Better Future. He was the constructive English poet of his century. In the earlier part of his career, he had been touched with the spirit of scepticism and despair, which was the malady of those times. He sent up to Heaven, from a heart full of anguish, a keen and infinite wail—as the wail of a vast inarticulate multitude without God and without Hope in the world. But through the rifted clouds of the tempestuous night he soon saw, more clearly than any contemporary, the dawns of the day. He became the precursor of that day—its bright and morning star. With jubilating voice, he prophesied of its glories. While the capacious genius of Scott was exhausting its energies in rummaging the magazines of a worthless and forgotten antiquity, to amuse the fancy, or beguile the languor of children, both great and small; while Byron, with despicable selfishness, like a lubberly boy, was whining and scolding over his self-inflicted and petty miseries—Shelley, with dauntless heart and kindling eye, wrestled in the wild frightful conflict of incoherence and discord, struggling upward, till he stood upon the mountain tops of the century in which he lived, watching the dying agonies of the decrepid Old Order, and hailing with exuberant and frantic joy, the swift approaches of the New. And as he thus stands, in his rapt visions of the coming-day, we fancy we can hear him exclaim in the language of his own fairy-spirit:

“ Ah! hoary-headed Selfishness has felt
Its death-blow, and is tottering to the
grave;
A brighter morn awaits the human day,
When every transfer of earth’s natural
gifts
Shall be a commerce of good words and
works;
When poverty and wealth, the thirst of
fame,
The fear of infamy, disease, and woe,
War, with its million horrors, and fierce
Hell,
Shall live but in the memory of time,
Who, like a penitent libertine, shall start,
Look back and shudder at his younger
years.”

Let us now pass to a consideration of Shelley as a man.

As a man, then, Shelley seems to us to have been worthy of the highest admiration and love. He exhibited a rare combination of all that was tender with all that was noble and daring. Like his own Alastor, he was “ brave, gentle, and generous.” The delicacy and refinement which we are accustomed to ascribe to the female nature, in the state of its highest development, were united in him to the impetuous boldness and masculine energy of the higher order of men. A life of early suffering,—of intense and protracted illness,—had trained his spirit to all those passive virtues of endurance and gentleness, which often best illustrate the greatness of the human soul. Except in wisdom and knowledge, he never ceased to be a child. He carried into manhood the same guileless simplicity, the same ardent enthusiasm, the playful innocence, the meekness, the modesty, and the truth, which were the characteristics of his boyhood. Time did not blunt the sharpness, nor the delusions of the world corrupt the purity of his keen and lively sensibilities. No seductions nor wrongs could warp his judgment from the perfect law which seems to have been impressed upon his inmost nature. He was ever the same unspotted, mild, genial, sensitive, yet lion-hearted being. All who approached him, loved him, and all whom he approached he loved. If, indeed, we might be permitted to paint his character in few words, we should say that he was one whose whole soul was absorbed in Truth and Love. These were to him the blossom and flower of existence. His politics, his religion,

and his personal conduct were alike the offspring of his serious submission to their sacred influences. They wrapped and kindled his heart. His devotion to both was testified in a life-long and uncomplaining endurance of the oppressions and tortures which they who are the enemies of both, heap up for their adherents. Shelley was persecuted, baffled, pursued, and ground to the dust, yet he did not discard any principles that he ever espoused. He was rejected from the society of his fellows, and made to wander like a lone and outcast thing over the face of the bountiful and beautiful earth, his retirement was broken by the rude intrusions of contumely and slander, his keenest feelings were outraged, the most holy ties of family severed by force, his name was made a by-word, his person became the mark for ruffianly violence and vulgar blows, yet he kept right on his way, unterrified, unembittered and unsubdued. He quietly pursued his high studies among the venerable men of ancient Greece and Rome, or basked in the sweet air and clear sunshine of modern Italy, when all around him was rage and convulsion.

“Mid the passions wild of human kind,
He stood like a spirit, calming them.”

He did not return railing for railing. “Let not scorn be repaid by scorn,” was the language as well of his life as of his great poem. Not only did he bear himself manfully amid the rude shocks and pitiless struggles in which he was destined to walk, but his heart melted with pity and love for the world that hated him, and his purse was ever the open response to his sympathy. As deep as were his personal griefs, he did not forget the deeper griefs of his race. He had no time to brood over the miseries of his own existence, being absorbed by the exertions and writings which he undertook to relieve the miseries of his fellows. He was the ready friend of the friendless, the instant helper of the distressed, the companion, no less than the benefactor of the poor. In the halls of the rich and gay he singled out the despised and deserted; wherever he went he identified himself with the multitude.

To sum up all in a word, he was a creature of the most singular benevolence. This appeared in the minutest

as well as the greatest actions of his life. It was the grace of his manner no less than the virtue of his heart. Lord Byron once said that Shelley was the completest gentleman he ever knew. He was regardful of the happiness of others, not always showing it in the vulgar way, by relieving their distresses, but by consulting all their shades of feeling. At the same time he was not unmindful of the larger and broader manifestations of good-will. A never-ceasing course of active effort showed that his kindness for his fellows was not a sentiment but a principle. It was both good-wishing and good-doing. It was beneficence as well as benevolence. He who could walk the wards of a hospital, filled with dangerous diseases, that he might qualify himself to minister to the diseases of the poor, must have possessed, not the sickly sentimentalism of Rousseau, but the philanthropy of a Howard. He who could give the half of his whole income to a single work of charity (the building a dyke to prevent inundations upon the huts of a poor settlement), must have possessed a genuine sympathy. He who, when his funds were exhausted, could pawn his books, or favorite instruments of science, to help a needy scholar, to cover a naked child, or give warmth and plenty to the hearth of a destitute widow, and be more careful to conceal his deeds from the world than others are to publish them, was actuated by no theatrical love of display, but by a sincere and heartfelt fellow-feeling with his race.

It adds to the lustre of this benignity, that it was not occasional, but that he was guided through life by the same disinterested virtue. In early years, he might have borne off the scholastic honors of Oxford, but he preferred the freedom of his mind and tongue. The eldest son of a baronet of fortune, he proposed to devote the inheritance which would sooner or later come to him, to some great work of popular reform, and when his independence of opinion stripped him of his expectations, he resigned them without a sigh, and went joyfully into a banishment where he might be free. His friends, with solicitous kindness, offered him a seat in Parliament, where his genius would have placed him among the highest dignitaries of the land, but he could not train his soaring faculties to

the discipline of a party; the Courser of the Sun would not be harnessed in the same yoke with the dray-horse. He was a man of dazzling beauty of personal appearance, a gentleman of fascinating address, a poet of splendid endowments, and he might have been the courted of society, the favorite of the newspapers, the intellectual idol of his nation. But he would not in that case have been Shelley. His soul scorned the delights purchased at the expense of conscience. Life in his eyes had other ends than to be pleased, fondled, flattered, and enriched. There were other objects set along the highway of existence, than fame, power, and honors. There was a deeper desire in his soul, than the desire of happiness,—which we may call the desire to be good, and to this he preserved his fidelity to the end. How much he sacrificed, in the world's estimation, we have just declared—but how much, in the higher sense, he gained, no tongue of man may utter.

A consequence of this exalted benevolence and conscientiousness was, that the political principles of Shelley were democratic. It does not appear that he had digested those principles into a system, or that he had matured his notions into practical measures, but every act and sentiment of his life shows him to have been of that immense party, whose movement is ever onward. He was friendly to every reform, by which freedom was to be extended, or the condition of the multitude of men improved. His interest in all popular movements was the most deep and intense. In all the efforts of the masses to shake the intolerable tyranny of the aristocratic classes, he felt the strongest sympathy. When the oppressed workingmen of England manifested a determination to throw off the despotism of their laws, he was their fast friend: when the Italian republics seemed about to make a stand against their despoilers, he was raised to a pitch of enthusiasm in their behalf; and when the Greeks appealed to his mind by the double attraction of their glorious literature and history, and their equally glorious resistance to the murder-breathing Moslem, he shared the dreams of their heroes, and made their struggle immortal by his pen. The noblest fires of his spirit were kindled by every cry of the oppressed against

the oppressor. The purest strains of poetry were evoked from their hidden cells, when he struck the lyre in the cause of human progress. Nor did he confine his love of freedom to its external and grosser forms. The peculiar splendor of his career as a democrat was, that he fought the battles of intellectual freedom. He was the vigilant enemy of slavery and spiritual degradation, in every guise that it might be made to assume. Others were content to resist the encroachments of power, only when it invaded plain and palpable rights; when it robbed men of property, or trampled upon their persons. But Shelley pursued it with hatred—in its most secret lurking places, as well as in the open air, in the secret recesses of the soul, as well as in the pompous despotisms of the State. There were thousands of men, in his day, who could raise their voices against the arrogant bigotry of priestcraft, or the visible iniquities of political injustice. But he discovered the evil spirit in its most concealed sources. He dreaded tyranny of any kind less because it produced social unhappiness than because it crushed the human mind. It was there that he hated it most, and it was there that he began to resist its approaches. Farther than this—that is, apart from his benevolent regard of the happiness of others, and his earnest devotion to the practice of liberty,—Shelley was a democrat because of his hopeful nature. It was the habit of his mind to look forward to the future with bright and expanding anticipations. He augured well of the coming destiny of man. In casting his eye over the arrangements of society, he saw what prodigious advances it was capable of making in all the dispositions of trade and social intercourse, and in all the departments of knowledge. He saw no reason why these advancements should not be made. He believed that they would be made. He believed a glorious development awaited humanity, when it should cast off the shell of its ancient superstitions and formulas. In every attempt of the people to break through the thick night of ignorance that enveloped them, in every throes of the nations to snap the chains by which they were bound, he fancied he saw the beginnings of this more than millennial glory. His soul leaped with joy at the faintest radiation of light. An

iris of hope was ever stretched across his horizon. His enthusiasm, in this direction, was more exalted than that of other men, for the reason, we suppose, that he held to a theory of life which was above the reach of many other men. He saw in evil and suffering nothing that was necessary, but something which could be exterminated by the human will. "It is," he says, in *Maddalo*,

—"it is our will
That thus enchains us to permitted ill.
We might be otherwise; we might be all
We dream of, happy, high, majestic."

An opinion which runs through his writings, and ever made him more anxious to arouse the masses to a consciousness of the gigantic forces which they might wield, if they would only manifest the Will to use them.

The greatest good of the greatest number, then, was not a mere cold maxim with him. He interpreted his convictions into life. The truth and love that he worshipped in his soul, were the animating principles of his action. It was not as the artist alone, but as the man, that he bowed down to an ideal excellence; for his unconquerable integrity and death-defying firmness were as remarkable as his poetic sensibility and enthusiasm. In short, he moved among men like the being of another sphere. He struggled against the darkness and fury of the earth like a white-robed angel who had strayed from his native sky, and lost his way amid the vapors and clouds of a coarser atmosphere. He was a bird of bright and beautiful plumage, framed, like his own skylark, to pour his full soul in unpremeditated strains, but caught in the embraces of a storm. Now he flaps his strong pinions against the tempestuous blast—now he gazes fearlessly into the face of the lightnings that scathe his head—anon he is borne darkly and fearfully afar, to be dashed upon bleak rocks, or swallowed up between the contending winds and waters.

Yet Shelley's, it must be confessed, was not a perfect character. He was excitable and uneasy. His mind wanted that repose which is the emblem of conscious power. He had not yet reached, when he died, the maturity of his vigor and virtue. His ef-

forts were, most of them, convulsive—more like the throes of a hampered giant than the calm and sustained efforts of a Hercules. It is evident that he had not yet settled, to the perfect satisfaction of his mind, the theories of the Universe, Man and God, which perplex and disturb all thoughtful persons. He was still struggling doubtfully with the great problem of existence. He saw that this life of ours was a strange, mysterious life—full of wonder, of glory, and of sorrow. Wandering through the dim void of the past, and casting blind conjectures into the dimmer void of the future, he returned, like the dove first let loose from the ark, without having found a resting-place. He questioned earth, heaven, and the stars, to relieve the weary doubts of his soul, but they made him no response. He remained a lone spirit, with noble hopes and powers, but apparently purposeless, in the midst of infinite worlds. Whence came he? whither was he going? what the purport and end of his being? These were the questions that pealed, like a deathless voice, through the Sybil-caves of his soul. He appealed to the soul itself for a reply. Then, over the mists of the dark conflict, rose the rainbow of Hope in the form and aspect of Love. This, he cried in the agony of his distress, shall be my God. Love is the soul of the universe; Love explains all mysteries; Love comprehends all beauty; Love is the splendor of truth; Love is the consummation and flower of all things. Thus, he affirmed the great and eternal truth of all religion. Love is the highest power—Love is God. Having found this truth, he wrestled hard with the obstacles that beset the path of the religious, to bring his life, in its most secret depths, into accordance with its dictates. In this stern encounter, all he needed was the faith and encouragements of the Christian. He rejected the Bible, which contained the best medicine for his soul. The loss was his and the world's. Could he have been made to comprehend Christianity as Christ taught it, unobscured by the dark vapors arising from the mantled pools of the Church, how unspeakable would have been the blessing!

Shelley was not a Christian in the technical sense, but he was essentially

a religious man. His notions of God and Creation, of the nature of the human soul and its future destiny, were of an exalted kind. From the gross form of materialism in which he—like all other students of English universities of that day—was educated, his ethereal nature led him into the idealism of Berkley. His later works are all, more or less, tinged by the subtle and delicate colors of the spiritual theory. It penetrated and modified his conceptions of all the phenomena of existence. His Supreme Being was not, like the venerated object of the grosser superstitions, a person of human foibles and passions—the mean and miserable worshipper himself projected out of himself and magnified—but a pure, self-existent, intellectual and moral Spirit, the concrete of infinite Truth and Love. The world made apparent to our senses, was but an inconsiderable unit in the measureless creation of which this Spirit was the substance and centre. All human spirits were but separable portions of a stupendous whole, bound to each other by myriad sympathies and infinite desires, and passing, in the successive stages of existence, to higher forms of thought, and keener and nobler emotions. Death, in this view, was not destruction, but the passage, or rather the melting way, into a better Life. The forms and organs which reveal us to each other, he thought, drop away at death—our bodies fade from our vision—but the spirit remains in a congenial world, intelligent, impassive, and unshackled. All things that it loved are still around it, but it is no more the victim of space and time. It has joined the company, and lives in the presence of the Immortals, dwelling in that spiritual world which enwraps the more material and visible sphere of our present being.

Such was his faith—and who dare say that it is not the faith of Christ?

Shelley's infidelity is a phenomenon of more than ordinary interest, and we must, therefore, dwell upon it now. We are not among the number of those who execrate him for his sentiments; but among those who seek to excuse them as far as they were excusable. They were the result of many causes beyond his control, yet they were unquestionable evidences of mental diseases and defect. The joint product

of his peculiar intellectual structure, his injudicious education, and the age in which he lived, they were yet, to some degree, blemishes upon his character. We see not how Shelley could have avoided them, and we are sorry that he did not avoid them.

It was because Shelley was better than other men that he was forced to take refuge within the precincts of infidelity. The great law of universal love was impressed on his heart, and his most ardent wish was to carry it into the practical details of life. He turned to the Church for assistance; but the Church, exclusive, bigoted, fanatical and selfish, drove him from her doors with anathemas and cursings. What cared the Church, fat and bloated with the good things of earth, for the welfare of man? Was she not already rich? Was there not enough for her to do in skirmishing with dissenters and independents? Could the Church, in her gross and rubicund obesity, look after the human soul? Could she be running tilts, with a warm-hearted, quick-brained youth, against the follies and sins of mankind? By no means; and so Shelley could find no sympathy in the dogmas of the Church. Turning on the other side, he saw a race of enthusiastic, self-denying men, who seemed filled with the kindling hopes that were burning his own breast. These were the reforming philosophers of France. They presented themselves to him in the combined characters of thinkers, patriots and philanthropists. In their heads was gathered all the wisdom of the world, and in their hearts there burned an undying flame of human love. They proclaimed the rottenness and evil of all the institutions of the past. They professed to have inspected the systems of all ages, and to have found them void, or effective only in producing death and misery. All governments, all religions, all societies were to be reformed. The period of legitimacy, of isolation, of envy and hate had passed, and it was to be followed by the period of love. A new spirit was about to be breathed into men's hearts. Such was their enthusiasm. Yet these men were not mere enthusiasts. They were savans; they were men of letters; they were wits; they were profound inquirers; they were brilliant declaimers; they were gay

and fascinating talkers. Is it to be wondered at, that they absorbed the eager eyes of a young devotee and hero? Could Shelley withhold himself from a class, glittering with learning and renown, and yet so like himself? No! he drove among them, like his own Laon, amid the embattled hosts on the plains of the Golden City, to cheer their hearts, to lift up their arms, and to lead them forward to the grand and terrific onset.

But there was a cause still more powerful, though more remote, in determining the mind of Shelley to Infidelity, as it is called. It was the prevailing Christian philosophy of the era. The disciples of Locke long had had possession of the schools. Their dogmas were generally received for the truth. Locke himself was a Christian in theory and practice, but the intellectual system of Locke was the opposite of Christian. His firm faith in the Scriptures, his experimental knowledge of their truth, prevented him from carrying his doctrines out to their ultimate conclusion. He lived, therefore, and died a Christian. But not so with his immediate followers. They received the seed he had sown in no Christian hearts. There were no obstacles to prevent them from pushing, indeed it was inevitable that they should push, his doctrines to their more ultimate principles. Condillac, in France, was true to his leader when he propounded a system of direct sensualism. He borrowed it directly from Locke. Hume, of England, more fearless and more acute than the rest of Locke's disciples, only developed, although it may have been unconsciously, the principles of their common master. The long controversy, which took place in England in the time of Shaftsbury, respecting the truth of the Christian Religion, was a controversy that grew out of the system of Locke. The champions of Christianity fought under a disadvantage. Their philosophy and their religion were at variance. To go into the fight with the infidels, with weapons drawn from the magazine of Locke's philosophy, was to fight with a broken reed and a battered sword. The infidels had the best of the battle, until some superior minds, perceiving the folly of their philosophy, cut aloose from its untenable grounds, fought for Christianity on its own merits, and

turned the tide of victory. It is the misfortune of Locke's system, as Cousin has shown, that its three great theories, of Freedom, the Soul and God, lead, by inevitable consequence, to Fatalism, Materialism and Atheism. Now, Shelley, though he had logical power enough to follow the system of Locke to its inferences, like the other men of that day, did not have sagacity enough to detect the falsehood of its premises. He was only more fearless than other thinkers in giving a public expression to his opinions. Considering all these circumstances then, his own nature, and the prevalent religious philosophy, it was hardly possible that his impatient and daring spirit should go right. Too pure in heart to compromise with fraud and wrong in any shape, and too noble to harbor even the wish to conceal his sentiments, he at once proclaimed his opposition to Christianity.

Yet, be it borne in mind, it was the Christianity of history and the Old Church that moved his ire. It has been the misfortune of our divine religion to have had its glory obscured in all ages, by the absurd and repulsive dogmas of its teachers, by the follies and vices of its friends. At no single period of existence, since its heaven-commissioned founder was nailed to the awful tree, have its external aspects conformed to its inward spirit; at no period have the lives of its votaries corresponded to the high, divine and eternal life which it was intended to reveal. Its history has been a record of ludicrous pretensions, insane creeds, pernicious follies, of frauds and of blood. From the close of the first century down to the present time, the Church was the theatre of disgraceful broils and wicked persecutions. Under the dynasty of the earlier Romanists, the Church became the nursing-mother of fraud and persecution. She crushed the human soul,—she aspired to push her pretensions, with faggot and flame, to a universal despotism. And when her high claims, in this respect, were contested; when the giant-monk of Erfurt brought in the solemn protest of the enslaved soul, the new sects that sprung up upon her ruins, were filled with much of her intolerant and persecuting spirit. Fortunately, their burnings and tortures were not extended to heretics, but confined among

themselves. The zealots, for a time, allowed the unregenerated world to rest. But they soon broke out afresh. They came, this time, not with the sword in one hand, and the Bible in the other; not with the faggot and flame as an alternative to the Confession of Faith; but with the fiery spirit of denunciation and hatred. Far from meeting the sinner in the spirit in which the Saviour met the offending woman, they met him as the dark-browed Pharisee had met the most just and innocent of men. Their hearts were filled with bitterness, and their heads with black deceptions. They no longer lifted their hands against the life of the free-thinker and the liberal, but they blasted, what was dearer than life, his reputation. They frowned upon him in the by-ways; they hurled him out of their assemblies; they thundered at him from the pulpit; and they drove him, like another Cain, into strange lands and distant people. Is it surprising that men should have associated with the name of the Church, the idea of narrowness and malignity?

It is true, there was much to redeem the character of Christianity, in spite of all its abuses and corruptions. But this, unfortunately, consisted in those virtuous influences which escape the eye of the world, which do not force themselves upon the public observation, and whose presence, indeed, is never recognized until after they have wrought their effects. All the while that Christianity, in its external aspects, presented features of dread and repugnance, it was silently regenerating the world. Even when its professed teachers and friends were most unfaithful to it, it was the great centre of moral and civil elevation. It was then working, with the might of God, in secret places and among obscure men, the overthrow of sin and tyranny. Could the free-thinkers have seen this portion of its history, they would have found in it no ground of attack. It was their misfortune to have identified the religion with the external church. Their sensibilities were arrested by the mockeries and wickedness of the latter, without being touched by the pure and beautiful benignity of the former. Most gross and fatal mistake! The doctrine of Christ was a doctrine of infinite love. It consisted in a life of infinite holi-

ness. He was no framer of creeds—no teacher of dogmas—no system-maker—no builder of churches. All that He taught was taught in his daily discourse and conduct. All that His immediate followers taught, was the mere expression of their religious experiences under the inspiration of His life. These the church should have insisted upon, but it did not. Men of system-making minds caught up the spontaneous utterances of Christ and His apostles, and broke, and shaped, and fitted them into creeds. These creeds they imposed upon the congregations of believers, and the believers, having lost their religious life in consequence of them, sought to impose them upon the world. This was the secret of those absurd and pernicious observances into which the church fell. This was the foul source of her corruption, her adultery, her defilement, of her loss of virtue and energy. The miserable dogmas fastened upon Christianity became a mere husk and shell, in which there was no fruit. The LIFE of Christianity, in the bosom of upright men, both in and out of the church, continued to flourish and spread. The miracle of its rapid propagation in the first ages, was the result, not so much of the teaching of its doctrines, as the living of its life. The blood of the martyrs, of those who were true to the new Life, even in the midst of death, was the seed of the church. The wrangling of the doctors and spouters was like to have smothered the divine truth in its swaddling clothes. Shelley, like many others, saw the pretended doctrines of this religion, but confounded them with its Life. We mourn that he was not led to a knowledge of the truth. It was all that his beautiful nature wanted to raise it to the highest pitch of earthly perfection.

But we must tear ourselves from the subject: our space already exhausted, warns us that we can make only the briefest allusion to the circumstances of Shelley's death. He perished during a storm on the gulf of Lerici, in the 29th year of his age. It was a death in singular correspondence with his life; and in the closing stanza of his *Adonais*, suggested by the untimely death of Keats, a friend and brother-spirit, he seems to have had prophetic glimpses of the curious fact. He says:

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES OF WASHINGTON.

DURING a protracted sojourn in the Old Dominion, immediately subsequent to the year 1820, I once took a leisurely tour to Mount Vernon, and then to the birth-place and other scenes of the early life of Washington, for the purpose, not only of gratifying my feelings by viewing places hallowed by the memory of a man whose name and deeds had, from my childhood, occupied so much space in my mind, but also to see what new incidents connected with his private character might yet be gleaned among the old inhabitants who had personally known him. And it was in this ramble, made interesting and pleasant from the nature of its object, and the attentions of the most hospitable people on earth, that I fell in with a venerable and highly intelligent relative of Washington, whom I soon found to be, from having lived much in the General's family, and acted for some years as his private secretary, a rich depository of what I was anxious to learn; and from him I obtained, among many others that less interested me, the following reminiscences, which, I believe, have never been published, but which may nevertheless be relied on as minutely correct.

"On one of Washington's return visits to Mount Vernon, while commander-in-chief of the revolutionary armies," said my informant, whom I shall call Capt. L., "he came to Fredericksburgh to pay his respects to his aged mother. And when about to take his leave of her, he brought in a small bag of silver dollars, and placing them on the table before her, said :

"Here, mother, not knowing when I may be permitted to visit you again, I have brought you these, to be used by you as your comforts shall require, or as your pleasure shall dictate. And I hope you will be free to accept and use them."

"You was always good and dutiful to me, George," replied she with emotion; "and I have often taxed myself, in your absence of late years, with being backward in making suitable acknowledgments to you, and resolved within

myself, that when I next saw you, I would have a more familiar talk with you, and tell you how much I think of your kind—very kind attentions. But it has always happened, that when I again found myself in your presence, the thought of your elevation by your countrymen, or something else, which I cannot define, has prevented me from talking to you, as I should to my *other* children."

"Washington attempted some playful reply, but could not succeed in disarming even his mother of the awe which his presence never failed to inspire in the bosoms of all who approached him.

"Washington, while in the army, was known to be exceedingly careful of human lives; and he applied the principle to the brute creation, by abstaining from the destruction of all animals, however inferior, whenever it could be done consistently with the safety and absolute wants of man, with unusual scrupulousness. As I was once walking with him over the grounds of Mount Vernon, a small snake of a harmless species, appeared in our path. I instinctively lifted my heel to crush it; when he instantly caught my arm, and in a tone of earnest expostulation, exclaimed :

"Stay, sir! Is there not room enough in the world for you and that harmless little reptile? Remember, that life is all—everything to the creature, and cannot be unnecessarily taken without indirectly impugning its Creator, who bestowed it to be enjoyed, with its appropriate pleasures, through its natural term of existence."

"The same system and order which was exhibited by Washington in all his public transactions, was seen in all his private acts and domestic arrangements; even his charities, which were not stinted, were nicely systematized. It was his custom, in years of plenty, to hoard up grain against times of scarcity. And when such times arrived he threw open his store-house to the poor; and however irresponsible they might be, he always made it a point to supply them in preference to others with all the

grain they needed at the old or ordinary prices, for which he regularly took their bonds or notes, but never demanded payment.

"Some writers, in treating of the private character of Gen. Washington, intimate that he was a man of warm temper, which would often have exhibited itself but for his great self-command. His self-command was undoubtedly great, but I do not think he had often to exercise it to prevent any outbreaks of passion. On the contrary I believe him to have been mild, and not easily ruffled; certainly quite as much so as men in general. I never saw him angry but once in my life. And this was considered so remarkable a thing by myself, as well as his family, that although we knew he had good cause to be provoked, or such at least as would have provoked most other men to anger, we were yet greatly surprised, and looked upon it as quite an anomaly in the General's life. It happened while he was President and travelling in his carriage, with a small retinue of outriders, from Mount Vernon to Philadelphia. It was during the first day of our journey, and we were passing through the barrens of Maryland, where, at intervals of a few miles, the solitude of the road was relieved at that time by a set of low taverns or grogeries, at which we did not think of stopping. But we had a thoughtless young man in our train, who by favor had been admitted into the family as a sort of gentleman attendant, and who seemed much more inclined to patronize these places. The General, by his request, had permitted him to ride a favorite young mare which he had raised on his plantation, and of which he was exceedingly careful, the animal being almost as slight in proportions as a roebuck, and very high-spirited. But the young fellow, notwithstanding the intimations he had received at starting to deal gently with her, appeared bent on testing her speed and other qualities, and that too in a manner little likely to meet with favor in a man of Washington's high sense of propriety. He would leave the train, and riding up to one of these liquoring establishments, there remain till we were out of sight; when he would come up upon the run, ride with us awhile, and gallop on forward to the next. This he repeated three times, the last of which brought the

mettlesome creature to a foam and evidently much fretted her. At the first transgression thus committed against the General's orders respecting the mare, as well as against his known sense of propriety, he seemed surprised, looking as if he wondered at the young man's temerity, and contented himself with throwing after him a glance of displeasure. At the second, he appeared highly incensed, although he said nothing, and repressed his indignation, acting as if he thought this must be the last offence, for the punishment of which he chose a private occasion. But as the offender rode up the third time, Washington hastily threw open the carriage window, and asking the driver to halt, sharply ordered the former alongside; when with uplifted cane, and a tone and emphasis which startled us all, and made the culprit shrink and tremble like a leaf, he exclaimed, 'Look you, sir! Your conduct is insufferable! Fall in behind there, sir; and as sure as you leave us again, I will break every bone in your skin!'

"It is needless, I presume, to say, that the offence was not repeated, or that the young gallant needed any more taming.

"Here," said Capt. L., now taking from a drawer and handing me for inspection a deed of Washington's drafting, so singularly brief as to be all embraced in seven or eight lines written in a bold hand across a half-sheet of short foolscap, yet constituting, though not one word could have been spared, a conveyance of real estate to the grantee and heirs, which, as far as could be perceived, was perfectly legal; "Here is a deed of a plantation from General Washington to me, which I show you, not only as a curiosity of itself, but for the sake of introducing the pleasant little incident out of which it originated. Soon after leaving the General's employment, I chanced to be riding through the interior of Virginia, when I came across a deserted plantation, the situation and general appearance of which, though overrun with weeds and bushes, yet pleased me so much, that I took the first opportunity to make some inquiries concerning its ownership, &c., and was told that it was supposed to belong to General Washington. The night after I reached home, I went to sleep thinking of this plantation, and

wondering that I, who supposed I knew all Washington's lands, never heard of it before; when I happened, I know not why, to dream that the General made a present of it to me. The next day, as it further happened, I rode over to Mount Vernon, the General being then at home. After attending to the more immediate object of my visit, I asked him if he owned such a plantation as the one I had seen, now describing it to him. At first he replied in the negative, but soon rising and going to consult a book in which he kept a record of all his deeds, he said he did own this tract of land, but though of value, he had entirely overlooked it for some years.

"Well, General," said I banteringly, "I dreamed last night that you gave me that plantation."

"Washington, contrary to his usual habit, laughed outright, and observed,

"You did not dream Mount Vernon away from me, did you, sir?"

"O no, I was not so grasping as that, though I honestly had the dream," I replied in the same vein of pleasantry; when nothing more being said, the affair on my part passed from my mind as a joke, and was forgotten. It seemed, however, that my dream was not so vain a one as I had supposed: for the next morning, as I was taking my leave, the General dropped a folded paper into my hat, carelessly remarking that I could examine it at some leisure opportunity. I did so, and to my agreeable surprise, found it to be this very deed, made out, probably, after I had retired the night before, and conveying, as you perceive, for the consideration of natural affection, the valuable plantation I had discovered."

D. P. T.

Montpelier, Vt., Oct., 1843.

A CAUTION TO LOVERS.

BY WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

In my youth I loved a maid,
Like some creature of the air,
With mild eyes and sunny hair,
Or a gentle angel's shade,
To make guilty souls afraid.

Swift life's years have run away,
Many maidens have I seen,
But never more have lover been,
Since that love-resolving day,
With a shape that's formed of clay.

Youthful men, then take good heed,
When your shadows flitting by,
Tempt you to distraction nigh,
And remember days of need,
When you wish to love indeed.

Ah, me! ah, me! how drear a place
Is this wide earth, when love has left,
And we are of all joys bereft,
For want of seeing that sweet face,
Those modest eyes, that form of grace.

FIRE-WORSHIP.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

It is a great revolution in social and domestic life—and no less so in the life of the secluded student—this almost universal exchange of the open fire-place for the cheerless and ungenial stove. On such a morning as now lowers around our old grey parsonage, I miss the bright face of my ancient friend, who was wont to dance upon the hearth, and play the part of a more familiar sunshine. It is sad to turn from the clouded sky and sombre landscape—from yonder hill, with its crown of rusty, black pines, the foliage of which is so dismal in the absence of the sun; that bleak pasture-land, and the broken surface of the potato field, with the brown clods partly concealed by the snow-fall of last night; the swollen and sluggish river, with ice-encrusted borders, dragging its blueish grey stream along the verge of our orchard, like a snake half torpid with the cold—it is sad to turn from an outward scene of so little comfort, and find the same sullen influences brooding within the precincts of my study. Where is that brilliant guest—that quick and subtle spirit whom Prometheus lured from Heaven to civilize mankind, and cheer them in their wintry desolation—that comfortable inmate, whose smile, during eight months of the year, was our sufficient consolation for summer's lingering advance and early flight! Alas! blindly inhospitable, grudging the food that kept him cheery and mercurial, we have thrust him into an iron prison, and compel him to smoulder away his life on a daily pittance which once would have been too scanty for his breakfast! Without a metaphor, we now make our fire in an air-tight stove, and supply it with some half-a-dozen sticks of wood between dawn and nightfall.

I never shall be reconciled to this enormity. Truly may it be said, that the world looks darker for it. In one way or another, here and there, and all around us, the inventions of mankind are fast blotting the picturesque, the poetic, and the beautiful out of human life. The domestic fire was a type of all these attributes, and seemed to

bring might and majesty, and wild Nature, and a spiritual essence, into our inmost home, and yet to dwell with us in such friendliness, that its mysteries and marvels excited no dismay. The same mild companion, that smiled so placidly in our faces, was he that comes roaring out of *Ætna*, and rushes madly up the sky, like a fiend breaking loose from torment, and fighting for a place among the upper angels. He it is, too, that leaps from cloud to cloud amid the crashing thunder-storm. It was he whom the Gheber worshipped, with no unnatural idolatry; and it was he who devoured London and Moscow, and many another famous city, and who loves to riot through our own dark forests, and sweep across our prairies, and to whose ravenous maw, it is said, the universe shall one day be given as a final feast. Meanwhile he is the great artizan and laborer by whose aid men are enabled to build a world within a world, or, at least, to smoothe down the rough creation which Nature flung to us. He forges the mighty anchor, and every lesser instrument. He drives the steamboat and drags the rail-car. And it was he—this creature of terrible might, and so many-sided utility, and all-comprehensive destructiveness—that used to be the cheerful, homely friend of our wintry days, and whom we have made the prisoner of this iron cage!

How kindly he was, and, though the tremendous agent of change, yet bearing himself with such gentleness, so rendering himself a part of all life-long and age-coeval associations, that it seemed as if he were the great conservative of Nature! While a man was true to the fireside, so long would he be true to country and law—to the God whom his fathers worshipped—to the wife of his youth—and to all things else which instinct or religion have taught us to consider sacred. With how sweet humility did this elemental spirit perform all needful offices for the household in which he was domesticated! He was equal to the concoction of a grand dinner, yet scorned not to roast a potato, or toast a bit of

cheese. How humanely did he cherish the schoolboy's icy fingers, and thaw the old man's joints with a genial warmth, which almost equalled the glow of youth! And how carefully did he dry the cow-hide boots that had trudged through mud and snow, and the shaggy outside garment, stiff with frozen sleet; taking heed, likewise, to the comfort of the faithful dog who had followed his master through the storm! When did he refuse a coal to light a pipe, or even a part of his own substance to kindle a neighbor's fire? And then, at twilight, when laborer or scholar, or mortal of whatever age, sex, or degree, drew a chair beside him, and looked into his glowing face, how acute, how profound, how comprehensive was his sympathy with the mood of each and all! He pictured forth their very thoughts. To the youthful, he showed the scenes of the adventurous life before them; to the aged, the shadows of departed love and hope; and, if all earthly things had grown distasteful, he could gladden the fireside muser with golden glimpses of a better world. And, amid this varied communion with the human soul, how busily would the sympathizer, the deep moralist, the painter of magic pictures, be causing the teakettle to boil!

Nor did it lessen the charm of his soft, familiar courtesy and helpfulness, that the mighty spirit, were opportunity offered him, would run riot through the peaceful house, wrap its inmates in his terrible embrace, and leave nothing of them save their whitened bones. This possibility of mad destruction only made his domestic kindness the more beautiful and touching. It was so sweet of him, being endowed with such power, to dwell, day after day, and one long, lonesome night after another, on the dusty hearth, only now and then betraying his wild nature, by thrusting his red tongue out of the chimney-top! True, he had done much mischief in the world, and was pretty certain to do more; but his warm heart atoned for all. He was kindly to the race of man; and they pardoned his characteristic imperfections.

The good old clergyman, my predecessor in this mansion, was well acquainted with the comforts of the fireside. His yearly allowance of wood, according to the terms of his settle-

ment, was no less than sixty cords. Almost an annual forest was converted from sound oak logs into ashes, in the kitchen, the parlor, and this little study, where now an unworthy successor—not in the pastoral office, but merely in his earthly abode—sits scribbling beside an air-tight stove. I love to fancy one of those fireside days, while the good man, a contemporary of the Revolution, was in his early prime, some five-and-sixty years ago. Before sunrise, doubtless, the blaze hovered upon the grey skirts of night, and dissolved the frost-work that had gathered like a curtain over the small window-panes. There is something peculiar in the aspect of the morning fireside; a fresher, brisker glare; the absence of that mellowness, which can be produced only by half-consumed logs, and shapeless brands with the white ashes on them, and mighty coals, the remnant of tree-trunks that the hungry element has gnawed for hours. The morning hearth, too, is newly swept, and the brazen andirons well brightened, so that the cheerful fire may see its face in them. Surely it was happiness, when the pastor, fortified with a substantial breakfast, sat down in his arm-chair and slippers, and opened the Whole Body of Divinity, or the Commentary on Job, or whichever of his old folios or quartos might fall within the range of his weekly sermons. It must have been his own fault, if the warmth and glow of this abundant hearth did not permeate the discourse, and keep his audience comfortable, in spite of the bitterest northern blast that ever wrestled with the church-steeple. He reads, while the heat warps the stiff covers of the volume; he writes, without numbness either in his heart or fingers; and, with unstinted hand, he throws fresh sticks of wood upon the fire.

A parishioner comes in. With what warmth of benevolence—how should he be otherwise than warm, in any of his attributes?—does the minister bid him welcome, and set a chair for him in so close proximity to the hearth, that soon the guest finds it needful to rub his scorched shins with his great red hands. The melted snow drips from his steaming boots, and bubbles upon the hearth. His puckered forehead unravels its entanglement of criss-cross wrinkles. We lose much of the enjoyment of fireside heat, without

such an opportunity of marking its genial effect upon those who have been looking the inclement weather in the face. In the course of the day our clergyman himself strides forth, perchance to pay a round of pastoral visits, or, it may be, to visit his mountain of a wood-pile, and cleave the monstrous logs into billets suitable for the fire. He returns with fresher life to his beloved hearth. During the short afternoon, the western sunshine comes into the study, and strives to stare the ruddy blaze out of countenance, but with only a brief triumph, soon to be succeeded by brighter glories of its rival. Beautiful it is to see the strengthening gleam—the deepening light—that gradually casts distinct shadows of the human figure, the table, and the high-backed chairs, upon the opposite wall, and at length, as twilight comes on, replenishes the room with living radiance, and makes life all rose-color. Afar, the wayfarer discerns the flickering flame, as it dances upon the windows, and hails it as a beacon-light of humanity, reminding him, in his cold and lonely path, that the world is not all snow, and solitude, and desolation. At eventide, probably, the study was peopled with the clergyman's wife and family; and children tumbled themselves upon the hearth-rug, and grave Puss sat with her back to the fire, or gazed, with a semblance of human meditation, into its fervid depths. Seasonably, the plenteous ashes of the day were raked over the mouldering brands, and from the heap came jets of flame, and an incense of night-long smoke, creeping quietly up the chimney.

Heaven forgive the old clergyman! In his latter life, when, for almost ninety winters, he had been gladdened by the fire-light—when it had gleamed upon him from infancy to extreme age, and never without brightening his spirits as well as his visage, and perhaps keeping him alive so long—he had the heart to brick up his chimney-place, and bid farewell to the face of his old friend for ever! Why did not he take an eternal leave of the sunshine too? His sixty cords of wood had probably dwindled to a far less ample supply, in modern times; and it is certain that the parsonage had grown crazy with time and tempest, and pervious to the cold; but still, it was one of the saddest tokens of the decline

and fall of open fire-places, that the grey patriarch should have deigned to warm himself at an air-tight stove.

And I, likewise—who have found a home in this ancient owl's nest, since its former occupant took his heavenward flight—I, to my shame, have put up stoves in kitchen, and parlor, and chamber. Wander where you will about the house, not a glimpse of the earth-born, heaven-aspiring fires of *Ætna*—him that sports in the thunder-storm—the idol of the Ghebers—the devourer of cities, the forest rioter, and prairie sweeper—the future destroyer of our earth—the old chimney-corner companion, who mingled himself so sociably with household joys and sorrows—not a glimpse of this mighty and kindly one will greet your eyes. He is now an invisible presence. There is his iron cage. Touch it, and he scorches your fingers. He delights to singe a garment, or perpetrate any other little unworthy mischief; for his temper is ruined by the ingratitude of mankind, for whom he cherished such warmth of feeling, and to whom he taught all their arts, even that of making his own prison-house. In his fits of rage, he puffs volumes of smoke and noisome gas through the crevices of the door, and shakes the iron walls of his dungeon, so as to overthrow the ornamental urns upon its summit. We tremble, lest he should break forth amongst us. Much of his time is spent in sighs, burthened with unutterable grief, and long-drawn through the funnel. He amuses himself, too, with repeating all the whispers, the moans, and the louder utterances or tempestuous howls of the wind; so that the stove becomes a microcosm of the aerial world. Occasionally, there are strange combinations of sounds—voices, talking almost articulately within the hollow chest of iron—inso-much that fancy beguiles me with the idea, that my firewood must have grown in that infernal forest of lamentable trees, which breathed their complaints to Dante. When the listener is half asleep, he may readily take these voices for the conversation of spirits, and assign them an intelligible meaning. Anon, there is a pattering noise—drip, drip, drip—as if a summer shower were falling within the narrow circumference of the stove.

These barren and tedious eccentrici-

ties are all that the air-tight stove can bestow, in exchange for the invaluable moral influences which we have lost by our desertion of the open fire-place. Alas, is this world so very bright, that we can afford to choke up such a domestic fountain of gladness, and sit down by its darkened source, without being conscious of a gloom?

It is my belief, that social intercourse cannot long continue what it has been, now that we have subtracted from it so important and vivifying an element as fire-light. The effects will be more perceptible on our children, and the generations that shall succeed them, than on ourselves, the mechanism of whose life may remain unchanged, though its spirit be far other than it was. The sacred trust of the household-fire has been transmitted in unbroken succession from the earliest ages, and faithfully cherished, in spite of every discouragement, such as the Curfew law of the Norman conquerors; until, in these evil days, physical science has nearly succeeded in extinguishing it. But we at least have our youthful recollections tinged with the glow of the hearth, and our life-long habits and associations arranged on the principle of a mutual bond in the domestic fire. Therefore, though the sociable friend be for ever departed, yet in a degree he will be spiritually present to us; and still more will the empty forms, which were once full of his rejoicing presence, continue to rule our manners. We shall draw our chairs together, as we and our forefathers have been wont, for thousands of years back, and sit around some blank and empty corner of the room, babbling, with unreal cheerfulness, of topics suitable to the homely fireside. A warmth from the past—from the ashes of by-gone years, and the raked-up embers of long ago—will sometimes thaw the ice about our hearts. But it must be otherwise with our successors. On the most favorable supposition, they will be acquainted with the fireside in no better shape than that of the sullen stove; and more probably, they will have grown up amid furnace-heat, in houses which might be fancied to have their foundation over the infernal pit, whence sulphurous steams and unbreathable exhalations ascend through the apertures of the floor. There will be nothing to attract these poor children to one centre. They will never

behold one another through that peculiar medium of vision—the ruddy gleam of blazing wood or bituminous coal—which gives the human spirit so deep an insight into its fellows, and melts all humanity into one cordial heart of hearts. Domestic life—if it may still be termed domestic—will seek its separate corners, and never gather itself into groups. The easy gossip—the merry, yet unambitious jest—the life-like, practical discussion of real matters in a casual way—the soul of truth, which is so often incarnated in a simple fireside word—will disappear from earth. Conversation will contract the air of a debate, and all mortal intercourse be chilled with a fatal frost.

In classic times, the exhortation to fight 'pro aris et focus'—for the altars and the hearths—was considered the strongest appeal that could be made to patriotism. And it seems an immortal utterance; for all subsequent ages and people have acknowledged its force, and responded to it with the full portion of manhood that Nature had assigned to each. Wisely were the Altar and the Hearth conjoined in one mighty sentence! For the hearth, too, had its kindred sanctity. Religion sat down beside it, not in the priestly robes which decorated, and perhaps disguised, her at the altar, but arrayed in a simple matron's garb, and uttering her lessons with the tenderness of a mother's voice and heart. The holy Hearth! If any earthly and material thing—or rather, a divine idea, embodied in brick and mortar—might be supposed to possess the permanence of moral truth, it was this. All revered it. The man, who did not put off his shoes upon this holy ground, would have deemed it pastime to trample upon the altar. It has been our task to uproot the hearth. What further reform is left for our children to achieve, unless they overthrow the altar too? And by what appeal, hereafter, when the breath of hostile armies may mingle with the pure breezes of our country, shall we attempt to rouse up native valor? Fight for your hearths! There will be none throughout the land. FIGHT FOR YOUR STOVES! Not I, in faith. If, in such a cause, I strike a blow, it shall be on the invader's part; and Heaven grant that it may shatter the abomination all to pieces!

TALES OF THE PRAIRIE.

BY L. LESLIE.

On the verge of one of those umbrageous groves that skirt the broad prairies of Illinois, stands a long range of log huts, they having been erected one after another, in several successive years, as the necessities of an increasing business and increasing family required; the proprietor of this respectable array of cabins combining in himself the threefold occupation of farmer, tavern-keeper, and blacksmith; all not unfrequently united in a country where division of labor is as yet little heard of and less understood.

Though uncouth and unpromising in the exterior, there may, nevertheless, be found many unexpected comforts in this mansion, or rather mansions, as each is separately complete in itself, though for convenience communicating by covered porches with the others; but as to the precise *locale*, it may be a difficult point to ascertain; be it sufficient for our purposes to say, it is situate not a hundred miles from the clear and rapid Rock River. These groves being as oases in the grassy desert, are always especially designated by some appropriate name; but whether the particular one to which we refer, be cylept Cherry, or Maple, or Papow, or Hickory, or Elkhorn, or Buffalo, Broad-axe, or Plumhollow, we cannot pretend to say; we shall not even venture to denominate the place as the *Lost Grove*, though such a one lies not very far north of it, with a terrible legend from which the cognomen is derived, and about which, perchance, we shall have somewhat to speak of hereafter.

A dull misty autumn day had closed in with the low, prophetic growl of a coming storm, which soon verifying its warning, swelling and roaring in its wild wrath, as it swept over the long dry grass of the prairie, and whirled through the shivering limbs of the trembling forest, burst into cataracts of rain, such as are never seen but in the giant tempests of the west, when three travellers, stoutly facing the storm, rode up as fast as their jaded horses could carry them, to the welcome door of

Mr. Zebedee Jenkinson's *hostelrie*. With the assistance of the last mentioned personage, their small, rough, reeking ponies were soon housed and fed—the offices of grooming being generally required of the western traveller, however indisposed for, or unacquainted with, its mysteries; but hastily dispatching the stable department, they were quickly divested of their blanket coats, overalls, and jack-boots, and luxuriously reposing before a superb fire, enjoying in soft anticipation the savory messes stewing and steaming under the superintendence of the buxom mistress of the house, whose ripe, round cheeks, and fair and large proportions, gave ample evidence of the profuse bounties of nature being here abundantly distributed.

The apartment in which our travellers sat, partook in its characteristic arrangements of kitchen, parlor, chamber, and hall; it was large and roomy, and well warmed by the immense fire which blazed and crackled in an unusually large, rough, stone fire-place. An attempt had been made to plaster the walls and ceiling; but whoever the ambitious workman might have been, it seemed he had carefully studied Hogarth's line of beauty, there being nothing either positively perpendicular or horizontal at top, bottom, or sides; neither right, obtuse, nor acute angles shocked the eye preferring to wander over the graceful sinuosities of the curve; neither had he apparently quite decided whether the Moorish or the Gothic arch should prevail in the ceiling; it being so diversified by shadowings of both, that the plaster had probably squabbled with the laths on the subject, and adhesiveness not being an essential quality of either, separation had very generally ensued,—to the disadvantage certainly of externals, if Mrs. Jenkinson had not found these "bare spots," as she called them, convenient places wherefrom to hang strings of onions, crook-neck pumpkins, bunches of dried herbs, woollen yarn, cakes of suet, sundry preparations

of Westphalian flavor and appearance, with various other useful and ornamental pendencies, evincing her provident care and activity in matters appertaining to housewifery. In the dim obscure of the farther end of the apartment, stood two beds curtained with gaudy blue and yellow calico; a pile of buffalo robes beside them gave additional promise of sufficient accommodation for more guests than those at present demanding hospitality. Conveniently near the fire, stood a large round table covered with a clean cloth, and displaying substantial ware glittering in red and blue monstrosities imitated from China. Strong knives, stout spoons, bright tin goblets, and some rarer specimens of glass, containing the high-flavored spices of commerce, gleamed and glanced merrily on the board, ever and anon inviting a stray look from the travellers, as if they should say, "we hope, gentlemen, soon to be better acquainted with you."

Mr. Jenkinson, seldom very energetic in language, or active in motion, exhibited a rather positive desire to accommodate his present guests, and afford them all possible satisfaction. They were persons of no small consequence either in his eyes or their own, being a straggling party of the United States engineers; that is, not precisely of the corps, but persons engaged to assist a superior party in their arduous occupation, now occupied in surveying the country, ascertaining the capabilities of its rivers as to navigation, the best routes for numerous contemplated roads, and all the multitudinous improvements which look so well in reports and on paper, and amount to so very little in realization. The elder of the three, a stout, fair-haired man with melancholy blue eyes, out of which he gazed in a singularly abstracted manner, as if, while looking on the objects before him, he saw things reminding him of other times and far distant places, leaned back with folded arms and outstretched limbs on his buffalo-hide chair, an article much less pleasing to the eye than to the occupant. Next to him, dressed in a half military frock, buttoned tightly up, so as to show off his square and muscular figure, dark linsey trowsers, and huge tall boots, encasing the nether man, sat a pleasant, round-faced, merry-eyed gentleman, whose frozen hands resting firmly on his knees, elbows turned in-

dependently out, and head rakishly inclined a little to one side, watching the culinary operations, showed a happy indifference to circumstances in general, and a positive enjoyment of present advantages in particular, which betokened a temperament bestowed in one of nature's most gracious moods, and equally productive of satisfaction to the possessor, and those with whom fate or fortune had mingled his destiny. The younger member of the group was taller and slighter than the others; a certain air of resignation and acquiescence to inevitable evils, gave a sentimental turn to his attitude. The dexter hand rested in the bosom of a dusky plaid waistcoat; the sinister roamed, as it were, through some remnant of a desolate pocket, on, as it appeared, an indefinite mission; being occasionally withdrawn and carelessly thrust through long streaming *ailes de pigeon*, that stood out creditably above his well-sized ears. Crossing his legs, he leaned back on the hind supporters of a wooden chair, propping his head, which made an obtuse angle with the dorsal portion of his body against the rude jamb of the chimney—his eyes, half closed, peered out beside the cold red tip of his aquiline nose, dimly visible through clouds of smoke puffed from the short pipe which comforted his mouth, while a beard of enviable blackness and stiffness contrasted with his thin pale cheeks, giving a very little touch of that brigand character, peculiarly interesting to young ladies of delicate nerves, but which was, with his other graces, entirely thrown away on the expansive bosom of the smiling and bustling Mrs. Jenkinson.

"Oh, blow away, my darling," said the merry-looking gentleman, with a fine rich brogue, redolent of the "first flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea," apostrophizing the wind that howled and raged in fury around the invulnerable cabin—"blow away as if the ould fellow himself was abroad with ye—it's little we care now, Graves, my boy, under such a well-covered roof, beside such a tearing fire, and better than all, with so fine and handsome a lady to be cook and bottle-holder both, on the occasion,"—affecting to lower his voice as his compliment to Mrs. Jenkinson was coaxingly uttered, at the same time slyly joggling the extended limb of Mr. Solomon Graves.

"Oh, my dear fellow," replied the

latter, "I have been considering how very few wants man has in reality, when one comes to divest oneself of the factitious encumbrances of civilisation. Now, it is but a short time since I should have scarce been able to spend such an evening as this, in any degree of comfort, with all the luxuries of wealth and charms of refined society."

"Blur an 'ouns, man, d'ye pretend to say we're not ourselves as refined, as intelligent, and as cultivated a society as you could meet with in iver a city this side the Atlantic!—without even including the pretty mistress, with the frying-pan in her sweet little hands there, bless her!—and barring our worthy landlord himself (Mr. —, may I trouble ye for your name, sir!)" respectfully requested the worthy gentleman of that leathern-faced elderly personage, who sat quietly lulling a fractious child on his lap, pausing for a moment to reply in a meek under tone,

"Zebedee Eliphalet Jenkinson, I reckon."

"Then, upon my veracity, your gossips reckoned remarkably well, too, my good sir, when they counted ye up such a string of syllables as that; but, to return, Sol, I ask you, what is there of refined society we want at this present sitting? Our friend Hermann here, says not a word to defend the position I have taken against you, yet who so able to do it, and prove it to your satisfaction, too? He's a great traveller; speaks and writes several languages like a native. Astronomy's his forte; he knows every trick of sun, moon, and stars by heart; you'd think he had a correspondent in the nucleus of every comet, for divil a one can whisk his tail aside but he tells you beforehand. As for geology, listen to him about primary, secondary, and tertiary formations, fossil remains, and so forth; wouldn't ye think he had crept up through all the strata that have been packed together since the creation? that he had run through antediluvian marshes from the ichthyosaurus, or hunted the mastodon among the fine old oaks that make such charming bog-wood fires on a night like this? though, I believe, Hermann, as to the latter dating so far back, I'm under a small mistake there; but never mind,—Sol can't defeat me."

"But Mr. Slaughter, sir," interrupted the latter, "refined society, ac-

ording to my notion, comprehends ornamental, as well as scientific, cultivation; dancing, sir, and music—Rossini, sir, and Bellini, and —"

"Och, the old story, Sol! The back of my hand to ye, boy; if ye begin at the gamut ye'll silence my innocent pipe with its, wood-notes wild, entirely. But even there I can compass ye; for have we not, at this moment, sir, the music of the winds without, and can't we explain to ye the music of the *spheres* within, mathematicians as we are; and, best of all, havn't we the music of the fireside, Sol, my dear! The bacon and grouse, making dimi-simi-quavers in the hissing pan; the onions and potatoes, lapping up and down, like the keys of a forte-piano, in the bubbling stew—the spitting venison steak, giving a *tizz*, like the strings of a well-tuned harp, as my lady here sprinkles the salt so neatly over it? And look beside you at the little girl there; with the rosy cheeks, and *staccato* giggle, isn't that *Rose-ini* for ye! and beyond, on my friend Mr. Zebedee's paternal knees, the delightful cherub just finishing its last sleepy *adagio*, isn't that *Bello-ini* for ye, to a semitone!—while the happy father's rich, chromatic melody in addition, would rival and defy the science of a Moscheles or Hummel to equal it. Tut, man, if ye're so unreasonable as to desire more music than the elements out o' doors, and Mrs. Jenkinson within, have provided for your entertainment, may your next move for refined society be to the back of the Rocky Mountains. God defend us from harm!"

"Oh, Mr. Slaughter!" said the hitherto silent Hermann, breaking in while Mr. Solomon, strangling a fit of laughter, attempted to reply, "you do not exactly understand our young friend; he is at the age when the fascinations of woman, the, as yet, not experienced raptures of love, make up the insubstantial charms he, in truth, is seeking for, when he thus talks of refined society. I know, I know the early hopes, the ardent anticipations, the perfection of bliss, and the desolation of decay. Ah, Mr. Solomon, Mr. Solomon, fifteen years hence you will, perhaps, feel as I do; life, at best, is a very changeful, and too oft agonizing dream."

"Mrs. Jenkinson, my dear madam,"

said Slaughter, hastily turning from the melancholy Hermann, whose large blue eyes, that an instant before had shone with vivacity, were now drooping, and suffused with a suspicious moisture, "let us enliven these gentlemen a bit; a sight of yourself, ma'am," he continued, with an arch smile and sentimental drop of the eyelid, "would be enough for me at any time; but a goblet of *potteen* wouldn't go amiss towards warming the hearts of such grumblers—what say ye, ma'am?"

"Mr. Jenkinson," cried the buxom dame in a voice that suddenly dispelled the half slumbers of Zebedee, "I guess this gentleman wants a gill o' that 'ere Boston brandy; stir up and see a'ter it."

"A gill, my dear sir," exclaimed Slaughter, "three double gills, with sugar, nutmeg, ginger, and hot water, *à discretion*, to begin with. That's right, my friend, lay the darling in bed, and we'll mix the materials while supper is getting on the table."

"I guess you don't belong to the down east temperance folks," said the hostess, a smile of mingled approval and reprehension mantling her full lips and fair round cheeks, as she nodded knowingly to the merry gentleman.

"By no means, my dear lady," he replied, "we are entirely too far north for them, I assure you."

"Well," drawled Mr. Solomon Graves, as settling the intrusive collar of his coat off his shoulders, he disposed himself conveniently at the now amply covered supper table, "let philosophers moralize as they will, temperance is a negative virtue, which stands frequently in the way of a man's comfort, or rather of his advancement in life."

"As you are a good logician, Sol, I'd give a crown to hear ye prove that. Wouldn't it be a poser, Hermann? (will ye try the steak!) I grant ye it may arrest the progress of a man's pleasures; but, setting aside the certainty of temperance, or rather an abstemious sobriety, augmenting the weight of his purse, your water-drinker, after all, wears out best his threescore years and ten; though, for my own part, I would commute the last score and a half for the first jovial two; what say you, Hermann? (Sol, my dear, how you mangle the grouse!)"

"Ah," replied Hermann, sighing, "I

cannot say very exactly; I have tried all modes of living, and I have found a wrong, take which course I should. (Will you oblige me with coffee, madam!)"

"Then, gentlemen," interposed Mrs. Jenkinson, who was in waiting, dispensing cups of fragrant, steaming Java to the gentry, "though we do make a sort o' livin' by liquor, I'm for the water, if you go for the health's sake, aye, or the wealth's sake, either, as I may say. There's Mr. Jenkinson drinkt rum like all creation, for five good years a'ter we was married; we had a pretty fair start, he had a clever trade, and I wasn't idle; but it wouldn't fix, no how. I seed nothin' but rags for myself and beggary for the children; so, says I, one day, 'Mr. Jenkinson, take your choice again, either the rum-bottle or Sally Mariar (that's me, sir), 'it's your last chance;' he was a kind amazed, but he didn't gin his wife up so easy, and I tell you, how it fixt him. While he was rum-dry, he niver had a well day; what with agur, and cramps, and head-aches, and back-aches, and rheumatis, and *billous* cholick, and typhus fever, year in and year out, he was always doctorin', but the water cured all, gentlemen. He was seldom out o' bed three whole days in a month then; but he hasn't been one day in it for the last seven year; now, that's what I call proof up right and downright, water agin rum, any day."

"It bates cock-fighting, sure enough," exclaimed the Emerald, lifting his goblet with a slight upward twitch of his flexible eye-brows, "and better health to ye, Mr. Zebedee! long may ye remain a statue of temperance, a monument to the virtues of the age! But, ma'am—(this grouse is a dish for the king!)—ma'am dear, the hand ye had in it yerself, don't ye see; a second Hercules ye were, Mr. Zebedee, but, by my faith, ye made a better bargain, for, whereas he had to pack off with poor virtue alone, you got both the charms in one:

'The other dame seemed of a fairer hue,
But bold her mien, unguarded roved her eye.'

"Pooh, pooh—tut, tut! what are ye laughing at, Sol! Ah, get away, ye rogue! sure I've forgotten my quota-

tions: and, oh, Solomon, darling, if we had the felicity of matrimony in prospect!—(this bird's done to a turn!)—and such a deluder as yourself, ma'am, to lade us on, ye know, there's no accounting for the oaths we'd swear against the world and its temptations. All *tabooed* luxuries, even pipes and tobacco, in their most enticing forms, Sol, from the cherry-stemmed meersch-chaum, to the simply rolled Havana; from the brain-clearing powder of Natchitoches, to the tight-pressed, honey-scented, mouth-bewitching leaf of Virginia; wouldn't we pitch 'em at once to him that's abroad to-night, ma'am, whom it isn't polite to name before ye—(taste the dodger, Sol)—and as for the rest, Schiedam, Jamaica, Monongahela, even Boston brandy itself would show the *bead* in vain! (take yer potteen, Herman, my dear, before it cools.) Och, Solomon, jewel, it's the being shut out o' the pale of matrimony that's overcoming me altogether, as sure as my name's Brabazon Slaughter!"

"Nothing more delightful," proceeded Mr. Graves, as slowly sipping the inspiring beverage, he took up the theme, "a charming, tender wife—a beautiful family; oh, my dear fellow, surrounded by such domestic comforts, the caresses of devoted woman, the playful sports of an interesting offspring!"

Here the long-suppressed whine of the spoiled child, lately put to bed, burst forth in a shrill, protracted yell, at which Mrs. Jenkinson's maternity waxing wrathful, exclaimed:

"Dogs take the critter! Mr. Jenkinson, an't ye lern't to put the child to sleep yet, a roasin' yer branches afore the fire doin' nothin'!"

Gravely, and with a cold, damp, watery smile at his spouse's obtrusive pleasantries, Mr. Zebedee arose, saying:

"Almerria, I'll cut a sprout for you!"

"Guess you won't, though!" retorted the mother. "Miranday Jemimay—(mind the table, gal)—an't a goin' to be hoss-jockied this way."

But in the midst of this delicate ebullition of feeling, Mrs. Jenkinson was interrupted by a noise of horses' feet trampling before the door, which being presently flung open, two drenched and shivering travellers entered,

carrying some baggage, which they threw down with their dripping overcoats on the floor, and desiring the landlord to take immediate care of their horses, crowded up to the fire, giving and receiving a general salutation from the more comfortable party, enjoying the abundance of the supper-table.

"Weel—weel—weel! but this is an awfu' nicht! of a' the heathenish storms I ever wrastled through, this ane cows the canpie! Fruzen wi' sleety rain—blin' wi' lightenin', an' deaved wi' thunner', mair assorted to a lammas day, than a cauld Novemmer nicht. (Thank ye, guid man—thank ye, I'se gang in ayont the fire). Hout, ay!—a repoblick, am misdootin', maun hae some effect on the eelements, an' pit them a' in a hodge-podge like itsel. Hech, sirs, ye needna be nickerin' at yer misforthinat fellow-creatures, gin ye do sit sae cosie there, wi' a pint-stoup at ilka noddle. Here, gudewife, gie us a drap o' somethin' het to comfort the inward man—but nae strong waters, ye maun ken—somethin' in the gingerifet-way—paipermint or the like—cauld an' wat though I be, I tak pride in uphauidin the cause o' temperance!"

This introductory speech was delivered by one of the newcomers in the rich Doric of Scotland, as he shook off his heavy boots, squeezed the water from his coat skirts and trowsers, and settled a pedlar's pack in a convenient place beside the fire, while his companion, a tall, slender young man, equipped in hunting-shirt and accoutrements, occasionally smiling at the other's loud disapprobation of the weather, was employing the landlady in the better arrangement of his personal comforts, drying his cap, removing his leggings, and carefully wiping away the rain that had penetrated through the cover of his rifle. Meanwhile the supper party paused in their operations, and civilly invited the new arrivers to join in the discussion of Mrs. Jenkinson's savory viands, which after a little preliminary enlargement of the board, moving of chairs, and laying additional covers, they were enabled to do, and all were snugly seated round the table, while the presiding matronly Hebe bestirred herself for their greater solace with renewed energy and increased alacrity.

With undisguised satisfaction, the

Scot's keen, grey, hungry eyes glanced over the abundant dishes, yet undiminished by the attacks of the first party; and laughing broadly, so as to show a set of strong, ragged, yellow pegs, bestowed on him in some careless freak of nature for teeth, he commenced, addressing his fellow-traveller:

"Weel, Mr. Cawmell, for your sake, sir, or rayther for your honor's sake, am wae I canna propose a *lost*, whilk wad certainly be, 'to the Hunter o' the prairie; when overcome wi' tempests, may he always fin' a log-cabbin to bide in'—for an ye hadna pu'd puir Donald an' me out o' the slaugh, I micht hae powtered after that pack till doomsday, an' maist likely perished by the wayside, hadna ye acted the guid Samaritan till me. An' d'ye hear me guid man," he continued, addressing Mr. Zebedee, who, returning from his attendance on the stables, had just deposited his lantern in a corner—"Did ye sort your horses richtly?—that pownie's a gran' bit o' blood, I tell ye, sae dinna slight him, tho' my frien' Mr. Cawmell's nag may show higher in flesh. I hae ridden puir Donald a' the road frae the Cawnadas, an' my haberdashery was a wee heavier when I started than just noo—ah, my bonny woman, you an' me wall hae fine tummlin o' the saft goods the morn—there's nae ortin's, I promise ye, nae o' yer shop sweepins', my leddy."

These encouraging words of the talkative pedlar being almost Greek to Mrs. Jenkinson, her round eyes opened wider and wider as every pause in the pedlar's address, illustrated by various comical twists and jerks of his mouth and eyebrows, was filled up with peals of laughter from her merry guests, in whose heads the Boston brandy was beginning to display its national superiority. Seeing that the repast was almost finished, she dispatched her obedient spouse from the fire to leave ample room for the company; and Mr. Zebedee retiring to refresh for the fatigues of the morning, having sundry visions of new horseshoes in prospect, to employ him at an early hour, the long settee was left to the sole occupation of the pedlar and his pack, while the others formed a wide circle round the piled-up hearth, and began smoking as steadily as, but less composedly than, an Indian council. "Mr. Campbell," said Mr. Graves, after inhaling

the delicate fumes of the beloved weed for a few moments, then fondly tapping the kindling fragments that strayed over the bowl of the pipe, and tenderly replacing them in the fiery receptacle—"your entrance, sir, during supper, interrupted an interesting dissertation on the comparative blessings of matrimony and miseries of bachelorship. I had not quite given my views of the subject; for though an advocate for the married state, especially in the scantily populated regions of the West—that is generally—yet as it regards myself in particular, I could with difficulty confide my happiness to the keeping of any woman, however amiable in appearance. For, young as I am, sir," continued Mr. Solomon with a sentimental puff, "I have had my experiences, and I am afraid it is impossible to arrive at anything like certainty about a woman's affections."

"Heresy, Sol, by the gods!" interposed Slaughter.

"Excuse me, Mr. Slaughter—I mean to say, the sex is so singularly perverse, I have often seen men of unquestionable morality blighted, while the veriest scamps or roués could obtain their smiles and attentions, without even soliciting them: there is the ground of my complaint; it was that, Mr. Slaughter, I meant to urge, when I said temperance often hinders a man's success in more ways than one. I have proved it, gentlemen, having piqued myself on scrupulous undeviating temperance and morality until the present moment."

"Very good, Sol, my dear," said Slaughter, "so you think nothing stood in your way with the fair lady, but your good character?"

"Puir body!" groaned the pedlar, "he's tryin', I see, to get quat o' his vartues wi' as muckle dispatch as possible—sacrafeecin' to eedols—ay, ay—human natur's vara wake—ye'll mak short work o't, my man, the altar o' Bacchus is the high road to the deil—whan wine's in wut's oot—an' a man's tongue loosened by drink, will mak mair leein' promises, an' fleech better to the lasses in ae hour, than a sober body could do in twal month—an' a great reason I had, to lay it by mysel'."

"But," said Mr. Campbell, "I do not think the gentleman is just to womankind; he has, perhaps, been unfortunate in his selection. I, for my

own part, have never observed that preference for worthless characters among well educated or carefully brought up girls, that he intimates has been exhibited in his own case."

"Sir," demanded Mr. Solomon, "you do not deny that women are naturally coquettes?"

"Cocketts!" echoed the pedlar, "I ken that—I'll testifee to that."

"I also ask, are they not by nature and education deceitful?"

"No, they're not, sir," burst in Slaughter vehemently, "I deny it, Sol, God knows we bate them odd's too, at deceiving."

"Neither are they coquettes, naturally;" replied the hunter, "they have, I admit, a greater desire to please extensively than we, but that merely proves their amiable, perhaps, rather too eager, desire of praise and admiration from those they regard."

"Sir," continued Mr. Solomon, his potations giving increasing energy to his manner, "do they not invariably conceal their real wishes and dispositions, for what purpose is best known to themselves?"

"Society," returned Mr. Campbell, "in a measure compels them."

"Yes," said Slaughter, taking the word, "society has always been unjust to its brightest ornament."

"The strong," proceeded Mr. Campbell, "have always given laws to the weak, but declining that point, perhaps even that concealment, that delicately veiled reserve, in the expression of their opinions and feelings, is one of the greatest charms belonging to the sex."

"Ou ay, they're wonnerfu' fand o' veils—my certie, even in the howlin' wilderness I can ay sell veils, whan mair usefu' articles are totally neglectit."

"But, sir," insisted Mr. Solomon, "however sincere they may pretend to be to you, I can assert that you never gain their confidence implicitly, I mean, even when you have, perhaps, a lawful right to it."

"It is wrong, Sol," said Slaughter—"a false assertion, my lad."

"Were you to say," went on Mr. Campbell quietly, "ours is never fully and unreservedly granted to them—that we never permit them to examine the secret, and it may be, unworthy mysteries of our hearts, it would be

the truth—the honest truth. But gain a woman's love—nay, even her friendship, which is in verity near akin to the other, has she any dark, unswept corners shrouded from your view? Is not all revealed with a fullness of devotion, a sincerity of trust, powerful and absorbing over the minds of warm-hearted, honorable men, but too often erringly bestowed, and cruelly and miserably requited."

"Mr. Quintin Cawmell, my guid frien'," solemnly commenced the pedlar, "ye see *weemen* as through a glass, darkly. The black-a-vised gentleman is a gash body—he has a guid notion, yon chap, o' the frail creatures—the brokken reeds we pit our trust in, och-ochanie!"

"But, gentlemen," said Mr. Solomon, with an approving glance at the applausive pedlar, "I have the wisdom of sages and philosophers arrayed on my side."

"Oh, faith, ye have," exclaimed Slaughter passionately; "a great many old rogues, deserving of *peine forte et dure*, we know that—but I won't contain myself any longer. Recollect, Sol, my dear, the fable of the painter and the lion. That might have done once, but things have taken a turn now, and the women are going to lade the world now, good luck to them!"

"Weel, weel, I winna gainsay it—it may be guid for the trade o' pernickities. I'll hae a richt to be thankful' ony how!"

"Sir," said Mr. Solomon violently, "the government of woman has never been just, and seldom fortunate."

"Tut, Sol," retorted Slaughter—"Trason, my dear, trason! Look at the splendor of their empires, when they have reigned sole and undisputed, from Semiramis down to Victoria, God bless her!"

"Why, sir, Mr. Voltaire and Mr. Rousseau," politely declared Solomon, —

"Och, is it the cold-blooded *papillote* Frenchmen ye bring up against women? I pledge ye my honor, with all their pretensions to gallantry, they don't know between a woman and a puppet-show! Give them the Venus de Medici, and if she were not *mise à quatre épingles*, with *robe à la this* thing, and *nœuds à la t'other*, *bouffants* here, and *rubans* there, would she git a glance from them, the man-

milliners? But that's pardonable, I suppose; but how did they prove their regard for them in the 'days of terror,' not to go farther? Look at their beautiful Queen! Did ye ever hear of an Irishman cutting off a woman's head—except in a passion, maybe, if she was unruly or the like? And didn't she know that, the darling? And wasn't it to an Irish *garde de corps* she trusted herself on that sorrowful night they fled to Varennes? Oh! bad luck to that old diddlin' La Fayette! If an Irishman had been in it, would he have let the woman he desired to serve be touched by the foul hand of an executioner? And wasn't it an Irishman, too—our own Edmund Burke—glory be his bed!—made even England's cold hearts *lep* when he burst forth in that magnificent description of her, as the loveliest vision—”

“But, Mr. Slaughter, sir,” cried Mr. Solomon, as Slaughter stopped for breath—“I don't meddle with countries, sir. I'm not talking of Irishmen's prejudices or partialities. You are running out of the argument, sir. Let us take Mr. Milton, sir.”

“And who the devil, sir, is Mr. Milton? Ye had better say Mr. Julius Cæsar, with your excessive politeness. But what do you advance from him? Unhappy as he might have been in the married state, he surely has left us the most exquisite model of female perfection that heart can desire. But Milton had loved once. Leonora Baroni wasn't out of his head. A man's heart hardens with years, Sol,—but not from that alone, and not from the best of causes either. Oh! Filicaja's apostrophe to Italy is so applicable to them, he must have had a woman, not a country in his eye, when he wrote it :

“Deh! se tu fossi men bella, o almen piu forte,
Che piu ti spaventasse.”

“Lord preserve us!” ejaculated the pedlar, seeing Slaughter in ecstasies from a combination of circumstances, throwing his head back, and extending his clasped hands forward as he recited the Italian with enthusiasm. “Lord hae a care o' our wuts! The body's deleerit about the bit lassies!”

“But,” pursued the pertinacious Mr. Solomon, “I repeat, Mr. Slaughter, sir, if you let me tell you the sentiments of Mr. Voltaire, sir——”

“Sure I know the proof of them, Sol. Are there not exceptions in all cases, and, Heaven forgive us, don't we too often occasion them ourselves, Pagans as we are? I suppose you'd bring Madame du Châtelet and St. Lambert as an instance of his refined philosophy and knowledge of the sex—or Rousseau the idiot! with his sentiments, and his Julie with her canting epistles. A pretty authority he'd be, without even common decency to keep him in countenance! Leaving out Claude, who is not to be mentioned, if you want to speak up for his delicacy, where was his honor even at the earliest age (when, as I said before, if ever we have a spark of divinity about us, it should show itself then), when he tricked the poor little chambermaid about the red ribbon? Bah! don't mention the heartless French of the last century to me. *La jeune France*, to be sure, as they so conceitedly call it, may be more just—but I haven't been in one of their colleges for nothing. Ye didn't know I was intended for another line oncé. Well, ye see I lost my vocation—how, it's no matter: but here I am, a straggler in the wilderness, but champion for woman in all her phases. Here I am, Solomon jewel! with an honest heart—stout and hearty—five foot eight—ask no odds, and equal to anything—an enrolled sarvant of the United States, and one of God's own poor to the back of it.”

A burst of laughter interrupted the current of Mr. Slaughter's eloquence, which was becoming rather turgid, as he continued uttering his chivalrous defiance with extraordinary rapidity and vehemence. That subsiding, Mr. Graves went on :

“Throw down the gauntlet, Mr. Slaughter; but say what you will, they are all pretty much alike, high or low, amiable or unamiable—at least in my opinion.”

“Suppose now,” said Hermann, who had heard all in silence, but seeing no likelihood of terminating the discussion, thought it better to propose some less noisy mode of expressing their separate opinions—“Suppose, I say, we should each of us illustrate some little point in the character of women, by relating some tale or incident which we know to have really occurred, giving thus a more graphic touch to the

qualities we wish to affirm or deny, as belonging to them. Here is Mr. Slaughter; let him give us an instance of their devotedness, sincerity of heart, or self-sacrificing disposition, even should it bear hard on us men, as I truly fear it may. What say you?"

"Well done, Hermann! You are for concentrating my ideas on the subject—rather difficult to do, to be sure. But there is an humble heroine starts up before me at this moment, full of faults and follies, it must be confessed, as Sol says, vain and coquettish enough, perhaps, but like the sex in general, laying down her own happi-

ness with the resolution of a martyr, on the shrine of a broken faith."

"Dear, sirs!" cried the pedlar, "that's a guid notion; but afore beginning our cracks, let's hae a drap o' somethin' for company's sake in my han', my woman—an' amost geisened reistin' here beside the lum. Sit by, too, gentlemen, an' gie the mistress a place; I'll warrant she'll no gang bedward gin ye fa' to sic clavers as a love story."

"I shall try to make my story as short as I can, gentlemen," said Slaughter, preparing himself by relighting his pipe; "but you know I am rather given to amplification."

SLAUGHTER'S STORY.

THE last words of the solemn ceremonial for the dead were spoken; the last vibrations of the slow-pealing anthem died on the air; carriages were rapidly wheeling off with those who had acted as mourners; the hearse, with its sable plumes nodding less dolefully, moved away at an accelerated pace; the torches were extinguished; the common part of the crowd were scattering away; friends and followers, old servants and faithful retainers departed, leaving the last of the Joscelyns to rest alone and unwatched in his narrow house. The old abbey walls no longer re-echoed to the footsteps of the living, and the calm, bright stars looked down, and the summer dews fell softly on the dark and silent city of the dead.

Three persons of the crowd which had attended the ceremony, delayed for a short time, and remained standing by the entrance gates; a young, good-looking man, and two girls; one, fair, rosy and pleasant-like, the other, of the same class, but of different form and bearing. It seemed as if Nature had greatly erred in bestowing on one of lowly race, the lofty figure, the haughty grace, the sybil head, whose beauty charmed less the curious gaze, than it commanded admiration from the most envious of prejudices,—that which denies to humble birth the indescribable elegance of form and delicacy of feature which are considered peculiar to aristocracy by descent, and in no case belonging to the nobility of nature.

After a few moments, silently looking though the chinks and crevices of

the old gates, the man turned away, saying:

"Then, Bridget honey, havn't ye had enough of the funeral for this time; would ye stan' here all night, whin the show's done, and the thing past and gone entirely? Come along, girls—faix, its cowl'd fun followin' the berril of a Joscelyn, any how."

"Come, Biddy dear," repeated the younger girl, "myself has no fancy for sich tarrible lonesome berrins. Och, but a body must feel worse nor iver to be carried to their grave like a thief in the night, without a taste of sunshine to comfort them!"

"Ye'r wilcome to your fancies, Susie Cavanagh," replied the tall peasant beauty; "I niver interfare where I'm not undherstud—but if iver my bones bees laid in the earth of this world, it's berrid by night I'll be, like the last of the Joscelyns."

"Ha, ha, ha!—he, he, he!" laughed out the two companions of Bridget; and, "Well, by the Saints," said the man, "Bridget, yer a high girl, take ye which way ye will—high in stature, and higher in notions! Woman, dear, sure ye should know that none but the quality bees put in the groun' by night—ye forget ye worn't a lady, Bridget."

"No, Roddy," she returned, quickly, "I niver forget that—no use to be castin' it up to me—but it isn't what I'm now, Roderic, it's what I may be, I'm thinkin' about—and a lady I'll be, I'm determined, an' be berrid at night, too, or I'll go to the ends of the earth but I'll have that much of glory."

"God keep us, girl, but the consate's turned yer head."

"Consate, indeed, Susie Cavanagh—consate to me!" and she threw her magnificent eyes with regal scorn on the girl beside her. "If ye wor to call me a proud girl, I'd not fault ye—may be too proud for her luck, as well as her station; but I'll throw back the consate to yerself—never will I let such a mane word be joined to the name of Bridget Queeney!"

"Och, Bridget, darlin', put away sich capers; let's talk no more about dyin', time enough to spake o' that twenty years to come; and then, I'm hopin', ye'll ax no better than a dacent funeral by the fine daylight, and a small green *habe* by my side, in the church-yard of Moyallen."

"I'm above desaivin' ye, Roddy," she answered, "I can't settle my mind to ye, well as I like ye, Roddy. Ye'r a poor boy, like myself, with nayther forthin, nor ideoation to get one; by night an' by day my head runs on one thing—I can't contint myself—the top o' the walk I must be, or nothin'. You've no chance of bettherin' yourself or me, so take my good wishes, and Susie Cavanagh into the bargain, if it answers; but your wife I'll niver be, Roddy, though I've striv an' striv again the longin' that's consumin' me, an' that, some day or other, may carry me off from ye all for iver."

"Bridget aroon! Bridget asthore!" he passionately cried, as he warmly held the hand she tried to withdraw. "Core of my heart, what is there come over ye; is it the fate that's on ye, or what makes ye talk of lavin' us, or forsakin' the truest an' lovinest boy the breath of God ever created, sarch the world roun' for another?"

"God knows best what's before me," she replied, stifling some emotion occasioned by the evident distress of her humble lover, "but folly my luck I will. I've given ye the word a while back about goin' till Amircay—I'll be strange there, to be sure, an' I'll lave all I love now behind me; but there's great rises for both men and women in thim parts, I'm told. Any how, I'll try my forthin among them—there's quare things may happen."

"Christ help the girl's sinses!" exclaimed Susie. "I wondher, Roddy, ye'd say a word to contrary her—she's cracked intirely!"

"I forgive the word, Susie, by rason

I won't be near yez long; but I feel what I could do, what I might be, an' ye can't understan' me. Yer an ignorant crathur, Susie; but small blame to ye for that; ye had no great chances; but if ye'd hear Father Cassidy, as I have, many's the blessed evenin', readin' about the Impress o' Rooshay, the Maid of Orlanes, an' the Duchess of God knows who, let alone the nagur lady, Bonypart, ye'd have a guess of my intintions, when I take the world at the broadside intirely."

"May the mother of Jasus look down on ye in compassion, Bridget darlin'!" fervently ejaculated poor Roderic, "but it's the thrue sayin', 'larnin' drives a wise man mad, an' what won't it do with a woman.' 'Och, musha, musha! but it's myself yer givin' the sore blow to, this holy night, an' all for a willie-wisp, to lade ye deeper an' deeper through bog an' mire, to your own destruction, acushla!"

"Roddy, let's have no sour words betune us—we're jist at the door, let us part friends—here's my han', and I'll see ye the morrow night at Jim Doolin's wake; but don't be cotherin' yerself that I'll alter my mind. I niver bint to man or mortal, an' well as I like ye, Roddy, you could niver make a lady of me."

"Nor a gentleman of myself, Bridget, dear, for what's not bred in the bone can't be got out iv the flesh, an' all the goold on the face of God's earth couldn't change nathur, Bridget, darlin'."

"Come away, Roddy," impatiently cried Susie, pulling him by the arm, "don't stan' botherin' *the lady* any longer, if she disn't come up to all the splindour she's expictin'; it may be the fashion in Amircay to bury by candle-light, so at laste she'll be med up like a lady for the nixt world, an', at any rate, go that far to glory."

"I'll trouble ye for the tobacco, Sol," said Slaughter, stopping for a moment his narration to replenish his pipe; "I hope you're not tired, boys, for I have only given you the first scene of my drama."

"Speaking for myself, Mr. Slaughter," returned Mr. Solomon, "I am not, certainly, tired; but as yet, I cannot divine where the proof of your heroine's self-sacrificing disposition is to come from."

"Suspend judgment, sir, until we

arrive near the conclusion," said the hunter.

"Ay, ay," added the pedlar, "ye ken the proverb, 'fules an' weans, manna luk at half-done work,' though I canna say but I fin it unco dreigh mysel' "

"Well, my friends," continued Slaughter, "as I said before, I am not famous at condensation, except in the matter of potent fluids; and, by the way, my dear madam, do not forget the material which will make my poor tale be more glibly disposed of than I could otherwise expect,—so here goes again.

"The brilliant sun, one July morning, arose in cloudless splendor; the merry bells jangled rejoicingly; the cannon boomed its deep exulting thunder; and the voices of grateful thousands, according to the gazette style, ascended to Heaven in honor of the great national jubilee, though, considering the quality and dissonance of their joyous expressions, there would have been more propriety (if anything so inflated could sink) in their taking a contrary direction. On all other festivals and holidays, the suburban lanes and fields of the metropolitan city are infested with troops of ruffian boys, clusters of ragged urchins, with occasional groups of tolerably decent-looking men and women, intermingled with pairs and trios of a superior description, except on the anniversary of the noble declaration of those gallant spirits who vindicated our rights without fear of the impending danger that threatened to overwhelm them. But on this day of universal joy, the attractions of the city predominate, for the forenoon at least; and a more than Sabbath stillness permits the residents, in the few thinly-scattered villas, to flatter themselves their quiet may perhaps be uninterrupted for the day, and to pray for a drenching shower of rain to ensure it. Sometimes a solitary vagrant, a penniless loiterer, may saunter forth to breathe the freshness of field and grove and river, unmolested by the rude noises, the boisterous mirth, of the barbarian crowd that have gathered to enjoy the peculiarly-adapted amusements presented by booths, and stalls, and gardens, and small theatres, to the rabble-rout on their saturnalia. And among these lonely stragglers, on the day of which we speak, with devious step and melancholy eye, wandered

through an old orchard near an unfrequented road in the precincts of the city, our poor peasant beauty, Bridget Queeney. She had arrived in the Eldorado of her wishes but three days previous. Some few, whose acquaintance she claimed, she found living in narrow, filthy nooks, obscure, mouldy cellars, the squalor of their appearance telling a story their hollow and half-inebriate mirth would in vain belie. For what, she began to ask herself, have these wretches exchanged the cheerful cabin, the green fields, the wholesome, palatable food of their cottage homes? Bridget was shocked and startled; she had a dim apprehension of having mistaken her ground; she inquired eagerly and minutely of all the various ways of making or finding money. By which process it was to be obtained, she had not settled very exactly; but, alas! there were none to inform her of what fairy-paths she might explore, wherein to gather gold in America. Her new friends laughed at her expectations, ridiculed her pride, and advised her to get into service as soon as she could, if any respectable housekeeper would engage a girl without a bonnet to her head. Poor Bridget's raven tresses had been undecorated by aught, save a simple cap or ribbon, until her late arrival in the western emporium of fashion and refinement. Receiving a cold welcome wherever she went, far different from the warm hospitality of the same people in their native island, she soon discovered how evil habits and improvident misery harden and debase the kindest natures; but she was yet rich in hope, and firmly believing something remarkable was in store for her, she determined to seek her fortune literally, and having made up her small bundle, she borrowed that grand *desideratum* of dress, a bonnet, from the civilest woman of her advisers, and sallied forth from the gaiety that seemed strangely contrasted with her own sadness, without knowing where she might find a shelter for her head at night.

"As she was leaving the orchard which we mentioned, and clambering over a fence to the road, she was noticed and accosted by a decent laborer. He guessed, from her bewildered gaze, she was strange in the place, and also not very long from that land that seldom loses its claims to pleasant recol-

lection, on even the meanest or most worthless of its exiles.

"'Good mornin' t'ye, young woman,' he began, 'it's a pleasant day for a walk, if ye know where ye'r travellin'.'

"'Thin God save ye, kindly, sir!' she replied, 'it's not one fut I know, at all, at all—I'm lookin' for a sarvice, sir, if ye please.'

"'Thin sure it's not among the thorn bushes ye'r sarchin' it, acushla!—but ye'r late come in, I see,—may be ye'r sint to some o' the quality aroun' here.'

"'No, indeed, sir, I had nobody to sind me, barrin' meself; and sure they tell me I needn't luk for a place in the city, bekase I've no better bonnet than the one you see, same betokin it's none of my own; but I was tired of the town, in troth, an' I jist came out to take my luck, thinkin it's little worse I could be at the long-run.'

"'Thin if ye'r a lone girl, an' want to do well, an' settle yerself complatly, there's a lady lives in the fardest o' thim houses, that has the warm heart, long life to her! A blessin' to the poor and friendless she is this day! So take my advice, an' this couple o' shillins, an' spake up till her; if she disn't want ye, she'll tell ye what to do. So God prosper ye, girl; be aff at once; the house is straight fornent ye; open the gate, an' push on; the dogs may bark, but no danger, they won't touch ye, the crathurs.'

"The man's advice was a useful one. Bridget offered her services to the lady as directed—she was engaged, and soon became a general favorite in a large and cheerful family. For some months she was almost happy, but her ambition would not sleep. The love of dress, the desire of not merely education, but accomplishment, the fantastic hope of being one day a lady, pursued her, and led her into a thousand follies, which were often smiled at, and seldom reproved. The truth was, no one could be more than momentarily displeased with her: her smile, her voice, her manner, were so unspeakably bewitching, even when propriety required her mistress to express dissatisfaction, she often turned away and left the reprimand unsaid. Unfortunately for this poor girl, the situation was too retired for her taste; and some evil advisers among her first acquaintances, insinuated ideas of improving her prospects by trying elsewhere;

so that, in a moment of fancied importance, when piqued by a deserved rebuke, she left her kind and considerate mistress. She found the little knowledge of domestic duties she had acquired, not sufficient for an American *ménage*—therefore, in a year she had changed her service several times, with but little profit. At length she finally settled down as one of a bevy of chambermaids in a large boarding-school for young gentlemen, at a short distance from the city. This was also a finishing school, where a number of young men prepared for college; the principal being a distinguished classical scholar and mathematician. One of these, nephew to the superior of the establishment, requires peculiar notice. He was a fair, handsome youth, remarkably quiet, and mild in his demeanor—seldom raising his eyes, though in company with his most intimate associates, unless directly addressed; but then, there was a singular earnestness in his look, that had a strange power of arresting the most vivacious triflers in their mirth, and sending a cold, shuddering thrill to the heart, as if the magic of the Gorgon had been impressed on his beautiful lineaments. However, when he chose to smile, which was seldom, the entire expression of his countenance was changed; it was a burst of sunlight over an iceberg, and like the sun's radiance on that impassive surface, illumining it without producing either softness or warmth beneath. Nevertheless, his personal advantages united to the fascinations of a deep, musical voice, and graceful manners, constituted him a rather dangerous Adonis for persons not much versed in affairs of the heart, or who were endued with more susceptibility than cool common sense.

"And now, I am grieved to confess, it was not very long until Bridget yielded her simple heart to the influence of Mr. Mostyn's gentle tones, and casual glances. Without understanding herself, she had become reserved to both equals and superiors: modelling her voice to the low, sweet sounds uttered by the object of her secret admiration; insensibly acquiring a more refined mode of expressing herself, and assuming a manner whose stateliness, though well according with her style of beauty, was by no means befitting her humble occupations. It is certainly awkward to

have a heroine in love in so lowly a station, and be compelled to describe her as busied at sweeping, dusting, or the like vulgar employments; and yet her poor brain was ever teeming with rare phantasms of a glowing future, or her little heart throbbing with hoarded odds and ends of words and glances, in which she had detected glimpses of a more than common interest in her own fair self. And so it happened, one day, while revelling in her foolish fancies, and softly singing an old ballad familiar from childhood, Mr. Mostyn passed her in a corridor, and fixing his large, earnest eyes on her, asked—'What old ditty is that, Bridget?'

"'Tis 'Ned of the Hills,' sir," she replied, blushing, rather from being caught at her morning's avocations, than from bashfulness because addressed by the young gentleman, or the novelty of the proud Mr. Mostyn condescending to speak.

"That is my name—don't you know, Bridget, I am called Edmund? And I lived among mountains too, before I came here." This confidential communication was made with one of those extraordinary smiles flashing over his calm, statue-like features.

"I didn't know, sir, indeed," said Bridget, playing with her duster, as she might have done with a fan, had fortune assigned her a different rank in society.

"Well, now you do," continued the young soft-voiced schemer, 'I hope you will not forget to sing it again.'

"And again did poor Bridget sing her ballad; again, and indefatigably, morning, noon, and night, until the mockery and ire of her sister housemaids were awakened by its unvarying repetition. The stolen glance, the furtive smile, the deepening blush, when Edmund approached, soon betrayed an aspiring passion to the keen observation of those ladies, perfectly skilled in the petty arts of their class, when practising for, or being practised on, by their superiors of the other sex. Nor long was it until the secret spread through the whole establishment; servants, pupils, ushers, and finally the principal himself, had intimation of the romance *in petto*. The latter was, of course, bewildered, confounded, dismayed. A young man so reserved, so proudly shy, so exquisitely refined, so superlatively moral, so highly and nearly connected with him-

self—it was inconceivable! It required instant attention; it was to be hoped Mostyn had not as yet been dangerously or doubtfully committed; strong and immediate measures must be taken to eradicate this plant of perhaps vice, but assuredly folly, from his mind and heart. The gentleman consulted with some of his most observing ushers; circumstances in the course of the investigation were developed which he found might be used with advantage. A lady in the neighborhood, an intimate friend, whose richly portioned daughter had given indubitable encouragement to his nephew Mostyn, had been solicited by an old and favorite servant to get permission from Bridget's master to pay his addresses to the girl; the man also entreating his good offices in advising her acceptance of the wealthy Mrs. Pinetop's chief gardener's suit. Here, fortunately, the gentleman saw an opportunity of breaking up the business;—but again, in a short time he was astounded anew, by hearing that the young lady had learned the suspected penchant of her *declared*—yes, declared and accepted—lover, for this humble enchantress. All his plans of aggrandizement for the young man were on the verge of ruin; a sacrifice must be made of some one; satisfaction the most ample must be given, or no heiress bride for Mr. Edmund Mostyn. He considered the matter carefully; he heard, with submission to Mrs. Pinetop's superior understanding, and long rent-roll, her suggestions on the management of it. He calculated pretty accurately on the cool head and selfish heart of his nephew; and comforting himself at last, that a little wildness was unavoidable, even in so unexceptionable a youth as Mr. Mostyn, he one afternoon signified rather mysteriously, that he desired a long conversation with that young gentleman; who, alarmed, but concealing his uneasiness under his usual placidity, immediately followed his uncle to the private library. It was twilight when the conference was closed. Mostyn, pale and less composed than usual, hastened to his own apartment, and there found Bridget at her favorite employment, dusting and arranging his books and papers (for somehow she always contrived every spare moment to find that room out of order), and in the sweet unconsciousness of misfor-

tune or disappointment, singing over and over again 'Ned of the Hills.' His hurried manner, when he entered, alarmed her; but without noticing her confusion, he said: 'Meet me an hour hence on the river bank, by the old chestnut near the garden—an hour hence, Bridget—be punctual—I cannot speak to you here.' He left her instantly, and she stood pondering whether the appointment desired might be construed as the request of a lover, or the command of a master. Love, however, soon palliated the abruptness of his language—he might be ill—he must be vexed at some quarrel, perhaps—or rather, and then a tremulous hope fluttered in her bosom—he was going to leave the school, and intended to carry her along with him. She was gifted with a vivid imagination, and the wildest or most improbable fancies were never denied entrance there. Her evening duties were soon finished. In her dim attic, she decorated herself with her most delicate chintz, her finest cape, her neatest shoes—Bridget had a pretty foot, and of course the *chaussure* was always perfect. Her long, silky, black hair was gracefully braided around her classic head and parted in the simplicity of modern fashion on her smooth forehead; she had also the innate good taste to avoid the once grand object of her wishes, a *bonnet*, for her evening ramble—but throwing a white kerchief over her head, and a light cloak around her, she left the house unperceived, and long before the appointed time was standing under the trysting tree, breathless with expectation, listening to the beating of her own heart, and starting with a shivering thrill at every leaf that rustled from the branches above her.

"The moon was rising, and the ascending rays faintly illumined the dark wood of the opposite shore, and crisped with silver the calm surface of the river at her feet. She thought of a song the young ladies whom she first served, used to sing; and forgetting the vain hopes and follies she had unwisely encouraged in the intervening time, she remained wrapt in pensive recollections, when Mr. Mostyn suddenly appeared beside her.

"Oh Mr. Edmund!" she exclaimed, 'how you frightened me—how did you steal on me sir?'

"You were deep in thought, and pleasant thoughts too, Bridget, were you not!—but I fear I shall dissipate your summer dreams. This is not a world of romance, Bridget.'

"What is it you mean, Mr. Edmund? if it's bad, sir, don't look for words to tell the news, take the first that come, sir—sure I hope I'm able to bear it.'

"It is bad enough, Bridget, yet it might be worse.—But don't you know we are the jest of the whole house, Bridget; and now my uncle has taken up the matter, we have had a stormy meeting this evening, such as I should never wish to encounter again.'

"I know, sir, they all do be laughing at me, and saying their jokes even to my face, but I make believe not to understand. And I thought the master looked very dark at me to-night when he met me in the back hall.'

"His thoughts are darker than his looks, Bridget. I need not keep you in suspense—we must part, Bridget, and there is an end of all.—You know how much I have thought about you. I have wished for your sake, I had none to claim me as a relative. I could have trodden on the distinctions between us, proudly, joyfully, were there none to be injured by my actions; but I must submit to the will of others, to the stern commands of him who is my only friend and protector. This has been a very sweet dream to me, Bridget, but I must awake from it (how unwillingly!) at last.'

"There was an air of studied tenderness and submission to a barbarous fate, very affecting indeed, as he concluded, sighing deeply, that any one a trifle more experienced than Bridget, would have readily detected; but she, poor soul, regarding him as a martyr, replied sorrowfully, and after pausing with repressed emotion:

"Well, sir, I never expected anything else. It was pleasing to you to be kind and fostering to a stranger—sure, sir, I always understood the difference between our stations. It would ill become me to conceit you could look on me as your equal. And if the master says we must part, why I'll go, sir—I'm ready, sir, at a minute's warning to go to the end of the wide world if you desire it; or to leave it—itsself—entirely—if it would give a moment's ease to you. Don't fret, sir—God is good to the helpless and innocent, and unfortunate too,

like myself, may be. Don't fret at all, I beg it of you—I'd rather lay down my bones in the bottom of that bright water to rest till the judgment, rather than one clear drop should fall from your eyes, Mr. Edmund darling.'

"The poor girl was now weeping herself; the young lover gazed on her pale, beautiful face; his regulated coldness gave way, he threw his arm around her, and kissing her fair brow, and cheeks, and lips, passionately whispered: 'Why should we be so miserable Bridget—beautiful Bridget, why should we part! How can you leave me—how can you give me up without a struggle! Do I not love you as man never loved before,'—(and, *par parenthèse*, boys, haven't we every mother's son of us, swore these very words to some poor woman or other, since Adam down! Och, to be sure, we're the rogues!)"—'And why,' he continued, 'should our young lives be made wretched, when we have only learned how delicious existence would be, if united.'

"'Oh, Mr. Edmund,' she faintly answered—'oh, sir, don't think of it—it would be the ruin of you, sir, with all your friends, to demean yourself. Oh, I'm very well sir, for a poor girl, but to act in that way is not to be thought of, for a gentleman like you. Oh if Heaven had made me a queen, or a princess, at least, it's you should have been king, sir, though you were but a lackey, or a sweep. God forgive the compare, sir!—But you're breaking my heart with kindness—thanks ten thousand times for all you have said to console me, but would I be so mean-spirited as to consent, if the master didn't allow it—and sure I am, he'd rather see you dead in your cold grave, than for one of low degree to be your wife, Mr. Edmund.'

"Now, Mr. Mostyn had no such irreverent intentions of offence towards the shades of his ancestors; and somewhat annoyed by Bridget's misconception of his insinuations, he immediately recovered his self-possession, and with assumed sensibility, admitted the truth of a position she ardently longed he should persuade her was false. Again he repeated the necessity of separation, and she, more grieved and mortified from the momentary dawn of hope being so suddenly overclouded, mournfully agreed with all he advanced. But that was not enough. He had been

skirmishing with the outposts of her feelings, but he was meditating the capture of the citadel. It had been strenuously urged by his uncle, that Bridget should be placed out of harm's way; he could not trust to her voluntary abandonment of his interesting nephew, and it had been the *sine qua non* of Miss Pinetop's marriage treaty, that Bridget should be wedded forthwith, and she thereafter held as vassal and hostage by the aforesaid gardener of the worthy old lady.

"To achieve this desired conclusion, was Mr. Mostyn's share of the business, and by so doing ensure his rich reward; yet there were compunctious visitings, as well as indecision in his heart, when he began.

"'There is one thing yet untold Bridget, more agonizing to me than all the rest. You know how entirely dependant I am on my uncle. You know he can drive me a beggar from his door, unable to earn my bread—an outcast from society, disgraced and despised eternally—if what he demands shall not be accomplished. He has solemnly sworn he will not receive me into favor again, or countenance me in any way, unless he has proof that neither now nor hereafter, there is, or will be, any intimacy between us.'

"'Then what more can I do than leave you, sir?—leave the house and leave the country—I'll do it, sir; God's sky is above me every where, and the land's broad and wide.'

"'But that he does not wish, Bridget—he—he'—the young deceiver paused and hesitated—'people might talk—might say we sent you away to hide some—some—error, failing—in short'—

"'Why do you stammer and stop, Mr. Edmund?' she asked impatiently, 'speak out, sir, whatever it is—let me hear the whole, sir.'

"'Then, Bridget, since you insist, they *do* say our love has not been innocent.'

"'Oh, Heaven, don't say it, Mr. Edmund—don't, sir.'

"'I must, Bridget, I must, now since I have begun, tell you all. Only in one way can we give direct contradiction to their reports and suspicions; you must have patience, Bridget, and consideration for me,' he breathlessly hurried on; 'you know Miller, Mrs. Pinetop's gardener, has long been wanting to marry you; he was with my

uncle this evening—he is there now—strengthening his suspicions and increasing his fears—the last words my uncle said to me, as I left him, were, ‘either she must be the wife of this worthy man, or you shall become a stranger to my house for ever.’

“‘The wife of old Billy Miller, the deaf gardener—ha, ha, ha’—she burst into a long, loud, fearful laugh, ending with a convulsive shriek—‘is this what you come to at last, Bridget Queeny? Is this the lady he meant to make of you? Was it for this you slighted the cleverest young men in the country, because they were not gentlemen indeed? And to take up in the end with a creature scarce able to follow his own wheelbarrow!’

“‘For Heaven’s sake, stop, Bridget,’ said Mostyn, ‘have mercy on me—oh, listen for the last time to your miserable, heart-broken Edmund; do not weep, dearest, do not increase my torments.’

“‘Oh, say on, Mr. Edmund, I must either cry or laugh, sir, and better let the tears come, for they take the load off my heart, sir—I’m listening, sir, tell me only what I must do to please you.’

“‘My own gentle one! you will do for the best, I know—I have a mother, Bridget, dependent like myself on my uncle’s bounty; feeble in health and depressed by sorrow, she would sink to the grave with a broken heart if shame should fall upon me—have compassion on us, Bridget, act generously towards us, and wisely for yourself. Do not, through obstinacy, deprive us of our only friend; we too are strangers; and my mother is old and very proud—a proud Englishwoman—think of this, Bridget.’

“‘Oh, then, little but evil ever came out of, or through that same England, to us poor Irish! but since you have the heart to bid me, I’ll obey you, sir. I have vowed long ago, sir, never to do or say anything displeasing to you. If I’m to be the sufferer, sir, well and good; life’s nothing to me without your kindness, Mr. Edmund—that would be a trifle to give, sir; but I’ll do more, take my liberty if you want it, sir, and go this minute, while I’m consenting, for the man himself—bring him here—I’m ready—take me at my word—if I wait till the morning light shines, I can’t stand it—and bring the master. You’re all of the same religion; the marriage will be lawful in your eyes,

so don’t keep me. I won’t have a priest; I could not take a sacrament of lies, before one of my own clergy. Hurry, Mr. Edmund, I’ll be married here; fly, sir, for life and death’

“‘But, Bridget, this will seem strange—what shall I say—the hour, the place, the general appearance of things’—

“‘Oh, don’t be trifling, sir; it’s no time for ceremony; the hour fits the deed, sir; the place is sad enough; there was one murdered near it; and if you study appearances, sir, you should have begun before this; be gone, I tell you; if I ever marry that man, it shall be this night, this hour; and it is for you, and you alone, I consent to my own destruction—away!’

“Mr. Mostyn was too anxious to wind up his love affairs to waste any time when urged to it so bitterly. Indeed, calculating on Bridget’s ardent temperament and impetuosity, he had been prepared in a measure for the concluding scene of the evening. Not many minutes elapsed, ere he reappeared accompanied by the wondering but delighted bridegroom, two staid confidential ushers, and his uncle, who was to officiate at this strangely sudden ceremony.

“While Bridget slowly and calmly repeated after her master the solemn promises of matrimony, Mostyn did not dare to look at her; he stood apart leaning on one of the teachers; his trembling limbs and pallid cheek confessing the treason to love and honor, his cold and selfish heart, even in its secret depths, refused to acknowledge. It was a moral anomaly, no less strange than true. When the final words were pronounced, the poor old man smirkingly attempted to salute his bride, but waving her hand, she stepped back with an air of majestic scorn, and turning to reply to the proffered hospitality of her master, said:

“‘I will never enter your house again, sir. I go with the husband you have given me; one favor I ask, sir; when you preach next Sunday, I beg a sermon, sir, and let the text be—‘I will have mercy and not sacrifice.’—And so, boys, I must fill my pipe again, and thank you for your politeness in only having nodded twice, Sol, during the second part of my story; but it’s near an end now, for your comfort.’

“‘I deny the nod, Mr. Slaughter, unless a nod of approbation.’”

"Ay, ay, we're a' uncommon pleased, but we hae na gotten till the marrow o' the matter yet, I'm judgin'."

"Faith you're pretty near the bone, any how—there's not much picking left; but I have an extraordinary thirst on me, to-night—a little weak, Mrs. Jenkinson—that's a lady—so now a moment's patience, I'll dispatch the remainder in a hard gallop, for I detect an incipient yawn, which cannot be much longer suppressed."

"It might be supposed from many corroborating proofs of the infatuation of our brethren in folly, that not only the mines of Potosi, but the waters of oblivion are expected to be found enriching and fertilizing the magnificent prairies of the West. Hither wends the farmer whose improvidence or indolence has deprived him of his little inheritance, believing industry, health, and independence, are indigenous to the soil; and fully satisfied there are rivers to be navigated, and ports of traffic ready to his hands when he chooses to stretch them forth to gather the almost spontaneous bounties of nature. Here travels your merchant to recover the enormous losses of some aerial speculation, by fine-spun theories on paper, of the capabilities of commerce, supplying the necessities of a population he must imagine some new Deucalion and Pyrrha have expressly created, by a considerably rapid process, for the sole use and advantage of enterprising men, as these mercantile knights-errant love to designate themselves. And here, too, Solomon, wanders the pale-browed lover, disappointed in the smiles of his changeable mistress, imagining, no doubt, some aboriginal Hamadryad will appear to charm him in every grove, some flower-crowned Naiad will rise from every stream to soothe his melancholy solitude. Yes, here do we congregate, adventurers of all nations, 'as various' in our good or evil, 'as the climates of our birth'; and as the gold-seeking Spaniards of former days crowded to the newly-found region of the Genoese, following the delusive phantom of fortune; like them to lay down our heads on broken expectations: terminating a miserable existence that posterity may enjoy the fruits of our toils, privations, suffering, and experience. How much better it is in this case to be posterity—ungrateful posterity—that never feels a just sense of

the worth and services of those who have gone before."

"Gude guide us! Mr. Slaughter—ye're no gaun to preach the nicht—it's but a heathenish sort o' a discourse onyhow—am fidgin till ye hae dune, man—an' to tell ye my opeenion, it's rank heresy ye're giein' us, in regard to the subjeck o' settlin', at any rate."

"Mr. Slaughter," said Mr. Solomon, "I should prefer to hear the conclusion of your story before you treat us to any more Iricisms about posterity!"

"Oh, it's all for your benefit, Sol, and that's the way you thank me! Well, well, it's only a prelude to get myself in tune, for the last part makes me a little sentimental like yourself."

"One thing," said Mr. Campbell, "I must confess I do not myself understand in your exordium—touching the waters of oblivion."

"Ah! you see I am a little diffuse, but you didn't wait for the elucidation; I meant to say that the greater part of those who 'westward take their way,' apparently have swallowed large draughts of the obliterative stream, and act without any reference to what one might conceive the lessons of past experience had taught them; indeed, generally in direct opposition to all 'foregone conclusions.'"

"But," said Hermann, raising his large, singularly bright eyes, with a faint smile curling his lip—"whether is it not better, by forgetting those painful lessons gathered from the wisdom of the past, to enjoy in unclouded anticipation the rainbow promises of the future? Would not you regard this as the rejuvenescence of the mind?"

"I'm a utilitarian, you know—and devil a use I see, in playing the fool oftener than we can help, especially when the stern brow and firm step of manhood prevent us wearing the cap and bells gracefully."

"Weel, weel, if ye argufy in this way, ye'll no hae mony mair cracks the night—pit the finish to yer story, Mr. Slaughter, an' gie us the dissertation afterward."

"Why, my dear sir, I have not much more to say, and to tell the truth, I am a little afraid of a stumble at the conclusion—but I beseech, you won't think I draw on my imagination; I assure you the jade would turn restive in this case immediately. I have but a few simple

facts to repeat, and you must take them as you find them, sparing your criticisms in regard to my superabundant modesty. It so happened, among others emigrating to the land overflowing with milk and honey, the family with whom our deluded bride first learned the duties of servitude, turned their pilgrim footsteps, and with a number of creditable settlers, established themselves on the banks of one of the most beautiful rivers near the Iowa Territory. Not long after her ill-assorted marriage, Bridget heard this, and determined to follow in the train. Her aspirations were much lowered, yet still she believed, as Miller's savings were considerable, he might purchase a comfortable farm, and it would, at least, be one step in the scale of gentility, to become a landed proprietor's lady. She also, poor thing, longed for change, excitement, bustle of any kind, to divert her thoughts from the folly and misery of the past; and to exclude recollections that haunted her incessantly, of pleasures that were extinguished forever. Disappointment had not improved her naturally imperious disposition. She could give up her own happiness at the desire of love, but not the slightest submission of her will would she offer at the shrine of duty. Miller led a charming life, humoring her whims, yielding to her caprices on all occasions, and being rewarded by withering contempt and immeasurable scorn. However, he had nothing for it but to bear the yoke with patience; and according to her commands, in a very short time after her determination was made known, they both presented themselves to the former mistress of Bridget; and by her advice, engaged to take charge of a gentleman's farm until they could look around for a suitable one to settle upon finally. The climate was unfavorable to Bridget—but a morbid sensibility was the chief element of disease. She was attacked by a prevailing fever—her fine constitution repelled the invader for some time; hopes were entertained of her recovery, and the watchful attendance bestowed on her by a kind and hospitable family, began to relax. One night, unperceived, she left her bed, and at daylight was found lying on the grass by the cottage door, in a state of stupor and exhaustion that precluded hope. A heavy rain had fallen during the

night; she had been exposed to it for hours, and after the medicines her complaint required, such exposure was certain death. She lingered through that day and night; the next morning as the first rays of the sun fell on her wasted beauty, the spirit departed, we humbly trust, to seek the happiness denied in this world, in a higher and holier sphere. It was the middle of summer—the weather exceedingly warm, and it was necessary to have the body interred as speedily as possible. A carpenter was set to make the coffin with all expedition, and two of the farm servants dispatched to prepare the grave on a spot appropriated by Bridget's first master for a burial-place, and where two had already been deposited, a tribute to the soil of Illinois. Notice was given to the few neighbors to attend the funeral in the afternoon; some gentlemen visiting the family were of the number. About the appointed time they set off to the house where she had been taken care of during her illness, presuming all was in readiness. It was a sultry summer evening; the road to the burial ground passed not far from the dwelling of the lady mentioned before; it was a shaded forest road, winding up a knoll, on the summit of which was the place of rest. As it was visible from the house, the lady was standing at the door, sadly watching the declining sun, and waiting to look on the little procession momentarily expected, when she saw through the trees slowly sauntering along, one of the men who had been sent to officiate as sexton, and as he approached, she hastily inquired, why he had not gone to the funeral with the others.

“‘Bekase, ma'am,' he answered, 'there's no occasion at prisint.'”

“‘And what brought you here—is it to tell them all is ready?’”

“‘I kem after foolish Mike, ma'am, that I sint an hour ago, for a drink o' wather, and niver a step he kem back to me, and me chokin wid the drouth.’”

“‘But you have finished the grave, have you not?’”

“‘Well, faix, I have not, ma'm—savin' you prisence, the hate—’”

“‘What not finished John! and why not, pray!’”

“‘Perhaps, ma'am, you do not know the *diffkwilty* of sinkin' a grave. Thin, be this an that!—it's the hardest day's

job ever I attackt—that same grave, ma'am—havn't we been trianlin' at it, Mike and me, our best ma'am, an' we're not a fut deep passin' yet, ma'am; an' if she's put in till it so, I'm dreadin the Gofers, the rogues!—ud be makin' free wid her.'

"John having concluded with a sagacious and self-satisfied nod, was hardly prepared for the displeasure of his mistress, who ordered him to go instantly for some assistant, and return to his unfinished work, that there might be no further delay than what she now perceived was unavoidable. But so dilatory had they been in their arrangements, it was quite dark ere all was completed, and at length the heavy rumbling wagon, carrying the coffin, was heard at a distance. Five or six gentlemen, with the servants of the several families, followed on foot. Slowly it passed along the forest road until it reached the knoll, which was on one side precipitous, and overhung the river; upon this height were several large Indian mounds, and there, among the graves of the ancient sovereigns of the land, had the Christian selected the resting-place for his dead. The solemn burial service of the Episcopal church was read by the light of a glimmering lamp, by one of the gentlemen who had taken the husband's place beside the coffin,—he, poor old feeble man, being prostrated by sickness and sorrow, was unable to follow his early lost bride to her silent home. She was laid at rest—the earth piled over her—and the melancholy group dispersed quickly, fearing to remain longer exposed to the unwholesome dews of night.

"As one of the men was crossing the fence which enclosed the place, and which bounded a public road, he was accosted by a tired and dust-covered traveller, who, attracted by the faint peculiar light, and the people standing in that lonely place, had been curious enough to inquire what was doing, and then, as the servant willingly gave him a full and particular account of poor Bridget, he learned the name, and with a wild exclamation walked to the newly heaped mound, and threw himself upon it. Bitter words and deep sobbing groans burst from his lips. It was her

early and devoted lover, who had thus by strange circumstances been led to behold the completion of Bridget's wild wish, to be buried at night, like the last of the Joscelyns.

"'Och, Bridget,' he lamented, 'is it here I've found ye, Bridget darlin', at last!—is this the end of yere longin's, to lie in the desert, with not a soul of yer own to keep ye company? Och, och, Bridget, the young moon's setting on your grave, dear, an' you've got your wish, acushla, after a sort—they've follyed yer bones with a small taste iv a candle, that was the lights they med for ye! Wake and lone ye left me—a broken man I've been for ye—and for what!—to die poor as ye lived—to be berrid at night to be sure, as ye prayed for, but widout a bit o' consecrated groun' about ye, an' to rise among *haythens* at the day o' judgment!'—But I've done, boys, God bless your patience! I've done, and havn't I proved a woman won't stop at any sacrifice for a man she loves, whether deserving or otherwise!'"

"Thank you, Mr. Slaughter,"—"thanks," were repeated by several voices. "Still," insisted Solomon, "as your heroine acted merely from impulse and passion, I don't think you have proved a great deal in favour of your first position."

"Hout," interrupted the Scot, "it's a' weal enough to claver about—but it was just takin' her in a perplexity—he was a pankie lad, yon Englisher—he strack while the airn was hot; ance it had coolit, the deil himsel maun hae pitten it i' the forge again, or she'd had tacklit wi' the auld chap."

"But," said Hermann, "setting aside these little discussions, let us hear, Mr. Solomon, what you have to tell us of a contrary character—what do you oppose or defend, Mr. Solomon?"

"I may not succeed very well, Mr. Hermann, but I shall give you a little sketch of the vacillating nature of woman's affections, which though only an individual instance, may be pretty generally applied, so far as I have had experience."

"Very well, Sol, my pipe's lit—I'm all impatience. Be off at a tangent—your sketch, Solomon."

[To be continued.]

THE BETRAYED.

BY GEO. H. COLTON, AUTHOR OF "TECUMSEH."

[She was found lying in the depths of the forest, nearly covered with leaves, and surrounded with fallen trees and branches torn off by the tempest. How long she had lain there, could not be discovered; though it was known that she had been wandering away from the village for several days. The poor girl was buried where they found her, in the heart of the wilderness—her fate affording but another instance of trust betrayed and hearts broken by the schemed cruelty of unfeeling man.—*Western paper.*]

Rest be with thee! Thou art lying
 Fallen mid the fallen leaves;
 Bare boughs wept above thee dying—
 Dead, the tempest only grieves.

Rest be with thee! Thou wert fairer
 Than the summer cloud at noon;
 None, in thy sweet smiles a sharer,
 Deemed thou wert to fade so soon.

In thy childhood, who so lightly
 Trod the green and flowery earth!
 In thy blooming, who so brightly
 Lit the hour of song and mirth?

Friends were round thee, parents blessed thee—
 Brothers, sisters, all were thine—
 In thy still, dead slumber rest thee,
 Once a being so divine!

Came to thee a form of beauty,
 Demon with a robe of light;
 In thy bosom love was duty,
 Faith appeared the path of right.

O deceived one! ne'er deceiving!
 Mute be scorn beside thy dust!
 Purer is the heart believing,
 Than the cold and cautious trust.

Brief but bright, thine hours of gladness
 Burned full high for love and him;
 Long and lone, thy days of sadness
 Flickering wasted, low and dim.

In the wide and solemn forest,
 Sinking hopeless and forlorn,
 Burst the gentle heart thou borest,
 While the storm was loud and stern.

And this gem thy breast adorning,
 Innocent, and pure, and pale—
 'Tis a dew-drop of the morning
 Frozen on a lily frail.

Oh! may every curse cling to him
 Who hath guileless hearts beguiled!
 Ceaseless daylight horrors woo him,
 And his dreams be dark and wild!

Be his heart a pulseless aching,
 Long remorse drink up his soul,
 And a sleepless anguish waking,
 All his secret life control!

Nature's child and passion's creature,
 Numbered with the voiceless dead,
 Here, in this wild home of Nature,
 Shalt thou have thy lonely bed.

All the gentle leaves decaying,
 Fall and cover thee with care;
 And the aged trees are praying
 With their lifted arms in air.

Round thee rising, lofty mountains
 Shall forever guard thy grave;
 Winds shall sigh, and murmuring fountains
 Mourn along their pebbly pave.

Flowers upon thy grave upspringing,
 Each returning year shall bring—
 Birds among the green boughs singing,
 Ne'er for thee shall cease to sing.

And thy erring, gentle spirit,
 All its frailties here forgiven,
 May it purest joys inherit
 Where the weary rest, in Heaven.

Hartford.

THE LUCK OF EDENHALL.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

IN Edenhall the youthful lord
 Hath bade the trumpets loudly call,
 And standing by the festive board,
 He cries amid the drinkers all,
 "Bring hither the Luck of Edenhall!"

The aged butler holds his breath,
 And trembles at his master's call,
 And slowly draws from its silken sheath
 The giant cup of crystal all;
 They named it the "Luck of Edenhall."

Out spoke the lord, "Brim high the cup,
 With ruby wine of Portugal!"
 With trembling hand the serf fills up,
 And a purple light shines over all;
 It streams from the Luck of Edenhall.

Then cries the lord, as he swings it high,
 "This crystal glass an elfin small
 Gave to my sire, the fountain nigh,
 And wrote therein, 'Comes this glass to fall;
 Farewell, then, oh, Luck of Edenhall!'

"So grand a cup doth by right pertain
 To the joyous race of Edenhall;
 We love such giant draughts to drain;
 We love the sound these strokes now call,
 Kling! klang! from the Luck of Edenhall!"

First sings it gently, not more mild
 The nightingale's sweet dying fall;
 Now like a storm it rushes wild,
 Till as with thunder shook, the hall
 Resounds with the Luck of Edenhall.

"The fragile glass has fallen, I trow,
 Beneath a daring race's thrall;
 Longer than right has it lasted now;
 Kling! klang! and a heavier blow withal
 Shall prove me this Luck of Edenhall!"

The glittering cup asunder flies—
 Asunder bursts the vaulted hall,
 Through every rift the red flames rise;
 And the guests are hurled in ruin all,
 With the shivered Luck of Edenhall.

In storms the foe with fire and sword,
 That in the night had scaled the wall;
 A sword-thrust slays the youthful lord,
 His hand still grasping in his fall
 The shattered Luck of Edenhall.

At morn amid the blackened stones,
 The aged vassal slow doth crawl,
 He seeks his master's burning bones;
 He seeks beneath the tottering wall
 The wreck of the Luck of Edenhall.

"The frowning battlement," he cried,
 "The towering colonnade must fall,
 Glass is earth's fortune and earth's pride;
 In wreck shall sink this earthly ball,
 As erst the Luck of Edenhall."

H. B. G.

MR. BROWNSON'S RECENT ARTICLES IN THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

THERE has been a great deal of unnecessary newspaper and other talk and wonderment of late about this matter. There has also been some subscription withdrawing anent and concerning the same, which we regard as still more unnecessary. Amen, and so be it—is the only commentary we have had to make on each of the letters, full of vehement oburgation of our respected friend and correspondent, and conveying this peculiarly liberal and sensible mode of signifying the displeasure of the writers, at the admission of these Articles into the Democratic Review. The number of such might have been tenfold multiplied, and we shall take leave again to say, that it would not have affected the completion of an engagement, with the offending author, to which our good faith was pledged, had he not himself tendered the offer of release from it—an offer which was at first *not* accepted, from an intended regard to the supposed interests and just claims of the gentleman tendering it, though additional considerations subsequently arising (to the nature of which there is no occasion to advert), led eventually to that amicable separation, by mutual consent, of which the public has received intimation, in the announcement of Mr. Brownson's design to issue on the first of next January, the first number of a new quarterly Review of his own.*

Thus much to show that, if Mr. Brownson's late connection with this work has ceased, we have not been thus "bullied" into discontinuing the insertion of his Articles, as it has been represented in some of the commentaries of which it has been the subject. With respect to the nature of that connection, we are only surprised that it could be necessary, to any of our readers, to repeat the explanation of it already more than once given with suffi-

cient distinctness. Mr. Brownson was, from January, 1838, to October, 1842, the Editor of a periodical which, though characterized by signal force and freedom of thought and eloquent vigor of style, we knew to languish, in a pecuniary point of view, in a condition far below its merits, or any adequate remuneration for the effort and ability expended on it. The proposition was therefore made to him to discontinue it, by merging it in the larger receptacle which the Democratic Review would afford for its subscription list, and to become a regular contributor to the latter work. It is enough to say that the pecuniary terms adjusted, for the purchase of the subscription list of the Boston Quarterly, and for the future monthly communications of its Editor, for a period of two years, were satisfactory to all parties concerned in that work. The transaction was accompanied with the stipulation, made not unwillingly on either side, that Mr. Brownson's Articles should be accompanied with his name, under the individual responsibility of the writer, as contra-distinguished from the general responsibility of the Democratic Review; and should be exempt from that editorial censorship which is necessary to any kind of homogeneity in the pages of a Review, and which, as a general rule, has heretofore constituted an essential principle in the system under which this work, like nearly all the others of its kind and grade on either side of the Atlantic, has been conducted. Though such an arrangement, with its *imperium in imperio*—or, as Sam. Weller renders the Latin, its "veal within a veal"—was not free from objection or from possibility of trouble, yet it was consented to with the less reluctance, because it was felt to be indispensable to a free play of the vigorous and bold energies of such a writer

* A work which we would cordially recommend in advance to those of our readers who are not afraid of antagonist argument against their own opinions; and who can read with interest and improvement the productions of a bold and strong intellect, guiding a singularly lucid pen, even when not fully concurring in all its somewhat devious wanderings.

—still recent, moreover, from those habits of the thought and of the pen necessarily formed during several years occupancy of an independent curule chair of editorship, in a work wholly, in the strongest sense of the word, his own. So far as regarded the cardinal points of political doctrine on which that gentleman and this work have since so widely disagreed, we were certainly unconscious of any danger of such early and irreconcilable difference. It is true that, in vindication of a certain degree of consistency, Mr. Brownson may since have been able to point to several passages of his former writings, in which we might have found, if we had sought, the germs of even some of the strongest and worst of his subsequently developed doctrines; but *we* may be pardoned if such passages did not duly impress us with the warning portent which a later inspection, illustrated by the light of the result, may have discovered in them, when they did not prevent their author himself from volunteering to Mr. Dorr, at the outset of his movement, little more than a year ago, a letter in which the capacity of language seemed to have been exhausted, for expressions of approbation of his principle, and of encouragement to him to stand firm in his position.*

We confess that we were ourselves more surprised than any probably of our readers, at the direction and tone into which, after a time, Mr. Brownson's Articles began to run; as we certainly regretted more than any of them could have had reason to do, that the Democratic Review should be the me-

dium for the preaching of political doctrine so strangely antagonist to its own. However, being no friend to any of the forms of "repudiation" of late so rife among us, alike of public and private faith, a violation of our engagements (moral as well as pecuniary) to our personally esteemed and respected correspondent, was of course out of the question; and all that was to be done was to cover and protect our editorial responsibility, by accompanying this course of Articles with the most emphatic disclaimer of the views contained in them,—a duty which was not neglected; and which, under the circumstances of such a relation, ought to have been satisfactory to the most dissatisfied of our Democratic readers.

Moreover, we neither did nor do apprehend any very serious injury to the Democratic cause from these, or any other articles that are at this day likely to be written on the basis of similar ideas. Upon our own institutions, or our own politics, they have but a slight practical bearing. So far as regards us and ours, they may be set down as little more than imaginary abstractions, though in application to the affairs of other nations they would be, indeed, at every page, rife with fatalest mischief to the cause of popular liberty and rights. Rhode Island was the only one of our States which accident had left in a position affording occasion for any important practical application of the leading doctrines of these Articles—all the rest having liberal written constitutions, providing sufficient modes for their own amendment, without ne-

* It is due to Mr. Brownson to notice here the apology he has himself advanced for this circumstance. It is two-fold,—*in the first place*, that it was done without due reflection, under the influence of the contagious excitement and sympathy of the political friends by whom he was surrounded;—and *in the second place*, that it was founded on a misapprehension of the facts of the case in an important point. That he was under the impression that no possible mode existed under the old charter of Rhode Island by which the popular reforms sought by the Suffrage Party could be effected, that charter containing no provision for its own amendment, so that even if the Charter party itself wished to adopt those reforms, it had no constitutional authority to alter its own organic law; whereas he subsequently learned that all these reforms could have been carried into effect in the form of laws by the legislature and executive elected under the Charter. How far this apology, in either of its forms, constitutes a justification of its author's consistency, on the vital point of the doctrine in question, the reader must judge for himself. In forming that judgment, he should not forget that the one supposes close consideration and a nice distinction, and the other the very reverse—so that the two ought rather to be presented alternatively than cumulatively; and that it was precisely because all hope of ever obtaining such legislative relief from the Charter authorities had become despair, by long exhaustion of patience and striving, that the Suffrage Party at last had recourse to what they regarded as another and equally rightful remedy.

cessity for the intervention of the popular sovereignty, for the purposes of democratic reform, in any other modes more direct and simple. In Rhode Island, a combination of unfortunate circumstances has caused the failure of Mr. Dorr's attempt to reorganize the State in the mode and on the principle which we have sustained, and which it is the general drift of Mr. Brownson's articles to attack—and the matter is now at an end there also, with scant likelihood of being revived. While so far as regards any effect that might be produced by them, or volumes of similar writing, however admirable in style or manner, to weaken the force of the democratic principle in our political system—to discredit the name, or the thing, or the party, of Democracy—to lead the public mind backward into the old anti-popular habits of thought and feeling always so sedulously encouraged by that selfish and timid conservatism, which dreads nothing so much as the relaxation of one of the fetters with which it loves to load every giant limb of the people—so far, we say, as regards any such effect that might be produced by them, they are innocent enough of much power for harm. A thousand Brownsons, instead of one, might be forever preaching from our house-tops, that the fundamental political idea and law of our institutions is *not* Democracy, but Democracy-restraining “Constitutional Republicanism”—that Democracy is a very absurd and mischievous thing—and that all existing powers and principalities are of divine right, and morally entitled to the loyalty and support of every subject, unless he is released therefrom by the paramount authority of “The Church”—nor would they produce (such is at least our firm belief) much more impression on the broad current of opinion and of events, in the country against whose genius and mission they would thus vainly strive, than would the breath of their voices to arrest the sweep of the great winds of heaven that bear along their accents, though never a hair's-breadth diverted by them from their own allotted course.

We shall not attempt the task which seems to us as unnecessary as it would be tedious, of following Mr. Brownson, step by step, through the sixty or seventy pages filled by the three articles in question, in the very limited space

we find it now in our power to bestow on the subject. We shall content ourselves with little more than a brief statement of his leading points, reduced to a form of more naked simplicity than that in which they appear when half-veiled and half-adorned with all the rich apparel of his deprecatory and extenuating circumlocution. We are much mistaken if a sufficient refutation of their errors may not be found in this simple process. Let us endeavor, if possible, through all the cloud of metaphysical mystification which he has accumulated over the subject, to get at a distinct apprehension of what it is he so earnestly believes, and so zealously and ably preaches. No very easy task, as we find, after an attentive reperusal of his series of Articles—provokingly as he at times appears to explain away some of the most essential points of his doctrines into a something intangible, if not unintelligible, the moment they bring him up face to face with a truth, or a fact, the conflict of which would at once stamp his argument with the *reductio ad absurdum*.

Reduced to its simplest formula, Mr. Brownson's doctrine of government may be thus stated:—That government implies necessarily a distinction between the governor and the governed, as essentially twain; and therefore, that the idea of *self-government* by a people, if it include a discretionary sovereign authority in the people itself over its own constitution of government, to alter or to abrogate at pleasure, is absurd, since it would make the governor and the governed one and the same. That the only rightful foundation and authority of government is the Divine Will, no mere human will, whether that of a majority or of a few, being entitled to our obedience and allegiance. That the existing system of government over any particular people, is necessarily the expression of the Divine Will in its organization for that people, and, that therefore, loyal allegiance is always due to it; if that system contain within itself provision of a mode for its own progressive improvement, that mode may be rightfully employed for the purpose, such progress falling within the scope of its design and destiny; but if it does not contain within itself any such provision, there is then no help for it, the right of rebellion being *in toto* denied, and that

relief can only come from the interposition of Providence, in the form of foreign conquest, or such other as it may see fit to adopt. That in case of the wrongful perversion of existing government (by bad men in its administration) from its proper mission as the agency of the Divine Will, for the maintenance of justice, freedom, and all right, appeal is only to be made to "The Church," as being, co-ordinately with the State, though of still higher commission and authority, the embodied expression of the Divine Will in human society.

Such, according to our best ability to apprehend and state it, is the outline of Mr. Brownson's theory of government, as we find it in his recent series of Articles on "The Origin and Ground of Government." We have already adverted to the fact, that those articles are spread over a surface of between sixty and seventy pages; they of course contain a great deal more matter than that of which we have thus endeavored to present a faithful condensation. This consists of criticisms of other theories of government, and especially of the Democratic; earnest asseveration of his own friendliness to human freedom and progress, and of the harmony of his views with that spirit; together with subtle and abstruse metaphysical disquisitions on the nature of man, and his relations with God and with society, in support or illustration of his positions; The greater part of his discussion of the subject is, indeed, rather negative in its form and character than positive; denying and denouncing antagonist theories, rather than systematically developing any connected and logical completeness of doctrine of his own. In fact, he himself intimates that he is but imperfectly satisfied with his own solutions of some of the questions involved in the discussion, though he receives and gives them as the best he can find for himself or offer to others; and concludes with the remark that he has given but "bare hints and detached observations" on the subject—"suggestions" merely, which he only hopes may "lead to some correct conclusions, excite to a more thorough examination of the subject than has hitherto been generally made by our politicians, and thus contribute to a better understanding of our institutions, and to a graver and juster popular action under them." However, in

the statement of the points which we have above thrown together as the outline of his views, Mr. Brownson is sufficiently positive, and they constitute a sufficiently tangible and complete body of doctrine, to permit us satisfactorily to understand the author and classify him in his proper place among political theorists. And this we are compelled to do in spite of his own reluctance sometimes to admit all the conclusions from his own arguments; and in spite of his own profession of meanings and motives widely different from those usually animating the writers and actors of the school in which his true position must undoubtedly be "located"—a profession of which we have no idea of questioning the conscientious sincerity.

Applying this general theory to his own country, Mr. Brownson naturally enough places "the Constitution" on that throne of supreme sovereignty to which allegiance is due—"the Constitution," as distinct from, and superior to, the People governed by it (the People, whether expressed as a mere majority or even in unanimous whole), as a restraining and directing power, not created by them, nor dependent on their will, except in accordance with and through its own prescribed methods of alteration; in which latter case it, the Constitution, is as much the paramount and sovereign law in the act of its own alteration, and the substitution of improved forms of administration, as in any other part of its ordinary action. He therefore repudiates, with emphatic energy and even scorn, the name of "Democrat," and claims for himself, and all those of whose views he is the correct interpreter, the name of "Constitutional Republicans." Of course he takes strong ground against the whole doctrine and movement of the Free Suffrage Party of Rhode Island, of which Mr. Dorr stands before the country as the exponent and representative.

Now, against this general doctrine, as preached by our friend and former correspondent, we shall not, we repeat, on the present occasion at least, undertake the task of following him through all the depths and all the details of his argumentation. We are content, for its refutation, with that more effectual *reductio ad absurdum* which becomes, we think, sufficiently apparent the moment it is reduced to a simple and naked statement,

divested of all the surrounding mystification of reasoning or accumulation of words, with which Mr. Brownson has probably deceived himself more than he has succeeded in deceiving any of his readers.

Why, it is, out and out, the antiquated, and we had imagined obsolete, monarchical doctrine of the divine right of kings, united in unblest alliance with the old papal doctrine of the spiritual-temporal supremacy of the Church. Disclaim it as he may—qualify, explain, modify it as he pleases, to the full extent of the powers of language and of his own practised dialectic ingenuity—it is nothing more and nothing less than this.

True, Mr. Brownson, for himself individually, disclaims all forms of monarchy or aristocracy. He claims to be no less truly and heartily a "friend of the people" than ever he was. He has no desire to impose any restrictions on the right of suffrage or of eligibility, at least among our countrymen, in consequence of the general equality of conditions; though he contends that the political equality expressed by universal suffrage and eligibility is not a natural right, but merely a matter of civil regulation. And Freedom, civil and religious, is what he most earnestly invokes, for the full development of the possible nature of every man, and for the enjoyment of equal rights—that is to say, not so much the "equal right of every man to have a voice in saying who shall be the law-makers, and what shall be the laws," as the equal rights which "belong to social position, condition or opportunity," and which are "equal chances to equal capacities; and equal rewards to equal works."

But it is vain that Mr. Brownson struggles thus to reconcile things essentially irreconcilable—thus to dip his cup at once into the source and the mouth of the stream—thus to defend the consistency of his present with his former positions, by these professions of unaltered popular spirit and motive, at the same moment when he is putting forth some of the strongest doctrine ever advanced by the worst enemies of the people. It is impossible even to his ingenuity, to his eloquence. All the world are not wrong, he alone being right, when all the world unites in exclaiming upon his sudden and total change of position,—the one party wel-

coming it with joyful triumph, as an illustrious conversion, signally proving the impossibility of adherence to the democratic faith by an honest and powerful mind, able to discern and fearless to follow its necessary logical consequences,—and the other execrating it with indignant sorrow, as another instance of the too frequent sloughing off of advancing age backward into the old conservatism of timidity, if not of selfishness; or else the unstable vagaries of a vain and restless mind, impatient of repose, insatiate of notoriety, of excitement, of the special wonderment of the public attention, and, when wearied of the barren suffrages of applause from a party socially inferior, ambitious of the smiles of the other party, the party of the "respectability," of the wealth, of the social ascendancy. Far from us thus to characterize the meaning of Mr. Brownson's recent—we will not say desertion—we will not say apostasy—but we will say, of his recent unfortunate transfer of his Stentor voice and his Ajax arm from our camp, the camp of the People, beneath that banner of Democracy he now so insultingly flouts, to the antagonist array, in whose ranks he has already been eagerly welcomed to a prominent position. Far from us, we say, be this unkindness, this injustice. We have, on the contrary, often in private defended Mr. Brownson against this view of him and his course, as we have often had to repel the anti-democratic version of it, above adverted to. But Mr. Brownson must be somewhat less free in his own uncharitable imputations of "demagoguism" and "hypocrisy," against all that school of political doctrine he thus denounces with the fresh and strong bitterness of recent hostility, if he would desire to be himself dealt with in that spirit of kindly forbearance, which is not wisely to be spurned by any man in the yet unsettled and insecure position, of stupendous inconsistency, which himself alone is the only person unconscious of.

As for Mr. Brownson's fine phrases of philanthropic aspiration after the true good of the masses and of every individual composing them, though unquestionably sincere on his lips, yet are they, after all, nothing more than despotism always uses. *Paternity* is the character it especially delights to as-

sume—that “*paternity*” whose dearest hope and object in existence is the welfare of its “*children*,” and it always insists that it is only for their own good that it governs the people, its forms and forces being necessary for the maintenance of order, the repression of wrong-doing, and the promotion of all possible good and prosperity among its subjects.

True, indeed, it is that, to those bad despotisms which govern the people only for the selfish interests of the rulers, and not for the true good of the commonwealth, Mr. Brownson denies that right divine on which their claim to moral allegiance must rest; but on this point of his discussion he is remarkably weak and confused—not, indeed, by his own fault, but by that of his doctrine. In the first place, we may ask, where is any rule of discrimination to be found by which we may distinguish between true and false government—that is, between those governments which truly express and represent the one only sovereignty of the Divine Will, and are, therefore, entitled to our support and obedience, and those which are of bad human invention and selfish tyranny? Repudiating the name of “*Democrat*,” he claims that of “*Constitutional Republican*”—but what, forsooth, is the meaning of his “*Constitutional Republic*?” Is it simply such a government as that of Massachusetts, or of any of our States, or of the Union of them, or of any of the other “*republics*” of ancient or modern days? No, indeed; but every monarchy in Europe is, according to him, a “*Constitutional Republic*,” and the crowned heads which represent the collective majesty, justice, and power of each respective nationality, are no less “*Constitutional Republicans*” than Mr. Brownson. Do we mistake him? Let the reader judge for himself:

“In the best, and authorized use of the term, any government is a Republic, in which power is held to be a trust from the commonwealth to be exercised for the public good in opposition to the private interest of the ruler or rulers. France, England, Belgium, and some of the German kingdoms, are Republics, for the king in them is only the first magistrate, and represents not his own personal rights, but the majesty of the State; but Austria, Russia, and the

Asiatic kingdoms and empires generally, are not Republics, for the king or emperor does not represent the majesty of the State, but is held to be it, the sovereign and proprietor of the kingdom; and his glory, not the public good, is the theoretic end that is to be sought. A Constitutional Republic may, then, be defined, a government in which power is held as a trust from the commonwealth, to be exercised for the public good, according to a prescribed law, whether actually exercised by one man called king or emperor, by the few called the nobility or aristocracy, or by the many, called the people, or, to adopt a *Europeanism*, adopted, but improperly, by some of our politicians, the *democracy*.”

Austria and Prussia are here, indeed, nominally excluded from Mr. Brownson's definition of a “*Constitutional Republic*,” yet is their exclusion quite as arbitrary on his part as any of their own acts of government against an obnoxious subject. It is an unconscious but virtual confession of the fallacy of his definition, and of the system of argument of which it is an essential element. His definition embraces them not less than the others he has expressly named as among his “*Constitutional Republics*”—(why has he thus slurred over the case of Prussia!)—yet he shrinks, with perhaps an unconscious instinct, from exploding the absurdity of the name by conceding it to them. The monarch of either of those two nations will not fail to answer your interrogations in such wise as to bring himself quite as fully within the definition as either Louis Philippe, Victoria, or Leopold can pretend to be. He represents the nation, and recognizes his obligation to rule for the true good of his people, and for that alone—and to this end he claims that all his acts are at least designed. Louis XIV. himself never made a stronger assertion of the despotism of his individual power than that which has become proverbial, when he said that “*he was the State*.” And what though there may not have been in their case any recent agency of the people in the constitution of their thrones, yet do they all, in one way or another, in addition to the passive popular sanction contained in acquiescence, refer back to an original title of popular choice,—though they bring to it, indeed, the superadded

support of a right divine, so as to place it beyond the reach of any right of popular *reconsideration*, together with a little collateral aid of bayonets and cannon. Mr. Brownson says, that "in giving us our institutions, Providence has solved the problem [of government] for us." Is not the same language equally applicable on the lips of the Austrian or the Russ?

Ah, but there is one still higher authority in the earth, which may judge, reform, and, if necessary, overthrow these "constitutional republics" of our friend, even perhaps outside of their own provided forms,—though the latter is a point which Mr. Brownson leaves in a judicious obscurity. The State is the elephant on which the world rests, and the tortoise supporting the elephant is "the Church." But what is "the Church?" Unfortunately, that is a question for which, though made the very pivot of the whole discussion, we look in vain for any definite and intelligible answer. Mr. Brownson's "Church" is a still more vague and elastic idea than his "Constitutional Republic." In one place, indeed, he hints at it as the Divine Will "*embodied and represented in an outward visible institution.*" The *Priest* has certainly something to do with it, since he tells us that one of the two alternative conditions necessary in order that resistance to civil government either can or ought to succeed, is that "*the minister of religion bless their cause.*" And this authority claimed for "the Church" is stated in no weak or equivocal phrase:

"The right to resist civil government, nay, to subvert it, when necessary for human freedom, I admit and contend for, in the most unqualified terms; though I believe violent resistance and subversion are rarely, if ever, necessary or expedient. But, in my view, civil government is, properly speaking, only the *subordinate department of government*—the people are subject to a higher law than that of the civil government,—to a higher sovereign than the State. When this higher sovereign,—the real sovereign,—of which the State is but the minister, commands, it is our duty to resist the civil ruler, and to overthrow, if need be, the civil government. This higher sovereign is, as we have seen, the Will of God, represented in the department superior to

the State, by THE CHURCH. It belongs to the Church, then, as the representative of the highest authority on earth, to determine when resistance is proper, and to prescribe its form, and its extent. When this commands, it is our duty to obey."

Well, if this were all Mr. Brownson said about his "Church," his meaning would, at least, be simple and intelligible enough, though few friends of liberty or of man would fail to heap upon such doctrine their heartiest execration. But unfortunately it is not—unfortunately, we mean, for the ability of his reader to extract from his pages any distinct conception or idea of his meaning. Is it any one of the forms of Protestantism, or their united totality? No; for "in Protestant countries the Church has been perverted into a function of the State." Is it Rome? No; for "the Catholic Church" has "itself become corrupt and oppressive,"—(though perhaps there might here seem to be shadowed forth the meaning, that "the Catholic Church" might be reformed so as to cease to be corrupt and oppressive, and then become again, what it has been once before, "the Church" of which we are in quest.) But in his second article (page 254) he sends the idea of "the Church" far and wide off to sea on an ocean of vague perplexity. He calls it "the public conscience; that is to say, the sense of right expressed in what we recognize as the highest and most sacred among us." "And this," he pursues, "by whatever name it goes, is our Church, our Divine Institution. This it is, whether it be called the pulpit, the press, the lyceum." Alas! what does the tortoise rest upon? Mr. Brownson hints that "he could tell, an if he would:"—"There must be, beside the civil authority, a *moral* authority. This moral authority, organized, is the Church; but I will not now speak of it as organized." What were the torments of Tantalus to those Mr. Brownson thus inflicts on the reader honestly anxious, like ourselves, to understand the full scope and extent of his doctrine, so as fairly to judge both it and him? Here has he brought us up to the last link from which he suspends his whole chain, to which, like the ancient myth, he has attached the universe, yet does he give us no Jupiter's hand to hang it by. Like the tale of

German *diablerie*, he throws up his ball of thread into the air, and climbs up to the sky by it—and there is an end of the matter.

We have but a single page more at disposal in the present number; and therefore, passing over a crowd of other points in the articles before us on which we had designed to remark, we must confine ourselves to a brief notice of one fundamental fallacy, which seems to have been the original *ignis fatuus* that misled our friend through such far and toilsome wandering, into the unfortunate result where we have found him arrived.

It has been well said that "words are things"—often very mischievous ones. Mr. Brownson has singularly exemplified this truth, we think, in his dealing with the word "government" in this entire discussion. Adopting it from the outset as his *point de départ*, he makes it for a very considerable part of his argument his main *point d'appui*. It seems to us a positive curiosity in dialectics, to witness the manner in which he subjects his thought to this word, investing it with an absolute sway over the whole direction of his reasoning—much as if a lion should place a mouse on his back, and with a bridle of spider's web allow himself to be guided or driven by it, as though by a fate, to his own sore perplexity, if not utter destruction. Government, he tells us, necessarily implies two distinct parties, a higher and a lower; and since nations must be governed, it must needs always be by a governor or governing power *out of* and *above* the nation itself. Ever after, considering this point as settled, and settled in a sense absolute and unqualified, he treats every hypothetical conclusion which he can bring up into an apparent conflict with it, as thereby satisfactorily and for ever disposed of, on the "*quod absurdum est*" principle. We should be at a loss from memory to enumerate how often this occurs in the course of these Articles. A people, for example, can have no right to alter its constitution in any other mode than through its own prescribed forms—and of course, if its constitution happen to have no such prescribed forms, as was the case with the Rhode Island charter, it cannot have the right in any way)—*because* the governed and the governor would then be one instead of twain. *Self-government*, politically or morally, is a

patent absurdity, *because* there must always be this distinct and superior governor over the governed, and since such republics as ours have no other "powers that be" than their constitution, they are governed by those constitutions as a something out of and above themselves, and the world has heretofore been under a total mistake in imagining them to be in any sense *self-governed*. And it is because he thus shuts himself off from recourse to the People as the rightful human source and foundation of governmental authority—having burned his ships behind him as he landed on the margin of the shore of his subject—that he is forced on through a long tissue of arbitrary fictions, which we have no space to comment upon, full of a sadly wasted metaphysical subtlety, into his eventual refuge, as we have above seen, in the bosom of "The Church."—though unfortunately we have seen that "Church" itself, the moment we approached and deemed ourselves at the threshold of its sacred asylum, to vanish like the mirage of the desert, or the Fata Morgana of the wave—dissolving itself away into a "public conscience"—into a "moral authority of which I will not now speak as organized"—into "the pulpit, the press, the lyceum"—into everything—into nothing.

We have taken no direct notice of Mr. Brownson's hostile criticisms of our own, the Democratic doctrine; of his earnest assaults upon the principle of the rule of the Majority; of his representations of its bad and degrading moral influence, alike on national and individual character. In the present Number we have not been able to command more room than the subject has already exhausted—and even for the insertion of the present remarks we find ourselves again compelled to postpone all notice of a whole little library of books which have accumulated on our table within the past two months. To this branch of the subject we will devote a future article, and venture to trust that it will be no very difficult task to establish at least an intelligible and coherent theory of government on that basis, and to show that most of our correspondent's charges against it have their origin either in mere verbal criticism, or the long exploded fallacies of conservative panic.

MONTHLY FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL ARTICLE.

THE business of the fall season is rapidly approaching its close, and money continues exceedingly abundant, with every symptom of being even still more plentiful. Both here and in Boston, the centre of the manufacturing interests, money is freely offered, on good security, at $3\frac{1}{2}$ and 4 per cent., with but little disposition to take it at that. These are exceedingly low rates for money when compared with the high rates paid in some former years; but, if we consider the small scope for its employment, where it will yield a larger return than that rate, the price does not appear so low. It is an undoubted fact that, in usual years and in regular business, the interest upon money is too high. That is, money cannot be hired at 6 and 7 per cent. per annum, and employed so as to yield a much greater income. For short periods of time, when money is rapidly increasing in quantity, and its relative value to commodities gradually sinking, or, in other words, prices of goods rising, it will do to pay large rates for money, because the depreciation in the value of money would alone repay a profit to the borrower, independent of the regular profits of business. In the rapid stages of the rise and fall of the French assignats, this process was marked in the course of a few weeks, and large fortunes were made by borrowing the money. For instance, if an individual was possessed of 1,000 francs in gold, and the government notes were at 10 per cent. discount, he could borrow 1,100 francs of paper on pledge of his gold; the rapid increase in the quantity of paper money quickly depreciated its value, and in the succeeding week if he returned the 1,100 francs and received the gold the latter would be worth 1,500 paper francs. Hence he had the use of the money and made 400 francs by the change in the value of paper. In this country, from 1830 to 1837, the same

process went on in a much slower manner, and as the paper money was constantly convertible into coin, the depreciation evinced itself only in a general rise in prices. If a person owned a piece of property he could mortgage it for a certain sum of money and pay a liberal interest. In a short time the rise in the value of the property would suffice to discharge the mortgage, although the money borrowed on it might not have yielded the interest in the employment to which it was applied. In this manner, money would command a high rate of interest, and the borrower, deceived by the gradual operation of the system, supposed that money borrowed was actually worth the high rate of interest paid. The instant, however, that the upward tending ceased and prices began to fall, ruin overtook the borrowers. Farmers who had mortgaged their farms did not feel the weight of the obligation while wheat was rising from 1 to \$2 per bushel. They could afford to pay 6 per cent. for the money under such circumstances; but when affairs turned and prices fell, which result was inevitable, foreclosure stared them in the face. In the southern States, near \$50,000,000 were borrowed in Europe at 6 per cent. and reloaned to planters at 7 to 9 per cent. to employ in the culture of cotton. This application of the money took place in a short time, and raised the price of slaves and land as well as of supplies. The cost of producing cotton was thus immeasurably enhanced, but, backed by the inflation in England, the price of the cotton was continually advancing, so that the operation was, notwithstanding, apparently profitable. This effect of prices may be seen in the following statement of the imports of American cotton into Liverpool and the price of Upland there in August of three years:

	Import of American Cotton into England.	Price of Upland.	Average price of Upland.	Value of Cotton.
August, 1831	188,754,970 lbs.	5 a 7	6	\$22,650,596.
“ 1835	52,618,869 “	9½ a 13	11½	56,840,245.
“ 1840	451,687,500 “	4½ a 6½	5½	49,685,625.
“ 1843	514,396,850 “	3½ a 5½	4½	46,922,896.

Here we perceive that, up to 1835, the money value of the cotton nearly doubled, notwithstanding that the quantity of cotton increased 30 per cent., and as the plantations in operation in 1831 were established at low prices, the profit was large; an immense quantity of money was borrowed and applied to cotton from 1835 to 1839, and prices of negroes, lands, and supplies rose immensely, while the revolution in England again reduced prices in 1840 to a rate lower than in 1835. If the cotton sent to England in 1840 had sold at the prices of 1835, which it should have done to repay the immense cost and high rate of interest paid for the money invested in it, it would have brought \$101,629,687, making a difference of near \$60,000,000 in the money value, to which may be added \$20,000,000 for five years' interest on the borrowed capital. The result was bankruptcy of the individuals and of all the banks engaged in the operation. In 1843, 63,000,000 lbs. more cotton were given to England and \$3,500,000 less money received than in 1840. At the east and in the north and west.

nearly the same state of affairs exists. In New England above two-thirds of all the farms are mortgaged and nearly every farm in that section is for sale. The best farms in the country will not yield 5 per cent. interest on the capital employed and keep the capital good. This arises mainly from the low prices of the farm produce affording small profits. In all other employments the same low range of profits exists, and, of course, capital cannot be exempt from the general rule. The present tariff has, however, interposed to confer on the class of corporate manufactures exclusive privileges and large profits, and many of those establishments are now declaring 10 per cent. dividends, being large profits derived from the low rates at which they obtain supplies and the small wages paid to the operators, while they are protected by the arbitrary operation of law from the competition of foreign cotton. The following table indicates the extent to which the present tariff checks the import of English cottons into this country:

YARDS EXPORTED OF PLAIN AND PRINTED COTTONS FROM GREAT BRITAIN, SIX MONTHS, 1842 AND 1843.

	1843.		1842.	
	1st quarter.	2d quarter.	Total 6 mos.	Total 6 mos.
To U. States plain.....	1,061,396	892,461	1,953,857	3,681,495
“ “ printed....	2,185,837	1,376,475	3,362,312	13,476,140
Total to U. States.....	3,247,233	2,268,936	5,316,169	17,157,635
Elsewhere plain.....	114,996,418	136,668,346	251,364,764	149,175,556
“ printed.....	75,232,381	66,480,426	141,732,807	110,305,079
Total exports.....	193,196,032	205,417,708	398,613,734	276,638,270

All classes and all interests in the United States are laboring under the same evils produced by the same cause, viz., an overaction and revulsion in the application of capital, yet of all these interests the manufacturing alone has received privileges at the hands of government, and those are conferred at the expense of the others. The operation has been to make profits small and money less valuable in all occupations except in its application to corporate manufactories, and it would gradually be withdrawn from other pursuits and invested in manufactures, if there was any security that the monstrous injustice could be perpetuated, or if by

any means money could be extracted from equivalent pursuits, but the great distress which has overtaken the latter, particularly in New-England, defeats the wish to realise. No one embarks in a losing business, or invests in unproductive property. For the past 15 years agriculture in New-England has declined *pari passu* with the advancement of manufactures; the increase of the latter has in no degree stayed the ruin which was brought upon the comparatively sterile soil of New-England, by the opening of the supplies from the great West, through the rapid settlement of those sections and the extension of works of public improvement.

These events have gradually wrought out the ruin of the New-England farms; but that result has been hastened by two concurring causes, one was the rapid rise of provisions through the paper inflation, which induced the farmers to mortgage their lands, in order to obtain the means of extending their operations with the view to take advantage of those prices. Those prices were, however, not permanent, and the subsiding tide of paper left them with heavy mortgages and low prices to contend against the overwhelming tide of Western produce, arrested on its way to market by the interdict on foreign commerce. The consequence is, that all descriptions of supplies and labor are lower in the neighborhood of the manufacturers than ever before, while they by legislative enactment have had conferred upon them the exclusive markets for their goods. With the increasing poverty of the farmers both the necessity and the desire to procure labor in the manufactories increases. Hence the reduction in the price of labor diminishes as the supply is enhanced. The wealthy corporate manufacturers by those means are gradually accumulating in their hands the power of exercising that grinding oppression, which is so well known in Lancashire, England. The independence of manufacturing oppression, which was the result of the agricultural prosperity of the friends and families of the operatives, is fast fading away with their increasing poverty. The dependence upon manufacturers is each day increasing, and with it the whole section of country rapidly approaches the condition of England. The only remedy for this state of affairs is a large foreign outlet for western produce, by which the money prices may be relatively raised so as again to afford the New-England farmer a profit on his labor. This result is to be arrived at only through the utmost encouragement to foreign commerce by removing all obstacles in the way of the enterprise of individuals.

The quantity of money now in the country is sufficient for its wants, if properly distributed. But it remains in cumbrous masses on the sea-board, vainly seeking investment. In the concerns of a country like this, when the retail channels of trade are filled with a specie currency, to facilitate the daily transactions among the masses

of the people, no more is wanted. The great operations of trade are never conducted with money. They are simply an interchange of commodities effected between sections of the country by means of bills of exchange. The commodities on which these bills are based, are the products of industry, and their interchange does not require the intervention of money. It is only when those products are sold on long credit that the money of banks is required by dealers to stand in the place of the buyer, and in making those advances the banks make their profit. But when as now, such sales take place but seldom, and with the transfer of property the account is closed, there is no such demand, and whenever money has accumulated in anticipation of the revival of that demand, it must continue cheap and plenty until absorbed in permanent employments. This process has been gradually going on for the last three months, and a large amount of sound stock has been taken out of the market at rates which yield scarcely 5 per cent. interest. There is, however, a growing confidence that all the States will, sooner or later, resume the payment of their dividends. This was decidedly apparent in London at the date of our last advices, and evinced itself, partially, in the success of the Illinois commissioners, who went out to procure the means of completing the canal of that State. In our number for June last, we described the nature of the proposition, which was, that the bond holders should subscribe \$1,600,000, or 32 per cent. of the amount thus held, on condition that the canal and its lands should be placed in the hands of three trustees, two appointed by the stockholders, and one by the governor of the State, to be applied to the discharge of the new loan, principal and interest, and then of the old canal debt. This proposition was not strictly complied with, but 12½ per cent. was subscribed to commence operations on the favorable report of an agent to be selected by three gentlemen nominated by the landholders. Three gentlemen of Boston, Mass., Messrs. Abbott Lawrence, William Sturgis and T. W. Ward were delegated to appoint the agent. Ex-Governor Davis, of Massachusetts, was selected, and is now on his way to Illinois, in order to investigate the af-

fairs of the canal in connection with its debt, and report upon the expediency of the enterprise. In case of a favorable report, the amount of 12½ per cent. or \$400,000 is to be disbursed, and if at the next meeting of the Legislature a small tax is imposed towards the discharge of the improvement debt of the State, the remaining sum necessary to the full completion of the canal will be forthcoming. In many points of view this arrangement is highly advantageous. The delinquent States of the Union were, for the most part, cut short in the midst of enterprises, many of them rashly commenced, but undertaken in full confidence that the money necessary for the completion could be obtained. In nearly every instance where large debts had been contracted, new loans were necessary to meet the interest, because the wise principle of contracting no debt without simultaneously providing by taxation for its discharge, had been evaded during the speculating mania, in order that there might be no obstacle in the way of borrowing. When, therefore, through general distress, new loans could not be obtained without difficulty, delinquency became inevitable. This delinquency in Mississippi and Illinois soon degenerated into repudiation and defiance of the creditors. Hence, when money again became plenty, the apparent want of will to pay, destroyed all disposition to lend, notwithstanding that plenty. This apparent indisposition of the people here to pay, was, from the effect of its influence upon the debt oppressed people of Europe, of a far more serious nature than the mere loss of the few millions of dollars due. All those monied men of London and the Continent, interested in American stocks, represent an aristocracy and a class of capitalists whose existence is bound up in the maintenance of the faith of governments at all hazards. The proximity of the republican institutions of the United States through the medium of steam navigation, is already exercising a powerful influence upon public opinion in Europe, and the example of a great people throwing off with impunity the burden of a public debt on any plausible pretence, is, in the present state of England, fraught with the greatest consequences, and it is of importance to all those interested in the preservation of the present state

of things, to apply a remedy to existing evils here. When, therefore, the commissioners of Illinois offered their terms of compromise, the door was opened by which all the States following her example could restore their honor and return to the condition of a tax and debt paying people. A part of the money wanted, was, therefore, advanced, in order to put the canal under contract, and the payment of the remainder made conditional upon the imposition of a tax, which with a completed canal the people will be amply able to pay. That this tax will be imposed, there is scarcely room to doubt, because the people of Illinois are an intelligent and high spirited people, and well able to estimate the vast importance of the canal to Illinois, and the pecuniary advantages its completion will afford to every individual in the State. When, therefore, they see that canal in process of construction, and its final completion dependant only upon an insignificant tax, no one can doubt but that that tax will cheerfully be submitted to. In that case Illinois, one of the first to fail, will be the first to recover her position and prove to all others that their resources are within themselves, and not in the paper schemes of prating politicians.

There is over the face of the whole Union an apparent upward tendency in both prices and business. The advance in agricultural products last spring and summer gave some stimulus to business by furnishing means of purchasing some portion of those supplies of which the people had long been in want. The result has been an improvement in all the smaller branches of trades and business. We believe, as a general thing, that all the mechanical employments have experienced an improvement of about 30 per cent. in their business over that of last year. The vigor of the trade which sprung up is apparent in the fact, that notwithstanding the present tariff, a fair amount of imports was made during the third quarter of the present year; that trade, however, soon withered under the oppression of Government; and with the decline of imports, a diminution was experienced in exports. Prices again declined, and the whole foundation of the growing business was sapped. The Government is feeling with great intensity in its finances

the evils of party legislation. All its sources of revenue have been subverted. By the distribution act of the extra session, a large quantity of the public lands passed into the possession of those States within whose borders it was located. That land is now, on State account, coming into market, and diminishing the sales of the Federal Government, greatly injuring that source of revenue, while a protective tariff is weighing with fearful effect upon the customs. For the year ending January, 1843, the Government borrowed about \$15,000,000 above its ordinary receipts, of which \$6,500,000 was added to the public debt. For the first six months of 1843, the expenses exceeded the revenue \$3,496,873, which was supplied out of the proceeds of the \$5,000,000 borrowed in January. In addition to this loan, an issue of \$5,000,000 Treasury Notes, alluded to in a previous number, has commenced. The notes on the face express that they are payable "one year after date," and bear but one-tenth per

cent. interest. This is according to law; but in order to evade the law, and give the notes the full character of paper money, they are endorsed on the back to the effect, that they will be purchased at par on presentation at the Government depositories in New York. These depositories are the Merchants' Bank, the Bank of Commerce, and the Bank of New York. This is a palpable evasion, and, to all intents and purposes, the Government in time of peace has been driven to the expedient of paper money, in order to meet its expenses—and this at a time when the people are paying enormous taxes to the manufacturers in the shape of prices on consumable goods, enhanced by the operation of a prohibitive tariff. The level of duties for the first three quarters of 1842 was 20 per cent. At the close of the third quarter of 1842, the rates were raised to an average of 35 per cent. The duties which have accrued in each quarter of the last three years, have been as follows :

DUTIES ACCRUING QUARTERLY ON IMPORTS IN THE UNITED STATES.

	1841.	1842.	1843.
1st quarter,	5,506,376	6,060,401	2,802,499
2d "	4,556,836	4,679,144	3,338,073
3d "	5,922,218	3,305,506	4,274,389
4th "	4,936,063	2,465,164	
Total,	19,919,491	16,510,215	

An income of duties from 26 to 36 per cent. it appears has diminished the revenue over \$1,000,000, an extraordinary proof of the immense injury which has been done by it to the commerce of the country: The operation in regard both to trade and the revenues has been this: an import of \$54,819,201 of dutiable goods in the first three quarters of 1842, yielded the government a revenue of \$14,045,051, or 26 per cent. The rate of duties was then raised, and the imports fell off in the same period of 1843 to \$31,000,000, or 36 per cent. This has taken place notwithstanding that prices of imported and American goods average higher now than in 1842. Their value has not increased so much as the difference in the tariff. Had the spirit of the compromise act been adhered to, there is, if we take into con-

sideration the general increasing buoyancy in all markets notwithstanding the restrictions on commerce, every reason to believe that the imports would have run to \$100,000,000 of dutiable goods, affording the government \$20,000,000 of revenue; amply sufficient to have met its wants without new loans. The import of such an amount of goods would inevitably have taken out of the country an equivalent in agricultural products; a reduction of the stocks on the market by a demand so extended, would have raised the money value of all the farm products in the country, and have vigorously stimulated all branches of trade. As it is, the energies of the people have yet to struggle through legal restrictions, in order to reap the benefit of their natural enterprise.

MONTHLY LITERARY BULLETIN.

AMERICAN.

The joyous season for the interchange of presents is fast approaching us; there is something very delightful—we had almost written delicious—in indulging this time-honored custom: and nothing, to our fancy, seems more appropriate than a book for the purpose. In addition to the usual range of Annuaire, we are to have some new literary treasures; the most attractive will unquestionably be, the elegant edition of the "Poetical Works of Eliza Cook"—one of the most admired of our lyric poets. We have seen this volume in advance of its publication, and can safely predict for it a most enthusiastic reception with the public. Its exquisitely beautiful embellishments (engraved in England, being twelve in number), are unsurpassed by anything that we have yet seen, both for their execution and the witching interest of subject: for the letter-press of the work we claim the same undoubted preference, as well as the chaste elegance of its exterior adornments. Having said so much of its mechanical department, it is needless to say more in order to introduce it to public attention, for the high merits of the poetess require no eulogium from our pen, her writings are universally admired and appreciated—many of them having been linked with the magic of a sister muse. Another elegant volume, expressly designed for a domestic present-book, will be "Mrs. Ellis's popular works illustrated," accompanied with a series of fine English engravings; comprising her "Wives," "Women," and "Daughters of England," "Poetry of Life," &c. The admirable teachings of this esteemed authoress are already everywhere known, and deservedly appreciated, and presented in so fascinating a guise they cannot fail of a most cordial welcome from the discriminating portions of the community. The Langleys are, it is known, the publishers of the above works, and if they were now to cease to be the purveyors of any more such books, they might safely leave the field of literary enterprise with honorable fame for their liberality of purpose and noble achievement in the cause of letters. The same firm, however, have other attractive productions in course of publication: of these we might mention Loder's "New York Glee Book," comprising one hun-

dred glees, quartets, &c., newly arranged and adapted for the voice and piano forte; a gift which our musical friends will doubtless welcome with as great glee as juvenile readers will the appearance of the new improved edition of "Robin Hood and his Merrie Foresters," with illustrations.

D. Appleton & Co. are about to publish immediately, "The Youth's Historical Gift," a Christmas, New Year, and Birth-day present, containing familiar descriptions of Civil, Military, and Naval events, by the Old English Chroniclers, Froissart, Monstrelet and others. "The Youth's Book of Nature; or, the Four Seasons Illustrated. Being familiar descriptions of Natural History, made during Walks in the Country," by the Rev. B. Draper. Illustrated with 50 cuts. "Very Little Tales for Very Little Children," in single syllables of three or four letters, prettily illustrated. "The Rose; or, Affection's Gift," for 1844, elegantly bound. The same publishers have also just issued a new work by Bishop Whately, and another by Madame Guizot, styled "The Student's Guide" the "Rectory of Nalehead," by the Rev. R. W. Evans, 1 vol 16mo., "Lyra Apostolica," from the fifth English edition, in 18mo., "Portrait of a Churchman," by the Rev. W. Gresley, 16mo., a very cheap edition of Bishop Burnet's "History of the Reformation," in 3 large vols., price only \$2 50; "Liebig's Familiar Letters on Chemistry," in 18mo price, bound, 25 cents, in paper 12 cents, "Book of Common Prayer"—rubricated—a very beautiful edition.

Riker has just issued his new Annual, "The Opal." We had designed to notice this elegant gift more at length in our book table, but regret to be obliged to defer it to our next, and must content ourselves by commending it cordially to popular favor; he has also in press, Stackhouse's "History of the Bible," a work of long standing reputation in England, and which will be considered a valuable addition to biblical literature in our own land; we shall allude to this important work again.

Redfield's "Pictorial Bible" is now completed, and may be had in various neat and elegant bindings; the title pages being printed in colors, and the thousand and one illustrations of its text will not fail to charm the taste of all who may be less affected by the graver at-

tractions of the holy book. Mr. Redfield must reap a *golden* harvest by his liberal enterprise.

Leonard Scott & Co. have already issued some of their admirable reprints of the English Reviews and Magazines. We do not scruple to commend the extremely liberal efforts of this new establishment to the support of the reading public, and so saying we need not say more, for everybody knows the great value of the works they publish.

E. Dunigan has completed an edition of his well-known authorized edition of the Douay Bible, with fine engravings; he has just ready "Victorine," a tale of real life, in 32mo., and has issued his pleasing novelties for the little holiday folks, called "Dame Wonder's Transformations," which ought to sell everywhere, as they are perfectly unique. Two new volumes are also ready of Mrs. Hale's "Boys' and Girls' Library," with colored plates.

Messrs. Bartlett & Welford are about to publish a valuable contribution to American revolutionary history, entitled "Simcoe's Military Journal," a history of the operations of a partizan corps called the Queen's Rangers, commanded by Lieut. Col. J. G. Simcoe, during the American Revolution; illustrated by ten engraved plans of actions, &c., now first published, with a memoir of the author, and other additions. This interesting work, hitherto unknown to the public, was privately printed during the last century, and has but now, by the fortunate discovery of Messrs. B. & W., been brought to light. Historical readers may expect, in the forthcoming volume, many important particulars and circumstances of local and general interest.

ENGLISH.

Of the new issues in the department of fiction, we observe—Capt. Chamier's new novel is just out, entitled "The Perils of Beauty," also Mrs. Trollope's "The Lauringtons;" "Arabella Stewart," by James; "The Grave-diggers;" "The Soldier of Fortune," by H. Curling, &c.; "Allanston, or the Infidel," by Lady Chatterton; also "Lord Dacre of Gilsland," and "The Belle of the Family," &c.

The Annuals for 1844 are as usual—"The Keepsake," "Book of Beauty," "Forget-Me-Not," "Friendship's Offering," "The American in Paris," "Drawing-room Scrap Book," &c., to which we may add a "Love-Gift," "Affection s

Gift," "Ball-room Annual for 1844," &c.

A new humorous work has just been commenced in monthly parts, called "Sylvester Lound, the Somnambulist," by the author of "Valentine Vox;" the "Diary of a March through Siude and Afghanistan," by Rev. J. K. Allen, is also just issued in one volume, with several original illustrations.

Chapman & Hall have got up a beautiful series of Juvenile, New Year's and gift books, entitled "Young England's Little Library," contributed by many of the popular pens of the day.

L. Maunder has two new volumes in preparation, "The Treasury of History," and the "Universal Class Book."

MISCELLANEOUS.

We observe the library of the celebrated Dr. Gesimus is about to be disposed of by auction. This will bring to light a rich collection of literary treasures, as the distinguished collector had amassed the best books on ecclesiastical history and biblical interpretation, besides numerous authors in the Greek, Latin, and almost a dozen Oriental tongues.

We notice, in the last number received of the *Athenæum*, the Memorial on Copyright intended for Congress, copied at length, and introduced by the remarks of the Editor, of a most unsavory kind. How a copy of this document,—which ought certainly to have been confidentially preserved for its original destination,—could have had *authorized* insertion in a foreign journal, thereby anticipating its object, we cannot divine. This circumstance will doubtless prove injurious to the prosperity of the movement.

It is said that General Bertrand has now in press a work on the campaign of Napoleon in Egypt, dictated to him by that great commander while he was at St Helena, a few months before his death, and which goes fully into all the details of that extraordinary movement. It will contain, also, Napoleon's views of the politics of the different governments of Europe during the same period.

M. Gourdet, a French military officer, who has been for several years in Africa, has recently returned home, bringing with him several objects of curiosity which he collected during his stay in that part of the world. Among these curiosities is a Koran in Arabic manuscript. It is bound in morocco, once red, and in every respect presents the appearance of great antiquity. It is

not divided into *surates* or chapters, which proves it to be one of the two primitive editions produced at Medina. It is written on thick silk paper, and is adorned with colored capitals. This Koran belonged to a Marabout of the tribe of Ben-Menasser, and was found in the habitation of the chief of that tribe, by M. Gourdet, after a battle which his battalion fought in that mountainous district of Africa.

M. de Lamartine is said to be busily employed on a work for which he has been, during many years, collecting materials. It is a "History of the most Remarkable Periods of the French Revolution."

M. de Castellane has at length succeeded in carrying into effect his long-cherished scheme of founding in Paris a female "Académie Française." Among the objects proposed by the institution are—The distribution of medals to the authoresses of remarkable works; the encouragement of young females in their first literary essays, and the defrayal of the expenses of printing their works; affording pecuniary aid to literary women in straitened circumstances, and providing for the children of those who die in poverty.

Some manuscripts of Galileo which were presumed to have been lost, or burned by order of the Inquisition, have been found among some old archives in the Palazzo Pitti. This discovery has created a wonderful degree of interest in Florence. It proves that the Inquisition, which was accused, may be calumniated; a fact of which many persons entertained considerable doubt. Be that as it may, the manuscripts, besides being objects of curiosity, are likely to be useful to astronomical science, inasmuch as they contain information respecting the eclipses of former

times, a course of the satellites of Jupiter, subjects to which Galileo directed great attention.

Literature has sustained a loss by the death of Caroline Pichler, who has long maintained a distinguished rank among the novelists and poetesses of Germany. She was born on the 7th September, 1769. Her mother was one of the Empress Maria Theresa's ladies of the bed-chamber, and Caroline Pichler held an appointment in the court of Austria, where her husband was a counsellor of state. She died at Vienna, the 9th of July, after an illness of considerable severity and duration. To the last, in conversation with her friends, she manifested a lively interest in literary subjects.

M. Fétis, the well-known musical historian and critic, has recently made some discoveries in the Royal Library at Brussels, which promise to furnish valuable contributions to the history of music. Among the books of plain chant in the library, he has found a volume of masses and motets by celebrated composers who lived about the end of the fourteenth and beginning of the fifteenth centuries. By these compositions, a considerable chasm in the history of the musical art is filled up. Another discovery made by M. Fétis, though less valuable than that just described, is nevertheless very important. It consists of a superb manuscript, written on fine vellum, presenting a beautiful specimen of calligraphy, and adorned with curious arabesques, amidst which is traceable the portrait of the court fool of Maria of Burgundy. This manuscript belonged to a volume formerly kept among the Belgian archives, but which was cut up and destroyed.

OUR ENGRAVINGS.

WITHOUT venturing any apologetic remarks on the past, or indulging in any extraordinary promise of improvement in the Pictorial department of our work, as to the future,—both of which might, perhaps, justly be demanded of us,—we beg simply to announce the fact, that through the politeness of Messrs. Anthony, Edwards & Chilton, the resources of their extensive "National Miniature Gallery" of Daguerreotype Portraits of distinguished individuals will be rendered available for the purposes of the Democratic Review. To this source, we, in common with our Subscribers, are indebted for the beautiful portrait which accompanies the present Number, as well as those of many of our previous issues; we may, therefore, rely with entire confidence

on the ample *material* for the future in this attractive feature of our work, since the "Gallery" of this establishment already comprises faithful likenesses of very many of our countrymen, distinguished either by their station or in their profession, to which additions are constantly being made, which, as specimens of artistic skill, evince the highest degree of perfection to which the photographic art has yet attained. Such enterprise merits adequate recompense,—which is only sought of those who think the Daguerreotype likenesses of their execution worthy of patronage. This we know—it is the aim of these gentlemen to excel, and we are happy to bear our testimony to their ability and signal success.

THE NEW PRINTS OF WASHINGTON.

THE present age seems to be a palmy one for the Fine Arts: to almost every conceivable object we find the skill of the artist ministering to the purposes of graphic illustration,—from the flimsiest fabric of fictitious literature to the gr vest productions in abstract science. Scarcely any work now issues from the press, but we find it embellished with engravings, and in fact to such an extent has this prevailing taste influenced all classes, that even the newspaper press have echoed back the feeling, and in some instances given to their readers gratuitously productions of such costly magnitude, that a few years ago would have been deemed wholly an impossibility. The beautifully embellished newspapers of England, admirable as they undoubtedly are, are yet of inferior merit, as to scope at least, with some of the mammoth engravings which have been presented to the patrons of two journals of our own city—the Albion and the Anglo-American—remarkable both as works of art and as instances of liberality on the part of the publishers. Without attempting any inquiry into the matter of the apparent rivalry with the Journals in question in their selection of the same subject—that of Washington—a question with which the pen of criticism has nothing to do, we propose simply to speak of each according to its respective merits or defects. First then, we give our un-

qualified preference to the picture of the Anglo-American, by Halpin, both for its artistic skill, its superior drawing, and above all for its characteristic likeness, which we have collated with the best authorities extant of Trumbull, Stewart and others—were we disposed to find fault we should have preferred a little more brilliancy over the face; as it is, however, the whole Engraving is in admirable keeping, and the general effect most harmonious and pleasing;—a feature in the other singularly wanting. While therefore we award to that of the Albion, by Sadd, the credit of extreme care in the execution of the mechanical portion of the work, yet still there is an unpleasant effect produced on the eye of the artist by an injudicious arrangement of the light and shade. Without going into details, it is evident the subordinate portions of the picture are made far too obtrusive and prominent; but that which most seriously impairs the value of the whole, is the want of likeness—a feature, which one would have thought would have formed the artist's principal study. Having thus frankly stated our opinion of the relative value and claims of these two noble works of art, we have only to add, that such extreme liberality on the part of the publishers, ought to meet with commensurate returns from the public.

NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

At the stated meeting of this Society, held at their rooms in the University of the City of New York, on Tuesday Evening, the 7th of November, in the absence of Mr. Gallatin, the chair was taken by the first Vice-President, Mr. William B. Lawrence.

Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, a large number of gentlemen were in attendance.

The minutes of the last meeting having been read and approved, Mr. John Jay, in the name of his father, presented to the Society a number of old maps and original documents, briefly described as follows:

N. S. and Maps presented to the New York Historical Society, November 7, 1843.

1. A brief of the claim on the part of the province of New Jersey, and of the

proofs offered in support of it before the commissioners appointed by his Majesty for settling the boundary line between the said province of New Jersey and the province of New York, from the station on the Hudson River to the station on the Delaware River, with observations upon and answers to the several objections made by the agents on the part of New York.

This document embraces 123 folio pages. It contains very full, minute and accurate memoranda of governmental, official and proprietary acts illustrative of the title to the lands in question, from their possession by the States of Holland in 1663. It bears date "New York, September 28, 1769," and is signed in autograph by "Jno. Stevens, James Parker, and Walter Rutheford."

2. A map, without date, of Nova Bel-

gica size Niew Nederlandt, done in pen and ink, and containing none but Dutch and Indian names.

3. Another map of Nova Belgica, also done in pen and ink

4. A map of East and West Jersey and the Hudson River, without date, in pen and ink and colored.

5. A general map of the middle British colonies in America, viz., Virginia, Maryland, Delaware, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, Connecticut, and Rhode Island; of Aquanishuonigy, the country of the confederate Indians, comprehending Aquanishuonigy proper, the places of residence, Ohio and Thuchsochruntie—their deer hunting countries, Couchsachrage and Skanladadre—their beaver hunting countries of the lakes Erie, Ontario, and Champlain, and of part of New France, wherein are also shown the ancient and present states of the Indian nations, carefully copied from the original published at Philadelphia by Mr. Lewis Evans, 1775, with some improvements by J. Gibson.

“Novi Belgic—quod nunc Novi Jorek vocatur. Novreque Angliæ et partis Virginie accuratissima et novissima delineatur.”

7. The original map of Lewis Eýans, mentioned above.

8. A map of Virginia according to Capt. John Smith's map, published Anno 1606; also of the adjacent country, called by the Dutch, Niew Nederlandt. Anno 1630, by John Senex, 1735, done in pen and ink.

OTHER MANUSCRIPTS.

9. Mr. Trumbull's opinion in the case of the Fanny, Oct. 26, 1798.

10. Ditto, in the case of the Elizabeth, 5th Nov., 1798.

11. Ditto, in the case of the Neptune, July, 1797.

12. Remarks of Mr. Bond, the British consul, on the commercial policy of Great Britain towa.d the United States; 20th Jan., 1792.

13. Report of a committee of the Lords of the Council on the trade of Great Britain with the United States; Jan., 1791.

Remarks were made by Messrs. Stone and Colcraft respecting the value of these documents. The brief of the New Jersey claim, reciting, as it does, the objections offered on behalf of New York, with the testimony submitted by their commissioners, and containing so complete a chain of historical evidence, is a document of much importance. The maps, which were probably used by the commissioners, delineating the existing state of the country with great exactness, and

exhibiting many Indian names which were well nigh, if not entirely lost, are rare and curious; and the opinions of Mr. Trumbull, before the Court of Mixed Commissioners of 1797-98, as they have never been published, are appropriate additions to the archives of the New York Historical Society. On motion of Mr. Stone, the thanks of the Society were presented to the Hon. William Jay for his valuable donations. It will be remembered that this gentleman presented to the Society, at their last meeting, the original records of the commissioners of 1769 to determine the boundary line between New York and New Jersey, which, with the maps and papers just alluded to, furnish a complete history of that long unsettled and important question.

The other donations to the library during the last month were then announced, and letters were read from the following gentlemen:

One from A. P. Upshur, Secretary of State, transmitting eighteen volumes of documents of the second session of the 27th Congress of the United States. One from James Ombrosi, Esq., U. S. consul at Florence, announcing the shipment of two volumes presented by Chev. Vincent Aulinosi, director of the Museum of Physics and of Natural Philosophy at Florence, to the Historical Society at New York, which Mr. Ombrosi says will be highly interesting to its learned members and attract much attention. A letter from “Count Jacob Gräberg, of Hemsö, Phil. Doct., sometime Swedish and Sardinian consul-general—presently chamberlain and chief librarian to his Imperial and Royal Highness the Grand Duke of Tuscany,” returning his grateful thanks to the New York Historical Society, for the honor they had done him in electing him an honorary member, and transmitting to them a volume of which he is the author, on the latest advances in geographical science.

The gentlemen nominated at the last meeting were then balloted for, and William B. Hodgson, Esq., of Georgia, and Rev. Robert Davidson, D D., of Brunswick, New Jersey, were elected honorary members.

Dr. D. Francis Bacon was then introduced to the Society by Mr. Lawrence, and read in part a learned and interesting paper, entitled an ethnographic view of the African tribes from the Senegal to the Gold coast, the geographical boundaries, their affinities and distinctions of language, government, customs, etc.

We take from the “*Tr bune*” newspaper of New York, the following brief sketch of Dr. Bacon's Essay:

"He said that Africa was susceptible of two great ethnographic divisions. That part extending from the Mediterranean south to the 16th degree of north latitude, was occupied by races entirely different from those in the southern part. The true aborigines of Northern Africa were the Berber race, from which Barbary derives its name

"The Senegal, he stated also, formed the boundary line between the Negro African and the Northern African; that, north of that boundary, the Negro was as much of an exotic as in America: the inhabitants of that region being white, with straight hair, or very slightly crisped: the Arabs and Moors being, apparently, recent intruders. This fact showed that we applied the term 'African' wrongfully, meaning by it always the Negro.

"The Arabs and Moors are confined to the Mediterranean coast, and the long strip on the Atlantic extending to the Senegal. This name (Senegal), he remarked, by the way, to be a corruption of the word 'Zenhegas,' a name by which the tribes called themselves, and an Arabic word signifying tributaries, as they were formerly tributary to the Sultan. Thus we have two races, inhabiting, for 2,000 years and upward, the same zone, exposed to the same modifying influences, and yet one remaining white, and the other black. This would seem to militate against the doctrine, that climate changes the color. At least, if 2,000 years bring no approximation in the two races, the 4,000 years since the Flood could hardly have wrought the differences that meet our eye on the surface of the earth.

"He spoke of the Joloffs, a very black tribe, inhabiting the south bank of the Senegal, and extending far inland. They are Mahomedans; and he stated, as a singular fact, that the Negro Africans have received their religion, not by conquest, but by the peaceful influence of missionaries. The Mandingoes, still further south, and more inland, he found to be not a maritime people in their occupations, but merchants, herdsmen, mechanics, gold-finders, schoolmasters, missionaries, &c. They are constantly extending their territory by going among the Negro tribes as graziers, teaching them the Arabic, and, through it, converting them to Mahomedanism; and, finally, amalgamating with them by marriage. They are great travellers, going often 500 miles on foot, and thinking it a small matter. They bring nuts and gold to the coast as articles of merchandise. The gold is not washed from the dust as by the tribes farther south, but is mined and brought in

richly wrought rings, bracelets, &c. some of them weighing several ounces. He spoke of several other tribes we cannot now notice, and came, at last, to the most interesting of all—the K'oulahs. He found them pure Africans, though not so gross as the Negroes generally, while their hair was much more silky. This tribe, with several other African tribes, follow the Quinary system of numerals, instead of decimals, i. e., they begin at five to go back to one, instead of ten; so that five one make six, and five two seven, &c. He said that he had had many long and interesting conversations with them, and they alone, of all the African tribes, manifested a curiosity in the description and condition of other nations. They are devout Mahomedans, yet very tolerant of other religions. But, just as Doctor Bacon had got his audience deeply interested in his delineations of this tribe, he abruptly closed, saying his pressing engagements had prevented his finishing the sketch."

On motion of Mr. De Peyster, the thanks of the Society were presented to Dr. Bacon for his communication, and he was requested to conclude it at the next meeting. The request has been acceded to, and the paper in its completed form will be published.

Dr. Bacon, a year or two since, read a communication on a similar subject before the Royal Geographical Society of London, which is included in their last volume of Transactions. His personal acquaintance with the tribes whom he describes, his familiarity with their dialects, his habits of acute and careful observation, and his full and minute notes made at the time, combine to invest with unusual interest and value his sketches of a people of whom so little is accurately known.

The Chairman presented to the Society the apologies of Mr. Hoffman, and his regrets that unavoidable engagements had obliged him to postpone the reading of his paper on the costume, manners, and customs of the Anglo-American colonists before the Revolution, until next month.

The report of the committee on Indian names being called for, Mr. Colcraft, the Chairman, stated that they had made some progress in their work, but were unable at present to make a satisfactory report of the results of their labors. "If gentlemen," observes the Commercial Advertiser, "feeling an interest in this subject, throughout the State, will interest themselves in the matter, and commit to paper all the Indian names, not yet forgotten, of the streams, and hills, and lakes, and villages in their vicinity, and

transmit them to the New York Historical Society, they will honor themselves by so doing, and will assist the work of preparing a complete map of the State with the nomenclature of the aborigines.

"Each passing year calls away some grey-haired settler of the forest, in whose memory alone live the beautifully euphonious or harshly guttural sounds, by which the red men called the spots for which most inappropriate names have since been stolen from the cities of the ancient world, or by which they designated the silvery lakes and gentle rivulets, now known by titles so classic as 'yellow creek,' or 'big muddy.' It was suggested that a circular addressed to the corresponding members in the different counties, and to the Postmasters in every village, requesting prompt replies to interrogatories on the subject, would probably be an easy and effectual method of securing the objects of the committee." On motion of Mr. Jay, Mr. Stone was added to their number.

On motion of the same gentleman, a committee was appointed to consider and report to the Society at their next meeting upon the expediency of addressing a circular letter to the corresponding members already elected and to be hereafter elected within this State, requesting them to organize in their respective counties branch associations auxiliary to the New-York Historical Society. Messrs. Jay, Stone, and Bartlett were appointed such committee.

On motion of Mr. Stone, a committee was appointed in reference to the papers of Governor George Clinton, consisting of Messrs. Wetmore, De Peyster, and Beekman.

On motion of Mr. Jay, it was resolved that Mr. Charles F. Hoffman be requested to furnish the secretary, for publication, with a copy of the lecture entitled "Leisler, or the Man of the People," delivered before the New-York Historical Society, February, 1843.

The mover said that it had been thought that the publication of this eloquent and interesting paper might be useful in correcting some opinions, entirely erroneous, which have unfortunately gained ground among us during the last few years, in relation to the sources whence the New-Yorkers derived those prominent traits of energy, resolution and honesty of purpose which were so conspicuously displayed during the Revolution. Mr. Bancroft, the eloquent and ingenious historian, has been prejudiced with the idea that our Fathers obtained all the virtues they possessed from New-England, and that their very excellence could be traced to the

Puritans. And many intelligent persons at the present day labor under this same mistake. Mr. Hoffman, without the slightest detraction from the fame of the Pilgrim Fathers, vindicates the just claims of our own ancestors. He shows that Holland was the parent of New-York; and that that country had been successively the asylum of those who fled for religion's sake from England, Scotland, France, and Germany—that the free interchange of opinion among the refugees had awakened a love of freedom and spirit of resistance to oppression unknown in the neighboring states of Europe—that the emigrants to New York were chiefly from the ports of Holland—that they spoke her language, intermarried with her children, and brought with them associations of Dutch valor and Dutch honesty.

Mr. Stone seconded the motion for other reasons than those mentioned by the mover, although he, too, was in favor of giving to the "Nieuw Nederlanders," and the Huguenot settlers at Paltz and New Rochelle their due meed of honorable remembrance for the excellent traits transmitted to their descendants. But the lecture of Mr. Hoffman was particularly valuable for the portraiture of Leisler, who acted a worthy part, and whose murder was most unjustifiable.

The Executive Committee recommended an order, which was accordingly made, that the library be open for visitors till further order, from 10 to 2 o'clock, every day, and from 7 to 9 o'clock in the evening.

The chairman announced that, owing to some mistake, the Winter arrangements had not yet been completed; but that at the subsequent meetings the usual refreshments would await the members at the conclusion of the evening—and the Society then adjourned.

The Executive Committee have made arrangements for a continuous series of interesting historical papers. Among the gentlemen who will thus favor the Society, are Mr. Gulian C. Verplanck, Mr. Stone, Mr. Benjamin F. Butler, and Mr. John Duer.

At the December meeting to be held on Tuesday evening, the 4th instant, Dr. BACON will conclude a sketch of the African Tribes—and Mr. HOFFMAN will read his promised paper on the Customs, Manners and Costume of the Anglo-American Colonists previous to the Revolution. Reports also may be expected from the several committees on "Indian Names"—the new volume of Historical Collections—the proposed organization of Branch Associations—and the recovery of the Clinton Papers.

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