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THE
AMERICAN REVIEW;
A WHIG JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO

POLITICS, LITERATURE, ART AND SCIENCE.

“TO STAND BY THE CONSTITUTION.”

VOL. VI.

Pulchrum est bene facere Reipublicæ, etiam bene dicere haud absurdum est.

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GEORGE H. COLTON, 118 NASSAU STREET.
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1847.



Engraved by T. Donoy

HON. GEORGE VANS,

U. S. SENATOR FROM MAINE

Opponent to the American Union

GEORGE W. CURRIE

THE
AMERICAN REVIEW.

Contents for July.

THE CONSTITUTION; WRITTEN AND UNWRITTEN.	1
UNPUBLISHED POEMS BY JAMES STAUNTON BABCOCK,	17
HON. GEORGE EVANS,	19
THE ELM-SYLPH,	26
ABRAHAM COWLEY,	29
OMOO,	36
CHIEF-JUSTICE SMITH,	46
TWENTY-SECOND EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN. 1847.	53
ODE FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY. BY J. STEINFORT KIDNEY.	55
THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF PHILIP YORICK, ESQ.,	59
REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCES CONNECTED WITH THE LIFE OF ROBERT MORRIS, ESQ., THE FINANCIER. BY R. FISHER.	68
SILLIMAN'S AMERICAN JOURNAL OF SCIENCE AND ARTS,	81
"THE AGE IS REVOLUTIONARY,"	84
NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA,	87
THE ORATORS OF FRANCE: CORMENIN'S "PORTRAITS".	93
FOREIGN MISCELLANY,	104
CRITICAL NOTICES,	108

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WATERS REPORT

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JULY, 1847.

NO. I.

THE CONSTITUTION; WRITTEN AND UNWRITTEN.

It may surprise some of our readers to find us speaking of an unwritten Constitution, as if any such thing actually existed, or was, indeed, possible, in this country. Any such surprise, we believe, may give place to conviction, and, we hope, to very serious reflections, by the time we have concluded what we have to say on the subject. The general impression undoubtedly is, that we have, and can have, no Constitutional Law in this country, whether for the several States of the Union, or for the Union itself, but what rests in the text of written instruments. Many, however, who are better instructed on this subject, understand very well that written Constitutions, like all statutes, are necessarily the subjects of authoritative construction and interpretation; and that the conclusions thus reached, when established in a legitimate way, are to be taken along with the written text, as if they were a part of it, for all practical purposes. The several departments, or functionaries, of the government, must put a practical construction on their own powers, and, with or without the aid of the Judicial Department, settle, by their action, many points about which doubts may have arisen. And so much of Constitutional Law as thus rests in interpretation and practical construction, is unwritten law; and so far it may be deemed unavoidable that the written text of the highest law known to political communities, or governments, and where the purpose has been to keep that text as clear as possible of all *esoteric*

authority and influence, should come, at least in some instances, to depend on matter existing out of and beyond the instrument itself, for its true meaning, and for the extent or limitation of its actual powers.

But when we speak, in this article, of an unwritten Constitution, we mean something more than this. We think it quite possible for Government, by a practical use of powers more than doubtful, greatly to enlarge the scope of its real authority. Indeed, important and substantial amendments, or rather radical changes, may thus be made in the written instrument; as much so as if they were effected directly by conventions of delegates and popular suffrage. It is not impossible, in this way, essentially to subvert the original Constitution, and set up another and a very different Constitution in its place. We are constrained to think, and it is the object of this article to show, that an operation of this sort has been begun already, and the effect of subversion and substitution actually wrought out, or is being accomplished, to a very serious and alarming extent. There are several clear cases of assumption of power in which the Administration at Washington have indulged within a very recent period, which, if submitted to and acquiesced in by the country, so as to become good and approved precedents for future imitation and action, work, we affirm, an essential and abiding revolution in the Government. As the measures of the Administration, based on these as-

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sumptions of power, have either been executed, or are in process of successful and unrestrained execution, we hold that the written Constitution of the United States, so far as the authority and acts of the existing Government can go, is already actually subverted in the most essential points, and a new Constitution, partly written and partly unwritten, is so far substituted in its place.

We hope that no intelligent reader will turn away from this suggestion, that an unwritten Constitution of the United States, in whole or in part, may be made to take the place of the written instrument, however incongruous such an idea may appear with all his previous notions on the subject. Let it be remembered what the British Constitution is, and how it has been made and settled. It is wholly unwritten, though many of its principal features are determined by reference to written documents; and it defines the prerogatives of the sovereign and the authority of parliament, and the powers and privileges of the several estates of the kingdom, and the rights of the nation or the people, just in accordance with the leading occurrences and facts in the history of the empire. It is altogether historical. Such prerogatives as the sovereign has been accustomed to assume and exercise, with the concurrence of the other estates and of the nation, are his constitutional prerogatives. The powers and privileges of the other estates, and the national or popular rights, have been settled in the same way. Some important points in this Constitution, as we all know, have not been adjusted without serious contest and commotion; some, indeed, not without civil war and violent revolution. And we must not forget that if the pretensions and assumptions of prerogative and power put forth and practised by the Stuart kings of England, had prevailed—if they had been acquiesced in and submitted to by the nation—if these kings had not been resisted, and the race and name finally expelled from the kingdom—the English Constitution would have been quite a different thing, in its most vital parts, from what it became under the revolution of 1688, and what it is now. This case of the English Constitution is referred to as an example to show how easy and natural a thing it is for an unwritten or historical Constitution to grow up in any country; and we, in this country, deceive ourselves egregiously if we suppose that,

because we began with a written instrument, we are therefore secure against any changes in its features or provisions, except such as may be made according to the forms prescribed in the terms of the instrument itself, and plainly written down, like the rest, as a part of it. If powers are assumed by the Executive, or any department or branch of the Government, and exercised with the concurrence of the nation, we do not see why such powers must not thenceforward be deemed Constitutional, and all acts performed under them as legitimate as if the authority for them was found inserted, *in hæc verba*, in the written instrument. At least, this must be so, until some very explicit and significant act of dissent shall be manifested on the part of the nation. We do not say that every President and Administration would be bound to follow a bad example, and exercise a forbidden power, because a preceding President and Administration had done so. But a forbidden or unauthorized act once passed and accomplished, and the clear sanction of the nation added, could not but be regarded as giving a sufficient authority for its repetition. We know of but one test to which the matter could be brought, and that would be an impeachment; and nobody can pretend that an impeachment could be maintained for an act which could be justified by a clear precedent, when there had been, at the time, not only no impeachment thought of, but, on the contrary, a manifest acquiescence and sanction of the nation. It is true, undoubtedly, that the force of such a precedent, so acquiesced in and sanctioned at one period, might be destroyed at a subsequent period, by a manifest national dissent. Still we must hold that in every case of the exercise of usurped power, once fairly having the national sanction, and not repudiated or condemned by competent judicial authority, nothing short of an unequivocal national act of dissent could hinder that power from being placed in the number of the legitimate constitutional powers of the Government. And more than this; there are acts of Government which, once past and performed, cannot be recalled, and if the power be usurped, it is a usurpation, not only for the occasion, but for all time, or as long as the Government shall stand. Take the case of the acquisition of Louisiana as an example and illustration. If there was no authority in the written Constitution for this great measure—one which

has wrought such a change in the whole condition, prospects and destiny of the republic—and we know, at least, that Mr. Jefferson, who was its author and finisher, never entertained a doubt to the contrary—still, when it was once accomplished, when that vast country had been brought under the dominion of the United States, it was too late, if there had been any such disposition, either then or at any time since, to retreat from the position we had assumed. The Old Thirteen had become joined to a new country and domain, and the written Constitution, which had opened, as by a broad chasm, to let in the new territory and its population, must expand itself, and keep expanding, to meet every duty and every exigency of government, which might arise on account of the new acquisition. There was no escape and no alternative. So that those who are prepared to hold or admit, with Mr. Jefferson, that the act by which Louisiana was acquired could not be made to rest on any power in the written Constitution, must admit also, and cannot doubt, that the Government of the United States has, in this single instance, clothed itself with new powers of vast extent and significance, which are now unquestioned and unquestionable ; powers adequate not only to the acquisition but to the control and government of a great added empire, with a vast and ever-growing population, in all its complicated affairs and interests, to the full extent to which the authority of the government is exerted, under its written powers, within the limits of its original jurisdiction. And if such new powers exist—if they have been exerted—and we see their manifest operation and influence every day and in a thousand forms ; and if it be conceded that these powers are not found in the original written Constitution of government, then it is clear that they exist outside of that instrument, and are unwritten powers added, by sheer usurpation and the general consent of the nation, to the powers and authority of the written textual Constitution.

We have put this case, in a manner, hypothetically, in regard to the question of original Constitutional power, because it is not very material to the point for which we are using it, whether it was actually a case of usurped power or not. Opinion scarcely differed about it at the time. The friends, as well as the opponents of the measure, the most promi-

nent of them, were unable to find any sanction for it in the Constitution ; and some of them, Mr. Jefferson among them, proposed that the breach made by this proceeding in that Instrument should be healed by a *post-facto* amendment ! At least, then, we have a fair right to present this case of the acquisition of Louisiana, since it was very commonly deemed at the period a pretty clear case of usurped and unaccorded power, as in point, to show that it is not an impossible, or even an improbable thing to happen, that the authority of the Federal Government, or of the Executive, should come to be very materially enlarged and extended, by means of assumed powers, which, having the national sanction, whether by some express act, or by expressive silence, must thereafter be regarded, albeit unwritten and historical merely, as having an equal validity with those which are found in the written text of the Constitution.

But we come now to consider several recent instances of what we deem to be clear assumptions of power, all of them cases of the highest importance, and which, if we are to look upon them as having already received the national sanction, or as certain to do so, have assuredly wrought the most essential change in the Constitution of the country—have engrafted upon it unwritten provisions, which overthrow the text, and war with the spirit of the written Instrument—have clothed the Federal Government, and the Executive especially, with new and extraordinary powers, such as, in the beginning of our history, no madman ever dreamed of as fit to be entrusted to the sort of government which this was intended to be.

The instances to which we refer begin with the Annexation of Texas to the United States, and all of them have grown naturally enough out of that transaction. First comes the measure of Annexation ; and, when it is accomplished, we have a new and extended empire, and a foreign people, amalgamated with our own, and the Constitution stretched and pieced out, long enough and broad enough to embrace and cover the whole.

While this measure is in negotiation and progress, but before it is consummated, and while, therefore, Texas is as foreign to the United States as China, or Japan, the Executive undertakes the military defence of that foreign country

against all its enemies, and employs the army of the United States in this enterprise.

The next scene in this eventful drama opens with war, brought on by the Executive. Along with Texas, we adopt a quarrel long existing between that republic and Mexico, provided Mexico sees fit to prosecute that quarrel with us, as she had done, and was doing, with Texas. But this failing to bring us into immediate collision with that power, there remained a disputed question of boundary between our new Texan dominions and Mexico, which we adopted with the country, and on this topic the President finds occasion to begin a military movement which brings on the war. Assuming the right to determine, by his personal fiat, that the whole territory *in dispute* belonged to the United States *indisputably*, and having an eye at the same time to some further territorial acquisition, he sends forward a military force to occupy the country, and dispossess and exclude the Mexicans. The war follows, of course, and becomes, on our part, a war of aggression, invasion, and foreign conquest.

The government, having a war of invasion and foreign conquest on its hands, undertaken by the Executive, the next thing to be determined is, by what means it shall be prosecuted. Everybody knows that none but troops of the United States, enlisted in its service, and officered by its authority, can be employed in such a war, under the written Constitution. But the army is wholly inadequate, in point of numbers, to open and maintain a campaign in a foreign country, and it cannot be made adequate by any process of enlistments to meet the immediate and pressing demands of the campaign. Hence, a new power is at once assumed—that of employing the militia of the country, under the name of volunteers, in this distant and foreign service. That species of force, in the service of the United States, is no longer to be restricted within the old constitutional limits, “to execute the laws of the Union, suppress insurrections, and repel invasions.”

But next, it naturally happens, in the prosecution of this unequal war, that foreign territory is overrun by our armies, and is in condition to be brought under the dominion of the United States; and, of course, it seems necessary, if the sovereignty is assumed, to provide, in some way, for the government of the conquer-

ed countries. If New Mexico and California have submitted to our arms, and our conquering power, which claims to have swept away the authority of the Mexican Republic within the limits of these provinces, their inhabitants are entitled at our hands to the protection and benefits of some form or other of regular government. But if foreign territory be conquered by our arms, and brought under our dominion, so long as it remains under this dominion it belongs to Congress, by the written Constitution, to “make all needful rules and regulations” respecting its preservation and government. But Congress, though it has recognized the existence of the war, not having entered into any schemes for foreign conquest, makes no provision whatever, and is never asked to make any, for the protection and government of any conquered country or province; and, therefore, the Executive, who seems resolved on this occasion to show himself equal to every emergency, himself makes every provision necessary to meet the case. Under his personal authority and orders sovereignty is assumed, civil rule is established, and officers are appointed over the conquered provinces, and all the powers of regular government enforced—at least to the full extent to which the rights of the conqueror are recognized and submitted to.

Finally: as the carrying on a war of invasion and foreign conquest is found to be an expensive operation, and Congress and the country may become tired of furnishing supplies for a contest not certainly of their seeking, and in which they can feel no pride, but humiliation and loathing rather; and as, in any event, the Administration is likely to be held to a rigid accountability by the nation, one day or another, for the cost of this game of hazard and bloody speculation, so far at least as it is supported by regular Congressional appropriations, under the written Constitution; hence, the President deems it proper and politic to set in operation a new mode of supplying the military chest, wholly independent of Congress, and out of the reach of all accountability. Taking possession of the principal ports of the Mexican Republic, and treating them as places conquered and brought under his personal dominion, he sets up his own government over them, establishes custom-houses and appoints custom-house officers, proclaims a tariff of duties on all goods and merchandise

entered at these ports, and invites into them the commerce of all nations—that of the United States along with the rest—who may desire to trade with Mexico, as it is through these ports, and these only, that they are to be allowed to reach Mexico with their supplies, and that only after these supplies shall have first paid a tribute to the personal military chest of the President, for the support of the war he is prosecuting against that country.

Really, it seems to us that the patriotic sensibilities of the American people must be deadened indeed, if they can look on this catalogue and array of gross usurpations of power, as we have here presented them in order, and remain unmoved. Yet these acts have not been done in a corner, but openly, and, as it were, on the house-top. The President must be acquitted of any attempts at concealments. The country has known what he was about; and what serious impression has been made on the public mind? A few faithful men and public sentinels have proclaimed the danger, and tried to sound an alarm; and no doubt men of reflection everywhere are sorely troubled, and are laying these things to heart; but we are forced to confess that, as yet, we have not seen those evidences of popular apprehension—those symptoms of strong popular dissent, ready to rise to the height of an indignant rebuke and denunciation, not to be mistaken, and not to be encountered by anybody, however bad and bold; which we should like to have witnessed before now, among a people who ought to know what liberty is worth, and how only it can be preserved. But, be it our part and duty, as we can and may, once and again, to place these acts of bold usurpation, in formal and urgent array, before our countrymen, that, if possible, and as far as the nature of the transactions will allow, they may yet be met by a spirit of just and determined hostility, which, before it be too late, may prevent their assuming the character of admitted and approved powers. If this cannot be done, still our labor may not be wholly in vain, since it may serve to keep the country advised of the radical changes which are being wrought in the text and fabric of the written Constitution, and of the true “Democratic progress” we are making towards anarchy and despotism.

We recur, now, to the instances we have named, of authority palpably usurped, and boldly used, in order to pre-

sent somewhat more at large, though still with necessary brevity, some of those obvious considerations which show, in a manner too clear for disputation, how impossible it is to find any sanction for these acts in the written Constitution—how wholly and broadly they stand out and apart from that Instrument as new powers, and how essentially they must change the whole character of the government, if they are to be recognized as constituting a part of its legitimate authority.

In regard to the Annexation of Texas; it may be, and probably is, pretty generally regarded as being now too late, for any purpose of practical utility, to go back and insist on the utter want of Constitutional sanction for this measure. It is true, the deed has been done, and cannot now be undone; the measure is consummated and past, and the country cannot, or will not, withdraw from the position and relations in which that measure has placed it. Texas is a part of the United States; it has become a State of this Union, standing by the side of the Old Thirteen, having its representatives in both Houses of Congress, as *they* have, entitled to the same privileges, and bound by the same obligations and the same destiny. Texas, by the voice she has in our public councils, may give laws to the republic, and shape our national policy; she may supply us with our highest minister abroad, a chieftain to lead our armies in the field, and a president. This is all very true—and not the less so, though it be equally true, that Texas occupies this relation to the United States, and the United States this relation to Texas, by a proceeding which, in its very nature, burst the bounds of all Constitutional control and restriction and practically set this nation afloat on an ocean without a shore. We know we cannot help ourselves now; but we think it as well, and not altogether useless, since we have slipped our cables and drifted out from our safe anchorage ground and moorings, never to regain them, that we should at least make ourselves acquainted and familiar with our new position. It were great folly in us that we should fancy ourselves still riding at ease in our own well-chosen and capacious land-locked harbor, when in truth we have gone to sea, where we never were before, and may never see land again—having taken care to leave our best chart behind us.

What was this measure of Annexation—so called? It was not the purchase of a territory or province, belonging to another nation. Texas has not come in, as Louisiana did, by purchase from France, and as Florida did, by purchase from Spain. It is not, as those countries were, an acquisition of so many acres and rods of ground, to be added to the territorial possessions of the United States. Louisiana and Florida were acquired by negotiation and treaty, conducted and concluded by the treaty-making power. In those cases, serious difficulties existed between the United States and France and Spain, respectively; the negotiations had for their object the settlement of these difficulties, which was a legitimate business for the treaty-making power of our government to engage in: we had large claims on those powers, for debts due our citizens, and for spoliation committed on our commerce, and when they had no money to pay; we agreed to take property from them—namely, land—at a just valuation. We took Louisiana from France, and Florida from Spain, by purchase, and by way of settling and closing up our embarrassing accounts with those countries. So much may always be said in favor of these purchases, as fair business transactions, and as having some sort of warrant in the Constitution to justify them. We wish, for the sake of the Constitution, that the argument was as conclusive and satisfactory, as it may be plausible. But so much certainly is true, that, in no respect or degree, can these cases be quoted as precedents to cover and justify the Annexation of Texas. Texas was an independent republic, as our own republic was—our equal before the law of nations, and in the family of nations. The two republics were united and made one republic, and the separate, identical being of each was merged in the new creation. This was called the Annexation of Texas to the United States; it might as well have been called the Annexation of the United States to Texas. Texas, indeed, agreed to take a subordinate position in the new relation, and the new firm was to take the name of the older and wealthier partner; it was to be the United States & Co., and not the United States and Texas, or Texas & Co. Texas agreed to become a State in the Union, on the footing of other States, and in this humble condition to merge her nationality. But when Texas made this agree-

ment she was a sovereign and independent power, and it may come one day to be a serious and embarrassing, if not fatal, question, between her and the United States, by what sanction this compact is to be enforced, if enforced at all, and who is to judge of its infractions. May not a *casus fœderis* arise between them, when one party or the other shall declare the league at an end, and insist on settling the difficulty, if necessary, by an appeal to the *ultima ratio*? Already a question has arisen between them, namely, whether New Mexico, as conquered or subdued by the American arms, is a part of the State of Texas, or an independent territory or province, belonging to the United States, which threatens, by anticipation, to disturb the harmony of the new union, and possibly resolve it again into the sovereign unity of which it has been composed. For ourselves, we suppose, that with Texas, the question of her rights and her interests, as against the United States, will always be one of physical ability to maintain her ground. She will insist on her right as an equal to judge of all questions in dispute; she will never forget that she was once a sovereign; that as a sovereign, and while a sovereign, the compact was formed which placed her in union with this republic; and she may be expected to be found very slow to recognize the competency of the Federal Government to dictate to her in matters where her interests, arising under the compact, may seem to clash with those of the opposite party to the league.

In our humble judgment, the proceeding by which Texas was brought into this Union has never been as fully considered, and is not as well understood as it ought to be by our people; and we shall be excused, therefore, for dwelling upon it a moment longer. Annexation—so called—was effected, it must be remembered, by a compact, or league, between sovereign powers, both acting in regard to it, in their national character and capacity. And it is worth remembering—while it is utterly denied that it was competent for our Government to negotiate with another nation at all, or in any form, for such an object as that of amalgamating the two nations, itself and that other, into one—that it was not deemed necessary in this transaction, to pay even the poor respect to the Constitution of following the forms or mode of proceeding proscribed by it, when intercourse is to be had with a foreign

power, and a compact, or treaty, is proposed to be made. In the careful partition of powers under the Constitution, the duty of negotiating and making treaties is assigned to the President, with the advice and consent of two-thirds of the Senate. But in this case, the Congress—not inappropriately, perhaps, considering the novelty of the object—took the matter in hand, and commenced the formal negotiation by a *projet* or proposition, in the shape of a joint resolution, which was passed by a majority in each House, and received the approval and signature of the President. In this proceeding, Congress might be considered as having resolved itself into a convention of delegates, with assumed authority from the people to enter on this extraordinary negotiation. It is idle to think of it as a proceeding of Congress, acting under the Constitution. Here was a compact between two sovereign nations by which they agreed to unite and form one nation out of the two, on certain terms. Can there be any one bold enough to assert that the Constitution authorizes Congress to make such a compact in behalf of the United States? It seems to be thought by some that this particular compact was well enough made through the agency of Congress, because, in this case, Texas, yielding up her nationality, consented to take a position in the new union somewhat below the point of equality, in dignity and power, with the nation to which she joined herself. But the question of authority cannot be affected by the particular terms, or conditions on which a league for incorporating this nation with another may be formed. Had Congress, or had the government, through any or all its functionaries, Constitutional authority on any terms whatever, to melt down and fuse the American nation with another independent nation, and so, out of the amalgam to form a new nation? That is the true question; for the true nature of the transaction was such as we have here stated it. Two independent States, or sovereignties, were incorporated into one by a compact formed between the two while thus independent and sovereign. The uniting of Holland and Belgium, by the treaties of Vienna, was not more an incorporating of two States into one. And if this incorporation between the United States and Texas could be effected on the particular terms of the present compact, it could be effected on other

terms as well. It might have been agreed just as well, that the President of Texas should be President of the new incorporated nation. It was just as competent, so far as the question of authority is concerned, for Congress to have agreed that the sovereignty of Texas, instead of that of the quondam United States, should prevail in the new union. We are speaking of the question of power under the written Constitution. If Congress could incorporate the United States with Texas, it could do the same thing with England or France; and in such a case the sovereignty over the new incorporated kingdom, would doubtless be somewhat differently disposed of. So far as authority is concerned Congress could just as well have undertaken to re-incorporate the States of this Union with the British Empire, on the old terms of colonial dependence.

Now we know, all the while, that this measure must be, as it has been, submitted to and acquiesced in. We cannot probably escape from our new position, if we would. And this is therefore exactly one of those alarming cases to which we have before adverted, where a new and extraordinary power has been usurped by the government, and that usurpation acquiesced in and confirmed, almost from the necessity of the case, by the deliberate voice of the nation, so as in effect to clothe the government with this new power in all time to come—the written Constitution to the contrary notwithstanding—to be employed by it again and again, if it should see any occasion for its exercise. A very important provision this in the unwritten portion of the Constitution of the United States.

Perhaps the most serious, certainly the most immediate and pressing of the evils which could not fail to follow in the train of this high-handed measure, are seen and felt in that series of bold acts, each one another instance of assumed authority, into which this original measure has hurried the government, as if by an inexorable fate, and which it is the main purpose of this article to record and illustrate.

The first of these acts was one to which the government was moved by an apparent necessity, even before Annexation was consummated. This was the employment of the army of the United States by the unauthorized direction of the President, for the defence of Texas against all her enemies, while she was

still a foreign and independent republic. The *projet* of the 28th Congress for Annexation, expressed distinctly the terms and conditions on which the union or incorporation might take effect. Whether these terms and conditions, in the forming of a State Constitution, and its adoption by the people of Texas, should be duly complied with by that republic, in accepting the offer of Annexation, was a matter expressly reserved for the consideration and "final action" of the next Congress ; and it was required that such new Constitution, with the proper evidence of its adoption, should be laid before the 29th Congress, on or before the first day of January, 1846. This "final action" of the 29th Congress, then, a different Congress from that which had passed the original resolutions, was clearly indispensable before Annexation could be consummated. Nor did the President, that we know of, ever entertain or express a different opinion. Texas was still treated as a foreign and independent power. The government of the republic was still maintained, and the President had his *Chargè*. Mr. Donelson, still residing near it. It is true, the Congress of the republic, and her convention of delegates, had given their formal assent to the proposed Annexation ; but no State Constitution had yet been formed, and of course there had been no submission of anything to the 29th Congress for its "final action," when the President deemed it necessary wholly unauthorized by law or Constitution, to send an army into this foreign country for its military protection and defence. Texas was now, the President professed to think, "so far a part of the United States as to be entitled from this government to defence and protection." Texas was at that period no more a part of the United States than it was before Annexation had been proposed. It was no more a part of the United States than it was a part of the British Empire. This step was taken, says the President, "upon the earnest appeal both of the Congress and convention of Texas ;" and it "had become necessary, to meet a threatened invasion of Texas by the Mexican forces, for which extensive military preparations had been made." But who had authorized him to defend Texas against her enemies, during the pendency of the negotiations and proceedings in reference to Annexation ? Congress certainly had done no such thing. It made no part of the proposition submitted to that power in regard to An-

nexation, that meanwhile, or at any time before Texas and the United States should actually be incorporated into one nation and people, an alliance offensive and defensive, should exist between the two republics, and the arms of the United States be employed, if necessary or desired, in her defence. And surely, if the enemies of Texas, at any time, while she remained an independent republic, were to be deemed the enemies of the United States, and war was to be made upon them accordingly, it belonged to Congress, and Congress alone, to make that declaration. But that was a question with which it was not thought quite prudent that Congress should be entrusted. Congress might have shrunk from the resolutions of Annexation if they had borne on their face an anticipation of war—especially of a war to be undertaken in behalf of Texas even before she should become an incorporate part of the Union. The President, however, saw this necessity and boldly met it. If Texas had been invaded, as was then apprehended, war of course would have followed in defence of that republic, by the naked act and order of the President. Our army would have been on the soil of a foreign country, doing battle, side by side, with the forces of that country, against its invaders, and all this by command of the President, without any decent pretence or pretext of authority from Congress, or the law or the Constitution !

The President insists, in justification of this proceeding, that, under the circumstances, "it was plainly our *duty* to extend our protection over the citizens and soil of Texas ;" *our duty*—the duty of the United States. But who made the Executive the sole judge of this duty ? Who gave him the right to proceed, on his own mere motion, to do, or cause to be done, whatever he may chance to think it the duty of the country to undertake ? Is he to declare or make war, whenever he may happen to think it the duty of the country to go to war ? In short, is his sense or notion of duty to be in all things his sole constitutional guide in the discharge of his office ?—is his sense of duty, or what he may choose to offer to the country as such, to be the Constitution instead of the written Instrument ?

We have presented this case the more distinctly and at large, half forgotten as we are afraid it is already by the country, because, although Texas was not in

fact invaded pending the proceedings in regard to Annexation, and so, as it happened, there was nothing for our army there to do in her defence, yet, besides that the act of the Executive was not a whit the less reprehensible for that reason, this very act it was, undoubtedly—this act of imperial authority exercised over the army of the United States in moving it beyond the proper limits of the country, and within a foreign jurisdiction—which emboldened the President, probably in the belief that this show of force on his part in Texas had had the effect to turn aside the threatened purpose of invasion from Mexico, to push his experiment still farther, and carry forward his menace of war into the proper possessions of that power, and up to the gates of one of her principal cities. Probably he thought, in his pride and vanity of power, once used with apparent effect, that if he now pressed on, bearing this same front of frowning War, belted and helmeted for ready action, full into the presence and face of Mexico, he might thus secure advantages towards the acquisition of coveted territories, far beyond the limits of any just claim of boundary on our part, which Mexico, frightened from her propriety, might be induced to yield to his imperative and haughty demands! At any rate, it was no very difficult step for the President, having, as commander-in-chief of the army, once thrown the Constitution behind him, to go from the proposed and attempted employment of the military power in defending the proper soil of one foreign nation from invasion, to the invasion himself of the proper possessions of another foreign nation, with as little just pretence of authority or right in the latter case as in the former.

We have heretofore, in this journal, explained and exhibited, in a pretty ample manner, the way in which our war with Mexico was brought on by the act of the President, and with how little justification or excuse. We shall not repeat what we have before felt it our duty to say on this subject. Our present business is with this proceeding as it affects the Constitution of the country. Nor shall we need to dwell on the subject in this point of view. Everybody knows that the power of war is not lodged with the President by the written Instrument, but with Congress; and that if the President actually *makes* war, whether it is formally declared or not, it is done

without authority. Such an act under our government ought to be deemed the highest crime which any citizen could commit. Treason is not so dangerous and deadly an offence. The offence itself, indeed, is treason of the worst kind, though not within the statutory definition, since it subverts the Constitution and the government, by a single blow. Now we do not hesitate to declare again and again, as we have done before, that, beyond all doubt or cavil, the President is responsible for this war; he brought it on by his own act, or it was brought on by acts done under his orders; he *made* the war. He sent an army to occupy a country, then in the undisturbed possession of Mexico, as it had been since she became a nation, and which she claimed as her own by an undoubted title, *with orders to fight for it*, if Mexico should offer to dispute the possession by force of arms. Mexico did so dispute the possession, and the war was begun. The President we say, therefore, made the war. The army was not marched into the Mexican department of Tamaulipas, and up to the Rio Grande, in the performance of any duty imposed on the Executive by the Constitution or laws. No obligation of office required, or permitted, him to make or direct this hostile movement. It was not the soil of the United States which he was bound to defend. The territory did not *belong* to the United States, and was not in its possession; and if we had acquired a *claim* to it at all, it was one of pretence much more than of right, and whatever it might be, though ever so strong, there was a strong claim of right on the other side, accompanied by actual possession constantly maintained for long years, which would not be yielded to any demand of right on our part, but at the end of a bloody and hopeless defence. This consideration alone—the fact of possession by Mexico, an ancient possession, with an undoubting conviction of clear title—is enough to put at rest forever all attempts to justify this proceeding by the President, on the assumed ground that the territory was ours, and must be defended by our arms, as any and every other part of the American soil. All our ownership of this territory was a naked claim of title, against an adverse possession with a claim of title quite as strongly insisted on as our own; and this was the “American soil” which the President said, in his instructions to

the commander of the army, "must be protected from hostile *invasion* by Mexico! Mexico was expected to *invade* her own possessions! and on this absurd pretence, so insulting to an intelligent country, the President would justify his own invasion of those possessions, and his orders to make war for their conquest and subjugation, on the least attempt by Mexico to defend and protect them. If a territory, in dispute between this country and any other, were wholly vacant and unoccupied, who would venture to maintain that the President would have a right, without the direction of Congress, to attempt to take military possession of it, with the moral certainty of bringing on a war? surely, no one. But such an attempt, made under a naked claim of title, in reference to territory in the actual holding, occupation and culture of an adverse party, would, of itself, be an act of war. A demand on the highway, to stand and deliver, with a hand on the throat and a pistol at the breast, would not be more unequivocal. The adverse party has but one alternative—to yield at discretion, or to fight. In either case it is an act of hostility and war on the part of the assailant. But the truth is, this matter is too plain for argument, when the facts are understood; and so would be considered universally, if it were not so difficult for us generally to bring our minds to believe that any President of these United States, in the face of the plain provisions of the Constitution, would dare deliberately to take on himself the authority and responsibility of making war. So, nevertheless, Mr. Polk has done, beyond a possible doubt. So, beyond a doubt, has the written Constitution been subverted, for the time—and who knows but for all time?—and the most delicate and dangerous power in it, been seized and wielded by the Executive as his personal prerogative.

No one, certainly, need be shocked or surprised, after this beginning, if the war should be found to be prosecuted with as complete a disregard of the restraints of the Constitution, in reference to the means employed for carrying it on, as was shown in getting the country into it. If the Executive can make war, we do not know why he should not be permitted—at least he must be expected—to prosecute it after his own independent fashion. What he has actually done has been to organize and employ a species of military

force, which, as a force to be employed in a war of invasion and foreign conquest, is utterly unknown to the Constitution, and forbidden, indeed, by its whole tenor and spirit.

The war, be it remembered, has had, from the beginning, a very marked character, as one of invasion and conquest. It was begun by an invasion of the peaceable homes of the citizens of Mexico, in the Mexican State of Tamaulipas; and from the hour the first blow was struck, it has been waged exclusively on Mexican ground, and has been carried, indeed, far into the interior, and towards the heart of that republic. Not for one moment has it been a defensive war in any aspect or degree. No hostile foot has approached or threatened the proper soil and possessions of the United States. On the part of Mexico it has been wholly defensive. She has had all she could do, and a great deal more than she could do, to defend her own territories, and she has never dreamed of invading the United States, or engaging, in any way, in offensive operations on the land. It is not possible to conceive of a war more distinctly marked in this respect, than this war is.

Being wholly an offensive war on our part, (we use the term, offensive, in its well-understood legal acceptation,) no one, of course, will pretend for a moment that the militia of the country could be employed in it, except by a naked assumption of authority to that effect, in defiance of the plain provisions of the written Constitution. For any purpose of defence in and about a line of boundary between this country and any other, or across that line—the purpose and operation still being, in effect, defensive—militia might be employed. But no such force can be used where the whole object is, as it was in this case, to carry on offensive and aggressive war to the heart of an enemy's country, and where every operation of the war, even from the first act of collision and bloodshed, is remote from the proper soil and possessions of the United States. Nothing can be plainer than that the militia, in the contemplation of the Constitution, is wholly a domestic force. In the first place, in its organization and uses, it is wholly a State force, except when it is handed over to the United States for certain specified objects. It is the home-guard of the States, and their only arm of defence. They are not allowed to have any other. They are expressly prohibited from keeping troops

—a regular army—in time of peace, except by consent of Congress, which never has been and never would be granted; and they cannot engage in war, unless actually invaded, or in imminent danger of invasion. But the militia is their own—and so exclusively their own, that, even when it chances to be employed in the service of the United States, it can have no officers but of their appointment, and can receive no training but under their authority. There is no such thing, and can be no such thing, as the militia of the United States; there is no general force of this description existing without regard to State lines. Each State has its militia, which is as distinct from the militia of every other State, as the army of England is distinct from the army of France. To secure uniformity and efficiency, Congress is authorized to provide by law, “for organizing, arming and disciplining the militia, and for governing such part of them as may be employed in the service of the United States;” but all this is still made expressly subject to the authority of the States in supplying the officers, and giving direction and application to the discipline, and to the government of the force when in actual service.

Nor was it without very express reasons that the militia was so carefully reserved to the States, and the authority for its employment in the service of the General Government limited and restricted in so peculiar a manner. It was a point of great delicacy, and great jealousy on the part of the States. The military power of the Federal Government was, at the time, looked upon with great distrust, and not without some alarm, guarded and limited as it was. And if, in addition to its own appropriate, because necessary, authority, to raise and support armies, and provide a navy, and to make war, that government had also been clothed with a general or superior power over the militia, no one who has made himself at all acquainted with the history of the times, can entertain a doubt that the Constitution would have been promptly rejected by the people. Hamilton’s proposition, in the Convention of 1787, that the whole militia should “be under the sole and exclusive direction of the United States, the officers of which to be appointed and commissioned by them,” would have met with as little favor as another part of his plan of government, which was that the Chief Exe-

cutive should “be elected to serve during good behavior.” Even an amendment, to give the appointment of the “general officers” to the Federal Government, received no countenance in the Convention.

The occasions on which the militia may be called into the service of this government are very exactly defined, and of course no others are allowed. If the militia is thus called into service, it must be for one or another of these purposes—namely, “to execute the laws of the Union;” to “suppress insurrections;” or to “repel invasions.” If employed in that service on any other occasion, or for any other object, it is a palpable usurpation—a usurpation of military power, once thought the most dangerous of all forms of usurpation, and the last crowning act of despotism. Yet this very thing has been done in the prosecution of this wretched war with Mexico. First, the military power is usurped by the Executive, in the making of the war, and this is followed up by employing a kind of force for carrying it on, which is utterly denied to the government, in such a war, by the plainest provisions of the Constitution. The last enterprise, certainly, which was intended to be *encouraged* in this government, was that of engaging in war, and, least of all, in wars of invasion and conquest. The Constitution has very carefully and closely confined the government, in all such wars, to the use of its own regular army, and, no doubt, with the deliberate and wise consideration, that the more difficult it might be found to raise an army for such a purpose, and provide for its support, the better every way. And it is enough to startle the men of the Constitution from their graves, that the country has come, in so short a time, to behold the spectacle of a war of foreign invasion and conquest, as little excusable in its origin and objects as any that could be conceived of, actually prosecuted by the government with a principal reliance, not on the proper army of that government, but on the militia of the States. We behold the spectacle of a successful appeal made to the prompt and unreflecting patriotism, and the military ardor and ambition of the people in the States, stimulated, as they often are, or easily may be, we know not with what hopes of personal distinction or personal profit, who rush forward to place themselves under the command of the national Executive, for service in

a foreign land, and in an aggressive war. It is a case to demonstrate, if ever there was one, that it is no idle apprehension in which wise men have always indulged, in regard to the dangers necessarily attaching to the military power in a republic, and where there is a gallant and patriotic people to respond to its appeals, when we see what has actually been done in the use of this power, and the monstrous lengths of usurpation to which it has been pushed by the present Executive of the United States—the feeblest, out of all comparison, that the country has ever had.

The militia has been mustered into service, in this war, in a way designed to evade the Constitution and escape the responsibility of its violation. By calling for “volunteers” it seems to have been calculated that the public would get the impression that this was a kind of force different from militia, and if not regular United States troops, yet something very like them. But they were militia after all. They were soldiers who might volunteer from the ranks, or body, of the militia in the several States, having their officers created and appointed by the authority of the States, respectively, to which the companies, or corps, of volunteers belonged. They were *mustered* into the service of the United States, not enlisted; and in that service they were commanded by their own officers—company, battalion and field—having their sole authority and commission from the respective States. It is simply absurd to talk of any military corps as United States troops, when the officers in immediate command derive their commission, not from the Government of the United States, but from that of a State. A military officer, commissioned by the Governor of a State, and commanding a corps raised under State authority, is not an officer of the Federal Government, and does not command United States troops. They are State troops, and he is a State officer, and that is all that can be made of them. And they are militia, and nothing but militia. No State has any other troops but militia; and the government of the United States has no authority to employ, for any purpose, any other kind of State troops, if there were any such, but militia. Nothing can be plainer than that the Constitution limits the military power of the Federal Government to the employment, first, of its own army, raised and provided with officers by its own ex-

clusive authority, and next, of militia, (when militia may be employed by it at all,) called into the service from the States. All the volunteers in the present war have been and are militia, and nothing else. They are State troops raised and commissioned by State authority, as militia. Many of the companies and corps have been mustered into service, just as they stood, officers and men, in the ranks of the militia at home.

Nor is the character of this force changed at all from the fact that general officers, bearing State commissions, have not been called into service along with the militia. The Government has seen fit to select, appoint and commission, its own general officers. They are officers in the army of the United States, and so commissioned, and in no respect as officers of militia or of volunteers. Nor is the employment of militia, called volunteers, in the present war, justified or excused by any example of the employment, or proposed employment, of volunteers, in the public service, at any period in our past history. There have been repeated instances of volunteer organization and service. Sometimes they have been troops of the United States, with officers appointed and commissioned, all of them, by Federal authority. These were as much troops of the United States, as those of the line of the regular army. Every soldier was an enrolled or enlisted soldier of the United States. But more frequently, these volunteer forces have been mustered, or proposed to be mustered, into the service of the United States, with their State officers, from the militia; and these were militia, and nothing else, just as the volunteer forces in the present war are militia, and nothing else. The difference in the cases is, that in no instance, until the present, has such a volunteer force as this last, being militia, been employed, or proposed to be employed, by the General Government, for any service or purpose, but “to execute the laws of the Union,” to “suppress insurrections,” or “to repel invasions;” in no instance, until the present, has such a force, being militia, and nothing else, been called into the service of the United States, to carry forward a war of invasion and conquest in a foreign land.

And the responsibility of this proceeding rests with the President. The conduct and management of the war is in his hands. Congress gave him authority

to accept the services of 50,000 volunteer militia, upon his appeal to it for such a force, and upon the allegation that war had been begun, and "American blood had been shed on American soil." The country must, of course, be defended, and nothing is better, or more appropriate, than militia, with which to drive invaders from its soil. We certainly could have wished, that, while Congress was granting the most liberal supplies of men and money, at the demand of the President, the truth should have been insisted on, instead of echoing, though by a kind of compulsion, a false allegation, and some security taken, which might easily have been done, that the means and forces placed at his command, should not be improperly and unconstitutionally applied and employed. Still the responsibility rests on him. He has taken upon himself to prosecute a foreign war, in a foreign land, and for purposes of conquest, and to employ the militia of the country in this service. And so far as his example can go, and at any rate while power remains in his hands, the Constitutional restriction on the employment of militia is abrogated, and a new unwritten provision substituted, to the effect that militia may be employed in war, not only to repel invasion, but to make invasion, and prosecute foreign conquests.

The next usurpation in order, in the conduct of this war, was that by which the President has claimed the right in all cases of territorial conquest, to be deemed himself the conqueror, and, by his own unaided authority, to establish and administer governments over the conquered countries. On this particular topic, however, we shall not now add anything, but content ourselves with referring the reader back to an article in the March number of this Review,* where the subject has been fully discussed and exposed. A reference to that article will show how flagrant and bold this usurpation has been, and a little reflection will serve to convince every candid mind, that if the Constitution is now to be taken with this notable amendment, a vast progressive movement has indeed been made, all in the name of Democracy, towards despotic power.

But the President has lately gone a step further, in his usurpations, and performed the crowning act of all. Proceeding on the same beautiful idea, of

easy assurance, that he, by virtue of his office, is to be deemed, personally, the conqueror of all provinces and places, which may submit to the power of the American arms, he has gone so far as to establish a regular system for the collection of duties on imports, under a regular tariff, in all the ports and places of Mexico, of which the army has taken military possession. "It is the right of the conqueror (he says) to levy contributions upon the enemy, in their seaports, towns or provinces, which may be in his military possession by conquest, and to apply the same to defray the expenses of the war. The conqueror possesses the right also to establish a temporary military government over such seaports, towns or provinces," &c. And therefore, he, the President, being the conqueror, enacts a tariff of duties on all goods and merchandise admitted into these ports, and which is invited to come there from all nations, the United States included, appoints his collectors and corps of custom-house officers, makes his military chest his independent treasury—independent indeed—and directs that all collections be paid into it, from which the money is to be drawn, as he shall personally prescribe or allow, for carrying forward his war of invasion and conquest!

The President finds it convenient to see no distinction between the mere military occupation of a position, or place, in an enemy's country, in time of war, and the complete possession of a province, or town, held under conquest, with the full right and actual exercise of sovereignty and civil jurisdiction. As little does he distinguish between the rights and duties of a commander in the field as a conqueror, and the rights and duties of a sovereign who, by right of conquest, takes possession of a province, or town, subdued by his arms, and receives the submission of its inhabitants as the subjects of his rightful government. A military commander in the field is the master, under the law martial, of the post or place he occupies, as a conqueror. It is his camp, for the time being, and the law of the camp prevails. It may embrace a whole town or city. But his authority, though arbitrary and summary in its tone and character, is not unlimited. It is restricted by the military law under which he holds his commission; and the military law of the

United States is mainly a written code, carefully digested, and regularly enacted by Congress. Where it is manifestly defective on applying it in practice, no doubt the unwritten martial law may be resorted to. But no authority can be exercised under the name of martial law, except such as has for its object, or keeps prominently in view, the principal, and indeed only design with which martial law is established, or tolerated—namely, the security and preservation of the camp and the army. This authority has the actual commander in the field, or in camp, acting under the orders of his superior officer, if he have any. The President is commander-in-chief of the army, and a commander in the field, or in camp, acts under his general orders; but if he were actually himself in the field, or in camp, he could exercise no military authority over or about the camp, which could not equally be exercised by any other commander. An orderly-sergeant, if the eldest officer present, and in command, would have the same authority; and he could not have more if he were a field-marshal. As commander-in-chief of the army, the President's authority is purely military, whether personally in the field or out of it, and it is as much restricted by the military law, as that of any other commander. Just so much authority then—just so much government—as any actual commander, in possession of a post or place in an enemy's country, may lawfully exercise, the President, as commander-in-chief, may exercise, or cause to be exercised under his orders. And beyond this he cannot go, except by leaving the Constitution behind him.

The limited nature of this military authority, or government, we have indicated already. It is the government of a camp, and has for its object the regulation and security of the camp. Its proper subjects are soldiers, or the inmates of a camp. It may extend its jurisdiction, as in a city, according as the necessity of the case shall demand; that is to say, the camp may be enlarged so as to embrace all whom it may be necessary to bring within military supervision and control, in order to the proper government and security of the camp. But it is evident that a "military government," in the President's view, is something very different from this. Witness his orders and the disgraceful proceedings under them in regard to New Mexico and Cal-

fornia. All the functions of civil government were assumed in those provinces—complete civil jurisdiction—and exercised as far as the new functionaries had the ability to establish their power. We have lately heard of sanguinary executions in one of them, upon judicial convictions, for sedition or high treason! Indeed the avowed purpose was to consider and treat these provinces as conquered countries, where entire submission to the conquering power, as the sovereign, was exacted. And, undoubtedly, in such a case, it is not only the right, but the duty, of the new sovereign, to establish his government, and make it adequate to the protection and control of his new subjects, so long as his authority shall last. This is what the President is pleased to denominate a "military government." It is only military, as it is in military hands. It is a civil government, with as ample powers, if it see fit to exercise them, as any government in the world. But everybody must know, who knows even the alphabet of the Constitution, that Congress, and Congress alone, has authority to set up such a government as this in any territory, province, or town, belonging to the United States; and a conquered territory, province or town, if really taken possession of to hold as an *acquisition* of war, belongs to the United States, if to anybody. Certainly it does not belong to the President, as he seems to suppose, any more than it does to any actual commander under whom the conquest is made. It belongs to the sovereign—and the President has not yet been acknowledged sovereign in this country. He makes himself such, however, as far as he can—a military sovereign, superseding the civil power—when he assumes the sole right of government over countries, or places, subdued by the American arms. In our judgment, it is conclusive on the President, and the whole military power, if Congress has made no express provision for taking formal possession of places that might be conquered by our arms, and for governing them, as the rightful sovereign, that Congress does not intend that the war shall be made a war of conquest at all. And hence, in such a case, the extent of his duty and power, in prosecuting the war offensively, supposing an offensive war allowable at all on his mere motion, is to conquer the armies of the enemy in the field, capture his fortified places and strongholds, with as much

public spoil as can be found in them, and entering his chief cities, and his capital, perhaps, convert them into convenient quarters, and camping grounds, for the conquering army, and of course, laying them, for the time, under martial law. Here his power of "military government" would begin and end. But the President has little relish for such moderate notions as these. He began the war for conquest, and never having dared to ask Congress to give a direct sanction to any such project, he has found, or thought himself obliged to do everything, so far as this object was concerned, in his own way, and by his own usurped authority.

It is manifest that, in establishing a commercial code, and a tariff, for the seaports of Mexico, captured and occupied by our military forces, the President has acted, not as a mere military commander, but as a political sovereign. He chooses to regard these seaports, not merely as places under military occupation by our troops, where they have their garrison and camp for the time, with all needful authority in the commander, under the military law, for the government and preservation of his army and camp, and for internal and external police, but as places held by him, the President, as both conqueror and sovereign, and subject to his exclusive and undisputed political authority in all things, or so far as he may see fit to exercise it. Under this authority, and treating the sea-ports as his own, for all purposes of sovereign control and government, he proceeds to the exercise of civil and sovereign power in one of its most important functions, by establishing regulations for the trade of all nations with those ports, enacting a tariff of duties to be paid on all merchandise and produce entered there, and thus raising a revenue for the supply of his exchequer. They are no longer Mexican ports, blockaded by our Navy, and shut up from the trade of the world; but they are American, or independent ports, under the sovereignty of the President, and open to the trade of the world. Mexico is to be supplied through them, by a grand system of illicit commerce and smuggling, encouraged and promoted by the new sovereign of the independent ports, who is thus to secure the benefits of large importations, and an ample revenue. And that these are independent ports, and not ports of the United States, any more than they are

Mexican ports, is plain enough from the fact that cargoes entering them from the United States are as much subject to duty as cargoes from England or France. The trade to them from New Orleans, or New York, is a foreign trade and not a coasting trade, and pays duties accordingly. If they were ports of the United States, this would of course be a coasting-trade; and, on the other hand, if they were Mexican ports, citizens of the United States, as subjects of one of the belligerent powers, could not trade with them at all, without being liable to the severest penalties—unless, indeed, by the special permission of the government; not, certainly, by the permission of the President. What a spectacle is here presented to the country? The President of the United States assuming the sovereignty over the ports of the public enemy, occupied by American troops, and there actually levying duties on the trade of American citizens, which he invites thither, as well as the trade of all other countries, and putting the collections into his own independent treasury! This, too, being in fact a trade, and so expressly intended, with Mexico, carried on through these ports, and between them and the interior, by illicit means—a trade, whether direct or indirect, in which American citizens are utterly forbidden to engage, while the two countries are at war, without special permission from the competent authorities of their government!

And the President deliberately proposes, by these means, to attain an *independent* revenue, for the expenses of the war. The plan was expected to be very productive, and to yield some millions. The collections made under military supervision, whatever they are, go directly to the military chest. They are to be accounted for by the collectors, says an official rescript, "not to the treasury, but to the Secretaries of the war, and the navy, respectively." So far as these collections may go, the President is to maintain a war independently of the government. He is not to depend on money drawn from the treasury of the United States, and which could only be done "in pursuance of appropriations made by law," but he is to go to his own treasury, supplied by an independent revenue, derived from a regular system of taxation, or imposts, levied and collected under his personal and sovereign authority, in places beyond the jurisdiction of the United States! Is it possible for arro-

gance and despotism to go further than this ?

And then the country is told that this is nothing but levying "military contributions" on the enemy. If this were so—and it is hardly better than an insult to an intelligent people to set up such a pretence—yet if this were so, how comes it that the administration is now found avowing an intention of levying contributions on the enemy, after its repeated proclamation, and declarations to that enemy, that private property should be respected, and nothing demanded or taken without making just and full compensation ? Protection and full security to the persons and property of the peaceable inhabitants of conquered towns and provinces, has come to be the recognized doctrine and declared practice of modern civilized nations, not to be departed from, except in very special cases, which certainly do not exist in this war. Are the United States to suffer the disgrace of being the first, in recent times, to set an example to the contrary ? As for contributions levied on a conquered country, they are never allowed by the modern usage and law of nations, but as a mild substitute for pillage, or the confiscation of property. Contributions are demanded and received by way of relief and redemption from these severer measures, and of course are never resorted to, but when otherwise such harsh proceedings as pillage or confiscation would be justified, either by way of special punishment, or on account of some urgent, temporary necessity. But what is there in common between "military contributions" and this notable plan of the President's for raising an independent and permanent revenue, by commercial taxation, for the support and prosecution of the war ? Taxation is a measure of government, and an act of sovereignty. It is something very different from pillage, or a forced contribution, received as a relief from pillage. This act when permitted at all, is an act of war, by military command, to meet some particular necessity or exigency of war, and is temporary in its purpose and action. It has its direct operation on a present enemy, and is commonly exhausted in a single act. But how absurd and how pitiful, to talk of the proceeding we are now considering, as one of "military contribution." This is a system of commercial regulation and taxation, as regular, and nearly as elaborate, as that which controls com-

merce, and supplies revenue, in the whole United States—a system prevailing, or designed to prevail and govern in all the principal sea-ports, through which a great country, of eight or ten millions of people, receives its foreign supplies, and which are held as places conquered in war and subject to the political sovereignty of the conqueror—a system of taxation and revenue, designed to be at least as permanent as the war, falling on whomsoever it concerns, importer or consumer, citizen or stranger, friend or enemy, and such a system as none but a regular government, in the exercise of full sovereignty, could enact and execute. And the government which does this, and exercises this sovereignty, is—the President of the United States !

But we must bring this article to a close. Our object has been to awaken the attention of the country, if possible, to the manner in which the original written Constitution is becoming rapidly obscured and subverted, by the assumption of new and extraordinary powers, either quietly submitted to, or only very feebly rebuked, and so that, in effect, an essentially new Constitution is practically taking the place of the original instrument, which, though partly unwritten, is likely to become just as potent and authoritative, and just as binding on the people, as if these new features had been given to it, by regular amendments adopted according to the prescribed and approved mode of making amendments. To make this matter as plain and as comprehensible as possible, and show in one view, how bravely we are going on in this business, and what kind of a Constitution is growing up to our hand, we shall conclude this article by drawing out in order, and in the form of regular amendments to the text of the original instrument, the provisions proper to cover those new powers which, as we have shown, have lately been assumed, or usurped and exercised by the government at Washington. As written amendments, they might stand somewhat in this form :

I. Congress shall have power to incorporate the United States with any other people or country, on such terms and conditions as may be agreed on.

II. The President shall have authority to employ the army of the United States, in the defence of any foreign country, threatened with invasion, at his discretion.

III. The President shall have authority

to make war on any foreign nation by invading its possessions; provided only that this be done under pretext of some claim of title to those possessions.

IV. The Militia of the States, called into service as volunteers, may be employed by the President in prosecuting wars of invasion and foreign conquest.

V. The President shall have authority to govern, in complete sovereignty, any territory, province or place, taken and occupied by the military forces of the United States, and in such manner as he may see fit.

VI. In any port or place, taken and oc-

cupied by the forces of the United States, the President may establish commercial regulations, and a tariff of duties on imports, for the purpose of raising an independent revenue, to be used by him for military purposes, in his sole discretion, and for which he shall not be held to any accountability.

These provisions, thus brought into juxtaposition, and set down in order, may serve to show what a prodigious advance "Progressive Democracy" has made, and is likely to make, in giving new features to the Constitution, and especially in giving a new and fearful import and significance to Executive power.

UNPUBLISHED POEMS

BY JAMES STAUNTON BABCOCK.

The following poems are by a person deceased, with whom we were intimate—a gentleman of rare mind and attainments, and a singularly simple and earnest spirit. The qualities of his poems are peculiar. They are built somewhat upon antique models, and seem also to have been affected in a measure by the author's German studies; but their eminent simplicity and truthfulness will command attention in an age whose poetry, like its social morality, is growing to be artificial, shallow, and false in sentiment. "Noma and Egeria," and "The Road-Song of Earth's Travellers," published in the Review some months ago, were by the same author, who was then living. Mr. Babcock graduated at Yale College in 1810; he died at his home, Coventry, Connecticut, in April of the present year.—ED. AM. REVIEW.

ODE TO SLEEP.

Ἦπν' ὀδύνας ἀδαής, Ἦπνε δ' ἀλγέων,
εὐαής ἡμῖν ἔλθοις
εὐαίων, εὐαίων, ἀναξ· κ. τ. λ.

SOPH. PHILOCT., 827.

SPIRIT mild of mystic slumber,
Now with wizard spell lay by,
Galling cares and loads that cumber,
Soothing sense and sealing eye.

Come in blue and starry mantle,
Wave thy downy-feathered wing,
Wave with touch all soft and gentle,
Dewy o'er each living thing—

Brains with thought in hot toil throbbing,
Lids by light long filled and pained,
Hearts o'ercome for joy or sobbing,
Nerves in ease or toil o'erstrained.

Come with lull of brooklets flowing,
Lonely break of distant seas,
Rain-drops, winl, or late herds lowing,
Lisping leaves or humming bees.

Come with scent of piny highlands,
Or palm grove of spicy zone;
Come with breath of summer islands,
Whence the evening winds have blown:

Come with raven hair rich braiden,
From the moonshine's watery beams—
Hush my couch, sky-hovering maiden
Sing me all thy happiest dreams.

Dreams through cloudy gateways fading,
To a high and beauteous clime—
Dazzling vistas faint foreshading,
Scenes beyond the scenes of time.

For in thy sweet hand are given
All the treasures of the night—
Keys that ope the doors of heaven
On the wearied, earth-worn sight.

Come, Eve's bed with bright flowers
wreathing,
While thick dusk the East-land fills,
Stay till sweet Morn's breath o'erbreath-
ing
Wake to life the warbling hills.

From the Orient, tireless rover,
Dark behind the shadowed sun,
Thou long realms hast wandered over,
And their daily works are done.

Caravans in deserts tenting,
Men in cot or bustling town,
Prayerless, or the past repenting,
Vexed or calm have laid them down.

Thou hast walked the princely palace,
Feast, and dance, and bridal-train;
Sweetened Sorrow's bitter chalice;
Smoothed the bed for limbs of pain;

Stilled the feet in silken chamber;
Won fair children from their play,
Birds that wing, or beasts that clamber
Air or steep as free as they.

Thou hast roamed o'er savage ridges,
Where great streams their wells inurn;
Listening, paced earth's utmost edges,
Where no fires on hearth-stones burn.

Blessings thine reach all God's creatures,
High or humble, wild or tame;
Shiftless Fortune changes features,
Thou, sweet friend, art still the same.

Dove of Peace, pure virtue serving,
Bride unwooded to sinless heart,
Ne'er may bosom undeserving
Buy with wealth, or win by art.

MARY.

SWEET, simple tenderness of tone,
That dearest English name doth hold,
Bringing rich peaceful feelings down
And fair young fancies fresh from old,
Like flocks to the heart's evening fold.

Now low and lulling steals the sound,
Like summer brooklet's busy trill,
Or waters warbling under ground
When fields in slumbering noon are
still,
And peace sweet nature's heart doth fill.

Now soft the gush as falling snow,
Or shower where rainy April shines,
Or small birds' chaunt, which faint winds
blow
At sundown through a *ridge* of pines,
And earth with heaven in one combines.

A type of loving earnestness,
Of gentle soul and faithful eyes,
And beauty born to win and bless,
Within that pensive music lies,
That tells the heart its sympathies.

A pledge of sinlessness and youth—
An earthly form that whispers heaven,
In artless looks and virgin truth,
In all the grace to woman given—
To draw us whence our sin hath driven.

A glimpse of one the heart would strain
To its fond self till self it grew—
A face so full to soothe all pain,
To look each greeting or adieu,
And sun life's home its sojourn through.

These symbols dear are in thy name—
Thyself the substance all and more,
Which seeing who our choice could
blame?
That name and self in heart we store,
A prize to love and ponder o'er.

TO A GROUP OF CHILDREN.

SMALL men and women blossoming,
Types of a golden age,
Of Heaven's first children in their spring,
And Eden's heritage.

Ye seem new flown from some bright
sphere,
On earth a while to play;
I hark your airy tones, and fear,
Sudden ye soar away.

Yet human shapes, so fair, so young,
Sweet Grace untrained of art,
God's language fills each warbling tongue.
His smile each face and heart.

And smiles on all your bright hearts shed,
And love they every one.
There doubt no cold distrust hath bred,
Nor dimmed Hope's morning sun.

Ye've learned not yet 'tis all unwise,
Your whole sweet selves to show;
Untaught that prudence is disguise,
Ye tell all truth ye know.

Pure ones, your feelings all unfeigned,
Your souls untouched by time,
Ye keep first innocence unstained,
First simple faith sublime.

Such once the holy Saviour blessed,
For such in heaven he knew;
And they are greatest, wisest, best,
Who most resemble you.

I fain would take you to my heart,
With full and strong caress,
So life's dry springs one gush might start,
Of former blessedness.

Ah go, sweet forms, like sunbeams
bright,
Ye've crossed my pathway o'er!
My heart shall treasure long that light
Mine eyes will meet no more.

HON. GEORGE EVANS.

GREAT abilities, and a long career of useful public service, do not always ensure extended or general celebrity. Public labors, demanding patient investigation, elaborate research, careful analysis, and great power of generalization, are not of the class which win immediate or wide renown. Such labors oftentimes produce no present or early effect. The results are contingent and remote; consequently the magnitude and importance of effects are overlooked. One of the most remarkable instances of great intellectual endowments, large and varied acquirements, long experience in the councils of the nation, public services highly appreciated, and universally acknowledged at Washington, without creating a corresponding national reputation, is that of *George Evans*, of Maine.

As a statesman of profound wisdom and forecast, a legislator fitted for all the practical purposes of conducting the government, Mr. Evans has rarely had his equal in Congress. And yet, there are men in the nation, of inferior talents, and less experience in public affairs, who are better known, and attract more of public notice than he does. The reason of this is obvious. The qualities of Mr. Evans' mind are all solid and useful; there is nothing showy or ornamental about him. Although a very effective and fluent debater, with a fine elocution, his speeches are more distinguished by power of argument, close logical demonstration, and appositeness of illustration, than the graces of oratory, or the decorations of a luxuriant imagination. His style is chaste and severe; with great command of language, his knowledge of its weight and value is perfect; thus rendering precision and perspicuity the great characteristics of his argumentative efforts. On all questions relating to political economy and the financial concerns of the country, Mr. Evans is probably better informed than any man now in public life.

In the great tariff discussion of 1846, in the Senate, Mr. Webster, after referring to what he termed "the incomparable speech" of Mr. Evans, said—

"And now, Mr. President, since my attention has been thus called to that speech, and since the honorable member has re-

mind us that the period of his service within these walls is about to expire, I take this occasion, even in the Senate, and in his own presence, to say, that his retirement will be a serious loss to this government and this country. He has been sixteen or eighteen years in the public service. He has devoted himself especially to studying and comprehending the revenue and finances of the country; and he understands that subject as well as any gentleman connected with the government, since the days of Crawford and Gallatin. Nay, as well as either of those gentlemen ever understood it. I hope he may yet be, I am glad to know that he will be, with us one session more; that we may have the benefit of his advice and assistance in that financial crisis which, in my judgment, is sure to arise if this war continues, and this bill should pass. And I can only say, that retire when he will, he will carry with him the good wishes of every member of this body; the general esteem and regard of the country; and" (placing his hand upon his heart, and bowing to Mr. Evans) "the cordial attachment of his friends, political and personal."

This exalted encomium was concurred in by the most discriminating men on both sides of the Senate; many of whom have taken occasion to speak of his labors in equally flattering terms. Among them may be mentioned Messrs. Calhoun, Woodbury, Cass, McDuffie, and Sevier.

With these general observations we proceed to give a brief sketch of his public life.

Mr. Evans was born January 12, 1797. He graduated at Bowdoin College in 1815; and after a thorough preparation in the study of law, commenced its practice at Gardiner, Maine, in 1818. He soon assumed a commanding position in the profession; and the highest legal eminence was within his reach, when his fitness for the business of legislation was discovered by his friends; and, at the age of twenty-eight, he was returned to the House of Representatives of Maine. He was continued in the legislature for four successive sessions. The last year he was Speaker of the House; and in that responsible position so acquitted himself as to command the unqualified approbation of the body over which he

presided. In July, 1829, he was elected a member of the House of Representatives in the Congress of the United States, where he remained twelve years, when he was transferred to the Senate. He was then a member elect of the House, having been elected to that body seven times successively.

This steady devotion of his district is without a parallel in the State of Maine; no other person ever having served more than eight years in the House of Representatives, from that State

A distinguished gentleman, who began his career in Congress with Mr. Evans, and served with him some half a dozen sessions, writes to us as follows:—

“Evans began his career in Congress with General Jackson’s first presidential term: he came to Washington with a high reputation, so far as that reputation could be given to him by the members from Massachusetts and Maine; and with a very high anticipation on the part of intimate friends at home, of the standing he would acquire and maintain in Congress; and I do not know the public man who has better justified the estimate of partial friends. There have been no ebbs and flows in the public opinion of his talents; no doubts or questions in the minds of any persons who knew him, whether or not he really deserved the reputation he had acquired; but a settled conviction, not only that he was entitled to the standing he had gained, but, if he should be tried, would be found equal to the duties of any station in the government. I know no public man (except Webster) who has always so fully come up to the public expectations; indeed, I think, on all important questions, he has exceeded even the high anticipations of those who knew him. To my knowledge, during his long Congressional career he has never committed a blunder or made a speech which has led anybody to say he was not the man they took him to be. So far from it, I think his most able and finished displays have left the impression of a power, and capacity, and resources for much greater things; and this impression has been justified by the successive exhibitions of his talents, both in the House and Senate.

“His first speech in the House was in opposition to the bill that had been reported, to distribute, among the officers and crew who destroyed the frigate Philadelphia in the harbor of Tripoli, a large sum of money. The bill was founded upon the idea that the case was embraced within the principles of the prize laws, and it was supported by some of the leading men in the House. Mr. Everett, of Massachusetts, then a member of the House, had prepared

a very eloquent speech in support of it. In the order of the debate he followed Evans, and it was of course expected that he would make some answer to the argument which had been made against it. After a vain effort to do so, he confessed he was unable to answer the objections which had been waged by the gentleman from Maine, without time to consider them; and then went on to deliver the splendid speech he had prepared. The bill was lost. Mr. Evans has been for several years a leading member on all financial questions. No man in either house, and no Secretary of the Treasury, unless it be Alexander Hamilton, has shown more ability on the subject of the finances than George Evans.”

This is no partial estimate of the character and services of Mr. Evans; but the deliberate, unbiassed opinion of a keen and sagacious observer of men and things.

Mr. Evans made his first speech on the tariff in 1832; and from that time forth he took a leading part in the discussions on all important questions of national policy. He has not done justice to himself in omitting so frequently the preparation of his speeches for the press. This has been in consequence of his early diffidence in his own powers, and a strong indisposition to any public display.

We remember a speech of his in 1837, which produced a profound sensation at the time, but of which there is only a very imperfect report on record. Mr. John Q. Adams, whose abstract notions of right, and the propriety of asserting them, were never modified by any regard to circumstances of time or place, inquired of the Speaker whether it would be in order to present a petition from a slave. It was represented that he had presented, or offered to present such a petition; and the House was immediately thrown into a state of great excitement. Divers resolutions were offered to censure and expel him; Mr. Evans defended Mr. Adams very zealously throughout the controversy, and finally put an end to the matter in a speech of great power and effect.

The discussion ran on two or three days; being conducted by the Southern men with much denunciation and violence, and by Mr. Adams, in his usual tone of sarcasm, bitterness, and defiance. On the third day, after Mr. Patton of Virginia had made a furious assault upon Mr. Adams, Mr. Evans obtained the floor, and in a speech of mingled argu-

ment and ridicule, gave the subject such a blow that the House never resumed its consideration.

During the latter part of his service in the House, Mr. Evans was held in very high estimation as a man of sound judgment and great address as a parliamentary tactician. In the memorable controversy in 1839, which resulted in the exclusion from the House of Representatives of the regularly elected members from New Jersey, he acted a prominent part; and if his advice had governed the action of the Whigs, the result would have been different. Mr. Wise assumed the management of the business on the part of the Whigs, but he was no match for the practised skill of his colleague, Gen. Dromgoole.

The House was very nicely balanced on the question of admission, and Mr. Evans, foreseeing the probability of a tie, with no speaker to give a casting vote, suggested that the Democrats should make the affirmative proposition. The result testified to the sagacity of Mr. Evans. Mr. Dromgoole entrapped Mr. Wise into moving the admission of the members; and the motion failed by a tie vote. If the initiative had been taken by the Democrats, as it would have been, under the advice of Mr. Evans, the members from New Jersey would have obtained the seats to which they were entitled.

Mr. Evans was placed at the head of the Finance Committee of the Senate, immediately upon entering that body. Here his eminent abilities as a legislator were fully displayed. All the important duties of this committee were devolved upon him. And at this time the exigencies of the government and the relations of parties were such as to demand great forecast, a thorough knowledge of the subject of finance, and consummate tact and skill in leading the majority of the Senate. The position of the Whig party in Congress was one of great difficulty and delicacy throughout the term of Mr. Tyler's administration. During the first two years the Whigs had a large majority in both branches of Congress, and of course were responsible for the conduct of the government. Mr. Van Buren left, as a legacy to his successor, a large and rapidly accumulating debt, a revenue totally inadequate to the necessities of the government, and numerous unsettled and embarrassing questions, both internal and external.

From the time of the accession of Mr. Tyler to the duties of Executive magistrate of the nation, there was never a good understanding between him and the party which had placed him in power.

There were causes of estrangement between them, hardly necessary to be elucidated here, but which were operative before the commencement of the called session of Congress, and which produced an open rupture before that session came to an end. The ordinary and natural difficulties incident to a change in the policy of the government were thus increased and exasperated.

In the campaign of 1840, the Whigs had promised immediate relief to the people from the financial distresses which had afflicted the country for the antecedent three or four years. Some of the measures from which this relief was anticipated, were arrested by Mr. Tyler, hence the influence of the beneficent policy of the Whigs was only partially experienced by the country. The people had been taught to expect much from legislation; and as no immediate beneficial results were experienced, the disappointment was great, and loudly expressed.

The consequences of the rupture with Mr. Tyler were seen over the country in the popular elections; and States, one after another, that had been almost uniformly Whig, wheeled into the Democratic line. All these things conspired to enhance the embarrassments of the Whigs in Congress; and the eyes of their friends from Maine to Louisiana, were turned in deep solicitude to Washington.

In the Senate the opposition had an array of strength embracing the ablest and most experienced men of the Democratic party. Messrs. Wright, Calhoun, Benton, Woodbury, and Buchanan, all smarting under their recent defeat, and opposed in principle to the policy of the Whigs, resisted every measure, step by step, with great power of argument and eloquence. During the long session of 1841-2, the labors of the Senate respecting revenue loans, and the arrangement of the new tariff, fell upon Mr. Evans. He perfected all these measures in the committee-room, and successfully defended them in the Senate, against the whole force of the opposition. The majority, entertaining profound respect for his judgment, and knowing his abilities, confided the management of all the business belonging to the Finance Committee to

his discretion; and most wisely and efficiently did he discharge the duty.

The writer of this sketch was placed in such circumstances as to be able to appreciate the zeal, and labor, and care, bestowed by Mr. Evans in perfecting the tariff of 1842. The vast burden of that work fell on his shoulders alone. Upon him devolved the task of familiarizing the Senate with its structure and operation. He sacrificed every personal consideration to reconcile conflicting interests; to harmonize a measure for the good of the whole country, and to meet the exigencies of that great crisis. He labored earnestly, patriotically, and successfully.

Perhaps no portion of Mr. Evans' public life has commanded more admiration than that during which this tariff debate took place. It was a period of great public interest and excitement. The success of the principal measures of the party depended upon the establishment of a wise system of imposts. Mr. Evans foresaw the beneficial fruits of the tariff he had framed; and to consummate its success, he brought all the energies of his mind, and the rich treasures of his experience and knowledge to bear upon the discussion. As has been said, he bore the whole burden of the contest, and met and refuted all the free-trade arguments of the greatest and ablest in the opposition. Messrs. Wright, Calhoun, and Benton, particularly distinguished themselves by determined opposition to the principles of the bill; while its details were examined and scrutinized with great power of analysis by Messrs. Woodbury and Buchanan. But Mr. Evans was fully equal to all the demands made upon his knowledge and experience as a political economist and statesman. The readiness and power with which he repelled the assaults of these distinguished opponents of the measure, and illustrated the national advantages to be derived from its adoption, will be long remembered by those who had the privilege to be present at the discussion.

In March, 1842, Mr. Evans made an elaborate and instructive speech upon the resolutions of Mr. Clay, relating to the revenue and expenditures of the government, and the necessity of augmented duties upon imports. It was a subject that had long engaged the attention of Mr. Evans, and he brought to its discussion a mind thoroughly informed upon all branches of political economy. The speech was regarded as one of the ablest

of the session. Mr. Clay himself, in a second speech on the resolutions, after eulogizing in glowing terms, the arguments that had been made on the same side, remarked, that he hoped he might, without any unjust discrimination, particularize those of his friend near him, (Mr. Evans) the chairman of the Finance Committee, whose able speech on the present occasion, went to demonstrate the correctness of the opinion, expressed in advance by Mr. C., that, if elevated to that high and responsible position, he would prove himself fully equal to its duties, and would discharge them in a manner conducive to his own honor and the advantage of the country." As further evidence of the estimation in which Mr. Evans is held by Mr. Clay, it may be stated that, when he was inquired of why he declined to be placed at the head of the Finance Committee, and insisted upon the appointment of Mr. Evans, his reply was, "Sir, Evans knows more about the tariff than any public man in the United States."

We are desirous to select from the speech upon Mr. Clay's resolution, some paragraphs as specimens of the terse and pregnant style of Mr. Evans. We have turned over its pages with that view, but really we cannot tell where to begin or where to leave off. The style is peculiar. You cannot detach any portion of the speech; and have it complete, or scarcely intelligible. As a whole, it is perfect in argument and illustration. But the parts are so dependent, one upon another, that it is hardly possible to make a selection that shall give the reader an adequate idea of the beauty, simplicity, and power of the effort. His style has been likened by one of our most accomplished literary men to that of Macaulay. Undoubtedly there is some resemblance; but Mr. Evans has the advantage in point of vigor and condensation.

Towards the close of the speech referred to, Mr. Evans, after insisting upon the necessity of immediately replenishing the treasury, proceeded as follows:—

"And now, sir, allow me further to state what, in my judgment, Congress is imperiously called upon to do, and when to do it. And our first duty, undeniably, is to provide for the immediate and pressing wants of the Treasury, and to save our public faith and credit. The government is, at this moment, as everybody knows, under protest. Liabilities are daily falling

due without the means to extinguish them. We must have money, if we would not suffer further disgrace, and have it forthwith. The case does not admit of delay. We ought, therefore, instantly to pass a loan bill in such form as to be efficient and available. This will enable us to redeem all the notes falling due, and give to the treasury aid for its ordinary operations; and, in the second place, to secure a successful and favorable negotiation of any amount authorized to be borrowed, we must follow, as speedily as possible, with a revenue bill, so framed as to ensure adequate revenue for the support of the government and the payment of the interest of the public debt, and for its final redemption. Without this, the fate of the loan may be doubtful, or the terms onerous. If we would restore and preserve our credit, we must show to capitalists, and to the world, that we are not living beyond our income; that we are determined no longer to borrow money for our daily expenses; that our resources are abundant for our wants. If this be done, we may expect a speedy and a favorable termination to the negotiations for the loan we may authorize. Both these bills ought to go out together, or in quick succession; both ought to pass within twenty days; and, if they should, what a new aspect would be given to our public credit, and new hopes, and encouragement, and confidence to the people of this country. But, sir, there is another measure, indispensable to the success of your revenue laws, and to both the measures I have adverted to, without which, it is much to be feared, all other measures will prove inadequate—I mean the restoration of a sound currency to the country. Without this, business cannot be resuscitated—trade must languish—commerce decline—and, whatever your scale of duties may be, revenue must diminish. If the state of the currency and of exchanges is to continue so deranged and disordered, necessarily our revenue must largely feel the effects of it; and hence, to the success of your revenue laws, I regard a restoration of a good currency indispensable. With conciliating dispositions, and wise, and temperate, and patriotic counsels, all this may be accomplished within sixty days; and what a shout of joy would not burst out from the hearts of this people, if such could be the result of our labors. The next object which I think demands the attention of Congress, is to provide and push vigorously our national defences. These, however important and indispensable they are, and lowering as may be the prospect of our foreign affairs, must, almost of necessity, be postponed to the other measures I have designated. Until public credit is restored, and a sure and adequate supply of revenue be secur-

ed, any attempt to push forward these costly structures of defence and protection must only end in still deeper embarrassment, and will finally prove unavailing. We must count the cost, and furnish the means, before we undertake that liberal expenditure for these objects which the interest and honor of the country undoubtedly demand. The last object which I would suggest as deserving our attention, at this time, is the retrenchment and reform in all branches of the public service, upon which so much has been said, and upon which such stress is laid. Some gentlemen, in my judgment, give undue prominence to this matter when they place it among the *first* duties incumbent on us. No doubt there are great opportunities for retrenchment; and perhaps some of the modes indicated in the resolutions before us are well worthy being adopted; but they are all, comparatively, minor matters. These are not the grievances of which the country complains. These are not the burdens which weigh down its energies, and which have buried its prosperity in the dust; and I would not waste upon them the time which ought to be devoted to other, and greater, and higher, and more sacred obligations. The country is looking on with astonishment and alarm, not to say indignation, at the comparatively trivial matters which have engrossed so much of the attention of Congress during this session. In the name of that country, let us postpone all minor concerns until the deep clouds which now overshadow it are dispersed, and the sun of its prosperity again pours down its golden beams to warm it into life, and strength, and vigor."

The session of '42-3 was not distinguished by the discussion of any new question, or contest about principles, or their application. The Whigs had a large majority in both branches of Congress; and having put into operation their system of measures, except where they had been thwarted by the Executive, sought to do nothing, but the indispensable business of the government. Most of this came under the supervision of Mr. Evans as Chairman of the Finance Committee of the Senate. The conduct, not to say treachery, of Mr. Tyler, had been such as to produce the strongest feelings of indignation among the Whigs; and many influential gentlemen in both Houses were constrained to resist his measures by every means in their power. Upon Mr. Evans devolved the delicate task of carrying through the measures necessary for the support of the government, and that too, against, in some instances, a majority of his own friends.

This duty was so discharged as to extort the admiration of the President and his cabinet, without offending or disaffecting any portion of the Whigs.

The very able Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Spencer, remarked to the writer that the country and the government were alike indebted to Mr. Evans,—that the government could not have gone on without the assistance of his ability and liberality during the whole session.

A new Congress assembled in December, 1843. The disagreement between the Whigs and Mr. Tyler had necessarily resulted in giving to the Democrats a large majority in the House of Representatives. The Whigs retained the preponderance in the Senate; but their numbers were considerably diminished. A concerted and determined attack was early projected in both Houses upon the system of imposts perfected in 1842, and which had been in operation but little more than a year. In the Senate the assault was led by Mr. McDuffie, one of the most zealous, able, and adroit opponents of the protective system in the country. The discussion lasted many days, involving the question of Free Trade *versus* Protection, in all its relations; and enlisted the powers of the principal orators on both sides in the Senate. It was the great debate of the session, and never has the subject been more thoroughly and ably illustrated. The chief burden of the debate on the Whig side was borne by Mr. Evans. He delivered two set speeches; the first was pronounced by Hunt's Magazine to be "one of the best digested and ablest arguments in favor of Protection delivered in Congress since the revival of the tariff policy."

To this speech Mr. McDuffie replied, and Mr. Evans rejoined in a masterly effort. For statistical research, elaboration of argument, variety and felicity of illustration, and true eloquence, this speech has been rarely excelled. It is a triumphant vindication of the wisdom of the protective policy. Though chiefly devoted to the dry details of figures and calculations, he was listened to with profound attention; and he imparted to every sentence an interest which is rarely produced except upon exciting or popular subjects.

We are strongly tempted to extract several portions of this speech, but admonished by our circumscribed limits, we

must content ourselves with a few sentences at the close.

"Mr. President, the honorable Senator, in his estimate of the advantages to be gained by the South from a separate confederacy, makes no account whatever of national strength and national renown. He forgets that ordeal of fire through which we passed in the establishment of our independence, and through which we could never have gone if we had not been united. The glorious past he leaves out of view altogether, while his ardent imagination revels in the brighter visions of the future. Let the separation of which he speaks take place, and that day, on whose annual return ten thousand times ten thousand American hearts beat higher and quicker—that day which first beheld us an independent nation—is to be blotted from the calendar. For the South, at least, it can bring no joyous recollections, no patriotic, heart-stirring emotions. The achievements of our ancestors are to be all forgotten. Camden and King's Mountain may indeed remain within the limits of the new confederacy—but none of the renown and the glory which attach to them will belong to it. All of gallantry, and prowess, and noble bearing which were then displayed, all of high renown, ever-during fame, honor, glory, there acquired, belonged, and ever will belong, in all history, to *United, United, United America*. It can never be divided—God grant it may never be obliterated and forgotten. No account is to be taken of the glorious spectacle which we have presented to the world, in the solution of the great problem of the capacity of mankind for self-government—no account of the great advance which has taken place in government, and the progress of free institutions, all over the world, from our example. The various events of our unparalleled revolution, the renown achieved in that momentous struggle—the veneration for the GREAT and GOOD, the patriots whose fame is our country's inheritance, the sacred bequest of liberty, unity, strength, purchased with so much blood and so much treasure, are all, all to be abandoned, all sacrificed, if, in the providence of God, so deplorable an event should occur, as that which the Senator, for the purposes of illustration, has supposed. But no, sir; none of these things will happen. I have no belief that the honorable Senator himself contemplates or desires such a calamity—I have no belief that his honored State entertains the slightest wish, the faintest hope, for a separation of our union. I am sure I should do him, and it, great injustice, to attribute such a purpose to either. No man is reckless enough to covet the fame, the eternity of infamy, which must await him who shall bring upon this happy land the desolation

and war which such an event must produce. The adventurous youth who undertook but for a single day to guide the chariot of the sun, paid for his temerity with the forfeit of his life. Happy will it be for him who, impelled by a mad ambition, shall kindle up our system in universal conflagration, to escape with so light a penalty. He will live, live in the reproaches and execrations of mankind in all time. He will live in history—not on the page where are inscribed the names of the benefactors of our race; not with the good, the wise, the great, but with the enemies of the liberties and happiness of mankind, with the oppressors of their race, with the scourges whom God has permitted to desolate nations, and to quench human happiness in tears and blood.

“Sir, we are one. We cannot be divided. We have a common country, a common history, common distinction, renown, pre-eminence. They all belong to one, and one only. We have common and mutual interests which bind us together, and which cannot be severed. Bands stronger than iron or steel hold us in indissoluble connection.

“One sacred oath has tied
Our loves; one destiny our life shall guide,
Nor wild, nor deep, our common way divide.”

In the protracted contest which terminated in the overthrow of the tariff system of 1842, and the substitution of the defective and incongruous bill of imposts prepared by the head of the Treasury Department and his incompetent subordinates, Mr. Evans led the debate on the Whig side of the Senate. He concluded his last speech on the tariff policy in the following terms:

“I have now discharged my duty. This is, undoubtedly, the last occasion which I shall ever have to address the Senate of the United States upon this subject. The period of my service in the public councils is drawing to its close. If my inclinations or my interests had alone been considered, it would have terminated before this time. I have had occasion frequently—quite too frequently—to address the Senate upon this subject. I bore some humble part in the enactment of the law of 1842, which is now to be overthrown. I exerted myself then, with what ability I could, against long, persevering, able opposition—and I have done so repeatedly since—in vindicating and upholding the policy of that act. I have done so now. But in all this, sir, I have had no personal ends to subserve—no selfish objects to gratify. I have no personal interests,

in maintaining the system which has prevailed, and for which I have labored. No one on earth, in any way connected with me, has any interest in its preservation, beyond what every good citizen of the country has, in seeing his fellow-men prosperous and happy, and his country rising in wealth and strength. To accomplish this, I have labored as I have labored. I have gained nothing—I expect nothing, personally. Well may it be said—

‘Sic vos non vobis, fertis aratra boves;’

for we have worked like oxen in the harness—not for ourselves, but for the interests of our country. If others have reaped and gathered in golden harvests from the fields which we have ploughed and tilled, I have no repinings—no envyings—no regrets—though I have gathered none myself. But I have this consolation, sir, this pride, this exultation, that I have labored in a just and honorable spirit of patriotism, for the good of my country. I see it, and I rejoice to see it, rising in strength, in wealth, in power. And it is to me—however feebly I have discharged any duties connected with it—it is to me, and it ever will be, a source of proud satisfaction that I have been, in a very humble degree, a fellow-laborer with others, in building up, and advancing, and upholding the interests, and happiness, and honor of this great people.”

In publishing this speech the intelligent and discriminating editors of the Boston Atlas remarked, “There is probably no man living who is better acquainted with the financial affairs of the country than Mr. Evans; and this speech has been commended as one of the very best ever made in the Congress of the United States on the subject of revenue.”

During the last session of Congress, the long illness of Mr. Lewis, Chairman of the Finance Committee, imposed upon Mr. Evans the chief part of the duties of that committee; and he discharged them in such a manner as to command the universal admiration of the Senate. His senatorial term closed with that session; and we can safely say that there was a general feeling of regret in that body at his retirement.

Although more than one half of his life has been spent in the public service, Mr. Evans has devoted much attention to the subject of education and literature, not only in his native State, but in other parts of the country. He is a trustee of each of the colleges of Bowdoin and Waterville, in Maine, and held the office of Regent of the Smithsonian Institute,

during the period required for its organization. His literary acquirements and services have been so far appreciated that the trustees of Washington College, Pennsylvania, at their last annual meeting, conferred upon him the degree of L.L.D. This is a matter of slight consequence, to be sure, but it is mentioned to show that his claims to public consideration do no rest exclusively upon political service.

We cannot conclude this hasty and imperfect summary of the principal events

in the public life of Mr. Evans, without expressing the hope that the country will not long be deprived of his services. If the State of Maine is so blind to her own interests and honor as to permit his withdrawal from the Senate, the great theatre of his usefulness, we are quite sure that the Kennebec District will insist upon his resuming his old station in the House of Representatives until 1849, when a Whig President will require his services at the head of the Treasury Department.

THE ELM-SYLPH.

BY H. W. PARKER.

A GRACEFUL young elm, with a maidenly form,
That swings in the sunlight and bends in the storm,
Has shaded my window for many long years;
And year after year its pavilion it rears—
Still grows with my growth and endures with my strength,
Till it folds me in shade as I lie at my length.
It whispers me dreams in the faint summer days,
And sprinkles my table with gold-dropping rays;
It sings me bland music through all the hush'd night,
And shows a sweet glimpse of the stars' stealthy light;
It curtains the glare of the impudent dawn,
And woos back the dusk like a shivering fawn.
Oh, long have I loved thee, my Elm—gentle Elm!
Thou standest as proud as the queen of a realm,
And winningly wavest thy soft leafy arms,
Like a beautiful maid who is conscious of charms.
Oh, oft have I leaned on thy rough-rinded breast,
And thought of it oft as an iron-like vest—
No breastplate of steel, but a corslet of bark
That hid the white limbs of my Joan of Arc!
Shout—shout to thy brothers, the forests, I said,
And lead out the trees with a soldierly tread;
Thou art armed to the teeth, and hast many a plume—
Then marshal the trees, and avenge their sad doom;
Enroll all their squadrons and lead out the van,
And turn the swift axe on your murderer—man!
But ah,—thus I said evermore,—the tall trees,
Though they shriek in the tempest and sing in the breeze,
Have never a soul and are rooted in earth!
They live and they die where they spring into birth;
The stories of Dryads are only a dream,
And trees are no more than they outwardly seem.

One night the wind blew with a murmuring plaint,
Like the wandering ghost of a heaven-banished saint;
It restlessly swayed by my window the tree
That told all its griefs and its joyings to me.

The moon, overspread with a white misty veil,
 Seemed quitting its grave, like a spectre-face pale;
 I looked at the elm, and I gazed at the moon—
 How long I know not—but I started, as soon
 A smooth little hand, with a velvet embrace,
 Took mine in its clasp—but I saw not a face;
 I saw but a hand stealing out from a branch,
 Whose leaves 'gan to wither, the rough rind to blanch,
 And soon all the trunk and the off-shoots to strain—
 To writhe and to swell like a serpent in pain—
 Or like the nymph, Daphne, when she was pursued,
 And, changed to a laurel tree, pantingly stood.
 An arm—lily arm!—and a neck—snowy neck!—
 And, lo, all the elm tree is falling a wreck;
 Like a butterfly's chrysalis, bursts all the bark,
 And forth as a sylph springs my Joan of Arc!
 Ye Gods! how she struggled and swayed, when the wind
 Blew hither and thither, and shrieked like a fiend:
 With the strong wind she wrestled, then flew to my side—
 Said silverly, "Haste with me!—now for a ride!
 O'er the breadth of a world, in a martial array,
 The forests are moving—so up and away!"

Away and away through the billowy air—
 One arm clasped around me, her long wavy hair
 Streamed back like a pennon of silk to the wind;
 As we left the still town and its glimmer behind.
 Away and away o'er the mountains and meads,
 I darted, upborne by no magical steeds,
 But buoyed by the hand of my glorying Elm,
 Whose wishes were wings that no storm could o'erwhelm.
 We paused in mid air, and "Look downward!" she cried,
 "O'er a battle-ground, now, like the eagles, we ride."
 I gazed and I quailed at the dizzying height,
 Made giddier still by the vagueness of night—
 But, gathering heart, the horizon I scanned,
 As it swept all about, like a maelstrom of land;
 Wide—wide as eternity, towered its bound,
 And, deeper than hell, all the world spun around!
 Then nearer and slower it wheeled to my sight,
 As we sank gently down from the wildering height.
 It ceased, and, ye Gods!—what a vision I saw,
 As I looked down intently with shuddering awe—
 The forests were marching with far-shaking tread,
 As if ages of men had been raised from the dead;
 Interminable armies—a dark moving throng—
 Were crossing and wheeling and pressing along,
 And ranks upon ranks they were stretching afar,
 Till they shone by the face of a just setting star.
 Down, down we alighted, the Elm-sylph and I,
 On a mountain that lifted its bare summit high.
 And why are yon trees on these thunder-scarr'd rocks?
 And why does the giant one shake his green locks?
 "'Tis the Emperor Elm!" said the sylph as she kneeled,
 "And he marshals the trees to a stern battle-field!"

I gazed at the Shape, and it seemed both to be
 A warrior king and a towering tree,
 That strode like a god, looking loftily down,
 And royally nodding his broad leafy crown.

I saw all his gestures, but heard not his words,
 As he gathered around him his counselling lords :—
 A willow that bowed with its courtliest grace ;
 A birch with its ruffles and silvery lace ;
 A veteran oak and a tall gallant pine,
 Who spoke of the Danube, the Elbe, and the Rhine ;
 A rough, stalwart hemlock ; a cedar bedight
 With helmet and lance, like a chivalrous knight ;
 A chestnut and maple and sycamore old,
 In red autumn dresses, emblazoned with gold.
 I heard their low murmur and little beside,
 Till the Emperor Elm, with a hurrying stride,
 Advanced to the brink of the rock's giddy brow,
 And waved his broad hand to the forests below.
 " Halt !—halt, and attend you !" he shouted aloud,
 And a hush smote along the tumultuous crowd,
 Like a surge circling out where a Titan had hurled
 An Alp into seas that engirdle a world.
 " Halt !—halt, and attend ye, my gallant array,
 And list to the words that I hasten to say.
 No longer to stand like insensible mutes,
 It is given us to-night to unloosen our roots—
 To wield our lithe arms, to step forth at our will,
 By valley and mountain, by river and rill.
 The term of our bondage and groaning is o'er ;
 We start from our sleep with tempestuous roar,
 And while the pale nations lie closer and cower,
 And mutter of storms, 'tis the Trees' waking hour.
 We fight not each other, with man's demon lust,
 But one common foe let us trample to dust.
 For men, with the axe and the furious fires,
 Have slain us and lighted our funeral pyres ;
 They have sawn us asunder, they pile up our bones,
 And call them their cities, their temples, their thrones :
 They drink from our skulls, or, invoking the breeze,
 They ride in our skeletons over the seas ;
 They pierce us with shot, and they make of us wheels
 To drag the hot cannon where red Battle reels.
 Oh, curs'd be the traffics we help them to wage,
 And curs'd be the ages of man's bloody rage !
 Battalions, stand firm !—for the dawn breaks afar
 That will startle the world with the earthquake of war.
 Await ye the watchword—then pass it around,
 Till the rim of the heavens bend aside at the sound ;
 Keep close in your ranks, troop, squadron and square,
 Then rush like the whirlwinds engulfing the air,
 On cities and palaces fearlessly fall,
 Crush the homesteads of mortals by hearthstone and hall !
 Oh, rich is the blood that shall deluge the earth,
 And sweeten the soil that has nursed us to birth !"
 He ceased. Like the roar of the triumphing sea,
 When it surges aloud on a far distant lee,
 Re-echoed applauses ran rattling away
 Wherever the listening wilderness lay.
 The Elm-spirit rocked on the shuddering air,
 That loosened and lifted her beautiful hair,
 As she clung to my arm, and extended her hand
 Where circled the billowy ocean of land.
 I looked, and the daylight was brightening the scene,
 And changing the landscape from duskness to green ;
 The forests seemed watching with myriad eyes,
 Awaiting the war-cry to shout and to rise ;—

A flush on the hills and a flash on the streams,
 And the sun has arisen with far-slanting beams!
 "Advance!" and "Advance!" is the shout in the air,
 And thousands of scimitars mingle their glare;
 The Imperial Elm—lo, he leaps from the rock!—
 The forests are stepping with deafening shock—
 A sentinel aspen has tremblingly fled—
 Dense volumes of dust to the heavens are up spread.
 Ho!—ho!—what a drumming of wings in the air,
 What a howling of beasts from their down-trampled lair,
 What a screaming of birds as they hurry away—
 No need of the gong and the trumpet to-day!
 On, on rush the forests in dust-rolling gloom,
 Like a gathering universe summoned to doom;
 My Soul!—they are climbing this mount's dizzy height—
 Save—crush me, ye rocks, from the terrible sight!
 * * * * *
 My storm-riven Elm tree!—ah! little I deemed
 Thou wert slain by my side as I heedlessly dreamed.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

"As drives the storm, at any door I knock,
 And house with Montaigne now, or now with Locke."

POPE'S IMITATIONS OF HORACE.

"No entertainment is so cheap as reading, nor any pleasure so lasting."

LADY M. W. MONTAGUE.

"Come with me to our town, where I can furnish you with more than three hundred books that are the delights of my soul and the entertainment of my life."—DON QUIXOTTE.

THE weather has been dull and cheerless for several days past, but, as we look from our window, the grass has a tender, lively green, and the beds are full of flowers. We look around at our books, those eloquent, though silent friends, and think how many hours of heart-felt delight we have passed in their company. We have lived in a world of books, pictures, and love, the only true ideal, and now placidly thank God for all the enjoyments that have been lavished on us. The room where we are writing this is a delightful one, well filled with the deathless productions of deathless minds, or, as Bacon nobly expresses it, the images of men's wit and knowledge remain in books, exempted from the wrong of time, and capable of perpetual renovation. There are also some fine prints on the wall, and that one from Hobima, "The Rural Village," has a quiet, country, sabbath-like air, and Ruben's "Waggoners," and "The Going to Market," and Both's "Banditti Prisoners," are all engraved in the highest style of art by Browne, the best landscape engraver, we think, that

the world has produced. He gives the force of the painting. You can almost peel the bark from the trees, and the branches wave as if feeling the influence of the breeze. We prefer engravings like these to ordinary paintings. There, over the table you see a likeness of William Godwin, and he looks as if he *could* write "An Enquiry Concerning Political Justice," and "Caleb Williams." When Northcote had finished the likeness from which this print is taken, he vauntingly said, "I have immortalized Godwin." Vain boast, for the names of Hazlitt and Godwin will preserve the former reputation of Northcote, for even now the mass of his pictures have fallen into oblivion, beyond the hope of redemption. The world is too rich to pay attention to inferior productions, too wealthy in books, and paintings, and sculpture, to dandle sickly attempts into an unreal and unhealthy bloom. We pass our eye along the shelves and exclaim, What shall we read? we must select some good-natured author, one whom we love as much personally, as in his books; one who often forgets the

trade of authorship and is proud of his humanity. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." Ah, there is Cowley, who once thought, and called himself "melancholy," because disappointed in his hopes by the dissolute and ungrateful Charles. It was but a momentary feeling. We like to read Cowley in the old folio editions; they look as ample and generous as his own nature was. Charles Lamb, in a letter to Coleridge in 1797, has this passage, "In all our comparisons of taste, I do not know whether I have ever heard your opinion of a poet very dear to me, the now out of fashion Cowley. Favor me with your judgment of him, and tell me if his prose essays, in particular, as well as no inconsiderable part of his verse be not delicious. I prefer the graceful rambling of his essays, even to the courtly elegance and ease of Addison, abstracting from this the latter's exquisite humor." Lamb remarks in his "Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading," "the sweetest names and which carry a perfume in the mention, are, Kit Marlowe, Drayton, Drummond of Hawthornden and Cowley.

The preface to the edition of 1665 contains some fine passages. He observes there is nothing that requires so much serenity and cheerfulness of spirit, as writing—it must not be either overwhelmed with the cares of life, or overcast with the clouds of melancholy and sorrow, or shaken and disturbed with the storms of injurious fortune; it must, like the halcyon, have fair weather to breed in. The soul must be filled with bright and beautiful ideas, when it undertakes to communicate delight to others. "The truth is, for a man to write well, it is necessary to be in good-humor." Cowley's free and independent spirit filled him with the desire to go to America, "not to seek for gold, or to enrich himself with the traffic of those parts, but to bury himself in some obscure retreat, but not without the consolation of letters and

philosophy." It was always his warmest wishes that he might be the master of a small house and a large garden, and dedicate his life to them and the study of nature; and he confesses that he loves littleness in almost all things, a little convenient estate, a very little feast, and he thought if he fell in love again, it would be with prettiness rather than majestic beauty. In this publication he rejected the pieces he wrote at school, from the age of ten till after fifteen, for he says, "even so far backward there remain yet some traces of me in the little footsteps of a child."*

Cowley was the most popular poet of his day, and Waller the next. Dryden was not yet famous, and the delicious minor poems of Milton, though read and praised by many of the finest minds in England, and "great in mouths of wisest censure," had not as yet made him known to the people. The year that closed the eyes of Cowley beheld the appearance of earth's noblest poem, "Paradise Lost."

Cowley was the posthumous son of a grocer; but his mother, with untiring exertion, gave him an excellent education, which enriched a mind and heart already by nature, modest, sober, sincere, and guided by gentle affections and moderate desires: she lived to the age of eighty, and was happily rewarded in seeing her son eminent. When but a boy he displayed a taste for poetry; and a volume of his poems was published in his thirteenth year. He had an early relish for Spenser's *Fairie Queene*—a copy of which used to be in his mother's parlor. During the unhappy troubles between the King and Parliament, he was a zealous royalist, and went with the queen-mother to France; and was sent on various embassies, and always displayed tact, skill, and energy. His letters, at these periods, were manly, concise, and to the point. He deciphered the correspondence between Charles and his queen—an office of the highest trust and honor—which, for some years, took

* "To him no author was unknown,
Yet what he wrote was all his own;
He melted not the ancient gold,
Nor with Ben Johnson did make bold
To plunder all the Roman stores
Of poets and of orators.
Horace, his wit and Virgil's state;
He did not steal but emulate;
And when he would like them appear,
Their garb, but not their clothes, did wear."

up his entire time daily, and some two or three nights in a week. When the Restoration came, Cowley expected, and with justice, some post or reward for his diligent and valuable services, and hoped to be made master of the Savoy; but his claims were passed by with the most supercilious coolness—the court had taken offence at his Ode to Brutus, and his comedy of the Cutter of Coleman street, produced after the Restoration, where the recklessness, jollity, profusion, and miserable shifts and contrivances courtiers and cavaliers were put to, are depicted in strong and vivid colors. The court looked upon it as a satire. Cowley was too honest to falsify history; and had too much sense not to know that a comedy to be attractive, must be a faithful representation of human nature. The disappointment was keenly felt, and he turned his face to the green fields, balmy air, the woods, musical with the song of birds, and to “weeds of glorious feature” to lull the throbbing heart, and cool the fevered brow. He had been absent ten years from his country, much of which had been passed in danger and anxiety; and he was now turned beyond forty—a period when we are reminded that there is no fooling with life, and more carefully watch the sand as it drops

through the glass, He felt the need of quiet and repose.* How exquisite is his parallel between the country and city. “We are here among the vast and noble scenes of nature; we are there among the pitiful shifts of policy: we walk here in the light and open ways of the divine country; we grope there in the dark and confused labyrinths of human malice: our senses are here feasted with the clear and genuine taste of their objects, which are all sophisticated there, and, for the most part, overwhelmed with their contraries. Here, pleasure looks (methinks) like a beautiful, constant, and modest wife; it is there an impudent, fickle, and painted harlot. Here, is harmless and cheap plenty; there, guilty and expensive luxury. I shall only instance in one delight more, the most natural and best natured of all others, a perpetual companion of the husbandman; and that is, the satisfaction of looking round about him, and seeing nothing but the effects and improvements of his own art and diligence; to be always gathering of some fruits of it, and at the same time to behold others ripening, and others budding; to see all his fields and gardens covered with the beauteous creatures of his own industry; and to see, like God, that all his works are good:

* These verses of *Randolph's* would have fitted his mouth as he left London.

“Come spur away,
I have no patience for a longer stay,
But must go down
And leave the chargeable noise of this great town:
I will the country see,
Where old simplicity
Tho' hid in grey,
Doth look more gay
Than foppery in plush and scarlet clad.
Farewel, you city wits, that are
Almost at civil war;
'Tis time that I grow wise when all the world grows mad.
More of my days
I will not spend to gain an idiot's praise;
Or to make sport
For some slight puny of the inns of court.
Then, worthy Stafford, say,
How shall we spend the day?
With what delights
Shorten the nights
When from this tumult we are got secure;
Where mirth with all her freedom goes,
Yet shall no finger lose
Where every word is thought, and every thought is pure.
There, from the tree
We'll cherries pluck, and pick the strawberry;
And every day
Go see the wholesome girls make hay,
Whose brown hath lovelier grace
Than any painted face
That I do know
Hyde Park can show.

On his heart-strings a secret joy doth strike."

Through the friendship and aid of Lord St. Albans and the Duke of Buckingham he obtained the lease of some lands belonging to the queen, worth about £300 per annum, and retired to Chertsey.* The people of the neighborhood, whom Cowley expected to find all innocence and simplicity, like the shepherds described in *Sir Philip Sydney's Arcadia*, turned out to be quite different from all that he had anticipated. He could get no money from his tenants, and they turned their cattle into his meadows nightly, to his loss and annoyance. He complained of these inroads in a letter to Dr. Thomas Sprat, dated May 21, 1665, at Chertsey; this letter, and one to John

Evelyn, a man of elegant tastes and disposition, we think are the only remains of Cowley's printed correspondence. How deeply is this to be regretted. Sprat, his biographer, says, that his letters to his friends were excellent; "in these he always expressed the native tenderness and innocent gaiety of his mind," and yet Sprat, from a false modesty, neglected to publish them. We can conceive no letters to have been more delightful than those of Cowley; and we base our opinion upon the easy and graceful style of his prose essays; his frank, charming nature, and enlightened, vigorous, healthy intellect; doubtless they would have compared favorably with the epistolary genius of Gray and Cowper. The letters of distinguished men always possess a greater

* *Howitt*, in his "*Rural Life of England*," has the following eloquent passage, descriptive of the Golden Grove, kept by James Snowden, at the foot of St. Anne's Hill, Chertsey—

"Who does not know it that loves sweet scenery, sweet associations, or a pleasant steak and pipe, or a tea-party on a holiday of nature in one of the most delicious nests imaginable? Yes! there is a nice old village inn for you; and such a tree! There you have a picture of the Golden Grove, all in a blaze of gold, somewhat dashed and dimmed, it is true, by the blaze of many suns,—but there it is, in front of the inn, and by the old tree. The inn, the hanging gardens, and orchards; the rustic cottages scattered about, the rich woods and splendid prospects above, the beautiful meadow and winding streams below; why, they are enough to arrest any traveller, and make him put up his horse, and determine to breathe a little of this sweet air, and indulge in this Arcadian calm, amid these embowering woodlands. And where is he? Below, in those fair meadows, amid those cottage roofs, and orchard trees, rises the low, square, church-tower of Chertsey: Chertsey, where Cowley lived and died; and where his garden still remains as delicious as ever, with its grassy walk winding by his favorite brook; and the little wooden bridge leading into the richest meadows; and where his old house yet remains—saving the porch pointing to the street, which was taken down for the public safety; but the circumstance and its cause are recorded on a tablet on the wall, with this concluding line—

'Here the last accents flowed from Cowley's tongue.'

"You, then, poetical or enthusiastic traveller, or visitant, tread the ground which Abraham Cowley trod in his retirement; and what is more, you tread the ground which Charles James Fox trod in his retirement. The hill above is St. Anne's,—conspicuous through a great part of Surrey, Bucks, Herts, and Middlesex; delightful for its woods and for its splendid panoramic views, including the winding Thames, *Cooper's Hill*—celebrated by *Sir John Denham*—Hampstead, Highgate, Harrow, and mighty London itself; but still more delightful to the patriotic visitant, as the place where Fox retired to refresh himself for fresh struggles for his country. It is a place which Rogers by his pen, and Turner by his pencil, have made still more sacred. Who does not know the lines of Rogers, in his poem of *Human Life*, referring to Fox:

"And now once more where most he wished to be,
In his own fields, breathing tranquillity—
We hail him—not less happy, Fox, than thee!
Thee at St. Anne's so soon of care beguiled,
Playful, sincere, and artless as a child!
Thee, who wouldst watch a bird's nest on the spray
Through the green leaves exploring, day by day.
How oft from grove to grove, from seat to seat,
With thee conversing in thy loved retreat
I saw the sun go down! Ah, there 'twas thine
Ne'er to forget some volume half divine,
Shakspeare's or Dryden's—through the chequered shade
Borne in thy hand behind thee, as we strayed:
And where we sate, (and many a halt we made,)
To read there with a fervor all thine own,
And in thy grand and melancholy tone,
Some splendid passage not to thee unknown,
Fit theme for long discourse. Thy bell has tolled.'"

interest than their more finished writings; we see them in undress, and become acquainted with their daily habits and thoughts. We copy the letter to Evelyn, as it displays the easy natural intercourse that subsisted between two accomplished men.

“BARN ELMS, *March 23. 1663.*

“Sir,—There is nothing more pleasant than to see kindness in a person for whom we have great esteem and respect: no, not the sight of your garden in May, or even the having such an one; which makes me more obliged to return you my most humble thanks for the testimonies I have lately received of you, both by your letter and your presents. I have already sowed such of your seeds as I thought most proper, upon a hot-bed; but cannot find, in all my books, a catalogue of those plants which require that culture; nor of such as must be set in pots; which defects, and all others, I hope to see shortly supplied, as I hope shortly to see your work of horticulture finished and published; and long to be in all things your disciple, as I am in all things now, sir, your most humble, and most obedient servant, A. COWLEY.”

In another place he writes:—

“I know nobody that possesses more private happiness than you do in your garden; and yet no man who makes his happiness more public by a free communication of the art and knowledge of it to others. All that I myself am able yet to do is only to recommend to mankind the search of that felicity which you instruct them how to find and enjoy.

Happy art thou, whom God doth bless
With the full choice of thine own happiness;

And happier yet because thou’rt blest
With prudence how to choose the best;
In books and gardens thou hast placed
aright

(Things which thou well dost understand,
And both dost make with thy laborious
hand.)

Thy noble, innocent delight:
And in thy virtuous wife where thou again
dost meet

Both pleasures more refined and sweet;
The fairest garden in her looks,
And in her mind the wisest books.”

D’Israeli, in *The Literary Character*, makes mention of an original letter of the poet’s to Evelyn, where he expresses his eagerness to see Sir George Mackenzie’s *Essay on Solitude*, for a copy of which he had sent all over town without obtaining one, being “either all bought up or burnt in the fire of London.” “I am the more desirous,” he says, “because it is a subject in which I am most deeply interested.”

We judge Cowley’s retirement, upon the whole, to have been happy. He enjoyed it about seven years. He cultivated his garden; attended to the duties of his farm; wrote his *Essays*, imbued with a thoughtful, cheerful philosophy, dwelling on the pleasures of a country life, the dangers surrounding a court; fondly informing us of his tastes, hopes and wishes; giving us a truer insight into his favorite books, with all the winning communicativeness of the dearest friend. We seem to sit by him as he is writing, and perceive and do full justice to a man so natural, easy and equable. We eat some fruit of his own raising, and he points out to us a bunch of flowers that he had gathered in the morning, with the dew on them, before he went out into the fields; and now the sun is falling in broad masses on the golden stubble, the harvest has been gathered in, and he, with a quiet and contented eye, is gazing out on the landscape and the sky; and a bird, on a bush whose branches almost touch the low window, is pouring out liquid notes till the air rings, as he sways himself to and fro on a slender twig. “The plough was nearing the end of the furrow.” He caught cold while out among his laborers, which he neglected at the time, and in two weeks his mortal career was at an end. He was buried between the tombs of Chaucer and Spenser. His appearance was very prepossessing: he had a mild, gentle expression of face, flowing locks, a round full neck, and he wore his collar open. His residence at Chertsey has a pleasant, antiquated, rambling appearance. Such a house and grounds as described by Leigh Hunt would have exactly suited the fancy of Cowley:

“I know full well

What sort of house should grace my garden-bell—
A good old country lodge, half hid with blooms
Of honied green, and quaint with straggling rooms,
A few of which, white-bedded and well swept,
For friends, whose names endeared them, should be kept

Of brick I'd have it, far more broad than high, }
 With green up to the door, and elm-trees nigh; }
 And the warm sun should have it in his eye.
 The tiptoe traveller, peeping through the boughs
 O'er my low wall, should bless the pleasant house,
 And that my luck might not seem ill-bestowed,
 A bench and spring should greet him on the road

My grounds should not be large; I like to go
 To Nature for a range, and prospect too,
 And cannot fancy she'll comprise for me
 Even in a park, her all-sufficiency.
 Besides, my thoughts fly far; and when at rest,
 Love, not a watch-tower, but a lulling nest.
 But all the ground I had should keep a look
 Of Nature still, have birds' nests and a brook;
 One spot for flowers, the rest all turf and trees;
 For I'd not grow my own bad lettuces.
 I'd build a wall, however, against the rain,
 Long, peradventure, as my whole domain,
 And so be sure of generous exercise,
 The youth of age and medicine of the wise.
 And this reminds me that, behind some screen
 About my grounds, I'd have a bowling-green;
 Such as in wits' and merry women's days,
 Suckling preferred before his walk of bays.
 You may still see them, dead as haunts of fairies,
 By the old seats of Killigrews and Careys,
 Where all, alas, is vanished from the ring,
 Wits and black eyes, the skittles and the king."

As we are writing a rambling, gossiping essay, we will give the *wishes* of a few more poets that we think the reader will be pleased with. The next is from Green's "Spleen," a poem that has been eulogized by Aiken, Hunt, Hazlitt and Sir Egerton Brydges. Green was a man of tried probity, sweetness of temper and refined manners. Thus he models his desire:

"Two hundred pounds half-yearly paid,
 Annuity securely made,
 A farm some twenty miles from town,
 Small, tight, salubrious, and my own;
 Two maids that never saw the town,
 A serving-man not quite a clown,
 A boy to help to tread the mow,
 And drive, while t'other holds the plough;
 A chief, of temper formed to please,
 Fit to converse and keep the keys;
 And, better to preserve the peace,
 Commissioned by the name of niece:
 With understandings of a size
 To think their master very wise.
 May Heaven (it's all I wish for) send
 One genial room to treat a friend,
 Where decent cup-board, little plate,
 Display benevolence, no state.
 And may my humble dwelling stand
 Upon some chosen spot of land:
 A pond before, full to the brim,
 Where cows may cool and geese may swim;
 Behind, a green, like velvet neat,
 Soft to the eye and to the feet;

Where odorous plants in evening fair
 Breathe all around ambrosial air."

Now follows Bryan Waller Proctor, a true poet and man.

"Now give me but a cot that's good,
 In some great town's neighborhood;
 A garden, where the winds may play
 Fresh from the blue hills far away,
 And wanton with such trees as bear
 Their loads of green through all the year,
 Laurel and dusky juniper;
 So may some friends, whose social talk
 I love, there take their evening walk,
 And spend a frequent holiday.

And may I own a quiet room,
 Where the morning sun may come,
 Stored with books of poesy,
 Tale, science, old morality,
 Fable, and divine history,
 Ranged in separate cases round,
 Each with living marble crowned.
 Here should Apollo stand, and there
 Isis, with her sweeping hair;
 Here Phidian Jove, or the face of thought
 Of Pallas, or Laocoon,
 Or Adrian's boy Antinous,
 Or the winged Mercurius,
 Or some that conquest lately brought
 From the land Italian.
 And one I'd have, whose heaving breast
 Should rock me nightly to my rest,

By holy chains bound fast to me,
 Faster by Love's sweet sorcery.
 I would not have my beauty as
 Juno or Paphian Venus was,
 Or Dian with her crested moon
 (Else, haply, she might change as soon),
 Or Portia, that high Roman dame,
 Or she who set the world on flame,
 Spartan Helen, who did leave
 Her husband-king to grieve,
 And fled with Priam's shepherd-boy,
 And caused the mighty tale of Troy.
 She should be a woman who
 (Graceful without much endeavor)
 Could praise or excuse all I do,
 And love me ever.
 I'd have her thoughts fair, and her skin
 White as the white soul within;
 And her fringed eyes of darkest blue,
 Which the great soul looketh through,
 Like heaven's own gates cerulean;
 And these I'd gaze and gaze upon,
 As did of old Pygmalion."

Of Cowley's poetry, we like his Ana-
 creontics the best; they are full of ani-
 mation and spirit, and run along "with
 wanton heed and giddy cunning," and
 appeal both to the fancy and the heart.
 He rivals the poets of antiquity in ease
 and elegance. "The Chronicle" is unique
 in its kind, for it is said of Cowley that
 he was in reality never in love but once,
 and then had not confidence enough to
 declare his passion.

"Margarita first possest,
 If I remember well, my breast,
 Margarita first of all;
 But when a while the wanton maid
 With my restless heart had played,
 Martha took the flying ball.

Martha soon it did resign
 To the beauteous Catherine.
 Beauteous Catharine gave place
 (Though loath and angry she to part
 With the possession of my heart)
 To Eliza's conquering face.

Eliza to this hour might reign,
 Had she not evil counsels ta'en;
 Fundamental laws she broke,
 And still new favorites she chose,
 Till up in arms my passions rose
 And cast away her yoke.

Mary then and gentle Anne
 Both to reign at once began,
 Alternately they swayed;
 And sometimes Mary was the fair,
 And sometimes Anne the crown did wear,
 And sometimes both I obeyed.

Another Mary then arose,
 And did rigorous laws impose;
 A mighty tyrant she!
 VOL. VI.—NO. I.

Long, alas! should I have been
 Under that iron-sceptered queen,
 Had not Rebecca set me free.

When fair Rebecca set me free,
 'Twas then a golden time with me.
 But soon those pleasures fled;
 For the gracious princess died
 In her youth and beauty's pride,
 And Judith reigned in her stead.

One month, three days and half an hour
 Judith held the sovereign power.
 Wondrous beautiful her face!
 But so weak and small her wit,
 That she to govern was unfit,
 And so Susanna took her place.

But when Isabella came,
 Armed with a resistless flame,
 And the artillery of her eye
 Whilst she proudly marched about,
 Greater conquests to find out,
 She beat out Susan by the bye.

But in her place I then obeyed
 Black-eyed Bess, her viceroy maid,
 To whom ensued a vacancy.
 Thousand worse passions then possest
 The interregnum of my breast:
 Bless me from such an anarchy!

Gentle Henrietta then,
 And a third Mary next began,
 Then Joan, and Jane, and Audria,
 And then pretty Thomasine,
 And then another Catherine,
 And then a long "et cetera."

But should I now to you relate
 The strength and riches of their state,
 The powder, patches, and the pins,
 The ribbons, jewels, and the rings,
 The lace, the paint and warlike things
 That make up all their magazines.

If I should tell the politic arts
 To take and keep men's hearts;
 The letters, embassies and spies,
 The frowns, and smiles, and flatteries,
 The quarrels, tears and perjuries,
 Numberless, nameless mysteries;

And all the little lime-twigs laid
 By Machiavel, the waiting-maid,
 I more voluminous should grow
 (Chiefly if I, like them, should tell
 All change of weathers that befell)
 Than Holinshed or Stow.

But I will briefer with them be,
 Since few of them were long with me.
 A higher and a nobler strain
 My present emperess does claim,
 Heleonora, first o' the name,
 Whom God grant long to reign."

Johnson, for a wonder, appreciated the flavor of "The Chronicle," and has expressed his admiration in nervous and sparkling language. He says that it is a composition unrivalled and alone; such gaiety of fancy, such facility of expression, such varied similitude, such a succession of images, such a dance of words, it is vain to expect except from Cowley. His strength always appears in his agility. His volatility is not the flutter of a light, but the bound of an elastic mind. His levity never leaves his learning behind it; the moralist, the politician and the critic mingle their influences even in this airy frolic of genius. To such a performance Suckling could have brought the gaiety, but not the knowledge; Dryden could have supplied the knowledge, but not the gaiety.

Sir Egerton Brydges preferred Cowley's prose style to that of Addison, and thought that there was nothing more beautiful in the English language, both in matter and style, than his Essays; and Leigh Hunt thinks that there is not a more companionable thing of the sort for a lounge on the grass. Hazlitt, among Cowley's serious poems, liked "The Complaint" best, and praises the Odes to Vandyke, the Royal Society, and to the latter Brutus, and thought that his Essays were among the most agreeable prose compositions in the language, being equally recommended by sense, wit, learning, and interesting personal

history; and that his portrait of Cromwell, for truth of outline and force of coloring, might vie with the masterpieces of the Greek and Latin historians. It was the opinion of Campbell, that, had Cowley written nothing but prose, it would have stamped him a man of genius and an improver of the language.

Cowley's character appears to us to be as delightful as his writings. His intercourse with the world—and that principally carried on in courts—never impaired the sweetness, simplicity, and clear-sightedness of his nature. He had for his daily companions a cheerful heart, an innocent conscience, and "the lineaments of gospel books." His integrity and independence never left him. The friends he made in youth were his friends to his premature death (for such we cannot help calling it), at the age of forty-nine, although he had accomplished much and enjoyed much.* His Essays have the impress of an enlightened, observing intellect; and the child-like affection and implicit faith with which he displays his inmost thoughts, make him worthy to be read and admired with Horace, Montaigne and Rousseau.

"With flowers, fit emblems of his fame
Compass your poet round;
With flowers of every fragrant name
Be his warm ashes crowned!"

G. F. D.

O M O O .

It was in an unguarded moment that the writer of these lines was drawn into promising an article for the issue of sultry midsummer. A lovely afternoon in the middle of June, he was walking alone in a grove, meditating and breathing the sweet air, when the Editorial Power met him, and from that hour to this his soul has not known peace. Had we reflected that all the days of the interim were to be equally inviting—that the fields were to be as green and fragrant as the valleys of Tahiti, and more refreshing in their fragrance, since the odors of our own

country summers are wafted from the Sabeian shore of childhood—had we bethought ourselves that we must take from our afternoons so many hours out of the prime of the year—we could hardly have been so rash, to oblige any Editorial or other Power, ever so pen-compelling—not even stern Necessity. But Omoö seemed so easy—the fancy so naturally loves to wander away to those fair islands whither the romance of nature has been gradually banished—that it appeared the lightest task that could be, to run off a few pages giving a common-

* He was the friend of, and beloved by, Evelyn, Sir Kenelm Digby, Sir Henry Wootton, Harvey, Vandyke, and Hobbes.

place estimate of its merits, and selecting some of the most striking passages, after the approved custom of reviewers.

Here, again, we deceived ourselves; for upon re-reading the book, we find that what we wasted a couple of hours over very agreeably, is not strong enough to bear up a somewhat careful review, which it most certainly deserved, if it deserves anything, at our hands; so that we must look for a reason for taking so much notice of it as to write an article, rather in the interest with which it has been, and will continue for a while to be, received, by the readers of cheap literature, than by what we feel in it ourselves. Hence, we come to our task unwillingly; and were it not that something *ought* to be said respecting Omoo, more than has yet been, we should prefer almost any other subject.

Perhaps it is from this feeling that we have a difficulty in arranging our thoughts into order, and so beginning what we would say in the regular manner. In general, and at first, we can barely observe that we have read Omoo with interest, and yet with a perpetual recoil. We were ready to acknowledge that it was written with much power; that the style, though loose in sentences and paragraphs, was not without character, and the pictures it presented vividly drawn; yet we were ready to say, in the words of the old epigram—

“I do not like thee, Doctor Fell,” &c.

The reckless spirit which betrays itself on every page of the book—the cool, sneering wit, and the perfect want of heart everywhere manifested in it, make it repel, almost as much as its voluptuous scenery-painting and its sketchy outlines of stories attract. It is curious to observe how much difficulty the newspapers have had in getting at these causes of dislike. They are evidently not pleased with the book; but—as most writers would, sitting down to write a hasty notice of it immediately after running it through—the daily critics find nothing worse to say respecting it than that they do not believe it. Generally, all over the country, in most of the newspapers which we have seen, (and our opportunities are quite as extensive as any one could desire,) this has been the burden of the short notices of the press, where intended to be at all critical. And, generally, too, the reason for not believing in the truth of Typee's and Omoo's stories is not

given; but the writers content themselves with manifesting their incredulity in some *naïf* or querulous manner that is often amusing. They disbelieve, not so much on the account of improbability of the statements, as from the manner in which the statements are made. Even in the East, where every one fond of adventure has heard, time out of mind, whaling captains and retired boat-steerers tell just such adventures—and there is nothing after them so particularly marvellous in these books—we doubt if there are many readers of good perceptions who have more than a general belief in their truth. They lack *vraisemblance*, and though they are such adventures as might have been true, so much is out of keeping in the minor points of the narratives, and they are “reeled off” in such an abandoned spirit, that we cannot believe them. The writer does not seem to care to be true; he constantly defies the reader's faith by his cool superciliousness; and though his preface and the first part of the first volume are somewhat better toned, the reader does not reach the second without ceasing to care how soon he parts company with him.

To show what we mean by the want of keeping in the details of his narratives, let us reach out a hand and open the first volume we touch, at the first page that comes. Here it is—page 202, vol. 2d. The author is describing a sail to a ship in the harbor of Tahiti, which he and his companion, “Doctor Long-Ghost,” undertook to make in a canoe, so small that it was christened the “Pill-Box,” by the other sailors.

“Assuming the command of the expedition,” he says, “upon the strength of my being a sailor, I packed the long doctor, with a paddle, in the bow, and then shoving off, leaped into the stern; thus leaving him to do all the work, and reserving to myself the dignified sinecure of steering. All would have gone well, were it not that my paddler made such clumsy work that the water splattered and showered down upon us without ceasing. Continuing to ply his tool, however, quite energetically, I thought he would improve after a while, and so let him alone. But by and by, getting wet through with this little storm we were raising, and seeing no signs of its clearing off, I conjured him, in mercy's name, to stop short and let me wring myself out. Upon this he suddenly turned round, when the canoe gave a roll, the outrigger flew overhead, and the next moment

came rap on the doctor's skull; and we were both in the water."

Now, if ever the reader has seen a rattling young fellow come on the stage, in a low comedy or farce, and dash off a soliloquy in the riant style, about his feats at racing, boxing, &c., we think, if he calls to mind the impression, it will strike him as no bad parallel to the *spirit* of this paragraph. Whoever, for instance, has seen Mrs. Hunt, at the Park Theatre, play in the Eton Boy, or any of the successors of Tyrone Power in their favorite dashing Irish characters, will not, we fancy, be at a loss to discover the likeness. We seem, as we read the sentences, to hear the tone of Sir Patrick O'Plenipo or Morgan Rattler. Every sentence is so smart, and comes off with such a tang; the easy yet impetuous impudence takes the reader by surprise, and for a moment he cannot help joining in the laugh with a capital good fellow who enjoys himself so much. Hence, on the stage, all this overflowing exhilaration passes off very well; once or twice we like it, in a new piece, for its own sake; all afterwards is the mere secondary critical enjoyment of estimating the merit of the actor—the same with that of a wine-connoisseur, who sips champagne only to exercise his judgment. But when it is continued through two volumes, and appears on almost every page, one begins to weary of it even at the first, and before the end to lose his respect for a writer who can play the buffoon so deliberately. Hence, we could never read those long modern Irish novels and sketches, Charles O'Malley, and the rest. Every sentence goes off with a pop, which with many readers renders such writing very popular; but for our own part, we soon become tired of so much firing of blank cartridges. The liveliest wit, the quickest humor, the most biting satire, are those which are used with an earnest purpose, and we like not that a man should give himself to the work of writing a whole book, in whatever manner, without showing us some such earnestness in his own character. It will not do for ships that carry a great cloud of canvas to go too light; even Punch would soon founder if he were not so hearty a radical.

But it is not in its spirit alone that this paragraph is a fair sample of the carelessness which every page of Omoo exhibits. If we turn back to the 27th page of the first volume, where this "Doctor

Long-Ghost" is introduced, it is said "he quoted Virgil, and talked of Hobbes of Malmesbury, beside repeating poetry by the canto, especially Hudibras. He was moreover a man who had seen the world." "He had more anecdotes than I can tell of—then such mellow old songs as he sung—upon the whole Long-Ghost was as entertaining a companion as one could wish; and to me in the Julia, an absolute god-send." We fear the Doctor himself could scarcely return the compliment paid him in the last sentence. His cool young friend whom he entertained so much, afterwards gets home and writes a book in which he contrives to represent him as playing Pantaloon to his own Harlequin, whenever he mentions him. Is it likely that the Doctor, as he is here described, could have been so simple as he is sometimes shown, and so shrewd as he is seen at others? A man of the world, a good story-teller, full of jest, a jolly companion, is one half the time depicted as a sort of Dominie Sampson, or mere foil to set off the author's smartness, while the other half he appears in his original shape. Take him for all in all, he is an impossible monster, a battered wooden Soldan, whom our Sir Oliver Proudfoote has set up in the garden of his fancy to breathe himself upon. He has no keeping, and is no more a character than those singular creations of the melodrama, who are formed by the necessities of the story, who have nothing to do but to conform to the exigencies which gave them birth—to be tragic or comic, natural or extravagant, as occasion requires.

This same want of keeping appears not more in our author's character drawing, and in the course of his book taken at large, than in the minute particulars of his narratives. He makes always a striking picture, and, as we skim rapidly over one after another, it does not always occur to us at first to question the truth of the details. But when we come to look at them through a second reading, these details are seen to be thrown in with such a bold disregard of naturalness and congruity as one could never put on who was painting from the actual. For example the story of the upsetting the canoe continues thus:

"Fortunately we were just over a ledge of coral, not half a fathom under the surface. Depressing one end of the filled canoe and letting go of it quickly, it bounded up, and discharged a great part of its con-

tents; so that we easily baled out the remainder and again embarked. This time my comrade coiled himself away in a very small space; and, enjoining upon him not to draw a single unnecessary breath, I proceeded to urge the canoe along by myself. I was astonished at his docility, never speaking a word, and stirring neither hand nor foot; but the secret was he was unable to swim, and, in case we met with a second mishap, there were no more ledges beneath to stand upon. 'Drowning's but a shabby way of going out of the world,' he exclaimed, upon my rallying him, 'and I am not going to be guilty of it.'

Now the reader will observe that there is certainly some keeping in these two paragraphs—this, and the one before quoted. The jester, singer, story-teller, jolly companion, our poor Doctor, is made to behave with the same Parson Adams-like simplicity in both cases. But consider a moment the likelihood of such a series of incidents happening as here set down: Here are Typee and the Doctor, on shore, going to steal out to a ship in the little canoe called the Pill Box; now, though a craft with that name might have been deemed safer for himself by the Doctor, yet, seeing he could not swim, one would suppose he would have some misgivings, lest the two *pills*, or one of them, might be rather suddenly administered to the sharks, and would naturally have mentioned the fact of his not being able to swim to his companion. They had been cronies together a long while; the Doctor was a free man; he could not have been so weak as to risk his life by concealing, from mere pride, a want of ability nobody is ashamed to own, when a confession might have in part at least avoided such a risk. No, he would have told Typee, before they started, that he could not swim. "Typee, my boy," he would have said, "avast there, my hearty! Shiver my topsails, but I can't swim—can't (he could quote Hudibras) 'dive like wild fowl for salvation,' that is, to save myself. So be careful." The reader may put it to his common sense, after reading Omoo up to that page, whether the Doctor could not and would not have made known, in some way, his inability before starting—or at least after the first capsizing, when they were about to push out into deep water—and if he had, or had not, would he have "coiled himself away," as stated, and would Ty-

pee have been astonished at his docility until, at some indefinite period afterwards, Typee, sly dog, found out *the secret* was he could not swim? It would appear from the sentence, by the way, that it was Typee who never spoke; but that may be an error of the press—the book has faults enough without noticing such ones.

This analyzing a single paragraph may seem but mere flaw-picking and fault-finding, but *ex uno*, etc. we may learn almost the whole of the book, and where a single brick is sandy and crumbly, and most of the bricks in a house are so also, it is fair to exhibit a single brick as a specimen of the materials of which the house is built. Now we readily see that this little sketch of the canoe voyage represents two men in a dramatic position; one a wit, the other an oddity. We can run through fifty such incidents done up in the same way with interest and pleasure, just as we can sit through and enjoy Don Cesar de Bazan, or any other impossible compound of wit and stage effect; only we wish not to have this sort of writing forced upon us under any other than its own proper name. It is mere frothy, sketchy outlining, that will bear the test of comparison with nature as little as would scene painting or the pictures on French paper hangings. If Typee were to tell his stories as he does, in the witness box, he would be a poor lawyer who could not make it evident to a jury that they would not stand sifting; his readiness and flippancy might make a brief impression while he was giving his evidence in chief, but it would take no very rigid cross-examination to bring him into discredit.

The truest pictures of nature will bear examination by a magnifying glass; but a painter is not expected to give daguerreotype likenesses. Neither is a writer of narrative expected to put in all the incidents of a matter; for the history of the most tedious day of our common life would fill a folio; but he is to follow nature so far as he can and so to suggest the rest that we shall seem to see the actual as he saw it. This there are many ways of accomplishing. Some writers go far into detail and yet are full of the truth-seeing eye—the imaginative power; others have this power with less of detail. Shakspeare could paint a whole landscape, yea, and make it more vividly real than even if it were depicted on

canvas, in a few lines. "The heaven's breath smells woefully here!" one can scarcely read that description of Macbeth's castle without inhaling the breath, as in walking over the brow of a hill in summer, when the wind blows upward from new-mown meadows. De Foe is the commonly cited instance of excellence in the other or detailed style of descriptive writing. We have all taken the walk with him where the brook flowed "due East" and the whole country seemed like "a planted garden," yet the spell that was over us while we wandered into that delicious region, was not one that operated by startling flashes, but by a steady, constant influence—the low murmuring music that as we read on in him is ever falling with a gentle lull upon the mind's ear.

Now in either of these kinds of description, a writer who affects us as true, must have the *truth in him*; that is, he must have the ideal in his mind which he would paint to us, and must draw and color from that, without being led astray either by his chalk or his colors. He must mean to describe faithfully what is before his mind's eye at the outset, and must so control his fancy and so use his language that neither shall mislead either himself or his readers, aside from his purpose. In this tedious process of writing and compelling the fancy to dwell upon far-off scenes, despite the temptations of the present, despite the glory of nature that is around us, despite of mortal heaviness, care, passion, personal grief, what infinite trouble is it to keep the impatient spirit under due obedience! Even as we write these sentences, our thoughts are oftener away than they are upon this writing; somewhat has come over us with years, it matters not what, so heavily that we can no more lose ourself, as the phrase goes, "in our subject." Other minds may be more happily constituted, but one may observe that those who trust their fancy most and yield to it farthest, are most liable to be led astray by it. It is only the great poets who seem to acquire control in and by the very tempest and whirlwind of their passion. With what perfect recklessness, yet what perfect self-possession, wrote our Shakspeare and Milton! Flight after flight, bolder than was that of him who was borne of Dedalian pinions, is dared and accomplished till it seems as if their will were almost god-like, and gave birth to power. Many

times in running through a play of Shakspeare hastily, we have felt the same feeling that we experienced in hearing one of HANDEL'S mighty chorusses—a kind of mysterious awe at the near presence of such terrible, burning strength; to read the glorious comedy of "As you like it" rapidly, for example, affects us like going into the engine room of one of our great Atlantic steamers, when she is just starting (a homely comparison and one the reader is welcome to smile at if he cannot understand)—or standing by a railroad track when a heavy train is passing—any such exhibition of irresistible force and motion. This feeling we have when we let the play rush through the mind—thought crowding upon thought and all glowing and sparkling; but in the midst of this fiery tumult, if we read more carefully, the great genius as smiling and placid as the expression of the bust we have of him would tell us he was; full of playfulness, delicacy, gentleness. O for such mental discipline. But all the mathematics in all the colleges in New England could never teach it.

Nor shall we be likely to learn it of the author of Omoo. For this control and discipline of the fancy seems to us just wherein he fails. He has all the confidence of genius, all its reckless abandonment, but little of its power. He has written a very attractive and readable book, but there are few among those who have an eye for nature and a lively fancy, but who could write as good a one if they had the hardihood—if they could as easily throw off all fear of making the judicious grieve. Were he put to his confession, there is no doubt but he would own that, in drawing pictures, he does not rigidly adhere to a fixed image, something that he has seen or remembers; that he does not endeavor to present his first landscape in a clear, strong, rich light, but often, as his narrative grows road weary, lets it throw the bridle rein of strict veracity on the neck of his fancy, and relieve itself by an occasional canter. At any rate the passage we have quoted, and hundreds of others, are quite as satisfactory evidence that he does so as would be such an admission.

But let us thank the author for the good he has given us before further considering the bad. We have more sympathy with recklessness than with obedient diligence, since it is the rarer and more difficultly combining element of a

great soul. A man who seems to write without the least misgiving—who dares the high with a constant conceit—will carry his point where a modest one, with ten times the inert strength, shall fail. There are men that can live years and ruffle it with the gayest, eat, drink and wear of the best, and owe whomsoever they please, by mere force of countenance, while a nervous one, whom a lady's eye abashes, may be either starving in a garret, or slaving for the ambitious, who catch him with the chaff of friendship. We confess we have more respect for your Brummells, than for your Burritts, that eat their way up in the world by devouring lexicons. The latter are good creatures in their way, to be sure; they do all the hard work for us and deserve to gain all they strive after; nay, we do not object to a modest man, for a small party, but at all times and places, we most especially admire impudence—admire—the word is not strong enough—we “cotton” to it; we envy it!

And if the reader sees the spirit of envy coloring this article, let him attribute it to this feeling. We do most heartily envy the man who could write such a book as *Omoo*, for nothing disturbs his serenity in the least; he is always in a good humor with himself, well pleased with what he writes, satisfied with his powers, and hence never dull. It must be owned he has some ground for complacency. He exhibits, on almost every page, the original ability to be an imaginative writer of the highest order. Some of his bits of description are very fine, and that in the highest and most poetic way. For instance, this of the Bay of Hannamanoo:

“On one hand was a range of steep green bluffs, hundreds of feet high; the white huts of the natives, here and there, nestling like birds' nests in deep clefts, gushing with verdure. Across the water, the land rolled away in bright hill-sides, so warm and undulating that they seemed almost to palpitate in the sun. On we swept, past bluff and grove, wooded glen and valley, and dark ravines lighted up, far inland, with wild falls of water. A fresh land-breeze filled our sails; the embayed waters were gentle as a lake, and every blue wave broke with a tinkle against our coppered prow.”

Now, though “palpitate in the sun” is not a comparison that would spring up naturally in the mind of any but a wit, and though if the land-breeze blew fresh,

the *Julia* would have carried a “bone in her mouth,” instead of the waves tinkling against her prow, as they might do in a calm, yet, as we read fast, this is a fine little view. Another paragraph contains an example of the good things scattered through the book, and is still better. The author writes: “Concerning the cockroaches in the fore-castle, there was an extraordinary phenomenon for which none of us could ever account. Every night they had a jubilee. The first symptom was an unusual clustering and humming among the swarms lining the beams overhead, and the inside of the sleeping-places. This was succeeded by a prodigious coming and going on the part of those living out of sight. Presently, they all came forth; the larger sort racing over the chests and planks; winged monsters darting to and fro in the air; and the small fry buzzing in heaps, almost in a state of fusion.”

There is no doubt about the excellence of the exaggeration in this last line; it is “*maitai*”—the buzzing out-Bozes Boz. Nor will any one who has ever visited the between-decks of an old whaler, just after she has been smoked out, be disposed to deny the *truth* of this story.

There are hundreds of such happy expressions in *Omoo*, and as many passages of description as good, or better, than that we have quoted. It is an ably written book; so good, in fact, (in point of ability, we mean—of its moral tendency we shall speak presently)—that we are not pleased with it because it is not better. The author has shown himself so very capable of using a great style, and comes, at times, so near excellence, that we feel disposed to quarrel with him for never exactly reaching it. He is bold and self-contained; no cold timidity chills the glow of his fancy. Why does he not, before abandoning himself to the current of Thought, push out till he comes over the great channel of Truth? Or, not to speak in a parable, why does he not imitate the great describers, and give us pictures that will bear dissection, characters true to themselves, and a style that moves everywhere with the same peculiar measure?

Alas, *Omoo* finds it easier to address himself to the pit of the world than to the boxes. His heart is hard, and he prefers painting himself to the public of his native land as a jolly, rollicking blade—a charming, rattling, graceless ne'er-do-well. He meets no man, in all

his wanderings, whom he seems to care for—no woman whom he does not consider as merely an enchanting animal, fashioned for his pleasure. Taken upon his own showing, in two volumes, and what is he but what a plain New Englander would call a “*smart scamp*?”

The phrase is a hard one, but it is certainly well deserved. Here is a writer who spices his books with most incredible accounts and dark hints of innumerable amours with the half-naked and half-civilized or savage damsels of Nukuheva and Tahiti—who gets up voluptuous pictures, and with cool, deliberate art breaks off always at the right point, so as without offending decency, he may stimulate curiosity and excite unchaste desire. Most incredible, he style these portions of his stories, for several reasons.

First: He makes it appear always, that he was unusually successful with these poor wild maidens, and that his love-making was particularly acceptable to them. Now, if this had been so, we fancy we should have heard less of it. A true manly mind cannot sit down and coin dramas, such as these he gives us, for either others’ delectation or its own. It is nothing new to hear conceited men boast of their perfect irresistibility with the sex. “Oh, it is the easiest thing in the world,” we remember, one of these gentry used to say, *a la Mantalini*; “a woman is naturally cunning, now only you keep cool and you’ll soon see through her; a man must look out for *himself*, a woman for *herself*,” &c. This very person, as we happened to know, through a confidential medical friend, could no more, at that very time, when his conversation was in this lofty strain, have wronged a woman, than Charteris could have committed the crime for which he was hung. Since then, and confirmed by various other experience, we have always doubted when we hear a man, especially on a short acquaintance, and most especially in a book that goes to the public, pluming himself on his virility—letting it be no secret that he is a “very devil among the women.” Once, at a refectory in —, we were supping with a friend, when, the tables being full, there came a little, long-necked, falling-shouldered, pumpkin-faced young man, and took the end of ours. We exchanged a few words, and presently he dashed, without previous preparation, into a full confession of what he styled his “peculiar weakness,” in which, if we were to believe him, he

let out enough to show that he might have out-bidden the Satyrs, in Spenser, for the favors of Helena. Our friend, who has command of visage, drew him on till he could not help smiling at his own lies. We made inquiry, and learned afterwards that he was a sheriff’s clerk, or some such sort of thing, and that his name was Joseph.

Now, with a thousand such instances sleeping in the memory of years, we have no sort of confidence in the man who paints himself the hero of voluptuous adventures. Suppose any one of us—you or I, gentle reader—had been through the scenes Omoo depicts, we might—yea, even the best of us—have done as badly as he represents himself to have done; cast away from home and country, drifting about on the rim of the world, surrounded by license, and brimfull of animal health, we should very probably have made sad deviations from the “path of rectitude,” but should we have come home and *told of it*? On the contrary, we should have kept as dark about the matter as possible; and nothing but some overmastering passion or motive could ever have made us reveal it. Native manhood is as modest as maidenhood, and when a man glories in his licentiousness, it raises a strong presumption that he is effete either by nature or through decay.

And this remark leads to our *second* reason for doubting the credibility of these amours. Taking the evidence of imbecility afforded by the reason just given, in conjunction with all that Omoo would have us believe he did (for he does not speak out in plain words like old Capt. Robert Boyle), and it cannot be possible, without Sir Epicure Mammon’s wished-for elixir, that he could have the *physical ability* to play the gay deceiver at such a rate among those brawny islanders. This body of ours is very yielding it is true, and if a man resolutely sets his mind to imbrute himself he may go a great way; but a half year of such riotous life would have sufficed for one so proud of his exploits (if, indeed, this very display is not rather the result than one of the causes of a *blasé* condition—perhaps it is both).

Thirdly. We do not believe these stories, for the reason that those poor savage maids could not possibly have been such as Omoo describes them; they are not half so attractive. We have seen the drawings of Catlin, the elaborate French

engravings of the South American Indians, Humboldt, Deprez, also some of New Zealand and those of our Exploring Expedition, and never yet saw we a portrait of a female half so attractive as the dumpiest Dutch butter-woman that walks our markets. Time out of mind we have heard whaling-captains dilate on the Marquesan beauties, but we always reflected that they appeared under peculiar advantages to the eyes of rough men just from long, greasy cruises, being somewhat negligently clad and without any of the restraint of civilization. Omoo may titillate the appetites of many of his readers by describing how he swung in a basket for hours at Tahiti with "some particular friends of his," but he touches us not a jot. He is quite welcome to his "particular friends," they are not ours. The next stout boat-steerer that came along, with a rusty nail or a shred of an old bandana handkerchief, would disturb, we fear, our domestic felicity—knock us out of the basket, and go to swinging himself.

It seems necessary nowadays, for a book to be vendible, that it be venomous, and, indeed, venereous. Either so, or else it must be effeminate—pure, because passionless. The manliness of our light literature is curdling into licentiousness on the one hand and imbecility on the other; witness such books as Omoo, and the namby-pamby Tennysonian poetry we have of late so much of. Hence, authors who write for immediate sale are obliged to choose their department and walk in it. In some cases it is possible some have assumed vices which they had not, and in others affected an ignorance of temptation which was by no means their condition. We are willing to believe that Omoo is not so bad as he would have us think. He is merely writing in character, and it seemed necessary to pepper high. He may have more heart than he exhibits; and in a few months, when the last edition of his books has been sold, and all the money made from them that ever can be, he may repent him that he did not aim nobler. At the worst, he is no such chief of sinners that we need single him out for special condemnation. Have we not Don Juan? Is not the exhaustless invention of Gaul coining millions out of "nature's frailty?" When we consider the crimes of some of the modern novel-writers, Omoo seems but a "juvenile offender."

But we must not deal too leniently with him neither. That he is a Papanangi whose heart is set in him to do evil, appears no less by his glorying in his misdeeds, than by the spirit he manifests towards the Christian teachers of those ignorant pagans, whose vices he did all in his power to foster. The *blue shark* is on his forehead, and he is as palpable a barbarian as any tattooed New Zealander we ever saw stumbling, with jacket wrong side before and feet that till then never knew shoe, through the streets of New Bedford. He hates the missionaries. This is evident whenever he has occasion to mention them, and wherever there is room for a covert sneer at the little good they have accomplished. He was evidently afraid of them. It does not appear that he sought their acquaintance; but, from his whole way of speaking of them, the reader will not fail to gather the impression that he kept out of their way as much as possible. The spirit which he manifests towards them is what we should expect him to exhibit after his displaying his success with the damsels, "his particular friends." But the two spirits neutralize each other. A native of a Christian land, well-educated, and with a fair reputation for truth and veracity—that is to say, any man in his senses, with the common feelings of humanity, and worthy of belief, would have endeavored to make himself known to the missionaries, or indeed to any one in that remote and isolated spot who could speak English; on the other hand, a man who, under those circumstances, should not endeavor to make himself so known, but should prefer to associate with the savages, ought not to be entitled to credit when he speaks slightly of the results of missionary labor. That the missionaries have not done all things as wisely as they might, had they known more; that they have been, and are, in many respects wrong and in error, may be very true; but Omoo is not the man to tell us so. He, who, by his own confession, never did anything to the islanders while he was among them but amuse himself with their peculiarities and use them for his appetites, is not the one to come home here and tell us the missionaries are doing little or nothing to improve them. All he did tended to make them worse, and it would be out of character if he should have now a benevolent purpose in so coloring his narratives

as to make it appear that the missionaries are making them no better.

We are ourselves forced to believe the accounts of the good the missionaries have effected in far countries exaggerated. We cannot help thinking that in general, the men who most frequently abandon home and country and volunteer to spend their lives in teaching Christianity and civilization in those benighted lands, are not the best who might be selected out of enlightened society at large. Some that were our classmates and cotemporaries in college, are now, and have been for years, preaching to heathen nations in the far corners of the earth, and certainly, they were men, as we remember them, of all others, least likely to understand the untutored savage. They came from the workshop, and were educated by public societies; their minds were narrow; they had no tact; late in life they became suddenly religious, and in all their intercourse with men thereafter, they were right and others wrong. How well we remember some of them. Redhaired B——, as the students called him—a shoemaker, reclaimed from his way of life at the age of thirty-five—the most disagreeable man out of two hundred, opinionated, small, conceited, solemn and rigid; he milked the President's cow, studied hard, and was the terror of all the mirth-loving in the University. He is now, we believe, in Burmah. What such a man can do among the Hindoos, it is difficult to conceive. For there never was a *yankee* more inveterately bigoted to his own ways, and the ways of his own little sphere, in the whole world. We might particularize many more, and so vivid is our remembrance of many, and so strong our conviction that they were very, *very* far from being the best men that should be sent to spread the blessed influences of our religion among the nations who sit in darkness, that we should, we fear, in enlarging upon the subject, so far from exciting suspicion of any prejudice in favor of the beneficial effects of missionary enterprise, offend many of our readers by appearing to think too lightly of it.

Still, unsuitable as many of the teachers are who go out among the heathen, narrow, unreasonable, and unphilosophical, as may be their modes of conversion, and notions of goodness, they are at least sincere in their purpose of doing all the good they can. The poor natural-minded dwellers in the isles of the sea

may not happily, perhaps, be able to comprehend the sombre metaphysics of their teachers; but all that is most needful in them, all that leads to a better daily life, they can follow. They can have faith; they can be educated to know that the sins prohibited in the ten commandments are wrong; they can be taught many of the arts and a little of the refinement of civilization. Surely, the missionaries, they must see, mean better for them than do such wanderers as Omoo, and though the new ways are hard to conform to, they cannot be so ignorant as not to perceive that in general they are good. If but here and there one of a superior mind catch some glimpse into the sublime heavens of a future spiritual life, it is sufficient to be weighed against whatever mistakes their teachers may have fallen into.

In fine we cannot help believing the missionary influence to be much more beneficial than this book represents it—perhaps it is true that the lower orders of the people are afraid of the missionaries; the missionaries may have found it necessary to keep them so. Perhaps the whole condition of the people of Tahiti is still very bad, yet we will not believe it to have been so bad as he makes it appear, (alas, the island is now in the hands of the French!) We have ample ground for discrediting his evidence, from his own admissions, from the spirit he everywhere manifests in giving his testimony, and from the unreasonableness of his statements. It is to preserve the poor barbarians as much as possible from such as he tells us he was that the missionaries remain exiled among them, and all that they ever did learn of good has been through those pious, or it may have sometimes been fanatical, instructors. However defective the teaching, however misguided the enthusiasm, that has aided this work of benevolence, we cannot but have some confidence in the sincere endeavors of honest men. Seen through the pages of Omoo, the missionaries affect us like some mysterious baleful *presence*, some invisible power that delights in exercising arbitrary sway over the poor natives, without any adequate motive—it cannot be so. Men do not change their natures by sailing a few thousand miles over the rotundity of this orb. The missionaries did not go there to harass and torture people, and it is not in the nature of things to suppose that the climate affects their brains and

turns plain men and women into absolute fools. The contact of savage with civilized life, is always the worse for the former, and no nations have ever suffered more severely than the unfortunate Polynesians; it is a duty the enlightened of the earth owe those whose bodies they have poisoned with their fell diseases, to do all that can be done for their souls. Let us, therefore, have other subjects for satirical writing, than missionary ill success.

We have now finished the most of what seemed necessary to be said concerning Omoo. We first examined its merits as a piece of description, then considered it more especially with reference to its spirit, in what it leaves us to infer of the writer's intercourse with the natives, and what he tells us of their religious condition. We have felt obliged, as a conservative in literature, (and what true lover of literature is not one,) to say many severe things—the more severe, because they are against the tone and spirit of the book, and therefore apply more directly to its author. But if the reader will observe how cautious we have been to praise all that is good in the book, to the extent of making our article wear two faces, he will not suspect us of any malicious design. And if he will read the book itself, we have confidence that, notwithstanding all the extravagant encomiums it has received from the press, he will be ready to admit that we have not been studying to say the worst things of it that might be said, but only to estimate it fairly. The result of all we have said only brings us back to the remark with which we commenced, viz: that Omoo is a book one may read once with interest and pleasure, but, with a *perpetual recoil*. It is poetically written, but yet carelessly, and in a bad spirit. Of the truth of this general estimate of its merit the reader will judge for himself.

But there is one more point, before leaving it on which a word or two may be said, with some chance of good effect. Some of the notices of it in the papers require a little notice themselves. Here, for example, is one from a Boston Daily:

“It has all the attractiveness of a book of travels, abounding in passages of wit, romance and poetry, and written with all the mellow elegance of style that characterized the author's ‘Typee.’ It cannot fail to be popular, and while in some respects, it resembles Mr. Dana's ‘Two Years before the

Mast,’ it is a much more racy and captivating work.”

Now it is not the business of a reviewer to furnish people with understanding, nor to teach common plain truths, upon which every reader ought to have clear and fixed opinions. But in this enlightened age, we have constantly observed a writer is in much danger of overrating the knowledge of the public. Here are many editors in various parts of the country, whose opinions would seem to be no clearer than those expressed above; they are men of some education; they read reviews; hence we hope the judicious will not feel grieved if we vouchsafe a word for their instruction. Briefly, then, Omoo is no more to be compared to Mr. DANA'S book, than is a rickety, ill-built cottage, such as we have plenty of in the vicinity of the city to a substantial mansion of fair proportion, such as one may catch glimpses of on distant hill-sides, when the cars are at speed. It is unfinished and unfurnished, wanting uniformity, tawdry, and comfortless. The portraits and pictures that hang on the walls are but daubs compared with the faces and landscapes in the other. Omoo has plenty of daring and recklessness, but not that steady, manly courage which would enable him to master an easy, rich flowing descriptive style. He flies like a lapwing; is always rising and falling; we cannot feel secure with him. His best descriptions, though clear and vivid, will not bear close inspection, and do not seem colored with truth. But in Mr. DANA'S narrative, it is not possible to doubt a single statement; we have heard it more praised for that quality than for any other, and that by competent judges; once in particular, at Edgartown, two summers ago, we remember with what emphasis a retired whaling captain said to us: “I have been all up and down that coast, and every word in that book is *true*.” Yet those who are capable of judging of style will see that its truth, its first, greatest, and best quality, is by no means its only excellence. It is a finished work of art and every page shows the trained mind and the manly intention. The style is plain at first, but, as the narrative proceeds, rises almost imperceptibly to eloquence, and to poetic effects of a far higher order than the dashy paragraphs of Omoo.

But, unfortunately, what Omoo says in one place of the Tahitians and the

missionaries has too much application to our public and himself. "The Tahitians," he observes, "*can hardly ever be said to reflect*; and so the missionaries give them *large type, pleasing cuts*, and short and easy lessons of the primer." He has himself evidently profited by his observations of the missionary system, and his success shows that large type and pleasing cuts, indifferently executed, are no less attractive here than at Papeete. An elaborate, quietly-written, artist-like work, will be rated by the general in the same catalogue with one that is a mere sketchy thing of the hour. It is very true, and one may see it in other arts, as well as in writing, that it is only the coarser parts of the most refined works that are understood, and that one who chooses to obtain credit, with the vulgar, for excellence, may always do it if he will resolutely set his face backward. Time, however, is a great purifier, and it is refreshing to think how sure the world is, in the end, to find out the true and beautiful, and how tenaciously it clings to them when they are discovered.

We had intended, when we began this article, to have expatiated, somewhere in

the course of it, upon the glorious landscapes of those fair islands we all love to read of so well, and to have examined why it comes that the fancy so loves to roam among them. We meant to have enlarged upon the various respects that make calamity of life to poetically-disposed people in this wretched world of enterprise, and then to have observed how naturally we turn to a region of better promise. But this would have been forgetting that the actual world is much the same everywhere, and that here, although we may be unblest with hope and happiness, in mind, body, or estate, we are, on the whole, better off than we should be there; and we leave all such reflections to the reader, who, perchance, may never have been so wrought upon as to discuss with himself whether it were not better to turn renegade to civilization, and to whom, therefore, our speculations would seem but mere sentimental melancholy. We had rather he should rejoice with us at parting; there is cause to be merry; the sun is yet high, and the green fields and woody hills of West Hoboken are waiting for us.

G. W. P.

CHIEF-JUSTICE SMITH.

It is not until recently, amid the press of various engagements, that we have found time to glance over the handsomely printed pages of the "Life of Jeremiah Smith," drawn up, from authentic materials, by his kinsman, the Rev. Mr. Morison.* The high character of Judge Smith, as a jurist and statesman, was well known and appreciated beyond the narrow confines of his native State; and his biographer, although a relative as well as friend, appears to have done no more than simple justice to his memory. We therefore welcome Mr. Morison's book as a valuable contribution to a department of literature greatly neglected in this country, or, what is worse, grossly mis-appropriated. Of good biographers we have very few. *Biographia Americana* is yet to be written. Works we have, unfortunately, which are imperfect

and incomplete: garbled to suit the views sometimes of the biographer, sometimes of the party for whom he writes; presenting only one side of the picture, the light without the shade, and often degenerating into indiscriminate eulogy. Of such books we have a plenty, touching the lives and characters of men who really deserve remembrance, but whose memory is crushed beneath a load of panegyric, heartless as the cold inscription upon a lying monument. And we have scores of books annually thrust upon the public—"sacred to the memory of" country parsons, or village doctors, "whose fame has spread full twenty miles around." Nearly one-third of the only book that vaunts itself as the *American Biographical Dictionary*, is occupied by sketches and eulogies of men who have no claim to the remembrance

* Life of the Hon. Jeremiah Smith, L.L.D., Member of Congress during Washington's administration, Judge of the United States Circuit Court, Chief Justice of New Hampshire, etc. By John H. Morison. 12mo. pp. 516. Boston, Little & Brown. 1845.

of the world at large—who were perhaps honest as the world goes, devout in their several modes of faith, or skillful in relieving the ills that flesh is heir to—well enough in their proper places, but undistinguished above their neighbors, except by the poor notoriety which a scrap-book biography may chance to give. Strike from our biographical collections the long list of names of this character, and we would still present, for a young nation, a roll of great and good men, which may go far to excuse the national vanity of which we are sometimes rather unceremoniously accused. Add to our written biography the lives of some truly great men, whose history has been strangely neglected, through party violence or sectarian prejudice, and the vanity to which we have alluded might have just grounds for all its amplitude.

We knew Judge Smith of New Hampshire, although forty years our senior. We have seen him in the prime and vigor of his days, at the bar, on the bench, and in the chair of state; and his history is familiar to us. His family was distinguished for energy of character. His father and maternal grandfather were of the number of Scotch Presbyterians who abandoned their little colony in the north of Ireland, and sought a refuge from persecution in "the land where liberty dwells." They were of a hardy and stalwart race, distinguished for personal activity, industry, and thrift. They formed settlements at Londonderry and other places in New Hampshire, and were the first who introduced the manufacture of linen into New England. They were the first, also, who introduced the culture of the potatoe into New Hampshire.

The grandfather of Judge Smith, who died at Peterborough in 1776, at a great age, was among the sufferers in the celebrated siege of the city of Londonderry, and used often to recount the horrors of that siege. "He used to tell of watching for hours at a mouse hole, in the hope of catching a mouse for food; and he most eloquently described the intense anxiety they felt in the city, when, after nearly two-thirds of their number had died of hunger, they saw a frigate coming to their relief; the sinking of the heart when twice she had vainly tried to break the boom which had been thrown across the river; and then the violent change from despair to the frenzied bewilderment of joy, when, at the third at-

tempt, she finally succeeded and came up, bringing food to the starving inhabitants."

The father of Judge Smith is remembered as a "modest, discreet, and devout gentleman. No man in the infant settlement was more respected for the substantial qualities of mind and character. He was a justice of the peace, and, in 1774, a member of the first Provincial Congress in New Hampshire. In 1751 he married Elizabeth Morison, a woman of energy and spirit, and an excellent manager of household affairs, notwithstanding she could "keep the scold-a-going." As an illustration of the simplicity of their mode of life, it is mentioned that "two silk gowns which Mrs. Smith had before she was married, were the only ones she ever owned, and are now in the possession of her grandchildren. She never wore them, even to meeting, except on sacrament days, and when her children were to be baptized. Her linen aprons, the only article of finery worn by herself or daughters, were washed and plaited once a year. They were carried in the hand, put on as they were entering the meeting-house, and folded up in the last singing."

All the brothers of Judge Smith who lived to man's estate, were distinguished for their intellectual powers; and yet our biographer says, "If we may trust one who knew them fourscore years ago, there was not a more uncouth, impudent, hungry-looking set of lads in the town of Peterborough. They were great workers, and put to work almost as soon as they could walk. It was not an easy thing to provide food for seven such boys. To this day, in their native town, it is told, as the reason of their being so sharp-witted, that on returning one night from some frolic, they in the dark seized upon and devoured what they supposed to be a dry codfish; but their mother, the next day, wishing to make a cheese, was in great distress at the loss of her rennet!"

The career of Judge Smith was not distinguished above that of some of his cotemporaries in the Granite commonwealth; but possessing the shrewdness and sagacity characteristic of the true Scot, and a native vivacity, united with colloquial powers of the highest order, he acquired a wide influence in the councils, and among the people of his native State, and for a long period was the best living exponent of the faith and creed of

the long dominant political party, to whose original principles he adhered through life. He was a *federalist* of the school of Washington. It is principally in relation to his connection and influence with that party in New Hampshire, and the salutary judicial reforms which he was instrumental in effecting, that his history becomes interesting. The principal events of his life may be summed up as follows :

JEREMIAH SMITH was the fifth of seven sons in a family of ten, the children of William Smith, one of the first settlers of Peterborough, New Hampshire. He was born the 29th November, 1759, bred to the hardy and health-giving pursuits of agriculture, trained up in reverence for the ordinances of religion in the spirit of the early Presbyterians, and in early childhood imbibing the love of books, soon exhibited acquisitions far beyond those of his brothers, and other children of his age. His memory was retentive, in a remarkable degree, and the good minister of the place having occasionally listened in surprise to his prompt recitation of whole chapters in the Bible, at once conceived the idea that Jerry, as he was called, must be sent to college. "This boy," said he to the father, "must be made a minister, and you must bring him up to college." Thus by degrees it came to be understood in the family that he was to be educated for the ministry. He entered Harvard College in 1777. His academical preparation had been in part pursued at Hollis, in the family, and under the tuition of the clergyman of that place, who was a sample of the old Puritan stock, and professedly rigid in all customary observances. The annual fast-day in New England, which has been observed in the spring of the year from the first settlement of the country, was observed in olden time in literal abstinence from all food. The good clergyman of Hollis taught his congregation, and in his family professed to observe this rule. One evening before fast-day, one of his fellow-students said to Smith, "You had better lay in a good stock, for you will get nothing to eat to-morrow." He did not heed the warning; but when the next morning came, there were no signs of breakfast. He went to church, and came home half-starved and angry, as hungry lads are wont to be; but his anger and disgust could scarcely be restrained, when, through the half-open

door of the best room, he saw his reverend teacher devouring drop-cakes and custards! Judge Smith, in after life, used to relate this incident, and the deep impression it made upon his youthful fancy, as illustrating the difference between profession and practice, and how much easier it is to make pretences of pious living, than to live a holy life. From this hour his mind was prejudiced against entering the clerical profession.

When the news of Burgoyne's invasion reached New Hampshire, young Smith took it into his head to enlist for a two month's campaign in a company of volunteers from New Ipswich and Peterborough, commanded by Captain Stephen Parker. While on their march to join the army, a part of the company, under the command of Lieutenant Samuel Cunningham, fell into an ambuscade of tories. Cunningham, who was a man of address and courage, and who had the voice of a stentor, called out in loud tones to one of the officers to flank the enemy with his reserve, when the tories, supposing themselves to be outnumbered, precipitately fled. Young Smith fought bravely in the ranks at the battle of Bennington, got a scratch by a musket-ball in the neck, and with it enough of military experience. He used to say that the music of musket-balls he had no disposition to hear a second time.

After remaining two years at Harvard, Mr. Smith was entered at Queen's (Rutger's) College, in New Jersey, where he was graduated in 1780. Returning to Peterborough, he was for a long time deliberating as to his choice of a profession, and finally, in 1782, decided upon the study of the law. In the mean time he had busied himself in rural pursuits, and had so ingratiated himself with the people of the town, that in January, 1782, they elected him a delegate to the convention for adopting their State Constitution. He commenced the study of his profession at Barnstable, Massachusetts, afterwards taught school to recruit his finances, and completed his law studies at Salem. He was admitted to the bar of his native county in the spring of 1786. He was met at the threshold of his professional career by an opposition as singular as it was illiberal, but which nevertheless served to put him at once upon his mettle.

The bar rules of those days were more stringent than in later times, and the old lawyers, who were disposed to

think themselves entitled to a monopoly of the business, did not choose to treat with much favor the applications of new candidates for admission to the bar. After a rigid examination, however, Mr. Smith was found to be fully qualified in his studies; and after a good deal of shuffling it was found that the only objection that could be made was, that no certificate had been filed showing that his studies of the law had been for the full period required for admission to the bar. It was now the last day but one of the term, and the bar, unwilling to favor a new rival, rejected his application. Smith, determined not to be foiled by his opponents, who he knew had been more than usually rigorous, in his case, in enforcing the letter of their rules, immediately withdrew from the court-house. In less than half an hour he was on his way, on horseback, to Salein, where he procured the necessary certificate, and, by riding hard all night, returned to Amherst before the assembling of the bar on the next day, having the "evidence in his pocket" of his consecutive studies. He now applied for another meeting of the bar, but his request was haughtily refused. Conscious that he had now complied with the letter of the rules, and determined not to submit to what he looked upon to be a gross wrong, Mr. Smith promptly appeared before the court, and stating to their honors in respectful tones the treatment he had received from the bar, craved the interposition of the court. The judges at once, and unanimously, ordered his name to be enrolled as an attorney. This was a triumph to the young aspirant, and the story getting abroad, made him many friends among the people. The rage of the old lawyers was without bounds, and they scarcely refrained from insulting the court, in their desire to humble the young lawyer from Peterborough. But a speedy triumph awaited him. He went fresh and vigorous into the midst of his profession; the very next term gave him a full docket; he rose at once to the head of the profession in his native county; and the very men who had opposed his admission to the bar, were compelled to employ him to argue their causes.

Mr. Smith, from 1788 to 1790, represented his native town in the General Assembly of the State, and performed a valuable service upon a committee for revising the laws of the State. In 1792,

he was an active member of the convention which revised and perfected the Constitution of New Hampshire, which has to this day remained without change; for during the wild career of radicalism, which threatened, for a time, to set adrift all the cherished interests of the State, the people—to their praise be it said—still adhered with fondness, as the sheet anchor of their safety, to the good old Constitution of 1792. That the truly conservative principles of that excellent charter should have been preserved, unimpaired, during the disorganizing and corrupt state administrations which followed the advent of Jacksonism in 1829, is indeed a marvel, and we regard it as a pregnant sign that the people of New Hampshire, in a strong and steady majority, will ere long be found ranged with their natural brethren, the Whigs of the indomitable North.

Mr. Smith's political career commenced under the first administration of Washington. He was elected to the first Congress in 1790, and was a member of the second, third and fourth Congresses. He was a useful representative, observant, and faithful to his constituents and the country. When the two great political parties which originated on the adoption of the federal constitution, began to assume a bodily form in Congress, Mr. Smith was found with those who supported the Constitution, or the Federalists, as they were called, in opposition to the Anti-Federalists, or Democracy, which title the latter party assumed after the opening of the great drama of the French Revolution. He was the personal and intimate friend of Fisher Ames, and of Calcut, Gore, Harper, and others; and kindred views and associations soon placed him on the most pleasing footing with Jay, Hamilton, Marshall, Wolcott, and others of the great men of his time. He was honored with the respect and confidence of Washington and Adams, and continued to advocate, through life, the principles which he had heard expounded from the lips of the Father of his country.

Towards the close of the year 1796, Mr. Smith was chosen, almost without opposition, for the fourth term in Congress; but in July, 1797, having received from President Adams the appointment of U. S. Attorney for the District of New Hampshire, he resigned his seat in Congress, and settled at Exeter. Professional business poured in upon him, and public

honors followed him. In 1800, he was appointed Judge of Probate for the county of Rockingham. On the reorganization of the United States Courts, at the close of Mr. Adams' administration, Mr. Smith received the appointment of Judge of the Circuit Court of the United States. He entered with zeal upon his new duties, and was fast acquiring a high reputation as a jurist, when a new organization of the courts, after the accession of Mr. Jefferson, made for the express purpose, among others, of getting rid of what were termed the "midnight judges," left him out of office. He returned again to his practice at the bar.

Scarcely had Judge Smith closed his business as Circuit Judge, and re-opened his office at Exeter, before he was tendered the appointment of Chief-Justice of New Hampshire. The salary at that period, attached to this high office, was eight hundred dollars only, not a fourth part of the income which a lawyer of his standing could then command at the bar. He therefore, after mature deliberation, decided to decline the appointment, unless he could be assured that the Legislature would increase the salary. That body was soon to be in session, and the Governor held the commission in abeyance, until their pleasure could be known. It is worthy of note, as showing the estimate at that time placed upon the character and attainments of Judge Smith, that the Legislature, though the majority was opposed to him in their political opinions, raised the salary immediately to \$1,000, and soon afterwards to \$1,500 per annum. He entered upon his duties in September, 1802, and remained Chief-Justice until chosen to the Chief Magistracy, in 1809.

Party spirit in New Hampshire ran high, from this period until the close of the war in 1812. The high character of Chief-Justice Smith could not shield him from the fiery ordeal, when he came before the people as a candidate for office, and in the following year, the republican party succeeding under the ticket headed by JOHN LANGDON, Governor Smith again returned to the practice of his profession. His loss from the bench, where he was popular, was everywhere felt, and the weakness of the court which succeeded, was openly complained of by the people. In 1813, the federal party was again thrown into power in the State, and acting upon what they supposed to be the wishes of the people, adopted one of

those radical and violent changes, which often prostrate a political party. The laws which established the "Superior Court of Judicature" were repealed, and an act passed creating the "Supreme Judicial Court of New Hampshire." The operation of this proceeding was, to abolish the offices of the existing judges, and give to the dominant party the appointment of a new bench of justices. In making up the new bench, Arthur Livermore, who had been chief-justice of the old court, was retained as associate judge in the new, and Judge Smith, who had resigned his seat on the bench in 1809, to accept the office of governor, was again appointed Chief-Justice of the State. The remaining seat upon the bench of the new court was filled by Caleb Ellis, an eminent lawyer from the county of Cheshire.

This measure was assailed with great vigor by the republican orators and the press; inflammatory pamphlets and handbills were scattered broadcast over the State, and the popular clamor became general; not that a change had been made—for everybody admitted the necessity of a change—but at the mode of effecting it. The Constitution contemplates two modes only in which judges may be removed: impeachment, for crimes, or removal by address, for incompetency. The latter of these alternatives should have been adopted; and the cry of violating the Constitution would not have been raised. The new system, however, after some show of violence on the part of its opponents, finally, through the firmness of Chief-Justice Smith, went into successful operation, and was continued until the republican ascendancy was regained in 1816. In that year, the system of 1813 was abolished, and the old Superior Court, with some slight modifications re-established. It is worthy of note, however, that the constitutional objections, so freely urged in 1813, were wholly forgotten by the victorious party of 1816; and by refusing to restore either of the old judges with the old court, the republicans in effect justified their removal by the Federalists in 1813! We are not sure but that the radical precedent of the act of 1813, has been more than once followed by the radical democracy of New Hampshire since 1816. Men who were staunch federalists from 1813 to 1828, have since had paramount influence in the so-called democratic party of that State—and there is no class of men who

make so thorough, unscrupulous and uncompromising radicals as your renegades from old federalism.

Judge Smith returned again to the bar, and soon found himself engaged in a very extensive and lucrative practice. He followed his profession until 1820, when he retired with an ample though not large fortune. He spent the remainder of his life in a quiet and unostentatious retirement, preserving to the last his social qualities unimpaired, and those high social qualities which contributed to his own enjoyment, and the happiness of all around him. In conversation, Judge Smith had few equals. To the young and old, to the belles-lettres scholar and the man of science, and, above all, to his numerous female friends, he never failed to render himself agreeable. Few were so well acquainted with the private history and correspondence of distinguished men; and to have heard him converse upon the characters of those who lived in the most important eras of English and French history, one could hardly realize that he was not listening to a fellow-actor with the very persons described. Nor was he indifferent to the character of the great men of our own time. On the contrary, he scrutinized their acts, and acknowledged their merits, and discussed the bearing of their principles with interest, fairness and good sense. Indeed, it was a remarkable trait in his character that he kept close up with the spirit of the age. He never affected to consider the times in which he took an active part, as exclusively marked by patriotism or intellect; nor did he think every departure from the track to which he was used an improvident innovation. But he read and observed, with an honest intention to inform himself of the character of all improvements; and in this respect he wisely identified himself with the present instead of pining regretfully over the past.

Judge Smith died at Dover, New-Hampshire, on the 21st September, 1842, at the age of eighty-two years. The following inscription, prepared by his friends, DANIEL WEBSTER and GEORGE TICKNOR, graces the plain marble which denotes his resting-place:

“Here rest the remains of JEREMIAH SMITH: In early youth a volunteer in the cause of the Revolution, and wounded at

the battle of Bennington; afterwards a Representative in Congress by the choice of the People of New Hampshire, and an able and efficient supporter of the measures of Washington; a District Attorney of the United States, and Judge of the Circuit Court, by the appointment of Washington's successor; in years yet more mature, Governor of New Hampshire, and twice its Chief-Justice:—He was, at every period of his life, well-deserving of his country, by his courage, his fidelity, and his devotedness to the public service; equalled by few in original power, practical wisdom, and judicial learning and acuteness; surpassed in the love of honor, justice and truth by none. He was born at Peterborough, November 29th, 1759, and lived in Exeter from 1797 till a few months before his death, at Dover, September 21st, 1842; always most loved in those circles of domestic affection where he was best known; and always a Christian, both by his convictions and by the habits of a life protracted, in extraordinary cheerfulness and energy, to above fourscore and two years.”

The following estimate of the character of Chief-Justice Smith,* making every allowance for the partiality of private friendship, would suffice to establish his reputation as a jurist, were there no other memorials left of his career in his native State.

“Judge Smith's natural powers of mind were of a high order. With an ardent and excitable temperament, he acquired knowledge easily and rapidly. After he commenced the practice of law, he always indulged himself freely in miscellaneous reading and studies; and his attainments in literature and general knowledge were highly respectable. But the chief labor of his life was devoted to the study of the law. This he studied systematically as a science. As a counsellor and advocate, he soon rose to the first grade of eminence at the bar. Although successful at the bar, he was pre-eminently qualified for the office and duties of a judge. With an ample stock of learning, in all the various branches and departments of the law, well-digested and methodized, so as to be always at ready command, he united quickness of perception, sagacity and soundness of judgment. Disciplined by a long course of laborious study, he was able to bear with patience the most tedious and protracted investigations and discussions, to which a judge is so constantly subjected. The most distinguished traits of his character were impar-

* Drawn up by one of the greatest men of the profession of the law in New England, JEREMIAH MASON.

tiality and inflexible firmness in the performance of all his judicial duties. As Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire, he found a sufficiently ample field for the exercise of all his talents. Before the Revolution, little had been done in the Colony of New Hampshire to systematize the practice of law; and, for many years after the Revolution, lawyers were seldom selected to fill the bench of even the highest courts. The consequence was, that the practice and proceedings of the courts were crude and inartificial, and the final determination of causes depended more on the discretion and arbitrary opinions of the judges and jurors, than on any established rules and principles of law. This, of course, rendered legal decisions vague and uncertain—the most intolerable evil of a bad administration of justice, and but slightly alleviated by the highest purity of intention in the judges. To remedy this evil, Judge Smith labored with diligence and perseverance, by establishing and enforcing a more orderly practice, and by strenuous endeavors to conform all judicial decisions to known rules and principles of law. His erudition and high standing with the profession, as well as with the public at large, enabled him to effect much in this respect, and to his labors the State is greatly if not chiefly indebted for the present more orderly proceedings and better administration of justice.”

“With him,” says the present able Chief Justice of New Hampshire,* “there arose a new order of things. Those members of the bar who were diligent and attentive to their business were commended and encouraged, and those who were negligent were lectured and reprimanded. There was, of course, greater preparation on the part of the bar, and greater investigation and deliberation on the part of the bench.”

Mr. WEBSTER has been heard to say, that, “having practised in many courts, beginning with that of George Jackman,† and going up to the court of John Marshall, at Washington, he had never found a judge before whom it was more pleasant and satisfactory to transact business than before Chief-Justice Smith; that he had known no judge more quick in his perceptions, more ready with all ordinary learning, or possessing more power to make a plain and perspicuous statement of a complicated case to a jury.”

He added, that, “with Chief-Justice Smith, industry in preparation on the part of counsel, research into the points of law, and a frank and manly presentation of the whole case, placing it upon its true merits, without disguise or concealment, would go as far for the maintenance of truth and justice as with any judge he had ever known.”

A brief notice of the family of Judge Smith is all we have space to add, leaving some reflections upon the history of political parties in New Hampshire, which we had prepared, for a future number of the Review.

Judge Smith was twice married. His first wife was Eliza Ross, daughter of Alexander Ross, Esq., of Bladensburg, Maryland, to whom he was married March 8th, 1797. She died June 19th, 1827. His second wife, to whom he was married Sept. 20th, 1831, was Elizabeth, daughter of the Hon. William Hale, of Dover, N. H. The children of his first marriage preceded him to the grave; and one son, born to him in his old age, survives to inherit his name and property.

Judge Smith was the last of four brothers, who all died in the same year, and within a few months of each other. The first was the Hon. Samuel Smith, of Peterborough, N. H., at the age of seventy-five; the second was James Smith, Esq., of Cavendish, Vt., aged eighty-six; and the third, Jonathan Smith, Esq., of Peterborough, aged seventy-nine. They were all remarkably shrewd, clear-headed, strong-minded men, and respected in private and public stations. Samuel Smith was a Representative in Congress in 1813. He was one of the pioneers of manufacturing industry in New Hampshire, and, like most of those who first commenced the business in New England, sunk his fortune in the enterprise. During several of the latter years of his life, he gave his attention to historical researches. Regarding newspapers as containing the most minute and reliable history of the times that can be preserved, he toiled patiently for years in accumulating and perfecting files of those he considered the most valuable. In 1836, he informed the writer that he had formed files of *eighty different American newspapers,*

* JOEL PARKER, LL D.

† GEORGE JACKMAN was a Justice of the Peace for Mr. WEBSTER'S native county, in New Hampshire, who held a commission from the time of George the Second.

which were all systematically arranged, and were as perfect as they could be made. He had nearly completed files of almost every newspaper in New Hampshire, and also files of Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Washington newspapers. His collection at that time con-

sisted of more than *seven hundred and fifty volumes*, and we have been informed that the number was considerably increased prior to his decease. What a treasure to be laid hold of by some one of our Historical Societies!

TWENTY-SECOND EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN. 1847.

THE founders of the National Academy discovered as much discretion as liberality, in permitting its annual exhibition to be made an advertisement for portrait-painters; for they not only judged that portraits ought to be works of art, but that the walls of the exhibition-room ought to be covered with painted canvases. Only one objection, and that in the trivial matter of a name, appears in their arrangements. They should be called, not the National Academy of Design, but the New York Association of Portrait-Painters. The air of the Art Union is bucolic and rustic, that of the Academy domestic and refined. One represents the nursery, the stable, and the bar-room; the other as faithfully depicts the parlor and the concert. In the Art Union truthful pictures of the grossest and simplest forms of life attract us; in the other we are equally delighted with the airs of artificial society; both attain their true ends—they instruct while they amuse.

As the appearance of this notice is very nearly at the time of closing the exhibition, we may be permitted, without injustice to the great number of "meritorious gentlemen" whose works are in the exhibition, to mention only a few of the more remarkable pictures, with a view to some free remarks on the topic of art in general, for which they give us an opportunity.

Entering carelessly, and without a guide, we cast our eyes over a number of pieces, and, distracted among a crowd of excellences, fix the eyes at hazard on No. —, a picture entitled *Children in the Country*, by Peele. The face of the young girl has an expression of the most touching sweetness and simplicity. Her

attitude easy, but not slovenly, shows in the artist a feeling of that angelic modesty worshipped by the poets, striven for by the painters, and here, as in another picture of his,* successfully depicted by Mr. Peele. This artist certainly has grace and feeling in an eminent degree, nor is his design deficient; it is the want of good coloring, and of clear, practised drawing, which prevents him from great popularity. His figures are not substantial—he does not seem to draw them with a feeling of their internal anatomy. He rather *maps* them down. As for his color, nothing could have less depth; it is very raw, and though correct, shows very little tone. Greuse, a celebrated painter of the last century, and who excelled in the same field with this gentleman, would consider this beautiful design of Mr. Peele's as but just begun; he would repaint the whole twice over, if we may believe Merimé,† in order to produce the greatest mellowness and depth; but the final effect would be given by all the coats, each being thinly laid on. To paint in this manner requires time, but what can be more delightful than the result?

Passing into another room, we stood opposite a picture by Mr. Huntingdon, entitled "*Folly and Devotion*." A venerable figure appears reading from the Sacred Book; Folly, a buxom lass, looks about her as if expecting admiration: Devotion, fixed by the time and the occasion, listens with downcast eyes and in a modest attitude. Mr. Huntingdon has placed himself in the first rank in choice of subject; a particular too little attended to by modern artists, if we except those of Germany. A picture dealing with human character in the general

* The Angel's Whisper.

† Merime on Oil-Painting.

as in the work before us, requires a degree of art and knowledge impossible to be conceived by any who have not attempted it. The coloring of Mr. Huntingdon's picture, though often careless and unfinished, is agreeable and modest; by comparison it appears extremely good. He discovers a skillful use of glazings, and preserves a mellow tone.

Mr. Leutze's picture of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn, attracted a great deal of attention. Like his other works, it is rather composed than designed—a historical compilation on canvas; a remark not intended to detract from its peculiar excellences, but rather to distinguish it from such works as owe their force wholly to some one idea or passion; instance the Crucifixion of Raphael, or the Assumption of Titian—pictures in which the *motives* is single, and everything subordinate to a principal feature. Historical compilations, like those of Trumbull and Leutze, depend upon an inferior kind of interest, and lean more upon the observer. Mr. Leutze is here a miniature painter who designs scenes from history.

Among a number of excellent portraits by Elliot, we noticed some in which the imitation of natural hair was wonderfully successful, perhaps the most so possible; but the faces of this painter are not always clean. The complexion, for example, of the spirited portrait of Inman, is very smutty; the shadows have a look of being made with charcoal.

Mr. Page has two pieces in this exhibition, one a portrait, the other a design in the Italian taste. Both pictures discover all the excellences and defects of his peculiar method of coloring. They have a low tone, and are very yellow, apparently from the absorption of the thin coats of white with which he finishes his pictures. Mr. Page's method is well known, as he makes no scruple of communicating it. He begins by laying on a ground of red shadowed with black or blue black; a method in use by many European artists, both ancient and modern. He then produces all the effects of flesh that can be attained, with pure yellow laid over the red ground, avoiding, or only thinly coating the shadows. This yellow forms with the red a very fine orange, which is the true orange of the flesh. The finish with thin coats of white, completes the flesh tint; but, unless managed with great delicacy, leaves

it hard, and fading, though otherwise possessing all the qualities of perfect flesh. These defects may be remedied by after glazings and repetitions of processes. The method is perhaps the slowest possible, from the absorption of the outer coatings. A writer in this journal has asserted that the color will not be absorbed, being upon a white ground.* We are compelled to differ from that opinion, by the persuasion of time and observation. The yellow coatings *will* darken over the red, and the white over the yellow, the tone of the picture lowering itself to a certain pitch, as is most evident in Mr. Page's beautiful picture of the mother and child—an exquisite work, and discovering, certainly, a genius which places its designer among the first of living artists, but in which the appearance of age is most striking, the lights having so much fallen as to destroy the half tints and impair the balance of the picture.

The portrait, by the same hand, discovers the same excellences and defects. The tone of the flesh is very low, and much yellower than in a healthy skin. The shadows are blood-red, as if made by glazing a mixture of Venetian red and vermilion, with lake;—but the shadows in the human face never have that color, there being always a veil of the paler cuticle tempering their warmth.

Yet, with all their defects, the power of these pictures is surprising; and we observed, during many visits, that they attracted a constant and serious attention from the visitors.

As it was impossible to notice, in detail, all the good pictures, much less the good portraits of the exhibition, we have spoken of the few mentioned above, rather to call attention to higher departments of painting, and the spirit discovered by the more aspiring class of artists. By the pictures of Copley and Page, who learned their art in this country, by the proper study of it in its natural principles—by those of Allston, who studied in Italy, and gathered inspiration from the great masters, we are led to believe, that it is neither a sojourn in Italy, nor a patriotic staying at home, that will teach the painter his art. But that in either situation the man who knows his own ends, and is fired by an enduring and towering ambition, will

* Hints to Art-Union Critics, Am. Rev., December, 1846.

inevitably succeed, if he throws himself upon the study and imitation of natural effects: not slightly or in the general, but with a minute and faithful, if necessary with a stiff and officious, attention to the nicer secrets of color and expression.

The nature of colors, a science vaguely understood even by the most scientific—the effects of thin coats, which annihilate simple tints, and re-produce compounds of the most remarkable qualities—the effect of mixtures, inducing chemical changes, deterioration of lustre, opacity, and a vulgar dullness in some, and the reverse effects in others—the power of superficial blues, giving, ill-employed, dirty obscurity, well-employed an aerial lightness and purity—the use and choice of varnishes, a most important field of inquiry, for whose limits the work of Merimé may be advantageously consulted—of the change and sinking of colors by time, and the invention of methods to prevent it—of the different effects of shadows, as of pure black, browns and reds applied externally, or beneath the surface—let these topics of the art be investigated and determined, and a school of scientific and powerful colorists established among the ingenious and high-minded artists of America, nothing remains but the occasion, the subject, and the demand, for the production of great and permanent works, that shall stand without loss by the side of the best of European art.

Between the sciences and arts, there is this difference, that the first can be communicated to a dull intellect, and are transmissible in every particular by words; while in art there is a something not com-

municable, and depending on the facility and capacity of the learner. Hence, the inutility of foreign travel for artists who have not learned so much as the rudiments of painting or statuary. A young painter, who discovers that with a mixture of yellow and vermilion, and a few touches of blue, he can strike out a pretty, dashing face upon the canvas, is taken up by his friends and sent off to Italy. Arriving there he is astonished at his own presumption, and in a fit of awe falls to copying the great masters. He succeeds only in producing dull imitations of them, defective in drawing and color. "Here is a Raphael, there an Angelo," but *what* a Raphael! what an Angelo! These unfortunate and meritorious persons demand our pity. They are like boys, who attempting to speak can only declaim; their lessons have swallowed them up. A single grain of originality, on the other hand, occasions admiration and respect, and instantly lifts the artist into a sphere of liberty and credit. Suppose him a Morland, a Murillo, a Constable, a Titian, painting with assiduity from the *life*,—he produces for several years plain and stiff copies of the object, but exact, trustworthy, and of well-selected subjects. His works are not tainted with sentimentalism. He begins, in a manly fashion, at the lowest round of the ladder, and slowly and deliberately ascends. Such is the history of the great artists, and the great originals in most spheres. And what is an original, but a man who reproduces nature truthfully, in forms that show him to be in her confidence, and to know her beauties from her defects?

ODE FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1847.

I.

Forth from the willows, where the wind
 Hath sighed its saddest note to thee,
 Where breathings of a mournful mind
 Have made thy chords in unison to be,
 Come, O my harp! and wake thy cheerful strings,
 Make of thy gladdest song a joyous birth.
 'Tis thine to listen while the spirit sings,
 And echo forth the notes to all the earth.

'Tis thine the music of the soul to hear,
 The heaven-sent music in the poet's heart,
 And by the wondrous magic of thine art
 To make the strain be heard by every human ear.
 Come from the willows, harp!—a new, new song
 Waits on the wings of poesy to fly—

A new, new song, both loud and long,
 Its theme, among the highest, high !
 Breathe out the notes the sighing wind hath taught,
 No longer with the waving willows mourn ;
 For lo ! a joy to all the land is brought,
 Th' expected beams the waiting hills adorn.
 Rejoice, rejoice !—make every heart rejoice !
 The sun has given the glittering hills a voice.
 From east to west the glory flies away,
 Till all the land is glowing in the day.

II.

The sun is glancing o'er a nation's jubilee.
 The stars have set upon another year.
 The day, the holy day again is here—
 The day on which my country first was free,
 The day on which a nation it began to be ;
 And all is bright and happy yet.
 The story of the glorious past
 A million hearts are brooding o'er ;
 The tale is told from first to last—
 The tale our fathers told before,
 The story of the day we never can forget !
 And here and there a solemn prayer
 Is mounting through the blessed air ;
 And all that love the land are gay,
 Come forth in joy on this their country's natal day !

III.

The sun is mingling too *his* joy with ours,
 And sending smiles upon the smiling earth.
 Beneath his looks the snowy clouds have birth.
 The mists are mounting to the sky
 To join the glorious host above :—
 Upon the breast of heaven to lie
 And watch us with their face of love :—
 To look upon us in these joyful hours.
 The gaudy fields are all in rapture resting,
 The flowers are sparkling in a thousand vales,
 The leaves are fluttering o'er the hills and dales,
 Millions of singing things the air are breasting :
 All living things breathe freer in their play
 To welcome in—to bless—the holy day ;
 Shame to the heart that would not then be gay !

IV.

My country ! I would love thee, though
 A tyrant held thee in his arms,
 Though anarchy rode fiercely through,
 Clad with his worst alarms.
 I needs must love thee, mother ! whose warm breast
 Nourished my infant life and gave my boyhood rest,

E'en though in after years she raise the rod
 And drive me from th' embrace.
 A debt, as much a debt as that to God,
 Which nothing can efface—
 And though a warmer welcome may be found
 Upon a stranger ground,
 Still must the early love its vigils keep,
 Far in the heart's serene and changeless deep.
 But since thy early slumbers
 Were fed with peaceful numbers,
 When once the travail of thy birth was o'er ;
 And freedom and her sister spirits at that time
 Enchanted thy young ear with many a sweet-toned chime,
 And gave a dream more rich than land e'er dreamed before ;
 And since thy fresh, fair face
 Hath yet so sweet a grace ;
 As yet untouched by weakening age,
 Unscarred by cruelty and rage ;
 And since the dream hath found its counterpart
 In thy rich blooming youth,
 And they who love thee in their heart
 Seem bowing at the throne of truth—
 Who could not more than love thee, when he feels
 Thy kindness, which long use almost conceals.

v.

Our fathers, who had felt
 What 'twas *not* to be free,
 Knew how to value their rich boon ;
 But we, who never knelt
 To aught but liberty,
 And never with unwilling hands
 Perform the duty she commands,
 Forget to prize her, all too soon.
 Yet though our patriotic fire
 To meaner things will oft give place,
 And much of that pure love retire
 Which fired the fathers of our race,
 It is but resting in our inner heart,—
 Not all expiring in the air ;
 And still kept warm within that holy part
 Slumbers like unbreathed music, there.
 It *shall* awake !
 Whene'er occasion call,
 Quick shall it break
 Its evanescent thrall,
 And burst full-winged forth from its chrysalis,
 Leaving its darkened home for a new state of bliss :—
 Shake but its crimson folds,
 The flag of love will yet unfurl,
 And in our hearts will proudly curl ;—
 Not all extinct in *Ætna's* fire,
 Though shoot not always forth its mighty flames in ire.

vi.

O young and blessed land ! thy early story
 Is ever for thy sons a spot of glory—
 A thing to fix their eyes upon for ever ;—
 The light they live by burneth there,
 Too bright for any meteor's glare
 Their love from that dear spot to sever.

While there are those that on their fathers' knees
 Shall prattle of thy early days,
 Still shall the flag of freedom court the breeze—
 Still may we proudly praise !

VII.

Thy rugged sons, the tillers of thy soil,
 Enjoy thy bounties with a glad content ;
 And in their well-rewarded toil,
 Ne'er yearn for yonder sicklied continent.
 Oh, where so few who never know a sigh !
 " This be our home"—the universal cry.
 Forever bound to such an heritage,
 A love like theirs must mock the ill presage
 Of those who fancy ruin is at hand
 To mar the bliss that fills our native land !

VIII.

And oh ! what wondrous hopes hath every one ;
 Such common hope will surely bind us fast.
 Stronger is hope when life is just begun—
 Despair ne'er springs from out so brief a past.
 And strength and wisdom, virtue, too,
 With vigorous growth, go on in might,
 Our rosy dawn is scarcely through :
 Far distant is the dismal night.
 No nation e'er by poets sung
 So full of promise, when so young !
 And those of meditative ken
 Are sanguine as the rudest, when
 They pierce in hope thy coming years,
 And tell, with voice bereft of fears,
 Our grounds of glorious confidence.
 And is this universal sense,
 This common instinct, but a lie ?
 Ye prophets o'er the olden sea,
 Your croaking strains we may defy !
 That all we hope our land shall be,
 Ye more than half suspect it will,
 When with such rare and constant skill
 Ye labor, in attempt to prove
 The folly of our hopeful love !—
 My harp, we must not stay
 To fight with fancies on a day'
 Like this, when every vaporous fear
 Before the warmth of love must disappear ?
 For 'neath the sky of hope, to-day,
 Contagious joys, like breezes, play.

IX.

Rejoice, O blessed land ! in this thy day.
 O let thy ocean-guarded shores rejoice !
 And let thy plenty-swelling plains have too a voice,
 That to the heart of nature melt away
 Deep in the prairie-dappled, forest-crown'd nest,
 Nor let the hills have rest !
 And thy sky-dwelling peaks, where freshest snow,
 Defying time, is fresh for endless years ;
 And where, uplifted for the stains below,
 A spotless sacrifice appears.

Let *them* remember thee, and thanks and praise
 And prayer, in holy silence raise.
 O blessed land ! if but the human heart
 Were fresh as thy own verdant face ;
 Not covered o'er with centuries of art,
 But wild and strong, in nature's grace—
 Still with the best of joy that man can give,
 To-day, O let our pæans live !

X.

Sing—O, sing ! the air is warm,
 Heated with the breath of love ;
 For a million wishes swarm,
 To the mother now to prove,
 All are grateful for her care,
 All are ready with a prayer
 Now to load the willing air.
 Sing, for joy hath built her nest
 In every heart, on every tree,
 Nature is in blissful rest,
 Man is ripe for jollity.
 The gale is waiting on the shore
 To bear the sound the ocean o'er ;
 To all the listening lands to tell
 That we love our own so well.
 Then raise a swelling song through all the land,
 For lo !—the blessed band,
 The ones of old who made us free,
 Are with us in our jubilee—
 Are waiting round us now to hear
 The music that their children make ;
 The holy ones are hovering near,
 Then let our songs the stillness break !
 But sleep, my harp ! for now 'tis noon,
 Beneath the living sun all things have rest ;
 And mirth must reach its zenith soon,
 And sleep, in silence lost, on joy's own breast.

THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF PHILIP YORICK, Esq.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

CHAPTER XXIV.

STORY OF EGERIA. (*Continued.*)

WHEN Mr. Clementine came to this point in his narrative, he rose, and observing that the night was growing chilly, proposed that we should return to the tavern ; and as the evening was far advanced when we arrived there, he bade us good night, promising to put a fair conclusion to his story in the morning.

Accordingly, next day, we took our seats under a pleasant arbor in the gar-

den, where the temperate rays of the sun gave the stranger an opportunity, without heat or fatigue, of relating what had befallen him in his search after the lost lady of his heart ; when he began as follows :

“ Fair are thy vine-clad hills, O beauteous France !
 Bright Honor's birth-place, whose illustrious ray

illumed the Mid Age, and doth still advance

Our Europe's twilight into glorious day.
Names, letters, conquests, arms, all these enhance

The sunny joys that 'mid thy vineyards play,

Heart of the Old World, and thy children see

An inexpressive excellence in thee.

"Here grow the social passions, ripening fair,

To grace and chivalrous courage; here the mind

Bears light and free her load of mortal care,
By passion strengthened and by love refined,

All sorrows, nay, even death itself, to dare,
In human feeling steeped, with human kind

Blindly commingled, that cold skill unknown

That fixes reason on a selfish throne.

"Here Love was first made king, and kept his rule;

Here glorious Fiction leagued with him and Truth;

Here came the brilliant and the wise to school—

Danté, Petrarcha, and that amorous youth,

Boccacio, whose sweet fable doth befool
Our sober phantasy—O mirth and ruth,
France was your cradle—all his slights were yours,

Ye dreamy minstrels, and ye shrewd trouveurs."

At the instant our improvisatore was about to breathe the first line of his fourth stanza, we were surprised by a beautiful apparition, which was no less than the figure of the admirable Egeria herself, who with a reserved and quiet step came into the arbor. We rose to salute her; but our eccentric friend, Frank, seemed to be on a sudden struck dumb with the sight, so perfect and powerful was the impression of her presence. Clementine rose with an impassioned air, and invited the lady to sit with us, to which proposal she acceded after an introduction and a few gracious words between her and ourselves. It would be idle for me to attempt a description of this exquisite piece of divine workmanship; for there was nothing excessive or defective in her manner or person. She was neither slender nor full-fleshed, but the exact medium; her face was neither oval nor square, nor had it any positive trait, except a brilliant complexion. It was impossible for the eye to rest anywhere upon her

figure; from the forehead it slid to the eyes; from the eyes to the lips; from thence, in a bewildered modesty, to the bosom. It was equally difficult to meet her gaze and to refuse it, which created in all about her an atmosphere of expectation and delight.

If a face without one regular characteristic, but charged with the most delightful sentiment, can be described—a face, where disease, if it existed, had left no traces, where sorrow had but heightened the sense for joy, and ignorance that of understanding; if such a face can be described, then can hers be; but I am not the person to attempt it. Connect it in your fancy with a figure of the medium height, a well-turned and very fair neck, and a head harmoniously shaped; imagine a mild and well-modulated voice, social, but not familiar, pleasant, but not gay. In short, imagine the ideal woman of your soul, the joy of youth, the consolation of old age, the angel of infancy, the flower of earth, the testimony of heaven!

Steiner put himself quite out of breath in this extravagant description. "Sir," said I, "you have spoiled an excellent romance heroine by not leaving her a single defect."

"True," said he, "I did not think of that."

My remark seemed to have sunk like lead into his brain, for, as I am a true man, we sat in a profound silence one hundred and sixty seconds by an astronomical clock of mine, which stands in the wooden case in the hall. I counted the strokes of the pendulum.

"You counted the strokes of the pendulum?"

"I did, sir."

"Of what, pray, were you thinking?"

"Of a new mode of measuring an arc of the meridian."

"Preposterous egotist! and did all this beauty make so trifling an impression as that?"

"That is quite another question."

It is the disposition of an intellect exhausted by powerful and long-continued emotion to relieve itself on trifles; to satisfy this disposition, I take refuge from poetry and passion in the mathematics—as boys go from Homer to hopscotch. Meanwhile do not interrupt me again, I beg of you good reader, until I am done with this romance which begins to hang heavy on my hands.

Where did we leave? At the portrait. Steiner, as I said, maintained a

deep silence, as if digesting the ideas I had thrown to him. Presently recollecting himself with a start, he set off again at a good ambling pace.

The amiable Egeria, continued he, addressed herself to my friend. "We have heard of each other often, I am assured," said she, "and that is a reason why it should be difficult for us to become acquainted." "Yes," replied Frank, "he has sung your praises in my ears, until out of mere weariness, I resolved within myself to expect nothing." "Ah," replied Egeria, "that is the way with you, Clement; if there is anything you like, the whole world must hear of it. But I beg, unless you mean to sell me to the highest bidder, you will not so spoil my welcome." "That," exclaimed Frank, "is impossible! for your worth must always outrun his praises." "I perceive," said the lady, blushing, "that I have to deal with very dangerous people. Pray, sir, who is worst of the two, he who praises us to our friends, as though he meant to sell us, or he who lauds us to ourselves, as though he wished to buy us?"

Then taking a bracelet from her beautiful arm she put it in my hand, and while a faint embarrassment continued to heighten her complexion and add attraction to her manner—"Perhaps you can tell me," said she, "the name of this stone. I have shown it to several lapidaries, and they profess not to know it." Praising the beauty and rarity of the stone, which was a yellow tourmaline, I held it to the light and read the name, Beaumanoir, with the motto *Jurat pietas* engraved under the crest.

My friend upon hearing this, immediately arose, pale and trembling, and placed himself upon the opposite seat on the left of the lady. Then taking her hand he kissed it fervently, and holding it forcibly within both of his, prevented her from rising. "I beseech you," said he, "tell me from whom you had that stone." "I had it from my father," she replied, regarding the agitation of the other with astonishment and almost with fear. "Then," said he, embracing her in the tenderest manner, and imprinting a kiss upon her forehead, "all agrees, and you are my sister." "I remember," said she, withdrawing herself from his embraces, "when we fled from the city, my father left my brother, at that time seven years older than myself, in the care of an intimate friend of his, a German gentle-

man, of your name, sir, (addressing me.) This brother we called Frank. He was fair-haired, and of a melancholy temperament, but I have no recollection of his features. "I will help you," said he weeping, and looking eagerly upon her face. "Do you remember Idyll, among the elms where we lived in summer, and the dog Bounce who killed your squirrel?" "Ah," said she, "if you remember that, you are Frank, for we agreed to let no one know of it." So saying she embraced and kissed her brother cordially, and their joy was mutual and equal.

When this happy recognition, continued Steiner, had thus restored to each other the divided branches of a generous stock, Clementine indulged in reflections after his manner. "I perceive," said he, "that we three are predestinately united in our love and fortune. For it would be a contempt of Divine Goodness to say that chance wrought out these coincidences. First, it was you, Frank, who inspired me at College with the longing for Wisdom, that is to say, with philosophy; Philosophy brought me into the solitude where I found Egeria. Egeria taught me again to love wisdom, for she is wisdom embodied in sweetness. Again, you restored her to me from the grave, and like a true hero brought my Alcestis to my arms; but before—being the brother of Egeria, as wit is the brother of wisdom—you had brought me back to life, that is, to your sister, and I have requited you by restoring wisdom to wit, that is, your sister to yourself." "Say sadness, not wit, if you love me," cried the brother; "for if there is any wit between us it goes to your side; it is a melancholy humor which you take for wit in me, a melancholy born of thinking and sorrow, that wears the cap and bells with a bad grace, and sighs in the delivery of a jest. But come, let us take all things easily, and waste no wonder on our happiness, lest it take the hint and slip away. Now," said he, when we were all seated, Clementine and I on one side of the arbor and the brother and sister on the other, holding each other by the hand,—“let us hear the improvisation.”

Clementine was silent for a moment, contracted his brows, and shook his head, protesting, that if it were possible, he would continue in the poetical strain, but that the power of the present scene had weakened his fancy, and he

should think himself happy to get on with indifferent prose.

You left me, said he, among the vineyards of Provence, standing over the ruins of the Chateau Clementine. My meditations were interrupted by the approach of night, and with the darkness came a violent wind from the Alps, which blew furiously into the valley, and drove me into the shelter of a low hovel which served the purpose of an inn or hostelry for muleteers. The inhabitants, like the majority of their class, were mean and miserable, a race of down-trodden serfs, ignorant, and most part wild and vicious. The tenants of the hut, which had but two apartments, were, an old man, who sat constantly over a fire of sticks, shaking with age and ague, a shaggy-haired vine-dresser, his wife, and two sons. They jabbered continually in a *patois* which I could with difficulty understand (though French is my familiar tongue), and seemed suspicious and fearful. Wishing, if possible, to be on kindly terms with these people, whom I regarded with a peculiar feeling, as the children of those who were the tenants of my ancestors, I took a stool, and sitting by the old man, who seemed to take no notice of anything that passed, I asked him in a low voice if he remembered the name of Clementine. "Ah, monsieur!" said he, shaking his head more, which shook of itself, "that was my lord's name, the Marquis: I am very old, you see, and poor, but my lord and madame danced at my wedding, and the lord of Bignon was there too, he that was Mirabeau; his son, they say, brought on the Revolution and *liberté*." "Did you see him," said I. "Yes," faltered the old man, "I saw the Count. He was just of my age, and the Marquis said to Madame Clementine, 'Madame, my ugly son, Honoré, (meaning the Count,) desires to dance with you;' and madame danced with Honoré, and I saw him kiss her cheek when he thought nobody looked that way. Ah! he was an angel, monsieur, in the skin of a devil. Those were happy times! My lord Marquis Mirabeau gave us money and his blessing. Then, thought we, there will be no acorns eaten this year, but good bread and plenty."

After these words the old man sunk into a profound silence.

I waited awhile to observe whether he would speak again, and meanwhile the vine-dresser and his family, who had

come about us, stared at us with astonishment. When I inquired the cause of their wonder, which they expressed by signs and exclamations, they assured me that their father had not spoken for more than a year. The vine-dresser inquired what I had done to make him speak. I then told them my name, and that their father, as they called him, had been a tenant of my grandfather's, but the communication had no other effect than to excite exclamations and inquiries.

I lay that night on a little loose straw in the corner of the hovel, visited by melancholy visions. About two in the morning the storm abated. Wearied with travel and wakefulness, but unable to win a moment's rest from thought, I arose impatiently, and in rising felt my hand pierced by something sharp among the straw. Feeling carefully for the cause, I touched what seemed to be the clasp of a bracelet, a stone in a metallic setting, the pin of which had inflicted the wound. The brands were still smoking upon the hearth, and I quickly urged them into a flame by my breath. By the dim light of the flame, examining the jewel, I read the name Beaumanoir, engraved upon it, with the motto, *Juvat pietas*. It was the same which Egeria has upon her wrist, and which was given her by the old woman of the hut by Sallomon lake, as the sole memorial left by her father.

You may imagine the effect of this discovery. I called up the vine-dresser without delay, and showing him the stone, made every inquiry regarding it. At length, after a tedious explanation, I learned that a party of four persons, two of which answered the description of Egeria and her governess, had taken refuge from a storm in the hovel about a week before my arrival; that the young lady had fainted through fatigue, and lay for a few moments on the litter, in the very spot where I had made my couch; that the two gentlemen who were with her were extremely attentive, and one in particular turned pale and cried out when he saw her fall into a swoon; that he was a very handsome man, with black hair, large eyes, and a very haughty manner—they took him to be English; that Englishmen very often came that way; that, finally, they knew nothing further, and could not even guess the way the party had gone.

I hurried to the village, and made every inquiry. A party, answering to

the vine-dresser's description, were lodged at some distance from the village, at the house of a farmer, where they had been above a fortnight. The road thither lay among wild and unfrequented places, winding along the sides of rounded eminences, whose soil had been carried away into the hollows by rain, leaving them barren and almost devoid of vegetation.

I had walked by this road, it may have been half an hour or less, for the minutes appeared cruelly lengthened, when on a sudden it made a turn and entered a cultivated farm, divided by walls of stone and hedges, in the English fashion. The road became green and smooth, and had tufts of bushes on either side. At a little distance before me I saw two persons walking, one a man whom I had remembered to have seen, but where or when it was impossible to recollect; the other a woman very gorgeously dressed, whose air and voice, for I was near enough to hear their laughter and conversation, reminded me of the governess. I passed them and turned, but they did not recognize me;—a profusion of hair and beard, a foreign dress, and a complexion darkened by travel, proved an effectual disguise. I carried in my hand an oaken stick which had come with me from Paris, and was almost grown to the arm that held it. A knapsack, which in my agitation I had forgotten to lay aside at the inn, bent my shoulders. A pair of hide shoes, stout corduroys, and a leathern hunting-coat of Kentucky make, added whatever of uncouthness was necessary to perfect disguise.

Clementine paused an instant at this point; then drawing a deep breath, he resumed, as follows:

I would have spoken to the governess, but extreme agitation prevented the utterance of a syllable. A hundred yards farther on, the road terminated at a stile, and beyond was a vineyard with an English cottage in the midst. Such was my agitation, I did not at first see the figures of two persons before me, on the right, half concealed by a clump of bushes. My eyes were for an instant darkened as by a veil, my ears rang, and a tremulous fire swept through my limbs; "yet why this agitation," thought I; "if it should be she you seek, this faintness and passion will incapacitate you; if it be a stranger, then how absurd the anxiety!" I passed on, and overtook them; the lady leaned upon the arm of a stranger, who I thought was an

Englishman, perhaps a nobleman and a rival; "I will kill him," thought I, and the fury of the tiger for an instant scorched my veins and stretched the tendons of my arms. "Absurd folly! will you suffer your nature to be debased by a suspicion; besides, you do not know whether it be she or not;" for, indeed, I had not courage to look behind me as I passed them. I went on to the stile, and standing by the wayside, behind a clump of shrubbery, resolved to wait there and observe them as they passed. They came near. They did not see this manoeuvre, and came on slowly, conversing. The voice of the stranger was pressing and persuasive. "Tell me," I heard him say, "the reason of your reluctance, and do not be displeased if I call it unreasonable, until I hear a reason." The lady made no reply; but at the instant, as she turned her face away, she saw me; our eyes met,—it was she whom I sought. Clementine buried his face in his hands when he had said this, and for a moment sobbed audibly, so vehement was the memory of that passion. Nor was the lady herself unmoved, though she made the most strenuous efforts to conceal her emotion. "But you, Egeria," continued Clementine, looking tenderly at her, "did not know that it was I." "Spare me, sir," she replied, rising with dignity, though not as if offended. "Stay," said her brother, holding her forcibly, "you must not go now, Egeria, Clement will not offend us, be sure of that. He is of imagination all compact," said he, laughing so kindly she could not be offended; "and we who are very wise and cool, will suffer nothing by his vagaries." Thereupon, with a gentle pressure, he forced his sister to stay, and Master Clement, though a little ashamed, continued as follows:

I suffered them to pass, and turning back upon the road, walked blindly, I know not how far: at length, ashamed of my own weakness, I returned, and as fortune would have it, Egeria stood by herself on the hither side of the stile; the others had wandered off; the governess and the Englishman seeming to be in deep consultation, and the other person busy with observing the vineyard.

At this moment, said Steiner, the lady slipped away from her brother, and retired, noiselessly. Clementine, who did not seem to observe it, being rapt away by imagination, continued in the same strain:

Coming quietly behind, as she stood leaning against the stile, I pronounced her name. She started, and without a word held out her hand to me,—smiled, as she used to smile,—but in an instant the paleness of death came over her countenance, and she leaned forward and embraced me.

I know not how long we remained in that position, before a rude grasp upon my arm compelled me to change it. Placing the lady upon the step of the stile, I turned suddenly; it was the Englishman. He stared in angry astonishment. "Do you know that lady," said he. "I do." "And pray, sir, who are *you*?" A gust of jealousy forced me to reply rudely, "I am the guardian and friend of the lady. Have you anything to ask farther?" Exasperated with the insolence of the reply the Englishman laid his hand upon my collar, and made an effort to throw me off; but in that particular he reckoned without his host. I knocked him down. Here was a pleasant beginning. Egeria recovered herself, and laying hold upon my hands reproached me bitterly: "My friend, sir," said she, "the gentleman does not know you. Oh, you have

done wrong. It is Mr. Clementine, my friend and master,—my guardian, sir," said she, going to the Englishman, who had got upon his feet and was meditating a furious attack. An explanation ensued, and an apparent reconciliation; the governess came up, recognized me, introduced me to her companion, who also remembered my face, and the party turned to move homeward, but not until the Englishman had whispered in my ear what is usual on such occasions, and to which I very cheerfully assented. As I thought myself a good fencer, I named swords, which seemed to give him particular satisfaction, meanwhile he did not choose to interrupt me, or make any farther quarrel; and with Egeria on one side, and the governess on the other, I walked to the house, full of joy and exultation.

The next morning, having procured a couple of rapiers, I went to the appointed place of meeting, and waited for the challenger to appear, but he had found wit in his anger, and I learned, on returning to the village, that my Lord Anglais and his servant had taken their departure before daybreak."

CHAPTER XXV.

MR YORICK, AFTER A SUITABLE APOLOGY, RELATES AN ADVENTURE OF HIS OWN.

Yes, I will begin it,—I will venture upon it. But first let me apologize to you, in some manner, for omitting the conclusion of the story of the fair Egeria; in truth, though I had never so great a desire I could not conclude it;—you would not have me sit down and deliberately *invent* a conclusion of that true and authentic recital? No, I am persuaded of that;—you have too great a regard for my honesty. Herr Steiner left it unfinished that night, and in the morning, it was the very morning of this cheerful evening, when the air of my garden is rich with perfume, and with the melody of birds, that Egeria, the benignant angel of my last night's dreams, set her feet upon the greensward of my shrubbery, and then upon the matting of my cool hall. In the morning early, Steiner, by my own urgent solicitation, went over to the tavern where they met, and brought them hither. And now, like Darius, I cry out in reverie,—“I have Egeria, I have her under my roof;” my soul, O reader, is full

of generosity, and I delight in hospitality. I am fired with the description of virtue, beauty, goodness, grandeur, and desire to behold them, to touch them, to entertain, and solicit them to accept favors.

O cruel fate that has left me but this one virtue! Why am I compelled to seek my satisfaction in alien excellences, ever scorning myself and my works? Nay, I confess too, that praise is not unacceptable to me, from the good. I delight in the smiles and favoring words of nature's best children, who are in favor with divinity. The fires of my heart burn fiercely toward them—the tears gush from my eyes at thought of them and their great speeches. Listen with me now—the voices—do you hear them?

The curtain floats at the window, yielding gently to the summer's wind; as it rises appear glimpses of remote valleys, the silvery jettings of little streams, that wind and fall. The ocean beyond, bearing a bank of pale clouds on its line, begins infinitude. The wailings of a

melancholy thrush near by, in the wood, where it joins the garden, leaning over the pale, are not sweeter than the voice that floats up from the hall and enters my chamber through the half-closed door;—Egeria sings a sweet Tyrolese air; the voices of the merry mountaineers seem to echo in rich tenor the aria of the maidens: from hill-side to hill-side the quick notes fly and rebound; it is love that sings—music is the voice of love, and thus am I thrown back upon myself, (wretched egotist,) for my loves are voiceless! But if I cannot sing, at least I can talk! Hermes! yes, I can talk! there is consolation in that.

Your true author is a kind of mock bird—he has a faculty, through sympathy, of imitating all passions; of feeling all passions. I will lay my copy of Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, against your Tytler's History, which, to my thinking, is as fearful an odds as ever man laid, that your Shakspeares owed their power to sympathy. They are in love with all beauties, ravished by all melodies, angered, vexed, distracted with an overpowering sympathy with all kinds of souls and passions, and remorse and joys, and reasons, until human nature is a book perused by them pen in hand; they have read, re-read, and got by heart, as it were, under the rod, the whole farce-tragedy of life, without desiring it, striving perpetually to shake it off, and get the din of it out of their ears, and the fire of it out of their hearts—until they have mastered it, and got it under foot; and then, if necessary, they can write.

At this moment, while my friends are enjoying themselves below, Steiner, with a box of minerals before him, is turning them over in search of something rare—a trumpery collection of mine. Frank is lying stretched upon the grass-plot, with a meerscham at his mouth; Clementine, in his chair, is asleep; Egeria has just finished her song, and now I see her in the garden, which my window overlooks—a lily among roses—she has on a white bridal dress; they are to be married this evening, in the village church. Or shall it be in my house? I will do what I can to bring that about. See, she has gathered a wild rose and fixed it in her hair—Heaven guard my heart! The breeze sports with her golden locks, she looks east, she looks west, she looks upward, and toward the earth—O foolish heart! What prerogative this beauty

hath to *sway and tyrannize*—of what power and sovereignty it is—and how far such persons, that so much admire and dote upon it, are to be justified? with that I burthen not my mind; but by what means doth it produce this effect? By sight; the eye betrays the soul, and is both active and passive in this business; it wounds and is wounded; is an especial cause, both in the subject and the object; this sight, then, being the portal of beauty through which she entereth the soul as through a triumphal arch, is the most honored of the senses. Yet through touch, hearing, smell, the pressure of the hand, and all other avenues, *love* steals into the soul as through a postern gate, or a subterranean entrance. If love, then, enters at all, and beauty at only one of these gates, beauty is but an accident of love, and must not be confounded with its true causes. Else why, my homely Chloris, is thy poor mortal image the very embodiment of all that I desire and affect? “Grace is more powerful than beauty, it is the cestus that makes beauty desirable.” For is not grace the beauty of motion, and motion the principle of fancy, and fancy the councillor of love?

Yes, I will begin it, I will venture upon it,—the story of my unfortunate affair with Chloris,—how it began, proceeded, ended. But allow me, in this instance, to assume the position of a third party, and for *I* say *he*,—I am tired of this autobiographical *I*.

It was in the summer of his twenty-second year that Master Yorick saw and was conquered by the admirable Chloris; a great event in his life; for was it not she who persuaded him of the transcendent beauty of the world, the excellence of life, and divine power of hope,—not in a course of lectures, but in such a gentle insinuating fashion as I weep to think of; for, indeed, the admirable Chloris is but dust and a name.

Here, then, I invoke *thee*, Fancy, thou friend equally of the wise and foolish.

“Say, then, by what best name may I thee call—

Giver of joy, sole balm of wounded sprites,
Love's harbinger, true sun of sunniest day,
Dispenser of all true and rare delights.

Who know'st alone dejected hopes to raise,
And gild'st her rainbow with fresh-tinted lights,

Youth's passion, manhood's pleasure,
glory's wreath,

Friend of all life, and solacer in death.”

Shall I call thee also, instigator of knaves, the equal friend of good and evil! for thy functions are various. We recognize thee under many forms, but now under that which the poet adores, the venerable name of Muse; whom, too, he courts with the choicest works of reason, or the yesty offerings of conceit; and thou appearest to him fluttering in borrowed rags, or moving majestic in thy royal robes: idly smiling, or with fixed regard piercing earth and heaven. Or wouldst thou rather I address thee as my dearest mistress, whom I have worshipped mistakenly, in forms purely mortal? but now I know thee for a spirit,—and invisible. Give me thy choicest inspiration, for I desire to describe a thing which above all others thou lovest. Thou, who wast of old the mother of giants and of pigmies,—of wars and the poems which celebrate them,—who gavest thy friend Homer his tenderness and manly simplicity; and to thy mortal paramour, Shakspeare, a power equal to thine own; triformed deity—whom the gods name Esemplastēs, and mortals, Imagination; come in the garb and figure of thy mother, Nature,—for whom the weak in mind do perpetually mistake thee; but bring not thine insolent slave, Vanity, nor brazen Conceit, in whom Proserpine delights; nor appearing as Apollo beheld thee, converted into a laurel, which the disappointed god embraced in vain. Appear rather plainly attired, firmly pressing the earth, crowned with a cereal wreath, and bearing in thy hand a cup of fresh honey, mixed with vinegar. Come, Myrionomy!

“She comes—but in what form? O soul! in that of Chloris herself—the innocent, the modest, the graceful Chloris. Away! the sight of thee plunges me in death, for thou art dead! thou art dust!”

It was in his twenty-second year, an age, you are well aware, of great susceptibility; the thinking faculty alive, but rather serving the heart than guiding it; the passions more apt than ever to take fire; imagination at her heat; love dominant, and reason as yet fearful of herself, and credulous of suggestion; it was at this age of distemperature that our hero found himself suddenly overwhelmed with a new passion. I will not conceal it; she overcame him with her presence, and though he resisted for a time with the eyes of his understanding, yet was he finally conquered, and, as in a tempest carried headlong.

I find him at this period exercising the art of a physician, which he had newly learned, in a remote village, among a people as far removed from refinement as from mere barbarism; the arts of life cultivated and enjoyed, the sources of those arts, religion and learning, neglected or totally unknown. A man here was but a man, a woman something less than a woman. The people of the village were a strange mingling of several nations, met in the pursuit of gain, about the vicinity of mines. Utility, the god of this baser world, claimed an undivided worship; chastity and honesty so far in the decline as to be matters of argument and praise. I stay not upon the general question, or to relate by what evidences Master Yorick came to know the condition of this people; enough that he lived among them, and did there “practise” what he had learned. They loved him for he was simple and discursive. Where all questions of life are to be reconsidered, as if there were no scripture or laws of physiology, the opportunities of original remark are great and singular. Of these our hero unconsciously, but skillfully, availed himself; dealing out his physic and his morals, though on his own part, with so little confidence in either, the faith and gratitude of his patients were a source of wonder to him, and I confess, came very near making him a charlatan outright. He began to suspect Nature of an error, and that in composing man she had made him up totally of lies and superstition.

Oppressed with doubts of this kind, and unable to re-confirm his belief by communication with any superior soul, he sank into a despondency of the fatalist kind, and even meditated suicide: having so little joy in the present, he made light of the future state, doubted of it altogether; for, to him whose gate of paradise is closed in this life, the prospect of one in future becomes faint and ineffectual; nay, there is no hell beneath one and no heaven above, but all a wild, gross element of fire, earth, and wind; such was life to him—a life merely transitory and undesirable. Following every shadow of consolation, he addicted himself to the contemplation of scenery in the manner of Wordsworth, or in some such galvanized manner, and wandering purposeless over a region of forest-clad mountains, divided by valleys like ravines, where black streams rushed foaming among

rocks, or glided beneath interlocking arms of vast hemlocks; here dashing over white walls unobserved of any human eye but that of our wanderer, or of the solitary hunter stopping momentarily to quench his thirst; the soul of Master Yorick grew but the more woody and tumultuous; lapsing into a poetic barbarism, less spiritual than dreamy, and for the most, promising little profit to himself or to the world.

Poets, describing the beatitude of Seraphim, say only that they continually look upward toward Deity. The beatitude of our hero consisted rather in looking downward, beholding the face of nature with the eyes of the body, which to him were but sensuous ministers.

"As by contact fire kindles fire, the spirit of one man enkindleth that of another with its proper fire;" but in solitude and the contemplation of things natural, the fire of the soul dies away, and there burns in place of it a smouldering heat, which, if not merely gross, is hard to be distinguished from grossness.

Not that reason failed altogether of her office, painting in vague shapes the misery of his condition, the joy of human fellowship, the true ends and hopes of existence. He composed, wrote, versified—harping tediously even to himself, upon the glory of the visible world, and the features of divinity visible therein; but thought little and wrote less of the unseen; for with all his faults, an imitator, a sceptic, an egotist, a dreamer, a moral critic, a self-tormentor, a wearisome castle-builder; nay worse, a man driven by gross desires into many excesses and immoralities, injurious to soul and body, he kept his honesty; was always even with himself, and neither evaded nor vainly deplored the consequences of iniquity; saying only what he dared to say, and with a holy horror avoiding to name the power until its presence became clear.

Master Yorick was no sentimentalist; say rather, he tampered with nothing, and cried not out where he found no treasure.

In the twilight of a sultry day in August, he was returning, weary and oppressed, from a remote hamlet, to which he had been professionally called. His weariness proceeded rather from disgust and lassitude, than from positive fatigue, for, in bodily exercise, I remember him a kind of Nimrod. At the turning of the road over a rocky ridge where it descend-

ed towards the sunset, a carriage passed him in which he observed three persons: a citizen with his wife and daughter—the last named, a young lady whose countenance, as he caught her eye, struck him as wholly unattractive, plain even to homeliness; yet the impression of her look had force enough to waken curiosity, and he spurred his horse after the vehicle, as it moved swiftly down the slope. The village lay within sight, a collection of rude dwellings, hastily thrown together in the vicinity of a mine. In the midst stood an inn by the high road, maintaining by contrast an air of gentility.

The carriage stops at the inn door, and the party alight. He arrives immediately after and finds them seated at table. With a cosmopolitan freedom they address each other, and are soon upon a footing of acquaintance. The doctor of the village might call any man friend, and Master Yorick had a gift of familiarity. The stranger is a proprietor and visits his property. The wife is a woman of much elegance, affable and discreet. The daughter, a person composed of so many singular qualities, so naive, pleasant, serious, well-informed, ready, happy, graceful, yet withal so provokingly original and keen—for such was Chloris—it were folly to attempt her portrait in any other than a dramatic mood.

The evening of that day he passed in the society of Chloris and her mother. For reasons more apparent to others than to himself they were attracted by his conversation, which, while it did not depart from simplicity, or even rusticity, of phrase and manner, yet raised them to a mood of contemplation, tinged with melancholy and sharpened by a wit, the more poignant as it was spontaneous, but never either narrow or malicious.

From evening to evening Chloris found herself happy in the society of Master Yorick; nor did he fail soon to perceive the beauty of her soul. In the painful occupations of the day, her voice followed him and the power of her smile. His mad nature worship gave place to a passionate longing for human sympathy, but of a strain so refined and rational as he thought he seemed to have discovered a new world, much nearer heaven, and fully partaking of its blisses; yet always dashed with an inexplicable melancholy, which, to call either amatory or platonic, were to defame the passion and its cause. But one thing satisfied them,

to be near each other. "I enjoy all things in you," he confessed—"in all things I behold you: love seems to me the God of this visible sphere, and I a creature of love—an embodiment, an impersonation of its power. By hand, by sight, by voice—even by remote sounds—I am persuaded of your goodness—you are my world, my nature." If they were near, they were soon nearer. They sat, moved, listened, dreamed, thought together. She confessed that in thunder, in the sound of waters, the sighing of wind, there was a sound that betrayed

the secret. Involving and involved, they became indissolubly one—and this they dreamed must be—was surely—an immutable condition.

In the course of all true passions—whether of love or hate, of knowledge or imagination—there is a time of total absorption, when self departs out of self, and centres in the object; we are then martyrs by a faith merely natural, and to one function of the soul sacrifice the rest; the imagination or the heart becomes lord over the other powers, and lays them in a trance.

REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCES CONNECTED WITH THE LIFE OF ROBERT MORRIS, ESQ., THE FINANCIER.

It is next to impossible to form any just estimate of the great event of the American Revolution. The mind becomes lost in a comparison of the smallness of the means to the magnitude of the end. Nothing but a belief in that superior power which guides nations to their destiny—silently gathers and disposes inferior causes to some mighty issue, and selects its own time for producing results the most unexpected and startling, can solve what else must for ever remain beyond human comprehension.

It belongs not to our present design to dwell upon the greatness of a theme which has called forth the highest powers of eminent historians and orators, and awakened a world to its sublimity. It is simply our design to record some of the incidents of the Revolution connected with the life of one of the extraordinary men who graced that period; whose name, though well known, is not often enough brought before the public, and does not, we have thought, command that estimation and honor so eminently due to the ardor of his patriotism, the wisdom of his counsel, and his self-sacrificing devotion to his country in the times of her greatest need.

The tendency of the human mind to be dazzled by deeds of arms—the "pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war" are so great and universal, that we are always liable to yield too much to their influence, and to forget the arduous

labors of the cabinet, in the more glittering achievements of the field.

Assuredly we would not even inadvertently derogate in the slightest degree from the hard-earned fame of a single soldier of the Revolution. The records of their valor and indomitable energy, amidst privations that sicken the heart in their contemplation, never fail to stir up within us every feeling of gratitude—every ardor of enthusiasm—and we sometimes fear we are chargeable with idolatry to the immortal conductor of that painful conflict, of whom it may be said in simple truth, that among all men however dilated by history—"none but himself can be his parallel."

Let it not be forgotten, however, that there were united in the cause a band of men in council, whose hearts beat as high, and whose souls were as much aroused to the magnitude of the design as were those of the devoted military leaders whose actions have made their names imperishable.

Among the foremost of these, was Robert Morris, the Financier!—the man whose enlarged views of the struggle in which the colonies were about to engage, impressed him with the belief that the greater difficulty in the contest would be to provide the sinews of war—and who seeing this, at once resolved to give up the retirement for which with ample means he was preparing, and thenceforward to devote himself and his fortune to the service of his country.

We are not about to write his life, which has been already written. We hope however to add some facts, and to give a new version to some already known; to show in stronger contrast than has yet been shown how, from the smallest means, the most extraordinary results are obtained through the energies of a single powerful mind, and the devotedness of a great heart.

The father of Robert Morris had his residence at Oxford, Talbot County, eastern shore of Maryland, and was engaged in carrying on a large trade in tobacco, with Liverpool.

As there was nothing peculiarly remarkable in his life, nothing further is recorded of him than that he was a gentleman of exalted character. The following epitaph is taken from his tombstone in White Marsh Church, in St. Peter's Parish, about five miles from Oxford:

“In memory of Robert Morris, a native of Liverpool in Great Britain, late a merchant at Oxford in this Province. Punctual integrity influenced his dealings—principles of honor governed his actions—with an uncommon degree of sincerity, he despised artifice and dissimulation. His friendship was firm, candid and valuable. His charity frequent, secret and well adapted. His zeal for the public good active and useful. His hospitality was enhanced by his conversation, seasoned with cheerful wit and sound judgment. A salute from the cannon of a ship, the wad fracturing his arm, was the signal by which he departed, greatly lamented as he was esteemed, in the fortieth year of his age, on the 12th day of July, 1750.”

The gun which so suddenly ended his life, was fired under very peculiar circumstances. We give them as we have received them from his son, the present Thomas Morris, Esquire, formerly United States Marshal for this district, to whose supervision all the facts contained in this article have been submitted that no doubt may exist as to their accuracy.

It was usual at that period, soon after the arrival of a ship from a foreign port, for the captain to give an entertainment on board to the consignee and his friends, and as a compliment to the guests on their leaving the ship, it was the custom to fire a single gun. Mr. Morris' father on an occasion of this kind, which he attended as consignee, had a pre-

sentiment the salute would prove fatal to him—and so strong was the feeling it excited in his mind, that he obtained from the captain a promise that this ceremony should be dispensed with. The gun however, had been loaded, and the captain unfortunately forgot to inform the whole crew that no salute was to be given. Accordingly when the boat left the ship's side, a sailor who had not heard that the salute had been countermanded, and supposing the omission to be accidental, hastily lighted a match, applied it to the gun, and the wadding struck Mr. Morris' shoulder with such force, that a mortification ensued which speedily ended in his death.

The subject of this memoir was born in Liverpool, England, in the month of January, 1733—old style.

Left an orphan at the age of fifteen years—he had been previously placed by his father in the counting-house of Mr. Charles Willing, an eminent merchant in the city of Philadelphia, where his capacity and good conduct secured for him the firm and lasting friendship of his employer, for whom during his absence, young Morris frequently transacted business of the greatest importance, and made negotiations to large amounts.

In 1754, at the early age of 21 years, so high was the estimate of his talents, that a co-partnership was formed between him and Mr. Thomas Willing, the son of his employer, which continued till the year 1793. But when the difficulties commenced between the colonies and the mother country, long before the breaking out of the Revolution, his whole nature revolted against tyranny, and though his interests as a merchant suffered deeply, he was among the first to promote and sign the famous non-importation agreement in the year 1765, by which a very large portion of the merchants of Philadelphia bound themselves to confine their commercial intercourse with Great Britain to the mere necessities of life, until the difficulties then pending should be settled.

When the day of trial actually came, when the news of the massacre at Lexington reached Philadelphia, at about 5 p. m., four days after it took place, Mr. Morris was presiding at the dinner given on the usual celebration of St. George's day, 23d April, 1775. A discussion, as on a previous occasion, had taken place on the all-absorbing topic of the then increasing difficulties with the mother

country; moderate counsels had prevailed, it having been agreed upon, for the moment, to acquiesce and pay the stamp duties; but no sooner was it known that American blood had been spilled, than the tables laid to celebrate the anniversary of the English saint were overturned. A vow was made, and a resolution taken then and there, by the high-souled patriot who had presided over the ceremonies, a dedication of himself and all that he possessed, to the new cause was pronounced, and forever afterwards faithfully kept. Little, however, could he then know that the fate of his country was in one way to become intrusted to him alone—that on him it would depend to feed and clothe the struggling armies that were to raise the standard of freedom in the western world.

In the same year, in November, he was elected by the Legislature of Pennsylvania to the second Congress. In 1776 he was re-elected, and was a strong advocate, as he is well known to have been a signer, of the Declaration of Independence.

Two or three days after the battle of Trenton, which was fought in the latter part of December in this year, it became a matter of great moment to Gen. Washington to obtain a sum of money in specie, in order to keep himself well informed of the designs and movements of the enemy. The commander-in-chief well knew to whom alone he could apply with success; he wrote to Mr. Morris, and the following reply was immediately dispatched:

“PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 30, 1776.

“SIR—I have just received your favor of this day, and sent to Gen. Putnam to detain the express until I collected the hard money you want, which you may depend shall be sent in one specie or other with this letter, and a list thereof shall be inclosed herein. I had long since parted with very considerable sums of hard money to Congress, and therefore must collect from others—and as matters now stand, it is no easy thing. I mean to borrow silver and promise payment in gold, and will then collect the gold in the best manner I can. Whilst on this subject, let me inform you that there is upwards of twenty thousand dollars in silver at Ticonderoga. They have no particular use for it, and I think you might as well send a party to bring it away, and lodge it in a safe place convenient for any purposes for which it may hereafter be

wanted. Whatever I can do shall be done for the good of the cause.

“I am, dear sir, yours, &c.,
“ROBERT MORRIS.”

This act in itself shows the enlarged mind and liberality of Mr. Morris; but it is only one of the many existing proofs of his munificence.

Not long afterwards, when Washington had just re-crossed the Delaware a second time, the period of service of nearly all the eastern troops having expired, and the general having prevailed upon them to serve six weeks longer, by promising each soldier a bounty of ten dollars, the military chest could not afford him the means to comply with his promise. On the 31st of December, 1777, he wrote again to Mr. Morris, who replied to him the next morning: “I was honored with your favor of yesterday by Mr. Howell, late last night—and ever solicitous to comply with your requisitions, I am up very early this morning, to dispatch a supply of fifty thousand dollars to your excellency. You will receive that sum with this letter, but it will not be got away so early as I could wish, for none concerned in this movement, except myself, are up—I shall rouse them immediately. It gives me great pleasure that you have engaged the troops to continue; and if farther occasional supplies of money are necessary, you may depend on my exertions, either in a public or private capacity.” This letter is dated January 1st, 1777.

In March of the same year, he was a third time appointed, in company with Benjamin Franklin, George Clymer, James Wilson, Daniel Roberdeau, and Jonathan B. Smith, to represent the Assembly of Pennsylvania in Congress, and in November he was selected, with Mr. Gerry and Mr. Jones, to repair to the army, and confidentially to consult with the commander-in-chief upon the most practicable means of conducting a winter campaign. In August, 1778, he was appointed a member of the standing committee of finance.

Besides his advances in money, such was his enthusiasm in the public cause, that the almost unlimited credit he possessed was always put in requisition to supply whatever the wretched state of the finances of the country rendered necessary. The years 1779 and 1780 were the two most distressing years of the war. Judge Peters relates the following anecdote as having taken place

about that time: "We" (the Board of War) "had exhausted all the lead accessible to us, having caused even the spouts of houses to be melted, and had unsuccessfully offered the equivalent of two shillings, specie, (25 cents) per pound for lead. I went in the evening of the day on which I received a letter from the army, to a splendid entertainment given by Don Mirailles, the Spanish minister. My heart was sad, but I had the faculty of brightening my countenance even under gloomy disasters; yet it seems not then with sufficient adroitness, for Mr. Morris, who was one of the guests, and knew me well, discovered some casual trait of depression. He accosted me in his usual frank and disengaged manner, saying: 'I see some clouds passing across the sunny countenance you assume; what is the matter?' After some hesitation, I showed him the general's letter, which I had brought from the office, with the intention of placing it at home in a private cabinet. He played with my anxiety, which he did not relieve for some time. At length, however, with great and sincere delight, he called me aside, and told me that the Holker privateer had just arrived at his wharf, with ninety tons of lead, which she had brought as ballast. It had been landed at Martinique, and stone ballast had supplied its place; but this had been put on shore, and the lead again taken in. 'You shall have,' said Mr. M., 'my half of this fortunate supply; there are the owners of the other half,' (indicating gentlemen in the apartment.) 'Yes, but I am already under heavy personal engagements as guarantee for the department, to those and other gentlemen.' 'Well,' rejoined Mr. Morris, 'they will take your assumption with my guarantee.' I instantly, on these terms, secured the lead, left the entertainment, sent for the proper officers, and set more than one hundred people to work during the night. Before morning a supply of cartridges was ready and sent off to the army. I could relate many more such occurrences."

Well might this last remark be made by Judge Peters, for the whole history of the war is one continued narrative of want of public means to sustain it, and of the most indisputable testimony, by private letters and public documents that in almost every instance, before and after he became financier, Mr. Morris devoted the whole of his private fortune, and his unbounded credit, to the furnish-

ing of supplies of every nature, which could not be obtained from any other source.

In 1781, a period in our revolutionary history when Congress and the Commander-in-chief were driven almost to despair, Mr. Morris on his own private credit supplied the famishing troops with several thousand barrels of flour, and thus arrested the design entertained, of authorizing the seizure of provisions wherever they could be found—a measure which would inevitably have displeased the whole country, chilled its patriotism, and probably turned back the course of the Revolution.

In a letter to Thomas Lowrey, Esq., of New Jersey, dated 29th May, 1781, Mr. Morris writes: "It seems that Gen. Washington is now in the utmost necessity for some immediate supplies of flour, and I must undertake to procure them, or the laws of that necessity must be put in force, which I shall ever study to avoid and prevent. I must therefore request that you will immediately use your best skill, judgment and industry, in procuring on the lowest terms you can one thousand barrels of sweet sound flour, and sending it forward to camp in the most expeditious manner that you can contrive. I know to do this you must pledge your private credit, and as I have no money ready, although the means of raising it are in my power, I must also pledge myself to you, which I do most solemnly, as an officer of the public—but lest you should, like some others believe more in private than in public credit, I hereby pledge *myself* to pay you the cost and charges of this flour in hard money, and thus enable you honorably to fulfill your engagement."

So in another letter of same date to Maj. Gen. Schuyler, he says, "General Washington is in distress for want of an immediate supply of flour. I must therefore request you will take the most speedy and effectual measures to deliver to the order of his Excellency one thousand barrels, and for your reimbursement you may either take me as a public or private man; for I pledge myself to repay you with hard money wholly, if required, or part hard, part paper, if so you transact the business. In short, I promise (and you may rely that no consideration whatever shall induce me to make a promise that I do not see my capability to perform) that I will enable

you to fulfill your engagements for this supply of flour." These two parcels of flour came to the timely relief of the troops, and thus did this man of wonderful resources constantly raise supplies which the government found itself incapable of furnishing. So much for his measures taken with private individuals. But this could not satisfy his great zeal.

In 1781, he effected a contract with the State of Pennsylvania by which he undertook to supply all the requisitions made by Congress on that State during the current year, on receiving as a reimbursement all the taxes imposed by a law recently enacted. On the 25th of June, the contract was agreed to, and on the 6th of July following, Congress passed a resolution approving of the transaction. Not content with this, his great financial talents were put in requisition, and he actually raised for a time the paper currency of the State from the low rate of six for one, to that of two for one. And this he accomplished by at first making all his *contracts* payable in paper money, (payable at a future day,) and by selling Bills of Exchange to fulfill them, afterwards receiving and paying the paper money at a smaller rate of depreciation than that at which it had been previously received; and at each successive operation the rate was lowered by accepting it at the improved rate for other Bills of Exchange. The paper was not used for immediate supplies, because this would check its progress towards par; for if it had been paid out in quantities from the treasury there would have been a consequent depreciation. On this subject he remarked, "that in view of those evils which inevitably follow from the issuing of paper money, and which always have attended that measure in a greater or less degree, it was most advisable to purchase with specie, and supply the want of cash by the supply of credit, until sufficient funds could be raised for the public exigencies by taxes—hence his constant and most strenuous exertions were used, to induce Congress to fund the public debt.

It was near this period that General Gates, who was intimately known to Mr. Morris called on him to consult with him, about accepting the command of the army in the South. On this occasion Mr. Morris stated to the General the many difficulties and embarrassments he would meet with, and frankly told him he feared his habits of business were not

adapted to that command. "I fear," said Mr. M., "you would sink, under the complicated perplexities you would have to encounter. I advise you to remain satisfied with the laurels you have earned at Saratoga. I fear they may wither if you accept the command." This frank and candid advice was disregarded, the command was accepted, and the disastrous battle of Camden too truly verified the foresight of Mr. Morris.

While on the subject of the Southern Army, to the command of which General Greene had succeeded, although it may be somewhat out of chronological order, we may as well here introduce an anecdote, no proper version of which has been yet published.

After the termination of his campaign General Greene called at the office of Finance, on Mr. Morris, and having in the course of the interview entered somewhat at large into the extreme difficulties he had had to encounter, he said, "I am not superstitious, Mr. Morris, and yet I cannot help believing that on two separate occasions there was a special interposition of Providence in my favor, and which prevented the disbanding of my army. I had, on more than one occasion, surmounted difficulties which it at first appeared impossible to overcome, but at length while seated in my tent overwhelmed by the gloomy apprehensions of a fate which seemed inevitable, I was visited by a gentleman whom I had occasionally seen about the camp, but who had never particularly attracted my notice. 'You appear, General,' said the visitor, 'to be in much distress; under the impression that it may arise from a want of money, I have ventured to approach you, to tender to you offers for your relief. I have now in my possession thirty thousand pounds, which is at your command, and for which I will take your draft on the financier.'"

Half astonished, I accepted of his preferred unexpected relief, when he left the camp and I saw no more of him, until a subsequent occasion when I was placed in the same painful dilemma. He again at this time called upon me, furnished me with the required funds, took my drafts, and I never saw him again. "Why do you smile, Mr. Morris?" he added, as the story was concluded. "Did you never," said Mr. Morris, "suspect who sent this person to you and employed him to watch your motions?" "No!" replied the General. "Did it never

occur to you that he was employed by me?" "By you, sir," said the General angrily, seizing the hilt of his sword, "and did you distrust me?" "My confidence in you," replied Mr. Morris, "was greater than in almost any human being. I knew that your mental resources were such that you could surmount difficulties and extricate yourself from embarrassments under which any other man would sink—but I knew at the same time, that if this money were left at your disposal, you would use it before the time of your greatest and most indispensable necessity arrived—therefore, being limited in the sum of money appropriated to your army, and sorely pressed myself on every hand, I found it incumbent upon me to provide for its being advanced to you, only when it became impossible for you to do without it." After a few moments' reflection, Greene said, "You were right, sir; I should, without restriction, have made use of it too early, and your precaution has been the means of saving my army."

It was of course previous to this, that Mr. Morris had been appointed by Congress to the office, as it was then called, of "financier," equivalent to the present Secretary of the Treasury; and we know of nothing in the whole history of the Revolution, filled as it is with the touching evidences of a self-sacrificing spirit, showing a more noble devotion, than the acceptance by Mr. Morris of the Superintendence of the finances of the country at a time when there was not only no money in the treasury, but when it was more than two millions and a half of dollars in arrears—and when General Washington presented in his *Military Journal* on the first of May, 1781, the following deplorable account of the State of the army and its destitution of resources:

"Instead of having Magazines filled with provisions, we have a scanty pittance scattered here and there in the several States. Instead of having our arsenal well supplied with military stores, they are poorly provided and the workmen all leaving them. Instead of having the various articles of field equipage ready to deliver, the Quarter-Master-General is but now applying to the several States (as the dernier resort) to provide these things for their troops respectively. Instead of having a regular system of transportation established upon credit, or funds in the quarter-master's hands to defray the contingent expenses of it, we have neither

the one nor the other—and all that business, or the greater part of it, being done by military impressment, we are daily and hourly oppressing the people, souring their tempers, and alienating their affections. Instead of having the regiments completed to their new establishments, scarce any State of the Union has at this hour one eighth part of its quota in the field, and there is little prospect that I can see of ever getting more than one half. In a word, instead of having everything in readiness to take the field, we have nothing; and instead of having the prospect of a glorious offensive campaign before us, we have a bewildered and gloomy prospect of a defensive one, unless we should receive a powerful aid of ships, land-troops, and money, from our generous allies—and these at present are too contingent to build upon!"

Such was the state of things when Mr. Morris was called upon to assume the labor of bringing order out of this chaos, to provide means where none existed, and to give a new tone and spirit to our languishing and fast failing hopes.

In this great dilemma, he did not hesitate a moment, but upon assuming his official station, immediately promulgated his determination punctually to fulfill all his engagements—drew his resources from his private fortune and credit, and thus suddenly changed the scene—the public deficiencies disappeared—all who could supply the public wants were eager to furnish whatever they had to sell.

Nor was this the only instance, as we have seen, in which he lavished his ample means, whenever he was unable to purchase what was needed by pledges of the public credit.

When appointed to the head of the Treasury, he wrote in reply: "In accepting the office bestowed on me, I sacrifice much of my interest, my ease, my domestic enjoyment and internal tranquillity. If I know my own heart, I make these sacrifices with a disinterested view to the service of my country. I am willing to go still further, *and the United States may command everything I have excepting my integrity, and the loss of that would effectually disable me from serving them more.*"

This acceptance of the office of "Financier," tendered to him by the unanimous vote of Congress, was upon the express condition, and the complete understanding, that the Public Debt, then

due, should be funded according to the scale of depreciation at which it had been contracted. The financier, contended that the country was in a condition to pay annually the interest on the amount then due, and he offered, if Congress would furnish him with the requisite authority, that he would call forth her resources. He represented that this measure alone could establish confidence; that it would enable him to borrow abroad the funds that were indispensable to the prosecution of the war; that the punctual payments it would secure for the supplies to the army, would enable him to introduce a rigid system of economy which would greatly reduce the public expenditure. It is well known that Congress never complied with the promise thus made. When applied to for performance, the reply was, Borrow! open a loan in Holland, and another in Spain. In vain was it rejoined that Europeans would not lend, having no confidence: "When applied to by agents in my employ," said Mr. Morris, "the answer is, invariably, 'You do not pay the interest of your present debt, and should, therefore, not expect further credit.'"

Fatigued, worn out and disheartened in his repeated appeals to the justice and integrity of Congress, he caused his resignation to be presented; when that body immediately passed, and served upon him an injunction of secrecy, and he was prohibited from making known, even to General Washington, that his resignation had been tendered. A secret committee was then appointed to wait upon Mr. Morris, with injunctions to insist upon his withdrawing his resignation; and to represent the disastrous consequences that would ensue from it. Mr. Morris again insisted, as a condition to his remaining in office, that Congress should immediately fund the existing debt; and that an act of Congress should be passed for his recall to office. The committee promised to use their strongest influence and best exertions to accomplish the former, but it was never done. The Act of Congress was, however, passed, and he resumed his official duties.

Among the well-known expedients resorted to by Mr. Morris, to resuscitate public credit, was the establishment of the Bank of North America, at Philadelphia. His partner, Mr. Thomas Willing, was appointed President, and Tench Francis, Cashier. The plan was digested and arranged by Mr. Morris, who, to

establish confidence, proposed a subscription among his wealthy fellow-citizens in the form of bonds, obliging them to pay, if it should become necessary, the amounts affixed to their names, in gold and silver, for the purpose of fulfilling the engagements of the bank. He headed the list with a subscription of £10,000, and was followed by others to the amount of £315,000, Pennsylvania money, or \$840,000. The directors were authorized to borrow money on the credit of the bank, and to grant special notes, bearing an interest of six per cent. The credit of the members was to be employed, and their money advanced, if necessary; but no emoluments whatever were to be derived from the institution. Congress, while they expressed a high sense of this transaction, pledged the faith of the United States effectually to reimburse and indemnify the associators.

Thus, through this patriotic band, under the influence of the Master Financier, was erected an institution for the purpose of supplying and transporting to the army three millions of rations, and three hundred hogsheads of rum; and that at a time when the public exigencies were the most pressing, and the public credit at the lowest ebb: and thus affairs rested until the ensuing year, when the Bank of North America was finally established under a charter from Congress.

The great difficulty to enable this corporation to commence its operations was, that of procuring specie to give credit to its bills. To ensure an adequate supply of this essential article, which was found to be very difficult, Mr. Morris proposed to the Governor-General of Havana, with whom he had previously had a personal acquaintance, to supply Havana, for a specified term of years, with flour at reduced prices. The amount of specie required was specified at three hundred thousand dollars; and to ensure confidence in the performance of his part of the contract, Mr. Morris induced the French Minister to guaranty, on the part of his government, the faithful performance of it. Such was the confidence entertained by the Financier in the success of this application, that he sent out the frigate *Trumbull* to bring home the specie. In the mean time the preliminary measures necessary to the bank's going into operation were taken; the President had been appointed, the new bills printed, &c., &c., when, to the utter disappointment of all concerned, the frigate returned with-

out a dollar. Baffled in his expectations of procuring the specie from Havana, the persevering and indomitable Financier did not give up the establishment of the bank, but immediately went to work to collect all the specie that could be obtained in the United States, which, after the most assiduous industry, resulted in collecting forty thousand dollars. This amount was accordingly deposited in the bank, and the moment the doors were opened they were thronged with applicants for specie, in payment for the special notes and for checks he had drawn upon it. The payment of these being promptly met, gave some confidence, but Mr. Morris saw that its small specie capital must be soon exhausted, unless measures were adopted to procure a further supply. He therefore employed agents to watch every person who had carried from it any amount of specie, and then took measures to obtain it again from its possessors, when it was immediately re-deposited; and this was closely followed up and practised for six weeks, at the end of which time its bills having been duly and regularly paid, its credit became so firmly established that the very drafts and bills, which at first were considered not to be any better than depreciated paper money, being found equivalent to specie, and more convenient in trade, passed current in all commercial transactions, at a specie value, and that article was seldom demanded of the bank; and when demanded, only in small quantities. In justice to the good faith which has been preserved by that bank, it is but proper to state that it is still in existence, under a charter from the State of Pennsylvania, and that it has ever faithfully fulfilled all its contracts; its notes now are, and always have been, punctually redeemed, except on those occasions when, under a general pressure, all the banks have been obliged to suspend specie payments. Its stock has always been above par, and no similar institution has ever been better managed. Thus, from the very commencement of the difficulties between the mother country and the colonies, had Mr. Morris borne a conspicuous part; always at the head of every measure which was resorted to for the purpose of obtaining money or supplies for the public service.

After the arrival of the French army the whole country was in the most eager expectations that some important blow would be struck; and General Washing-

ton's first intentions were to attack New York, then in possession of the British. In changing this determination, it is admitted by all, that Mr. Morris had a considerable agency; but the following detailed statement we have received from the most undoubted source, the son of Mr. Morris, of whom we have before spoken, now residing in New York. He received it from the great Financier himself, and we give it in his own words. "Mr. Morris' representation of his visit to General Washington at head-quarters, when the attack on New York was in contemplation, was as follows: "

"I went from Philadelphia to head-quarters for the express purpose of dissuading the Commander-in-chief from his meditated attack on New York, and representing to him the immense advantages that must flow from his leading his army to Yorktown. Shortly after my arrival at camp I had an interview with General Washington, and during the time I was with him, I first suggested to him the propriety of abandoning his projected attack on New York. I represented to him that the loss of life and expenditure of money, which could not be replaced, would necessarily be great; that the success of the measure was, to say the least, doubtful; that even if successful the triumph would, as to results, be a barren one; that the enemy having the command of the sea could at any time land fresh troops and retake it, for that we could not afford to retain in New York, for any length of time, an army adequate, in point of numbers, for its retention. To all this the General assented, but replied, 'What am I to do? The country calls on me for action; and, moreover, my army cannot be kept together unless some bold enterprise is undertaken.' To this I rejoined, 'Why not lead your forces to Yorktown; there Cornwallis may be hemmed in by the French fleet by sea, and the American and French armies by land, and will ultimately be compelled to surrender. 'Lead my troops to Yorktown,' said the General, appearing to be astonished at the suggestion. 'How am I to get them there? One of my difficulties about attacking New York arises from the want of funds to transport my troops thither. How then can I muster the means that will be requisite to enable them to march to Yorktown?' You must look to me for funds, I replied. 'And how are you to provide them?' again demanded the General. That I am unable at this time to tell you, was my reply, but I will answer with my head, that if you put your army in motion I will supply the means of their reaching Yorktown. After a few minutes

reflection, the General said,—“On this assurance of yours, Mr. Morris, such is my confidence in your ability to perform any engagement you are willing to make, I will adopt your suggestion.”

We are aware that Judge Peters states, in his letter to Gen. Harrison, that he was present at head-quarters when the suggestion was made by Gen. Washington, of marching to Yorktown, but the narrative we have given was made by Mr. Morris himself to his family—and, as Judge Peters was incapable of making a false statement, it is most probable that, after the conversation, as narrated by Mr. Morris, in which he made no mention of Judge Peters or any other person being present, a subsequent discussion of this subject was had, in which both Judge Peters and Mr. Morris were present; and as it would be more respectful to the Judge, then at the head of the war department, and more so to the commander-in-chief, the first mention of the matter in council was made by himself. Be this as it may, the very circumstantial account given of this affair by Mr. Morris, can leave no doubt of its truth, when the great share he took in everything that was done, and his constant communications with Gen. Washington of the most confidential nature, are recollected.

When the army had reached Philadelphia, Mr. Morris' public resources, and those borrowed on his private account, were exhausted. In this situation he was informed that the army having been for a long time unpaid, great discontent had manifested itself, and that, without some money being paid to the troops, it was apprehended they might prove refractory and refuse to embark from the head of Elk to the place of their destination.

In this new dilemma, the supplies having all been provided, Mr. Morris applied to the French Minister, the Chevalier de Luzerne, and solicited a loan of twenty thousand crowns, representing to him the immense advantages that would ensue from the capture of Cornwallis' army, and the almost certainty with which such a result might be promised, if a payment could be made to the troops, so as to enable Washington to lead them on to Yorktown. He also painted in strong colors the danger of the failure of the whole project, should the money be refused. The chevalier was a man of sound sense, and was very anxious for the success of the expedition, while

he knew the threatened danger of its failure, from the refusal on his part to advance the money. He was, however, under the necessity of so doing, stating that he had barely on hand money enough to pay the French troops. It was true, he said, that he had been advised of two frigates having sailed from France with specie for him, but they were very much out of time, and he was fearful they had been captured—that had these frigates arrived, the amount asked for would be cheerfully granted—but that circumstanced as he was, no consideration could induce him to divert the funds put into his hands for the payment of the troops of his sovereign to any other purpose, without the certainty that it could be replaced in time to meet the requirements of the French army. Mr. Morris, anxious to increase the Chevalier's interest in the affair, then proposed that he should take a seat in his, Mr. Morris' carriage, on the following day, and go with him to the head of Elk, where the army was to embark for Yorktown. To this proposal the Chevalier readily assented, and they set out together early next morning. They had not ridden many miles before an express rider was perceived, pressing on, in headlong haste, to Philadelphia. Mr. Morris called out to the messenger and inquired for whom he was bearing dispatches. They were for himself. Instantly opening them, he found they contained advices of the arrival in the Delaware of the two frigates expected by the Chevalier. Assured of their safety, the Chevalier readily consented to furnish the money—and not long after their arrival at the head of Elk, the dissatisfied troops were paraded. But soon another feeling was produced, for drays were driven before them, containing kegs of half crowns—the heads of some of them were knocked out for effect, and the specie rolled out of them to the great joy and astonishment of the soldiers. They were then paid and cheerfully embarked for Yorktown.

The astonishment and delight of the army at this display of specie was of the most lively kind. One of the soldiers vociferated at the top of his voice, “Look! look, Jonathan! by jingo! it is hard money!”

We shall not dwell upon the glorious result of the attack upon Yorktown, which proved the crowning military act of the Revolution, and was the harbinger of peace. Our article is extending itself to a length beyond our limits, and

we must therefore look towards its conclusion. We cannot forbear, however, to give some further detached evidences of the invaluable services of Mr. Morris, which we have reason to believe have never been published.

The reader must long since have discovered from our narrative that there was one trait in Mr. Morris' character which crowned all others, and largely contributed to give him the immense financial power which he so ably wielded. This was *his unbounded, unswerving, never-ending* confidence, in the ultimate success of the struggle—and this, perhaps, is nowhere more conspicuously shown than in the following bold measure. Towards the close of the war the Chevalier de Luzerne had agreed to advance a large amount, the exact extent of which is not remembered. But when called upon by Mr. Morris to fulfill his engagement, the binding force of which he fully admitted, he stated that the pecuniary wants of his own sovereign precluded the possibility of that engagement being complied with. In vain did the financier urge upon the Chevalier the fatal effects of his non-compliance—the ruin it would entail upon the cause—he inflexibly persevered in his refusal—when Mr. Morris informed him the exigencies were so great, that he (Mr. M.) would take the responsibility and draw on the French treasury for the full amount of the stipulation. In answer to which he was informed by the Chevalier, that he would write and advise the protesting of the bills. But the confidence with which Mr. Morris was inspired, in the ultimate result, and that the contest must ere long end favorably to the United States, nerved him; and he drew the bills, accompanied with a letter to the Count de Vergenes, then Prime Minister of France, giving faithful details of the whole transaction, which resulted in the payment of the money, although the Chevalier also wrote, advising the protest of the bills.

The following letters will show more fully than anything we can say, the feelings of some of the most distinguished men of the Revolution, on the subject of the appointment of Mr. Morris as public financier.

Extract of a letter from John Hancock, President of Congress, to Robert Morris.

“I exceedingly approve your conduct with regard to the ships in your river, and think your officers discovered the spirit of men; at the same time, your interference,

under the circumstances, was absolutely necessary. I dare say, your disposition of the several armed vessels, after you are fully convinced of the removal of the ships from your capes, will fully meet the approbation of Congress. Without the least appearance of flattery, I can assure you your whole conduct, since our flight, is highly approved, and I am happy that you remained. Many agreeable consequences have resulted from it, and your continued exertions will be productive of great good. I must therefore beg you will continue as long as you can, though I sincerely wish you a happy sight of good Mrs. Morris; but I fear your departure from Philadelphia might occasion a relaxation that might be prejudicial. I know, however, you will put things in a proper way; *indeed, all depends upon you*, and you have my hearty thanks for your unremitting labor. The public are much indebted to you, *and I hope to see the day when those public acknowledgments shall be made you.*

“I hope we shall be able to return, or fix upon some other place of residence. As things have turned out, I am very sorry we removed at all; indeed I think we were full hasty enough: but your continuing there, and conducting business there, will give a spring, and, joined to the influence of our successes, will make up for the flight of Congress.”

Extract of a letter from Gen. Charles Lee to Mr. Morris.

“You are, I find, placed at the head of the finances. It is an office that I cannot wish you joy of; the labor is more than Herculean; the filth of that Augean stable is, in my opinion, too great to be cleared away, even by your skill and industry; but however you succeed in this, I do assure you that you are almost the only man on the whole continent in whose hands the management of my personal finances I should wish should be deposited.”

Extract of a letter from Gen. Horatio Gates.

“My conclusion from all this is, that if you can place public credit upon a solid foundation, let the operation be ever so slow, so that it be but sure, your fame will be immortal. Your taking up the business at this important crisis, is not only the more honorable to you, but will, I am satisfied, from the circumstances attending it, infinitely promote your success.

“When men see you promise only what you intend to perform, and that you build upon a solid basis, they will give you their utmost confidence; that obtained, your success will be apparent. Your head I know to be equal to everything official; your heart I will not say anything about,

lest you think me a flatterer, and that is a trade I am too old to learn or to practise.”

Letter from Dr. Franklin.

“PASSEY, July 26, 1781.

“DEAR SIR—I have just received your very friendly letter of the 6th of June past, announcing your appointment to the superintendence of our finances. This gives me great pleasure, as from your intelligence, integrity and abilities, there is every reason to hope every advantage that the public can possibly receive from such an office. You are wise in estimating, beforehand, as the principal advantage you are to expect, the consciousness of having done service to your country. For the business you have undertaken is of so complex a nature, and must engross so much of your time and attention, as necessarily to hurt your private interests; and the public often niggardly even of its thanks, while you are sure of being censured by malevolent critics, who will abuse you while you are serving them, and wound your character in nameless pamphlets, thereby resembling those little, dirty, stinking insects that attack only in the dark, disturb our repose, molesting and wounding us, while our sweat and blood are contributing to their subsistence. Every assistance that my situation here, so long as it continues, may enable me to afford you, shall certainly be given. For, besides my affection for the glorious cause we are both engaged in, I value myself upon your friendship, and shall be happy if mine can be any use to you. With great and sincere esteem, I am ever, dear sir,

“BENJ. FRANKLIN.”

Extract of a letter from W. A. Livingston, Governor of New Jersey.

“DEAR SIR—I heartily congratulate you on your appointment to the important office of financier, and I hope no consideration will prevail on you to decline it. I have long wished to see that department in the hands of one, and I am proud to find that my opinion respecting that one has now received the sanction of Congress. I am convinced, sir, that no resolution ever passed by that august assembly, will meet with more general approbation.

“The connexions you have abroad, sir, as well as the estimation in which you are held at home, will greatly redound to the benefit of the public, in your exercise of the office in question. In the name of liberty and of our independence, let us be indebted to your talents for being rescued from the brink of destruction! And yours be the glory of retrieving the state of our funds at this melancholy crisis of general despair. I am confident that no twenty arguments which even your ingenuity is able to suggest for your declining the appointment, can, in the cool impartial scale

of reason, weigh so much as a single one which I can urge for your accepting it—‘the good of your country.’”

Letter from Peter Whitesides, Esq.

“SIR—You are now called upon ‘*una voce*’ to the Department of Finance. A very serious object. The finances of the country a perfect chaos—if a chaos can be called perfect—the prejudices of the people, some in favor of paper money—some against it; the violence of party, the effects of envy and malice to combat with, inclusive of an immense sacrifice of private fortune as well as private ease; with a numerous list of ills that will present themselves; which may be guarded against, but must, nevertheless, all be experienced. Your situation is conspicuous, and your talents have so often been employed, that you will, on all occasions, be called on; and I foresee that your whole time and attention will be taken up in one department or the other.

“The people will expect your acceptance of this office, and look up, as to a new era, from whence all public operations are to resume their former strength and energy; they see that a mere speculist, or theorist will not answer; and in short, they figure you in everything as the only person for the employ.

“It gave me extreme uneasiness when you were chosen into the Assembly. It had the same effect in this last instance; but you must yield; we are not made for ourselves alone, and you are the least so of any one.

“It has frequently been in the power of one or a few men to save the country. A striking instance of the truth of this assertion was exhibited in the year 1776, when General Howe was at Trenton.

“I was then left alone with you in Philadelphia, and I am sure, that no more than two men can claim the merit of giving that sudden and agreeable turn to our lost affairs; for the most sanguine then deemed them lost. Yours truly,

“PETER WHITESIDES.”

Having thus given a sketch of the public services, as we must think, of one of the most extraordinary men of the Revolution, of the Atlas upon whose broad shoulders rested a portion of the western world, then but thinly peopled, convulsed with the throes of revolution, engaged in a merciless contest with a nation second to none in power and resources, we now claim the privilege of adding a few private anecdotes, which will not be found to possess less interest, though of a different nature.

The celebrated naval hero, Paul Jones.

constituted Robert Morris his executor, and by will bequeathed to him as a token of high regard, the splendid sword which had been presented to that chivalric naval officer by the King of France.

The modesty of Mr. Morris, for which he was so remarkable, would not permit him to retain this tribute to valor. He conceived, therefore, the idea that it was due alike to the donor, and to the naval service of the United States, that it should be in the possession of the oldest commander of the American Navy. Accordingly, he presented it to the late brave and distinguished Commodore Barry, with an understanding that it should be by him transmitted by will to the senior officer of the Navy, who should succeed him.

Accordingly Commodore Barry devised it to his successor, the valiant Commodore Dale. Since the death of the latter officer, this sword has been in the possession of his son. Whether given by will, or retained as heir-at-law, is not known. It is nevertheless fresh in the recollection of a member of Mr. Morris' family now living, that when he was about to present the sword to Commodore Barry, a wish was expressed by Mrs. Morris that it should descend as an heirloom in their own family; to which her husband replied, that being himself neither a military nor a naval man, he thought it more appropriate that it should now be given to the senior officer of the navy, and from him should descend to the senior officer for the time being, not only as a memento of royal favor to a naval hero, but as indicative of the friendly feeling of the French king to the cause and the service of the United States.

Such a trophy in the hands of the officer of highest rank in our naval service, would undoubtedly be most appropriate, and it is therefore to be regretted that the intentions of the liberal donor who placed it in the possession of the first senior officer of the American Navy, under the circumstances named, have not been carried out.

It is well known that the latter part of Mr. Morris' life was embittered by the total loss of his large fortune. There is nothing more sorrowful than the thought of so sad a finish to the career of such a man. Yet so it was to be, and the State of Pennsylvania, for which at several times he had advanced hundreds of thousands of dollars, and to whose services he had devoted much of the prime

of his life, looked on and saw him sink into the depths of ruin, without affording the slightest aid. Alas! he who, "with an eye that never winked and a wing that never tired," had soared to the heights of patriotic devotion, and been the companion of the loftiest, the noblest, and the best, during the long struggle in which a nation won the right to exist—perhaps through that same energetic nature which perilled a princely fortune for the general weal—yielded to the mania for speculation in landed estate, which followed upon the close of the Revolution, and which overwhelmed some of the largest capitalists of the country. The want of money to comply with his immense contracts for the millions of acres of back lands which he purchased, plunged him in deeper and deeper, till some merciless creditors threw him into prison. This even could not subdue his great spirit. The consciousness of unsullied honor and honest motives, was a support that never failed him—the vigor of his mind was never subdued, and while he saw around him the wreck of his hopes and expectations, he submitted to his fate with dignified resignation. While confined in prison the mechanics of Philadelphia repeatedly made him offers of pecuniary relief, assigning as a reason, that since in his days of prosperity he had always aided to advance their interests, and showed himself their friend, it was right that in the hour of his adversity they should do whatever they could to alleviate his misfortunes. Deeply touched as he was by this generous sympathy, he gracefully declined the proffered aid, preferring to bear his own burthens rather than diminish the small means of those who had earned them by incessant toil.

In connection with his misfortunes, a story has obtained currency which has no foundation in truth, and which we are authorized to contradict.

An annuity of fifteen hundred dollars was paid to Mrs. Robert Morris during her life, by Gouverneur Morris, Esq., of this State, and it has been incorrectly believed to be a donation from that gentleman, when it was a sum of money converted into this annuity granted to Mrs. Morris for the relinquishment of her dower on four millions of acres of land sold by her husband to the Holland Land Company, Mr. Gouverneur Morris being the agent through which the payment was annually made.

This small pittance *was* left! and was

all that was left! of that splendid fortune which we have seen to have been lavished in loans for the public service, when its return was most doubtful.

Private or public liberality was never extended either to Mr. or Mrs. Morris, or to any of their descendants; and although in the days of his prosperity some empty acknowledgments may have been made to the man on whom John Hancock has left the record, *that all depended when all was in imminent danger*, yet was that man suffered to languish in sorrow and distress, *when all was accomplished!* and finally abandoned, to go down to the grave deprived of every power to provide even for the support of a family which had been reared in affluence.

We feel that we are treading upon sacred ground in touching this delicate subject—risking the possibility of wounding that native modesty and honorable pride in his descendants which has hitherto preferred “to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune” in silence, rather than ask from magnanimity what should long since have been awarded to justice! Yet thus much we have felt it was but right to say, (without their authority,) not envying the sensations of those, be they whom they may, that can read even this slight sketch of our revolutionary history without feeling that of all the instances of public ingratitude of which we have any record, the fate of the financier of the Revolution and his family furnishes the most flagrant and unaccountable example.

From a portfolio of private complimentary letters from Washington, Franklin, Madison, Hamilton, Lafayette, Kosciusko, Louis Phillipe, Talleyrand, Necker, Gates and others, heroes of the Revolution, which we have been kindly permitted to examine, we have selected one from the father of his country, which has never before been published. It is addressed to Mrs. Morris, and shows that Washington, up to the latest period of his life, felt the most lively interest in his compatriot, Mr. Morris, and the whole family. The letter is the more valuable, bearing the signature both of him and of Mrs. Washington. It was written in September of the year in which Washington died.

“MOUNT VERNON, }
Sept. 21st, 1799. }

“OUR DEAR MADAM—We never learnt with certainty, until we had the pleasure

of seeing Mr. White (since his return from Frederick), that you were at Winchester.

“We hope it is unnecessary to repeat in this place, how happy we should be to see you and Miss Morris under our roof for as long a stay as you shall find convenient, before you return to Philadelphia; for be assured, we ever have, and still do retain the most affectionate regard for you, Mr. Morris, and the family.

“With the highest esteem and regard, and best wishes for the health and happiness of the family you are in, we are, dear madam,
Your most obedient and
very humble servants,

“G. WASHINGTON.

“MARTHA WASHINGTON.

“To Mrs. Morris, in Winchester.”

Having introduced the name of Mrs. Morris, it may not be irrelevant to remind the reader that she was the honored sister of the late Right Rev. William White, the pious and highly esteemed Bishop of Pennsylvania.

Here, then, we close this somewhat desultory and imperfect memoir; referring our readers to Marshall's Life of Washington, the writings of Mr. Sparks, and the Lives of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence, for full details, from which it will be made manifest that Mr. Morris was relied upon on all occasions. Was a measure to be proposed in Congress, his counsel was sought for and obtained! Was a claim to be adjusted, it must have his supervision. Was an office of importance to be filled, he must help to decide upon the fitness of the candidate! Was a movement to be made with the armies, its appropriateness must have his sanction. Was a command offered to a general officer, he sought out Mr. Morris, and took his advice on the acceptance of it. And as to furnishing means and supplies, it would really appear as though it was never doubted, he would prove with respect to them, like the rock of Moses in the wilderness, which needed only to be smote to send forth its streams to supply the perishing Israelites.

We have no words to express the intense interest with which even this short sketch has been prepared; nor to set forth the ardent desire we feel to stir up and keep alive a remembrance of the illustrious dead. They have passed away without a knowledge of the streams of human happiness and prosperity which have flowed from their labors. Yet surely to the millions who are now the im-

mediate recipients of these blessings, everything which relates to the sacrifices by which they were purchased, must serve to confirm their inestimable value.

To some of our readers much of what is herein related may have been previously known; but the actions of such men as must occupy the foreground of a picture of any scene of our revolution cannot too often be presented for contemplation. All ages, all nations, have boasted of their heroes, their illustrious men; but the brightest pages of history may be challenged for the superiors of those who first established upon a firm basis the freedom of the western world!

Among these the thoughtful mind of the student of history will most often rest

upon the names of Washington and Morris. For with that great man, who always rises before us in the annals of the Revolution, calm, inflexible, sagacious, undismayed—the immediate delegate of Providence—we feel that the subject of this imperfect sketch was scarcely less a presiding genius over the long and arduous struggle.

Their memories must go down to posterity inseparably connected: for the foundation of this vast empire—covering now the breadth of a continent—never had been laid by the matchless generalship and valor of the one, without the untiring energy, and incomparable munificence of the other.

SILLIMAN'S AMERICAN JOURNAL OF SCIENCE AND ARTS.*

“NOTHING,” says Humboldt, “but serious occupation with chemical, mechanical, and natural studies, will defend any state from evils assailing it on the side of ignorance, poverty, vice and superstition.”

Through nature dead and inert,—the gross material of earth,—we are fed and sustained; a condition in which we differ in no respect from inferior animals; “the aim of all is but to nurse the life;” *our* greatness and excellence appears only in the wit, the ingenuity, the economy, the Reason;—forcing into our service all the powers of nature; subduing the mountains, rivers, winds, metals, earths, vegetable products; converting vile of-fal into sustenance and comfort.

The tactics of this war against dead matter we call Science—the practice of it, Art.

There are journals, military and educational, gazettes of commerce and war; but of this prime instrument of civilization, this Science and Art of subduing nature, should there not be as many and as well known?

We ask this question of our own country only; in Europe, scientific journals are well sustained and greatly respected.

We admit the impossibility of reducing all that is excellent or desirable to the rule of utility; but utility itself is subordinate to consolation, and of all consolations that of knowledge is the greatest; nay, it is consolation itself.

With these general observations, which in the present state of knowledge may possibly appear trite and unnecessary, we come to a more particular notice of the work before us, a Journal of Science, one of the most respectable in the world, supported in America, and which has completed its first series of fifty volumes—a compact body of real information—a bulletin of the progress of exact knowledge in America and in Europe—a testimony to the world, that there are liberal spirits, and wise intellects enough on this side the Atlantic, to carry the nation forward in the road of knowledge and true enlightenment.

A person unaccustomed to reflection, casually taking up a number of this journal, would probably find himself disappointed—would even see no possibility of reaping any good from it. He opens, perhaps, on an analysis of manures, an account of a newly-discovered metal, or a table of the trade winds. These are rather dry topics, and have no

* The American Journal of Science and Arts. Conducted by Professors B. Silliman and B. Silliman, Jr., and James D. Dana. Second Series. No. 8. March—May, 1847. New Haven.

influence upon stocks or the tariff;—to a man familiar with science, on the contrary, or even but slightly initiated in it, (an initiation easily attained,) nothing could be more attractive.

Say, for example, that he is an agriculturist, either by necessity or by choice; he finds it very important to his happiness (supposing always that he is a man of intelligence), to know the reason why his fish manure injured one field and benefited another; with a knowledge of the cause, he changes his plan, and instead of a judgment of Providence, finds only a judgment of nature, against himself and his neighbors; which conduces as much to charity as to prosperity.

Or, let him be a merchant, and an owner of ships; the trade winds and the hurricanes are matters of great interest to him, though all his knowledge be unable to prevent them. As invalids are curious to know the history and nature of the disease which afflicts them, he will doubtless find a reasonable pleasure in tracing the laws and courses of the winds that plague him.

Here, as in other instances, the pleasure is not immediately joined with the utility of knowledge; but this separation must be attributed to the imperfection of the knowledge itself; for we know that a complete science of any business ensures perfect success in the pursuit of it.

Political economists have never been able to complete their science, or to render it immediately useful—the most they have attained has been to destroy certain antiquated prejudices. The difficulty with them lies in their neglect of moral causes—or, more properly, in their inability to anticipate or express them. But in those sciences which more immediately affect us, in chemistry, agriculture, astronomy and the useful arts, moral causes have no influence: all is within the grasp and under the eye of experiment and observation. Experience is able to perfect itself and triumph over all obstacles.

Nor is it less desirable in the view of general enlightenment and education that works of the description of this journal should be freely circulated. The advances of a nation in numbers and wealth are but an advance toward barbarism and corruption, unless the instruments of knowledge keep pace with the numbers and the means. But this is a worn out topic. We must act more and talk less, or more to the purpose.

The publisher of a good elementary chemistry, or scientific class book, does more for the cause of liberty and enlightenment than the loudest declaimer on progress and the spirit of the age. The one moves our astonishment, the other our gratitude and respect. The one earns a noisy reputation, the other confers a solid benefit on his country.

The second series of the Journal which gives us an opportunity for these more general remarks, appears with the addition of a valuable name to the editorial department, and a better attention to the miscellany and bulletin of foreign information.

With the greatest respect for the judgment and experience of the editors, we would suggest to them, as we are their readers, and in a measure dependent on them for our small but precious stock of scientific information, a more frequent return to the first principles and common facts of science, whether in the form of summaries, series, monographs, or theoretical discussions. By these, the general reader may be rapidly and easily informed, and the body and spirit of each department, as a whole, be maintained and kept together. Locallists, remote discussions, minute analyses, topics of synonymy, and mathematical formulas, however necessary and admirable in their place, are necessarily tedious and unprofitable to the general reader, and not always beneficial to the scientific one.

What, for example, could be more agreeable or profitable to the geologist, or even to the general reader, interested in science, than the paper in the March number on the causes of the formation of volcanic chains, in which the author resolves for us a vast and difficult problem, showing easily and with a masterly simplicity, the effects of the gradual cooling of the earth's crust; or that later one by the same hand, which compares the volcanoes in the moon, studied on German maps, with those of the South Sea Islands, and identifies their form and character? Thus, the diligent industry of a German observer is converted to its proper use by the quick brain of an American savan, who knows how to unite observation with theory.

Or what more curious information to the intelligent farmer, or naturalist, than this history of the seventeen year locust; where we read that a grub hatched from the egg of that insect, after attaining its proper growth, precipitates itself volun-

tarly from the tree where it fed, and entering the ground in the manner of a mole, remains there for the extraordinary period of seventeen years, when they come to the surface, in panoply, and make the woods resound with their myriad murmurs.

Here, too, is a paper on the mounds of the West, the monuments of the extinct races: mounds of sacrifice, of burial, of commemoration.

Here, too, is an explanation of the fairy rings of pastures, the first which we remember to have seen, and true upon the face of it.

But what need of dwelling upon particulars; we can only repeat, that the true end of science is enlightenment; an enlightenment which defends us against fear, and places our prosperity, as far as the Creator will permit it, in our own hands. But the true means of this enlightenment lies more about the heart, and simple elements, of things. The learned and the scientific wander too easily into the byways and nooks of knowledge, and while they linger there amusing themselves with minuter matters, the world moves on and forgets them.

The fiftieth volume of this Journal, completes the first series, and is the Index volume of the whole. This has been prepared with the greatest labor and care, and presents a vast amount of the most valuable and interesting matter. In the very full preface to this volume, we find a history of the undertaking and of the motives which led to it. As a piece of scientific history it will always be interesting and important, as marking the progress of science in this country, and showing the disinterested energy of its patrons and supporters. The work it appears was never profitable, often an expense to its originator, and carried on by him rather from the honorable motives of patriotism than for any hope of profit. That it should have become a means of the greatest influence and respectability to the projector himself, and to the venerable institution with which he is connected, was to be expected; that it has more than any other periodical served the cause of enlightenment and progress, is an opinion which we are very willing to rest upon our own experience and observation. Coming in an-

other generation we have felt the benefit of the labors of those who went before us.

A few words in regard to the plan and spirit of the work may not be uninteresting or inappropriate.

"This Journal is intended to embrace the circle of the Physical Sciences, with their applications to the arts, and to every useful purpose."* "This is designed for original American communications; it will also contain occasional relations from Foreign Journals, and notices of the progress of Science in other countries." "It is also within its design to receive communications on Music, Sculpture, Engraving, Painting, and generally on the fine and liberal, as well as useful arts." "Notices, Reviews, and Analyses of new Scientific works, and of new inventions, and Specifications of Patents." "Bibliographical and Obituary notices of Scientific men," &c., &c. "Communications are respectfully solicited from men of Science, and from men versed in the practical arts."†

"In every enlightened country, men illustrious for talent, worth and knowledge, are ardently engaged in enlarging the boundaries of Natural Science; and the history of their labors and discoveries is communicated to the world chiefly through the medium of Scientific Journals. The necessity for such journals has thus become generally evident. They are the heralds of science; they proclaim its toils and its achievements; they demonstrate its intimate connection as well with the comfort as with the intellectual and moral improvement of our species; and they often procure for it enviable honors and substantial rewards.

"In England, the interests of Science have been for a series of years greatly promoted by the excellent journals of Tillock and Nicholson; and for the loss of the latter, the scientific world has been fully compensated by Dr. Thompson's *Annals of Philosophy*, and by the *Journal of Science and Arts* published in London.

"In France, the *Annale de Chimie et de Physique*, the *Journal des Mines*, the *Journal de Physique*, &c., have long enjoyed a high and deserved reputation. Indeed there are few countries of Europe which do not produce some similar publications.

* Preface to Index volume, p. v.

† *Ibid.*, p. vi.

"From these sources *our* country reaps an abundant harvest of information.

"But can *we* do nothing in return?"

"Among the cultivators of science among ourselves, and who are now a rapidly increasing number, are persons distinguished for their capacity and attainments, and amongst them there is an evident disposition toward a concentration of effort."

"Is it not, therefore, desirable, to furnish some rallying point, some object sufficiently interesting to be nurtured by common efforts, and thus to become the basis of an enduring common interest?"

To produce these efforts and to sustain this interest, nothing perhaps bids fairer than a Scientific Journal."

By such arguments, who, that loves his country, and sympathizes with her highest interests can fail to be affected,—nay, to be convinced!

The honor of the country is concerned in the prosperity of its own proper offspring, for this journal is and has always been a strictly national affair—as much so, as strictly so, as the Constitution itself. It belongs not merely to those who read and understand works of science, but to all who favor truth, enlightenment and national honor.

“THE AGE IS REVOLUTIONARY.”

A person, reported to be one "of great intellect and learning," is said to have declared in a lecture of his on the revolutionary spirit of the age, that this age might be "characterized,"—distinguished from all previous ages,—as revolutionary, and marked everywhere by "a spirit of discord."

It is not difficult in this country, or in any other, to persuade a promiscuous audience, brought together by curiosity and wonder, of one's great intellect and learning; especially in that field of phantasy and self-delusion called "Philosophy of History." We may therefore safely pass over the reporter's addition, "of great intellect and learning," as touching neither here nor there upon the matter in hand; nay, if it is insisted on, we may admit it, with the reservation that great intellect and learning may be even in the realm of confusion, and may be joined with a total want of political tact, and a profound ignorance of the spirit of the age, be that spirit as active or passive as it will.

Before admitting the proposition, that this age is revolutionary, and denying as we mean to deny, that it is marked by a spirit of discord, it may be well to make some brief inquiry into the meaning of the words "Age," "Spirit," and "Revolution:" precision in these particulars being convenient, if not momentous.

The word *Age* seems to have several meanings, as for instance, when it signifies a space of three centuries from Lu-

ther's Reform to the present epoch, characterized by the founding of the inquisition and of the Liberty of Protestant Germany at its beginning, and of Bible Societies and Santafedisti Societies at its close: the first of these latter for the extension of peace and religion among all nations, the other for the secret and open massacre and torture of all who profess not the papistical faith.

An age of such limits, begun and terminated by such a pair of institutions, so singularly matched against each other, is an age worth study, and affords materials for very profound Philosophies of History.

Or second, the word *Age* may be taken to signify the 19th century, characterized by the triumph of the Bourbons, the fall of Napoleon; the division of Poland; the subjugation, death or exile of all the free spirits of Italy; the conquest of the Afghans; the attempts of France against certain harmless South Sea Islanders; the ravage and seizure of Algiers; the subjugation of the French people by a custom despotism; the assumption of the liberties of Cracow; the union of France and Spain; a war of conquest undertaken by the United States against Mexico; the quiet of the Canadas; the growing power of the Russian Autocrat; the bastions of Paris; the successful machinations of the Jesuits; despotism thinking itself triumphant, and liberty seeming depressed and low! This is the second sense in which

we may take the word Age; a very forcible sense.

In this latter sense, far from being inspired with discord, or a spirit of revolution, this age seems to us quiet and orderly.

In the third sense of the word *Age*, by which it is restricted to the last twenty years or thereabout, and to the development of certain forms of opinion which show more favor to individual liberty than is agreeable to learned advocates of implicit obedience,—in the use of this third sense we must keep within limits and be more specific: we must admit that this Age is peculiarly revolutionary; subject to a revolution of opinion, slow, gradual, profound, working in the very heart of civilized humanity,—strengthening and spreading among the people the conviction of a truth which it was once the privilege of philosophers to know—that obedience to the Law is nothing until the Law itself be good—and that for this reason law itself must be left open to continual reformation, and society to a slow but continual revolution about its centre;—that this revolution and reformation, like the conduct of a wise man's life, must be from instant to instant, from day to day, from year to year;—remoulding all that becomes shapeless or antiquated, replacing all that falls to decay; not only in the family, in the state and in private conduct, but even in the sacred edifice of Religion; stripping away its cruelties, its grossnesses and its superstitions, purifying it by a return to first principles, and filling out the original design—a design so vast it must embrace all human knowledge, all science, all philosophy, all experience. This continual reformation, and slow revolution of all the institutions of society about their centres—or in another metaphor, this completing of the great order of reason, in the plan of the social edifices of Manners, State, and Religion, has been named, by some, conservatism; but it is rather an adherence to the first principles and a carrying out of the original design of Christian society than an obstinate and ignorant conservation of errors and abuses.

We may venture to characterize this age, therefore, not as an age of discord and mutiny, but as an age fully awakened to a conviction that obedience to a devil is no virtue; and that, therefore, obedience in the abstract is no virtue;—in a word, that whatever be said of chil-

dren, mature men must know what God they worship, and what laws they obey.

As a natural consequence, a spirit of rational inquiry has put the more sensible part of mankind upon investigating the spirit and origin of all institutions.

In the state it is discovered that all great evils and mutinies spring from arbitrary power, exercised by individuals or by the multitude.

Under this conviction Italy has sworn to have a government of law—a constitution—cost what it will. They have tried implicit obedience sometimes, and mad anarchy at other times, and found them both wanting.

Prussia, acting under the same conviction, has set aside the principle of implicit obedience for that of a rational obedience, which knows what it obeys;—Prussia has sworn to have a constitution cost what it may.

France has secured herself a constitution subject to perpetual amendment.

England is perpetually modifying, reforming, and revolutionizing her constitution, with reference to the good of the whole.

The Catholic Church and all other churches, let them express what horror they please, have found it hard to kick against the goads; they must reform and be revolutionized;—they are very rapidly recurring to first principles, for the love of mere existence.

Rome, the Eternal Bigot,—Rome herself—has sworn to have a constitution, and a government of laws; by a long experiment of one thousand years, the principle of irrational obedience has been tried by her and found to be an error.

If the meaning of the word *Age* is now sufficiently clear, that of "*Spirit*" comes next in order.

A Spirit surely is something immortal, like Liberty and Law.

Spirits united with God have free wills, it is said; those which are not so united, have wills enslaved. True Liberty in the state is, therefore, a very glorious principle, being a proof of Divine favor.

Now we are bound to say, that we think that no age has ever received stronger proofs of Divine favor to its *Spirit*, for no age ever showed a deeper and more universal respect for the Sacred First Principle of the Soul, the Freedom of the Will.

But there is everywhere, say you, a mutinous *spirit*, "a spirit of discord."

No, that is not so. On the contrary, there is rather a spirit of union of one sort among the sovereigns, and of union of another sort among the people. The rulers were never so unanimous—the people were never less divided.

The people of Italy, for example, have come for the first time since the extinction of the great Roman Empire to feel themselves a people—a nation—and agree most perfectly in hating their Austrian tyrants, and hoping for an advent of liberty and a Free Constitution; whereas, heretofore they have always been at war among themselves, kept in a perpetual broil by the intrigues of the priests, the Pope, and the Princes: for which read the history of Italy *passim*.

The people of Ireland, too, are at length beginning to feel themselves a nation, and agree most surprisingly in many aspirations; but, until very lately, nothing of the kind was looked for, and nothing heard of from that quarter, but narrow provincial jealousies and civil dissension.

The people of Prussia, instead of divisions, discords and petty discontent, have come to an almost unanimous opinion that they must have a Constitution. Whereas, heretofore, they were chiefly busy with their kings in the wars of Europe or of Europe's kings.

In Russia we hear only of consolidation, and making of many nations into an empire; there, too, consolidation and harmony is the theme.

In China, the people are faithful to their government; they have no Jesuits to foment divisions.

In Afghanistan there is a wonderful unanimity in hatred of foreign oppression.

In Algiers the number of the traitors and discontents is few; all that dare, unite against the common tyrant.

Spain is indeed, like South America, in a terrible broil—they have not reduced their princes and priests sufficiently—but there is hope even for Spain.

Belgium and Holland are diligent in business; and look principally to stocks, railroads, manufactures, and the like, for contentment; they are not, indeed never were, a revolutionary people. A Spanish Duke of Alva was needed, with horrid persecutions, to make them revolt; still, it is by no means certain that a sharp application of the pincers of St. Dominic, and the bride of Loyola, might not throw them all into confusion again, little as they love revolutions.

Sweden is quiet, apparently occupied in meditation.

Poland is very quiet indeed.

Austria shows no restlessness or hankering for revolution. In Luther's time, and in Voltaire's, she showed a great deal of uneasiness.

The cities of the Rhine, and the States of Northern Germany, are either merchandising or studying, or making a feeble movement against their priests; whereas, up to the present time, their history teems with reformatations, martyrdoms, and foreign or civil wars.

Between the people of the New, and the people of the Old World there is sprung up not hatred and a war, but a singular sympathy and unanimity. Ireland, Italy, and Poland, send all their exiles hither to make common cause.

The Kirk of Scotland with great unanimity retires from its dependence on the government.

The people of Rome, with the Pope at their head, with one voice cry out for a constitution and to have their hands untied.

The people of France were either never less able or less willing to engage in civil war than at present. They seem to be of one mind; feel themselves to be one nation; yet do not know exactly what to think of their government, whether it dishonors them, or they it.

England is just now agreed about the badness of corn-laws, and they are accordingly abolished.

Then, if we look at governments, there seems to be a charming amicable spirit among the sovereigns of Europe. Instead of fomenting jealousies, and getting together by the ears, they marry and are given in marriage, they send presents to each other, and form tacit holy alliances; they are become nursing mothers and nursing fathers to their people. Their hope and pride is the dear people, whom as an infant in swaddling bands, which they humorously name Bastions, Spielbergs, and Iron Steamers, they look upon with pride, longing with a trembling pleasure for the day when it shall rise into manhood and tenderly relieve its dear parents of their heavy charge. To this end they educate it, and give it all manner of instructive toys; railroads, books, free-press, &c.; it has but to cry and stamp a little to get what it wants.

Surely, so amiable and unanimous an age cannot be called revolutionary! It were unjust.

What is a revolution? A change in opinions, manners, constitutions, partial or complete. We are oppressed, and we violently cast off our oppressors; we lie grovelling in ignorance, and demand schools; we are robbed by monopolies, and demand that there be no monopolies; we are starving for bread and demand the free admission of grain; we are ruined by foreign competition and must have our ports closed against it; these are revolutions, or reformations, or what you will, but call them by the worst name that bigotry and tyranny can invent, they are, nevertheless, the safeguards, the evidences, and the vital acts of liberty, not of that miserable political sham which is called liberty, the being equally dealt with by bad laws, but of that inherent and infeasible freedom lodged in every true man's breast, which will not let him rest until he is responsible to none but his Maker for the free acts of his body and his reason.

Indeed, it cannot be denied that this age is revolutionary—so have been all ages, or at least all that men respect. But to go no farther back, let us begin with that great Israelitish Revolution, when the chosen race of God rose against the priests of Egypt, and puritanically marched into the wilderness, led by the Most High. A little farther and we light upon other revolutions in the history of that misguided people, who, perpetually sinking into apathy, under a priesthood leaning to idolatry, were roused to revo-

lution and massacre, and the destruction of temples and high places, by the voice of a Samuel, an Isaiah, or a David. Or what shall we say to that grandest of all progresses, or revolutions, the introduction of Christianity, which came bringing not "peace, but a sword," and by the power of the word, parents were set against children, and children against parents, and nations crushed and trampled under foot for the long period of five centuries in that great revolutionary epoch of humanity? Advance now to the crusades; the whole Christian world against the whole Mahomedan, for five centuries also.

Revolution upon revolution; the history of man is a history of revolutions, and of progress, even to our day; but ours are petty and ridiculous compared with those of the earlier ages.

The battle of life is never done, ever to be fought; through the night the mischief collects, the evils have crept in—rushed in—and must be swept, hurried, hurled back to whence they came.

It has now come to this, that instead of long periods of lethargy and idle inobservance, alternating with furious struggles to break the toils thrown over us in our sleep, we keep a constant vigilance, and consider ourselves as undergoing a ceaseless reformation and revolution.

"The price of Liberty is perpetual vigilance."

NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA.

THE RUMOUR OF AN ATTEMPTED RESCUE IN 1818.

As anything connected with the life and times of this great and extraordinary man is interesting to the public, and especially to Frenchmen, it is proposed to record the facts which gave rise to the above vague report. They were derived from the lips of a lamented officer now no more; and although some slight allusion to them may have been made in the newspapers of the day, it is believed they were never given to the public in a detailed or authentic form. In doing so now, we shall have to introduce them by some collateral circumstances, interesting in themselves and so closely connected with the subject, that they cannot well

be dispensed with. But the occurrences are strictly true, and discarding all attempts at "fiction founded upon facts," for which the writer has neither taste nor talent, he proceeds at once to the facts themselves, and will confine himself to the plain and simple yet highly interesting tale which he so frequently heard related by his lamented friend, whose noble spirit took its flight from "life's checkered scene" more than twenty years ago.

It must be fresh in the recollection of most of our readers that about the time of the termination of the last war with Great Britain, and of the peace of Europe

and the confinement of Napoleon at St. Helena by the "Holy Alliance," the South American colonies were struggling for their Independence, in which struggle, thousands of our brave officers of the late war felt the deepest sympathy. Among the most prominent of the states thus struggling for liberty was Buenos Ayres; and it is well known that many of our private armed ships, rendered by the peace almost valueless as merchantmen, were sent out there for sale, and the young Republic was having several constructed in the ports of the United States, the largest and most important of which was one at Baltimore, pierced for forty-four guns, and at that time believed to be the most splendid frigate ever built in this country.

This fine ship, whose *neutral* name was "Clifton," was placed under the command of Captain Clayton of Baltimore, (the present worthy old commodore,) and no sooner was it known that she would take, passage free, such American gentlemen of character and standing as were desirous of receiving commissions in the Buenos Ayrean Navy on their arrival there, than hundreds of our gallant officers who had been thrown out of commissions by the peace, flocked to Baltimore, and some fifty or more took passage in the "Clifton." On the arrival of the ship at Buenos Ayres, her armament being already in her lower hold, she was soon made "ship-shape," and the requisite number of officers put in commission, among whom was my friend Capt. S——, from whom these facts were derived, and a son of an eminent jurist of New York, the late Br—— L——n. This splendid ship of war unfortunately was lost on her first cruise on her way to Valparaiso, and with her perished the high hopes of many of her brave officers who were seeking fame in the navy of the new republic. The most of them found their way back to the United States; a few, however, were determined to push their fortunes further.

On their return to Buenos Ayres, they found among the vessels there in port for sale, the beautiful New York clipper brig ——, which had run with such remarkable success and eclat as a letter-of-marque between New York and France during the war, and had made so much money for her enterprising owners, the then firm of P. & H. This brig, mainly through the influence and liberality of Don de Forest, afterwards Con-

sul-General to the United States, and long a resident of New Haven, was bought by the Buenos Ayrean government and put in commission under the name of "Chacabuco," mounting sixteen guns, with a full compliment of gallant officers, chiefly American, and a large crew composed however of sailors of almost all nations. The writer cannot at this late day recollect the names of all the officers as mentioned by his friend, nor is he certain that that of the commander was R——. But his friend Capt. S—— was second in command, the New York gentleman before alluded to was captain of marines, and Doctor B., now or late of Florida was the surgeon: my friend always spoke of the officers of the "Chacabuco" with great kindness and affection, and the writer exceedingly regrets that their names have escaped his memory, as doubtless many of them survive and might furnish very interesting details in this narrative of the first cruise of a vessel whose name might have figured largely in the history of the times as the fortunate ship which rescued from the "rock in the ocean" the mightiest general of the age.

Never was a ship better equipped than the Chacabuco, and never were gallant officers more intent on seeking an enemy and at the same time seeking fame: she was what sailors call a "fancy craft," and sailed like the wind. The only drawback on the high hopes and happiness of her officers was the occasional and increasing illness of her noble commander. That gentleman, formerly an officer in the American navy, had been on some former occasion severely wounded in the head, and at times was so much indisposed as to almost amount to insanity. The anxiety and excitement of fitting out the Chacabuco brought on a recurrence of his complaint soon after getting to sea, and it became apparent to all, that the first Lieutenant (whom I have called Capt. S—— but whom I shall now designate as Lieut. S——) must become in point of fact *the* commander for the cruise.

In about thirty days she captured a prize from Calcutta, and from papers found on board learned that two large and valuable letters-of-marque ships belonging to the Royal East India Company of Spain were soon to sail for Cadiz—the officers of the prize confirmed these facts, and added that they each had cargoes valued at half a million or more—were strong-

ly armed and fully manned—that one of them was frigate built, and was formerly the old American frigate the “Warren,” sold out of the service after the peace of ’83—that they would sail in company for mutual protection, and would touch at St. Helena for water, &c. Here, then, was a fine opportunity for the Chacabuco to distinguish herself and win golden opinions and golden prizes at the same time, and she lost no time in bracing up for St. Helena, confident that with favorable winds she might reach there some ten or twelve days before the heavy ships in question. I need not speak of St. Helena, nor of the strong and vigilant force stationed there by the British government to guard safely the “world’s prisoner,” nor need I describe the harbor of Jamestown and the only accessible landing-place—they were well protected by the natural defences and a ship of the line; but there was another place just round the promontory where it was possible a landing might be effected in calm weather, and at this place Sir Hudson Lowe had stationed an eighteen gun-brig. The cruising ground of this brig was excluded from sight at the port of Jamestown by the high point of land just mentioned, and once during every day she sailed far enough out to sea to be seen by the admiral and fire a gun, which was answered by his ship, and thus the watchful sentinel daily reported “All’s well:”—but from “Longwood” the brig was always in sight.

When the Chacabuco reached St. Helena, disguised as a merchantman, she sent her boat on shore under a pretence of meeting letters and orders, but in fact to ascertain whether the letters-of-marque had gone past, and to their great joy it was found they had not: returning to the ship, they put to sea for that night, to determine what station to take as most likely to intercept them; a station near the cruising ground of the gun brig was indeed the most proper and almost the only one, being directly in the track of ships approaching the island from India: they therefore determined to take that station and avoid the brig. The next day, in standing in-shore, they were surprised to find that the English gun-brig resembled the “Chacabuco” so much in size and rig and general appearance, that the boatswain jocosely reported her a “twin-sister,” and it was this remarkable coincidence of appearance, even to the darker color of her fore-topsail, which came so near being the means of

rescuing the prisoner, as we shall presently see.

When the Chacabuco came within a certain distance, the gun-brig would fire a gun and give chase; the chase immediately tacked ship and stood to sea. After the gun-brig reached a certain distance in the offing, she again tacked and stood in. This was repeated several days, and the Chacabuco thus ascertained the extent of the brig’s cruising-station, and took due notice of her stretching out each day beyond the promontory, or cape, to the windward, and firing her signal-gun. Thus matters continued for nearly two weeks, the Chacabuco keeping a good look-out for the expected richly-laden ships, and the English brig performing her daily round of prescribed duty. Occasionally, the Chacabuco would stretch well to the windward during the night; and it was on one of those occasions that, soon after night had set in, there arose one of those sudden and violent storms which rage with unabated force and fury for a few hours, and then almost as suddenly subside. The Chacabuco labored hard; and so anxious were her officers for her safety, that at one time it was proposed to throw some of her guns overboard. The fury of the gale was driving her near the cape; she might be far enough off shore to pass it; should she not be, every soul must perish. But before day came to reveal to them their imminent danger, a smoother sea announced to their anxious hearts that they had passed it, and which, with an almost sudden abatement of the gale, left them in comparative safety. Daylight came, and with it a clear and calm sky and bright sun, but the “guardacosta” brig was gone—whether to the bottom or far to the leeward could not then be decided; from the suddenness and violence of the storm it was feared she had foundered and gone down with her gallant crew; but soon after sunrise, while the Chacabuco was lying almost becalmed within a few leagues of the shore, repairing the damage of her sails and rigging, it occurred to Lieutenant S—— to hoist the English flag and personate the English brig. With him—in this instance, at least—to decide was to act; and in an instant the order was given, and in another the British ensign was flying at her peak, and to all appearance she was the veritable well-known and well-armed ship of his Majesty, the

The day was becoming more and more

fair and lovely, and about twelve o'clock Napoleon was seen taking his accustomed ride on horseback, accompanied by a friend or two, and followed by a small guard of soldiers in glittering uniform, taking the usual road or path leading from Longwood to the shore, near where, as before said, a landing possibly might be effected, and hardly a league from the Chacabuco. While reconnoitering the party with a spy-glass, it flashed across the mind of Lieutenant S—— that Bonaparte could at that moment be rescued! The thought thrilled through his generous soul, and aroused his ambition for the noble deed. In an instant he was at the side of the commander (who, it ought to have been said before, had been some time confined to the cabin with a recurrence of the malady which was fast wasting his life), and relating in the briefest possible manner the absence of the gun-brig, the position of the Chacabuco and of the party on shore, some five or six miles from any land force to oppose his design, and suggesting the attempt of rescue. The commander, who, if in health, would have gloried in the attempt, merely gave his assent, but with that unwonted indifference and unconcern which induced Lieutenant S——, on reaching the quarter-deck again, to call his officers together, who, almost unanimously, and with a thrilling response, seconded him. One, however (not an American), suggested doubts—"The captain," he said, "is sick—we are daily expecting the rich prizes, &c.; but without delay the crew were beat to quarters; and, instead of giving orders to *immediately man the boats and rescue Napoleon Bonaparte,*" Lieutenant S—— committed the fatal mistake of addressing them. Ah, fatal error! Elevated upon one of the guns of the ship, with his eye alternately on Bonaparte and on his crew, who were gradually taking their respective stations on deck, he hardly waited for the whole to assemble, his own noble heart beating high with spirit-stirring and generous impulses and perilous enterprise: never for a moment doubting that the crew he was about to address would respond with one long and hearty huzza, what was his astonishment and indignation, when the only response was a silent pause! But in that fatal pause was suspended the peace of Europe—perhaps, of the world! In that one short pause hung the life and destinies of the great and mighty man

who that moment was looking out upon them a state prisoner—known as such to almost all the nations of the earth—wholly unconscious that the power to rescue him lay within a league of his own arm! * * * * *

That pause continued for nearly a minute; so utterly astonished and confounded was Lieutenant S——, who so naturally believed that the feeling of every heart was in unison with his own, that he was not the first to break the silence. In a few moments the officer, (a foreigner,) who had before raised doubts, exclaimed, "What's that to us—give us a rich prize ship," thus revealing to the astounded Lieutenant S—— and his chief officers a state of insubordination little dreamt of, amounting almost to revolt and mutiny! and his generous mind, instead of *instantly* ordering the boats to be manned for the rescue, made a second fatal mistake in admitting his crew to a parley. * * * * * In that parley time flew, and with it departed forever the only, and apparently a providential, opportunity of rescuing a hero from an ignominious bondage! But from the surly silence and sinister looks of more than half his crew, and the half-smothered but half-uttered threat of a few of the leaders, that "if we separate, we separate forever," thereby intimating that if the boats should leave the ship, the ship might leave the boats, it was but too apparent, nay, painfully certain, that the noble enterprise must be abandoned. For more than half an hour the opportunity lasted. Some secret spell seemed to bind Napoleon to the spot, and when he and the party proceeded slowly further along the coast, but not a moment out of sight, his face was to all appearance turned most of the time toward the ocean and the brig, so that any unusual signal would have attracted his attention. She was not the English guard brig he supposed her to be, but the ill-fated Chacabuco. There she lay with her dastardly crew of all nations, ready to fight and strong in fight, (as the sequel proved,) not, however, for honor and glory, but for "filthy lucre."

Who can describe the feelings of Lieutenant S—— and his brave officers? who can realize the intensity of their disappointment when the attempt at rescue was thus so painfully and reluctantly abandoned, and the order given for the crew to resume their routine of duty? "Oh, the fatal error of appealing to the

reason or patriotism of a mixed crew of a man-of-war!" was an expression often used by my friend when relating this exciting story. Had he given the order to man the boats for the rescue, leading the way himself as he intended, it had been done, and the rescue probably accomplished, long before the more sordid part of his crew, attracted and excited, at the moment, by the splendor and importance of the achievement, would have found time to "count the cost," or exclaim, (as they did,) "You will get all the honor, and *we*, poor devils, will lose the prizes." Had he, even after the pause and parley with the crew, sprung, sword in hand, amongst the disaffected and arrested them, as he was on the point of doing, he still might have accomplished the rescue, but he did not. The remark of one of them that their "*commander*" had not "ordered them to catch soldiers," forcibly reminded him that *he* was only second in authority, and his noble commander was too ill, and too unconscious, to take any interest in what was passing on deck, or to give an order if he were brought there—and when Lieutenant S— saw Napoleon on his return home pause, when nearly opposite the brig, and seemingly take a last, and, he could imagine, reproachful look, his heart sank within him, and he descended to his cabin with ardent and agitated feelings, and a prostration of spirits, not to be described. For several hours he remained below under the greatest excitement—on the one hand, indignant at the dastardly conduct of his crew, and on the other a lingering hope that something might yet transpire to enable him to accomplish what he would at that moment have risked a dozen lives to accomplish; alternately revolving the chances that the British gun-brig (for whose crew in the dawn of morning he had felt and expressed the liveliest sympathy) had gone to the bottom, and therefore that *his* disguise would not for some days be detected, and the hope that during the day his crew, either through fear, or by strong inducements and hopes of large rewards, might join in and consent the next morning that Bonaparte should take his ride; alternating, I say, between hope and despair, he had almost wished the sea to overwhelm his ship and end his anxiety, when he was startled by the cry of "Sail, ho!" which brought him to the deck almost at a single bound, and, to his utter dismay, the re-appearance of the gun-brig in the

offing, regaining her cruising ground, put to flight the last vestige of hope that he, who had once had a most providential opportunity, should ever have another, to attempt to rescue the great prisoner, and with a sinking heart he gave orders to his disappointed and distressed officers, to make sail seaward, thus avoiding the approaching cruiser, who, apparently in great alarm, commenced firing signal guns, and made all the sail her crippled condition would admit. The Chacabuco had hardly gained an offing before the admiral's ship was seen standing out of the harbor prepared for action—and it was no doubt this affair that gave rise to the reports which reached Sir Hudson Lowe, and even Napoleon's ears, that an attempt *had been made* to rescue him.

The Chacabuco had stretched far beyond the ken of the alarmed brig, and was left almost becalmed. There she lay, to all appearance as calm as the ocean on whose quiet bosom she was floating, which contrasted sadly with the perturbed feelings of her officers—intense disappointment—chagrin—a feeling of culpability—a self-accusing spirit of duty unperformed, engendered feelings in their hearts towards the recreant officer and disaffected portion of the crew, which it had taken but little to excite into desperation: and the crew, nearly all of whom had now sided with the disaffected, although performing submissively and in sullen silence their usual round of duty, it was but too apparent were under the influence of more than common feelings—a half-smothered threat uttered in the way of a joke, about "catching soldiers,"—the self-condemned and sinister features of the foreign officer in question—the more than doubtful visage of three or four leading tars—all spoke, in language stronger than words, that a volcano was under them, which the first spark of additional insubordination or revolt would ignite into the deadliest conflict for mastery. It was not till the second day that Lieut. S— thought it necessary to consult his officers, nor was he even then willing to alarm his fast sinking commander, but he said enough to some of his chief officers to intimate to them the necessity for an informal interview and consultation, and the captain of marines, young L—n (who had throughout the whole affair behaved most nobly, participating with Lieut. S— in the most fervid enthusiasm for the attempt at rescue) had noticed enough to induce *him* to look

well to the condition of *his* department. From this state of anxiety, doubt, and danger, they happily were relieved in the afternoon of the second day by the always cheerful and exciting cry of "Sail ho!" and in a few hours they spoke and boarded the American ship—— from Manilla, from whom they learnt that one of the Spanish ships was disabled and undergoing long repairs at Manilla, and the other they had parted company with only a few days before; she intending to proceed direct to Cadiz, without calling at St. Helena.

Thus, then, was a new motive of action at once brought into exercise on board the self-condemned *Chacabuco*, in which both officers and crew seemed glad to participate—"a change came o'er the spirit of their dreams"—all was life and bustle. It was almost certain that their clipper brig could reach Cadiz before her expected prize—perhaps fall in with her on the way, and when the order was given to make all sail for Cadiz, it was obeyed with that alacrity and hearty good will, which again spoke louder than words, that with the mixed crew of the *Chacabuco*, gold had a thousand more charms than honor. Every sail was spread to the breeze, and the ship bounded gaily over the ocean:—if relief from very great anxiety had lighted up the faces of her officers, so had the hope of regaining the confidence of their officers and of capturing a noble prize, swept away from the brawny cheeks of her motley crew every vestige of discontent—cheerily they manned the ropes and loudly they praised the sailing qualities of their darling craft—

"Their march was on the mountain wave,
Their home was on the deep!"—

and while the face of every jolly tar glistened with gladness and hope, their eagerness and anxiety to overtake the letter-of-marque gave a certain pledge that they would now do their whole duty. And the opportunity was very soon afforded them, for on their arrival off Cadiz they ascertained that they were in advance of the expected prize, and they accordingly took their station to intercept and capture her.

In this position the *Chacabuco* had remained, constantly prepared for action, for more than three days, when a little after dark on the fourth a sail was descried bearing directly down for the port, and in a short time there was every indi-

cation of her being the large armed ship which had so long been the object of their anxious and eager pursuit, and that she had by some means or other an intimation of her danger, for she was coming down under the greatest possible spread of canvas. The *Chacabuco* was not slow in beating to quarters—placing herself directly in the chops of the harbor, with her matches lighted, she waited the approach of her antagonist, who to her surprise she found all prepared for defence, even to her boarding nettings, and from her size and armament gave token that the conflict would be dreadful, and dreadful it was.

Three several times did the *Chacabuco* attempt to board, the last time from the main-yard, by springing into the quarter boat of the ship, which was immediately cut away and afforded part of the boarders the means of safety till rescued after the action, during the whole time of which, being nearly an hour, the ship kept steadily on her course into port, seemingly conscious that her only safety was in reaching the anchorage before her crew, which was so fast diminishing, should be wholly killed or disabled. In this she succeeded, and when the *Chacabuco* reluctantly gave up the fight, both ships were nearly amidst the fleet of merchantmen in the harbor, and a sloop of war, apparently British, was under way for the scene of action.

If the officers of the *Chacabuco* had felt disheartened at St. Helena, the crew now in their turn felt the bitterness of disappointment in its fullest force: they had fought like bulldogs; nearly one-third of their number had been killed or mortally wounded—among the former was the recreant foreign officer; they had boldly held on to the fight at desperate odds till they were in danger of being surrounded in port, and when they gave it up and bore out to sea, fortunately rescuing in their way from a watery grave, their brave companions who had attempted to board, and were cut down in the quarter-boat, the keenest disappointment and despair were depicted in every face, heightened no doubt by the bitter recollection of delinquency of duty at St. Helena. The fight was a desperate one, and was fully described and commented on by the Cadiz papers of the day; and as at night the *Chacabuco's* colors had not been distinctly seen and understood, she was reported and believed to be some desperate piratical corsair.

Cut up and disabled to such a degree that it became necessary, on the first recurrence of heavy weather, to throw overboard most of her heavy guns—her crew thinned by death and mortal wounds—it became in the minds of her officers very doubtful if the *Chacabuco* could reach Buenos Ayres; and in a few days it was determined to bear up for a port in the United States, and she finally reached Savannah with the greatest difficulty, where, while waiting for orders and the means to refit, many of her officers resigned, and most of her crew escaped. Her brave commander immediately left for the North, where, it is believed, he soon breathed his last. Lieutenant S— obtained leave of absence to visit his friends residing in a seaport

on the Gulf, who induced him to throw up his commission; but disappointment and disease soon made such rapid inroads on his constitution, that, in a year or two, he had barely health enough left to enable him to return to his native State in the North, where, in August, 1822, he breathed his last in the arms of his parents.

The brave captain of marines, young L—n, returned to the fond embrace of his parents in New York; the surgeon, Dr. B., became a resident of Florida. Who took charge of the *Chacabuco*, and when she sailed for Buenos Ayres, the writer has now no means of ascertaining; but her arrival at Savannah must still be fresh in the recollection of many of the present merchants of that place.

THE ORATORS OF FRANCE : CORMENIN'S "PORTRAITS."*

It is singular, perhaps a little disgraceful, the extent, the variety of ways, with which we have contrived to exhibit our dependence on England for the literary products with which are fed, what we choose to consider, our very intellectual natures. It could not, in reason, appear strange that all good works of English production should be imported—re-published, if you please—with great haste, and read with equal eagerness and delight. To have neglected them would, in fact, have been but an evidence of little taste on our part, as well as of small reverence for that noble mother of all the "enterprising Saxon race," whom it must be confessed, we ought not to forget. Nor is it matter of surprise that we have not ourselves produced a greater number of excellent books, which might have prevented the necessity of borrowing so freely from abroad. We are young as yet; we have had a wilderness to conquer—cities to build—commerce, government, social order to establish—in short, our physical interests to care for first—a remark which, though often made, is almost as true as if it were less common! But we have gone quite beyond what was necessary in our literary

indebtedness to Great Britain. We have not only devoured all original English works—which was well enough, provided we had always known first what we were eating, or sufficiently digested it when eaten—but we have borrowed from English translators all our current versions of foreign authors. There is hardly an instance to the contrary. All the fine French and Italian classic authors, the best versions of which have for the most part appeared since we first undertook to build up for ourselves a literature, have been made familiar to us through English translations. With the modern stock of continental literature, the case is nearly as bad. Some dusty scholar has rendered into American two or three unattractive German works, never yet naturalized in England—though in truth we cannot well remember what they are. All other exceptions are confined to French novels—to the introduction of which we should prefer to lay no claim—the discredit to our taste is greater than the honor to our diligence.

But what possible reason has there been for such refusal among us to engage in this department of literary labor? Pride of being original? Scorn of working at

* The Orators of France. By Timon (Viscount de Cormenin.) Translated by a member of the New York Bar, from the Fourteenth Paris edition; with an Essay on the Rise and Progress of French Revolutionary Eloquence, and the Orators of the Girondists, by J. T. Headley: edited by G. H. Colton, with notes and biographical addenda. New York, Baker & Scribner.

second-hand? The first plea, manifestly, will not go a great way in our case; and for the second, besides its losing a good portion of its pith from the first proving worthless, we might modify our great dignity a little with the reflection that other nations quite as good as we are, have engaged in this labor with acknowledged benefit to the interests and character of literature at home. The truth is, the only thing we show in the matter is a discreditable indolence; we cannot engage in the direct toil of fitting these foreign wares for our market, but we do not hesitate to pilfer, and re-produce, those which her Majesty's Commonwealth of Letters have imported and adapted for their own use.

The next thing to originating for ourselves, is to re-produce, in the finest dress of our native tongue, the noblest productions of other languages. There is not a literature in Europe of any worth, a large part of whose acknowledged permanent possessions are not considered as consisting in skillful versions of the chief authors of other countries. It is, indeed, the common duty of the literary men of a nation to set themselves to this task. The body of the people have not the gift of tongues; they can know nothing but by report of the untranslated efforts of writers out of their own country. But all letters—the writings of all nations—should form a great community of intellectual wealth—a fifth element, as interchanged and universal, as the air and water—an effect to be attained only by the means spoken of. Other countries have done their part towards this end, for themselves; we have looked to England to do it for us.

But in this there are two or three great disadvantages. In the first place, we thus constantly confirm our habits of dependence on her; instead of which, by introducing among us, of our own labor, the most excellent foreign works—French, German, Italian, Spanish—whether of this or preceding centuries, we should go far to do away with both the fact and the feeling of such dependence. American translations of the truly great and abiding works of the modern tongues, could not fail to be considered as much a part of our literature as would be a new and successful rendering of Homer, Æschylus, or Virgil.

Then, again, by foregoing this labor, we forego one of the greatest means of improving our style and enriching our

capacities of language and invention. The remark will be appreciated by all who have long and carefully pursued the exercise of translation, or by those who have observed how much the practice of it has done for nearly every eminent writer in English literature. There ought at this moment to be—there would be, had our men of letters been true to their own advancement, and to the interest committed to their charge—American versions of all the great classical works in prose and poetry, of the modern languages.

But the worst is, that in relying upon the English for the translated works we get, we become imbued with English impressions of the writings presented, and of foreign literature in general. Thus we not only delight ourselves with feasting upon the original productions of British writers, instead of producing the same ourselves, and borrow, in addition, their versions of the writings of their neighbors, but end with adopting on trust their opinions of the men, politics, and letters of the rest of Europe. By this, it must be confessed, our literary dishonor is completed, acquires a finish and roundness—*totus, teres, atque rotundus!*

It is quite time that all this should have an end. Of the great nations, we are the latest born, and the most cosmopolitan both by character and position: it belongs to us, both for justice to them, and for our own benefit, that we acquaint ourselves directly with the men and manners, with the arts and literature, with the political and social condition of all nations.

Our publishers, it is true, finding modern works translated to their hands, can hardly be expected to pay for MS. versions, perhaps of inferior execution. This consideration, however, will not hold of those whose reputation has become fixed by many years' standing—for they will bear two or three translations; while, on the other hand, many of the most valuable and brilliant publications of the current years are not rendered into English at all, as was the case with Cormanin's "Portraits," now before us. It may be remarked, by the way, that here would be one of the great practical benefits of an international copyright law—the American publisher, having to pay the English translator for his version of a foreign book, would as soon give the same amount to a competent

person at home for executing the same labor. But enough on this topic—we have been led too far by its importance in a general point of view, not intending to apply our remarks especially to the work before us, the value of which in such a connection must be left to its readers.

It is, however, altogether remarkable that Cormenin's work should never have been translated in England. In France and on the Continent generally, its reputation is very great; it has been accepted as one of the most vigorous and brilliant books published for many years, distinguished alike for its matter and its style. Its popularity is evinced by the number of editions published, seventeen or eighteen of which have appeared at Paris, and twelve at Brussels. On this point, the translator quotes from a late Parisian paper, (*le National*), announcing the appearance of the *sixteenth* edition:

“What remains at this day, to be said of the *Livre des Orateurs*, except that it has proved a fortune to the publisher, and a source of new triumphs to the author: the rapid sale of fifteen editions speaks abundantly the opinion of the public. But with M. DE CORMENIN the editions succeed each other without being alike. He touches and retouches unceasingly his elaborate pages; he adds, retrenches, transposes, polishes: he is eminently the writer of the file and smoothing-plane (*de la lime et du rabot*), a rare merit in our days, and which evinces in the author a proper respect for both the public and himself.

“The edition now issued contains some new Portraits, or rather outlines, in the modest expression of the author. For as soon as an orator appears, ‘TIMON’ takes his pencil, draws a profile, sketches a head, completes a bust according to the rank assigned to each in the parliamentary hierarchy. Thus does he constantly keep up to the current of parliamentary life, though, in truth, at present, neither active nor brilliant. And as the sessions march on, the ‘Book of the Orators’ marches with them, advancing daily more and more in public admiration, and above all, in pecuniary productiveness.”

This neglect of English publishers to bring out a striking series of portraits, embracing so many distinguished French characters of three generations, is the more remarkable from the fact that many sketches or articles, relating to these men, in the English periodicals, have transferred some of their most effective strokes from Cormenin. It is not a rare

instance, however; in several of the foreign tongues there are many popular and valuable works that remain unknown to the English reader. How could it be otherwise? We know that the literature both of France and Germany is prolific in good books—that we get but a small portion of those works, and usually of an inferior quality. The best works are considered not sufficiently popular to be remunerative to publishers, whose position unfortunately makes them judges in the matter, though their knowledge is commonly on a par with their liberality.

The original work of Viscount de Cormenin consists of two parts. The first is a treatise of Principles and Precepts, with illustrations, covering all the different species of eloquence and style in public writings—forensic, military, pulpit, popular, and parliamentary—academical addresses, lectures, speeches from the chair, haranguing in public assemblies, in clubs, in the open air—the eloquence of the press, of pamphleteers, the style of diplomatic dispatches and official documents. What would be of particular interest to public men and politicians of this country, it embraces the “tactics” of parties, of deliberative assemblies, of opposition, and ministerial policy. All this, the second part is designed to illustrate [by “Portraits,” or sketches, of the most eminent orators and parliamentary leaders, from Mirabeau, Danton, and Napoleon, whose extraordinary military oratory is set forth at large, down, through the Restoration and the Revolution of July, to Lamartine, Thiers, and Guizot. He adds, at the end, as the prominent example of popular eloquence in modern times, a rapid and glowing portraiture of the oratory of O’Connell, a eulogium which will be read with interest, now that the hand and voice of the great Irish Agitator are still forever.

The volume, as published here, consists of three parts: The translated “Portraits” of Cormenin—an essay prefixed to these by Mr. Headley, on the rise and character of eloquence in the French Revolution—and about fifty pages of biographical addenda by the Editor.

Of the latter it is not requisite to speak here. They consist mainly of anecdotes, facts, and narrative observations, relating to the lives of some of the principal characters treated of by the author. These would seem not so much necessary as desirable. Timon does not care to say much about their private history, only to

hit off with a various and piquant pen the mental, moral, and *physical* characteristics, so to speak, of them and their oratory, with a brief notice of the times of their development. But to understand the linings of a picture, we must have the accessories given, unless we know the antecedents of the scene and figures presented. These a Frenchman would possess already, because the characters are those with whom he has long been familiar; but with us a feeling of strangeness would pertain to foreign persons drawn naked and without the background of personal information. The orators to whom these particulars relate are Mirabeau, Danton, Benjamin Constant, Royer Collard, Lamartine, Thiers, and Guizot.

The essay on the Girondists, though rapid and brief, considering the extent of the subject, is an effective piece of writing. It has the vigor, directness, and *movement* of style, characteristic of the author's productions—and it accomplishes its end—which could not be a display of breadth or profundity in so short a piece, but simply to leave, as it seems, a glowing unity of impression on the reader's mind with respect to the rise of French popular eloquence, and the orators of that period. In this way it seems to throw light upon the entrance into the field which Cormenin's sketches subsequently cover.

The translation is worthy of notice. We do not indeed agree with the author's theory expressed in his preface, of enriching our language with French *idioms* and expressions. He has not ventured, fortunately, upon the introduction of many, but some of the few he has employed can never, we are sure, be naturalized in our English tongue, as it certainly is not desirable they should be. One form, in particular, he has made use of, we cannot but think, by simple oversight—for it is one entirely peculiar to the French, and becomes with us a sheer grammatical error. It is the use of the perfect tense "has been," when speaking of an action or event entirely in the past, having no connection with the present. "They *have said* so, when Alexander, in his drunkenness, *tore*," &c.—"They *have said* so, when Nero *assassinated* his mother"—"The Revolution of 1789 *has been* the great event of *modern times*." If these and some other instances belong to the translator's theory, we would suggest that the theory be re-

formed; but they were doubtless overlooked in the haste of revision. "For the rest"—to employ a French expression of some use in English, as we have no equivalent—the translations from "Timon" are executed with singular felicity and power. The original with its peculiar subtleties of language and great variety of style, was difficult to be rendered well. The task will be judged to have been executed with great success. The continuous force and aptness of expression displayed throughout, the dialectic precision and pictorial coloring, the skillful following of the author's incessant shiftings from argument to satire, from eloquence to raillery and invective, are deserving of some attention among the commonly bald and unequal versions of foreign works which have been brought before the public.

It is not difficult to account for the popularity of Cormenin's sketches. They are of men, very various in mind and disposition, who have been the orators and ruling intellects of the second nation of Europe, for a half century more crowded with great and startling events, and dramatic changes, than any other equal period of time has been in the history of any nation. And these "portraits" are done with the hand of a master. Occasionally, as when he feels himself called upon to eulogize, which his satirical nature does not often permit him to do, there is a flight of strained language, a forced expenditure of questions and exclamations, such as belong to the Frenchman, and which do full justice to their Gallic origin. He is a man, too, of sufficient prejudices, which are evident when he speaks of those who have betrayed the cause of "*French liberty*"—for "*Timon*," as he announces himself, is "a radical, but a radical more favorable to centralized and strong government than most of those who call themselves conservatives." He declares, indeed, that he does not "pique himself upon being impartial towards the political orators of his time." This candid declaration he certainly makes good in the most liberal manner. He is indeed quite independent, sometimes, in his frankness—carrying satire to the verge of injustice—as may be instanced in his "portrait" of Guizot—where his sarcastic strokes are not so happily directed as against the tergiversations of Thiers. It may be urged against him, too, that his love of raillery sometimes leads into

the appearance of inconsistency. He is to be read, therefore, with several grains of allowance.

But in skill of characterization and occasional fineness of reasoning, in subtlety of coloring and amplitude of expression, in variety, uniqueness, and felicity of style, we do not know by what modern writer he has been surpassed. A passage of the Advertisement is to the point—that “with very great and powerful discrimination, a singular logical acuteness, perspicuity, and frequent eloquence, “Timon” displays a scornful elegance, a subtle force of sarcasm and grace of *badinage*, not excelled by any writer since Voltaire. It is power concealed in a garb of lightness;—the blow is felt where only the rustling of the robes is seen.”

In short, it may be said that only the French people would furnish such subjects, and only a Frenchman would so draw their portraits.

We feel, however, that he is a perfect master of style; and this is really the chief benefit of the introduction of “Timon” to this country. He is certainly liable at times to the charge of unnecessary copiousness and false effect; but he moves constantly with the utmost ease from grave remark and emphasis of argument, to that delicate, keen analysis and light scorn of raillery in which, as he seems to know, lies his forte. In brief, as is remarked in the translator's preface, besides the interest of the matter, the work presents, in its method and style, a consummate model, especially for political writing, and it is not impossible that it will affect to a sensible degree the manner of our public writings.

We hope that this may be the result, for it is most certain, that our political efforts—of which nature are, and must long be, the most of our public effusions, whether in pamphlets, periodicals, or the newspaper press—are characterized, from exclusive attention to English models, by a uniform heaviness, and excess of regularity, by no means favorable to that immediate popular effect which is the aim of such ephemeral productions. Our journalists—and even those of the English, though we have nothing to show by the side of the great London papers—are not to be compared with that brilliant and powerful order of writers, who have made the Parisian Press confessedly the fourth estate of the kingdom. The most eminent public men of France have taken

part in the discussions of their journals. The productions, either in the journals or in pamphlets, of Thiers, of Chateaubriand, of Paul Louis Courier, unrivalled as a political writer, of Villèle, Etienne, Geoffroy, Benjamin Constant, Guizot, and especially, among a host of others, of Viscount de Cormenin, whose pamphlets and newspaper essays were published for many years under the pseudonym of “Timon,” have exercised more influence upon the politics and public policy of France, than all the efforts of the same men have commanded in their legislative chambers.

In view, partly, of exhibiting a new and effective style to our political writers, partly of furnishing a running sketch of French orators and oratory, we make some extracts, with slight connecting commentaries.

The eloquence of the French through the 17th and 18th centuries, was confined almost entirely to the orators of the pulpit. Lingendes, whose funeral discourses were celebrated in the reign of Louis XIII., Bossuet, in the reign of Louis XIV., one of the most eloquent of all sermoners, after him Bourdaloue, Anselme, Massillon, and Saurin, these were the orators of France till near the close of the 18th century. At the bar oratory was somewhat cultivated, but hardly the memory of any particular efforts has survived. In respect, indeed, to forensic and parliamentary eloquence, the French during all that period could not compare with the English.

But, to quote from the essay on the Girondists, “the advocate and the divine disappeared in the French Revolution, and the press and legislative hall were the media through which the soul of the nation uttered itself.

“The Convention of the States-General, and final organization of the National Assembly, fixed irretrievably the French Revolution. The deputies of the people, assembled from every quarter of France, found themselves at the outset in collision with the throne and aristocracy. The nation was to be saved from the famine, and distress, and bankruptcy, which threatened to overwhelm it; and they boldly entered on the task. They had not come together to speak, but to act. Met at every turn by a corrupt court and nobility, they found themselves compelled to spend months on the plainest principles of civil liberty. But facts were more potent than words, and it only need-

ed an eloquent tongue to bind the Assembly together, and encourage it to put forth those acts which the welfare of the nation demanded.

“It was not easy at once to destroy reverence for the throne, and set at nought royal authority, yet the reformations which the state of the kingdom rendered imperative would do both. Right onward must this National Assembly move, or France be lost! To carry it thus forward, united, strong and bold, one all-powerful tongue was sufficient: and the great orator of the Assembly was Mirabeau. At the outset, hurling mingled defiance and scorn both on the nobility—from whom he had been excluded—and the king, who thought to intimidate the deputies, he inspired the *Tiers-Etat* with his own boldness. No matter what vacillation or fears might agitate the members, when his voice of thunder shook the hall in which they sat, every heart became determined and resolute. With his bushy black hair standing on end, and his eye glaring fire, he became at once the hope of the people and the terror of the aristocracy. Incoherent and unwieldy in the commencement of his speech, steady and strong when fairly under motion, he carried resistless power in his appeals. As a huge ship in a dead calm rolls and rocks on the heavy swell, but the moment the wind fills its sails stretches proudly away, throwing the foam from its front, so he tossed irregular and blind upon his sea of thought, until caught by the breath of passion, when he moved majestically, irresistibly onward.”

A description of the meetings of that assembly, and a contrast of the spirit of its deliberations with that of the debates of the modern chambers, under the citizen-king, are given by Cormenin in exceedingly terse and vivid language. It is perhaps one of the finest passages of the kind to be met with in any writer.

“How different those times from ours! The whole population of Paris used to mingle breathlessly in the discussions of the legislature. One hundred thousand citizens filled the Tuileries, the Place Vendôme, the streets adjacent, and copied bulletins were passed from hand to hand, circulated, thrown among the crowd, containing the occurrences of each moment of the debate. There was then some public life and spirit. The nation, the citizens, the Assembly, were all in expectation of some great events, all full of that electric and vague excitement so favorable to the

exhibitions of the tribune and the triumphs of eloquence. We, who, live in an epoch without faith or principles, devoured as we are from head to foot with the leprosy of political materialism—we, Assemblies of manikins who inflate ourselves like the mountain in labor, to bring forth but a mouse—we, seekers of jobs, of ministerial office, of ribbons, epaulettes, collectorships and judgeships—we, a race of brokers and stockjobbers, of Haytian or Neapolitan three or five per cent.—we, men of court, of police, of coteries, of all sorts of times, of all sorts of governments, of all sorts of journalism, of all sorts of opinion—we, deputies of a parish or of a fraternity; deputies of a harbor, of a railroad, of a canal, of a vineyard; deputies of sugarcane or beet-root; deputies of oil or of bitumen; deputies of charcoal, of salt, of iron, of flax; deputies of bovine, equine, asinine interests; deputies, in short, of all things except of France, *we* shall never be able to comprehend all that there was in that famous Constituent Assembly of deep conviction and thorough sincerity, of simplicity of heart, of singleness of purpose, of virtue, of disinterestedness, and of veritable grandeur.

“No, one would have said there existed then in this Assembly and this nation of our fathers, no men of mature years who had experienced the evil days of despotism, none of old age who remembered the past. All was generous self-sacrifice, patriotic enthusiasm, raptures of liberty, boundless aspirations after a happier future. It was as a beautiful sun which dissolves the clouds of spring, warms the frozen limbs, and gilds every object with its pure and genial light. The nation, youthful and dreamy, had imaginings of distant voices inviting it to the loftiest destinies. It had fits of trembling, of tears, of smiles, like a mother in the delivery of her firstborn child. It was the Revolution in the cradle.”

“All things concurred to make Mirabeau the grand potentate of the tribune, his peculiar organization, his life, his studies, his domestic broils, the extraordinary times in which he appeared, the spirit and manner of deliberation of the Constituent Assembly, and the combination truly marvellous of his oratorical faculties.”

Says Cormenin, in another part of the sketch,

“Mirabeau had a massive and square obesity of figure, thick lips, a forehead broad, bony, prominent; arched eyebrows, an eagle eye, cheeks flat and somewhat flabby, features full of pock-holes and blotches, a voice of thunder, an enormous mass of hair, and the face of a lion.

“Born with a frame of iron and a temperament of flame, he transcended the virtues and the vices of his race. The passions took him up almost in his cradle, and devoured him throughout his life. His exuberant faculties, unable to work out their development in the exterior world, concentrated inwardly upon themselves. There passed within him an agglomeration, a laboring, a fermentation of all sorts of ingredients, like the volcano which condenses, amalgamates, fuses and brays its lava torrents before hurling them into the air through its flaming mouth. Greek and Latin literature, foreign languages, mathematics, philosophy, music, he learned all, retained all, was master of all. Fencing, swimming, horsemanship, dancing, running, wrestling, all exercises were familiar to him. The vicissitudes which the fortunate philosophers of the age had merely depicted, he had experienced. He had proudly looked despotism, paternal and ministerial, in the face, without fear and without submission. Poor, a fugitive, an exile, an outlaw, the inmate of a prison, every day, every hour of his youth was a fault, a passion, a study, a strife. Behind the bars of dungeons and bastilles, with pen in hand, and brow inclined over his books, he stowed the vast repositories of his memory with the richest and most varied treasures. His soul was tempered and retempered in his indignant attacks upon tyranny like those steel weapons that are plunged in water, while still red from the furnace.”

ply. Doubtless he owed much to the inferiority of his rivals; for in his presence the other celebrities were effaced, or rather they were grouped as satellites about this magnificent luminary only to render it, by contrast, of a more vivid effulgence. The able Maury was but an elegant rhetorician; Cazalès, a fluent speaker; Sieyès, a taciturn metaphysician; Thouret, a jurist; Barnave, a hope. But what established his unrivalled dominion over the Assembly was, in the first place, the enthusiastic predisposition of the Assembly itself; it was the multitude and the concurrence of his astonishing faculties, his productive facility, the immensity of his studies and his knowledge; it was the grandeur and breadth of his political views, the solidity of his reasoning, the elaborateness and profundity of his discourses, the vehemence of his improvisations, and the pungency of his repartees.”

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“His manner as an orator is that of the great masters of antiquity, with an admirable energy of gesture and a vehemence of diction which perhaps they had never reached. He is strong, because he does not diffuse himself; he is natural, because he uses no ornaments; he is eloquent, because he is simple; he does not imitate others, because he needs but to be himself; he does not surcharge his discourse with a baggage of epithets, because they would retard it; he does not run into digressions, for fear of wandering from the question. His exordiums are sometimes abrupt, and sometimes majestic, as it comports with the subject. His narration of facts is clear. His statement of the question is precise and positive. His ample and sonorous phraseology much resembles the spoken phraseology of Cicero. He unrolls, with a solemn slowness, the folds of his discourse. He does not accumulate his enumerations as ornaments, but as proofs. He seeks not the harmony of words, but the concatenation of ideas. He does not exhaust a subject to the dregs, he takes but the flower. Would he dazzle, the most brilliant images spring up beneath his steps; would he touch, he abounds in raptures of emotion, in tender persuasions, in oratorical transports, which do not conflict with, but sustain, which are never confounded with, but follow, each other, which seem to produce one another successively, and flow, with a happy disorder, from that fine and prolific nature.”

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“It is vulgarly imagined that the force of Mirabeau consisted in the dewlaps of his bullish neck, in the thick masses of his lion-like hair; that he swept down his adversaries by a swing of his tail; that he rolled down upon them with the roarings and fury of a torrent; that he dismayed them by a look; that he overwhelmed them with the bursts of his thunder-like voice: this is to praise him for the exterior qualities of port, voice, and gesture, as we would praise a gladiator or a dramatic actor; it is not to praise, as he ought to be praised, this great orator. Doubtless Mirabeau owed a great deal, at the outset of his oratorical career, to the *prestige* of his name. For he was already master of the Assembly by the reputation of his eloquence, before he became so by his eloquence itself.

“Doubtless Mirabeau owed much to that penetrating, flexible, and sonorous voice which used to fill with ease the ears of twelve hundred persons, to those haughty accents which infused life and passion into his cause, to those impetuous gestures, which flung to his affrighted adversaries defiance that dared them to re-

In illustration of what he has said, Cormenin gives various fragments of Mirabeau's speeches and repartees. The grand master of ceremonies of the court had come to reprimand the assembly for its proceedings:

“The Commons of France,” said Mirabeau, “have resolved to deliberate : and you, sir, who could not be the organ of the king to the National Assembly ; you, who have here neither seat, nor vote, nor right of speaking, go tell your master that we are here by the will of the people, and that we will not be torn from it save by the force of bayonets.”

Mirabeau was obstinate in defending the royal veto ; instantly the wind of his popularity changed. He is denounced in an infamous libel, which accused him of treason. “And me, too,” he exclaimed, in an oratorical movement which electrified the Assembly, “and me, too, they would, some days since, have borne in triumph, and now they cry through the streets—‘*The great conspiracy of Count Mirabeau.*’ I needed not this lesson to know that there is but a step from the Capitol to the Tarpeian rock.”

Our author quotes, with evident commendation, Mirabeau’s speech on Bankruptcy, where he advises the sacrifice, by force, of the fortunes of a few rich men, to make up the ruinous deficiencies in the public funds. The speech is certainly powerful and splendid, but the doctrine is atrocious. It had an enormous effect, however—was doubtless one of the immediate impulses to the subsequent terrible popular commotions.

“Mirabeau, defeated on the Veto question by the Assembly’s distrust of the royal authority, returned to the charge on the question of the admission of Ministers to a seat ; but, in spite of the unheard-of efforts of intellect, eloquence, and logic, he succumbed beneath the violence of the same prejudice. He then determined to seek, outside of the Parliament, for support and forces against it. But why—and here returns that embarrassing question—why did Mirabeau stop all of a sudden on the declivity of the Revolution? Was he affrighted himself by the noise and violence of its course? Did he mean only to save liberty from its own aberrations, by passing into its mouth a curb and bridle? His prejudices of education, of family, of birth, did they resieze him unconsciously? Was he bought over by the Court? Did he desire a limited monarchy, purged of federalism and favoritism, a king and two Chambers, a constitutional trinity? Posterity alone will furnish—or, perhaps, will not be able to furnish—the solution of this problem, to us insoluble.”

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“What is less doubtful is, that Mirabeau meant to push his colleagues to

excesses, perhaps to crimes, in order to punish them afterwards for having committed them. A mode of perdition quite satanic and worthy of Machiavel ; a political immorality which honest men cannot brand with too much indignation, and which leaves a dark, a very dark stain upon the glory of this great man.

“Mirabeau, with his back like another Hercules opposed to the breaches of the revolutionary torrent, strove to check the consequences which, at all points, broke out impetuously from their principle. He had in his star the faith somewhat superstitious of great men. He imagined that the flying arrow may stop short in the air before reaching its object. He wished himself to serve alone intrepidly for an object to the continual firing of his enemies. He was already preparing, with a paroxysm of energy, to renew the giant struggle, when, all of a sudden, his strength gave way, and he sunk like the monarchy of which he wore the mourning.

“At this astounding intelligence, Paris is agitated, the people run to his residence, and gather around, with lamentations and tears, the couch of Mirabeau dying, of Mirabeau dead. They contemplate with pensive eye the corpse of their tribune. They touch it, they seek still there some remnant of vital heat ; they ask, in the wildness of their despair, that their veins be opened, and that, to revive his vitality, he be given a part of theirs ; they press and chafe those icy hands which hurled so often the popular thunderbolts. They harness themselves to his hearse and draw his remains to the Pantheon with the pomp and apotheosis of a king.”

This was the end of Mirabeau ! This was the sorrow of the multitude ! A few months after it was decreed, that “his statue be veiled until his memory be re-established !” His body was disinterred at midnight, hurried off by torch-light, and thrust into a grave in a cemetery, where only executed criminals are buried, “among whom the undistinguishable remains of this great orator lie mixed and confounded !”

“The Constituent Assembly of France sat from 1789 to 1791. The overthrow of the Bastille and triumph of the people frightened the nobility, so that they fled in crowds from France. Hitherto they had constituted the opposition against which the deputies of the people had to struggle. After their flight, there being no longer an opposition, the deputies naturally split into two parties among themselves. The Girondists were at first the republicans, and demanded a government founded on the principles of the ancient

republics; but a faction springing up more radical than themselves, and pushing the state towards anarchy, they became conservatives. It was during these changes, that Mirabeau, full of forebodings, had died."

"This Assembly, however," to quote another passage from a portion of the Essay, "lasted but nine months. The revolt of the 10th of August came; the Tuileries ran blood, and the Bourbon dynasty closed. The Legislative Assembly then changed itself into the Convention, and the great struggle between the Girondists and Jacobins commenced; it was a life and death struggle, and all the mental powers of these two bodies were brought to the task. The Girondists numbered among them some of the finest orators France has ever produced. They were the philosophers of the revolution, ever talking of Greece and Rome, and fondly dreaming that the glorious days of those ancient republics could be recalled. Their eloquence had given immense popularity to the revolution and hastened it on. Grand and generous in their plans, they filled the imaginations of the people with beautiful but unreal forms. While they were thus speaking of Cataline and Cicero, and Brutus and Cæsar, and the heroes of Greece, the Jacobins were talking of aristocrats in Paris, and arousing the passions rather than exciting the imaginations of men."

Cormenin's chapter on Danton, though bearing that title, is really a full picture of the whole period. Adapting his language to the subject, he has made it impressive and terrible—not surpassed by any brief description of those times, except what is found in some chapters of Carlyle.

How strange the picture drawn of the bloody Democracy betaking themselves to the classic ideas of antiquity!

"Whether from difficulty of invention, from custom, or from a classical education, the republicans of 1793 endeavored to revive, in their costumes, their attitudes, and their harangues, Sparta, Athens, and Rome. Strange! these most savage of demagogues had a sincere admiration for the laws, the manners, the apparel, the usages, the character, the speeches, the life and the death of the proudest and most insolent aristocrats of antiquity.

"The Greek bonnet was assumed, the plaited head-dress, and the long military cloak. Letters, the sole consolation of sensitive and delicate minds, were pro-

scribed. The dearest friends were condemned to death, in affectation of the *dis-natured* paternity of the first Brutus. Kings were detested with the frenzied hatred of Horatius Cocles. Some devoted themselves, some opened their veins, some tore out their vitals, some plunged desperately into the doom that awaited them, after the manner of Decius, of Regulus, of the senators of Tiberius and of Nero in Rome enslaved. Oath was made to die on their legislative seats, like the old Romans in their curule chairs. The dictatorship of the Committees and of the Convention was threatened with the dagger of Harmodius, and with the Tarpeian rock. People affected the frugality of Cincinnatus and of the Spartans. The name of their enemies was written in red ink, on the proscription lists, in commemoration of Sylla. The immortality of the soul was decreed, in view of the dying Cato. To dispense from wearing any, it was observed, that the democrat, Jesus Christ, had never worn breeches. You were outlawed, without trial, as the proscribed were by the Romans interdicted fire and water. Nature was stifled, justice was violated, liberty was abused, virtue itself was exaggerated, in order the nearer to resemble them.

"So much for the exterior part of oratory, which is conversant about forms, movements, and images. As for their political philosophy, financial economy and definitions of rights and duties, it was the philosophy, economy and the definitions of Rousseau and of the Encyclopedists.

"At the commune of Paris, at the Club of the Jacobins, in the popular societies, in the government Committees, in the bulletins of the army, at the bar of the Assembly, in the public places, at the foot of the scaffold, everywhere and on all occasions, it was substantially the same ideas, the same vehemence, the same grandeur, the same figures, the same exclamations, the same imitations, the same apologies, the same vocabulary, the same language.

"In this revolutionary drama, in this oratorical exhibition, so vivid, so excited, so stirring, so terrible, all is disorder, all is agitation, all is confusion—the clubs, the debates, the petitioners, the populace; all places are common, the bar of the house, the president's chair, and the tribunes.

"From the ceiling of the hall to the doors, in the lobbies both inside and outside, all played their parts, all was action, combat, crisis, applause, disapprobation. The sections armed, impelled, guided by unknown, invisible leaders, stormed the Convention, threw down all before them, pointed out the suspected deputies, and demanded that, before the house adjourn, they should fall beneath the sword of the law. "The people has risen, it is standing, it is waiting!"

“Extraordinary times! singular contrast! That Assembly which boldly flung its challenges of war to all the kings of Europe, quailed itself before the threats and insults of a few foaming demagogues, and pushed its forbearance or rather its pusillanimity so far as to accord them the honors of the sitting.”

The general mind, elevated gradually by the excitement of speaking, was transported into a state of frenzy. Legendre used to exclaim, “Should a tyrant arise, he will die by my hand—I swear it by Brutus!” And Drouet: “Be ye brigands for the public weal, I say, be brigands!” Marat was seen to draw a pistol from his bosom, and resting it upon his forehead: “Another word,” he exclaimed, “and I blow out my brains!” not one around him fell back, or took the slightest alarm; so much to kill one’s self, or to be killed, appeared at that time natural!

These are some of Cormenin’s brief portraits of the orators of the Convention:

“Languinai, a headstrong Breton, inflexible in his opinions, a learned publicist. He shrunk from no danger. He compounded with no sophism. Feeble in body, intrepid in spirit, he fought word for word, gesture for gesture. He would hold by, he would rivet himself to, the tribune. When his resignation as deputy was clamorously called for, with threats and abuses, he let fall with majesty the following beautiful words: ‘Remember that the victim ornamented with flowers and led to the altar, was not insulted by the priest who was about to immolate it.’”

* * * * *

“Marat, a man of ferocious instincts and of a base and degraded figure, whom Danton repudiated and Robespierre would never approach; a universal denouncer, who used to invoke *Saint* Guillotine, excite the populace to assassination, and, for mere pastime, call for two hundred thousand victims, the King’s head, and a dictator! A man of whom you could not say whether he was more cruel than insane; a buffoon and a trifler, without dignity, without decency, without moderation. He would toss about on his seat like a demoniac, leap up, clap his hands, burst into loud laughter, besiege the tribune, frown at the speaker, and let the mob place ridiculously on his head, in presence of the Convention, a crown of oaken leaves. Addressing the Assembly, he was in the habit of repeating with emphasis: ‘I call you to a sense of decency, if you have any left.’”

* * * * *

“Couthon, the counsellor of Robespierre, of whom Saint-Just was the executive; a paralytic in both legs, and alone unable to stir among all those active spirits: Couthon, who, sentenced to death, on pretext of having designed to crawl up to the rank of sovereignty, contented himself with replying ironically: ‘I aspire to become a king!’”

* * * * *

“Saint-Just, a republican by conviction, austere by temperament, disinterested by character, a leveller upon system, a tribune in the Committees, a hero on the battle-field. His youth, which verged upon manhood, was ripe for great designs. His capacity was not beneath his situation. A gloomy fire beamed in his looks. He had a melancholy expression of countenance, a certain inclination for solitude, a delivery slow and solemn, a soul of iron intrepidity, a determined will, an object ever fixed and distinct before his eyes. He elaborated his reports with a studied dogmatism. He seasoned them with scraps of metaphysics taken from Hobbes and Rousseau, and, to the violent and expeditious realities of his revolutionary practice, he joined a social philosophy compounded of humanitarian imaginations and flowery reveries.

“Here are some of his sayings: ‘The fire of liberty has refined us, as the boiling of metals throws off from the crucible the impure scum.’ And this word: ‘Dare!’ And this other: ‘The traces of liberty and of genius cannot be effaced in the universe. The world is void of them since the days of the Romans, and their memory still fills it.’”

* * * * *

“Robespierre, an orator of considerable fluency, practised in the harangues of the clubs and the contests of the tribune; patient, taciturn, dissembling, envious of the superiority of others, and constitutionally vain; a master of the subject of discussion and of himself; giving vent to his passions only by muttered exclamations: neither so mediocre as his enemies have made him, nor so great as his friends have extolled him; thinking far too favorably and speaking much too lengthily of himself, his services, his disinterestedness, his patriotism, his virtue, his justice; bringing himself incessantly upon the stage after laborious windings and circumlocutions, and surcharging all his discourses with the tiresome topic of his personality.”

* * * * *

“Robespierre wrote his reports, recited his harangues, and scarce ever extemporized but in his replies.

“He could sketch with ability the external condition of the political world. He had, perhaps in a higher degree than his

colleagues, the views of the statesman ; and, whether vague instinct of ambition, or system, or ultimate disgust of anarchy, he was for unity and strength in the executive power.

"His oratorical manner was full of allusions to Greece and Rome, and the college truants who thronged the Assembly used to listen valiantly, with gaping mouths, to those stories of antiquity."

* * * * *

"He was in the habit of also dealing out tedious philosophical tirades about virtue, which were palpable reminiscences of Jean-Jacques Rousseau."

* * * * *

"Sometimes his images were clothed with much eloquence of form : 'Do we calumniate the luminary which gives life to nature, because of the light clouds that glide over its effulgent face?'"

"This other idea is beautiful : 'Man's reason still resembles the globe he inhabits. One half of it is plunged in darkness, when the other is illuminated.'"

* * * * *

"Robespierre was a deist, as was also Saint-Just. But, to be a deist and own it publicly, was to be quite religious for those times."

* * * * *

"Robespierre and Saint-Just viewed nature, as she is seen on the stage and amid the decorations of the opera, in pastoral perspective, with singing choirs of venerable old men and bands of rose-crowned village girls. They moralized speculatively on liberty and equality, with less eloquence than Rousseau, but also with less pedagogueism. As organizers, they were neither more nor less advanced than the rest of the Mountainists. They lived from day to day, like all party leaders, in times of open revolution : too engrossed with the care of getting rid of their enemies and defending themselves, to think of aught else. In them, action left no time for thought, and the present absorbed the future.

Of what he says of Danton at greater length—a vigorous and discriminating presentation—we can quote but a few passages.

"Danton had, like Mirabeau, viewed near, a sallow complexion, sunken features, a wrinkled forehead, a repulsive ugliness in the details of the countenance. But like Mirabeau, seen at a distance, and in an assembly, he could not fail to draw attention and interest by his striking physiognomy and by that manly beauty which is the beauty of the orator. The one had something of the lion and the other of the bull-dog—both emblematic of strength."

"Born for the highest eloquence, Danton

might, in antiquity, with his thundering voice, his impetuous gestures, and the colossal imagery of his discourses, have swayed from the height of the popular tribune the tempestuous waves of the multitude. An orator from the ranks of the people, Danton had their passions, understood their character, and spoke their language. He was enthusiastic, but sincere—without malice but without virtue—suspected of rapacity, though he died poor—coarse in his manners and his conversation—sanguinary from system rather than temperament, he cut off heads, but without hatred, like the executioner, and his Machiavelian hands trickled with the carnage of September. Abominable as well as false policy ! he excused the cruelty of the means by the greatness of the end."

* * * * *

"Danton was intemperate, abandoned in his pleasures, and greedy of money, less to hoard than to spend it ; Robespierre, sombre, austere, economical, incorruptible. Danton, indolent by nature and by habit ; Robespierre, diligent in labor, even to the sacrifice of sleep. Danton disdained Robespierre, and Robespierre contemned Danton. Danton was careless to a degree of inconsistency ; Robespierre, bilious, concentrated, distrustful, even to proscription. Danton, boastful of his real vices, and of the evil which he did, and a pretender even to crimes which he never committed ; Robespierre, varnishing his animosity and vengeance with the color of the public weal.

"Robespierre, a spiritualist ; Danton, a materialist, little concerned to know what, after death, should become of his soul, provided his name was inscribed, as he expressed it, 'in the Pantheon of history.'"

* * * * *

"Danton went to sleep, confiding in the deceitful breeze of his popularity. The rudder slipped from his hands. He dropped into the deep, and the gulf closed over him. Neither the favor of the Cordeliers, nor the celebrity of his name, nor the memory of his services, nor the ill-suppressed mutterings of the Convention, nor the secret sympathies of the Revolutionary Tribunal, nor the devotedness of his friends, nor the unimportance of the charge, nor his love for liberty, nor his daring, nor his eloquence—nothing could avail to save him. The knife was raised, and Robespierre awaited his victim.

"Danton, on his way to execution, passed by the residence of Robespierre. He turned about, and with his voice of thunder, 'Robespierre !' he exclaimed, 'Robespierre ! I summon thee to appear within three months upon the scaffold !' He ascends the fatal steps—he embraces for the last time his friend Camille Des-

moulins. The executioner separates them: 'Wretch,' said he to him, 'thou canst not hinder our heads to kiss each other presently in the basket.'

Of "Timon," in his description of military eloquence, as exhibited by Napoleon, and in the portraits he has drawn,

always wittily and with a fine skill, if not always with supreme justness, of the orators and ministerial leaders belonging to the Restoration and to Louis Philippe's France—the France of this day—we may speak in another number.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

THE Literary Intelligence from abroad is of small variety or moment this month. The political news is of more interest, but does not vary greatly from that of the last arrival. We have received one of two letters from Paris, partly on general topics of the time, partly a pleasant description of the Parisian life in May.

PARIS, May 16th, 1847.

The difference between Greece and the Sublime Porte is far from being adjusted. The Russian cabinet, and, after long hesitation, the Austrian also, have given in their adhesion in favor of Turkey. Instructions to this effect, even more peremptory than those of Lord Palmerston have been dispatched from their respective courts to the ambassadors of Russia and of Austria at Athens. The danger which threatened the Greek government on the side of the English, is diminished by the proposition of M. Eynard, an ardent Philhellenist, to become personally responsible for the interest of the British loan. It is rumored that designs have already been formed at Constantinople with a view to replace King Otho on the throne of Greece by a son-in-law of the Emperor of Russia. The Græco-Turkish affair becomes daily more complicated, and may lead to serious consequences.

It is stated in the journals of this morning that the Queen of Portugal has been forced to quit Lisbon and seek refuge on board an English vessel of war lying in the Tagus. However this may be, it is certain that she has at length ceased her obstinate resistance to the terms proposed by the mediation of Great Britain. Colonel Wyde embarked on the 30th of April for Oporto with the instructions of the Queen and the English Minister. These instructions offer to the Junto, the moment it shall lay down arms, a complete amnesty for all political offences committed since last October, and the recall of the exiles; the immediate revocation of all edicts issued since the same period, inconsistent with the established laws and the constitution of the country; the convocation of the Cortés, directly after the new elec-

tions; and the formation of a ministry composed of men belonging neither to the party of Cabral, nor to that of the Junto.

A great sensation was excited at Madrid on the 4th of May by a supposed attempt to assassinate the Queen Isabella. Don Angel de la Riva, a newspaper editor, formerly an advocate, and whose antecedents by no means justify the accusation, has been arrested upon suspicion of being implicated in the crime. The Queen, by a decree on the 5th prorogued the Cortés, *sine die*. On the next day, more than 80 deputies of the moderate opposition nominated a permanent committee, whose duty shall be, during the suspension of the parliamentary session, to watch over the general interests of the party.

In Germany, all eyes are turned upon Berlin, where the Diet, skillfully avoiding unpleasant collision with the royal will, has eluded or put off the irritating difficulties of theories and principles, and confines itself, for the present, to the discussion of positive, practical affairs. Many journals complain of the sterility of the debates of the Diet, which, according to them, wastes a great many words without really accomplishing anything. But it is unjust to consider the part that is played by this assembly as useless and altogether barren. It has already obtained from Frederick William a modification of the bitter and haughty language of his opening discourse, in which absolute monarchy gravely presented itself to the people under the colors of mysticism. Prussia may yet be obliged to struggle a long time for the attainment of its ardent desires, but its first step towards this has now been made, and is only the beginning of an end.

In France, a singular state of things just now is presented in the political world. In a recent debate upon French colonial slavery, the most frightful details, in all probability, however, exaggerated, were given by M. Lédui-Rollin, in reference to the present condition of the slaves in the colonies, and the inefficiency with which government has prosecuted the means devised for speedy emancipation. After this subject had been discussed, the ques-

tion of supplementary credits came up. The cipher of this budget increases annually, and well deserves to be called, as it has been, the "ulcer of the body-politic" of France. In connection with this matter, the affairs of Algeria were touched upon, but only in a cursory manner. The consideration of the project of postal reform will, likewise, in all probability, be adjourned until another session, under the pretext of giving the new minister time to study the question, which was not at all likely to have been determined even had no change taken place in the administration. The change of ministry, or rather of ministers, which took place last week, involves no change of policy. It simply became convenient for the influential ministers—that is, M. Guizot and M. Duchatel—to sacrifice three of their colleagues by way of expiation for the faults of the cabinet. MM. de Mackau and Moline de St. You, ministers of the marine and of war, and M. Lacave-Laplagne, minister of finance, were therefore bowed out of their places. The sailor and the soldier obeyed the countersign of their chiefs, but the financier was not so flexible, alleging that if the treasury was in a bad state, it was the fault of the whole government, and could not be charged exclusively upon his shoulders. He was therefore dismissed, while the other two resigned. It is said that some difficulty was experienced in providing them with successors, and, at length, the telegraph communicated to M. Jayr, prefect of the Rhone, to the Duke of Montebello, ambassador at Naples, and to Lieutenant-General Trézel, that they were elevated to the subaltern posts which the great ministers have been pleased to assign to them. M. Dumon, minister of public works, (put in the place of M. Jayr, whose name is quite unknown in Paris,) has himself been appointed in place of M. Lacave-Laplagne, late minister of finance. This was effected at the very moment that M. Dumon was the object of severe attacks for the inability manifested by him to say the little word *no*, in his former position, and behold he is now comfortably placed where he will be able to pay for what he has hitherto been unable to refuse. The three newly appointed ministers, were all members of the Chamber of Peers, and all absent from their seats, at the lucky or fatal moment when they were detected away from the scene of their legislative duties and condemned to "*travaux forcés*"—in the ministry. Perhaps it may not be long before the royal pleasure will commute their sentence to—dismission.

The Chamber of Peers has been summoned to assemble as a high court to judge one of its members for being engaged in a certain

negotiation with a railroad corporation, which shows how rare is political integrity even in the highest places of trust. The parties in the case are a lieutenant-general, peer of France, ex-minister of the King, and another peer of France, president of the chamber of the Court of Cassation, and also ex minister. The letters of Lieut. Gen. Cubières accuse not only an ex-minister, but the entire government of not being guiltless in this scandalous transaction. The whole affair is only one stray leaf from the secret history of the present day. How many shameful mysteries may not this history conceal! It is due to the French people, however, to declare, that while on all hands the changes are rung on this expression of Tacitus, "*corrumpere et corrumpi, sæculum vocatur*," the very fact that such complaints are reiterated, proves that corruption cannot after all be so deep and extensive as might be feared, in a community where the late deplorable instance of it in the Chamber of Peers is so bitterly and universally lamented.

PARIS, 31st May, 1847.

May is a pleasant month at Paris. The heat, even at noon, is not yet so violent as in summer, and for some time past, each returning dawn might have inspired the exquisite lines of old Herbert:

"Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky!"

In the public gardens, the foliage vies with that of June, while the blossoms and flowers of an earlier season refresh the eye. Nothing is now more enchanting than the garden of the Luxembourg. The cool breezes of morning or of evening are there laden with fragrance. White statues gleam forth from shady avenues, birds sing happily, emulating the voices of children playing under green trees, strains of martial music are in the air, tremulous light lingers and plays about the murmuring fountain of Jacques Debrosses, swans glide over the pretty lakelet in the parterre, which is gay with lilacs, tulips, young roses and geraniums, moving groups exhibit all varieties of complexion, costume, and manner, the fine palace, with its memorable associations, rises in front of the distant Observatory, telegraphs wave their long arms mysteriously on the towers of St. Sulpice, the cross surmounting the Sorbonne is burnished by the sun, and the whole animated scene is crowned by the dome of the Pantheon.

At the very moment that such attractions enliven the metropolis, the annual emigration to watering places commences. But while a small flock of summer wanderers, who have fluttered during the winter in the gilded cages of fashion, hurry

away by one of the thirty-six gates of Paris, thousands of provincials and foreigners enter by the others, and throng the gardens and promenades in and around the capital.

Several patronal fêtes which are held at this season in the vicinity of Paris, afford to strangers illustrations of the national character. The most interesting of these—the coronation of the *Rosière*, as it is called—was celebrated last week at Nanterre. Here the village maiden whose eighteen years have passed most innocently and virtuously, is selected and crowned with a garland of May flowers. This beautiful custom is only one out of a thousand showing the tenacity with which the French, in spite of their proverbial fickleness, cling to time-honored observances. The church where the ceremony was performed presented a brilliant assemblage of persons of distinction and rank, who, perhaps, in the midst of their own dazzling pleasures, might well envy the simple joys of this village festival.

The dance, which is an angel on the village lawn, may, in the city ball-gardens, be a “demon in disguise.” But it is at least skillfully disguised, and the deception is scarcely detected behind the bravery of silks and satins, and in the excitement of eccentric motions. One does not at first perceive that the wreath here encircling the brow of meretricious beauty is like the fig leaves in the basket of the Egyptian Queen, which bore the asp’s trail and slime upon them, while the sly worm itself lurked beneath.

The summer ball at Paris bewilders by its fascinations—its illumination, rendering the flowers and foliage distinctly visible, its various amusing games, its gay crowds, its polkas and mazourkas, with their wild extemporaneous variations, its voluptuous waltzes and *cachucas*, and its enlivening music: “*intextas habebat cupiditates, voluptates, delicias, illicebas, suspiria, desideria, risas, jocos, blanda verba, gaudia, jargia, et hujusmodi, quibus amatorum vita constat.*” The *Jardins-Mabille* mourn this year the loss of one of their living incarnations of the dance, la reine Pomaré, one of the most renowned nymphs of the Parisian Olympus.

Not only the public balls, but also the floating baths on the Seine, are now open, and afford one of the greatest physical luxuries. The annual exhibition at the Louvre is closed, but many of the best pieces of painting and sculpture will be secured for the galleries of the Luxembourg, and the people are consoled for not seeing any longer the portraits of Ibrahim Pacha and the Bey of Tunis by the privilege of daily staring in the streets at Bou-Maya, the pretended Messiah of the Arabs, who, by the way, voluntarily surrendered himself, and was not captured, according

to the erroneous statements of the French journals. The evening services in the different churches during this month, devoted to the honor of the blessed Virgin, are highly interesting to the Catholic. But it is characteristic of the Parisians, that the picturesque attitudes of the fair penitents lisping the sweet words,—“*Qu’elle est bonne, Marie!*”—and the exquisite music,

“And storied windows richly dight
Casting a dim religious light,”

lend to these services, especially at the elegant *Notre Dame de Lorette*, the *boudoir* of our Lady, as it has been called, a peculiar charm which has more of earth than of heaven, and places them decidedly among the most refined amusements of the season.

But the chosen diversions of the Parisians during the last six or eight weeks, have been equestrian. The “lions” have been transformed into centaurs, and everywhere, at the steeple-chase of the *Croix-de-Berny*, at the races of Versailles, the *Champe-de-Mars*, and *Chantilly*, at the *Cirque* and at the *Hippodrome*, the horse has been the hero. The *Hippodrome*, particularly, has offered unprecedented attractions. Not content with the monkey and stag and hurdle and Roman chariot races; with the *Carrousel* or with the invitation of the dainty minuet, and more extravagant modern dances by the miraculous horses of *Franconi*, the director has attempted to revive the memory of those splendid and graceful shows which threw so much light and elegance over the dames and warriors of yore. The famous “*Field of the Cloth of Gold*” has been represented with a surprising perfection of detail and general effect. The spectator is transported in imagination to the chivalric ages, and almost believes himself present at the tournament with its gorgeous display of royal and baronial pomp, as the brilliant *cortège* defiles before him. At its head ride Francis I. and Henry VIII., in company with Claude of France and Catharine of Arragon, and followed by a brilliant train of the most valiant lords of France and England. There pass the King of Navarre, the Dukes d’Alençon, de Vendôme, de Lorraine, Strafford, York, Lancaster, and the rest—“*tous portants,*” says *Dubellay*, a chronicler of the time, “*chamarres de velours cramoisi, grosses chaines d’or au col, et en general tres bien accomodés, tant d’habillemens que de chevaux; enfin, magnifiquement empanachés, dorés, surdorés tellement que plusieurs entre eux portaient leurs forêts, leurs prés, et leurs moulins sur leurs epaules.*” Court ladies, mounted upon white palfreys, precede a band of Knights armed for combat, the lustre of gold and silk blending with that of flashing

steel. Heralds, pages and squires bring up the rear. Eighty horses prance and caracole under their caparisons of iron or of velvet. Feathers, white plumes, and banners covered with fleurs-de-lys, toss and wave in the wind. The opponents are ranged in due order after having done obeisance to the monarchs and queens and noble dames, who survey the field from a pavilion adorned by fitting heraldic emblems. And now, as sings the old verse of Palamon and Arcite,

“the challenger with fierce defy
His trumpet sounds; the challenged makes
reply.
With clangor rings the field, resounds the
vaulted sky.
Their visors closed, their lances in the rest,
Or at the helmet pointed, or the crest,
They vanish from the barrier, speed the race
And spurring we see decrease the middle
space.”

At Chantilly, the Duke of Aumale, the wealthiest and most parsimonious of Louis Philippe's sons, has this year loosened his purse-strings, and aimed to rival the magnificence of the Condé, whose heir he is, and to eclipse the fêtes celebrated during the present month at Loo. It is singular that the latter place, in Holland, is the only one in Europe where falconry, the “mystery of rivers,” the favorite sport of the ancient feudal nobility, is still practised to any extent. The little village of Falconsward has for many years furnished falconers to the rest of the continent, and to Great Britain. The fine old game was not revived at Chantilly, and no one rode there

“With grey gros hawk on hand,”
as Chaucer says. But hunting—the “mystery of woods”—diversified the sports of the turf, and lansquenet—the French “brag”—lent its excitements to the occasion, and led, by the way, to the most awkward consequences in the case of one visitor. This person was detected in cheating at cards, and his prospects of a brilliant career in France are forever cut off. Belonging to a distinguished and wealthy family, his mother possessing an enormous fortune, one of his sisters married to a great banker of Paris, another to a General, a third wearing one of the most illustrious names of the empire, himself enjoying an annual income of twenty thousand francs, and on the point of being promoted from the post of captain to that of chef d'escadron, he had no excuse for resorting to the piracies of gambling, except as a means of supplying the prodigalities of a “lionne” who belongs neither to the opera nor to the parish of Notre Dame de Lorette, but to the same exalted circle of rank in which he has himself moved. He had the assurance to present himself before the prince on the morning

after his detection, but was ordered immediately to retire, yield his commission and quit the country. So much for corruption in the highest spheres of fashionable life in France.

Of course, one must not expect to find more integrity in political circles. The case of Gen. Cubières, charged with attempts at bribery in reference to certain concessions sought for by the proprietors of a mine,—a case implicating, it would seem, not only himself, a peer and examiner, and another peer and ex-minister, but also, to an unknown extent, several persons holding high authority,—will be brought before the House of Peers, summoned already to his trial, within a few days. Curious developments of the secret history of the time are anticipated.

Even if it were impossible to accuse the present government with the taint of corruption, still the charge of slowness in effecting national reforms and industrial enterprises may be justly preferred against it. It is desirable that the government should be less dilatory in the establishment of the proposed lines of trans-Atlantic steamers. Seven or eight years have elapsed since the matter was decided upon, and the consideration of questions relating to all of them, except that from Havre to New York, was again adjourned the other day to a future session. The first French steamer from Havre to New York was to have sailed to-day, but its departure has, for some unknown reason, been postponed for at least a week. In addition to the numerous projects of reform which have been rejected during the present session of the Chambers, the proposition of postal reform has just been set aside on the ground that it would be unsafe to expose the country in the reduction of the revenue which would necessarily follow, for at least three or four years, a reduction in the price of postage, in the present state of the finances.

The recent change in the ministry is merely a change of instruments, but not of policy. M. Lacave Laplagne, Minister of Finance, and MM. de Mackau and Moline St. You, Ministers of Marine and of War, no longer belong to the cabinet of which MM. de Montebello (for the Marine), Drézel (for War), and Jayr (for Public Works, in place of M. Dumon, who succeeds M. Lacave Laplagne), are the new members. Guizot and Duchâtel, who have thus sacrificed their colleagues at their own good pleasure, are the only effective ministers. But if, as is conjectured, their present personal differences should remain unadjusted, an entirely new ministry may soon be substituted for that now in power.

The opposition journals complain bitterly of the decline of French influence

abroad. At Madrid it is null in spite of the vaunted Spanish marriages, one of which—that of the Queen—has become so much sooner than could ever have been anticipated the cause of discord and unhappiness: Isabella is resolute in suing the Pope for a divorce. At Lisbon, France sees herself forced to join Spain in an arrangement which has been planned and almost accomplished by England, who will reap the principal advantages. But we must rejoice that the intervention of these three countries, now rendered requisite by the refusal of the Junto of Oporto to accede to the terms recently proposed, will probably secure a respite from civil war to Portugal, now so fallen, but once a noble nation. At Athens, the Greek cabinet has accepted the humiliating conditions proposed by Austria, whom it chose, in preference to France, as arbiter in its difficulties with the Ottoman Porte, and Coletti will probably proffer due apologies for the alleged insult to Mussurus. Even at Rome, the French, who style themselves “the eldest son of the Church,” and have

just paid a rich tribute to the Holy See, by the passage, in the Chambers, of the bill relative to the Royal Chapter of St. Denis, are fearful of the effect on their influence there which will be caused by the renewal, now deliberated upon, of relations between the Papal court and the court of St. James.

Ireland is now mourning the loss of O'Connell, whose recent death, at Genoa, has naturally produced a deep sensation, but is of much less political importance than it would have been, had it occurred a few years ago. The great champion of Repeal had, in fact, outlived his day of power over the wills of his countrymen. What a wonderful power it was which he wielded!

But I may not dwell upon this prolific subject. My principal aim in this letter has been to give you some idea of Parisian amusements in the month of May. The hour for the departure of the mail has come, and I must abruptly close.

Yours respectfully,

C.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

A Year of Consolation. By MRS. BUTLER (late FANNY KEMBLE). Wiley & Putnam: New York.

A book about Italy, or even any part of Europe, nowadays, must have some considerable merit to be at all readable.

We are surfeited with ruins, and beggars, and illuminations, and ceremonials, and paintings. There is a glut in the market. People have their houses full of Italian views, and their libraries full of Italian travels, and boarding-school misses are twaddling *nelle parole Tuscanes*.

Yet here is another book from Mrs. Butler—and it sells. It gives a run through France, and a year in Rome. The name of Fanny Kemble alone would insure its circulation, had it but little merit of its own. But merit of a certain kind it has. It is gossiping, lively, with here and there strokes of wit, and upon the whole a natural and truth-telling air.

We cannot always, it is true, approve her taste in pictures—as when she sneers at the wonderful Vanity and Modesty of Da Vinci, or the Judgment of Angels; or in statuary—as when she prefers Antinous to the Gladiator, or the Red Satyr of the Capitol; or in words—as when she uses such expressions as these: “they are triple-cased in the impervious callousness of the lowest degradation”

(p. 67, vol. i.)—“the boat kicked like an old rusty fowling-piece” (p. 52, vol. i.)—“I smiled a sort of verjuice smile” (p. 11)—“as sick as possible and a great deal crosser” (p. 1)—“nosegays so thick and heavy, that they stove in one's bonnets” (p. 79). And when we find her speaking, as in page 133, of “the imbecility of the government, being like dung spread upon the soil,” and in page 32, of “men and women, stinking of garlic,” and in page 3, of “the ingenious twisting up of the horses' tails, with an eye to her own back-hair!”—it makes us tremble for her womanly delicacy.

And having seen Madame Butler—and that, too, in the streets of her 'admired Rome, and in the very gust of that Carnival which she so well describes—and having seen her modest, womanly-bearing—nay more—having actually been honored with a bunch of blue violets at her hands, and having given a sweet rose-bud in return—we wondered a little to find her in use of such hard words as we have set down.

But she has pretty language as a set-off: her description of the gorgeous Illumination is both one of the best written and truest that we have ever seen, and (setting aside Dickens) the same may be said of her Carnival Scene—in which she is true, even to her own and her sister's

dress; and we doubt much, but that among her *spolia opima*, was a little basket of *bonbons* from our own hand.

There is this sweet glimpse from the over-worked Coliseum:—"The sun searched with a delicious warmth the recesses of the Great Ruin—the blue sky roofed it in with tender glory, and looked with limpid clearness through the beautiful arches, as they rose, tier above tier, into the morning air, and from every rift and crevice, and stony receptacle, where an inch of soil could lodge, curtains of exquisite wild spring flowers fell over the brown rich masses of masonry—delicate garlands wound themselves around the bases of huge fallen columns—full tufted bushes of dark green verdure rocked and swayed in the spring breath along the ranges where the heroic Roman people had thronged the seats of their great slaughter house,—and high up against the transparent sky, light feathery wands of blossom sprang from the huge walls, crowning the grim battlement with their most fragile beauty."

And this is as true as it is beautiful.

Pleasant anecdotes lie scattered along the volume, which, Mrs. Butler had the good sense to perceive, would be needed, to relieve, nowadays, any book on Rome.

Passionate lines of verse, too, are sown up and down, full of feeling, and her own feeling doubtless—but for that very reason appearing a little unfavorably amid the general gossip of the book.

We do not think the work will throw much new light on Italy, or on Italian character, or that Mrs. Fanny expects as much; at the same time, there is in it a great deal of shrewd observation, mingled with the careless jottings of travel. We particularly commend, for its truthfulness, this paragraph on American women, hoping they will profit by it, and that Mrs. Butler, when she visits us, will add her powerful example to her amiable precept:

"So great and universal is the deference paid to the weaker vessel, indeed, in the United States, that I think the fair Americans rather presume upon their privileges; and I have seen ladies come into crowded steamboats and railroad cars, and instantly assume the seats, that have been as instantly resigned by gentlemen upon their entrance, *without so much as a gracious word, or a look of acknowledgment*; so certain is the understanding that every accommodation is not only to be furnished, but *given* up to them,—and this not to *young, pretty*, ladies, but to women old or young, pretty or ugly, of the highest or lowest class. Though the virtue on the part of the American men is certainly very great, I think it has made their women quite saucy in their supremacy, and altogether unblushing in their mode of claiming and receiving it."

The Philosophy of Magic, Prodigies, and Apparent Miracles; from the French of EUSEBE SALVERTE: with notes illustrative, explanatory, and critical, by ANTHONY TODD THOMSON, M.D., F.L.S., &c. In two volumes. Harper & Brothers. New York: 1847.

The late Eusebe Salverte, a French gentleman of Republican principles, and a scholar of great learning and judgment; indeed, if we may trust Arago's eulogy of him, "one of the most learned men of our age, in languages, science, and political economy," undertook to examine the stories of miracles and prodigies related by ancient historians, in a philosophical spirit; for a sceptical sneer, substituting a scientific explanation. We have read his work with great attention, and cannot but set a very high value upon it as a truly philosophical production, likely to do infinite service to science and liberal learning. It is certainly an important step towards a better opinion of human nature to have relieved the great writers of antiquity from the odium of falsehood which has fallen upon them, since, through the discoveries of modern times their narratives of miracles and prodigies have become exceptionable or ridiculous. Could they rise from their tombs, they could not but thank the learned Salverte for the service he has done their reputations in this ingenious and truly delightful work, the "Philosophy of Magic."

Dr. Todd, the translator of these volumes, has very judiciously omitted the explanations of scripture miracles. "I have felt it my duty," says he, "to expunge from their pages every passage relating to the sacred volume, and at the same time to change somewhat the title of the work, by substituting the words "apparent miracles," for "miracles."

It is well known that the Egyptians worked miracles by magic; but the Fathers of the Church believed this magic to be of demoniacal origin, and a trick of the devil. We have but to read Salverte, to understand that whatever magic they used must have been grounded in practical chemistry.

Why the science of the ancients should have fallen into oblivion, is also explained.

"If any one," says Salverte, "remain sceptical regarding (the existence of a real science of chemistry in the arcana of the temples,) he may convince himself by reference to the analogy displayed in the progress of alchemy prior to the rise of true chemistry, to have there a type of the empirical manner in which the sciences were studied, cultivated and fostered, in the ancient temples. The priests searched after, and sometimes produced, astonishing phenomena; but neglecting the theory of

the principles, and preserving no record of the means employed," (every science is founded in its own history), "they rarely succeeded twice in obtaining the same results;"—and those which they did obtain, like the fireworks of old-fashioned chemical lecturers, were directed more to the eye than to the mind, and so contrived as to astonish without enlightening. "Their great object was to conceal the processes, and to retain exclusive possession of their secrets." "The ancients," says Buffon, "reduced all sciences to practice. All that did not immediately concern society, or the arts, was neglected; and, as they regarded man in the light of a moral being, they would not allow that things of no palpable utility were worthy of his attention." This universal precept was applied in all its force to the study of occult science; but nothing was expected from the knowledge it imparted, except the power of working miracles. "From such" an utilitarian view, "the consequence could only have been the acquirement of a partial knowledge, accompanied with great ignorance in other respects; and, instead of a science, whose connected parts so depend upon and suggest one another that the utility of the whole effectually preserves the details from oblivion, every part held an isolated position, and ran the risk of being altogether lost; a danger rendered more probable every day by the increase of mystery."—pp. 187-8.

In fine, the book is worth any man's time to read it, and contains nearly everything desirable to be known on the subject of the ancient superstitions, the temples and the arts of priest-craft.

The Constitutional History of England, from the Accession of Henry VII to the Death of George II.: by HENRY HALLAM, *Author of Europe in the Middle Ages, &c.* (1 Vol., large 8vo.) New York: Harper & Brothers. 1847.

It is almost useless to say anything in the small limits of a notice of such a work as Hallam's Constitutional History. It is on the list of law studies as a primary book, to be read in connection with Blackstone. Those who mean to use it with advantage would do well to read their Blackstone first, and they will understand Hallam none the worse for it. The author is a decided monarchist, and treats the sectaries and Republicans with the greatest contempt; yet for all that he is well read in the Parliamentary historians, and

uses Cromwell with respect. This work is the reverse of anecdotal—it is a history of the *forms* of the English Constitution.

1844; or, *The Power of the S. F. A Tale—developing the secret action of Parties during the Presidential Campaign of 1844.* By THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

This book, as far as we have read it, seems to be an attempt to show, that the Whigs of New York City—or at least a part of them—in the Election of 1844 endeavored to obtain a large number of votes here, by secret betting and mercenary operations among the gamblers and denizens of the lowest parts of the city—in just the same manner as the author of the "Mystery of Iniquity" described schemes to obtain false votes to have been entered into by the Democrats. Of the degree of credit due to either exposition, readers can judge. The "Power of the S. F." is told with some vigor, and displays a talent for description—but it is not pleasant reading, for it deals almost entirely with dissolute scenes, with characters worthless and abandoned, and with the devices of political hypocrisy and chicane.

History of the Conquest of Peru, with a preliminary view of the Civilization of the Incas. By W. H. PRESCOTT. New York. Harper & Brothers.

Mr. Prescott's new work on *Peru* has just been issued in two splendid volumes from the press of the "Harpers:" the English critics are heroic in praise of it as an artistic and most powerfully and picturesquely written work.

A Voyage up the River Amazon, including a Residence at Para. By WILLIAM H. EDWARDS. New York.

These travels certainly go over a most delightful and splendid region of country. We have always thought, with the author, that it is a matter of surprise, that those who live upon the excitement of seeing and telling some new thing, have so seldom betaken themselves to our southern continent. The book treats of a variety of scenes, and is very pleasant reading. It may be made the occasion of an extended view of the scenery and resources of that magnificent country, which is so little known.

AMERICAN REVIEW.

 Contents for August.

THE CHICAGO CONVENTION,	111
OPINIONS OF THE COUNCIL OF THREE: CONSERVATISM.	122
A SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND PUBLIC SERVICES OF JOHN RUTLEDGE, OF SOUTH CAROLINA,	125
SUICIDE. BY A PHYSICIAN OF CHARLESTON, S. C.	137
THE PLANET NEPTUNE,	145
LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF JOSEPH REED,	155
HEINE: A GOSSIPING LETTER FROM A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.	165
WAS IT WELL? BY LOUIS L. NOBLE.	173
NATALIE. A LOVE STORY.	175
THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF PHILIP YORICK, ESQ.,	186
A WORD OF ENCOURAGEMENT,	196
EMERSON'S POEMS,	197
FRESH GLEANINGS: A VOLUME BY THE AUTHOR OF "NOTES BY THE ROAD."	208
CRITICAL NOTICES,	217

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THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.

AMONG the marked occurrences of the month which has just elapsed, the assembling of this Convention will hold a prominent rank, as well from the extent and importance of the objects which prompted it, and the extraordinary numbers who attended it, as from the entire unanimity, yet withal decisiveness, of the voice it uttered; the principles it holds forth, and the organization which it adopted to carry those principles out, and to render them living and operative in the future political contests of the Union.

It falls, therefore, quite within the scope of a Review which professes to give a living impress of leading political events, and especially of such as may be supposed specially to illustrate and advance the political principles which it is alike our duty and our pride to inculcate and sustain, to render some account of this great Convention, so thoroughly whig in its aims, although studiously and designedly divested of any mere party organization.

The new states of the west, as well those around the great lakes as those in the valley of the Mississippi, had become impatient under the repeated disappointments of their just expectations of aid from the federal government, towards the improvement of the rivers and harbors, upon the secure and uninterrupted navigation of which, the growth and prosperity of those states, and necessarily, therefore, the growth and prosperity of the whole country, so materially depend.

In a former number of this Review, we pointed out the rash and unjustifiable use made by successive Presidents of the *veto* power, in order to defeat the appropriations for those rivers and harbors, made by both Houses of Congress, and we ventured even then to assume that eventually the whole region interested in such improvements, would necessarily be driven to unite, as upon the one great common interest, in such a determined line of policy, as would compel from candidates for public favor, a compliance with the reasonable wishes, at once, and obvious interests, of those states.

At an earlier day, and in a more decisive form than we anticipated, this course has been taken.

The idea of a general convention, at which delegates should be invited to be present from all the States in the Union, which felt interested in extending the means and facilities of intercourse between the fertile west and the Atlantic coast, had long been floating in the public mind. A fixed form and character were given to it at a meeting, accidentally and hastily gathered, of Western men, at Rathbun's Hotel, in New York, in September of last year, and then it was resolved that a convention should be invited to assemble, during the present summer, either at some city on the lakes, or in the Mississippi valley.

The suggestion was well received, alike on the sea-board and in the interior, and Chicago and St. Louis competed for

the honour of holding and entertaining such a convention. Considerations of greater accessibility from the north and east, decided the choice in favour of Chicago, and St. Louis gracefully yielded her claim, and lent all her influence towards rendering the assemblage in Chicago as imposing as possible, alike by numbers, and by the character and intelligence of the delegates.

Chicago, a city of yesterday, as it were, springing from the wilderness within the last fifteen years, entered at once with earnestness, and in a liberal spirit, upon the work. A committee of its leading citizens, without distinction of party, prepared the programme of the Convention, appointed the time, and addressed invitations to prominent friends of the cause, throughout the Union, urging their attendance and assuring them of a welcome. The fire spread—and in seventeen states and territories, meetings were held, and delegates were appointed to attend the “North Western Harbor and River Convention, to be held at Chicago, on the 5th July;” and from all these states and territories delegations did attend. At the time appointed, Chicago, which is a city of some 15,000 inhabitants, found itself literally besieged by an army of delegates, arriving at its call, to co-operate with it in such measures as should be deemed wisest and best for the promotion of a great common cause. So great was the number, that up to the day of committing these lines to the press, no official return had been made of them. They were variously computed at from 3 to 4000, and they were deputed by the following states and territories—

Maine	Illinois
Massachusetts	Michigan
Rhode Island	Iowa
Connecticut	Wisconsin
New York	Missouri
New Jersey	Kentucky
Pennsylvania	Georgia
Ohio	Florida
Indiana	

The delegates from states around the lakes were numbered by hundreds—those from more distant states by tens and by units; but it was early agreed upon, as one of the rules of proceeding in the Convention, that on all contested questions the voting should be by states, according to the vote of each in the electoral college—and the respective delegates were requested, as a preliminary to

the full organization of the Convention, to designate each its *foreman*, by whom the vote of the state should on such occasions be cast. It may be stated here, as decisive of the subsequent unanimity of the Convention, that not a case occurred, during the whole deliberations, where a resort to division by states was necessary—all questions having been carried by acclamation that amounted almost to absolute unanimity.

It would be no ungrateful task to the writer, who was one of that distinguished delegated body, to describe at some length here, the admirable, liberal, and tasteful arrangements made by the citizens of Chicago for the accommodation and due entertainment of the vast crowd attracted by such an occasion to their city, but the requisite space could not, we are well aware, be spared us in the columns of the Review. We must say, however, that nothing could be better arranged, or better adapted to the ends in view, than the preparations and accommodation for the Convention, both while assembled as a body, and when scattered amongst the various public and private houses in the town.—A magnificent tent, lofty spacious and airy, was erected in the public square, and beneath it were placed temporary benches, capable of seating more than 3000 persons. On one side was raised an elevated platform for the presiding officers, speakers and reporters, and all around was open.

The day named for the assembling of the Convention, the fifth of July, falling on Monday, the commemoration of the national anniversary was not unfittingly blended with the ceremonial of inaugurating this, in its true and best sense, National Convention—and one derived lustre and interest from the other. The whole population of the neighboring counties of Illinois seemed to be poured into Chicago for the occasion, and highly honorable indeed was the conduct of the dense crowd. Under a burning sun, and amid all the natural excitement and exuberance of spirits on this great festive occasion, it was the observation of all, that no indecorum, no intemperance, no wrangling, were any where seen or heard. The military pageant, the firemen's pageant—the latter unsurpassed for admirable keeping and effect—and the civil pageant, all swept past, without an accident to mar, or an excess to stain, the great holiday.

The whole parade was conducted to,

and dismissed at the public square, where the Convention was to assemble: and accordingly there they did assemble, about 12 o'clock. The Mayor of Chicago, Hon. James Curtis, opened the proceedings in a very pertinent, brief, and well-delivered address, welcoming the Convention to the city, and expressing in its name the gratification felt by all her citizens that Chicago had been selected as the place of meeting.

The Convention was then temporarily organized by choosing, as chairman, Jas. L. Barton, of Buffalo. This gentleman, being connected and thoroughly conversant with the lake trade, its commencement, progress, difficulties, and delays, had contributed as much probably as any one individual, by a letter published in the preceding year, and addressed to the Chairman of the Committee on Commerce in the House of Representatives, to arouse attention to the claims and merits of the lakes, by the statistics he first gathered and set forth, in an authentic form, of the extent of that commerce of the lakes, and of the calamities to which it was subject, for want of sufficient harbors. His selection as temporary president was therefore a fit tribute to important services. At his suggestion the blessing of Heaven was invoked upon the deliberations of the Convention, by the Rev. W. Allen, a delegate from Massachusetts, and formerly president of Bowdoin College; and then these rules for the government of the Convention were adopted:

"1. The states shall be called over, and the delegations through one of their number shall report a written list of the names of their delegates in attendance from each state and territory, giving their locality as far as practicable.

"2. A committee of one from each state and territory, (to be designated by the delegation thereof,) shall be appointed to report to the Convention officers for its government, rules for its conduct, and the order of its business.

"3. Upon a division being called for on any question, the delegation of each state and territory shall be entitled to cast the vote of the state or territory, according to its representation in the federal government. Territories to be entitled to four votes.

"4. Each delegation is requested to appoint one of their number to respond to the chair in casting the vote of their state or territory.

"Mr. Field, of N. Y., requested that the propositions be put separately, which was agreed to.

"On motion of Solon Robinson, of Ia. the reports of delegates were postponed until after the permanent organization of the Convention."

A committee of one from each delegation was then appointed by the respective delegations to report permanent officers of the Convention, rules for its proceedings, &c. The Convention took a recess till four o'clock in the afternoon.

On re-assembling, the committee on nominations not being ready to report, calls were made on several persons to address the Convention, and the Rev. W. Allen, Mr. Senator Corwin, and others, answered the call, and kept the meeting in good humour till the committee came in with their report. That report, as to the nominations, was unanimously adopted, and the convention was permanently organized forthwith as follows—

President.

EDWARD BATES, of Missouri.

Vice Presidents.

John A. Brockway, Conn.

J. G. Camp, Florida.

T. B. King, Ga.

E. W. L. Ellis, Ind.

W. Woodbridge, Mich.

E. Corning, N. Y.

L. Kirkpatrick, N. J.

Gov. Bibb, Ohio.

A. W. Loomis, Pa.

Mr. Hoppin, R. Island.

J. H. Tweedy, Wis.

A. W. Watkins, Missouri.

Judge Williams, Iowa.

Charles Hempstead, Ill.

M. A. Chandler, Maine.

W. P. Eustis, Mass.

Secretaries.

Schuyler Colfax, Ia.

N. E. Edwards, Illinois.

F. W. Fenno, N. Y.

A. B. Chambers, Mo.

Aaron Hobart, Mass.

David Noble, Mich.

Peter McMartin, N. J.

N. W. Otis, Ohio.

Frederick S. Lovell, Wis.

H. W. Starr, Iowa.

The committee then further reported rules of proceeding for the Convention, mode of conducting business, &c., all in the form of separate resolutions. A long and earnest debate ensued upon this part of the report, which resulted substan-

tially in the adoption of parliamentary rules of proceeding, as those by which the Convention would be governed, and of the recommendation that one from each state, to be named by the chairman, prepare resolutions to be submitted to the Convention, expressive of its views and aims. When this was done, the meeting adjourned to next morning at nine o'clock.

Accordingly on Tuesday the Convention re-assembled, and as the committee on resolutions was not prepared to report, the letters of various distinguished men invited to attend the Convention, but who had excused themselves, were called for and read. Of these we do not think it essential to give all; but some, either from their own peculiarities or those of the writer, or from his high standing, we deem it right to embody in this record. They are annexed:—

Marshfield, June 26, 1847.

Gentlemen—I am quite obliged to you for your very kind and respectful letter, addressed to me at Nashville, inviting me to attend the Chicago Convention. If my health had allowed me to continue the journey which I was then prosecuting, it would have brought me into the north-west in time to have been with you the 1st of July; but being compelled, by illness, to abandon the purpose of getting over the mountains, it was of course not in my power to attend the Convention.

You speak, gentlemen, in terms of too much commendation, I fear, of my efforts in the cause of internal and western improvement. I can only say that those efforts have been earnest, long-continued, and made from the single desire of promoting the great interests of the country. Of the power of the government to make appropriations for erecting harbors and clearing rivers, I never entertained a particle of doubt. This power, in my judgment, is not partial, limited, obscure, applicable to some uses, and not applicable to others, to some states, and not to others, to some rivers, and not to others, as seems to have been the opinion of gentlemen connected with the Memphis Convention. For one, I reject all such far-fetched and unnatural distinctions. In my opinion the authority of the government, in this respect, rests directly on the grant of the commercial power to Congress; and this has been so understood from the beginning by the wisest and best men, who have been concerned in the administration of the government; and is consequently general, and limited only by the importance of each particular subject, and the discretion of Congress.

I hope the Convention may do much good, by enforcing the necessity of exercising these just powers of the government. There are no new inventions nor new constructions or qualifications of the constitutional power to be resorted to; there is no new political path to be struck out.—It is simply for the people to say whether prejudice, party prepossessions, and party opposition, shall, at length, give way to fair reasoning, to precedent and experience, to the judgment of the great men who have gone before us, and to those momentous considerations of public interest, which now so imperatively call on Congress to do its duty. I am, gentlemen, with much regard,

Your obliged friend and fellow-citizen,
DAN. WEBSTER.

To Messrs. S. Lisle Smith, Justin Butterfield, and others.

LETTER FROM GOV. WRIGHT.

Canton, May 31, 1847.

Gentlemen—Your circular, inviting me to attend a “North-western Harbor and River Convention,” to be assembled at Chicago, on the first Monday of July next, was duly received, forwarded by Mr. Whiting, of your committee.

My attention had been previously called to the subject by the invitation of a friend at your city, to attend the Convention, and generously tendering me quarters; in his family during its sittings. I was forced, from the state of my private business, to inform him that I could not make the journey at the time named; and the period which has elapsed since I declined his invitation, has only tended to confirm the conclusion pronounced to him.

Were it possible for me to attend the proposed Convention, without an unreasonable sacrifice, I should most gladly do so, as my location gives me a strong feeling in reference to the prosperity and safety of the commerce of the lakes. The subject of the improvement of the lake harbors is one which my service in Congress has rendered somewhat familiar to me in a legislative aspect, while my personal travel upon the two lower lakes, has made the necessity for these improvements manifest to my senses.

I am aware that questions of constitutional powers have been raised in reference to appropriations of money by Congress to the improvement of the lake harbors, and I am well convinced that honest men have sincerely entertained strong scruples upon this point: but all my observations and experience have induced me to believe that these scruples, where the individual admits the power to improve the Atlantic harbors, arise from the want of an acquaintance with the lakes, and the commerce upon them, and an inability

to believe the facts in relation to that commerce, when truly stated. It is not easy for one familiar with the lakes and lake commerce, to realize the degree of incredulity as to the magnitude and importance of both, which is found in the minds of honest and well-informed men residing in remote portions of the Union, and having no acquaintance with either; while I do not recollect an instance of a member of Congress, who has travelled the lakes, and observed the commerce upon them, within the last ten years, requiring any further evidence or argument to induce him to admit the constitutional power, and the propriety, of appropriations for lake harbors, as much as for those of the Atlantic coast. I have been of opinion, therefore, that to impress the minds of the people, of all portions of the Union, with a realizing sense of the facts, as they are, in relation to these inland seas, and their already vast and rapidly-increasing commerce, would be all that is required to secure such appropriations as the state of the national treasury will, from time to time, permit for the improvement of lake harbors. I mean the improvement of such harbors as the body of lake commerce requires for its convenience and safety, as contradistinguished from the numerous applications for these improvements, which the various conflicting local interests upon the shores of the lakes, may prompt; and I make this distinction, because my own observation has shown that applications for harbor improvements, at the public expense, are made and pressed, within distances of a very few miles, and at locations where, from the natural position of the lake and coast, a good harbor at either point would secure to the commerce of the lake all the convenience and security of duplicate improvements. Much of the difficulty of obtaining appropriations, grows out of these conflicting applications; and the sternness with which all are pressed as necessary to lake commerce, impairs the confidence of strangers to the local claims and interests, in the importance of all.

It is the duty of those who urge these improvements, for the great object for which alone they should be made at the expense of the nation, viz: the convenience and safety of lake commerce, to be honest with Congress, and to urge appropriations only at points where these considerations demand them.

The river improvements constitute a much more difficult subject, and the connexion of them with the lake harbors has often, to my knowledge, fatally prejudiced the former. There are applications for improvements of rivers, about which, as a matter of principle and constitutional power, I have no more doubt than about

the harbors upon the lakes or the Atlantic coast, and there are those which, in my judgment, come neither within the principle nor the constitutional power; but to draw a line between two classes of cases I cannot. I have witnessed numerous attempts to do this, but none of them have appeared very sound or very practical. The facts and circumstances are so varied between the various applications, that I doubt whether any general rule can be laid down, which will be found just and practical; and I think the course most likely to secure a satisfactory result, with the least danger to the violation of principle, would be for Congress to act separately and independently upon each application. There has appeared to me one broad distinction between these cases, which has not always been regarded, but which, I think, always should be. It is between the applications to protect and secure the safety of commerce upon rivers where it exists, and is regularly carried on in defiance of the obstructions sought to be removed, and in the face of the dangers they place in its way; and those applications which ask the improvement of rivers, that commerce may be extended upon them, where it is not. The one class appear to me to ask Congress to regulate and protect commerce upon rivers where commerce in fact exists, and the other to create it upon rivers where it does not exist. This distinction, if carefully observed, might aid in determining some applications of both classes, but it is not a sufficient dividing line for practical legislation, if it is for the settlement of the principle upon which all such applications should rest. I use the term "commerce" in this definition, as I do in this letter, in its constitutional sense and scope.

I must ask your pardon, gentlemen, for troubling you with so long and hasty a communication, in reply to your note. It is not made for any public use, but to express to you very imperfectly some of my views upon the interesting subjects you bring to my notice, which I shall not have the pleasure of communicating in person, and to satisfy you that I am not indifferent to your request.

Be pleased to accept my thanks for your polite invitation, and to believe me,

Your very respectful and ob't serv't,
SILAS WRIGHT.

To Messrs. N. B. Judd, and
others, Committee, &c. &c.

LETTER FROM HON. THOMAS H. BENTON.

At a meeting of the Delegation appointed to attend the Chicago Convention, held at the Planters' House, on Saturday, the 26th of June. F. M. Haight, Esq., in the Chair, James E. Yeatman, Esq., presented

the following letter from the Hon. Thomas H. Benton, which was read, approved, and ordered to be printed with the report of this Delegation :

GENTLEMEN:—In my brief note, addressed to you on my return from Jefferson City, I expressed the gratification I should have felt in going with the St. Louis Delegation to the Chicago Convention, and made known the reason which would prevent me from having that pleasure.

The Lake and River navigation of the Great West, to promote which the Convention is called, very early had a share of my attention, and I never had a doubt of the constitutionality or expediency of bringing that navigation within the circle of internal improvement by the Federal Government, when the object to be improved should be one of general and national importance.

The junction of the two great systems of waters, which occupy so much of our country—the northern lakes on one hand, and the Mississippi river and its tributaries on the other—appeared to me to be an object of that character, and Chicago the proper point for effecting the union; and near thirty years ago I wrote and published articles in a St. Louis newspaper, in favor of that object, indicated and accomplished by nature herself, and wanting but a helping hand from man to complete it. Articles in the St. Louis Enquirer of April, 1819, express the opinions which I then entertained, and the “report” of that period, published in the same paper, to the Secretary of War, by Messrs. Graham and Phillips, in favor of that canal (and which report I wrote) was probably the first formal communication, upon authentic data, in favor of the Chicago canal. These gentlemen, with Mr. John C. Sullivan, of Missouri, had been appointed by the Secretary of War to run a line from the south end of Lake Michigan to the Mississippi. I proposed to them to examine the ground between Chicago and the head waters of the Illinois river, with a view to the construction of a canal by the Federal Government. They did so, and on their return to St. Louis, submitted all their observations to me; and hence the publication in the newspapers, and the report to the Secretary at War. I mention this to show that my opinions on this subject are of long standing; and that the nationality of the Chicago canal, and, of course, of the harbor at its mouth, are by no means new conceptions with me. But, I must confess I did not foresee then what I have since seen—the Falls of Niagara surmounted by a ship canal! and a schooner clearing from Chicago for Liverpool!

The river navigation of the Great West is the most wonderful on the globe; and

since the application of steam power to the propulsion of vessels, possesses the essential qualities of ocean navigation. Speed, distance, cheapness, magnitude of cargoes, are all there, and without the perils of the sea from storms and enemies. The steam-boat is the ship of the river, and finds in the Mississippi and its tributaries the amplest theatre for the diffusion of its use, and the display of its power. Wonderful river! connecting with seas by the head and by the mouth—stretching its arms towards the Atlantic and the Pacific—lying in a valley, which is a valley from the Gulf of Mexico to Hudson’s Bay—drawing its first waters, not from rugged mountains, but from a plateau of lakes in the centre of the continent and in communication with the sources of the St. Lawrence and the streams which take their course north to Hudson’s Bay—draining the largest extent of richest land—collecting the products of every clime, even the frigid, to bear the whole to a genial market in the sunny south, and there to meet the products of the entire world. Such is the Mississippi! And who can calculate the aggregate of its advantages, and the magnitude of its future commercial results?

Many years ago the late Governor Clark and myself undertook to calculate the extent of the boatable water in the valley of the Mississippi. We made it about 50,000 miles! of which 30,000 were computed to unite above St. Louis, and 20,000 below. Of course we counted all the infant streams, on which a flat, a keel, or a batteau could be floated; and justly, for every tributary, of the humblest boatable character, helps to swell not only the volume of the central waters, but of the commerce upon them. Of this immense extent of river navigation, all combined into one system of waters, St. Louis is the centre! and the *entrepot* of its trade! presenting even now, in its infancy, an astonishing and almost incredible amount of commerce, destined to increase forever. It is considered an inland town. Counting by time and money, the only true commercial measures of distances, and St. Louis is nearer to the sea than New Orleans was before a steam tow-boat abridged the distance between that city and the mouth of the Mississippi. St. Louis is a sea-port^{as} well as an inland city, and is a port of delivery by law, and has collected \$50,000 of duties on foreign imports during the current year; and with a liberal custom law would become a great *entrepot* of foreign as well as of domestic commerce. With the attributes and characteristics of a sea-port, she is entitled to the benefits of one, as fully and as clearly as New York or New Orleans.

About twenty years ago I moved in the

Senate, and obtained an appropriation for a survey of the Rapids of Upper Mississippi: it was probably the first appropriation ever obtained for the improvement of the upper part of the river. About twenty-five years ago I moved, and succeeded in the motion, to include the Missouri river in a bill for the improvement of the western rivers: it was the first time that river had been so included. Thus, on the important items of the Chicago canal, the rapids of upper Mississippi, and the Missouri river, I was the first to propose to include them within the circle of internal improvement by the Federal Government. I had always been a friend to that system, but not to its abuse! and here lies the difficulty, and the danger, and the stumbling block to its success. Objects of general and national importance can alone claim the aid of the Federal Government; and in favour of such objects I believe all the departments of the government to be united. Confined to them, and the constitution can reach them, and the treasury sustain them. Extended to local or sectional objects, and neither the constitution nor the treasury can uphold them. National objects of improvement are few in number, definite in character, and manageable by the treasury. Near twenty years ago the treasury was threatened with a demand for two hundred millions of dollars for objects of internal improvement, then applied for, and many of them of no national importance. The enormity of the sum balked the system; and so it must be again, if the proper discrimination is not kept up between local and national objects. It is for Congress to make that discrimination; the President cannot; he must reject or approve the bill as a whole. Here, then, is the point at which the friends of the system in Congress must exert all their care and vigilance. No arbitrary rule can be given for the admission or exclusion of proper objects; but really national objects admit of no dispute, and confined to them, I apprehend but little danger of losing a bill, either from Executive vetoes, or for want of votes in Congress.

Very respectfully, gentlemen, your friend and fellow-citizen,

THOMAS H. BENTON.

LETTER FROM MR. VAN BUREN.

Lindenwald, May 21st, 1847.

My Dear Sir,—I thank you kindly for the obliging terms in which you have been pleased to communicate to me the invitation of the committee to attend the North-Western Harbor and River Convention, and beg you to be assured that you do me but justice in assuming that I am by no means indifferent to its objects.

Having visited most parts of your inter-

esting country, I witnessed with admiration and high hopes its peculiar capacities for improvement. I cannot but wish success to all constitutional efforts which have that direction.

Regretting that it will not be in my power to comply with your request, I beg you to make my acknowledgments to the Committee for this proof of their respect,

I am very respectfully and truly yours,
M. VAN BUREN.

E. W. Tracey, Esq.

LETTER FROM GEN. CASS.

Detroit, May 29, 1847.

Dear Sir,—I am obliged to you for your kind attention in transmitting me an invitation to attend the Convention on Internal Improvement, which will meet in Chicago in July. Circumstances, however, will put it out of my power to be present at that time.

I am, dear sir, respectfully yours,
LEW. CASS.

W. L. Whiting, Esq.

LETTER FROM MR. CLAY.

Ashland, 24th May, 1847.

Dear Sir,—I received your friendly letter, accompanied by the circular of the Committee, requesting my attendance at the North-Western Harbor and River Convention, proposed to be held in Chicago, on the first Monday in July next. Cordially concurring in what is announced to be the object of that Convention, I should be happy to assist in the accomplishment of it, if it were in my power; but I regret that I cannot conveniently attend the Convention. Wishing that its deliberations may be conducted in a spirit of harmony, and that they may lead to good practical results,

I am, with great respect,
Your obedient servant,
H. CLAY.

E. W. Tracey, Esq.

The reception given to these letters was discriminating. Met themselves by thousands for a common object, and quite in earnest about it, the Convention were little disposed to be trifled with, or mystified, by those who had been invited to participate in its deliberations. This state of feeling was accordingly manifested in the most significant manner, as the letters were read. When they expressed sympathy with the objects in view, and a desire to co-operate, to the constitutional limits, in promoting those objects, they were warmly welcomed; and even the egotism of Col. Benton's—the very staple of his character, and clue to all his thoughts and acts

—did not prevent the acknowledgments due to the earnest interest manifested in the common cause. So, too, the common-places of Mr. Van Buren, seeing that he also seemed to have some views in common with the assembly, were received with civility; but the inexplicable letter of Mr. Cass, which alludes in no manner to the purposes of the Convention, nor to his own opinions respecting those purposes, nor to the deep interest taken in them by the multitude assembled on this occasion, which was indeed cold and formal as any note declining a *disagreeable* invitation could be, was received at first with incredulous surprise, and then (when assured by a second reading, clamorously called for, that the note, and the whole note, was before them,) with such a shout of derision as no public man can survive, or should provoke. Identified by position with all the objects of that Convention, belonging to the state of Michigan, which is mostly a long peninsula, as our readers know; having thousands of miles of unprotected lake coast—it was reasonably assumed that of all the public men who might attend, or be invited to attend at Chicago, no one would more certainly, and from knowledge, sympathize with its views, than Mr. Cass; how this gentleman should have mistaken the duties and exigencies of his position, to a degree manifested by that letter, seems difficult to comprehend. It was a mistake, however, irrevocable, potent, and which will be remembered to his damage by the whole lake and river country.

The Convention after waiting awhile for the committee on resolutions, took a recess till the afternoon. On re-assembling, that committee was prepared with its report, which consisted of the admirable series of propositions hereto annexed:

“The Convention submits to their fellow-citizens, and to the Federal Government, the following propositions, as expressing their own sentiments, and those of their constituents.

“*First*,—That the Constitution of the United States was framed by practical men, for practical purposes, declared in the preamble. ‘To provide for the common defence, to promote the general welfare, and to secure the blessings of liberty;’ and was mainly designed to create a government, whose functions should be adequate to the protection of the common interests of all the States, or of two or more of them, which could not be maintained by the ac-

tion of the separate states. That in strict accordance with this object, the revenues derived from commerce, were surrendered to the general government, with the express understanding that they should be applied to the promotion of those common interests.

“2d.—That among these common interests and objects, were—1st. Foreign Commerce, to the regulation of which, the powers of the states severally were confessedly inadequate; and, 2d, internal trade and navigation, wherever the concurrence of two or more states, was necessary to its prosecution, or where the expense of its maintenance should be equitably borne by two or more states, and where, of course, those states must necessarily have a voice in its regulation; and hence resulted the constitutional grant of power to Congress, ‘to regulate commerce with foreign nations, and among the states.’

“3d.—That being thus possessed, both of the means and of the power, which were denied to the states respectively, Congress became obligated by every consideration of good faith and common justice, to cherish and increase both the kinds of commerce thus committed to its care, by expanding and extending the means of conducting them, and of affording them all those facilities, and that protection which the states individually would have afforded, had the revenues and authority been left to them.

“4th.—That this obligation has ever been recognized from the foundation of the government, and has been fulfilled partially, by erecting light-houses, building piers for harbors, break-waters and sea walls, removing obstructions in rivers, and providing other facilities for the commerce carried on from the ports on the Atlantic coast; and the same obligations have been fulfilled to a much less extent, in providing similar facilities for ‘commerce among the states;’ and that the principle has been most emphatically acknowledged to embrace the western lakes and rivers, by appropriations for numerous light houses upon them, which appropriations have never been questioned in Congress, a wanting in constitutional authority.

“5th.—That thus, by a series of acts which have received the sanction of the people of the United States, and of every department of the Federal Government, under all administrations, the common understanding of the intent and objects of the framers of the Constitution, in granting to Congress the power to regulate commerce, has been confirmed by the people, and this understanding has become as much a part of that instrument, as any one of its most explicit provisions,

“6th.—That the power ‘to regulate commerce with foreign nations, and among the

states, and with the Indian tribes,' is, on its face so palpably applicable in its whole extent to each of the subjects enumerated equally, and in the same manner, as to render any attempt to make it more explicit, idle, and futile, and that those who admit the rightful application of the power to foreign commerce, by facilitating and protecting its operations by improving harbors, and clearing out navigable rivers, cannot consistently deny that it authorises similar facilities to 'commerce among the States.'

"7th.—That 'Foreign Commerce' itself is dependent upon internal trade, for the distribution of its freights, and for the means of paying for them; so that whatever improves the one advances the other; and they are so inseparable, that they should be regarded as one. That an export from the American shore, to a British port in Canada, is as much foreign commerce as if it had been carried directly to Liverpool; and that an exportation to Liverpool neither gains nor loses any of the characteristics of foreign commerce, by the directness or circuitry of the route, whether it passes through a custom-house on the British side of the St. Lawrence, or descend, through that river and its connecting canals, to the ocean, or whether it passes along the artificial communications and natural streams of any of the states to the Atlantic.

"8th.—That the general government by extending its jurisdiction over the lakes and navigable rivers, subjecting them to the same laws which prevail on the ocean, and on its bays and ports, not only for the purpose of revenue, but to give security to life and property, by the regulation of steamboats, has precluded itself from denying that jurisdiction for any other legitimate regulation of commerce. If it has power to control and restrain, it must have power to protect, assist, and facilitate, and if it denies the jurisdiction in the one mode of action, it must renounce it in the other.

"9th.—That in consequence of the peculiar dangers of the navigation of the Lakes, arising from the want of harbors for shelter, and of the Western rivers, from snags and other obstructions, there are no parts of the United States more emphatically demanding the prompt and continued care of the Government, to diminish those dangers, and to protect the property and life exposed to them; and that any one who can regard provisions for those purposes as sectional, local, and not national, must be wanting in information as to the extent of the commerce carried on upon those lakes and rivers, and of the amount of teeming population occupied or interested in that navigation.

"10th.—That having regard to relative population, and to the extent of commerce,

the appropriations heretofore made for the interior rivers and lakes, and the streams connecting them with the ocean, have not been in a just and fair proportion to those made for the benefit of the ports, harbors, and navigable rivers of the Atlantic ports; and that the time has arrived, when this injustice should be corrected in the only mode in which it can be done, by the united, determined, and persevering efforts of those, whose rights have been overlooked.

"11th.—That independent of this right to protection of 'commerce among the states,' the right of 'common defence' guaranteed by the Constitution, entitles those citizens inhabiting the country bordering upon the interior lakes and rivers, to such safe and convenient harbors as may afford shelter to a navy, whenever it shall be rendered necessary by hostilities with our neighbors, and that the construction of such harbors cannot safely be delayed to the time which will demand their immediate use.

"12th.—That the argument most commonly urged against appropriations to protect 'commerce among the states,' and to defend the inhabitants of the frontiers, that they invite sectional combinations, to insure success to many unworthy objects, is founded on a practical distrust of the Republican principles of our government, and of the capacity of the people to select competent and honest representatives. That it may be urged with equal force against legislation upon any other subject, involving various and extensive interests. That a just appreciation of the rights and interests of all our fellow-citizens, in every quarter of the Union, disclaiming selfish and local purposes, will lead intelligent representatives to such a distribution of the means in the treasury, upon a system of moderation and ultimate equality, as will in time meet the most urgent wants of all, and prevent those jealousies and suspicions which threaten the most serious dangers to our confederacy.

"13th.—That we are utterly incapable of perceiving the difference between a harbor for shelter and a harbor for commerce, and suppose that a mole or pier which will afford safe anchorage and protection to a vessel against a storm, must necessarily improve such harbor, and adapt it to commercial purposes.

"14th.—That the revenues derived from imports on foreign goods belong to all the people, and the public lands being the common heritage of all our citizens, so long as all these resources continue, the imposition of any special burden on any portion of the people, to obtain the means of accomplishing objects equally within the duty and the competency of the Gen-

eral Government, would be unjust and oppressive.

"15th.—That we disavow all and every attempt to connect the cause of internal trade and of 'commerce among the states' with the fortunes of any political party, but that we seek to place that cause upon such immutable principles of truth, justice, and constitutional duty, as shall command the respect of all parties, and the deference of all candidates for public favor."

These propositions were slowly, distinctly, and audibly read; and at the same time, printed copies of them, which the committee had caused to be prepared in great numbers, were scattered through the assembly. The first impression made by the reading of the resolutions was manifestly favorable; yet it was obvious that not a few persons present suspected treason under their smooth and flowing sequence, and some disposition was evinced for an adjournment. But the extreme inconvenience of keeping together, any longer than unavoidably necessary, so immense a gathering, and the fact of the entire unanimity of the committee which reported the propositions, and which was composed of men of different political views, and of different states, and the plainness and precision, as well as caution, of the language employed, were successfully urged as arguments against postponement or delay. Mr. John C. Spencer, of New York, who had prepared these propositions, offered in their behalf a cogent argument; and after some debate upon details, rather than upon principles, the whole series was adopted with entire unanimity; the only alteration made, being in a resolution where an assertion, not essential at all to the main matter in hand, that "duties upon imports were taken from the pockets of the consumers," was resisted on the ground that the friends of a protective tariff held that doctrine to be erroneous, and it was consequently struck out. With this exception, the resolutions were passed as they were reported, and with their passage, the business of the Convention was virtually concluded, for they were the declaration of principles—the real address to the nation—their manifesto to Congress of the wrongs they were assembled, if possible, to redress, and of the powers conferred to that end by the Constitution upon Congress.

Nothing remained then but the appointment of a General Executive Com-

mittee to lay before Congress the results of the deliberations of the Convention, and this was provided for by a resolution subsequently proposed, authorizing the President to select such a committee of two from each state represented—and defining the power and duties of the committee—and then at a late hour the Convention adjourned till the next day.

On re-assembling, it was found that many delegates had taken their departure on the preceding evening—a large majority, however, were still on the ground.

The President named the Executive Committee, in the order given below, which, as it was, we have reason to believe, deliberately adopted by him, we preserve.

Massachusetts—Abbott Lawrence, Boston; John Mills, Springfield.

New York—John C. Spencer, Albany; Samuel B. Ruggles, New York city.

Kentucky—James T. Morehead, Covington; James Guthrie, Louisville.

Indiana—Jacob G. Sleight, Michigan city; Zebulon Baird, Lafayette.

Missouri—Thos. Allen, St. Louis; Jas. M. Converse, St. Louis.

Rhode Island—Alex. Duncan, Providence; Zachariah Allen, Providence.

Iowa—George C. Stone, Bloomington; Wm. B. Ewing, Burlington.

Ohio—James Hall, Cincinnati; Joseph L. Weatherby, Cleveland.

Connecticut—Thos. W. Williams, New London; Philip Ripley, Hartford.

Pennsylvania—T. J. Bigham, Pittsburg; S. C. Johnson, Erie.

Wisconsin—Rufus King, Milwaukee; Wm. Woodman, Mineral Point.

Georgia—Thos. B. King, Savannah; Wm. B. Hodgson, Savannah.

Florida—L. G. Camp.

Michigan—Jos. R. Williams, Constantine; David C. Noble, Monroe.

Maine—Charles Jarvis, Surrey; Geo. Gooves, Gardiner.

Illinois—David J. Baker, Alton; Jesse B. Thomas, Chicago.

New Jersey—Charles King, Elizabethtown; Littleton Kirkpatrick, New Brunswick.

New Hampshire—Jas. Wilson, Keene; John Page.

Abbott Lawrence, of Boston, is the Chairman of this Committee; and Thomas Allen, of St. Louis, Secretary.

In placing Mr. Abbott Lawrence at the head of the committee, and thus according to usage, constituting him chairman of the committee—the President deliberately paid a just compliment at once to Massachusetts, and to an eminent Massachusetts man.

The residue of the business was merely formal. A vote of thanks to Chicago, its people, and its municipal authorities was, as moved by a delegate from St. Louis, passed with acclamation. Another resolution that the proceedings of the Convention should be published in a pamphlet form, under the supervision of a committee residing in Chicago, was also adopted. A liberal proposition, urged almost as a right in behalf of Chicago, to be permitted to defray the expense of such publication, was courteously declined, and the expense of the publication and every other expense which might be hereafter occurred, by the Executive Committee in the discharge of their duties, was directed to be borne, by contributions to be raised from their constituencies by the respective delegations.

The original minutes of the proceedings of the Convention were then offered to the city of Chicago, to be deposited in its archives, which was courteously acceded to; and then, on motion of Mr. Corwin, of Ohio, the thanks of the Convention were tendered to the President for the courteous, impartial, able and dignified manner in which he had presided over its deliberations. This was followed by a motion for an indefinite adjournment. In rising to put the last motion, the President, Mr. Bates, took occasion to acknowledge the vote of thanks to him, passed with such enthusiastic unanimity by the Convention. He was most fortunate both in the matter and manner of his address, and never were an audience more entirely wrought up to admiration by a speaker, than were this multitudinous assembly by the closing address of Mr. Bates. Delivered in a level tone, with fluency, facility, and fecundity it seemed to be wanting in nothing which goes to constitute true eloquence, either in topics, in the mode of illustrating them, in fancy, in imagery, in a perception of the impression made by his words upon the audience, and in the inspiration which the consciousness of being felt and appreciated, seemed to rekindle in the mind of the speaker. It was evidently an improvisation; not that the subjects of which he spoke had not been well considered and pre-arranged probably, even in the order in which they should be treated, but the living, burning words were unpremeditated, spontaneous, melted out, as it were, by the fervor of a brilliant mind, intensely excited—and, therefore, no report, if any

tolerable one even had been made at the time, could do justice, to what must have been heard, to be at all adequately appreciated.

Finally, the motion to adjourn was put and carried, and thus ended the sittings of the *Harbor and River Convention at Chicago*.

But not then or there will end the influence of that Convention. True, it has uttered nothing new; it holds up no unknown standard; it ventures into no untried path; but in a series of calm, logical and almost self-evident propositions, it re-establishes the true reading of the Constitution, brushes away the false glosses, whereby it was attempted to pervert and mystify the plain intent of its language, and brings again within the domain of common sense, of common interest and the general welfare, a discussion which political metaphysicians had carried off into the clouds of doubt and dangerous delays.

It was a fortunate coincidence that on the day after the Convention had adopted its declaration of principles, a letter delayed on the route, was received from Daniel Webster, which, after apologizing for his unavoidable absence, took substantially the very same grounds in respect of the constitutional power of Congress over internal improvements, as that laid in the resolutions of the Convention. Hence, when his letter was read, and it was perceived, as at once it was, that the authority of so great a name was added to the views which the Convention had taken, there was loud and long applause.

But, objects some doubter. What good after all is to come of this Convention? It cannot change the views of the President, and so long as Mr. Polk remains in power, so long will the exercise of the veto defeat the just hopes of the friends of internal improvement.

Even if this were final and entirely true; yet real good would result from the assembling for the Convention—for the interests involved are for all time—Mr. Polk happily is but for a very short time—and even if nothing could be hoped for during his term, it would not be, and will not be, without benefit, that a great popular assembly, representing so many different states, should have imparted an impulse to the popular mind that must have its effect in the selection of the next President of the United States.

But much as it is the habit of political partisans to consider the President as *the*

government, and to despond about the success of all measures, which the one man may not favor, a juster view of our institutions is to consider Congress as the effective government; and so that it be right, it matters little comparatively, as to essential measures, how a President may feel.

In this point of view it is, that we look upon the Chicago Convention as highly important and significant. Nothing but the urgency of an extreme case, the sense of long-continued injustice at the hands of our federal government, and the determination to assert to them our political power in remedying this injustice, can explain the unprecedented gathering at Chicago. It was no holiday meeting, but a coming together of resolute men; laboring under unjust grievances, and conscious of possessing the power of righting themselves. That consciousness is moderately, but intelligibly expressed in the concluding lines of the last resolution:—"We seek to place our cause upon such immutable principles of truth, justice and constitutional duty, as shall command the respect of all parties and the

deference of all candidates for public favor." In this last phrase resides the potency of this Convention; all parties must respect the truths announced in its declaration—and although the President is for the residue of his term beyond our reach, no man aiming at a seat in Congress should be permitted to hope for success, except he be sound on these important questions.

When, then, it is asked, What has the Chicago Convention done? the reply is, that it has laid broad and deep, a platform from which, and from which only, aspirants for seats in Congress can hope to succeed—and hence, by a moral influence, irresistible, if those who shared in the views of this Convention should be true to themselves, and under all circumstances put aside all men claiming their suffrage, who dissent from these views—the Convention will aid in re-asserting the constitutional power of the two Houses of Congress, and in reducing the extraordinary and exceptional power of the Presidential *Veto* within the narrow limits originally assigned to it by the wise framers of the Constitution.

OPINIONS OF "THE COUNCIL OF THREE:"—CONSERVATISM.

Yet, to speak the truth, as sight is more excellent and beautiful than the various uses of light; so is the contemplation of things as they are, free from superstition or imposture, error or confusion, much more dignified in itself than all the advantage to be derived from discoveries.

LORD BACON.

It is an assertion of some mathematicians, that motion is in effect imperishable; so that every word spoken, or even whispered, shall be the beginning of a chain of motions in nature, going on through infinite series, of which the last impulse will carry the meaning of the first, and be as intelligible to a mind exalted to its perception. Though the dogma will not endure a philosophical test, it will serve, like other logical fictions, to illustrate some effects of the moral powers; for we know very well that certain sentences, whispered, spoken, and written, thousands of years ago, have not

lost an atom of their force, but are able now, as they were then, to build up and cherish, or to strike down and destroy, individuals, communities, nations,—to change the mind of the world, and bring it under the power of Reason.

The progress of any motion is checked, and the motion itself converted into other motion, when it misses of a recipient to take it up and convey it; opposite motions contradict and annihilate each other, as when two bodies meet in space; new series and qualities of motion spring out of the extinction of the old. And so of these moral powers, passing swiftly along the line of ages: if they miss of their recipient, they are extinguished, and cease utterly; or, if they are met by newer and more powerful, they are absorbed; and out of the crash of opposites, new powers spring into life, and in their turn erect and destroy the races of men.

These immense powers, striking upon

their recipients, in the persons fitted by God and nature to receive them, awaken movements of thought, from which flow laws and creeds; the educators of the multitude.

A people educated by laws and creeds, whose minds have been in a manner toned and harmonized by the spirit of a wise antiquity, when they speak together, only utter again the truth which they have received, and thus it will sometimes happen, that their voice will be "the voice of God;" for having been imbued with the knowledge of the Ancient Days, what they speak on serious occasions, will in some degree express it. But as the previous knowledge, so must be the *voice*, and, Great is Diana of the Ephesians! will be heard from one people, while another cries, Honor to the Redeemer of the World!

To quit the mathematical figure, which is but a stiff and narrow illustration, let it be considered how each man is shaped and marked by his education, by the society he lives in, the books he reads, the opinion in which he floats, the laws by which he is surrounded—protected—upheld; the creeds by which he is terrified, consoled, and emancipated from his own vices;—and if it were not for new continents, new sciences and new necessities, we might believe ourselves entirely composed out of the past, and breathing only the breath our fathers breathed before us. So omnipotent are these forms of the past, men are held together by them, notwithstanding singular and infinite differences—nay, contrarities of nature—in nations, churches, societies; under common laws, common creeds, and common manners.

Considering man and his earth together, our whole past is the cause, of which our future is the effect. No wonder then we worship our past, since it is our venerable mother who produced and cherished us.

Napoleon, thinking to pass into France with the army by which he had conquered Italy, must needs consult his mother; the same conqueror was a vehement reader of old histories, and even modelled his military orations, on occasions perfectly new and modern, upon the feigned speeches of the classics; so much did he venerate antiquity.

Shakspeare built his dramas out of old chronicles.

Virgil imitated Homer; Motton, the books of the Prophets.

Franklin formed his manner and his sentiment upon the writings of the English classics.

The best poem of the Germans, is a close imitation of the Greek drama.

Voltaire sharpened his intellect in the classics.

The laws under which we live, after rejecting modern and Mormon corruptions, are the old laws of England.

The most powerful, as well as the best men of the church, be they of this or that sect, are known by their adherence to the old faith.

Courtesy comes to us from the middle ages.

Our Constitution was composed by a body of men well read in Blackstone, and the Hebrew Prophets.

The great good men, and the great bad men, alike seize upon the material of antiquity to give a form and power to their purposes.

As the wealth of a solid merchant grows by a natural increase out of the stock he began with, and by no chances or windfalls; the total wisdom of a stable society,—its constitutions, laws, religions, arts, and privileges—are but the gradual fruit of the principles with which it began, and the care which it has used continually to revise the forms which grow out of them.

The general wisdom of a nation, founded in the age of antiquity, is commonly able, through its orators, poets, and philosophers, to give a true shape to its developments; but as it happens with the chemist, that his work falls into the fire, and with the artist, that a false color springs up, and deadens his picture—so in society, new forms of old heresies, tyrannies, and barbarities, often appear, and for a time hinder, or seem to ruin the work.

Thus, in the progress of Christianity, fanatical sects have arisen, whose principles, when examined, discover a heathen character. In the Church, as in the individual, the old vice breaks out anew.

In America domestic slavery re-appeared among Europeans, after its extinction in Europe, and who does not see in America, the materiel for a new Mahomet, or a new Lycurgus?

No less singular, and more terrible to contemplate, are those immense oscillations of opinion, through periods of centuries, when from one crushing extreme, men pass slowly into the other; from

the primeval monarchies, to the ancient republics; from those republics to the monarchies of the middle ages; from those monarchies, on to the modern republics: thrice, only since the days of the patriarchs, the scale has vibrated: these movements are slower than those volcanic tides, which indicate changes in the inner structure of the globe.

It would not be a sufficient explanation of these changes, to say that they are growths of necessity; for necessity itself appears differently to different natures. There is no natural necessity for the establishment of churches and schools, or of courts of justice; living like savages or beasts, men could do without them.

We are compelled to regard them as a product of the superior nature, or of REASON.

Society, the state, worship—originally of divine institution—continue to bear the marks of their original, as they are moulded by reason, the image of Divinity.

Out of these, spring all the permanent interests of humanity; for it will be found that letters, arts, arms, commerce, government, renown, sanctity, justice—in a word, all that occupies the attention of man, as he is, social, just, and religious, or the contrary, have reference to polity, to society, or to religion; the rest is matter of the day, or of sport.

To enter upon arguments for the proof of such matters, would be as idle as to argue for the being of a God, or painfully to show that rain falls from the clouds; yet, though no man will ordinarily argue about them, it is sometimes

necessary to rally attention to them, as to the rendezvous of all opinion.

Not to be involved at this moment, in any over-subtle investigation of the nature of things in general, or, whether human nature, left to itself, would ever have invented these institutions of honor, justice, and religion, out of which all human interests flow as dependent and secondary—it may suffice to declare this belief (that it may appear to which side we are sworn), that these institutions were not only given from Heaven at first, but are perpetually of divine origin; nay, that without an immediate sustaining divinity in them, they would cease to exist, and the human race become as beasts, or worse; this, at least, is the opinion of many in the nineteenth century; whether of the majority or not, would be hard to ascertain; for men are ready to answer any questions sooner than these.

Other opinions are loudly and vehemently expressed; but that is no proof that the majority entertain them; the world is very like the French Chamber of Deputies, loud and stormy on the opposition side; but when the vote is taken, the king carries it; they are true to their own interests, and like good patriots, identify their own safety with their country's. In America there is a violent and incessant outcry against the ancient faith, yet the silent party carries it; for the majority find their true interests on the side of King Reason; they will have his authority for it, before they pull their own walls about their ears.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND PUBLIC SERVICES OF JOHN RUTLEDGE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,

WITH EXTRACTS FROM HIS UNPUBLISHED CORRESPONDENCE.

At a late session of Congress, it was, on motion of Mr. Westcott, that the Senate of the United States directed the Committee on the Judiciary to report a Bill for a bust of Mr. John Rutledge, of South Carolina. On the 17th July, 1846, a Bill was accordingly reported for this purpose, from that committee. It passed to a second reading, but was not again recurred to during the session, and now remains in abeyance, to be called up at some future opportunity. The more exciting and absorbing character of the events now in progress—foreign war, and the conflicts of rival parties—naturally contributed still further to delay the tribute of a tardy propriety and justice.

This resolution of the Senate necessarily provokes an inquiry into the claims of the individual thus honorably distinguished among his contemporaries. Millions have sprung into existence since the services of John Rutledge, in the Revolution, won for him the admiration of his associates, who have scarcely heard his name. The American people have hitherto shown themselves strangely remiss in preserving memorials of their great men. Their history has been one of *performances* rather than *memorials*. They have been *preparing* history rather than *recording* it; and what is true of the Americans, as a nation, is still more appropriately applied to the people of the Southern States. It is their peculiar fortune to be agricultural in their pursuits; and agriculture is seldom known to leave its monuments. The sparseness of population in agricultural countries, and the unexciting nature of their occupations, preclude that lively attrition of mind with mind, which, in commercial communities, provokes a continual impatience of the staid, and, by exciting a perpetual restlessness of mood, leads naturally to the development of all the resources of society. In this way reputations are fixed, memorials raised and preserved with care; proofs are sought for wherever they may be found; and the becoming tribute to past worth is honorably offered by that veneration

which, in the enjoyment of present benefits, is not forgetful of the obligations due to ancient benefactors. The South has not shown this proper degree of veneration. Its gratitude has not declared itself in trophies to the past. A tardy zeal, in recent periods, has done little more than discover how irremediable is this neglect and indifference, since it shows us how inadequately we should now offer to perform those duties which we never thought to attempt at the proper season. The documents necessary to our memorials now escape our search. The proofs of our performances daily elude our grasp and inquiry. The records of private families are now unfrequently to be procured, and the papers and correspondence of the fathers of the Revolution have been profligately consigned to waste and ruin by the ungrateful improvidence of children, who have but too imperfectly realized, in their thoughts, the wondrous value of their inheritance. The statesmen of the South—a region which has always been numerously prolific of this class of public benefactors—have, with few exceptions, been suffered to die almost entirely out of the public mind—to be obscured by the names of others, in other sections, the painstaking and solicitude of whose descendants have been the chief sources of their distinctions—and have thus temporarily incurred a forfeiture of those rights, or, at least, of that place in the national regard and history, which none might more confidently assert and assume than themselves. The South produces but few authors, in the ordinary sense of the word. Their intellectual men are politicians, statesmen and lawyers. They do not live in the past, but in the present. They do not work for the future, but the day. Their business is not so much to do justice to those who transmitted the torch to their hands, as to hurry with it onwards to the hands of others. Their thoughts are spoken in the Assembly and along the thoroughfares—seldom through the medium of the Press;—they *speak* rather than *write*, and, in due degree as they

attain freedom, grace, and power in oratory, is their reluctance to undergo the laborious manipulations of authorship. Hence it is that, when the sounds of their voices subside from the ears of their auditors, there remains no record by which to save them for the justice and the judgments of the future. The manufacture of their histories, their biographies, their books generally, is yielded almost wholly to their brethren of the North; and these naturally incline to choose for their subjects the great events and the great men in their own more immediate precincts. Hence it is that a great wrong is wrought, without being designed, to a portion of our historical character, and to many of the master memories of the nation. The South has no reason to be ashamed of the place which she has held in the performances of the country, whether as States or Colonies. Virginia and South Carolina, like Massachusetts, were the noble nursing mothers of a great family of republics. They always possessed that individuality of character, which is sometimes unwisely censured under the name of sectionalism; as if this very sectionalism did not constitute those individualizing characteristics of a people, by which alone their nationality could be determined. Their sons have written their names with pride upon every page of our progress. It is not altogether too late to make their memorials; and though these must still necessarily be very imperfect, something may yet be done towards acknowledging, by proper tributes, the great debt of gratitude and affection which we owe to those sires of States, who, by bold eloquence, counselling bold deeds, achieved the precious possession of liberty and country in which it is our pleasure daily to exult.

The Senate of the United States deserve the thanks of the nation, for thus recalling to its memory the name of John Rutledge. Mr. Rutledge was the Patrick Henry of South Carolina, and a statesman, orator and patriot, quite worthy to take rank, not only with the great Virginian to whom he has been frequently compared, but with any of the statesmen which the American Revolution produced. Henry himself acknowledged, with the generous ardor of a noble spirit, the

claims of this distinguished Carolinian. He declared that, in the first Congress of the nation, John Rutledge "shone with superior lustre." When asked, on his return to Virginia, after that first convention, what was the degree of talent, and what was the sort of persons composing that illustrious body, and, in particular, whom he thought its greatest man, he answered: "If you speak of *eloquence*, John Rutledge, of South Carolina, is the greatest orator." Such a tribute, alone, from such a source, would suffice to justify us in demanding all that can now be delivered of the career of its subject; but when, in addition to this reputation, we are told that his patriotism, resolve, high character and sagacious judgment, were conspicuous in maintaining the tone and spirit of the Southern States during the Revolution, in keeping up the courage of Georgia and the Carolinas, and in directing and counselling their performances, we feel that his history is necessary to that of the country, and must contribute to that national stock of character, the value of which must necessarily increase with every year in our progress to maturity. We propose, in this paper, to contribute, in some small degree, to repair our deficiencies, to revive what we can of the past in the career of Mr. Rutledge, and to make eligible to popular readers what remains to us of his achievements. This, now, can only imperfectly be done. The private records are wanting. There are no family memorials, or very few. The voluminous correspondence of Mr. Rutledge, as President of the Colony of South Carolina, Governor of the State, its Representative in Congress, and Chief-Justice of the United States, seems now to be irrecoverable; and but a few letters remain to us, which are yet unpublished,* and from which, where they serve to illustrate the progress and character of public events, or to indicate the mind and temper of the writer, we propose to detach for our narrative.

The father of John Rutledge came from Ireland. He reached Carolina, with a brother, Andrew, somewhere about the year 1735. Here he commenced the practice of medicine, and soon after married a Miss Hexe, who, at the early age of fifteen, gave birth to the subject of

* From the private collection of the late General Peter Horry, now in the possession of Dr. R. W. Gibbes, of South Carolina, and from the papers of the Laurens family.

our sketch. He was born in 1739. His father died not long after, and the domestic training was thus left entirely to the young mother, who did not lack in the necessary endowments for this difficult duty. Devoting herself to her offspring, she left him but little reason to feel or to regret the paternal loss, of which he was comparatively unconscious. His early education was confided to David Rhind, an excellent classical scholar, and, in his day, one of the most eminent and successful teachers of youth in the Carolinas. The progress of John Rutledge was highly satisfactory. He was soon possessed of the degree of classical knowledge which was supposed to be requisite for the career designed him, and what was wanting to the finish of his education in Charleston was derived from his transfer to superior institutions in England. The preparatory studies over, he was entered a student of the Temple in London, and proceeding barrister, came out to Charleston, where, in 1761, he commenced the practice of the law.

He was soon to fix the attention of the public in his profession. This is one in which, ordinarily, it requires some considerable time before the professor can work his way into public confidence and business. Mr. Rutledge was subjected to no such delay. His mind, at once ready and exact, was equally solid and precocious. His great general abilities, particularly the ease, freedom, strength and directness of his eloquence, were especially calculated to fix and charm the regards of an eager and enthusiastic people. His first case at the bar was one of peculiar interest. The subject was one of uncommon infrequency in the South. It was one of all others most likely to excite attention and feeling among a proud and sensitive people. It was an action sounding in damages, for a breach of promise. The Southern people do not tolerate such actions. A Southern lady would be ashamed of being a party to them. Her philosophy and theirs would teach them to rejoice rather than regret in the escape from any connection with the treacherous. The case was one, therefore, which afforded to our young lawyer an admirable occasion for the display of his abilities. He did not suffer it to escape him; and the tradition was carefully treasured up by his admirers that he equally

charmed and confounded by his eloquence.

The event was not without its fruits. The ice once broken, an extensive field of usefulness and power soon opened upon the eyes of our youthful orator. His was no tedious probation; he rose in his profession at a bound. He had shown himself equal at once to the boldest flights of passion and fancy and to the strictest and severest processes of ratiocination. His reason and his impulse wrought happily together. His enthusiasm was never suffered to cripple his induction, nor the severity of his analysis to stifle the ardor of his utterance. A happy combination of all the essentials of the lawyer and the orator was soon acknowledged to be in his possession, and business grew rapidly upon his hands. The difficulty and importance of the cases brought before him declared the public persuasion of his sagacity. The liberal fees by which his services were retained announced his singular successes. It became customary to think that his clients were necessarily to be successful, and no doubt a foregone conclusion of this sort did much towards the farther conviction of judge and jury. Such a conviction could not readily have been reached until repeated triumphs had impressed upon the popular mind the most perfect assurance of his powers. It was highly fortunate for himself and the country that such were his successes, and so rapidly acquired, since but few years were allowed him for the acquisition of his private fortunes, when the growing discontents and difficulties of the country demanded his services for the public cause. The first faint throes were now about to take place whose final but remote issue was revolution; the sundering of one mighty empire, and the birth of another, destined, with God's blessing, to be still more mighty. John Rutledge was one of the chosen men in our Israel whose hands were to assist from the beginning in bringing into existence this grand conception.

The beginning of the Revolution may, in all the States, be traced much farther back than it is common for our popular historians to pursue the clues. We are of opinion that, in spite of all disclaimers, many of the great men of America conceived the independence of the country even before the year 1760; but the question shall not arrest us now. In

1764, Governor Boone of South Carolina refused to administer to Christopher Gadsden the oaths which all persons were required to take who were returned to the Commons House of Assembly. This was, in other words, to deny him the seat, since the performance of the legislative functions depended upon a compliance with the laws in relation to the preliminary oaths. The asserted ineligibility of Gadsden was in consequence of the freedom of his opinions, and the supposed licentiousness of his wishes in regard to the colonial rights and privileges. He, too, was one of the remarkable men of that day in the South—a man of sterling integrity and singular sagacity, and one of the first to scent tyranny from afar, and to prepare the popular mind to loathe and to resist it. It became necessary, accordingly, to disfranchise him, and to visit the sins of his opinion with the frowns of the royal representative. But the step taken for this purpose was one of the most unlucky for its object. The House of Assembly kindled with indignation at this assault upon their constitutional privileges. They claimed to be the only, sole and proper judges of the qualifications of their members, and resented in proper language, and with a becoming spirit, the usurpations of the royal governor. It was in arousing this spirit, as well among the people as in the Assembly, that John Rutledge first distinguished himself in his political career. He urged upon both people and Assembly to resist promptly and with a determined hostility every interference of the royal agent with their rights and privileges. These were the sacred proofs and the only sure essentials of their safety, and not to be surrendered but at the last peril of life and fortune. He kindled the flame on this occasion, and soon had the satisfaction to see it burning brightly and triumphantly on the altars of public liberty.

Scarcely was this domestic controversy at an end, and while the feeling which it had provoked was still lively at work in every bosom, when the passage of the ever-memorable *Stamp Act* opened the way to another of like character, but of more general application, and of more imposing and permanent results. This measure led to the first social and political organization among the colonies, and to their first distinct connection for a common pur-

pose. Hitherto their existence had been purely and singularly individual. They were so many severalties, without any common bond, though sitting side by side on the same continent. Their affinities prior to this event appear to have been very few. Almost entirely officered from the mother-country, the intercourse between their public men was exceedingly slight, confined to official matters wholly, and only in relation to such business as resulted from their momentary exigencies. It was not the policy of Great Britain that they should become more intimate, since that intimacy must necessarily have taught them better than anything else the secret of their own strength. The old French war had something to do with the Revolution, which it did not promise. It was in the final overthrow of French power in America that the colonists first arrived at some knowledge of their own. With the continued pressure of a foreign enemy upon their coasts and borders, the colonists would still have looked to Great Britain for support and sympathy, and their dependence might have continued for half a century longer; but this danger withdrawn, they had an opportunity not only to grow and to increase, but to reflect upon the fact, which failed to impress them in the hour of their danger, that it was their own men and money mostly by which their deliverance had been achieved. Great Britain had simply officered their troops from among her favorites, and levied their resources by which to sustain them, while she continued to monopolize their trade, tax their gains and abridge their commercial successes. They ripened rapidly for independence from the peace with the French and Spaniards of 1763. From that moment began the Revolution, and the wretched agency of the Stamp Act gave a fatal blow to all the *morale* of British ascendancy on our continent. That ascendancy once discovered to be purely and arrogantly selfish, the next natural question was, whether it might be dispensed with.

South Carolina was one of the first of the colonies to declare herself in regard to this offensive measure. The proposition of Massachusetts to the Provincial Assemblies, to send committees from their bodies to a common Congress, with regard to their united working in the common cause, was a suggestion that might

well startle communities whose local authorities—by no means in harmony with the people—had, for some time before, been busy in the inculcation in the royal mind of suspicions and jealousies in regard to the popular passion in America for independence. An act of union, no matter how innocent the obvious purpose, was one to increase and confirm those suspicions. It was one, accordingly, for which the mind of the country was but partially prepared. The proposition of Massachusetts met with great opposition. It was discussed anxiously in all quarters, and nowhere with more warmth and uneasiness than in South Carolina. That colony had been in a very large degree the pet and favorite of the British Government. It had been largely patronized by the crown, supplied with men and money in its emergencies, and there was no rivalry in trade, commerce or manufactures between the parties, such as existed between the people of England and Massachusetts, which could justify or account for the activity of the Carolinians in any overthrow of the royal authority. But they had their wrongs also, which they resented deeply, though these differed in a large degree from those of which the Northern colonies complained; and the sympathies of the leading men of Carolina, particularly such as had been educated in Great Britain, were mostly with the cause of Massachusetts. A passionate love of liberty in their bosoms proved superior to any considerations of mere security and profit. John Rutledge at once threw himself into the conflict of opinion among his people, and contended with all the might of his eloquence against their doubts, their fears, and that prescriptive loyalty which a blind veneration alone could cherish in spite of an obvious necessity. He conciliated the prejudices, disarmed the apprehensions, answered the doubts, strengthened the hopes, and fortified the courage at once of the people and the Assembly. The popular mind expanded instantly beneath his earnestness, cogency and vehemence to a due appreciation of the policy and importance of the proposed Congress; and the result was, that the vote for sending deputies to the Continental Congress was carried in South Carolina the first of all the colonies south of New England. This was truly a great triumph in the case of a province settled originally and chiefly by the cava-

liers, and which for so long a time had enjoyed the peculiar smiles and the protection of the crown. John Rutledge was one of the three delegates chosen to represent her in the first Congress of the nation; the other two were Christopher Gadsden and Thomas Lynch. Of these, Mr. Rutledge was the youngest—but twenty-five years old—with his feet still lingering on the happy threshold of youth, but lifted freely and boldly to step forth and advance in the arduous walks of manhood. This appointment took place in 1765, immediately after the receipt of the news of the passage of the Stamp Act. The Congress met first in New York, a memorable meeting and a most remarkable body—remarkable at once for strength of character and various ability. It was with something of a sensation that the delegates from the Northern colonies listened to the eloquence of Mr. Rutledge—eloquence which, with much of the impetuous force and fullness of Demosthenes combined the polished graces and freedom of the Roman Tully. Their knowledge of the remote colony of the South had not prepared them for such a powerful exhibition. In those days the means of education in South Carolina were exceedingly few and inferior. The sister provinces knew her chiefly by her merely physical productions—by rice, and indigo, and silk, and possibly tar and turpentine. We have already instanced the small amount of social intercourse existing between the colonies. They regarded South Carolina as a region chiefly of slaves and slaveholders, the former in overwhelming disproportion to the latter, and these distinguished rather by a voluptuous and haughty languor and self-indulgence than by any of the higher aims of the imagination or the intellect. They expected neither wit nor wisdom from such a quarter, and the appearance of Mr. Rutledge among them in debate was a surprise calculated greatly to disturb all their previous conceptions of the colony from which he came. They had not taken into allowance the custom of the more wealthy in the colony, by which their sons were mostly educated in Europe. It is very likely that they knew nothing of this fact, though many of the South Carolinians who subsequently became leaders in the struggle which ensued, were graduates of English universities.

Of the impression made upon Con-

gress by Mr. Rutledge, the opinions so handsomely expressed by Patrick Henry will afford us some idea. Henry was an admirable judge, not less than a generous rival. His estimate was confirmed by that of others, who, in their own large endowments, had a right to speak. The style of Mr. Rutledge, as a debater, was vehement and impetuous, but clear, direct and manly. His foresight and boldness were the secrets of his force; his admirable common sense and order were the effective agents in the transmission of his ideas; while his passionate emphasis, and earnest but graceful manner, struck, with timely application, upon the sensibilities, and carried his convictions, with irresistible effect, into the souls of his audience. The dignity, courage, candor and noble character of Gadsden; the gentlemanly demeanor, polish, and good sense of Lynch; with the eloquence of Rutledge, did more for the reputation of South Carolina, at the incipient assemblage of the States, than had been done during her whole previous history, by the spirit of her warfare and conduct against the Indians, French, and Spaniards, and by all the value of her exports in rice and indigo. It was a lesson to herself, not less than to her neighbors, and she will not be the first of the confederacy to forget how much nobler and more essential to national character are mind and virtue, than all other mortal possessions.

The history of that Congress, and the fruits of its session, are everywhere on record. The repeal of the Stamp Act necessarily diminished the active participation of the colonists in political affairs, and Rutledge returned to his native State and to his profession—mingling no further in public affairs than was incident to his position as a prominent member of the provincial legislature. He continued to win golden opinions from all sorts of people, as well as a lawyer and public speaker. Dr. Ramsay, a cotemporary, describes his mode of speaking and thinking, at this period, in a brief passage, which we quote: "His ideas," says Ramsay, "were clear and strong—his utterance rapid but distinct—his voice, action and energetic manner of speaking, forcibly impressed his sentiments on the minds and hearts of all who heard him. At reply, he was quick—instantly comprehending the force of an objection, and saw at once the best mode of weakening or repelling it. He successfully used

both argument and wit for invalidating the observations of his adversary; by the former he destroyed or weakened their force—by the latter, he placed them in so ludicrous a light that it often convinced, and scarcely ever failed of conciliating and pleasing his hearers. Many were the triumphs of his eloquence at the bar and in the Legislature, and, in the former case, probably more than strict, impartial justice would sanction, for judges, juries, counsel and audience hung on his accents."

But the repeal of the Stamp Act did not prove a satisfactory concession—was a temporary one only—to the roused apprehensive spirit of American liberty. Her politicians and patriots, once awakened to suspicion, were not easily to be lulled into repose and confidence. The year 1774 opened the field anew to Mr. Rutledge, in the passage of the Boston Post Bill—tidings of which, when they reached Charleston, kindled afresh the apprehensions of the intelligent, and produced almost as much excitement as prevailed in Boston. A general meeting of the inhabitants was instantly invoked, by expresses dispatched to every quarter of the province. The persons then brought together in convention, opened their deliberations with a general survey of the proceedings of the British parliament. This survey, however, did not result in much unanimity of opinion. The excitement grew with the discussion. The projects of the politicians varied according to the degree of indifference which they felt, when they came to consider the inverse power of that authority, whose anger they were now likely to provoke by their proceedings. Several schemes of action, or of opinion, were presented for their consideration, but none of a kind to obtain more than a partial and feeble support. In the appointment of delegates to a general Congress, no objection was made. But this appointment was trammelled with proposed restraints and a limitation of powers, which must have ended in rendering the delegation utterly impotent for good. Here it was that the absence of domestic sympathies, arising from mutual intercourse between the colonies, was clearly perceptible. It was insisted that the delegates so chosen should be instructed as to the extent which they might go in pledging the colony to the support of the Bostonians. This was equivalent to a repudiation of that community of cause

and interests, which alone could bring about a hearty co-operation of the colonies against the power of the mother country. It was merely a complimentary expression of sympathy to a sister colony, which implied neither risk nor sacrifices. The convention was likely to prove abortive, and the friends of *mouvements*, and of the common cause, were in despair on every hand. It was while the doubt and confusion were greatest that Mr. Rutledge rose to the crisis. He looked beyond the immediate occasion, and, in the case of Massachusetts, beheld that of South Carolina, and of every other colony, should like circumstances bring about a like collision between the parent State and its progeny. He succeeded in conveying his convictions to his audience. He knew that South Carolina had been a favorite, simply because she was not a rival. Let the occasion but occur when an independent trade should become her policy—when she should embark in manufactures, and claim to share with the British people, at home, the equal advantages of the Constitution—and he clearly described her fate as certain to be that of Massachusetts, in the day of her present exigency. It is one of the essential proofs of genius, that it argues for future generations. Mr. Rutledge was prepared to peril the present for the future. He submitted resolutions, the amount of which was that the delegates from South Carolina should take their part in the Continental Congress, with minds untrammelled—should go without instruction—and be left to their own wisdom and penetration, to determine what was to be done, and what Carolina should pledge herself to do in the common struggle with the parent empire. He enforced his resolution with a powerful speech. He argued with successful force, and keen sarcasm, against any such absurdity as that of sending puppets, mere dumb waiters, to a deliberative assembly, which called equally for the highest courage and wisdom. Delegates were supposed to be chosen with some regard to their capacity and honesty, particularly where they were sent to consult with associates, upon propositions of which no one in the primary assemblies could possibly know anything. Mr. Rutledge demonstrated that any trust short of the most plenary discretion, would leave the representative in a wretched impotency, and defeat utterly the ends of the appointment.

There was a crisis of tremendous issues to be encountered, and he was for meeting it with all the wisdom and the energy of manhood. When it was objected by some of the advocates for instruction, that such a discretion was obnoxious to abuse—that the delegates might betray their principals, and usurp a judgment inconsistent with the authorities conferred upon them—his answer was equally laconic and vehement: “Hang them! hang them!”

He carried his measures and his audience. On this occasion he made a powerful impression on the multitude. They acknowledged the justice of his opinions. His courage stimulated them. His energies infused themselves into the popular heart, and lifted the common sentiment to a first consciousness of that revolution which had now, in the eyes of far-seeing men, become unavoidable, and which, so far as Carolina was concerned, received its great impulse on that day and by that proceeding. The resolution itself was freedom. It was a vital stab to the *foreign* government. Everything was confided to the discretion of the delegates, and the colony pledged itself to sustain them. Five persons were authorized to do in the premises whatever the exigency required. These five persons were John Rutledge, Edward Rutledge (his brother), Christopher Gadsden, Thomas Lynch, and Henry Middleton. Their names deserve to be remembered. They were choice specimens, equally of the talents, the virtue, and the character of the people. Furnished with such ample powers, they took their seats in Congress under peculiar advantages. The proceedings of that famous body, then assembled in Philadelphia, are well known to our histories. Resolutions restricting the business intercourse between the colonies and the mother country were passed; imports from Great Britain, Ireland, and the West Indies, were to be foreborne; the case of Massachusetts was declared to be that of all America; the conduct of the people of that province was cordially approved, and the colonies were all pledged to their support; a declaration and resolves were passed, asserting the rights and grievances of the colonies; and, in these, as by other proceedings, which we need not enumerate, Congress made a considerable stride in the path of revolution. The merit of these proceedings was necessarily and largely shared by Mr. Rutledge. They

embodied his spirit, and were evolved with his energies. He participated industriously in their details, and their principles were illustrated by his eloquence. We have seen the estimate of his powers as made by Patrick Henry. It was one which seems to have been generally allowed. Already, indeed, had the epithet Demosthenean been employed to describe the characteristics of his oratory.

The Congress terminated its sittings in October, 1774, and Mr. Rutledge returned to Charleston to meet his constituents. Some of his proceedings were the subject of cavil. The Commons House of Assembly sat in Charleston in January, 1775, and the delegates of the colony to Congress appeared before them to render an account of their proceedings. These were taken up for consideration *seriatim*. The articles of association determined upon by Congress, were, of course, particularly scrutinized. The *four last words* of the *fourth* article of that instrument, which, while interdicting exports to Great Britain, Ireland, or the West Indies, makes an especial exception in favor of "*Rice to Europe*," occasioned no little disquiet and disgust. The people of the interior who dealt in corn, hemp, pork, butter and lumber, in whose behalf no similar exception had been made, deemed themselves sacrificed to the wealthy rice planters. They were suspicious and angry accordingly. A more noble feeling of self-sacrifice prompted others, at the head of whom was Christopher Gadsden, one of the delegates, to regret that any reservation whatever had been made in favor of any article, by which a doubt could be thrown upon the patriotism of the colony. But Mr. Rutledge had his reasons ready, and the defence of himself and his three associates—Mr. Gadsden having voted against the exception—was devolved upon him. The substance of the speech which he made upon this occasion shows his sagacity. The outline of his argument may be condensed in a paragraph. He said that at an early period he and the other delegates from South Carolina had warmly pressed upon Congress resolutions equally of *total non-importation and non-exportation*, to go into immediate effect;—that as a non-importation act in regard to Great Britain and Ireland was to withhold from them the advantages which their people might derive from the receipt of American commodities, so the end was

most certain to be effected by retaining those commodities altogether in America. Such restrictions, however, he soon found, could not be carried;—the northern colonies resolving to remit to England as usual, to pay their debts by a circuitous trade in flour and fish with the rest of Europe. The commodities which they shipped to the mother country were really of little value—and the rival trade would be little affected by the terms of the association as proposed by them. For example, he remarked, that Philadelphia carried on a trade of export to the amount of £700,000 sterling; of which scarce £50,000 ever sought the markets of the mother country. Not to export, therefore, to Great Britain, would be no sacrifice or loss on the part of Philadelphia. It was evident that the colonies thus and similarly circumstanced, would really less annoy the mother country by resolves of non-exportation in the matter of trade, than promote and preserve their own. Seeing this, he thought it but due to the interests of Carolina to preserve her trade as entire as possible. In rice and Indigo consisted her main values. These sought no other markets than the British; and he thought it neither politic nor liberal to allow the trade of one colony to suffer and be destroyed, while that of others, making really no sacrifice, was to be built up at her expense. If the cause of American liberty required that burdens should be borne by the people, it was only proper that such burdens should be equally distributed. He, at least, was not prepared to yield to such inequalities in the restrictions, as should operate a gross injustice upon some sections, while others had no hurt. "Upon the whole," said Mr. Rutledge, "this whole proceeding had rather the aspect of a commercial scheme among the flour colonies, to find a better vent for their flour through the British Channel, by preventing, if possible, any rice from being sent to those markets. For his part," he added, "he should never consent that his constituents should become the dupes of any people. He was not willing to yield them to the unreasonable expectations and exactions of the north," &c.

It does not need that we should pursue this discussion, which had no other result than to prove the equal vigilance and sagacity of the speaker. He triumphantly re-established himself and his associates in the confidence of his constitu-

ents, and the delegation were re-elected to Congress without opposition; an honorable acquittal, which included the cordial "well done" of an approving people. This decision was reiterated in a public vote of thanks from the Assembly, when at the close of the next session of Congress they made their report, and were again re-chosen to fill the position they had maintained so well. Successive elections had thus continued Mr. Rutledge in this office till the opening of the year 1776. At this time he returned to Charleston with Mr. Middleton, one of his associates. They were addressed by the President of the Provincial (local) Congress, in a very complimentary speech, in which their performances and those of the body with which they wrought, were reviewed at large and honorably distinguished. A resolution having been introduced into the Provincial Congress, declaring the existing mode of conducting public affairs to be inadequate to the well-being and government of the country, a committee of eleven, of whom Mr. Rutledge was the second, was appointed to prepare and to report a plan of government. The new scheme of organization intended for the emergency, was presented on the 5th March; and while its measures were yet under consideration, new acts of aggression on the part of Great Britain silenced its opponents, and proposed such an amendment of some of its provisions as was more in accordance with the bolder spirits of the hour. On the 24th of the month, Mr. Rutledge, from the committee to prepare the constitution, made a further report, greatly enlarging the objects and strengthening the tone of the former. This suspended much of the preceding performance, and arrested the discussion. The whole of the preamble to this report was from the pen of Mr. Rutledge. We have little doubt that to his activity and grasp of mind, his political acuteness and great legal knowledge, we are indebted for most of the provisions of this instrument. We should like to give this preamble to our readers, not less because of its compactness and comprehensiveness, than because it embodies, in nearly the same order, and sometimes in the same phraseology, the very matter, which, in a more condensed form, was subsequently employed by Mr. Jefferson in the famous declaration. But our limits will not suffer us to do so. The curious reader will

find it in the Appendix to "Drayton's Memoirs," second volume, p. 186.

The agency of Mr. Rutledge in the preparation of this first constitution of South Carolina, was duly acknowledged by the Assembly, whose first act, after the adoption of the new organization, was to elect him, under its provisions, to the Presidency of the State. It does not appear that his nomination met with any opposition. In a brief extemporaneous speech, which has been reported, he returned his thanks for this compliment and distinction. "I have," said he, "the deepest sense of this honor. The being called, by the free suffrages of a brave and generous people, to preside over their welfare, is, in my opinion, the highest that any man can receive. But, dreading the weighty and arduous duties of this station, I really wish that your choice had fallen upon one better qualified to discharge them; for, though in zeal and integrity I will yield to no man, I yet know that in ability to serve you I am inferior to many. Yet, as I have always thought every man's best services due to his country, no fear of slander, no difficulty or danger, shall deter me from yielding mine." In reply to an address of both Houses tendering their sympathy and support, he answers, among other things—"Be persuaded that no man would embrace a just and equitable accommodation with Great Britain more gladly than myself; but until so desirable an object can be obtained, the defence of my country, and preservation of *that* constitution, which, from a perfect knowledge of the rights and a laudable regard to the happiness of the people you have so wisely framed, shall engross my whole attention."

His pledges thus solemnly made, were amply carried out in performance during his subsequent career. His first speech was delivered to both Houses of the General Assembly, on the 11th April, 1776. It discussed briefly the relations of the contending countries—the condition of the dispute—and was supposed at the time so ably to express the rights and wrongs of America, that it was put forth by the Assembly in handbills, as well as in the newspapers. Reduced to writing, it is not such a performance as would command attention now. The subject then was a new one—the arguments were to be sought; new governing principles were in progress, and the phraseology,

which has now become proverbial among us, was then naturally crude, in due degree with the freshness and difficulty of the occasion. Besides, Mr. Rutledge was an orator and not a writer. The subtleties of eloquence—those exquisite snatches of thought, fancy and feeling, beyond the reach of art, which so completely ravish in delivery—usually evaporate from the speeches of the best orators, as in the case of Sheridan, when carried to the press; and we shall be astonished—we, even, who have heard, to find how commonplace shall be the oration which has filled our hearts with delight, as the well-rounded periods of passionate flights have flown from the lips of the speaker to our ears.

The post which Mr. Rutledge had consented to accept, was by no means a *sinécure*. Events were ripening rapidly to explosion. The British Government resented, in particular, the course taken by South Carolina. A colony which had been so much a favorite, and which was supposed to be so equally rich and feeble, at once invited aggression. Resentment and appetite equally prompted an early and decisive demonstration against her, the more particularly as she too had flung the teas into the river and bombarded the king's ships in her waters. The new constitution was adopted on the 26th March. President Rutledge was inaugurated on the 27th, and, early in May, tidings reached the colony that Sir Peter Parker, with a heavy British squadron, was already at Cape Fear in North Carolina. All now was preparation for the enemy in Charleston. Levies were soon raised in Virginia and North Carolina, for the succor of the threatened colony and city, and the Continental Congress furnished an experienced general in the person of the more notorious than renowned Charles Lee—a man of rare talents, but of an eccentricity that rendered them very uncertain, and greatly impaired their value and efficiency. It was fortunate for South Carolina that she had placed at the head of her affairs a man so resolute and prompt, and a statesman so sagacious as John Rutledge. When Lee looked at the fortress on Sullivan's Island, by which the approaches from the sea were defended, he was for its immediate abandonment. He had great faith in British frigates. "They will knock your fort about your heads in half an hour," was his remark to Moultrie, to whom its defence had been

assigned. He diminished the number of troops on the island, as he had no confidence in the ability of the fort to sustain itself against assault; declared it to be "a mere slaughter pen;" and, writing to Moultrie, when the enemy was almost coming on, went so far as to say, "*I would order the whole body off the island, but apprehend it might make your garrison uneasy.*" But for Rutledge, this step would certainly have been taken, and thus would have been lost to the American arms, one of the most glorious exhibitions of valor and fortitude, that our annals have to boast. How different were the views and resolves of the civilian Rutledge! How fortunate that he was in authority and capable of exercising a will which could control the caprices of the Continental General. He writes to Moultrie from the city, on the very morning of the battle, and just as the conflict was about to open:

"General Lee wishes you to evacuate the fort. You will not do so without an order from me. I would sooner cut off my hand than write one.

J. RUTLEDGE."

This note is brim-full of character. The Spartan brevity which it displays, speaks volumes for the Spartan resolution which dictated it. The issue of this first battle, June 28, 1776, is well known to our history. An overwhelming British fleet was beaten off with immense slaughter, by militiamen who had never before seen the smoke of an enemy's fire—entrenched behind an unfinished fortress of palmetto logs and sand. While the battle is yet raging, and after it had continued for two mortal hours, General Lee writes to Moultrie:—"Dear Colonel: If you should unfortunately expend your ammunition without beating off the enemy, or driving them on ground, spike your guns and retreat with all the order possible." Lee seems to have had but the one idea in his head on this occasion—retreat, retreat, nothing but retreat. How different again the tone and spirit of Rutledge's instructions, written about the same moment:

"I send you five hundred pounds of powder. Our collection is not great. Honor and victory to you and your worthy countrymen with you. Do not make too free with your cannon—cool and do mischief."

Never did commander-in-chief, not ac-

tually in the battle, do more towards the attainment of the victory. But for Rutledge, there had been no victory. Lee was wholly opposed to risking the encounter. Yet Lee received the thanks of Congress for the triumph of the day, as if it had been the result of his wisdom and his courage. *Suum cuique tribuito.*

The result of this admirably conducted conflict was of immeasurable importance to South Carolina. It gave her a partial respite for three years from the horrors of invasion. She might well estimate the amount of evil and misery which she escaped in this period, by a reference to what she had to endure after the fall of the State, in 1780. She was then doomed to drink to the very dregs that cup of wrath and bitterness which the noble firmness, courage, and intelligence of her sons enabled her, on this occasion, to avert untasted from her lips.

Mr. Rutledge continued in the office of the President of the colony until March, 1778, when he resigned. Dr. Ramsay remarks: "The occasion and reasons of his resignation are matters of general history. This did not diminish his popularity." Their general history is, at this day, a somewhat obscure one. The occasion of his resignation was the adoption of a new Constitution, to which he was opposed, as quite too democratic; annihilating, as it did, the council, and reducing the legislative authority from three to two branches. His administration had been highly fortunate and successful. We have seen the glorious result of the first British invasion. Besides this, with the exception of an Indian war in the interior, fomented by British agents and the local loyalists, South Carolina enjoyed a condition of almost uninterrupted repose—order prevailed throughout the province, and the machine of government, newly adapted, as it had been, to the condition of the country, worked as regularly as if it had been a thousand years in operation. Still, it had been conceived and planned in a moment of emergency, to answer a temporary purpose; had served its turn; and now gave way to another, which was supposed to be better suited to the necessities and genius of the people. Though opposed, as we have seen, to this Constitution, Mr. Rutledge soon received a fresh proof of the esteem in which his talents and worth were held, being reinstated in 1779, in the executive office of the State, but with the title of Governor

in place of that of President. This compliment was heightened in value by the fact that it was in a moment of alarm and danger, and with a special view to the exigency, that he was thus called upon to resume the chair of the executive. He had scarcely taken the oath of office when the State was penetrated by a British army under Brigadier-General Provost. Georgia, by this time, had fallen into the hands of the enemy, and Carolina was easily invaded through the the sister colony. Governor Rutledge instantly addressed all his energies to encounter the emergency. To him and to his council it was delegated by the Legislature "to do everything that appeared to him and them necessary for the public good." He again proved himself worthy of his trust. At the first tidings of danger he had collected a considerable militia force, which he had cantoned at Orangeburgh—a spot conveniently contiguous to the most assailable points. It was not known from what direction the enemy would make his approaches. The long line of the Savannah river presented a thousand points, in all which his ingress might be easy. General Lincoln, in the mean time, had been sent on by Congress to the South to take charge of the Continental forces in Carolina. This gentleman, by penetrating into Georgia, with all the regulars, and pressing for some distance into the interior, had, in some degree, opened the door to his enemy, and invited his entrance. The opportunity was encouraging, and, hoping to capture Charleston by a *coup de main*, the British General, with a select body of three thousand light troops, unencumbered by unnecessary baggage or artillery, dashed across the Savannah by a lower route, and began his advance towards the metropolis. Moultrie, with twelve hundred militia, threw themselves across the track of Provost, and, retreating slowly before him, continued to retard his progress, by impressing upon him the necessity of a caution which he might not else have been disposed to observe. This obstacle took from the invasion its original character. Its conquests were no longer to be made by a single and hidden blow. Time was given to the country. The alarm was spread. Lincoln was recalled from Georgia, and Rutledge pressed down from Orangeburg, at the head of the militia. Charleston was thus relieved at the moment of its greatest peril, and the British a second time de-

frauded of their prey when almost within their talons. Afraid of being enclosed between two fires, by the approach of Lincoln and Rutledge, of which he was apprised by means of an intercepted letter, Provost disappeared as suddenly as he came. He retired upon Stono, where he was encountered by the Americans in a bloody battle, which was however indecisive. He finally left the State and returned to Savannah, which the united forces of France and America were now preparing to beleaguer. The failure of this siege and assault, in which the troops of Carolina suffered severely, precipitated the fall of Charleston. With the departure of the French fleet from the coast, which followed immediately after the defeat of the attempt on Savannah, Sir Henry Clinton projected a grand expedition against Carolina. It was in a moment very inauspicious to her hopes that he did so. The fruit was now ripe and ready for his hands. The bills of credit of the State had sunk enormously from the standard set upon them, and could no longer be redeemed. With a want of money there was a corresponding deficiency of the men and munitions of war. The resources of the country in all these respects had been greatly exhausted and consumed, in carrying on a twofold struggle, in the adjoining provinces of Georgia and Florida, against the British, the Loyalists and Indians, and, within the borders of Carolina, in the upper country, against the two latter united. The worst misfortune was in the extreme difference of feeling and opinion by which the country was torn and divided. Its numerical force was thus lost in the conflict, while its moral was emasculated of all its virtue. To defend Charleston with troops from the interior, was scarcely possible from the circumstances of the city. The smallpox, which had made its appearance in the metropolis, was one of the worst terrors that could be presented to the imagination of the forest population. The country militia shrunk from this enemy, who never would have feared the British; and but few of them could be persuaded to march toward the seaboard. It was under these inauspicious circumstances that the State was called upon to encounter the best appointed army that was ever brought against it. The British troops, amounting to near twelve thousand men, had effected a landing, early in February 1780, within thirty miles of

Charleston. The Assembly then closed its session; its last act being to clothe Governor Rutledge with full powers to see that the republic sustained no harm. He immediately ordered the militia to rendezvous, but they came in slowly. We have shown the adverse fortunes with which he had now to contend. If mere mortal effort might have availed to save the State, thus straitened in its resources, and enfeebled by evil circumstances, the labors of John Rutledge must have done so. But the fate was written. The British crossed the Ashley, and the investment of the city was begun on the 1st day of April, 1780.

It is not necessary to our purpose to follow the progress of the siege. Enough that we mention that, under the discouraging circumstances by which he was surrounded, the Governor lost no jot of heart or resolution, and relaxed none of those energies for which he had been always distinguished. Contingents from Virginia and North Carolina, had swelled the militia force within the city to something over four thousand men. The fortifications of the place were field works only, badly served with artillery, and of an extent too great for the defenders properly to man. The British army, nearly thrice their number, were the best troops in the service and picked for the occasion. A powerful fleet of men of war and transports accompanied the expedition. It was at the beginning of the investment that the following letter was written. It was addressed to the Hon. Henry Laurens, late President of Congress, who was then preparing to depart on a foreign mission. The contents of the letter are unimportant, except as they afford a glimpse of the tone and temper of the writer. The handwriting of Mr. Rutledge is bold, free, capacious, *eloquent*. The letters are large, as if the hand, in writing, had been lifted from the paper, and the letters seem *struck* rather than described or traced—they are flowing and graceful, with a uniform *dip* forward—denoting eagerness, a character very frank and sanguine, and at the same time very decisive.

“CHARLESTOWN, March 26, 1780.

“DEAR SIR—Inclosed you will receive a letter for the General at Martinique, which you will be pleased to present. The enemy's naval force in the harbor and at Wappoo, consists (according to Timothy's account this afternoon, when he reckoned

'em very distinctly) of one 50, two 44, six 28 to 32, and five 20 gun ships;* the [name illegible] of 18 guns; two brigantines, of 16 guns; one sloop of 10, and four galleys. Including vessels of all sorts, they have 121 sail. Amongst them are, it is believed, the Hancock, Raleigh and Delaware. Of their land force we have no authentic account, but it is said to be between 7 and 8,000 men, who are between Fort Johnson and Wragg's Barony. The troops from Georgia, about 5 or 600, and who were yesterday morning at the 13 mile house, on the road from Jacksonborough to Stono, I presume, effected a junction with them last night. Major Young can, I suppose, give you any further material information relative to matters here. I can't say that I flatter myself with any expectation of relief from the French islands. I doubt not, and request, that you will make such representations as may be most proper, and use the most effectual means to obtain it. With my best wishes for a pleasant voyage, a successful issue to your negotiations, and a speedy and happy return to us, I am, with great esteem, dear sir, your most obedient servant,
J. RUTLEDGE.

"P. S.—The vessel which has been reckoned a 64 is not; but is the *Renown*, of 50 guns.

"The Hon. HENRY LAURENS."

In this letter was an inclosure addressed to the Marquis de Bouillé.

"CHARLESTOWN, So. Caro- }
lina, March 20, 1780. }

"SIR—The Honorable Mr. Laurens, late President of Congress, and appointed by them to execute an important commission in Europe, will do me the favor of presenting this letter to your Excellency, and I flatter myself that you will readily accommodate him with the means of faci-

litating his voyage. This gentleman will give you full and authentic information of the strength and operations of the enemy in this State, and as speedy succors to it would render essential service to the United States of America, I persuade myself that you will with pleasure afford them, if they may be spared from the forces under your command, consistently with the safety of his most Christian majesty's islands. With great esteem, &c., J. RUTLEDGE."

The assistance thus solicited was never accorded, or it came too late to be of any service. The British investments were pressing to completion, when General Lincoln insisted upon the departure of Governor Rutledge from the town, in order not only that he might escape the danger of captivity, but that he might be more at liberty to operate in the interior, in the collection of levies for the assistance of the place. He left Charleston, accordingly, on the 12th of April, and on the 12th of May the city was surrendered. Famine had made its appearance, in alliance with the British arms, and after a stout resistance of six weeks, the spirit and firmness of the garrison succumbed; a misfortune, which, in its influence upon the popular mind, as well at home as in other States, left it very doubtful, whether it had not been better, following out the policy of Washington, to have left the city to its fate at first, without offering to defend it—thus economizing the *physique* of the country for those open fields in which they might have been more successfully and hopefully employed. The history of Governor Rutledge is, henceforth, that of the State, but the conclusion must be reserved for future pages.

S U I C I D E .

BY A SOUTHERN PHYSICIAN.

THE history of Suicide seems to us to constitute one of the most interesting chapters in the book of Human Nature. The love of life would appear to be the strongest instinct implanted in us; and yet, in all ages, stations and conditions of men, it yields, not only to vehement impulses and weighty considerations, but to the slightest and most transient in-

ducements imaginable. Cain felt his protracted punishment to be "greater than he could bear," yet was afraid of death, and shrunk from the risk of being killed by any one who should find him; but, in modern times, a reasonable, well-educated and intelligent Englishman *kills himself* because he is "tired of buttoning and unbuttoning."

* Peter Timothy, editor of a newspaper.

The obscurity of the motives of the Suicide has occasioned a very general belief in the proposition laid down by Burrows, "that a propensity to self-destruction, like any other peculiar delusion, is but a symptom of deranged intellect" (p. 413)—in other words, that the Suicide is always insane. But this author, like all others who maintain his views, falls into the most obvious inconsistencies. Anxious to stamp the act with reprobation, he contends, a few pages farther on, "that there is frequently much of vice in it, and caprice too," and that it "becomes a *real vice* when it assumes the type of an epidemic. It is then," he says, "the effect of imitation; those who fall into it may be weak and wicked, but it is not the result of that physical disorder of the intellectual faculties which is the essence of insanity," (p. 440)—a strange and confused expression. He forgets that many physical disorders are unquestionably promoted and excited by imitation. Epilepsy spreads remarkably in this way, as in the Haerlem almshouse in the time of Boerhaave, and as we see every day in the epilepsy, chorea, and hysteria of religious assemblies in our own country. That many insane persons commit Suicide is doubtless true; nay, the propensity to it may be said to constitute the prominent symptom of some lunacies, but those err, we think, who make it the essential element of a separate order of insanity. Neither the hypochondriac, nor the melancholic, show this tendency with any degree of uniformity—and in all madmen, the disgust of life may at any time suddenly develope itself. The English law, harsh in making suicide in itself a felonious crime, compensates by its merciful construction. "If the mind be overpowered by grief, sickness, infirmity, or other accident," as Sir Matthew Hale expresses it, "the law presumes the existence of lunacy." The law in this point is compassionately wrong; for there is no act of human life that can be proved to be more rationally and consistently planned, than the act of leaving it in an infinite number of instances. When we hear of the voluntary death of a woman who has lost her honor—of a monarch dethroned—of a warrior beaten in his last battle—as when Brutus falls upon his sword after the fatal field of Phillippi—of a merchant irretrievably ruined in fortune and credit—of a physi-

cian whose reputation is hopelessly blasted, as in the melancholy case of the attendant upon the Princess Charlotte (Sir R. Croft), we are ready to acknowledge, however shocked we may be at the deed, that it is suggested by feelings common to our whole race. The judgment may be unsound to a certain extent in the Suicide, but in whom shall we say it is without a flaw? He chooses death as a refuge, because of the assumed impossibility of enduring the train of evils in prospect; just as the duelist goes out to meet his antagonist, because if he refuse, he will be made to groan under an insupportable burden of obloquy and disgrace. You may demonstrate that both are in error, but you do not thus prove them to be insane. Colton (Lacon) shot himself after writing the following phrase: "When life is unbearable, death is desirable, and suicide justifiable."

Shall we then pronounce suicide, with the English law, to be criminal always, in the sane? The reasonings on this subject, both in ancient and modern times, are very full and exquisitely ingenious, and the authorities on both sides extremely respectable.

In days of yore, Zeno, Epictetus, Socrates himself, Seneca, Cicero, Pliny the Elder, more recently Hume, Donne, Rousseau, De Stael, Montesquieu, Montaigne, Gibbon, Voltaire, Sir Thomas Moore, have offered us opinions and arguments favorable to a man's right over his own life.

Seneca understood the stoics generally to teach, if we may so phrase it, "the philosophy of suicide." "Alter," he says of Socrates, "te docebit mori, si necesse erit; alter (Zeno) *antequam* necesse erit." And, although we may find numerous expressions of reprobation among both the Greek and Latin writers, yet there was doubtless in the minds of the most enlightened Pagans a very clearly pronounced toleration, if not an absolute approval of it, under numerous contingencies—as "when practised by those who wished to avoid great pain and personal suffering of body and mind, by those who considered the act a necessary vindication of their honor, and by those who sacrificed life as an example to others in any way." Montaigne tells us from Tacitus, that in the time of Tiberius, those who, being condemned, waited for execution, were deprived of the privilege of sepulture and making a

will; but if they anticipated the headsmen, they were buried, and could transmit to their heirs the property they left.

We do not know of any code of religious laws by which Suicide is specially denounced, or indeed even named. In the Old Testament, we have the suicidal vengeance of Samson against the Philistines related without a word of reprobation—and the same is true of Saul's and his armor-bearer's, and Ahitophel's. Rasis, in the Apocrypha, like Samson, prayed devoutly just before his self-immolation. In the New Testament, Judas Iscariot is the only suicide whose story is told.

Paley acknowledges that "there is to be found in the Bible neither any express determination of the question, nor sufficient evidence to prove that the case of Suicide was in the contemplation of the law which prohibits murder." Duverger de Haurane, abbot of St. Cyran, regarded as the founder of Port Royal, says, in his treatise on Suicide in 1608, that "in the 6th commandment self-murder seems no less to be comprised than murder of our neighbor." But "if there are cases in which it is allowable to kill our neighbor, there are likewise cases in which it is allowable to kill ourselves. A man may kill himself for the good of his prince, for that of his country or for that of his relations."* Job seems to us to make a pious enough but evasive reply to his wife, when she advises him, in the midst of his afflictions, to "curse God and die." "Shall I receive good at the hand of God and shall I not receive evil?" which rather refers to the first part of her exhortation than the last. In the Koran we find nothing said of Suicide. The inferences, from the general tenor of the Mohamedan creed, are the same as those we draw from that of the Jew and Christian. Murder is a crime for which a man may justly be put to death (p. 116, vol. ii.); and—in the 17th chapter (Sale's translation), entitled "the night journey"—Infanticide is prohibited: "Kill not your children for fear of being brought to want; we will provide for them and for you; verily, the killing of them is a great sin." We have carefully looked over the Institutes of Menu, as

given us by Sir Wm. Jones. So far from containing any injunctions against self-destruction, they favor it in numerous contingencies as meritorious or expiatory—of which take the following example. Among "the penances by which sins are expiable" (p. 137), the high crime of "the killing a man of the sacerdotal class" being under consideration, it is said, "If the slayer be of the military class, he may voluntarily expose himself as a mark to archers who know his intention, or, according to circumstances, may cast himself headlong thrice, or even till he die, into blazing fire." Indeed, there is no moral teacher but Zoroaster, from whom we have an explicit precept on this point—"It is forbidden," says this wise Eastern, "to quit a post without the permission of the commander. Life is the post of man." Confucius praises those who are "content with their condition," and his chief disciple Cusu adds, that "the perfect man desireth nothing beyond it, and with submission and an even spirit, expects whatever Heaven shall ordain concerning him." Among the choice sayings of Publius Syrus—"often quoted," says the Rev. Sidney Smith, "but never read"—we have this apophthegm: "He dies twice who dies by his own means." True and pithy—anticipation and event both occur to him.

But it must be admitted that the *tenor* of Revelation is sufficiently decisive on this subject. We may affirm, too, that many of the ancients—Pliny the Younger among them—nay Cicero himself—comprehended (perhaps a little cloudily) the great principle—so beautifully and eloquently advocated by Carlyle—that Duty is the purpose—the object—the cause—the motive of our existence. Is it my duty to live? I must live, through whatever evils and difficulties. Is it my duty to die? I must yield my life a ready sacrifice. It is not right with the stoic to say, "patet exitus." "Fate does not hinder your retreat." Nor does Fate hinder any other wrong which we may be tempted to perpetrate. If it may be reasonably questioned whether a whole people has a right to take away the life of any man—whether it is their duty to

* Casus Regius Bayle says he has not read the book, but that there are 34 cases in which St. Cyran thinks Suicide justifiable.

Two Roman ladies were sainted, says Montaigne (in loco), for committing suicide to preserve their honor.

do so—is it not more reasonable to question the right and the duty of any man to settle that question for himself alone—a question that must come up before him, in all human probability, when in a very unfit state for its decision—when, to use the fine phrase of Sir Matthew Hale, “the mind is overpowered by grief, sickness, infirmity or other accident.” We have been cognizant, professedly and otherwise, of many suicides with their attendant contingencies—and we know of but one in which we do not believe that if the catastrophe had been postponed for but a short period, there would have been abundant reason offered for a change of views.

It is curious to compare the course of human laws on this interesting topic. The Greeks considered Suicide as a heinous crime, and classed it, as Potter tells us, with “treason, conspiracy, and sacrilege;” but the laws were little enforced. In the island of Ceos,* one of the Cyclades, it was the custom of the people to poison themselves at a certain age. Strabo says it was enforced, particularly on the women, at 60. Some say it was aconite that was administered, others hemlock juice. The air is healthy and the people disposed to longevity. Among the Massilians, and, indeed, in some portions of the Roman Empire, the magistrates had the power of deciding whether a person applying should be permitted to kill himself. Valerius Maximus tells us, that he was present when a lady of 90 drank poison—taking advantage of the visit paid to her neighborhood by Pompey, whom he accompanied on his journey, and whose presence, she thought, would give eclat to the occasion. (Bayle.)

In Justinian’s code it is clearly set forth that suicide is not regarded “as a crime in itself.” The confiscation of property, the penalty of some suicides expressly pointed out, was not inflicted “when any one killed himself either through weariness of life or an impatience under pain and ill health, for a load of debt, or for any other reason *not affecting the state or public treasury.*” It was, so to speak, a mere fiscal crime. We have already announced our own opinion. It is our duty to live until it clearly appears to be

our duty to die—and upon this question no one, in any imaginable case, ought to be allowed to decide for himself. It is this element of solitary—we must say selfish—determination of this debatable matter, that constitutes self-murder. God himself has often decided it, and hence *the martyr* is not a suicide. Our country decides it for us, and the *patriot*, the *soldier*, the *forlorn hope*, is not a suicide. Society, that is, the community in which we live, decides it for us—and the duelist is not a suicide.† Upon this principle, settled and adjudicated by general consent of civilized man, Whyte, who died after inoculating himself for the plague, was not a suicide—nor Howard, when he ventured into the deadly pest-house—nor Foy, nor Firth, nor Chervin. On any other principle, these are all suicides in the criminal sense; that is, they all engaged in desperate enterprises, in which their own lives were the—apparently—inevitable forfeit.

We will dispose here, briefly, of an argument or imputation against suicide, which has become current, strangely enough, as in the case of dueling—that a man kills himself because he is afraid to live. In the words of the old English epigram,

“When all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward sneaks to death, the brave live on.”

“It is absurd,” says Voltaire, “to call this weakness. None but a strong mind can surmount the most powerful instinct of nature. This strength is sometimes that of frenzy; but a frantic man is not weak.” As good poetry and better sense can be adduced in opposition: Moore gives us the following lines left by a young lady suicide in her window.

“O death, thou pleasing end of human wo,
Thou cure for life—thou greatest good below—
Still mayst thou fly the coward and the slave,
And thy soft slumbers only bless the brave.”

The shrinking of nature at the horrible act of self-murder, is well shown in the case of Sir S. Romilly—the good, the

* Zia, Zea, Ceos, Cea.

† We do not know that we could agree with this sentiment, were it not true that the duelist never expects to fall in the encounter.—ED. AM. REV.

just, the gifted, the pious.* Deeply attached to his beloved wife, he was more than once heard to say, during their happy union, that he could not survive her loss. Soon after her death, he drew a razor across his throat one morning, and was found lifeless on the floor of his dressing-room—but it was evident that he had, in the brief interval between the act and the moment of ceasing to live, repented of the deed. He had thrust a towel into the gaping wound, and had made a step or two towards his bell, with the probable purpose of calling for help.

The statistics of suicide present some curious and unexpected facts. As to age, we find from Quetelet that the number of suicides increases with advancing life—the minimum being between 30 and 40 years. In Caspar's tables, for some unknown reason, the number of young persons, that is between 10 and 30, perishing in this way in Berlin, is very high.† Prevost gives us a table, in which of 133, 65 were over 50 years of age. Zeno hung himself at 98, having broken his thumb. Suicide is always more frequent in the summer months, the maximum occurring in July. (Burrows.) The proportion of male to female suicides varies in different places. It is 5 to 1 in Berlin; 2 to 1 in Paris; 4 to 1 in Geneva. In towns it is more frequent than in the country, in the proportion of 14 to 4. The difference in different cities and countries, is as strange as it is striking. The ratio in Copenhagen, which stands highest on the list, according to Balbi, is 1 in 1000; in Paris, 1 in 2400; in Berlin, 1 in 2941; in London, 1 in 5000;‡ in New York, 1 in 7797; Boston, 1 in 12,500; Baltimore, 1 in 13,656; Philadelphia, 1 in 15,875.§ Balbi gives the proportion throughout all France, as 1 in 20,740 inhabitants; Prussia, 1 in 14,404; Austria, 20,900; Russian Empire, 1 in 49,182. The French proportion is nearly confirmed by a calculation made by Quetelet, who deduces from the general records of the criminal courts of that kingdom, the ratio of 1 suicide to 18,000 inhabitants. In the department of the Seine, he calculates it at 1 in 2400; and in Geneva, 1 in 3900.

In every country where registers have been kept, the proportion of suicides is found to have increased; whence many infer that the propensity to it is one of the results of civilization. It is, however, far from being unknown among savages and the half-civilized races. One would suppose that self-destruction could inspire in the breast of a native of Hindostan, very little horror, accustomed as he is to the self-immolation so highly recommended in his religious code, under the wheels of the car of Juggernaut, in the turbid waters of the sacred Ganges, and in the detestable Suttee. Generally speaking, in regard to the several tribes or races of men, the lower they are in intellect, the less advanced in culture, the fewer cases of suicide seem to be found; yet our knowledge under this head is vague and inconclusive. In France it is in inverse ratio to the intellectual cultivation in the provinces. It is, in the department of the Seine, 1 in 2400; Haut Loire, 1 in 163,000. It is not known that any of the lower order of animals practice self-murder, unless we except the alleged cases of the scorpion and rattlesnake, of whom it is affirmed to be true, under certain circumstances; but the legend is doubtful.

The modes of suicide differ somewhat in different places and at different times. In the neighborhood of a lake or river, drowning seems to be the favorite, as at Paris or Geneva. In Berlin, strangulation ranks the highest. Fire-arms come second everywhere, we believe, whatever may be the first. In Paris asphyxiation is quite fashionable. Chemists and men of science set the example, very naturally—lovers follow it not less so, for it deforms the body little, admits of conversation and caresses during the process, and offers comparatively little inconvenience or suffering. Men use fire-arms and cutting instruments in vastly greater proportion than women, who drown themselves or take the course of Miss Bailey. Among the ancients, the majority seem to have preferred venesection, as Seneca did. Some poisons were often chosen, as hemlock. Some of the rare modes are strange and unaccountable—

* Pious—notwithstanding the inference drawn by the London Quarterly Review, Jan. 1845, (in an article on Lady Hester Stanhope,) from a prayer left among his papers, that he was not a "believer," in the ordinary sense.

† Schlegel states, that between 1812 and 1821, no less than 30 children of and under 21 years, committed suicide, either because they were tired of existence, or had suffered some trifling chastisement. (Winslow.)

‡ Quetelet, p. 80.

§ Burrows, p. 443.

prompted by unintelligible caprice or by necessity Chenier thrust a key down his throat, and we have just had a recent case of the same kind in one of the Medical Journals, in a woman. From Winslow we have a story of a jealous woman watched carefully, who put herself to death by swallowing large pieces of broken glass, with which she had in vain attempted to cut her throat. Portia swallowed live coals, and Beatty tells of a young man who beat himself to death by striking his head against the wall. A queer fellow shot himself off with an immense rocket, to the stick of which he bound himself. A man who wished to attract attention to the circumstance of his death, hung himself with the bell-ropes of the church of Fressonville, in Picardy, which, sounding strangely and at an unusual time, the people ran to see what was the matter. They cut him down and restored him. Falls from a height always amount to a large sum, which would surprise us, as it is a shockingly painful mode of death, if we were not provided with an explanation in the love of notoriety—which made Empedocles cast himself into Vesuvius—the Englishman Mawe roll down the great Egyptian pyramid, and Miss —, a cockney girl, jump over the balustrade of the Monument. And this leads me to the consideration of the motive of suicide, a profoundly obscure, but deeply interesting portion of my subject. We place very little confidence in the statistics provided for us here, for the plain reason, obvious to every one who has any personal or private knowledge of the subject, that the apparent motive is very seldom the real one. From the London Medical and Surgical Journal, we have a large list of the suicides in London, between 1770 and 1830. Now, of 4337 male cases, the causes are acknowledged to be “unknown” in 1381, nearly one-third; but of the female cases, only 377 are attributed to “unknown causes,” out of 2853, about one-eighth. Let any one who understands human nature, say whether the female motives should thus lie comparatively patent—a sex whose whole life is covered with the veil of delicacy, modesty, secrecy, concealment. It is curious to notice, too, that this table attributes no single case definitely to physical suffering from disease; indeed, until lately, it was very common to affirm, that suicide from bodily ailments was rare—an error now abundantly made manifest.

It is well also to remark, that poverty—lauded by the comfortable philosopher in his study—is proved from these tables, if they prove anything, to be the most intolerable grievance under which our weary life is called to groan. It stands quite at the head of the two largest catalogues yet made out. Valret's, comprising 6782 cases, attributes 905 to “poverty,” 322 more to “reverses of fortune.” The next highest on the list, being “domestic distress,” 723—whether moral or physical distress, does not appear. In the great London table already quoted, out of 7190, 1416 are set down to “poverty,” and 605 to “reverse of fortune;” domestic grief, 1252. Darwin says that “the fear of poverty has caused more suicides than any delusion, except the fear of hell;” and Burrows declares that he “perfectly coincides with him.” We do not find on any table the fear of hell making a great figure. Prevost, with proper caution, gives the “*presumed* motives” in 133 cases. Physical disease, now first attracting attention, stands highest here, 34. Insanity, doubtless from physical disease, 24. Loss of property, 19. Unknown, 15. Esquiroil states his opinion, that every suicide has a secret grievance, real or imaginary: we believe him so far right, that we are not likely to reach any definite arrangement of causes. Of *all* those, of whose secret history we suppose ourself to be cognizant, not one was in good, that is, average physical health. The most unexpected and seemingly causeless of all, was a case of simple but grievous dyspepsia. In men, real or fancied impotence is very apt to induce self-destruction;—and among women, we cannot help always suspecting the dread of the consequences of secret loss of honor.

Like all other conditions of mind and body, the propensity to suicide may be matter of hereditary derivation. Among the numerous instances in point to prove this we select from Burrows that of its exhibition in three successive generations: the grandfather hung himself; of four sons one hung himself, one cut his throat, and one drowned himself; two of the grandchildren drowned themselves, and one has made many determined attempts on his life. Imitation is averred to be a very strong inducement. Our own impression is that it rather determines the *mode* than the *fact* of Suicide, and that wherever this sort of *epidemic* infatuation (nay, some have hinted at a sort of contagious effluvia) has been

supposed to exist, there is some common cause acting upon large numbers at once—perhaps cognizable, perhaps obscure, perhaps quite secret. For example, 1300 people destroyed themselves at Versailles in 1793—but, as we read the history of the Revolution, we find abundant cause why an unhappy, starving and tumultuous people, should feel inclined to die out of the way and seek refuge where only it could then be found, in the grave. Again, Cornel tells us that a soldier having hung himself on a post in the Hotel des Invalides, twelve others did the same, until the post was cut down; but the soldiers in the Invalid corps have already much to suffer, and little to enjoy, and, finding a convenient mode of exit, they readily were led to make use of it. Imitation, we doubt not, produces an effect thus far, that it suggests a plan to a mind despairing, and hating life. How else shall we account for the sudden suicide of the barber, related by Sir Charles Bell. His predecessor in the Hospital ward went into a shop in the neighborhood to be shaved. While the barber was operating on his chin, the conversation turned on the case of a man admitted the day before with his throat imperfectly cut. "Where should he have cut?" asked the barber quietly; upon which the surgeon pointed out the exact position of the large vessels, and showed how they could be easily wounded. The barber then went into the yard, and, staying long, the surgeon followed to look for him, and found him lying there "with his head nearly severed from his body." Vidocq incidentally illustrates this notion of epidemic or imitative suicide, by a story—it matters not whether true or false—of the denunciation of the society of the Olympiens at Bologne. This secret association being betrayed by a spy—Bertrand—to the government, were treated very severely, and the members destroyed themselves in great numbers. As its very existence was unknown, the numerous coincidences, says Vidocq, were attributed by the doctors "to a peculiar affection emanating from the atmosphere, and imitation;" but the real origin of these tragic events was in the denunciations of

"M. Bertrand." The suicides of the reign of terror—those of Valazè and his fellow-condemned for example—have nothing more of imitation in them than the mode; a dagger handed from one to the other; and the like. Better, doubtless, if one had no restraining principle, than the transit through the ranks of an infuriated and cruel populace, such as befel the venerable Bailly; or the starvation of the stern but sincere Petion. In regard to particular instances where the motive is open or avowed, we are struck with the insufficiency of the inducement in some of the histories. We sympathize strongly with Lycurgus, with Lucretia, with Panthea and Portia, and above all with Arria, most amiable and devoted of wives, and with the strangely contrasted case of Dr. Darwin's patient, who complained to him that "a ride out in the morning, and a warm parlor and a pack of cards in the evening, comprised all that life affords." It seems reasonable and natural that after fifty years of such a life, he got tired of it and shot himself. Mr. H. Legare told me of a case known to him professionally, in which a man becoming responsible for a friend who was unfortunate in business, was falsely instructed that death would relieve him from his liabilities, upon which he filled his pockets with stones and leaped into the water, dying to save his property for his children.* Valret relates the case of an apothecary, who, having received a reproof from his sweetheart, blew out his brains, having written on his door, "When a man knows not how to please his mistress he ought to know how to die." Winslow tells us of a Greenwich pensioner who, having his allowance stopped for some misconduct, stabbed himself with his spectacles, sharpened for the purpose. Foderè gives, as the *chef-d'œuvre* of suicidal coolness, the story of an Englishman who advertised that he would put himself to death publicly for the benefit of his wife and family—admission, one guinea. Winslow quotes this without comment, but it is incredible. Curiosity is avowed as his motive by a young Polish suicide in New York, in July, 1836, in the lines following found in his chamber:

* A similar case occurred in France during the conscription, when the only son of an aged pair having drawn the fatal billet, the infirm old father drowned himself, leaving a scrap of paper, on which was written: "My boy is now the only son of a widow, and of course *au exempt*."

“Cigit un qui toujours doutâ
 Dieu par lui fût mis en probleme
 Il doutâ de son etre meme ;
 Enfin de douter il s'ennuya,
 Et las de cette nuit profonde
 Par ce beau temps il est parti
 Pour voir de suite en l'autre monde
 De qu' il faut croire en celui-ci.”

Which we translate thus, pretty literally :

Here lies a sceptic who was always doubting,
 The proofs even of a God above him scouting ;
 To his own consciousness he made resistance,
 And was uncertain of his own existence ;
 So, tired of doubt and darkness altogether,
 Taking advantage of this genial weather,
 He seeks in haste the other world's abyss
 To learn what mortals must believe in this.*

In conclusion we will make a few observations upon the difficulty of determining the question of Suicide in doubtful cases. These are far more frequent than one would be apt to imagine, yet the distinction is often important between accidental and sudden death on the one hand, or death from violence on the other. In regard to the first, take the case of L. E. L. which must ever remain an unsolved mystery. Liable to spasms, for which her only relief was found in Prussic Acid, she was found in her chamber, lying on the floor, with the bottle open on the table. There were many causes for tedium vitæ, but she was newly married and had shown no suicidal disposition. When in cases of unexplained death circumstances have raised the often very difficult question as to homicide, we re-

mark that in the majority the presumption is greatly in favor of suicide. The ratio, however, differs in different countries, and among different races of men. Malte Brun dwells forcibly upon the difference of the propensity to crime in different tribes. Crimes against the person are frequent in the Pelasgian race in all its ramifications ; crimes against property in the Germanic. Compare the statement with the tables given us by Quetelet, and we shall find that wherever crimes against the person are rife, the ratio of suicide is lower—wherever crimes against property, it is higher. In Russia, Hermann says that the number of suicides is almost equal to that of homicides. In France there are five suicides to one homicide ; in Prussia twelve homicides to one suicide ; in Spain and Italy homicide carries it. In the Celtic, or mixed, as in Great Britain and our own country, it is intermediate.

We know no mysteries more exciting or tantalizing than some of these inquiries. Every one remembers the case of Calas. Those of Pichegru and the Duke of Essex (1683) will furnish forever reasons for opposite opinions. The Duke of Bourbon's death in 1830 is quite as mysterious as any one of them.†

Finally, we will remark that all our reading and observation on this melancholy subject have resulted in the production of a sentiment of profound pity for the unhappy suicide. However we may have been revolted at the unaccountable levity with which the deed was done—or shocked at the blasphemous profanity preceding it—or made to shudder by the reckless carelessness with which the awful change of condition was ventured upon—or astonished at the

* Digby (Ages of Faith) quotes from Euripides—some one speaking of a man dead—“*ἀδομὸν δὲν δομοῖς παιδεύεται*”—“He knows all about it now”—and from Socrates, “Hades—*Αἰδῆς*—is so called, not, as is generally supposed, from not seeing, but rather from seeing and knowing all things clearly.”

This common sentiment, that at death “a great problem is to be solved”—a profound riddle read—is expressed in the last words of the leading Cato, that conspirator, who, addressing one of his comrades just before they were turned off, said, “Courage, my friend ! in five minutes we shall be in possession of the great secret.”

† We have before us five versions of this tragical story, which differ very considerably each from every other. Much stress was laid by the advocates for its homicidal character, on the manner in which the deceased hung—slightly suspended, and in such a way that any one present might place himself in a similar position without suffocation. But the books contain many examples closely analogous, where the suicide was not at all doubted, and we can add another of recent occurrence: A young man, having breakfasted, retired to his room, and lying on his bed, fastened his handkerchief, which he had tied round his throat, to the bed-post, just above his pillow. He then leaned steadily out of bed, and was found thus strangled. Any one might have placed himself in the precise position with entire safety, taking care not to press so heavily forward on the handkerchief, and he might have relieved himself by the slightest elevation of his neck or shoulders, his arms being both under him.

total insufficiency of the alledged motive for resorting to it—a careful investigation has uniformly convinced us that deep within the recesses of the mind of the self-destroyer, some bitter and intolerable grief has taken root, which, with its Upas shade and emanation, had poisoned life and all its relations, and driven the despairing wretch to a gloomy and hopeless grave. That God who alone can know the perhaps irresistible impulse

that led to the fearful act, will doubtless be his safest, his most merciful, and most just Judge, and, we humbly trust, will abundantly pardon.

Filled with awe and tender compassion, let each of us pause then, and, borrowing the kind and gentle language applied to a more open and indefensible criminal, say to our most unhappy brother, “Neither do I condemn thee!”

THE PLANET NEPTUNE.*

WITHIN the past year, an extraordinary sensation has been produced throughout the astronomical world, by the discovery of a new member of the solar system, under circumstances altogether novel. The existence of a new planet was predicted, its magnitude and exact place in the heavens were assigned, from considerations purely theoretical. The astronomer was told where to direct his telescope, and he would see a planet hitherto unobserved. The telescope was pointed, and there the planet was found. In the whole history of astronomy, we know of nothing equally wonderful. This discovery resulted from the study of the motions of the planet Uranus.

Uranus was first discovered to be a planet in 1781, but it had been repeatedly observed before by different astronomers, and mistaken for a fixed star. Nineteen observations of this description are on record, one of them dating as far back as 1690. In 1821, M. Bouvard of Paris published a set of tables for computing the place of this planet. The materials for the construction of the tables, consisted of forty years' regular observations at Greenwich and Paris since 1781, and the nineteen accidental observations, reaching back almost a century further. Upon comparing these observations, Bouvard found unexpected difficulties. It was impossible to combine all the observations in one elliptic orbit. When he attempted to unite the ancient with the modern observations, the former might be tolerably well represented, but the latter exhibited discordances too

great to be ascribed to errors of observation. Not being able satisfactorily to explain this discrepancy, he rejected the ancient observations, and founded his tables upon the observations since 1781. These tables represent very well the observations of those forty years; but soon after 1821, new errors began to appear, which have gone on increasing to the present time. In five years, the discordance between the observed and computed place of the planet became noticeable; in ten years the error had amounted to half a minute of space; and now the error exceeds two minutes. This is equal to one-fifteenth part of the apparent diameter of the sun or moon, which though small in itself, is large when compared with the precision of modern observations. What could be the cause of these discrepancies? Were the tables computed inaccurately? The errors were too large, and Bouvard was too skillful a computer, to permit such an explanation. Were these discrepancies due to the action of some unknown disturbing body? This idea was seriously entertained more than twelve years ago by Bouvard, Hansen, Hussey and some others. Mr. Hussey even proposed to compute an approximate place of the supposed body, and then commence searching for it with his large reflector. Mr. Airy, now Astronomer Royal of Great Britain, at that time Professor in Cambridge, pronounced the problem hopeless. His words were: “If it were certain that there was any extraneous action upon Uranus, I doubt much the possibility of determining the place of the planet which

* Comptes Rendus des seances de l'Academie: London and Edinburgh Philosophical Magazine: Schumacher's *Astronomische Nachrichten*, etc.

produced it. *I am sure it could not be done, till the nature of the irregularity was well determined from several successive revolutions;*" that is, till after the lapse of several centuries.

This deliberate opinion from one who by common consent stood at the head of British mathematicians and astronomers, and upon whom the mantle of Newton was thought to have fallen, would have deterred any but the most daring mathematician from attacking the problem. Again, in 1837, Mr. Airy repeats the same idea: "If these errors are the effect of any unseen body, *it will be nearly impossible ever to find out its place.*"

The first serious attempt to discover the place of this disturbing body, was made by a young man (Mr. J. C. Adams, of Cambridge University) in England. It should be remembered, that in accordance with the Newtonian law of gravitation, every body in the solar system attracts every other; that the attraction of each body is proportioned to its quantity of matter; that the attraction of the sun is greater than that of the planets, only because the sun contains more matter than the planets; and that in the same body, the power of attraction diminishes as the distance increases, being only one-fourth as great when the distance is doubled, and one-ninth when the distance is trebled; or in the language of astronomers, the attraction varies inversely as the square of the distance. In order therefore to compute the exact place of a planet in its orbit about the sun, it is necessary not merely to regard the attraction of the central body, but also to allow for the influence of all the other bodies of the solar system, some of which contribute to retard it, some to accelerate, and others to change the direction of its motion. A planet revolving about the sun may be compared to a ship at sea, driven before the wind, whose exact place cannot be computed, unless we take account of all the currents which influence its progress.

Hitherto mathematicians had only aspired to compute the disturbing influence of one body upon another, when the magnitude and position of both bodies were known. But in the case of Uranus, it was required to solve the inverse problem, which Professor Airy had pronounced hopeless, viz. from the observed disturbances of one body, to compute the place of the disturbing body.

After taking his degree of Bachelor

of Arts, in January, 1843, with the honors of Senior Wrangler, Mr. Adams ventured to attack this problem, and obtained an approximate solution, by supposing the disturbing body to move in a circle, at twice the distance of Uranus from the sun. His results were so far satisfactory, as to encourage him to attempt a more complete solution. Accordingly, in February, 1844, having obtained through Professor Airy, a complete copy of the Greenwich observations of Uranus, he renewed his computations, which he continued during that and the subsequent years. In September, 1845, he had obtained the approximate orbit of the disturbing planet, which he showed to Professor Challis, the director of the observatory at Cambridge; and near the close of the next month, he communicated his results to the Astronomer Royal, together with a comparison of his theory with the observations. The discrepancies were quite small, except for the single observation of 1690. Professor Airy, in acknowledging the receipt of this letter, pronounced the results extremely satisfactory, and inquired of Mr. Adams whether his theory would explain the error of the tables in regard to the distance of Uranus from the sun, which error he had shown to be very great. To this inquiry Mr. Adams returned no answer for nearly a year, probably because he was not able to answer the question entirely to his own satisfaction.

Meanwhile this grand problem was undertaken by another mathematician, who was entirely ignorant of the progress which Mr. Adams had made; for none of his results had yet been published. In the summer of 1845, M. Arago of Paris requested M. Le Verrier, a young mathematician who had already distinguished himself by his improved tables of mercury, to attempt the solution of this problem. This he accordingly did, and his success astonished all Europe. He commenced his investigations by inquiring, whether the observations of Uranus could be reconciled with the supposition that this body is subject to no other attraction than that of the sun and the known planets, acting according to the Newtonian law of gravitation. He carefully computed the effects due to the action of Jupiter and Saturn, neglecting no quantities until he had proved that their influence was insensible. He thus discovered some important terms

which had been neglected by Laplace. He then compared his theory with observation, and proved conclusively that the observations of Uranus could not be reconciled with the law of gravitation, except by admitting some extraneous action. These results were communicated to the Academy of Sciences, November 10, 1845; and such was the reputation secured by this and his preceding memoirs, that in January, 1846, he was elected to fill the vacancy which had occurred in the Institute in the section of astronomy, by the death of Cassini. This memoir was but preliminary to his grand investigation; and it should be remarked that Mr. Adams had already deposited with the Astronomer Royal at Greenwich, a paper containing the elements of the supposed disturbing planet, and agreeing closely with the results which Le Verrier subsequently obtained.

Le Verrier next proceeds to inquire after the cause of the discovered irregularities. Is it possible that at the immense distance of Uranus from the sun, the force of attraction does not vary inversely as the square of the distance? The law of gravitation is too firmly established, to permit such a supposition, until every other resource has failed. Are these irregularities due to the resistance of a rare ether diffused everywhere through space? No other planet has afforded any indications of such a resistance. Can they be ascribed to a great satellite accompanying the planet? Such a cause would produce inequalities having a very short period; while the observed anomalies of Uranus are precisely the reverse. Has a comet impinged upon Uranus, and changed the form of its orbit? Such a cause might render it impossible to represent the entire series of observations by a single elliptic orbit; but the observations *before* the supposed collision would all be consistent with each other; and the observations *after* collision would also be consistent with each other. Yet the observations of Uranus from 1781 to 1821, can neither be reconciled with the earlier observations nor with the more recent ones.

There seems to be no other probable supposition than that of an undiscovered planet. But if these disturbances are due to such a body, we cannot suppose it situated within the orbit of Saturn. This would disturb the orbit of Saturn more than that of Uranus, while we know that

its influence on Saturn is inappreciable, for its motion is well represented by the tables. Can this body be situated between Saturn and Uranus? We must then place it much nearer Uranus than Saturn, for the reason already assigned, in which case its mass must be supposed to be small, or it would produce too great an effect upon Uranus. Under these circumstances, its action would only be appreciable when in the immediate neighborhood of Uranus, which supposition does not accord well with the observations. The disturbing body must then be situated beyond Uranus, and at a considerable distance from it, for reasons already given. Now the distance of each of the more remote planets from the sun, is about double that of the preceding one. It is natural then to conjecture that the disturbing planet may be at a distance from the sun, double that of Uranus; and it must move nearly in the ecliptic, because the observed inequalities of Uranus are chiefly in the direction of the ecliptic. Le Verrier then propounds the following specific problem:

“Are the irregularities in the motion of Uranus due to the action of a planet situated in the ecliptic, at a distance from the sun double that of Uranus? If so, what is its present place; its mass, and the elements of its orbit?” This problem he proceeds to resolve.

If we could determine for each day the precise effect produced by the unknown body, we could deduce from it *the direction* in which Uranus is drawn; that is, we should know the direction of the disturbing body. But the problem is far from being thus simple. The amount of the disturbance cannot be deduced directly from the observations, unless we know the exact orbit which Uranus would describe, provided it were free from this disturbing action; and this orbit in turn, cannot be computed, unless we know the amount of the disturbances. Le Verrier therefore computes for every nine degrees of the entire circumference, the effect which would be produced by supposing a planet situated in different parts of the ecliptic. He finds that when he locates the supposed disturbing planet in one part of the ecliptic, the discrepancies between the observed and computed effects are enormous. By varying the place of the planet, the discrepancies become smaller, until at a certain point they nearly disappear. Hence he concludes that there is but one point of the

ecliptic where the planet can be placed, so as to satisfy the observations of Uranus. Having thus determined its approximate place, he proceeds to compute more rigorously its effects; and on the first of June, 1846, he announces as the result of his investigations, that the longitude of the disturbing planet for the beginning of 1847, must be about 325° .

The result thus obtained by Le Verrier differed but one degree from that communicated by Mr. Adams to Professor Airy, more than seven months previous. Upon receiving this intelligence, Professor Airy expressed himself satisfied with regard to the general accuracy of both computations, and immediately wrote to Le Verrier, inquiring as he had done before of Mr. Adams, whether his theory explained the error of the tables, in respect to the distance of Uranus from the sun. Le Verrier showed that it did this perfectly. Professor Airy was now so well convinced of the existence of a planet yet undiscovered, that he was anxious to have a systematic search for it forthwith undertaken. The Observatory of Cambridge is provided with one of the finest telescopes of Europe, presented by the late duke of Northumberland. Professor Airy urged upon the Director, Professor Challis, to undertake the desired search, and recommended the examination of a belt of the heavens, ten degrees in breadth, and extending thirty degrees in the direction of the ecliptic. This belt was to be swept over at least three times. If any star in the first sweep had a different position from that observed in the second, it might be presumed that it was the planet. If two sweeps failed of detecting the planet, it might be caught in the third.

Professor Challis commenced his search July 29th, and continued it each favorable evening, recording the exact position of every star down to the eleventh magnitude. It will be remembered that the first six magnitudes include all stars which are visible to the naked eye, and it requires a very good telescope to show distinctly stars of the eleventh magnitude. Meanwhile Le Verrier was proceeding with his computations, and on the 31st of August, he announced to the Academy, the elements he had obtained for the supposed planet. He assigns its exact place in the heavens, and estimates that it should appear as a star of the eighth magnitude, with an apparent diameter of about three se-

conds; and consequently that the planet ought to be visible in good telescopes, and with a perceptible disc.

Soon after this communication was made to the Academy, Le Verrier wrote to Dr. Galle of the Berlin Observatory, (where is found one of the largest telescopes of Europe,) requesting him to undertake a search for his computed planet, and assigning its supposed place in the heavens. The Berlin Academy had just published a chart of this part of the heavens, showing the exact place of every star down to the tenth magnitude. On the evening of the very day upon which this letter was received, (September 23,) Galle found near the place computed by Le Verrier, a star of the eighth magnitude not contained on the Berlin charts. Its place was carefully measured; and the observations being repeated on the succeeding evening, showed a motion of more than a minute of space. The new star was found in longitude $325^{\circ} 52'$; the place of the planet computed by Le Verrier was $324^{\circ} 58'$; so that this body was within one degree of the computed point. Its diameter measured nearly three seconds. A coincidence so exact left no doubt that this was really the body whose effects had been detected in the motions of Uranus. The news of the discovery spread rapidly over Europe. The planet was observed at Gottingen on the 27th of September; at Altona and Hamburg on the 28th; and at London on the 30th.

We must now return to Professor Challis, whom we left exploring a large zone of the heavens, and recording the exact position of every star down to the eleventh magnitude. These observations were continued from the 29th of July to the 29th of September, during which time he had made more than three thousand observations of stars. On the 29th of September, Professor Challis saw for the first time Le Verrier's Memoir communicated to the Academy, August 31st. Struck with the confidence which Le Verrier manifested in his own conclusions, Professor Challis immediately changed his mode of observation, and endeavored to distinguish the planet from the fixed stars by means of its disc. On the same evening he swept over the zone marked out by Le Verrier, paying particular attention to the physical appearance of the brighter stars. Out of three hundred stars, whose positions were recorded that night, he selected one which appeared to have a disc, and which prov-

ed to be the planet. On the first of October, he heard of the discovery at Berlin; and now on comparing his numerous observations, he finds that he had *twice* observed the planet before, viz: on August fourth and twelfth; but he lost the opportunity of being first to announce the discovery, by deferring too long the discussion of his observations.

The news of this capital discovery was brought to this country by the steamer of October 4th, and every telescope was immediately turned upon the planet. It was observed at Cambridge by Mr. Bond, Oct. 21st; it was seen at Washington Oct. 23d, and was regularly observed there for more than three months, when it approached too near the sun to be longer followed.

Le Verrier, although quite a young man, has thus established at once an enviable reputation. He has been literally overwhelmed with honors received from the sovereigns and academies of Europe. He has been created an officer of the Legion of Honor by the King of France, and a special chair of Celestial Mechanics has been established for him at the Faculty of Sciences. From the King of Denmark he has received the title of Commander of the Royal Order of Dannebrog; and the Royal Society of London conferred on him the Copley Medal. The Academy of St. Petersburg resolved to offer him the first vacancy in their body; and the Royal Society of Gottingen elected him to the rank of Foreign Associate.

Now that the first smoke of the battle has subsided, let us inquire how nearly the predictions of Adams and Le Verrier have been verified. Is the planet pursuing the track which the mathematicians had prescribed for it? Since its first discovery, the planet has advanced but two degrees in its orbit. We have only one year's observations to determine an orbit which it requires more than a century to complete. The computation has been made; but the result must be received with some distrust, on account of the unavoidable imperfection of all observations. The best observations are liable to small errors; and a slight error in the measurement of a minute portion of the orbit, would lead to a much larger error in the computed length of the remainder of the path. Observations must be continued for a long series of years, to furnish an orbit with all desirable precision. Under these circumstances, it

becomes a question of the highest interest, whether this body may not have been observed by astronomers of former years, and mistaken for a fixed star? If we could obtain one good observation made some time in the last century, it would enable us at once to determine the orbit with nearly the same precision as that of Jupiter itself. It will then be presumed that astronomers have not neglected to explore the records of the past, to discover if possible some chance observation of the new planet.

In this investigation, the palm of success must be awarded to an American astronomer of whom our country may well be proud, Mr. Sears C. Walker, of Washington city. Mr. Walker proceeded in the following manner. He first computed the orbit which best represented all the observations which had been made at the Washington Observatory, as well as those which had been received from Europe. He then computed the planet's probable place for a long series of preceding years, and sought among the records of astronomers for observations of stars in the neighborhood of the computed path. Bradley, Mayer and Lacaille have left us an immense collection of observations, yet they seldom recorded stars so small as the body in question. Among the observations of Piazzi, so far as they have been received in this country, no one was found which could be identified with the planet. The Madras observations were generally confined to the stars of Piazzi's catalogue. The Paramatta catalogue seldom extends north of the 33d parallel of south declination; and Bessel, in preparing his zones of 75,000 stars, did not sweep far enough south to comprehend the planet. The only remaining chance of finding an observation of the planet was among the observations of Lalande. The *Histoire Celeste Francaise* embraces 50,000 stars, and Mr. Walker soon found that Lalande had swept over the supposed path of the planet on the 8th and 10th of May, 1795. He accordingly computed more carefully the place of the planet for this period, making small variations in the elements of the orbit, so as to include the entire region within which the planet could possibly have been comprised. He then selected from the *Histoire Celeste* all the stars within a quarter of a degree of the computed path. These stars were *nine* in number; of which *six* had however been subsequently observed

by Bessel, and of course were to be set down as *fixed stars*. But three stars remained which required special examination; and of these, one was too small to be mistaken for the planet, and a second was thought to be too far from the computed place. The remaining star was distant only two minutes from the computed place of the planet; it was of the same magnitude, and was not to be found in Bessel's observations, although this part of the heavens must have been included in the field of his telescope. This discovery was made on the 2d of February last, and on the first clear subsequent evening, Feb. 4th, the great telescope was pointed to the heavens, and *this star was missing*. Where Lalande in 1795 saw a star of the seventh magnitude, there remained *only a blank*. The conclusion seemed almost certain that Mr. Walker had here obtained the object of his search. He accordingly computed the path upon this supposition, and found that a single elliptic orbit would represent, with almost mathematical precision, the observation of 1795, and all the observations of 1846.

The case seemed completely made out. *But there was a weak point in the argument*. Lalande had marked his observation of the altitude of this star as *doubtful*. Could we rest the decision of a question so important upon a bad observation? How unfortunate that among the 50,000 stars contained in this precious collection, there was *only one* which could be presumed to have been the planet, and this observation the author had marked as doubtful! Thus the question stood—astronomers were afraid to admit, and still could not reject, the conclusions of Mr. Walker. The steamer which left

Boston on the 1st of March, carried a copy of the Boston Courier, containing the account of Mr. Walker's researches. This paper was destined for M. Le Verrier; and, on the very day of its arrival, he also received a letter from Altona, dated March 21st, announcing that M. Peterson had discovered that this very star, observed by Lalande in 1795, was *now missing* from the heavens. M. Peterson's discovery was made on the 17th of March; Mr. Walker made the same discovery theoretically, Feb. 2d; and it was confirmed by an actual inspection of the heavens, Feb 4th. Mr. Walker then has the priority of six weeks in the discovery. Fortunately the original manuscripts of Lalande had been preserved, and were deposited in the observatory of Paris. On consulting them it was found that the doubtful mark appended to the published observations, did not exist in the manuscript. Moreover the star had been observed twice, viz: on the 8th and 10th of May, 1795; but as the two observations did not agree, Lalande suppressed the former, and in his printed book marked the latter *doubtful*. The discrepancy between the two observations is almost exactly that which is due to two days' motion of the planet, according to the orbit of Mr. Walker.

Thus, then, we have most unexpectedly secured *two good observations*, in place of *one doubtful one*. We can no longer withhold our full belief. A single elliptic orbit represents with great precision the two observations of Lalande, and all the observations of the past year. Let us then compare the predicted orbits of Adams and Le Verrier, with the true orbit, according to Mr. Walker. The comparison stands as follows:

	Adams.	Le Verrier.	Walker.
Distance from the sun in millions of miles	3538	3435	2864
Time of one revolution in years	227	217	166
Eccentricity of the orbit	.121	.107	.005
Longitude of perihelion	299°	285°	2°
Longitude of ascending node		156	130
Inclination of orbit		6	2
Longitude, Jan. 1, 1847,	323	327	326

The orbits of Adams and Le Verrier agree remarkably well with each other; but differ sadly from that of Mr. Walker; that is, we are compelled to believe that they differ materially from the truth. They represent extremely well the *direction* in which the planet is now seen from the earth, but they give its mean distance too great by *six hundred millions of miles*.

This discrepancy is so enormous as to have given occasion for the remark that the planet actually discovered is *not the planet predicted by Le Verrier*. Certainly we must concede that the region of space occupied by the planet is very remote from that prescribed for it by this mathematician.

But how has it happened that two

astronomers have arrived, by independent computations, at almost identically the same result, when both are so seriously in error? The answer is obvious. Since it was necessary, in the first instance, to make some hypothesis with regard to the distance of the disturbing body from the sun, both computers started with that supposition which was generally thought most probable. The distance of Saturn from the sun is nearly double that of Jupiter; the distance of Uranus is almost exactly double that of Saturn; hence it seemed probable that the planet they were in search of would be found at a distance about double that of Uranus. Accordingly, this assumption was made the basis of their first computations; but neither of the computers accepted this as his final result without attempting to verify it. They both varied the assumed distance, and found that by bringing the planet a little nearer the sun, the observed inequalities of Uranus were still better explained. The distance of 3435 millions of miles finally adopted by Le Verrier, was that which appeared to reconcile all the observations *most satisfactorily*. This distance corresponds to a period of 217 years. Le Verrier found that whether he increased or diminished this distance, the observations of Uranus were not so well represented. He hence inferred that the period could not be less than 207 years, nor more than 233 years. Professor Peirce, of Harvard University, has shown that this conclusion was not a legitimate one. The equations employed by Le Verrier were computed on the supposition that the period of revolution was *about 220 years*, and they were only applicable to a period *not differing greatly* from the quantity. His equations, therefore, did not authorize him to infer with certainty anything whatever with regard to orbits differing very much from the one he employed. The true period is believed to be about 166 years, which is almost exactly *double* the period of Uranus. Now, a planet revolving in such an orbit must exert an influence upon Uranus which is *very peculiar*, and for which the analysis of Le Verrier made no provision. Although then, by a singular coincidence, the computations of Adams and Le Verrier assigned to the disturbing planet at the present time a *direction* in the heavens extremely near the truth, and thus fortunately led to its discovery; still the region of space which they had prescribed

for it, differs enormously from the truth, and their analysis is inapplicable to the problem actually presented. Whether the planet discovered by Dr. Galle, will explain, *either wholly or in part*, the observed anomalies of Uranus cannot be legitimately inferred from the analysis of Adams or Le Verrier. Professor Peirce, then, has good reason for asserting that the planet actually discovered is *not the planet to which geometrical analysis had directed the telescope*; its orbit is not contained within the limits of space which have been explored by geometers searching for the source of the disturbances of Uranus; and its discovery by Galle must be regarded as a happy accident.

But, it is asked, will not the new planet explain the observed irregularities in the motion of Uranus? This is a question which we are not prepared fully to answer. The researches of Adams and Le Verrier do not authorize us to reply either affirmatively or negatively. Professor Peirce, who has given considerable attention to this problem, thinks that the new planet is *not even the principal source* of the inequalities of the motion of Uranus; and that whatever value we assign to the mass of the planet, it will not account for more than *one-third* part of the effect observed.

It not unfrequently happens that after success has given its sanction to some bold and novel experiment, those are most forward to proclaim the triumph who contributed least to its promotion, when alone their assistance was needed. May not this remark be applied without injustice to some of the astronomers of Paris? Le Verrier's second memoir, which assigned the probable place of the disturbing planet, was presented to the Academy on the 1st of June; and his third memoir (containing everything which Dr. Galle had in his possession at the time of his discovery) was presented August 31st; yet Galle's discovery was not made till Sept. 23d. What was Arago doing through the entire summer of 1846? Was the Perpetual Secretary absent on a political campaign during three weeks of September, that he lost the opportunity of immortalizing his name, by the discovery of a new world? Did there not remain in Paris a single pupil of the Polytechnic school who could point the big telescope of the Observatory? The plain truth must be told. *The Astronomers of Paris did not expect to find*

a planet within one degree of the place computed by Le Verrier. This fact is incontrovertible. Le Verrier himself did not expect it. He assigned the *most probable* place of his planet in longitude 325 degrees. He expressed the opinion that its longitude would not be *less* than 321°, nor *more* than 335°. But he adds, "if the planet should not be discovered within these limits, then we must extend our search beyond them, (*on recourrait aux longitudes superieures*)."

That the Astronomers at the Paris Observatory did not expect to be able to find the planet without a long continued and laborious search, is obvious from the fact that they neglected the opportunity of securing to France the glory of both the theoretical and practical discovery, and compelled Le Verrier to resort to the patient, plodding German for the verification of his sublime theory.

Nor had the Astronomers of the rest of Europe much higher faith than those of Paris. Professor Encke, in announcing the discovery, characterizes it as "*so far exceeding any expectations which could have been previously entertained.*" That Professors Airy and Challis, although they were pretty well satisfied of the *existence* of a planet yet undiscovered, regarded its exact place in the heavens as extremely uncertain, is plain from their comprehensive plan of observation, viz: to sweep three times over a belt of the heavens, 30 degrees in length, and 10 degrees in breadth; a plan which Professor Challis states it would have been impossible for him to complete within the year 1846.

Do we then charge Encke and Airy with a want of sagacity? By no means. On the contrary, we maintain that *they had no reason to expect to find the planet within one degree of the computed place.* Le Verrier's own statement of the limits within which the planet should be sought for, is sufficient proof of this. But we go further. Le Verrier thought his problem was capable of but one solution; that is, that there was only one point of the heavens in which the disturbing planet could be placed so as to account for the motions of Uranus. In this *he was mistaken.* Professor Peirce has announced that he has discovered three other solutions, which are decidedly different from each other, and from

that of Le Verrier, and equally complete with his. Moreover, Le Verrier ascribed the whole effect in question to *one* planet; while it is *almost certain* (we are half inclined to omit the almost) that more than one body is concerned in producing the effect. Professor Challis, therefore, proceeded like a sagacious, as well as brave general. He contemplated a long campaign, yet his plan rendered ultimate success almost certain. Dr. Galle took the citadel by storm; yet at the time the probabilities were against him. He had no reason to expect so easy a conquest.

Some difficulty at first occurred in deciding upon a name for the new planet. The Bureau des Longitudes, of Paris, were in favor of calling it Neptune, and this name was given out by Le Verrier in private letters to different astronomers of England and Germany. Subsequently, Le Verrier commissions his friend Arago to give the planet a name; and Arago declares he will never call it by any other name than *Le Verrier*. When Sir William Herschel discovered a planet, he named it Georgium Sidus; and the name of "the Georgian" is still retained in the English Nautical Almanac. But this name being offensive to the national pride of the French, they at first called the planet Herschel, and afterwards Uranus. The latter name has come into exclusive use on the Continent; but Arago, in order to secure an honor to his friend Le Verrier, proposes to restore the name of Herschel, and also that each of the smaller planets shall receive the name of its discoverer.

The astronomers of Europe have refused to concur in the decision of Arago. There are objections to the plan proposed by the Secretary, some of which have considerable weight. The name of the discoverer of a planet may happen to be immoderately long, or ludicrously short; difficult to pronounce, or comically significant. What astronomer could gravely discourse on the sublimity of his favorite science, if, in place of the established names of Jupiter, Saturn, Mercury, &c., we were to substitute Zach and Sheepshanks, Bugge and Wurm, Funk and Hlouschnewitch, Knorre and Boguslawski, Wjkstrom and Baumgartner.* Then, also, if the same astronomer should be

* It may be necessary to inform some readers that these names are not drawn from the imagination. They are all names of eminent astronomers—many of whom are still living.

fortunate enough to discover two planets (a case of actual occurrence), we should be obliged to repeat the surname with a prefix. Thus we should soon have John Smith and William Smith, Michael O'Flanagan and Patrick O'Flanagan.

Moreover, it often happens that several persons contribute an important part in the discovery of the same body. Thus the planet Ceres was first discovered by Piazzi, in the course of a series of observations having a different object in view. After a few weeks the planet became invisible from its proximity to the sun. Astronomers computed the orbit from Piazzi's observations, and searched for it some months afterwards, when it ought again to have come into view. But the planet could not be found. Ceres was entirely lost, and would not have been seen again, had not Gauss, by methods of his own invention, computed a much more accurate orbit, which disclosed the exact place of the fugitive, and enabled De Zach to find it immediately upon pointing his telescope to the heavens. To Gauss, therefore, belongs the honor of being the *second discoverer* of Ceres; and the second discovery was far more glorious than the first.

The recent discovery of a new planet has been justly characterized by Professor Airy, as "*the effect of a movement of the age.*" An eminent critic, whose illiberality makes us blush for our science, ridicules this idea. But Mr. Adams himself informs us that his attention was first directed to the subject of the motions of Uranus, by reading Airy's Report on the recent progress of Astronomy; and Le Verrier states, that in the summer of 1845 he suspended the researches on comets, upon which he was then employed, to devote his time to Uranus, at the *urgent solicitation of M. Arago*. Omitting several who have indirectly contributed to this discovery, we may mention five, whose names will ever be honorably associated with the planet Neptune, viz. Adams, Challis, Le Verrier, Galle and Walker. Adams first determined the place of the new planet, from the perturbations of Uranus. Yet M. Arago says: "Mr. Adams has no right to figure in the history of the discovery of the new planet—not even to the extent of the slightest allusion, (*Ni meme par la plus legere allusion.*") Let the public judge of the candor of Arago! Professor Challis was the first to insti-

tute a systematic search for the planet, and had actually secured two observations of it, before it was seen at Berlin. True, he did not at the time know that he had found the planet, for he had not interrogated his observations. But the prize was secured, and he would infallibly have recognized it, as soon as he had instituted a comparison of his observations. In his eager zeal to make sure of the diamond, he shovelled up with it a great mass of rubbish, and stored it all away to examine at his leisure.

To Le Verrier belongs the credit of having been the first to publish to the world the process by which he arrived at the conclusion of the existence of a new planet; and it is conceded that his researches were more complete and elaborate than those of his rival. To Galle belongs the undisputed honor of having been the first practically to recognize this body as a planet; and to our own countryman belongs the glory of having traced this body backward in his journeyings, for more than half a century; and out of 50,000 stars recorded by Lalande, he pointed his finger at ONE, and exclaimed, THOU ART NEPTUNE.

To christen the new planet with the name of Le Verrier, would be to confer honor where honor was due; but it would be dishonor to others, whose pretensions are but little inferior to his own. The astronomers of Europe prefer to take a name from the divinities of the Greek Mythology, in conformity with a well established usage; and as the name of Neptune harmonizes with this system, and, withal, was first suggested by the Bureau des Longitudes, they are disposed to adhere to it. This is the decision of Struve, and the other astronomers of Pulkova; it is the decision of the Astronomer Royal, of Great Britain, as well as of Herschel and Challis; it is also the decision of Gauss and Encke. The astronomers of America concur in this decision.

The discovery of Neptune has given an unequivocal refutation to Bode's law of the planetary distances. This famous law may be thus stated. If we set down the number 4, several times in a row, and to the second 4 add 3, to the third 4 add twice 3, or 6, to the next 4 add twice 6, or 12, and so on, as in the following table, the resulting numbers will represent nearly the relative distances of the planets from the sun.

4	4	4	4	4	4 etc.
—	3	6	12	24	48 etc.
4	7	10	16	28	52 etc.

If the distance of the earth from the sun be called 10, then 4 will represent nearly the distance of Mercury; 7 that of Venus; and so for the rest. This law

was never accurately verified in the case of any of the planets, and Neptune forms a decided exception to it. In order to exhibit this fact more clearly, we have prepared the following table, showing first, the true relative distance of each of the planets; secondly, the distance according to Bode's law; and thirdly, the error of this law.

	True Dist.	Bode	Error.		True Dist.	Bode	Error.
Mercury,	3.87	4	0.13	Jupiter,	52.03	52	0.03
Venus,	7.23	7	0.23	Saturn,	95.39	100	4.61
Earth,	10.00	10		Uranus,	191.82	196	4.18
Mars,	15.24	16	0.76	Neptune,	301.78	388	86.22
5 Asteroids,	26.34	28	1.66				

It will be seen from this table, that although this law represents pretty well the distances of the nearer planets, the error is quite large for Saturn and Uranus, and for Neptune the error is altogether overwhelming, amounting to more than eight hundred millions of miles, a quantity almost equal to the distance of Saturn from the sun. It is thus mere mockery to honor these coincidences with the name of a law. A law of nature is precise—it is capable of exact numerical application. Let then the preceding rule be called the law of Bode; *it is not a law of nature.*

We will only add a few particulars respecting the physical appearance of Neptune. It is believed that *Neptune is surrounded by a ring, like Saturn.* Mr. Lassell, of Liverpool, has an excellent Newtonian reflector of 20 feet length and 2 feet aperture, with which he has made numerous observations of the planet. On the 3d of October last, he was struck with the shape of the planet, as being not that of a round ball; and again on the 10th of October, he received a distinct impression that the planet was surrounded by an obliquely situated ring. On the 10th of November, the planet appeared very much like Saturn, as seen with a small telescope and low power, though much fainter. Several other persons also saw the supposed ring, and all in the same direction.

Professor Challis states, that on the 12th of January, he received for the first time a distinct impression that the planet was surrounded by a ring. Two independent drawings made by himself and his assistant, gave the annexed representation of its appearance.



On the 14th he saw the ring again, and was surprised that he had not noticed it before. The ratio of the diameter of the ring to that of the planet, was about that of 3 to 2.

Mr. Hind states, that the Southville telescope shows the planet oblong; and De Vico, with the other Roman astronomers, report that they always see Neptune with lateral projections. We can therefore hardly refuse to admit, that Neptune offers another instance of that singular planetary constitution, of which Saturn has hitherto been the only known example.

Is Neptune attended by a satellite? On this point the evidence is not equally satisfactory. Mr. Lassell states, that on the 10th of October he observed a faint star distant from the planet about three diameters, and nearly in the plane of the ring. On the 30th of November, he again observed a faint star at the distance of two diameters; and December 3, he also saw a small star having about the same appearance; and he considers it probable that the star was a satellite.

The orbit of Neptune approaches nearer to a circle than that of any other known planet. Its eccentricity, according to Mr. Walker's computation, is only the one two-hundredth part of its mean distance; while that of Mercury is one fifth, and that of Juno is more than one fourth of its distance from the sun.

The average distance of Neptune from the sun is two thousand eight hundred and sixty-four millions of miles, and the circumference of its orbit about eighteen thousand millions, which circuit is completed in about 166 years. Uranus makes a revolution around the sun in about half

of this time, or 84 years; and it has been remarked, both by Professor Challis and Professor Peirce, that this singular coincidence must give rise to enormous perturbations in their respective orbits. Indeed, Professor Peirce has remarked, that if the period of Neptune should happen to come within *one year* of double that of Uranus, then the effect of these disturbances would be to render its period *exactly double*; and he thinks that such will prove to be the fact, that *the year of Neptune is exactly double that of Uranus*. Should this conjecture be verified, it would prove the most curious circumstance yet developed in the history of this remarkable body. A similar relation is known to subsist between the motions of Jupiter's satellites. The mean motion of the first satellite, added to twice the motion of the third, is equal to three times the motion of the second. Laplace has proved that this exact equality is the result of the mutual attractions of the three satellites. It is *not* necessary that this relation should hold at the commencement of their motions; it is sufficient if

it be nearly correct, and then the mutual attractions of the satellites will render the relation *rigorously exact*. A still more remarkable example of this kind is found in the complicated system of Saturn. The periodic time of its third satellite is precisely double that of the first; and the period of the fourth, double that of the second.

Let us hope that Professor Peirce will persevere in his researches, until he has determined exactly what effect the planet Neptune exerts; and let him study the still outstanding inequalities of Uranus, to deduce therefrom the elements of a yet unseen disturbing body. Let it be said that an American completed the problem which Adams and Le Verrier commenced; and let an American telescope first disclose to the gaze of mankind another troubler of the planetary motions. When that day comes, (and we believe the day is not distant,) let it not be said that the metropolis of America, the second commercial city of the globe, is without a telescope suited to observations of the planet Neptune!

LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF JOSEPH REED.*

"THE history of the Revolution," says Mr. Reed, in the opening chapter to this work, "is not written, and cannot be, till the biographies of the men who made the Revolution are completed." It was the fortune of our country that they were, for the most part, great men. Their abilities and their character, their education and their social position, gave them an influence among and over their countrymen, such as in no later time has, to the same extent, been exhibited. The period preceding the war of independence had been favorable alike to the development and to the advancement of ability; and the country had not then as yet discarded its legitimate power. The array of names which started into distinction at the first drum-beat of the Revolution has never since been equalled. Those were not the days for demagogues. There was too little personal advantage, too much

personal danger for that class. It is a rank vegetation, and needs a fatter soil than America then offered. The long-continued contests with the savages and the French, had brought up men who needed but opportunity and the materials of war to make generals. The education of the provincial assemblies, and of that fruitful nursery, the bar, had made statesmen already. Few books and much thinking, the constant application of their fruits to real and daily occurring emergencies had ripened these to maturity, and the world of that day knew no greater names than those of the men who governed in their respective colonies, or, delegated by them, sat in the council hall of the Continental Congress.

It has happened to Pennsylvania that, though among the most distinguished in that struggle—furnishing some of the ablest heads and the most devoted hearts

* Life and Correspondence of Joseph Reed, Military Secretary of Washington, at Cambridge; Adjutant-General of the Continental Army; Member of the Congress of the United States; and President of the Executive Council of the State of Pennsylvania. By his grandson, William B. Reed. Two vols. 8vo. Philadelphia. Lindsay & Blakiston.

of the land—the theatre of desperate resistance, and the scene of eloquent debate—within whose borders were Independence Hall and the huts of Valley Forge—neither her history nor the lives of her distinguished sons have yet been written. Franklin alone has, and tardily, been made known as Franklin deserved to be. Morris has sunk almost into oblivion, and until now Reed, who, in constant and arduous toil, in variety of duty, in intelligence and usefulness, in self-sacrifice and stern integrity was behind no man, even of that day, has been left to the meagre relation of public journals and official dispatches.

To the volumes before us our space will permit but poor justice. They are at once a history and a biography. Entering upon important military functions at the very outset of the war, their subject continued in the active duties of the field or the cabinet until his life closed almost with its termination. During half that period, he had been to Pennsylvania what Weare was to New Hampshire; Livingston to New Jersey, and Trumbull to Connecticut; and his own was, in effect, her story.

Joseph Reed was born at Trenton, in New Jersey, in August, 1741; but while yet an infant, was removed with his father's family to Philadelphia; at the "Academy" in which city he received his boyish education. He was subsequently graduated at Princeton College; read law under Richard Stockton, and after his admission to the bar, in 1763, passed two years in London, in the completion of his professional studies. His early correspondence, though limited, will be found not the least interesting of the work, as showing the state of the colonies at a very critical period. The relations between the mother and her offspring were already becoming involved; the West India Bill and the Stamp Act had been added to the series of oppressions which gradually undermined the loyalty of America; and the discontent was steadily growing up, which ten years later became rebellion. Reed's residence in England was eventful to him in more ways than one. He there formed an attachment to the lady whom he afterwards married, the daughter of Dennis de Berdt, at a later period agent of Massachusetts; and he there also made, in the person of her brother, an acquaintance whose agency led to some of the most important transactions of his life.

In 1770 he revisited England to bring home his bride, and then settled and resumed the practice of the law in Philadelphia.

In 1772, upon the resignation of Lord Hillsborough, the Earl of Dartmouth succeeded to the Colonial Office. Between him and the elder De Berdt, there had existed a friendship which, after his death, was continued to his son; and, at the instance of the latter, an intimation was conveyed to Reed that a correspondence upon the condition and wants of the colonies, with one free from interested views, would be agreeable to the minister. Entertaining the good opinion, at that time prevalent, with regard to Lord Dartmouth, Reed undertook the delicate and responsible task, with a full sense of its difficulties, but with the conviction that an opportunity of conveying correct information to such a quarter was not to be lost. The curse of the country had been the falsehoods of its governors; it remained to be seen if truth could yet be made to penetrate the ears of their masters. Of the correspondence which followed, we hazard nothing in saying that it is among the most valuable contributions to American history yet presented. Reed's position in life, and his intimacy with the leading characters, not only of Pennsylvania, but of other States, gave him access to sound intelligence. He belonged to the class who, resolutely determined to resist even unto rebellion every invasion of the constitutional rights of the provinces, entertained, as yet, no disposition to loosen their connection with Great Britain; and had endeavored rather to procure retraction from the latter than to stimulate excitement in the former. From such a man Lord Dartmouth might expect to hear the truth. It was not Reed's fault if it was disregarded. The letters commence with the 22d December, 1773, and close with the 10th February, 1775. Their tone, from the relations of the writer to the person addressed, as may be supposed, is guarded, yet it is impossible not to be struck with their force as well as their elegance. They paint, in language which should have been convincing, the spirit of the people and the dangers of the course so blindly entered upon and so obstinately followed by the ministry. The last letter narrated the proceedings of the Provincial Convention of January, 1775. It closed with the ominous declaration that "this country will be deluged in blood before

it will submit to any other taxation than by their own legislature." A few weeks after and Lexington and Concord had sealed that assertion. From Lord Dartmouth himself there is but one letter. It is dated July 11th, 1774. Of the justice of the two causes, we can point to no better illustrations than that and Reed's of September 25th in reply. This correspondence, added to Reed's connection with an English family, were the cause of many suspicions on the part of those who could not know its character. Its publication must dissipate all such ideas of the views he entertained at this time, and upon his sincerity of patriotism subsequently, we apprehend there can be no shadow of doubt.

The insight of the politics of Pennsylvania during this period, furnished by the connecting narrative of the author, is particularly valuable. The causes which prevented her, at the outset of the contest with Great Britain, from taking the bold and decided stand in vindication of colonial rights, and from putting forth those strong assertions of the doctrines of liberty, upon which some of her sisters ventured, and the laborious efforts by which those influences were counteracted and destroyed, are pointed out with clearness and vigor. Towards the result, as it seems to us, no man contributed more than Reed. His descendant has narrated his services with a modesty as becoming as his earnestness. We regret that we cannot enter fully into this part of the work. The early revolutionary history of Pennsylvania, is in so great part obscure, and the theme is so well handled by our author, that we could willingly devote to it greater space than our limits allow. We pass to the commencement of his military life. On Washington's departure in June 1775, to take charge of the army, Reed accompanied him to Boston, and while there was offered and accepted the post of aid to the commander-in-chief. To one of his friends, who remonstrated with him on the danger of the step, he made the characteristic reply, "I have no inclination to be hanged for half treason. When a subject draws his sword against his prince, he must cut his way through if he means afterwards to sit down in safety. I have taken too active a part in what may be called the civil part of opposition, to renounce without disgrace the public cause, when it seems to lead to danger, and have a most sovereign contempt for the man who can plan

measures he has not spirit to execute." It was upon the urgent solicitation of Washington himself that he was induced to remain. The sacrifice, it may be imagined, was a great one to a young man with narrow means, just entering upon a lucrative practice, and leaving behind him a wife and two infant children, but it was made without a murmur, and the author proudly adds, as the due of a woman of the Revolution, that "the young mother did her absent patriot full justice, by her fortitude and cheerful acquiescence in his thus following the path of honor and public duty." The relations between the commander-in-chief and Reed, were henceforth of the most intimate nature. The expressions of Washington's esteem for his merits, and dependence on his assistance, are constant and warm. Reed was in fact the confidential secretary as well as the aid, and his pen was employed in the preparation of many of the most important dispatches of this campaign.

The siege of Boston, truly characterized by the author as one of the most remarkable incidents of the war, receives much interesting light from these pages. Between the renown of Bunker Hill, and the disasters of Long Island, few persons sufficiently consider the generalship which there, in the face of a powerful and disciplined foe, organized, disciplined and disbanded one army, and raised and equipped another; few know the difficulties undergone from want of arms and necessaries, and the fatal system of short terms, or appreciate how entirely it was by compulsion that Washington deserved the attributes of Fabius.

In October Reed was forced to return to Philadelphia, where he remained during the ensuing winter, actively engaged, however, in political affairs. The author thus sketches the condition of the province at the close of 1775:

"There were two well defined parties in this province; the friends of government, composed mainly of the adherents of the proprietaries, royalists from conscientious opinion and from religious scruples, and the greater portion of the Society of Friends, and the revolutionary or active movement party. There was a third party, or rather a third class of men, earnestly devoted to the cause of the colonies, but more or less anxious for reconciliation, and more or less prepared for decisive measures of redress. To this class, though with widely different

temperaments and views, belonged Franklin, Dickinson, Thomson, Reed, Mifflin, Morris, McKean, Clymer, and nearly all those who were recognized as the political leaders of the day. Though thinking alike as to the necessity of moderating the extremity of feeling, to which the two leading parties might go, and agreeing as to the inevitable issue of the pending controversy with the mother country, unless a change occurred in its policy; there was, among these leaders, great diversity of opinion as to the best mode of bringing the colonies generally, and Pennsylvania in particular, into effective opposition. Most of them (perhaps all, with the exception of Mr. McKean, Doctor Franklin, and probably Mr. Clymer) thought it best, if possible, to continue the charter institutions of Pennsylvania, and by the agency of the Assembly, of which many of them were members, carry on the government even in the crisis of a revolution. To this opinion Mr. Reed adhered down to a certain period; Charles Thomson and Mr. Dickinson to the end of their lives never relinquished it."

The charter or proprietary government of Pennsylvania, was thus the bone of contention between the two parties. The animosity between the ultra Tories and the ultra Whigs left no chance for the desired reforms of the more conservative in the patriot party, who wished not the abolition, but the modification of the charter. Its enemies, urged by the New England delegates to Congress, with whom our author observes, there was entire concurrence not only of union but of action, were determined upon its destruction, and they accomplished it. Reed, who at this time was chairman of the Committee of Safety, in January, 1776, was elected to the Assembly, where as usual he took a conspicuous part in the debates, and was especially instrumental in procuring one great step towards the redress of grievances in enlarging the number of representatives. The winter however had passed over without any definite result, and Reed was contemplating a return to the army, when the news of the evacuation of Boston reached Philadelphia.

The event gave a new impulse to the revolutionary party in Pennsylvania, as elsewhere. On the first of May, the election for the additional members of Assembly took place, which, except in the city, resulted in the triumph of the Whigs. The fate of the charter was

sealed. On the 10th, John Adams brought forward in Congress his resolution recommending the remodelling by the States of their governments, and speedily followed it up by the report of the committee to whom the subject was referred. A meeting of the citizens of Philadelphia immediately decided upon calling a Convention, to take the sense of the people upon the continuance of the charter. The friends of the existing order of things struggled against the movement in vain. The Assembly, which met again on the 20th, was left constantly without a quorum, until the 5th of June, when the Virginia resolutions instructing their delegates in Congress to vote for independence, were presented to it. On the 8th, a compromise committee, to whom they were referred, of which Reed was a member, reported, the result being, as was expected, only to recommend the rescinding the instructions to the Pennsylvania delegates of the year before. The effect was, however, produced. "Of the seven Pennsylvania delegates in Congress, on the vote of the 1st of July, in Committee of the Whole, three voted for independence and four against it; and on the 4th, two of those who voted adversely to Independence being absent, the vote of Pennsylvania was accidentally, and by a majority of one, given in its favor." Thus hardly was that declaration secured, which she afterwards so nobly sustained.

The Assembly was now a nullity. On the 23d September it met again; on the 26th, twenty-three members only being present, it passed its last vote, denouncing the Convention, and adjourned forever. "Thus," says the author, "ended the Charter Government of Pennsylvania. The new Constitution was proclaimed on the 28th of September, and on the 28th November, the government was organized by the meeting of the Assembly."

In June, Reed joined the army, then at New York. Early in that month, Congress, at the instance of the commander-in-chief, had appointed him to the post of Adjutant-General, vacant by the promotion of General Gates, and from thenceforward he was constantly in active service.

On the 10th July, Independence was proclaimed at camp, and a few days afterwards Lord Howe arrived, bringing his plan of reconciliation. Like every other retraction or overture of Great

Britain, it came too late. The declaration had thrown an insurmountable obstacle in its way. Upon the probable effects of the offer, had it arrived before that event, the work presents some interesting speculations. That the terms themselves would have been declined, even if the point of form had not been raised, is certain enough—but that it would have led to results important to the relations of the colonies, is not less so. Many of the most distinguished patriots had, up to the time of the declaration, considered the step premature; many even preferred a continuance of the connection, could it be maintained with honor. New England was, in fact, the only section originally bent upon Independence, and it had been her pertinacity, aided by that of a few southern spirits, who went before their constituents, which forced it on.

Lord Howe, who had neglected no means of securing success to his mission, had furnished himself with an urgent recommendation from Mr. de Berdt, Reed's brother-in-law, which he transmitted to camp, and which Reed forthwith sent to Robert Morris, in Congress. Between him and Morris there seems to have been, as regarded national affairs, not only an entire harmony of friendship, but a perfect unanimity of opinion. His letter to that statesman, and the answer, now for the first time published, strikingly illustrate the characters of the two, and the opinions of a great and influential division of the patriots. Our space will ill allow us to make extracts, but this one sentiment in Morris' letter, in unison as it was with his friend's views, cannot be too often repeated or imitated. "I cannot," he says, "depart from one point which first induced me to enter the public line. I mean an opinion that it is the duty of every individual to act his part in whatever station his country may call him to, in times of difficulty, danger, and distress. Whilst I think this a duty, I must submit, although the councils of America have taken a different course from my judgment and wishes. I think that the individual who declines the service of his country because its councils are not conformable to his ideas, makes but a bad subject; a good one will follow, if he cannot lead."

The letter from Mr. de Berdt of course led to nothing; but Reed was present at all the interviews with the officers sent by Lord Howe to the commander-

in-chief. The mission, it need not be said, proved utterly abortive. Its preliminaries were embarrassed by the absurd refusal of Lord Howe to recognize Washington by his military title, and its powers extended no farther than the granting of pardons. It served, to a certain extent, perhaps, to satisfy individuals that their rights could only be secured by the sword; on the other hand, it created in the camp a feeling of uncertainty, little favorable to discipline. All doubts, however, as to negotiation, were soon dispelled. On the 22d of August, General Howe landed at Gravesend, and the war recommenced, and in earnest. The second attempt at negotiation, made after the battle of Long Island, in which rank was waved on both sides, was as futile. The author's narrative of that battle, and the operations which preceded and followed it, contains much that is new and important. We heartily join in his testimony to the conduct on that occasion of the Pennsylvania troops, who, in defence of their sister colony, conducted themselves with a gallantry worthy of veterans. Reed himself was present at the action of the 27th, and assisted in the withdrawal of the army on the night of the 29th. Upon this and the subsequent operations of the campaign, the evacuation of New York, the battle of White Plains, and the siege of Fort Washington, the correspondence is full and interesting. Reed's admirable qualifications for his office were exhibited most strongly throughout. His energy and activity, his capacity for continuous labor, were remarkable, and in the restoration of the army, disorganized as it was by continued disasters, were all needed.

The siege and fall of Fort Washington, gave rise to an occurrence which has been often misrepresented or misunderstood. The work not only fully, but most honorably explains it, so far as Reed was concerned. The propriety of defending that position, isolated as it was, it is well known, has always been a subject of military controversy; and Washington, in this instance, had suffered his own judgment to be overruled by the weight of contrary opinions. Reed was, at the time, with the main army, which, after the battle of Chatterton's Hill, had crossed the river to Fort Lee, and was deeply interested in the fate of that place, defended as it was almost entirely by Pennsylvania troops. A few days after its fall he wrote to Lee, who

had been left with a force to guard the highlands, expressing, but in respectful terms, his opinion of this indecision, and his wish for Lee's presence. In reply to this letter, Lee, apparently echoing Reed's language, gave to it an expression which it by no means justified. The letter reached camp after Reed's departure to Burlington, and was, as usual, opened by the commander-in-chief, under the idea that it related to the business of the department. Deeply wounded, not only at the expression of such opinions by one holding the high military reputation which Lee then did, but at the apparent want of candor in his intimate and confidential officer, Washington yet never lost his habitual dignity. He enclosed the letter to Reed, explaining the circumstances of his having opened it, as an "excuse for seeing the contents of a letter which neither inclination nor intuition would have prompted him to." Reed, after an attempt to recover the original of his own, which, in consequence of Lee's capture by the British, proved futile, wrote to Washington, simply explaining the sentiments really contained in it, and expressing, in language as beautiful as appropriate, his regret at having, even unjustly, forfeited his regard. Washington's reply was such as became him. "He was hurt, not because he thought his judgment wronged by the expressions contained in it, but because the same sentiments were not communicated immediately to himself." It need not be said that their old friendship was restored. Not so Lee. At a later period, to gratify his resentment towards Washington, he had the baseness, in a newspaper article, to allude to Reed's private opinion of the commander-in-chief, as contrary to what he publicly professed towards him, hinting at that letter as his authority. The attempt did him no good, nor harm to those to whom he intended it.

The commencement of the ensuing winter was marked with gloom and despondency. Washington's army, reduced to a handful, were driven beyond the Raritan. Lee was a prisoner; New Jersey was in the uncontrolled possession of the enemy, its legislature scattered to the winds; Cornwallis with a strong and well appointed force rapidly pursuing the wreck of the Continentals. It was in this dark hour that Pennsylvania almost of herself retrieved the fortunes of the war. Mifflin and Reed were successively

dispatched to Philadelphia for aid, and it was forthcoming. "At no period of the war," says our author, "did any portion of the colonies exhibit a finer spirit than the majority of the citizens of Pennsylvania at this juncture. The militia was immediately and efficiently organized, and a large body, well equipped, marched to join Washington at the upper passes of the Delaware." Offensive operations were at once determined upon, and the battles of Trenton and of Princeton reversed the position of the armies. During the whole of these movements, Reed was exceedingly active; at Princeton he bore a most conspicuous part.

Immediately after these events, Washington urged upon Congress the appointment of an additional number of generals, recommending Reed to the command of the horse "as a person in his opinion in every way qualified." At the end of February, and again in April, elections were accordingly made, but no order was taken with reference to the separate command of the horse, and it was not until the 12th of May that Reed was elected a brigadier. On the 27th of that month they empowered the general-in-chief to confer that command upon one of the generals already appointed, and he immediately offered it to Reed. He, justly offended at the coldness with which he had been treated, declined it, resolving however to join the army as a volunteer as soon as active operations recommenced. The cause of the neglect is ascribed by his biographer, and no doubt correctly, to the hostility to Washington and his friends which already had infected a portion of Congress, and which the next year so virulently displayed itself—added to which that Reed had been charged with injustice to the New England troops. Washington made no further offer to fill the situation, which remained vacant until the election of Pulaski. A letter from Reed to a member of Congress refers to the subject in a manner highly honourable to him; expressing the wish that no difficulties might arise in consequence of a difference of opinion between that body and Washington, as "any claims or pretensions which he might have, were they much greater, ought not to disturb the harmony which should exist between the civil and military powers;" he ends by authorizing such use of his letter as would obviate difficulties. About the same time he

was appointed chief-justice of Pennsylvania, a post which had always been filled with the highest talent in the State. The offer was the more honorable as Reed had been a known opponent of many features of the constitution. He however declined it.

The spring and summer of 1777 he passed with his family, his plans of life undetermined; but on Sir William Howe's landing at the head of Elk in August, he again joined the army as a volunteer, attaching himself to the Pennsylvania troops under Armstrong. At the battle of Brandywine, and during the other operations following, he rendered important services, and at Germantown distinguished himself particularly.

The details of these actions are given in the work with vigor, and contain much of novelty and importance. We can only follow the leading events. The fall succeeding the capture of Philadelphia was spent in an obstinate defence of the Delaware, and in efforts to retake the city. Severely as its loss had fallen upon the country, the army had rallied under the blow, and offensive operations were constantly attempted. Reed, who seems to have been ever in favor of fighting, upon the final abandonment of the capital, turned his mind to other sources of annoyance. A letter to Washington of December 1st, one of the most remarkable in the work, urges an attempt on New York. About this time he was recalled to camp to assist in deciding upon winter quarters, and there took part in the last affair of the campaign, the skirmish at Chesnut Hill, where he had his horse shot under him.

On the 17th December, the army took up its quarters at Valley Forge. The history of that winter is familiar to every one. The shameful abandonment of the army by Congress to famine and cold reduced it to the verge of destruction. It was not until the middle of January that they were made to act, when a committee, of which Reed, who had been elected to that body, was one, were appointed with full powers to repair to camp and confer with the commander-in-chief. The result of their mission, tardily enough however, was the re-organization of the quarter-master's department, to which Gen. Greene was appointed. Reed's services were considered so valuable that he was detained in camp, and did not retake his seat until the 6th April. In the beginning of June he again proceeded to camp,

under a resolution of Congress referring to Washington, Dana and himself, the remodelling of the army, and to this duty he devoted himself. Intelligence from Europe now infused new life and hope into the nation. On the 18th June the British evacuated Philadelphia, and on the 28th was fought at Monmouth a battle memorable as one of the turning points of the war. In that action Reed participated, having his horse again shot under him.

In the summer of 1778, the second attempt at negotiation was made by Great Britain in the mission of Lord Carlisle, Mr. Eden, and Governor Johnstone. Of this business the author remarks:—"During the Revolution the diplomacy of the British ministry was, if possible, less dexterous and successful than their military policy. They were always a little too late. Lord Howe arrived a few days after the irrevocable measure of Independence was adopted; and Lord Carlisle and his colleagues did not sail from Great Britain till some weeks after the news of the French alliance was on its way to America, and Congress, by its resolution of the 22d April, 1778, had pledged themselves to the world against the very propositions offered. Lord North introduced his conciliatory propositions into Parliament on the 17th February, and the commissioners sailed on the 22d April. On the 2d of May Washington and his soldiers were rejoicing at the intelligence of the alliance with France."

The propositions now brought went much farther than those of Lord Howe in the summer of 1776; they went, in fact, farther than the colonies, before the outset of hostilities, had ever asked, but they stopped short of the only terms now practicable, independence. The commissioners seem, however, this time, to have concluded upon the use of new appliances in support of their terms. Instead of the armies of Howe, Johnstone furnished himself with gold. It proved even less available than the old argument.

Mr. de Berdt had again furnished them with a recommendation to Reed; and a few days after their arrival in Philadelphia, Johnstone transmitted it to him, accompanied by one from himself. This document possessed every requisite for a successful opening except one. It was addressed to the wrong person. In conclusion the writer said: "The man who can be instrumental in bringing us

all to act in harmony, and to unite together the various powers which this contest has drawn forth, will deserve more from the king and the people, from patriotism, humanity, friendship, and all the tender ties that are affected by the quarrel and the reconciliation than ever was yet bestowed on humankind." The letter Reed at once showed to Washington, and in a courteous but decided answer declined all personal interposition. That answer Johnstone never received; and it reached him, it might, as the author observes, have deterred him from his subsequent attempt.

Not receiving a reply from Reed, the third commissioner endeavored to approach Mr. Morris—with what success may readily be imagined. The open and direct business of the mission had been closed by the refusal of Congress to hold intercourse with them; and Lord Carlisle, it seems, was speedily satisfied of its failure. Johnstone, however, thought it worth while to make one further and more direct overture, and that upon Reed. The agent selected for this purpose was Mrs. Ferguson, who, in her public narrative, verified by oath, subsequently detailed the whole transaction. The circumstances are almost too well known to need repetition. Suffice it to say that the offer was "ten thousand guineas and the best post in the government." It was by her communicated to Reed, whose instant and memorable answer was:—"My influence is but small, but were it as great as Governor Johnstone would insinuate, the King of Great Britain has nothing within his gift that would tempt me."

The letters and this offer were, by Messrs. Morris and Reed, communicated to Congress; and when made known produced much excitement. A preamble and resolutions, reciting the overtures and denouncing their author, were adopted, and the commissioners returned from their bootless errand—Johnstone to abuse Congress, and Lord Carlisle to find in his family circle and the conversation of George Selwyn a relief from his vexation.

In the middle of July Reed resumed his seat in Congress, and remained, with occasional intervals of employment at camp, until the autumn. "During this period," says his biographer, "his services seem to have been unceasing. He was a member of every important committee; and being the only speaking

member from his State, seems to have taken a lead in every discussion." In October he was called to another and even more arduous service. The Pennsylvania elections resulted in the choice of a majority of the friends of the State Constitution in both branches of its government; and Reed, who though originally opposed to and never approving its provisions, had considered it his duty to support it when adopted, was elected to the Council. On the 1st December he was unanimously chosen President of that body, an office equivalent to that of governor of the State.

In connection with this event in the life of his subject, the author has given a most valuable sketch of the then condition of affairs in Philadelphia. Upon the recapture of the city Arnold had unfortunately been appointed to the command. The consequences of his profligacy in its general misgovernment are already partially known; less so that his treasonable practices had commenced even at this time. Upon this subject, as well as of his general history, much that is new to us is afforded. It has been fashionable among some sentimentalists to represent that man as one, whose high spirit, wounded by injustice, drove him, almost in madness, to his last fatal step. If the investigations of Mr. Sparks have not already done so, we apprehend that the proofs contained in these volumes will put an end to this twaddle. "The constitutional obliquity of Arnold's mind," observes the author, "with its gradual development of the worst of social crimes, treason to his country, is as much a part of the revolutionary picture as the complete virtue of Washington." Arnold's official corruption had begun at Quebec; it was continued down through every step of his subsequent career; till, at Philadelphia, its unblushing openness provoked the Council beyond endurance, and he was finally brought to court-martial. During the period of his government, or rather misgovernment, his attentions to the Tories and his insolence to the Whigs, his balls given to the wives of refugees, and his influence used to procure the pardon of traitors, should have forewarned Congress of what was to be expected from him. To Reed was in a great measure due his exposure; and upon him Arnold, one of whose first characteristics was his malignity, visited it without remorse.

It was amidst these disorders, and the

greatest exasperation of party, on the subject of the State Constitution, that Reed, contrary alike to his wishes and his interest, relinquished his military career, and his post in Congress, and accepted the Presidency of the Executive Council. "The history of the next three years of his life," says his biographer, "dating from the time at which he relinquished his seat in Congress, is the history of Pennsylvania. Placed, as will presently be seen, by the suffrages of all parties, at a time when political opinion was at fever heat, at the head of the Executive department of the State Government, he threw into the discharge of this trust all his energies, and labored in the public cause with an intensity of devotion which it is difficult to describe, and which led to the utter prostration of his health and premature termination of his life. He became the centre of the party which supported the existing frame of government, and the accredited leader of the Constitutional Whigs."

To the army generally his appointment gave great satisfaction. Washington's letter of congratulation was sincere and hearty. Greene and Wayne both joined in the expression of this feeling; and we may add, that Reed's watchfulness and zeal for the welfare of the troops, at all times, deserved their regard. During the dark period which preceded the arrival of substantial assistance from France, when the utter explosion of the paper system, and the exhaustion of credit, reduced the army for months to the verge of dissolution, Reed gave no peace or rest to the Legislature till he forced from them what assistance he might. On more than one occasion, too, when movements of importance were at hand, as in the contemplated attempt upon New York, in this autumn, and again in August, 1780, he himself headed the levies of his State, and exchanged the toils of government only for the fatigues of camp.

In the narrative of this part of his administration we find a succinct view of one great cause of the embarrassments which existed during the Revolution—the gross errors prevalent on the subject of finance. In these respects the country was far behind its knowledge on matters of general legislation, and the middle States even far behind the eastern. Embargo and tender laws, commercial restrictions, and limitations of prices, were almost everywhere the means by which

the legislatures essayed to financier through the war. Reed appears upon these points to have been far wiser than his generation. Speaking of the last class of acts he says: "The commerce of mankind must be free, or almost all kinds of intercourse will cease. Regulation stagnates industry, and creates a universal discontent." Unfortunately, his opinions had, at first, but little weight with the Assembly, which was thoroughly imbued with the popular fallacies, and infinite trouble arose from their legislation. Forestalling was the bugbear of the day. Its effects were bad enough, it is true, but the remedy was one which never cured that disease. The excitement in Philadelphia upon these subjects at one time broke out into a riot, which, but for Reed's firmness, threatened the most dangerous results. It was not until 1781 that he finally, as it were, forced the Assembly into a repeal of the tender laws, and thus gave the death-blow to a currency which had been upheld contrary to all right, as it was contrary to all sense. Several specimens of Reed's state papers are preserved in these volumes, to which we would point as in every respect admirable. Among the important topics presented, in the beginning of his administration, were the measure known as the Proprietary Bill, or "Divesting Act," which stripped the proprietaries of the public domain, as the Declaration of Independence had the monarch of his paramount sovereignty; the transfer of the College Charter, like the former one of a revolutionary character and necessity; and the gradual abolition of slavery. All these he strenuously advocated and carried.

Our space will allow us no opportunity of entering at large upon so intricate a field as his administration opens upon us. Reed held the station of supreme Executive of the State until December 1781, the constitutional limit of his office. To all who are familiar with the history of the Revolution, its last years are known as those of its greatest trials. The first enthusiasm of conflict had passed away; the slight resources of the new-born States had been exhausted. To them had succeeded poverty and ruin; in some States lethargy; in others dogged, stubborn resistance the despair which yields not, but dies fighting. The situation of Pennsylvania was especially deplorable. Cursed with an incompetent frame of government and with fac-

tions which rendered even that more incapable; bankrupt in her finances; drained of her blood; yet withal, the State, upon which, from magnitude, central situation, and as the seat of the General Congress, her sisters looked for the greatest exertions, she staggered through the close of the war like a worn-out racer beneath the spur of its rider. A sterner one never forced panting steed or wearied nation through its course.

The President possessed moral, in as eminent a degree as physical courage. Neither love of power nor popularity, the fear of losing influence or friends, stayed him in his path. His ambition—and few men, we believe, were more ambitious—was not that of the demagogue or the office-hunter. He sought public station, not for itself or for its profits, but as a field of public service. His energy was intense, his activity unceasing, his capacity for labor as extraordinary as his love of it. His was an unyielding, impetuous and daring nature. He wielded the dangerous power which at times was entrusted to him without hesitation or fear, but he wielded it never for private gain or for personal emolument.

Few persons have reaped for public service a larger reward of slander and of misunderstanding than did Reed. That he stirred up the enmity of Mifflin, that he earned the hatred of Arnold, of Conway, and of Lee, was hardly to be regretted. It was his misfortune that the falsehood sometimes outlived the credit of its fabricator, and found its way into the minds of purer men. It appears to us to have been however his fault, that a spirit of acerbity became engrafted upon his disposition, which often alienated friends, and which led him in turn, to do injustice to the motives or the characters of others. In the latter part of his life in particular, this harshness, perhaps the effect of corroding care and disappointment, exhibits itself. His prejudices were strong even to bitterness, and he was most unguarded in his expression of them. But with these faults, Reed was still a great man and did great service to his State and to his country. We should do injustice to many noble spirits of the Revolution, did we judge them by their personal friendships or enmities. Times of great danger often bind together men of dissimilar characters. Times of long-continued suffering often too estrange men who respect each other.

It was at least a consolation that Reed carried to his grave the confidence and affection of Washington, of Greene, and of Anthony Wayne.

The descendant, whose filial duty has given us these records of his ancestor's life, has discharged his part faithfully. The facts upon which Reed's enemies based their substantial accusations, he has stated, as it seems to us, without flinching; he has also met them manfully, and as we think with entire success. That, down to the breaking out of hostilities, Reed was desirous of a reconciliation with England, is admitted—few people, at least in the middle and southern States, were not. That he would have sacrificed one principle to effect that reconciliation, we have every evidence in contradiction. That he was not prepared for a declaration of independence when it took place, seems probable. He was not alone in the sentiment. So late as April 1st, 1776, Washington wrote him: "My countrymen, I know from their form of government and steady attachment heretofore to royalty, will come reluctantly into the idea of independency." But that he would have retreated after that step, there is no such probability. The often recurred to charge of a disposition or willingness to intrigue with the enemy, we hold to be utterly and entirely false. The man who in the outset of the struggle refused the bribe which Johnstone offered to Reed, should not afterwards have been suspected. At the first blow struck, he went into the fight: and he went through it without faltering or hesitation. He was not "to be hung for half treason." Calumny has been too often the lot of great men, and those of Pennsylvania do not seem to us to have furnished exceptions.

We have already said that we consider the work as an important contribution to American Revolutionary History. We should exaggerate little in pronouncing it the most so, after the published correspondence of Washington. As respects Pennsylvania, it is the only one which places her services in the view to which it appears they are entitled. The letters which form the mass of the work, are from some of the most distinguished characters of the time, and shed great light, both upon the civil and military events of the war. We would in particular call attention to the letters of that second Washington, NATHANIEL GREENE,

trusting that they will but prove a prelude to a more extended publication of his papers.

The literary execution of the memoirs, is entirely worthy of their subject and their author. The work is performed in a clear and vigorous style, and with perfect good taste—not a slight recommen-

dation in our view. The notes and appendices contain a mass of valuable information, which those who know the labor of such investigations will know how to appreciate. We must add a word respecting the publishers. They have done their part well and handsomely.

HEINE:

A GOSSIPING LETTER FROM A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

MY DEAR LEMUEL:

I finished Heine this morning. He has not paid me for the time and money given. The first thought of my bad bargain was vexatious; but I find, on calculation, that the loss is not very great. The volumes were intrinsically worth one half the time and purchase-money; the remaining half of the latter was well laid out in quieting an uneasy desire that could not be otherwise satisfied—so that all which finally goes to the debtor side of Profit and Loss is one half of the time. It stands under a long list of similar entries that are balanced only by admirably good intentions—or, as my friend J. T. calls them, in allusion to a popular saying, “paving stones.”

Among the minor inconveniences of residence in a small town, this, to a slipshod, irregular, thin-pursed reader, is a prominent one; that he must buy at risk of disappointment, or do without many a book that he has a wish to see. There is no library or well-furnished bookstore, where a pleasant half-hour's lounge and the skimming of a chapter here and there give sufficient light to guide the hand pocket-ward or cane-ward. Now, the direct loss of a bill from its little band of brethren, though its absence is perceptible enough in the want of some little luxury or comfort, is one of my least disturbances—curtailment, when, carry it as far as you will, so much good remains to be enjoyed, is easily submitted to. But to part with my dollar for a book that proves not worth the reading is a great vexation, aggravated by the constant refreshment to one's recollection of the committed mistake that its posterior presentation on the shelf furnishes. It is a compound mistake, generating

whole classes of painful emotion. You feel that you have paid too dearly for a whistle that yields no music; that you have been encouraging a proser, or a coxcomb, or an unmitigated ass, in projecting himself from his proper sphere—unless, indeed, you choose to be gored by the other horn, in allowing merit that you have not the ability to appreciate; that you have missed some better book; that you have helped on the publishers, whom the Devil already drives fast enough, in a bad course; in fine, that you are, *quoad* this particular case, an ass. Pardon the free use of the second person in this connection. I had forgotten that I was writing to a friend, not essaying to the public. Whenever I come into possession of such a mass of waste-paper, I have found the speediest relief in sending it back at any discount. If, however, it have a real worth, though not for your mind, the pleasure of gratifying a friend of different tastes with the gift, will reward you well for a year's storage.

But I was to answer your request about Heine—or rather about his *Reisebilder*, for what follows would not so well apply to some of his other writings. To do the dirty work first, and speak of his faults: his wickedness is at times fearfully daring; there is nothing in the *Vision of Judgment*—either Byron's or Southey's—equal to it. The next objection is to foulness and certain other vulgarities;—then his attempts at grave philosophizing, not of frequent occurrence, but generally little better than second-rate commonplaces; finally, passages of apparently utter nonsense. These are his most striking faults, and enough, you may say, to forbid perusal.

But these worst parts are at times surrounded and flashed through by so brilliant a wit, enjoyed perhaps the more because it comes from so unsuspected a source, for the "Germans," you know, "have no wit," that few, I fancy, who once begin, leave the last page unread.

If I remember rightly, my old German teacher told me that he was by birth a Jew, that he has latterly resided in Paris, and writes in French or German indifferently. He is, then, a French-German Jew-Infidel. Hence a result that could hardly have come from a mere Frenchman or German, Jew or infidel—an anomalous compound, in which, however, the element of French infidelity predominates. I am inclined to think that his want of faith extends to other than matters of religion. He affects a great admiration for Nature, women, liberty, and Napoleon, which, I doubt not, is partly real; but he admires sometimes so artificially, and displays in general so strong a bias to persiflage, that you are apt to mistrust him. He is a revolutionizer, but not a reformer. The tendency of his efforts, so far as they are directed to religion and politics, would be to overthrow the present order in Church and State, without substituting a better, or even any arrangement—he is an ingenious, sarcastic, mocking fault-finder. He has rare satirical powers, though being often exercised in reference to individuals and places little or not at all known to us, I have lost the enjoyment of much that, to those for whom he wrote, must have been extremely entertaining, and to those *at* whom he wrote, extremely execrating. One piece, entitled "the Baths of Lucca," occupying nearly half of his third volume, possesses generally little interest for a foreign reader, being much taken up with the sayings and doings of one Christian Gumpel, transformed by residence in Italy to the Marchese Christophero Gumpelino. Yet I can easily conceive of some wealthy Hamburg banker writhing in agony as the hard skin lash tingled on his poor back, no ways protected by that thin Gumpelino gauze; how old acquaintances would meet him with a suppressed smile, and shrug their shoulders and crack a joke when he had passed by.

The poems in these volumes partake, in general, of the qualities of his prose; those of an exotic cast contain more ingenious conceits than tender sentiments;

some furnish admirable specimens of brevity in wit; the thirty-seventh of his *Heinkehr*, which begins, "I called the Devil, and he came," is equal to Southey and Coleridge's "Devil's Walk."

If you are minded to read the extracts which follow, remembering that they lose much by translation and by separation from their context, I fancy you can better judge of the excellences and defects of the *Reisebilder*, than by spelling out any more tags and jags of my thoughts about the work. I will try to give you a faint idea of the striking, novel beauty of some of his metaphors—to enjoy them fully you must read them in the original, unless indeed Longfellow should exert his nice and delicate skill as a translator upon them.

The first specimen is taken from the *Harz Journey*, which he performed on foot.

THE NIGHT IN GOSLAR.

"That night I passed at Goslar a most strange adventure befell me, the recollection of which still disturbs me. I am not timid by nature, but am sadly afraid of ghosts. What is fear? Does it originate in the understanding or the temperament? I often discussed this question with Doctor Saul Ascher, of Berlin, when we chanced to meet in the *Café Royal*, where, for a long time, I took my dinner. He used to maintain, that we fear anything because, by a process of reasoning, we recognize it as fearful. The reason alone was a power, not the temperament. While I was eating and drinking, he would demonstrate the superiority of reason. Towards the end of the argument he was in the habit of looking at his watch, and always concluded by saying, 'The Reason is the highest principle!' Reason! whenever I now hear this word, Doctor Saul Ascher rises before me with his abstract legs, his tight, transcendental gray coat, and his harsh, cold countenance, that might serve as a figure plate to a book of geometry. This man, verging toward sixty, was a personified right line. In striving after the positive, the poor man had philosophized himself out of all the beauty of life; all the sunbeams, all the flowers, all faith, were lost, and nothing remained for him but the cold, positive grave. He cherished especial malice against the Apollo Belvidere and Christianity. He even wrote a pamphlet

against the latter, in which he shows its unreasonableness and untenability. He wrote a number of books, in all of which reason boasts of its peculiar excellence—inasmuch as the Doctor meant seriously enough in all these, he deserves all respect. I sometimes visited the Doctor at his own house. One day when I rang at his door, the servant answered that ‘the Doctor has just died.’ I was no more affected by the announcement than if he had said, ‘the Doctor has removed.’”

“But to return to Goslar. ‘The highest principle is the reason,’ said I soothingly to myself, as I got into bed. But it did not help the matter. I had just been reading in the ‘German Tales,’ of Varnhagen von Ense, which I had brought with me from Clausthal, that horrible story how the son, whom his father was intending to murder, was warned in the night by the ghost of his deceased mother. An inward horror chilled me through while perusing it. Ghost stories excite such feelings in a peculiar degree, if read upon a journey, and particularly at night, in a city, in a house, in a room where one has never before been. What deeds may have been committed on this very spot where thou liest; the reflection comes involuntary—add to this that the moon shone with such a doubtful light into the chamber, all sorts of indistinct shadows moved upon the wall, and rising in my bed to look about me, I saw—

“There is nothing more startling than the accidental sight of one’s own face in the mirror by moonlight. Just then a dull, drowsy clock began to strike, and went on so long and slowly, that after the twelfth stroke I actually thought full twelve hours were passed, and that it would begin again to tell twelve. Between the eleventh and last stroke, another clock rattled off its tale very fast, and with almost a chiding shrillness, as if vexed at its neighbor’s droning. When both iron tongues had ceased and a deep, dead silence reigned through the house, it seemed to me suddenly as if I heard a shuffling in the corridor like the unsteady gait of an old man. Finally my door opened and the deceased Doctor Saul Ascher slowly entered. A cold chill ran through bone and marrow; I trembled like an aspen leaf, and hardly ventured to turn my eyes to the apparition. He looked as of old—the same transcendental gray coat, the same thin

abstract legs, and the same mathematical countenance, only that it was somewhat more sallow than formerly, while the mouth, which was once open at an angle of twenty-two and a half, was now pinched up, and the circle of the eyes had a larger radius. Tottering and leaning on his staff as in life, he approached me, and in his accustomed dry style, but with a friendly air, said: “Do not be afraid and do not believe that I am a ghost. It is an illusion of your fancy, if you think you see me as a ghost. What is a ghost? Will you give me the definition of one? Will you deduce to me the conditions of the possibility of a ghost? In what rational connection with the reason can such a phenomenon stand? The reason, I say, the reason;” and now the apparition entered upon an analysis of the reason, cited Kant’s Critique, second part, first section, second book, third division, regarding the distinction between phenomena and noumena; then constructed the problematic ghost creed, put syllogism upon syllogism and closed with a logical demonstration that there really were no ghosts. Meanwhile the cold sweat stood on my forehead in drops, my teeth chattered like castanets; in agony I nodded unconditional assent to every proposition by which the spectral Doctor would prove the absurdity of all fear of ghosts. He at last became so zealously engaged in his argument, that in his distraction he drew, instead of his gold watch, a handful of worms from his pocket, but observing the mistake, he crowded them back with ridiculously anxious haste. ‘Reason is the highest’—just then the clock struck one and the apparition vanished.”

Heine is no anatomizer of beauty, nor analyst of pleasure; is glad to enjoy the sight of a beautiful flower without knowing the number of its pistils, or its botanical name, or its use in medicine. Proceeding on his journey, he misses his road and is set right by a self-contented, “well-fed citizen of Goslar, who had a shining, dewlappish, stupid-wise face, and looked as if he had invented murrain. He turned my attention to the design and utility observable in nature. The trees are green because green is good for the eyes. I agreed to the justice of the remark, and added that God had created neat-cattle because ox-tail soup was good for man; that asses were created to serve men for comparisons; and that man himself was created that he might eat ox-tail soup and not be an ass. My companion

was delighted to find a man of his own sentiments; his countenance shone more joyously than ever, and he was quite moved at parting."

I would commend that to the attention of certain Rev. Anthropomorphists, whom I have heard talk in a style of the most irreverent familiarity with the whole plan of creation, of which they see but specks, and those dimly.

I have been hesitating for the last half hour whether I should attempt the following passage, and have at last concluded to do so, less in prospect of preserving enough of the original spirit to make it readable to you, than for the sake of ending the discussion with myself. Still, in a literal translation, which is all that I could presume to make, I think you may discover some poetic merit. The air of grace and lightness produced by the *lein* and *chen* that Heine, here as elsewhere, uses to so much advantage, is lost in English.

"Judging by the position of the sun, it was noon-time when I came upon a herd and their keeper, who told me that the great mountain at whose base I stood was the old, world-renowned Brocken. For leagues around there was no house, and I gladly accepted the young man's invitation to eat with him. We sat down to a *dejeuner dinatoire* which consisted of bread and cheese; the sheep caught the crumbs, the handsome, sleek heifers capered about us, and tinkled roguishly with their bells, and laughed on us with their great glad eyes. We banqueted right royally; indeed my host seemed a true king, and since he is, thus far, the only king who has given me bread, I will sing him royally:

A king is the herdsboy,
The green hill is his throne,
Above his head the sun
Is the heavy, golden crown.

At his feet lie sheep,
Soft flatterers, red-crossed
Cavaliers are the calves,
And they go proudly strutting.

Court-players are the kids,
And the birds and the cows,
With the flutes, with the bells,
Are the orchestra.

And all sing and sound so sweetly,
And so sweetly these chime in,
Waterfall and rustling firs,
And the king falls asleep.

Meanwhile must rule
The minister, the dog,
Whose hoarse barking
Echoes round about.

Drowsily mutters the young king,
'Ruling is so difficult;
Ah, I wish that I at home,
Were now sitting by my queen!'

'In the arms of my queen
Rests my royal head so gently,
And in her dear eyes
Lies my boundless realm!'

At the Brocken house he meets two ladies, a mother and daughter. Hear his description of the personal appearance of the former. "Her eye showed a morbid, pensive melancholy; about her mouth there was an air of severe piety, but it seemed to me as though it had once been very beautiful and had laughed much, and had received and returned many kisses. Her face was like a *codex palimpsest*, where beneath the new black monk's writing appeared the half defaced verses of an old Grecian exotic poet."

He is speaking of one whom he had loved—a maiden whose "eyes were clear as truth"—had she lived, I think Heine had been a better man. "When I looked on her long, I grew calm and happy. I felt as if there were a still Sabbath in my soul and the angels worshipped in it."

Chapter seventh of Buck Le Grand is a favorite of mine, and hoping that its length will not be wearisome to you, I send the English shadow of nearly the whole of it. He has been telling of Dusseldorf, his native place, and how it was taken possession of by the French when he was a child. And here you have one of the favorable views of our author's heart. He remembers so accurately the scenes of his childhood and his playmates and holidays—then he was uncorrupt, and the fact of his dwelling on that innocent past is proof of a purity still in him.

"The next day the world was all in order again, and there was school again and learning by heart just as before—the Roman kings, Chronology, the *nomina in im*, the *verba irregularia*, Greek, Hebrew, Geography, German, Arithmetic. Heavens! my head whirls now to think of it. Much of it, however, afterwards came in play. If I had not known the Roman kings by heart, I should not

have cared in later years whether Niebuhr proved or failed to prove that they never existed. Had I been ignorant of Chronology, how could I have found my way in the great city of Berlin, where one house is as like another as two drops of water or a pair of grenadiers, and where one cannot find his friends unless one has their number in his head? With every acquaintance I directly associated some historical event whose date corresponded with his number, so that I easily remembered the one by the other, and an historical event was always brought to mind by the sight of an acquaintance. Thus, for example, passing my tailor, I immediately thought of the battle of Marathon; meeting the well-dressed banker, Christian Gumpel, I was reminded of the destruction of Jerusalem; the sight of my deeply-indebted Portuguese friend suggested the Flight of Mahomet; the University Judge, whose stern integrity is well known, called up the death of Haman; when I fell upon Wadzeck, directly I thought of Cleopatra. Alas! the poor beast is dead now, the tear-bags are dried up, and we may say with Hamlet, take him all in all, he was an old woman, whose like we shall often enough see again. As I said, dates are very useful; I know men who with nothing in their heads but two of these have been able to find the right houses in Berlin, and are now ordinary professors. But I had sore trouble at school with so many numbers. Arithmetic proper was still worse. I understood subtraction best, for which there is a very practical rule; 'four from three you cannot take, so borrow one,' but I advise you in such cases to borrow a few groschen; for you don't know.

"As for Latin, you have no kind of an idea, Madame, how complicated it is. The Romans would certainly never have had time to conquer the world, had they first been obliged to learn Latin. These fortunate people knew in their cradles what nouns have the accusative in *im*; I had to commit them to memory in the sweat of my brow; still it is very well that I know them. If, for example, on the 20th of July, 1820, when I disputed publicly in Latin in the *Aula* at Göttingen,—Madame, it was worth the listening to—I had said *sinapem* instead of *sinapim*, the foxes present might have observed it, and it would have been an eternal disgrace to me. *Vis, buris, sitis, tussis, cucumis, amussis, canabis, sinapis*

—these words have created so great a sensation in the world because they belong to a definite class, and are nevertheless exceptions. On this account I prize them highly, and it is a source of much comfort and consolation in many a despondent hour, that I have them at hand in case of sudden need. But, Madame, the *verba irregularia*—they are distinguished from the *verba regularia*, in that one gets the most floggings by them—they are horribly difficult.

"I will say nothing of Greek lest I lose my temper. The monks of the middle ages were not so entirely in error when they maintained that Greek was an invention of the devil. Heaven knows the sorrows I endured on its account. In Hebrew I did better, always having felt partial to the Jews, though my success was not comparable to that of my watch, which had intimate acquaintance with the pawnbrokers, and thereby caught many Jewish habits—e. g. it stopped Saturdays, and learned the sacred language, and finally pursued it grammatically, as I have often, in a sleepless night, heard it with surprise assiduously ticking to itself: *catal, katatta, katatti—kittel, kittatta, kittatti—pokat, pokadeti—pikat—pik—pi.*"

He made poor progress in geography and gives as a reason, the constant alterations that the French were making in the boundaries and governments of the European States.

"In natural history it is much better; there cannot be so many changes, and then there are distinct prints of apes, kangaroos, zebras, unicorns, &c. Because such images remain in the memory, it often happens afterwards that many persons at first view struck me as old acquaintances."

His French gave him more trouble, and he well remembers the difficulty he had, and the resulting passion of his teacher, the Abbé d'Auluoi, in giving the French word that should correspond to the German *glaube*, (faith,) which he conceived must be *le credit*. Under another teacher he advances.

"*Parbleu, Madame!* I am skilled in French. I not only understand *patois*, but even noble, governesses' French. Only a short while ago, I comprehended almost half the discourse carried on in a select company by two German countesses, each of whom numbered sixty-four years, and as many ancestors. Nay, once in the Cafe Royal at Berlin, I heard

Hans Michel talk French, and understood every word, though there was no sense in it. One must know the spirit of the language, and this is best learned from drumming. *Parbleu!* how deeply am I indebted to that French *Tambour* who was quartered so long in our house, and looked like a devil, but had the heart of an angel, and drummed so exquisitely.

“He was a mercurial little man, with a formidable black moustache, from beneath which the red lips projected defiantly, whilst his fiery eyes glanced here and there. I, who was a little boy then, clung to him like a burr, and helped him polish his buttons, and whiten his waistcoat with chalk—for Monsieur Le Grand aimed to be attractive—and I followed him to the guard-house, the roll-call, and the review. There was nothing but the glistening of arms, and festivity—*les jours de fête sont passés!* Monsieur Le Grand was master of but a little broken German—only the leading words, bread, kiss, honor—but he could make himself very intelligible on his drum—e. g., if I did not know the meaning of *liberté*, he would drum the Marseilles march, and I understood him. He explained the signification of the word *égalité* by the march, ‘ça ira, ça ira—les aristocrates à la lanterne!’ I not knowing what *bêtise* was, he drummed the Dessau march, which, as Goethe states, we Germans drummed in Champagne—and it was all clear. He once wished to translate to me the word *l’Allemagne*, and drummed that all too simple ancient melody, which we often hear market days played to dancing dogs—*dum—dum—dum*—I was vexed, but understood him.

“In like manner he taught me modern history. I did not indeed understand the words, but as he kept up a constant drumming, while talking, I knew what he meant. In fact this is the best method of instruction. One cannot rightly comprehend the history of the storming of the Bastille, of the Tuilleries, &c., until he learns what the drumming was on those occasions. In our school books we barely read that ‘their excellencies, the Barons and Counts, and their noble wives, were beheaded—their highnesses, the Dukes and Princes, and their most noble wives, were beheaded—his majesty, the king, and his most serene consort, were beheaded?’—but when you hear that red guillotine march, then, for the first time, you rightly conceive these things and see the why and the how. Madame, that is

a very wonderful march. I shuddered through my very bones and marrow at first hearing it, and was glad to forget it. One forgets such a thing as one grows older. A young man has so much else to keep in his head—whist, chess, genealogical tables, politics, dramaturgy, liturgy; and really, in spite of every effort, I could not for a long time recall that powerful tune. Now just think, Madame! I was lately sitting at table with a whole menagerie of counts, princes, princesses, chamberlains, court ushers, court butlers, royal stewards, royal foresters, keepers of the royal plate, and whatever else these exalted domestics may be named, and *their* domestics ran behind their chairs, and put the full dishes before them; but I, who was overlooked, and passed by, sat at my leisure, and, having no sort of occupation for my jaws, kneaded dough-balls, and fell to drumming with my fingers for mere pastime, when, to my horror, I suddenly caught myself drumming that red guillotine march!

“And what then?”—“Madame, these people kept on eating, and were not aware that other people, when they have nothing to eat, may begin to drum suddenly—right curious tunes too, that were supposed to be forgotten long ago.”

Passing now over many pages containing more of his characteristic excellences and fewer defects than the same number in any other volume, for I think this book is the masterpiece of the *Reisebilder*, we come to a closing scene that would have done no discredit to Sterne—unless we except the last few sentences, which are perhaps rather too melo-dramatic. Returning to Dusseldorf a grown-up man, where time has worked many and some painful changes since childhood—which, with the thoughts they suggest, and the recollections of the past, he describes admirably and feelingly—he sits one day musing on the old garden bench: “I heard a confused sound of human voices behind me, lamenting the fate of the poor Frenchmen who had been taken prisoners in the Russian campaign and dragged to Siberia, detained there several years after the peace, and were now just returning home. Raising my eyes I saw these orphans of Glory: naked misery looked out through the rents of their tattered uniforms; their mournful eyes were deep sunken in their weather-worn faces; though mutilated, weary and limping, they still preserved a sort of military

step; and, strange enough! a drummer tottered along in front. I was painfully reminded of the tale of the soldiers who fell in battle, and at night rose from the field, and with the drummer at their head marched to their native city:

* * * * *
 "Indeed, the poor *Tambour* seemed like a half-wasted corpse risen from the grave. He was a mere thin shadow, in a dirty, ragged gray capote; a sallow countenance, with a huge moustache that hung dejectedly over his pale lips. His eyes were like burned-out tinder, in which a few sparks still gleamed; and by a single one of these I recognized M. Le Grand.

"He recognized me too; and, taking his place beside me, there we sat again as when he used to teach me French and modern history. He had the same old drum, that he had in some way been able to protect from Russian avarice. He drummed again, but without speaking. Though the lips were tightly pressed together, his eyes were all the more expressive, flashing triumphantly while he repeated the old marches. The poplars shook to hear that red guillotine march once more. He drummed the old struggles of freedom, the old battles, the deeds of the Emperor; and the very drum seemed to rejoice like a live thing in the utterance of its inward exultation. I heard anew the thunder of cannon, the whizzing of balls, the battle shout; I saw anew the obstinate courage of the Guard, the waving banners, the Emperor on his horse; but gradually a mournful tone glided into the whirl of glad sounds—a mingling of the wildest rejoicing with the saddest wailing; notes of victory with a death march. Le Grand's eyes opened ghastly wide, and I saw in them a broad white ice-field covered with corpses; it was the sight of Moscow.

"I had never thought that the harsh drum could produce such accents of grief as Monsieur Le Grand now drew from it. They were drummed tears, and grew fainter and fainter, and deep sighs, like a dying echo, rose from the breast of Le Grand. He became weaker and more ghost-like—his withered hands trembled with cold—he sat as one in a dream, and struck only the air, and listened as if to distant voices; finally, turning to me with a deep, imploring look that was readily interpreted, sank down his head upon his drum."

I omit the translation of a concluding

paragraph, which, besides being too melodramatic, is a useless, wen-like sixth act. The significance of Le Grand's visual prayer was that the drum, that had been used only to encourage the soldiers of freedom—that had uttered only notes of freedom—should never be desecrated by baser service. Whereupon Heine, who considers the French Revolution, with its blood and its constitutions, as a grand Acts and Evangel of Liberty, and Napoleon as the great apostle of that gospel, draws his sword from his cane and thrusts the drum through. Then comes his chapters on authors and authorship, full of wit and humor, with a little mingling of naughtiness, but quite too long to add to this letter, which has already grown to almost a book. Hear one paragraph from the opening, however, that should be laid to heart by those grumblers who haggle for a sixpence in the price of a book and quarrel with the author for writing so hurriedly.

"It is easy for you, Madame, to remind me of the Horatian precept, *novem prematur in annum*. This rule, like many others of the sort, may be very good in theory but does not work well in practice: When Horace gave the advice to keep the manuscript nine years in the desk, he should, at the same time, have furnished a recipe for passing nine years without eating."

All classes may learn from this wit. Here is a word to the *wise*. "Truly there are things in heaven and earth which not merely our philosophers, but even the commonest blockheads do not comprehend."

He is travelling at night.

"Overhead a broad clear space opened in the clouds, in which swam the half moon like a silver gondola in a sea of smaragdus."

A hint to *laissez faire* preachers. After describing a strongly spiced sermon on the two future states,—“I like this man, said my lady. You are right, I answered. He pleases me better than many of our gentle homœopathic soul-physicians, who shake $\frac{1}{100000}$ of reason into a bucket of moral water and sprinkle us therewith of a Sunday."

After essaying ingeniously on the different kinds of freedom suitable to each of the great people of Western Europe, he closes thus: "The Englishman loves freedom as his lawful wife. He possesses her, and though he may not treat her with delicate attention, yet he can defend

her in case of need, and woe to the red-coated knave who forces himself into her sacred bed-chamber, either as gallant or constable. The Frenchman loves freedom as his chosen bride. He glows for her, he burns, he throws himself at her feet with the most earnest protestations of devotion. He fights to the death, he commits a thousand follies for her. The German loves freedom as he does his old grandmother."

Is the following thought original?

"We may be disappointed in regard to the marvels with which our untraveled imaginations have stocked foreign lands, when we come to see them. For though we do indeed meet new phenomena, yet all their accessories agreeing with them, there is not the contrast that strikes us as we read of them in books, and join to the forms of our country. Thus, the costume shall vary widely from anything we have before seen, still the keeping is preserved by a correspondent variation in manners, climate, occupation, &c. so that no contrast, no oddity is presented."

You remember these are *pictures* of travel. In the Tyrol, "I could only now and then stretch my head out of the carriage, and then I saw heaven-high mountains that looked gravely on me, and with their enormous heads and long cloud-beards nodded a happy journey to me. Here and there I observed a far-off little blue mountain, that seemed standing a tip-toe and peering curiously over the shoulders of the others, probably to see me." A maiden sat spinning in a balcony as he passed. "She spun and smiled; the dove sat motionless above her head; and behind, above the house, rose high mountains, whose snow tops shone in the sun, that they looked like a solemn guard of giants, with bright helmets on their heads."

ITALIAN MUSIC.

"The free use of speech is denied to

the poor enslaved Italian. He can express the feelings of his heart by music only. His hatred of foreign rule, his zeal for liberty, his maddening sense of impotence, his sadness at the recollection of past glory, his secret hope, his listening for, his panting after help—all this is disguised under those melodies that descend from wild tumultuous extacy, to elegiac softness, and in those pantomimes that suddenly change from fondling caresses to threatening rage. This is the esoteric sense of the *opera buffa*. The exoteric guard (the Austrian officials), in whose presence it is sung and acted, never suspect the significance of those merry love stories, love-trials, love-vexations, beneath which the Italian conceals his sternest thoughts on emancipation, as Harmodius and Aristogeiton concealed their daggers in a wreath of myrtle."

My dear Lemuel, it is more than a month since I began this letter; since then I have been through Heine again, and think much better of him. Though the above selections do not display any of his grosser failings, yet they are equalled and surpassed by many passages, whose wit, humor, good sense, or delicate fancy are more fully appreciated on a careful re-perusal. I told you in June, that I had lost something of time by reading him; the review leaves me in his debt. True, time like country produce loses value with the thermometer at ninety. If you find any entertainment in the above, I will send you more specimens of the work, or the work itself. Reading in Wieland's *Aristipp* last evening I came upon this passage, which I make my own. "I see, too late, that I have written thee a book instead of a letter. Wouldst thou but punish my immoderation with a greater."

Yours truly,

C. R. B.

WAS IT WELL?

BY LOUIS L. NOBLE.

 "Serene, imperial Eleanore!"—TENNYSON.

Was it well, Eleanore,
 In look—in all—like one to be
 That loves and listens silently?
 Oh, was it well, Eleanore,
 At the parting what was spoken;—
 Words that many a heart have broken?
 Oh, will their memory haunt no more
 Thine own forever, Eleanore?

My youth with cares was overgrown:
 Some few but tearful memories hung
 Around a heart yet beating lone
 But lightly, as when I was young;—
 Too young for aught but love and truth,
 And beauty in the face of youth.
 Well, those cares around me clinging—
 And the lone heart lightly springing—
 Then, Eleanore, I heard that thou
 Wast part of all I know thee now.
 Loveliness, with so much grief
 Blending, were above belief,
 Hadst thou not been in spirit more,
 Gentlest, brightest Eleanore.
 This made thee, so they told me, less
 Virgin than angel—holiness!

And then there came a dreamy thought,
 Deep in the quiet heart it wrought,
 Till in all its streams again
 Gush'd that youthful tender pain;
 And hope, once more on trembling wing,
 Sweetest visions hovering o'er,
 Could dare the bridal wreath to fling
 On angel Eleanore;—
 Could dare to whisper she was mine,
 And bid my longing spirit pine
 And be alone no more.

Eleanore, it were not well
 The tumult of my breast to tell,
 All, all, that pensive twilight through,
 The last upon my path to you.
 Ah! passion hath no bliss so deep
 As sank upon my peaceful soul;
 No stillness hath a pilgrim's sleep
 Like that which o'er my spirit stole,
 When in thy presence first I moved,
 And drank thy look,—that look beloved.

Yea, drank thy look. Oh, Eleanore,
 Could its serene, its tender light
 Have faded from my gaze that night,—
 Oh, had we met no more,—
 Memories sweet had linger'd yet
 To mingle with one fond regret.

But, ah ! 'twas mine to linger round
 Thy footsteps light,—to list the sound
 Of thy sweet voice ;—'twas mine to mark
 Thy brow so beautiful and dark
 While hearkening to a tale of wo,—
 To catch the rapture and the glow
 Of thy deep eyes, so calm, so clear,
 When nature to thy heart was near ;
 'Twas mine,—all this was mine,—and more,—
 To know, to feel, pure Eleanore,
 The goodness of the life you live,—
 What is the ceaseless boon you give
 To all around, to Christ above,
Duty with rosy smiles and love.

Bear witness, Oh, ye sounding streams,
 Where sylvan Unadilla dreams,
 In her deep mountain-cradle, how
 We loved your wildness !—vine and bough
 Arching our paths ;—my jealous ear
 Following amid your murmurs near
 Her silvery speech ;—and coming through
 The fragrant evening's purple hue
 To wake my soul with new surprise
 The pure soft splendor of her eyes.

Was it well, Eleanore,
 In look—in all—like one to be
 That loves and listens silently ?
 Oh, was it well, Eleanore,
 At the parting, what was spoken,—
 Words that many a heart have broken ?
 Oh, will their memory haunt no more
 Thine own forever, Eleanore ?

NATALIE.

A LOVE-STORY.

At the close of the 1st Floréal, Citizen Daubenton, surnamed the *shepherd*, concluded his celebrated discourse on the formation of wood.

It was the last of the first course of public lectures delivered in France on natural history.

In general, Citizen Daubenton spoke at the Botanical Garden, but on this occasion an immense concourse of students poured forth from the Amphitheatre of L'Ecole de Médecine.

A little knot, consisting of five or six young men, collected near one of the Corinthian columns, which sustain the gallery; they were so much absorbed in discussing the new opinion of Daubenton, that they did not perceive the departure of the crowd.

"I assure you, Monsieur Belle-Rose, and you, Messieurs"——

"Citizens," interrupted Belle-Rose.

"That I have been astonished by the ingenuity of our distinguished Professor; I however recollect, as a child, to have been taught, that the age of a tree corresponds to the number of concentric layers of which its wood consists, and that the exterior layer, which is the hardest, is formed by the cold of winter; as in the moral world, adversity and resistance, if they chill, do also confirm the soul."

The last speaker was about twenty-five years of age; calm and dignified, he seemed to speak without emotion; reclining against a column, his eye, black, brilliant, and piercing, comprehended in its rapid circuit the expression of each countenance in the circle.

"*A bas* with your morals, Merode," said a lively young Champagnese, "pray, listen a minute—thou must regret and unlearn the acquisition of youth—question not Daubenton—take care of the *sans-culottes*—the fraternal society of the section love him, and yesterday granted him a certificate of civism—Notwithstanding his illustrious career, it was necessary to inform him that he was a worthy and good citizen—and thou wouldst enlighten Paris, well, then, listen, Merode, thou shall't swing *à la lanterne*."

M. de Merode smiled.

"And then," said Belle-Rose, "as to the argument, Citizen Merode, sometimes a tree will form no layer during an entire year."

"Possibly."

"And at others a great number."

"Granted, yet the doctrine of Linnæus is supported by an equal number of stronger facts. You have seen the evergreens—the tropical trees—Monsieur, they conform to one rule in their aspect—if their thickness is not always the same, we will suppose a perfection of the organs on the thickest side, which is wanting on the other."

Belle-Rose was annoyed by the confident manner of Merode.

"Permit me to say, Monsieur," said he, in a more energetic tone, "that you seem disposed to undervalue the arguments which make against your theory."

"You think me uncandid then?"

"No, Count."

"But yet too positive"——

"Yes, Count, that is the word."

"*Bon!* that is very well; we are both sincere, that is decided—but we cannot both be correct, that also is true. Well, then, I will tell you exactly what I propose—we will have an arbiter—you are amused, gentlemen, it is indeed singular, but it shall be done—not you, Monsieur Linguet, you would think it an excellent piece of pleasantry—nor you, Monsieur Rentier, *en tout temps*, the friend of my antagonist, that would not be fair:—but here is Monsieur Richards, he is neither aristocrat nor *sans-culotte*, neither royalist, nor yet citizen of the French Republic, one and indivisible; our acquaintance with him is recent. He is an American. America is the friend of France; that is a country which is yet new, a superb field for the investigation of vegetable physiology—this, then, is an advantage which it is as certain, as it is natural, he did not neglect.

Arthur Richards, was about the age of M. de Merode, with a fair, almost feminine complexion; his figure was light and graceful, and his eyes of grayish blue sparkled with animation as he declined the complimentary office; but the

eager young man, excited by this little difference, refused to hear his objections; even M. Belle-Rose urged him to proceed, saying sarcastically,

"I request M. Richards to decide between the illustrious Daubenton and the Count de Merode of Normandy."

"And between the unknown Linnæus and Monsieur Belle-Rose, of la rue St. Jacques," retorted the Count.

Angry glances were exchanged—the short silence which ensued was terminated by the umpire, who said, modestly, "I can give you an opinion, Messieurs, but it will not determine the point; on the one side we have Duhamel, Mirbel, and Gerardin, to say nothing of Daubenton, who contend against the doctrine of the annual production of a single layer; on the other, the distinguished Swede, with most of the English physiologists, go so far as to assert that you may ascertain the date of the coldest winter, by the remarkable hardness of the layer formed during it. I confess when Citizen Daubenton produced a section of the trunk of a palm tree, and showed that it displayed none of the external and concentric circles, but was merely a bundle of the foot stalks of leaves, I was forced to admit, at least, an exception to the rule; but prejudice is powerful—I am not yet convinced—I shall observe with interest the progress of this inquiry."

While Richards was speaking, Belle-Rose whispered something to M. Linguet, which caused him to break out into a loud fit of laughter.

He then turned to Richards, and said, with an ironical bow, "I ask a thousand pardons, Monseigneur, but indeed this *scélerat* Belle-Rose is very amusing—ah! M. Richards, what an absurd fancy, to compare the Count—as he leans there, with folded arms, against the pillar, with his high cheek bones, and his dusky complexion, so calm and so lofty—to a Prince of the Pottawattamies, in your new republic."

He had no sooner uttered this sarcasm than a frightful and piercing cry rang through the hall. Every one turned to Merode, from whom the sound proceeded, which indeed resembled, as much as any thing, the yell of those savages just named; but whatever emotion he had experienced, there was now only perceptible in his eye that peculiar glitter and fixedness of gaze, which men are said to exhibit when they are determined in some destructive purpose.

"M. Belle-Rose," he said, "this insult demands from you a prompt and unqualified apology."

But Belle-Rose, though a member of the section of *sans-culottes*, that body-guard of the guillotine, was not a coward; moreover, he had a secret hatred of De Merode, therefore he replied—

"The wine is drawn—it is I who have uncorked the bottle—I ought not to refuse to pledge you, M. de Merode."

The point was settled; there was still light enough for the affair. Rentier acted as the second of Belle-Rose, and, as was natural, Richards assisted the Count. Linguet, gay and active, procured the weapons—the blades were measured.

"Stand nearer the entrance of the court," said Linguet.

When they were in their places, the combatants took off their coats and drew their swords.

"Are you ready?" cried the Count.

Scarcely had Belle-Rose placed himself in a posture of defence, when his adversary, springing towards him with extraordinary rapidity, struck him in the side and retreated with equal celerity.

Belle-Rose, wounded and bleeding, with difficulty waited his second attack. Again the hall rang with the shout of De Merode.

"Defend yourself."

The rules of fencing were set at defiance. Strong and active, the charge of the Count resembled the spring of a tiger; it seemed impossible to parry his rapid thrusts, and equally so to strike him in his swift and unexpected retreat.

At the second attack, Belle-Rose fell, pierced through the lungs. As Count de Merode hastened to assist M. Linguet to staunch the blood which flowed profusely over the marble pavement, he observed that Rentier had disappeared. His first thought was, that he had gone to seek a surgeon; the next, that this would probably make known the duel, and expose his friend, as well as himself, to the vengeance of the friends of his fallen antagonist, more easily inflicted, because their party was at this time uppermost in Paris.

"Come, my friend," said he to Arthur, "let us leave this place. I deplore this event, especially, because it may cause you to regret the service you have rendered me, for which, accept my thanks. Adieu, M. Linguet—I hope the wound will not prove fatal."

As they descended into the street, the

clock of Nôtre Dame struck six; the night came in dark and stormy, and few persons were visible. A coach was easily procured, and within an hour they had passed the Arch of St. Denis, and left behind them the grand old Abbey, that grim remnant of the age of Dagobert.

"We are *en route* for Normandy, M. Arthur, the province of tombs, cathedrals, and beautiful prospects; my grandmother, the Baroness Romencuil, resides at her château, near Rouen; you will see in her a matron of primitive times; she will love you because you are my friend, and you will respect her because"—

"I cannot help it?"

"Exactly."

"Besides, to her an American is always welcome. In her youth she was a great traveller—indeed, I think she has been in your country."

"In America—good heavens! what cause?"—

"If that poor Belle-Rose should die," said De Merode, with a sigh, and taking no notice of his companion's exclamation. "Ah! repentance ever comes too late; but his insolence, *mon cher Arthur*—I will call you *monsieur* no longer—was insufferable; it was not the first offence. We were rivals—the greater then the necessity of adhering to the rules of decorum: he knew my heart—its sensibilities; he knew that his allusion would sink into its deepest recesses; he intended that the sting should probe its dearest emotions. Seeing his malevolence, I lost my self-control. You must not think me a savage, Arthur."

"I confess I was astonished at the violence of your anger; but what would be natural and allowable jesting as to Linguet, from Belle-Rose, in his relative position to you, was an insult which a Frenchman could not overlook. But, Count, I plead guilty to the imputed failing of my countrymen, and am curious to know"—

The Count busied himself in arranging the cushions, as if preparing to sleep.

"To know," continued Arthur, "whether the allusion of Belle-Rose had any connection with the visit of the Baroness to America."

De Merode, engaged in giving some directions to the coachman, of course could not hear this inquiry.

"*Quelle bêtise!*" he exclaimed, "the rascal of a *cocher* has not followed the cross-roads, as I instructed him. We

must take care that we do not hear the tocsin sound, before morning, in Paris. For the present, my friend, let us sleep, as well as this ugly jolting will allow."

Thus they continued their flight. When the sun rose, a lovely scene appeared beneath them. They saw from the summit of a precipitous hill, the Seine winding like a silver serpent through smooth and flowery meadows, and far beyond they perceived the irregular outline of mountains, the southern boundary of the beautiful valley: the moss-covered ruins of priories and churches; the turrets and battlements of ancient châteaux and castles, rose stern and solemn through the gray mists of morning. Descending the mountain slowly, their gaze lingered upon scenery so unusually picturesque and enchanting, and they were surprised to find themselves entering a pretty village, nearly hidden from sight by an abrupt turn of the road, sleeping, as it seemed, in the bosom of the glen at the foot of the hill.

The carriage, rolling rapidly through the silent street, traversed a green alley through groves of elm and misletoe, and emerged into a table land, without fence or inclosure; scattered along the road, gardens and cottages began to appear, and the travellers amused themselves with the singular costume of the peasants of Normandy, who love to array themselves in all the colors of the rainbow.

Towards evening, they crossed a stream, which, rising in the mountains at considerable distance, poured its unsullied tribute into the bosom of the Seine; for about a quarter of a mile from its *embouchure*, it expanded into a broad basin, then gradually contracted, till the trees seemed to meet and interlace, from bank to bank, across the stream.

"I do not intend," said De Merode, "to guide this coachman to the château, which I perceive is not far distant—the knowledge might be worth something to him in Paris: a little beyond this bridge, the road branches off to Rouen, whither he believes you are destined. If you can remain here for an hour, I will return, and conduct you myself to the castle. *En attendant*, I shall find the nearest hamlet by a circuitous route, and dismiss the carriage."

Arthur expressed his approbation of the plan and left the coach, which, however, he followed on foot, till he was out of sight. Then he threw himself down

upon the velvet bank of the stream, where the flowering hawthorn screened him from the rays of the sun, and reviewed the last day's disagreeable occurrences.

"After all," he thought, "this is a serious business—I did not come to France to participate in affairs of honor, and yet De Merode had no friend. By heavens! what a noble character is this Count—Linguet would not do for his second—the repetition of the sneer was half an insult—Rentier of course was pre-engaged—they would have fought at any rate. I did but little—I could not refuse him—but to kill him in L'Ecole de Médecine, a *sans-culotte* too—they will never forgive him—and I—when shall I return to Paris? But I am not sorry to get away; it was useless to think of study in such confusion and clamor; moreover, I shall see life in the provinces. But how will the Baroness like this rumpled *blouse*? I will send to Paris for my baggage—Ah! this is a glorious prospect—yonder islands in the Seine—even at this distance, I can distinguish the violets and the lilies, with which they are enameled—how calm and serene the sky—not a sound!" Just then, a noise, like the fall of an oar, fell lightly upon his ear.

Turning his head, silently, he beheld a young girl, standing in a birchen canoe: she held a light paddle, which she changed from hand to hand, as she gracefully dipped it in the water, alternately, on each side of the fragile bark: the ripples broke, sparkling about the slender prow, which, elevated above the surface, at every new impulse seemed about to leap from the water.

Arthur was hidden from view by the hawthorn, so that undetected he could observe her figure and movements; and as the boat approached, inclining in its course, as he was delighted to see, to the bank on which he was lying, her face and dress could be more distinctly perceived.

She was tall and well-shaped; there was a firmness of posture, a combination of freedom and grace in her motions, unusual even with French ladies, especially in a position so unusual and precarious; her features were regular, and their expression thoughtful, but agreeable; her eyes were black and penetrating; her fine hair, flowed unrestrained, in dark waving tresses, over her neck and shoulders; her eye-brows were slightly arch-

ed; it might be thought that the cheek-bones were too high for classical beauty, but this did not detract from that air of dignity, which pervaded all her looks and gestures. Her complexion was a union of pale olive and rose, and glowed with vigorous exercise; her dress fitted closely to her figure, though not so as to impede the free action of the limbs; and a pretty cottage bonnet lay at her feet. But the canoe, like the course of true love, did not run smooth; not indeed from any fault of the lady, but owing to the irrepressible instinct of a Newfoundland dog, who sat motionless at the prow, holding between his teeth the rope attached to it. He was large of bone, and remarkable for his fine and glossy hair.

The deep bay of hounds, with the noise of horns and bugles, echoed from the hills; the dog, leaping up, placed his fore feet on the edge of the canoe in the act of listening; the young lady foresaw the danger, and resting with her whole weight on the opposite side, endeavored to maintain the equipoise; but seeing that it was in vain, she sprang lightly to the bank, and scarcely had her foot touched the earth, when Arthur emerged from the hedge to her aid.

The apparition of a young man in that retired spot startled her; her foot slipped, and she would have fallen, had he not offered his hand, which she caught, and with his assistance was soon safely landed.

She stood still for an instant, and gazed fixedly upon him; then she said, with perfect calmness, "I thank you, Monsieur, for your kindness; I thought the dog was better trained—I see he has got the canoe to the shore, and expects me to forgive his awkwardness and give him a second trial. By this time, they are alarmed at the Château Merode by my prolonged absence."

"I am going myself to the château," replied Arthur.

She appeared surprised.

"To meet the Count de Merode, who accompanied me from Paris."

"My brother returned!" She exclaimed. "Ah! then, Monsieur, since you cannot know these paths of the forest as well as the streets of Paris, I will guide you myself to the château; but first, the boat must be fastened—there, Brant, I release you from your charge—and now this is the path, Monsieur."

They walked for some time in silence,

which Arthur, feeling to be awkward, determined to break.

"Do the ladies of France often trust themselves to tenements so frail, Mademoiselle?"

"I am not a lady of—Paris," she replied quickly; "and I thank Heaven I am not. I should die, were I confined to its crowded saloons and narrow streets. I love the free air of the mountains—the little bark you think so dangerous, has been my companion from childhood; it was the work and the gift of the good Father Antoine, and frail as it seems, often and safely has it borne him against tide and billow. I am not surprised at your inquiry, Monsieur: such barbarous structures are seldom seen so near Paris, and would, very likely, excite the ridicule of gentlemen of fashion like yourself."

"You are mistaken, Mademoiselle; I am simply Arthur Richards, an American student of medicine at Paris. I was fortunate enough to render your brother a slight service; doubly fortunate, since it introduces me to his sister."

"I will be equally frank, Monsieur Richards. My name is Natalie de Merode, the grand-daughter of the Baroness Romencuil, who will be delighted to welcome you, when she learns that you aided my brother as well as myself. But," said she, pointing to a conical shaped hill at a little distance, "there is the *Montagne des deux Amans*; we shall soon see the towers and bastions of the old château, which you must know was formerly a Gothic castle. I will tell you the story of the two lovers' mountain. It was so steep and high that people used to think it was impossible to reach its summit. A young shepherd loved a shepherdess, and his affection was reciprocated; but her parents, who thought he was too poor, to prevent the marriage and at once get rid of his attention, promised him her hand, if he would carry her on his shoulders, to the top of this mountain. He made the attempt—he succeeded, but at the last step he fell, and died instantly. She, beholding him dead, threw herself into the river which flows at the base of the rock, and was drowned. There is a convent erected on the spot where he threw down his burden, and masses are said there to this day, for the repose of the souls of the two lovers. There is no song I love to sing more, than his 'Lament,' for, like him, it is my doom to climb that mountain, and, casting off the burden of my sins, close

my eyes upon the world, and die within those walls."

"Good God!" said Arthur, shocked at this abrupt announcement. "You, so young, so kind, so lovely—what cruel!"—But she interrupted him.

"I said more than I intended, M. Richards. Yet I never look upon those walls, without the strong conviction that they will be my tomb; and then I think I must hasten to say farewell to all whom I shall leave behind; and so it was, that even to you, a stranger, I said so much."

It was early twilight when they entered the immense court-yard of the château.

Count de Merode was conversing before the vestibule with a priest, in the dress of a Carmelite: the monk was thin, tall and erect; his features, naturally stern, appeared more so from a scar across the forehead.

Merode was about to mount one of two horses which stood near by, saddled and bridled: he started with surprise, when he saw his sister and companion approaching. Running to her, he embraced her affectionately; then taking Arthur by the hand, he led him to the priest, whom he introduced as Father Antoine: the whole party then followed him through the entrance-hall, which had no ceiling, the heavy timbers being uncovered and decorated with mouldings and sculptures, and entered a magnificent saloon through an opening with columns.

In the recess formed by a large bow window, nearly opposite the entrance, in a carved and gilded arm-chair, sat the Baroness Romencuil. Notwithstanding she was an octogenarian, she sat perfectly erect, and when she raised her eyes from her work, as the party entered, they rested upon them with a firm and searching gaze, until they had crossed the apartment.

Some parts of her dress, which was dark, were in the style of Louis XIV. Her hair was worn very high, and there were two patches, one in the centre of each cheek: her shoes were of black embroidered velvet, with very high heels; her face was thin, and its expression sad and severe.

When Arthur had been introduced, she requested him to sit on a velvet cushioned seat near her, while Natalie chose the *tabouret* at her feet.

She welcomed him in a low and tremulous voice to the château, and thanked

him for the service he had rendered her grandson, of which she had just heard; she said she was a friend to all Americans, and she hoped he would find the place agreeable enough to protract his stay till the awful scenes of bloodshed, which were now transpiring at Paris, should give place to peace and loyalty.

After some minutes' conversation, during which his attention was continually distracted by the beautiful countenance of Natalie, Arthur followed the Count from the saloon to a sleeping apartment. Here everything was rich and splendid; graceful mouldings supported a ceiling covered with brilliant arabesques; and elegant mirrors, concealing the walls, multiplied the costly furniture of the room.

"You will find here a part of my wardrobe, Arthur," said De Merode, "and, as we are nearly of the same dimensions, I think it will suit you. I took you away early, for you are fatigued with the long ride; but I have news—the dogs are on the trail—the Carmelite says an emissary of the *canaille* was prowling about the château before our arrival. I regret, therefore, that I must leave you in charge of Father Antoine for a few days—they will not annoy you; still it were well to keep close; but Natalie will show you the library and the cabinet. Poor Natalie! she will need them herself no longer, when she becomes the bride of Heaven."

"But why must that be?" Arthur ventured to say.

"The honor of her family, the wishes of her friends, ay, and her own choice, have determined it. There is a secret, and one day you shall know it, why Natalie is consecrated to the service of Heaven; good night, *mon cher*, we shall meet again soon." So saying, the Count Merode left the apartment.

"The honor of her family," thought Arthur, as he sought the luxurious couch—has there never been an abbess in the noble house of Romeneuil? or is it pride which disdains the alliance of one so lovely with the degraded nobility of the Republic? the wishes of her friends, ah! they are jealous of her influence—there may be property at stake—an ancient will perhaps—but did he not say, her own choice? No, by heavens! if there be truth in woman, it is not her own choice—yet how does it concern me? I will think no more of it." And with that

complete control over the imagination and the nervous system, which some are able to exert, Arthur was soon buried in slumber. When he awoke, it was late, and he found the family at the breakfast table: seated at the side of Natalie, who presided at the meal, he observed her tender attention to the wishes of her venerable parent; he admired the playful ease of her conversation; her dignified demeanor. He began to feel all his good resolutions of indifference to her fading away in the light of her presence.

The truth is, that Natalie was a girl of matchless grace; full of intelligence, she yet had that indescribable quality, or mode of expression, which in France is termed *naivete*, and which we denominate an odd frankness, an unselfish, yet egotistic simplicity.

Seldom does the love of man for woman elevate itself to reverence; it was not reverence that prevented Arthur from looking often at Natalie, but he feared that Father Antoine would read his admiration of her in his countenance.

"Eustace left us last night, Monsieur Richards," said the Baroness, "and only stated that it was in consequence of a quarrel; will you enlighten us as to its details?"

"Willingly," replied he, "and you will see fresh cause for admiration of his proud spirit."

He then described the combat with Belle-Rose, and observed with intense pleasure, that the eye of Natalie, which sparkled with indignation at the insult, softened to a look of gratitude, as he slightly alluded to his own share in the transaction.

"Come, Monsieur," said she, rising from the table and leading the way to the library, "here are books, that you may pursue your scientific researches as well as at Paris, and musical instruments to charm away the weariness which the books may produce, and writing materials to inform your friends of your adventures; *à propos* of them, there is an opportunity, Père Antoine says, of sending to-day to America, by way of England, by a secure conveyance, and which I advise you not to neglect, if you do not wish your letters published in the *Moniteur* among the proceedings of the Convention. When they are written, I will show you the wonders of the château, and among the rest, in honor of my canoe, I will show you a collection of the

bark of trees, which I have made, on which are traced various French and English verses."

In the course of an hour Natalie returned, and conducted him to a cabinet of natural history, the walls of which were covered with landscapes in *fresco*, and whose shelves were filled with leaves and flowers, minerals and madrepores, arranged in scientific order; she showed him a beautiful collection of medals and paintings in oil and water colors mixed with gum. She opened an elegant herbarium, the records of which were made in a neat and beautiful hand, which she did not say, but Arthur knew was her own.

"Here" said she, opening the door of a small interior apartment, "is a turning-lathe, and here I make baskets, artificial flowers and plans in relieve—a boat like that in which you first saw me, would be easily constructed here by an experienced hand."

Natalie had found something new—a companion of her own age, whose taste was equal to her own; who never lost a word she uttered, and whose hand was always ready to mingle her colors, or tune her harpsichord.

It is not so tedious to decipher a difficult sonata in the morning, when one expects to perform it in the evening to a judicious listener, who will dwell with eagerness on every note, and appreciate the labor of the acquisition.

When a week had disappeared, the ambition of a scholar had flown with it; the worst news to Arthur would have been that peace was restored to Paris, and that it would be safe to return thither. He could no longer conceal from himself his satisfaction at the Count's duel, and dreaded nothing more than his return.

At the end then of this week, Arthur Richards was in love—how could he help it?

As for Natalie, young ladies do not reflect much upon the nature of their own emotions; if Arthur admitted to himself that his love might have been at first a whim, his judgment afterwards determined it to be at any rate, the effort of a well regulated fancy: but Natalie thought nothing on the subject—she had no cause for alarm—the château was lonely—she loved to have him near her—she was pleased with his conversation, his sentiments, his character: she thought him graceful and handsome, but for herself, she was not subject to sudden emo-

tions, and most of all, she always remembered that she was soon to take the vows.

It is evident that many of Natalie's amusements were quite masculine, but they have not all been enumerated: there was a small room, opposite the entrance hall, appropriated to the exercise of fencing, which was much in vogue among the French ladies of this period. Here Arthur and Natalie, often practised the delightful accomplishment. One day, after supper, having actively engaged in this exercise, Natalie, in an elegant male costume, was looking from the open window upon the terraced garden, four or five feet beneath; Arthur stood near her, gazing with undisguised admiration on her animated countenance.

"These flowers," said she, "are more beautiful than those pale exiles in the sombre galleries of the Luxembourg."

"Yes, Mademoiselle, like the poor imprisoned queen, those exotics want air, and sun, and space; they seem to me as they did to one of your countrymen, to call in vain for the song of the bird; the limpid murmur of the brook; the morning and the evening dew; the mid-day sun; the soft light of the moon, and the fruitful dust of these beautiful stars of night, which flutter in the heavens: even the butterfly has abandoned the rose—the gilded butterfly has forsaken the lily—the bee has left the flowering genista."

"Beautiful thoughts!"

"They were born to a brief existence," continued he, in a low tone; "the poet who thus lamented their decay, would probably overlook the outrage in a triumphal ode upon the distant climes thus brought to our doors; but who can forgive the cruelty that would condemn youth and loveliness to a living tomb?"

Natalie started at his impassioned manner; she gazed earnestly upon his face; and whatever she saw, a deep blush suffused her countenance. At this moment Father Antoine passed before the window. Hearing the sound of voices he looked up, and observing the attitude of the speakers, and the embarrassed air of Natalie, appeared astonished, but he walked rapidly on; not, however, before Arthur had perceived that his features, usually grave, now became stern and even threatening.

Natalie too, had caught their expression, for she immediately said, "I must go, Father Antoine expects me."

"Not yet, oh, not yet, Mademoiselle."

"The sun has nearly set. At this hour I should meet him at the confessional."

"For what have you to seek forgiveness?"

"Much, very much, Monsieur Richards; and this delay is not the least."

"I may be wrong; I may be bold, but there is a mystery which I would fain have solved before we part."

Natalie did not answer.

"Why must you take the vows?"

"Can there be a nobler employment than the service of Heaven, Monsieur; to place the soul in that posture which will best become it in another world?"

"And at the same time forget the claims of this?"

"There are no such claims."

"Surely to sustain the declining years of a parent; to restrain a brother's fiery temper, are duties in your way."

"It is their own wish"—

"Say, rather, their command. Oh, Mademoiselle!" said he, taking her hand, "explain to me this cruel mystery."

The door opened, and Count de Merode entered the apartment. His dress was soiled and disordered; he had evidently been riding hard; and as he advanced, he said, in a jesting yet discontented tone,

"I will solve it myself, Arthur; my father, to atone for a crime against his God and his country, consecrated her, while yet a child, to religion; and received from his mother a pledge that she should take the veil in the Convent of Sainte Thérèse, in Normandy. So, you see, honor as well as choice forbid any other course. I was absent long; but I am not too late to prevent misunderstanding. I thought I had before informed you of her engagement."

"Forgive me, Count,—one question answered, and I shall return to Paris."

"Return! by no means—that would be folly, my friend."

"Is Mademoiselle de Merode's consent free and uncompelled?"

"Ask her, Monsieur."

He turned to Natalie.

"Mademoiselle!" he said.

There was a brief silence, and in a low voice she answered,

"Yes."

Then, as she spoke that little word, it was suddenly revealed to Arthur, how much he loved her. A light shone into the depths of his heart, and discovered

the image of Natalie. It was not possible for him that night to go to the saloon: he required solitude and reflection. These emotions were new to him. Were they excited merely to be suppressed? to exercise his self-control? Was he, of all the world, to be shut out from the heaven of love just as he had caught a glimpse of its blessedness?

He retired to his room, and gazing out upon the magnificent forests, the sublime mountain scenery, and all the beauty of the lovely prospect, softened and solemnized by the moonlight, he seemed to forget, in the contemplation of so much grandeur, the suddenness and sharpness of his disappointment.

"She is most beautiful," he said, "but she must be forgotten. Can I forget her? Will not the phantom of this dream, from which I have at length awakened, chase me through life; and mingling with its stern realities, scoff at my hopes, and point their mocking fingers to the bitter past? And she, whom I thought—who is—so free, so noble in her nature, how can her heart fulfill its mission, beating against the walls of a prison?"

When midnight struck he was still there; as deeper darkness closed around him, his thoughts, which had gone back to the scenes and affections of earlier life—to home, to the home when he left it for a distant land—ran through the events which had transpired there—his peaceful studies and the bloody Revolution—and then they dwelt calmly upon the dream of the last week.

If angels, good and bad, attend us everywhere, as some assert, is it merely to observe and record; or do they transmute into the soul of the victorious or defeated struggler with his passions, a portion of their own serenity or malignity? And the spirit thus tranquilized seems to breathe a holier atmosphere, and to look, where the faith is strong, for a divine encouragement.

When then the solemn tones of an organ broke upon the stillness of the night, Arthur Richards felt them so entirely in unison with his own feelings, that he scarcely reflected upon the lateness of the hour; and not until the sweet and clear tones of a female voice fell upon his ear, did he step out upon the terrace to discover whence the sounds proceeded.

The oratory stood at a short distance from his apartment, adjoining the turret-

ed gateway: descending the sloping terrace, he traversed the garden, and guided by the dim light which gleamed through the clusters of narrow, pointed windows, he entered the chapel. The voice then distinctly heard could not be mistaken. It was Natalie—Arthur could distinguish the outline of her figure through the drawn curtain, as she sat at the organ, which she accompanied with her voice, in a devotional air. Retreating into a cloister he gazed intently upon her, until taking the light she began to descend the stair-case. Then he passed noiselessly through the aisle, and waiting until she stood in the vestibule, presented himself before her.

When she saw him, she nearly let the light fall from her hands; she was very pale, and trembled exceedingly.

“Forgive me, Natalie,” said Arthur, “for this surprise—I would not cause you a moment’s anxiety.”

“I must not stay,” faltered Natalie, “the hour—the place—”

“One moment—one short moment, to tell you that I have struggled in vain to repress my passion—to tell you that I love you deeply, fondly, devotedly. I could not leave this place forever without telling you this, and learning from your own lips my fate.”

“This is useless—worse than useless.”

“No—no—could I believe that were this fatal obstacle removed you would rejoice—then you would still be mine in spirit—in memory—in heaven.”

“There is no hope.”

“Without hope, love dies, but mine can never die. I must then hope—speak, Natalie, and say that when I have left you, you will at least pity my unhappiness. Give me some token that you do not despise my affection.”

Suddenly Natalie’s countenance before agitated and alarmed, became pensive and thoughtful.

Unclasping from her neck, a chain of hair to which was suspended a small locket of gold, with an agate in composition set in its centre, she gave it to Arthur, saying at the same time,

“I can stay no longer, but take this, and not until you have left the châteaueau, open it, and read its contents—you will then divine why I, who am already dedicated to Heaven, cannot return your affection.” And with these words she left the chapel.

The night passed away, and the morn-

ing came, the morning of his departure, bright, clear, and full of sweet sounds and odors. It was nothing to Arthur. He had no sympathy with awakening Nature. It was his first severe and real disappointment, and he found it hard to endure. When he met the family at breakfast, it did not allay the bitterness of his heart to find Natalie calm and even cheerful. The Carmelite was unusually morose, while the Count’s gayety seemed to increase, as his friend became more and more silent, until he scarcely joined in the conversation. The Baroness alone was unusually attentive and kind, and when he rose to leave the room, she turned to her grandson with an expressive look. He immediately seized Arthur’s arm, and half-dragged him into the hall, and when the door was closed, he said,

“The Convent of Sainte Thérèse was burned to the ground last night. The churches of France are dismantled and closed by order of the Convention, and cannon are cast from their broken bells.”

“Then Natalie’s engagement”——

“Cannot be fulfilled—I love you well, *mon ami*, and I should love you better as a brother; therefore I regret that there still exists an obstacle to your wishes.”

“You mean that she does not—that the Baroness”——

“I mean nothing of the kind. Come to the saloon in an hour, and you shall understand the difficulties of your position.”

The hour elapsed, and when he entered the spacious parlor, his heart beat high with contending emotions; the Baroness sat in the same position and dress as on the night of his introduction; Natalie too, as before, was at her feet. The Count reclined upon a large divan, and Père Antoine was half-hidden by the ample curtains of the Gothic window.

“It will be painful to me, Monsieur Richards,” said the Baroness, pointing him to the seat by her side, to renew the bitter memory of the past; but enough has occurred during your visit at my house, to make it proper to intrust to your confidence some particulars of its history.

“In 1757, my husband, Baron Romen-euil, a colonel in the army of Montcalm, was sent to harass the Six Nations or Iroquois in the province of New York in America. He took with him his only son, Maurice de Merode. In an attack

upon a trading-post established by the British at Tche-o-ron-tok Bay, in the western part of the province, he was killed, and his son was captured by the Senecas whose villages lay principally in this quarter. With him also was taken Father Antoine Leclerc, a priest of the order of the Carmelites. Of the death of my husband I was immediately apprised, but the fate of my son was enveloped in profound and painful mystery.

"Twenty-five years after his disappearance, years of indescribable anguish, M. Richards, Father Antoine, so changed in appearance that he was with difficulty recognized, appeared at this château, where I was then residing. Imagine my joy at the news that my son still lived, and how that joy was changed to horror to hear that he was a traitor to his country and his religion.

"Having won the respect and admiration of the savages by his fortitude and courage, they spared his life, but prevented his escape, until when two or three years had elapsed, he had become gradually attached to their mode of life, and was elected a chief among them. He married an Indian girl and became the father of a son and a daughter. Not many years after Father Antoine, who for his sake and for the conversion of those heathen, had remained with him, executed a scheme which he had devised to rescue the poor children from their horrible situation. He eluded the vigilance of the savages, and bore to me information which I have just detailed to you. In vain was every effort, which powerful influence at home, at the British Court, and with the authorities of New York, could command, exerted to induce my son to surrender to my control his unfortunate children.

"The savage life he led had hardened a heart once full of generous emotions. He was deaf to every appeal—but I could not rest—I seemed to hear continually, from the depths of the dark forests, the cry of those innocents. I purchased and fitted out a ship, and in company with the Carmelite crossed the ocean.

"The war had long been terminated; had it still raged, I should have dared its dangers, for I considered my attempt approved of Heaven.

"On a clear and cloudless night, leaving the vessel at anchor, I passed with Father Antoine, in a small boat, through an

opening in the back at the mouth of the Bay of Tche-o-ron-tok, which lies midway between the eastern and western limits of Lake Ontario on its southern shore, and opposite to its widest parts. The beach which separated the bay from the lake, was low, and nearly covered with water.

"Having rowed about half the length of the bay, Father Antoine landed in a narrow cove on the eastern bank, where he left me, saying that his absence would be brief.

"While he was gone, I surveyed the scenery of that beautiful bay, with emotions too deep for description. On some one of those lofty ridges, my husband proudly planted the lilies of France—in this deep ravine he was murdered. Here, too, my son, erring, yet my son, chose his habitation, and linked his destiny with a race of savages. And through these reedy channels, how often have his children paddled their light canoe, and plucked the lilies and the water-plants floating on the waves, or climbed the precipitous banks over which the azalia cast his scarlet mantle, fringed with the intricate vine-work of the trailing arbutus. I heard voices above me, and could see lights gleaming through the dark pines which crowned the summits of those strange, pyramidal hills.

"In a few moments Father Antoine returned, and with him came my son, Maurice de Merode. Great God! how changed. It was not his barbarous costume—not his half-naked limbs, nor the large painted flowers and symbols which covered them; but it was the stern, unfeeling gaze and air with which he met me. He stood, calm and unmoved—not a muscle of his face relaxed—the idol of my soul—the pledge of my earliest affections—the object of my hopes and prayers—lost, yet found—he stood near the grave of his brave and noble father, looking upon the mother who had come so far to behold him, yet scarcely welcomed her, and coldly received her passionate embrace.

"I shall not protract this history, M. Richards. That my heart did not break, was perhaps owing to the hope of rescuing the helpless children from their cruel parent. Surely Heaven, which had so long withdrawn its smiles from our house, inspired me, when on my knees I implored him, with sobs and tears, to give them back to me.

"There was one among the strings of

that obdurate heart, which yet vibrated to the touch. His early nurture was not all forgotten. Poorly as he comprehended her blessed offices, he still feared the wrath of the Holy Church. Strange that it should be so. The Carmelite, who, while his companion had striven to keep alive this sentiment, now appealed to it with astonishing power.

"I thank God that the dread of eternal damnation was more effectual than pity for the sorrows of his mother.

"He brought to us the children, dressed in their Indian robes. He received from me a promise, that, at the age of twenty, his daughter should take the veil, and a year afterwards, pronounce her vows in the Convent of St. Thérèse, in Normandy. Perhaps he thought to conciliate an offended Deity, by offering to it the pure soul of his child, on the spot where his own ruined and fallen spirit experienced the sweet influences of religion. To himself I made a vain and last appeal. He embraced his children, and replied in the idiom of the savages, that 'as the waves of Tche-o-ron-tok, *gasp and expire*, so would he breathe and die upon its shores.'

"When memory reverts to that dreadful scene, it ever presents to my view the form of my unfortunate son, erect upon that lonely rock, intently watching our receding bark. I saw it till we merged upon the blue waters of the lake, when I could no longer distinguish it from the shadows of the night.

"We returned to France, and at the expiration of a few years, I heard that my son, with the remnant of his tribe, had sought new hunting grounds beyond the Mississippi.

"Who his children are, Monsieur Richards, you have doubtless already divined; but why I have thus detailed to you their origin, is yet to be explained.

"You can easily imagine that every exertion was made to obliterate the traces of their savage education. All, but the love of truth, the fortitude and self-respect, which, indeed, were now habitual.

"While Natalie learned in the solitudes of Merode the duties appropriate to her destiny, Eustace sought in Paris an ac-

quaintance with the world in which he was to act.

"He returned one day to the château, accompanied by a friend, whose admiration of Natalie soon ripened into love. He was frank and generous, and his nature was noble. But the fatal promise was sacred in the eye of Heaven, and of those who had given it.

"How strange, then, that when his affection had been confessed, and disappointment had nearly driven him from the castle, the blasphemers of the revolution should destroy the Convent which alone could claim the object of his affection.

"And yet the house of Merode was proud—too proud of Natalie, to bestow her hand upon one who was ignorant of her origin—in after years, his own prejudices, those of his family and his countrymen"—

"But Arthur suddenly threw himself at the feet at the Baroness, and pressed his lips to her hand; then, as he rose, he exclaimed—

"Give her to me, Madame; it will be my pride that she sprung from the forest kings of my country. You do not know Americans; they believe that blood is pure which flows through a noble heart. But this suspense—tell me, Madame—Natalie!"

"Monsieur Richards," said the Carmelite, coming forward, "I advise you to examine the locket which Mademoiselle de Merode bestowed upon you last night, when she supposed that good Father Antoine was comfortably snoring in his couch."

He opened it, and saw on the small slip of paper which it contained, these words:

"Place the locket before the fire, and you will see, as she was in childhood, that Natalie, who loves you and will meet you in heaven, whose bride she soon must be."

When the heat reached the agate, there appeared the miniature of a lovely girl, about ten years of age.

The dress was that of the tribe of the Senecas, but the face was that of Natalie.

Arthur turned, and clasped her to his bosom. Natalie had not the Seneca's composure enough to forbear tears.

LIFE AND OPINIONS OF PHILIP YORICK, Esq.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ALL things, except those which are ineffable and invisible, tend to an end or conclusion, which is most part painful; especially love. At this moment, remembering Chloris and her graces, which were her words and acts, our hero is not conscious of any abatement of his passion; the image of Chloris is still the impersonation of perfect love. Knowing that it is an image, however, and cannot be made incarnate, he gathers from it only a dreamy and somewhat mixed enjoyment.

It was on the evening of a Sunday, dating a month from their first interview, when a singular accident befel our two friends. Wandering together by an unfrequented path, they missed their way on the return, and with the decline of day lost all traces of their road.

They waited until the moon rose, and then following the channel of a slender waterfall, endeavored to gain the summit of a ridge, for in the valleys of all this region a dense growth of trees obstructs the passage of any but the hunter or the woodman, inured to adventure.

They ascended slowly, nor did our hero unwillingly aid his terrified companion in the difficult steps. Often, in spite of modesty, she was compelled to trust her person to his arms; the terror of solitude and darkness subdued all other fears. Along the summit of the ridge, the flat rocks made a natural causeway leading directly to the village. To gain this advantage, it was therefore necessary to make every exertion.

The mountains in that vicinity have a figure and arrangement almost unknown in other regions. They might be well compared with waves, or better, with the ridges of a newly ploughed field, stretching north and south. They rise higher and higher towards the west, but the moonlight, making the remote seem near, raised them in appearance, like a gray wall, continuous with a bank of silvery clouds, that rested in the extreme west.

The nearer valleys, like furrows, shown by their black sides hidden from the

moon, that touched only the pines that lined their battlemented ridges. The whole landscape, stretching far towards the sea, black and streaked with silver, lay wavy and luminous. Their spectral mists reached out their gauzy arms over the valleys, marking the lines of the water courses. On these veils, the light played faintly. They gathered and then melted, formed again and shot out here and there, tracing the warm breaths of the hollows. At the high angles and gorges of the mountains, columns of compact vapor stood up, like a motionless smoke; these rolled in upon themselves, assumed monstrous figures, broke and vanished.

Notwithstanding the discomforts and awkwardness of their situation, our friends were too young and passionate not to feel the beauty of the night. Especially the soul of Chloris, full of love and sorrow, was moved by it. Forebodings shaped the appearances of the night into symbols of fear and of passion.

At length, overcome with weariness and emotion, they sank together upon a bank of moss, under the sounding arms of a gloomy hemlock, and there awaited the morning. Chloris, whose tender limbs with difficulty endured the ascent, leaned her head upon the bosom of her friend, and was soon asleep. Her dreams were full of terrors. She seemed to be wandering with her lover in a forest; they lose themselves in the intricacies of the wood. Night comes on, and they hear the howlings of wolves. Her lover leaves her in the shelter of a cave, and goes out in search of food. He courses through the forest through the whole night and the day following, and returns empty handed. Another and another day passes, and still he returns, and tells her that death is inevitable, for he can find no food. The wolves look in at the cavern, and he is unable to drive them away; they howl and cry, and seem sometimes to laugh. She shudders, and a cold sweat stands upon her face. Feeling Chloris tremble in his arms, Yorick

awoke her, and they pursued their way in silence. Meanwhile the morning came up over the sea, where the round world slopes downward. It slid and stepped softly forth. The clouds saw it first. It came gently over the world, tender and full of hope. * * * * *

Nature fondles and indulges her foster children; she teaches them the loves and the passions. She is passionate herself, and excessively variable; now loving, now hating; now tender and generous, now selfish and fiendish; she is by turns wise and foolish, like a fond, foolish nurse. Meanwhile Reason, the father, looks on; he is willing to see his children taught all things by experience. He will not interfere with Dame Nature, until such time as they have felt twice or thrice the circle of her humors, and find nothing excellent in them. Then he steps in, and, with the authority of a father, checks their idle plays, and imposes laws.

Reason was more kind than is usual to Master Yorick, and for every kiss which he gave to the cheek of his Chloris, reminded him that kisses are seals whereby the soul makes over her personal liberty—that love, though a genial warmth upon the hearth, is a blazing devil in the path—that for him and for Chloris there was no course but shame and death, or instant separation. Of marriage he had had no hope; for in every mention of the matter to her parents, questions arose of his ability and condition. They wished their daughter well married, or not married at all: a very reasonable desire, notwithstanding the loud complaints of mother Nature; indeed, these respectable parents had but little regard for the suggestions of the universal mother, and suspected her of being no better than she should be—perhaps worse. They suffered their daughter—good, unthinking people that they were—to be often alone with our friend, until the accident of this night's adventure. But now it was too late. The daughter's reputation was gone in any case, and Master Yorick bore the blame. He remembers some particulars of a duel, in consequence, with an officious cousin of Chloris, but the affair appeared to him in a philosophical light more than any other; he wounded his adversary severely, and expected to feel a vast deal of horror and remorse for having done so; but he seemed to discover that the anguish of his spirit had seared his con-

science, and made him indifferent to injury.

In regard to this rencontre with the cousin of Chloris, who was also a rival, or seemed to be, I find enough lying by me in the form of letters by and to our hero for the basis of a very perfect romance. I select a few, and leave the rest to romantic imagination.

Letter from Chloris to Yorick.

This is the first time I have written to you—it will probably be the last. I have a favor to request of you, the first I have asked, and which will be the final one, that you will quit this house and find some other lodging. My mother insists upon remaining here. She wishes me to “live down,” as she says, the injury which my reputation has suffered by the accident of night before last, and has persuaded me not to seem to withdraw from society, or to show any coldness to you. She even speaks indifferently of the accident among friends, and makes a jest of it. This is her way. But for me, I feel that my happiness is forever gone. The sight of you fills me with apprehension. While my heart bounds with an agony of solicitude for you, I seem to behold in you an evil being destined to destroy me. Grant me this favor, dear friend, never to see or speak to me again. Banish me from your thoughts, lest, if we accidentally meet, your thoughts should betray us both, when we ought to seem perfectly indifferent to each other. Farewell.

CHLORIS.

Yorick to Chloris.

I received your note an instant ago, my amiable friend, and am inexpressibly grieved by it. Your mother's taste and prudence will certainly save your reputation from injury, and I cannot but approve her plan. But for me, I confess to you, my misery is greater than I can bear. I am hurled this way and that by contending passions. I am ready to destroy myself, and am withheld only by the fear of afflicting you. Do not banish me from your presence. I will conceal every emotion, and put on the appearance of cheerfulness—nay, I will be truly cheerful, if you will assure me of your confidence and trust my discretion.

Vale. Y.

Chloris to Yorick.

Your note, which I have just opened, gives me no comfort. I seem to know your nature better than I can know my own. Your ardent expressions destroy my courage. We must no longer indulge this reckless tenderness. It will destroy us; it will destroy me, whom you profess to regard. I confess I have not strength to resist your written words, much less your presence and voice. Be, then, my friend indeed, and save me from falling by my own weakness.

C.

From the same to the same.

I am informed of the particulars of my cousin's conduct, and from his own expressions am persuaded that he means if possible to take your life. See into what misery we are already plunged by our errors. For me, a reputation undeservedly lost, a father enraged, a mother rendered miserable. For you the hazard of your life, loss of honor to your own name if you are slain, to mine if you triumph. I beseech you leave this place,—and yet my heart is weak, and I could not endure your disgrace. If you fly, all will pronounce you and myself alike guilty. I should be compelled to destroy myself. Stay then, there is no alternative; but if you love me avoid my presence. The sight of you fills me with anguish. You were to blame,—but not you alone. I begin to be a believer in fate, and mine is to perish soon.

Yorick to Chloris.

Your cousin boasted his skill, threatened loudly, and got shot for his pains. Murderer! do you exclaim!—No dearest friend, I am no murderer; he is wounded, but not dangerously. I did not design to injure him, but to defend you. I have forced the coward to retract, and to exculpate you before witnesses. The ball of my rifle struck his shoulder; he fell prone, and lay groveling in the dust, uttering the most contemptible cries, and declaring vehemently that all that he had said against us was false and a fiction of his own. The seconds came forward, and while they supported him in their arms, I forced from him a detailed confession of the lie, on the condition if he refused, of standing another shot. The coward trembled and recanted. He

denied that he had seen us together in the wood, denied all that he had impudently feigned to your father, and said he believed you to be an angel of innocence, and himself a liar accursed. Thus, dear Chloris, I rescued your honor, at the cost of a trifling wound; for I forgot to tell you, the ball of his rifle struck my left arm and disabled it.

I have obeyed your injunctions. My lodging is now at the farm-house by Wills' bridge, where we have so often met. Y.

Chloris to Yorick.

I thank you, my generous friend, for your conduct, and yet in thanking you I have done wrong. Is there no law to protect the innocent? No statute against slander? Unhappy are they whom society compels to be their own avengers. I begin to see that this is a region of barbarians, who only assume the forms of civilization and humanity, while they remain savage and unreclaimed at heart. My father seems to be satisfied with your conduct, but it inspires him at the same time with a stronger determination against our wishes. He forced from me to-day a promise that I should never voluntarily see you again; he avers that no other course will save my reputation or satisfy himself. My cousin recalled his slanders, but who can change opinion? Who will believe that we were innocent, where all are vicious? When we lost our way in the forest, we lost our way indeed.

Yorick to Chloris.

I have seen your father, and explained everything. He is cold and civil, puts me off with conditions, talks about position in life, providing for a family, and what not else. I assure him of my ability and my hopes, point to him my present successes, and talk freely of the future. All will not do. He is resolved to connect himself with riches and fashion, and you are to be the means. I am not a person to his mind; he thinks me predestinated to poverty. By the favor of Heaven, I will one day undeceive him.

Chloris to Yorick.

Farewell. We leave this place to-day. Beware how you pursue us; send me no letters, they will only turn my regard into dislike—dare I say hatred? Could we in one brief moment learn to

love, and not learn hatred as quickly? I say this for your good. And yet nothing has happened. We are both the same. It is duty compels me, and I must hate the person who leads my heart from its duty. I belong to my parents and they shall control me in every particular. Once more, farewell. Forget me as one living, cherish me as one dead,—for so shall I do to yourself.

CHLORIS.

On receiving this letter, Master Yorick hastened to the tavern, in hopes of at least catching sight of his Chloris. She, and her parents, had that morning taken their departure for the city. Without an instant's delay our friend called for his horse, and chiding the sluggish groom, assisted in tightening the girths. In a moment he was on the way, galloping madly down along the loops of a mountain road. Straining every nerve, and urging his good horse with voice and spur, he achieved the next summit, and saw before him, far off, among trees upon the plain, a flash of sunlight reflected from the pannel of a carriage. I will overtake them, thought he, before noon, for they travel slowly, and checking his horse to a moderate pace, he moved cautiously along the rocky descent. Imagine to yourself a plain of almost infinite extent, towards the east, and towards the north and south, removed by a space of thirty leagues, the blue horns of a chain of mountains, tapering mistily into the horizon. Fields of rank grain and rich grass, interrupted by circular patches of forest, and open groves, marked at intervals by the glittering of white cottages, and the wreathing of mists along the crooked courses of rivers—the sun not yet an hour above his rising, making every where vast breadths of light and shadow—beyond all, the sea, a dim, white, line—sapphire clouds strewn amid the sky, and seeming to hang in its depths, slated by the purity of the air—imagine all this, while the burning face of Sol is veiled for the moment by a comely cloud, whose edges are an amethystine embroidery—and now look out of the eyes of our love-intoxicated friend upon this scene, and say whether he sees anything of its splendor, save an occasional glisten of light on the japanned pannel of a lumbering coach; or perceives any beauty in these sapphire clouds that lie scattered over the floor of heaven, like plumes torn from the wings

of angels in their battles against the hosts of Lucifer, more than in the coarse curls of poor Chloris, which he loved the more because his love was enriched with pity for their coarseness?

But see, our horseman has reached the plain, and is about entering a wood, where we shall lose sight of him. On a sudden he checks his horse, and slackening the rein, leans forward over the neck of his mute bearer. A tear drops upon the dust of the road. His frame is wrenched with a deep agony; he shudders, he trembles; he wrings one hand in his hair, and, as if pain had become a pleasure, twists slowly out a tuft of his wiry locks; see! he faints, falls! under the hoofs of his horse, and lies like one dead, with his face toward the heavens! Shall we leave him there to die, poor, friendless wretch? better die, said he, than live comfortless, and with heart void of consolation.

A waggoner passing that way, found our hero lying in the road; the horse standing by him; and, being of a disposition better than his occupation would seem to promise, conveyed both master and steed to the nearest farm-house, where he was presently stripped and put to bed, by the compassionate farmer's wife, to whom he had rendered services in her sickness. The next day, finding himself too weak to travel, he rested, and recognizing the absurdity of his previous conduct, as in attempting to follow Chloris he would only deepen her misery and increase the anger of her parent—a thought which struck him and occasioned the sudden agony at the entrance of the wood—he firmly resolved to give up all thoughts of his mistress, and neither to write to her, nor, if possible, suffer her image to visit his fancy.

Upon disconsolate lovers the common duties of life press with a peculiar and disgusting obtrusiveness. Master Yorick soon found it impossible to continue in the business of his profession, at least in that neighborhood; everywhere the presence of Chloris, like a poet's imagination, had given glory to the grass and splendor to the meanest things. Now her absence took all beauty from the day, and all sweetness from the faces of men. He could not endure the filthy expedients of physic. He abhorred the services he rendered, and despised the wisdom he doled out; but his astonishment was not a little on finding that, with the growth of his disgusts, his favor grew

with the public, and, if he deigned to exhibit a dose, or throw down a shilling's worth of advice, the physic was swallowed as if it were something sacred, and the advice listened to and observed like the dictum of an oracle. In fine, our hero's lovesickness got him the character of a very Solomon; and, as his bearing had become more haughty and careless, as his misery deepened, to say nothing of the reputation of his galantry in the rifle rencounter, which earned him the fear of all contemptible spirits and the admiration of the generous, he pro-

mised fair to be the first man of his county, had he but deigned to improve the popularity so suddenly fallen upon him. Propositions for employments of trust poured in upon him. This man would have him an overseer to his mines, with an adequate salary; another offered him his daughter and a share in the country trade; another begged he would undertake the education of his sons; and not a few made him their arbitrator, as if a sad countenance implied of course a knowledge of the rights of men, and their belongings.

CHAPTER XXVII.

RELIGION.

FORTUNE is the only power which men dare defy and make light of. She hath no heart. Seriousness hath its seat in the passions, and is a distillation from their experiences. If of hate, then is it bitter, tasting of the root; if of love, then is it sweet and delicious; hence, all persons, but especially women, are affected by those whose wisdom is founded in love affairs, and tastes of the sweet spice of amatory passion. Such are your great saints, and eremites, devoted to divine ardor and the contemplation of beatitudes. All the world, men, women, and children, run to hear and see them; there is a sweet fire in their eyes, and a honeyed accent of speech, which carry the heart away, and fill imagination with the most delicious ideas.

Our hero long remained irresolute; for whatever disgust he might entertain for the practice of his profession, he found it difficult to escape the pressing solicitations of the sick, and their friends, who went angrily away from his door, when he declined prescribing for them for the reason, that he had given up the business. Meanwhile he suffered no inconvenience for want of money, though no means as yet appeared to him by which he might arrive at fortune. Betwixt one resolution and another, the summer, the autumn, and the winter passed away, and spring found him still occupied in his loathed employment. Meanwhile his melancholy increased, and began to undermine a constitution naturally strong, but abused and weakened by the excess of feeling. On a sudden, while riding, one cold March morning, through a solitary wood, whose carpet of pine leaves was yet patched with soiled snow, the path rough and dangerous, full of pit-falls,

slides, and sharp stumps, the pines overhead throwing down showers of ice-flakes peeled from their twigs; the sky overcast with muddy gray clouds, and a moist wind setting from the east; the idea struck him that he had never in his life deliberately meditated of his own condition, or of the present or future condition of his soul.

The passion of love had made so grand a breach in the materialism of our friend's intellect, persuading him of the existence of superior and beneficent, as well as of merely evil, or indifferent beings—for in the idea of Chloris, he first saw the possibility of truth and innocence—he lay open almost to the least gust of religious fervor that might blow across his spirit.

Beginning, as his wont was, with a logical dilemma, he reasoned thus:

If there be no eternal future, it matters not how men spend their lives, religiously or otherwise;—if, then, religion is a happiness and a consolation, we may properly indulge it.

But if there be an eternity of rewards and punishments in the next life, it matters much how men spend their lives, religiously or otherwise.

In the one case religion is indifferent; in the other case it is necessary. At all events, therefore, we should be religious for the sake of mere security. Religion is the best policy, he concluded, in view of all chances.

By the same dilemma he reasoned himself into admitting a just Providence; conceding, at least, high probability of its existence.

Of mediation and redemption he could make little, having read no books upon those subjects. But on this, of the heavenly beauty, I have a writing of his

by me, from which the following is an extract :

“ Because beauties are many in number, as of form, sound, grace; the heavens, the earth; the mind and spirit: I seem to know that there is a super-essential beauty worthy of adoration, and from which all the inferior sort are derived and flow. It is this super-essential beauty perceived by the soul, which gives its charm to humanity, and makes it loving and beloved for its own sake. It is sometimes visible in the features of infancy, more frequently in those of youth, but most in those of old age. The poets endeavor to infuse its spirit into poems, and the artists into statues and pictures. It cannot be made to appear by any combination of forms inferior to the human face, and in those only of the noblest quality. This beauty is always apparent in those who possess it—but is also visible only to those who are endued with it. In the faces of apostles, saints, and martyrs, and above all, in that of Christ, it is most evident, and indicates the immediate presence of the Comforter, or Spirit of Divine Love, which, by some ancient writers, has been named the love of the Father for the Son.”

To one who wrote and reasoned in this manner, as I am certain Master Yorick did, though indeed not at the period of which we are now speaking, it is necessary to ascribe an intellect susceptible of religious enthusiasm, and a heart liable to ecstatic emotions.

Now, then, we find him affected by spring heats of passion, engendered by melancholy and moisture, and here reasoning, under a canopy of March mists, on the probabilities of a future state. While thus engaged, he saw before him a traveller, mounted on a lean black horse, which he continually urged forward. His figure was lank and uncouth, enveloped in a rusty brown cloak with a standing collar, and of which the skirts barely covered his knees. His feet were turned outward in an ungainly fashion, and wagged with the motion of the horse. On his head he wore a low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat, apparently of felt, but rusty and dented, from under which his straight black hair hung low, hiding a lean and withered neck. Our hero saw that it was the Methodist preacher, travelling his round; and knowing him to be a man not without sense, and of a companionable temper, he spurred forward and overtook him.

After friendly salutations on both sides, and a wandering talk of some minutes, he turned the conversation into the channel of his present thoughts; and finding the man of prayer not loath, laid before him several of his spiritual perplexities, which the good preacher found of so difficult a character, he rather angrily reproached his companion with a leaning toward Atheism. With a mind of this mettle he had had no dealings, and was thrown off his guard. After a warm exhortation, he proposed to solve everything by an appeal direct, as he said, to the throne, and invited our hero to join him in a short prayer against doubts and evil suggestions. They dismounted, and, having tied their horses to a tree, went upon their knees forthwith, though the ground was wet thereabout; and, what with his moody inclination, and the fervent power of the preacher, our friend found his blood strangely moved, and the spirit come upon him with a fierce, regenerative, power. The struggle of his soul was short, and a smile of hope, shining through tears, lighted up his face. Thou hast wrestled well, brother, said the preacher, and gained a great victory over thyself with the help of grace. Beware of falling therefrom. And they went on their way rejoicing.

For a period of sixty days, or thereabouts, this new passion absorbed him quite, and seemed to banish the inferior sentiments from his soul. He thought he knew divine grace, and had tasted its perfect sweetness, but in all his prayers he remembered the name of Chloris. On the evening of the sixtieth day, being alone, as usual, he re-calculated the probabilities of the existence of Providence, and a future state, and doubted. For probability he wished to discover certainty; but the Absolute refused to make itself known; he remained skeptical. Meanwhile, his passion returned with greater force; for it seemed a condition of his nature to be always intoxicated with some hope. He had heard nothing of Chloris or her parents, and did not so much as know whether she was living or deceased. During a month or more of agonizing suspense, from the moment of the reëappearance of his passion, his frame wasted away, and he became incapable of the least exertion of mind; his business began to fail; he committed great errors through inadvertency, and was suspected of insanity. Perceiving his own situation, he took a sudden res-

olution, sold his stock of physic and his library, and rode off in the direction of the city where the parents of his divinity resided. This befel on the 10th of June. Master Yorick was just then entering his twenty-first year. His whole interest in this world, consisted in a horse,

a change of linen, the clothes he wore, and a few dollars in silver. He regarded himself as a hero and a gentleman, going on his enterprises; others looked upon him as a needy adventurer, seeking his fortune.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE CATASTROPHE.

AN adventurer seeking his fortune, with a foreign face, a mixed accent, coarse clothes, and a bush of neglected beard, he rode into the city, meditating but one thing, to see his Chloris—to speak with her, if it was only for an instant. To win from her a single look of affection, was the height of his expectation; he thought of nothing beyond. As he rode up the principal street of the city, observing that his rustic appearance attracted attention, he turned down a narrow, unfrequented street. The windows on either hand were low, and mostly open, for coolness. As he passed one of the meanest of the houses, walking his horse at a leisurely pace, he looked in at the narrow window, and saw reclining on a miserable sofa, a person who seemed to be the one whom he sought. With an almost breathless expectation he dismounted, and fastening his horse, lifted and let fall the iron knocker of the door, and listened. Presently a light step answered, and his heart assured him that it was her's. She opened the door, and stood before him plainly attired, and very much changed in appearance. Her figure, which had been full to robustness, had become slender and almost frail. Her color, which had been white and red, in a glowing contrast, had faded to a faint, uniform sallowness. The lustre of her eyes had disappeared, and the vivacity of her manner. Only her mouth retained its marvelous mixture of subtlety and sweetness, which Master Yorick has since compared, in his mind's eye, with that of Medusa before the serpents began to start from her head. It expressed a mixture of all passions, harmonized by a serious humor. It was this feature which had at first bewitched our friend, and he instantly felt its power.

Chloris did not at first recognize her lover through his slovenly disguise. He inquired of her, in a somewhat husky voice, whether the persons whom he named occupied this house. He named her parents. She replied that they did

not, but that if he had anything to communicate to them, she would be the messenger. He said he had something to communicate, and they walked together into the parlor, she failing to recognize him in the dimness. He took his seat with his back to the window, and in a disguised voice continued the conversation, trusting her near-sightedness to conceal him. Pretending an interest in her father's affairs, he learned that he had become a bankrupt and lay in the debtor's prison; with enough other particulars to explain the present humble condition of his mistress. All this passed in an instant. He rose to depart, but thought he saw a change in her expression. It was slight, almost imperceptible; she came forward, and put her hand in his. They sat down together upon the sofa, and Chloris leaned her head upon his shoulder, and for some moments gave free course to her tears. After these two friends had expressed their tenderness, and conversed long by those sweet signs which are understood only in the mysterious fellowship of love, Yorick expressed his sorrow for her father's misfortunes, and her own change of circumstances. Not for myself, she answered, but for him, and for my mother. I assure you I am happier in poverty than in wealth, and now, I think, nearer heaven, she added, with a penetrating smile, that pierced to the marrow of his bones. It was the second time he had seen this terrible smile; once, when, walking with her alone, he spoke of the happiness that lay before them, and of the honor and riches he meant to acquire for her sake. On that occasion it gave him the same sensations, and he said to himself, this girl is no woman, but a Nemesis; she fills me with terror and with doubt.

The conversation was continued. He renewed his hopes—said he was certain of the future, and urged her to put entire trust in him. No, she answered, withdrawing her hand from his, and pointing

to her cheek, I have but a week to live; you may save me, if you can, but I feel that my days are numbered to the seventh, and no farther.

This announcement struck our friend with amazement, as it well might. Suspecting the condition of her mind, he proceeded cautiously to inquire out every particular. She had retired to this house, leaving her mother in the country; for she had not had courage to communicate her convictions to either parent. The house was inhabited by a female cousin, who provided everything necessary, out of pity for her destitute condition. Under pretence of visiting, she had come here to die.

He endeavored to ascertain the symptoms and history of her disease, but, through an excessive modesty, she concealed so much, he could not arrive at a perfect diagnosis of her state, and consequently knew not precisely what course to adopt.

He proposed to her to consult the most noted practitioners. She refused, preferring death to exposure, and refusing to put confidence in their prescriptions. She had conceived a high opinion of our friend's medical knowledge, and would have no other aid than his. Loaded with this responsibility, and without confidence in his own skill, he went instantly to a celebrated practitioner, and gave him his diagnosis of the disease, imperfect as it was. The savan recommended bread pills and low diet. Some whom he advised with, insisted on seeing the patient; others would have her bled. None seemed to be worthy of confidence. He returned, full of anguish, and in lieu of right treatment, would have applied the usual routine. She seemed to understand his hesitation. I perceive, said she, that you love me too well to help me. It is no matter; my time has come. I shall die on Saturday, soon after midnight; and lest you think me insane, or guilty of self-murder, I assure you the disease is periodic, and has very nearly destroyed me at two several times. I was then in full health; now I am feeble, and have the seeds of decline; I know the symptoms, and they are unfailing. Three days of agonizing uncertainty were already elapsed. It was necessary to come to a decision. He again investigated the case, consulted books in the public libraries, talked with some who seemed to have a knowledge of the disease, and at length fixed upon a course. She submit-

ted to everything, and became like a child in his hands. His hopes rose with her acquiescence. He even ventured upon his task with the assurance of an old practitioner, and with the help of the female cousin, effected all that seemed to be necessary. O, my friend Yorick, those were dark days for thee; when every act of thine carried in it the value of a life! Then didst thou think much and pray little.

The better to carry out his plan, he took a lodging close at hand, and remained with his Chloris through the greater part of the day and night. She forbade him to send word of her condition to her friends, and denied herself to all but her cousin and himself. I have but a little time to live, she would say; let us be content with each other. No one can help me, if you cannot.

All his endeavors to persuade her to send for her mother proved to be useless. She will persecute me with her favorite doctor, was the reply; I would rather die by the hand of my Maker than by medicine. He then urged the impiety of such neglect, and the duty one owes to a parent. She answered that her mother's temper, which was perfectly worldly, would only unfit her for the moments of death. She wished at least to die free and undisturbed. He then offered to call a clergyman of her own church. I am of no church, she answered, but the one church of which all should be members: you can read and pray with me. To this he objected the inefficiency of prayers made by a person not qualified.

Though the room was darkened, he could perceive that on hearing this, she smiled faintly. Cousin, said she, turning to her friend who sat upon the other side of the bed, will you witness the laying on of hands; God has given me strength to impart his spirit to this person. So saying, she rose up in the bed, to which she had that day retired;—it was the seventh from the date of her prediction, and was near midnight; and bidding him kneel beside her, she laid her fair hands upon the crown of the head of her true lover, which even now burns with a soft fire at the recollection, and in brief phrase solicited the grace of the Inspirer upon him and upon herself. Her words, as nearly as he remembers, were as follows:

“Holy One! thou who art in all the spirit of love and of union; Comforter, the soul of the universal church; whom I feel within me; despise not the prayer

of one who is now neither man nor woman, but a vessel of truth; descend upon this person; be communicated to him, that he be henceforth devoted, and sanctified eternally, to thy purposes."

The fires of a sacred madness shone in her eyes: her features glowed with the inspiration of a prophet. She bade him read to her from the book of Revelations, and listening, expounded the meaning, verse by verse. Her exposition resembled that of Swedenborg and Behmen; and Master Yorick then remembered that she had once been conversant with those writers, and had entered deep into the spirit of the New Jerusalem Church. All was now accounted for.

About midnight she became quiet, and talked mildly and rationally; seemed even to regret that she had not seen her mother; spoke of death as the entrance of the soul into a spiritual condition, in which it would be in close communion with the souls of the good, both in and out of the body. She sat up in the bed, supported by pillows, and with her eyes closed, but seemed to see everything as usual, though the candle had been placed behind a shutter, which made the room almost dark. She heard voices in the next house and in the street, which were inaudible to others. At about one o'clock she took the hand of her lover, and pressed it gently in her own. Now, said she, I perceive your thoughts, and they are selfish and unworthy of yourself. You are thinking how you shall answer to my mother for not sending for her. Let that matter rest: my mother is at this moment playing cards with a young officer who affects her. My father will die within a month, and then my mother and the officer will marry, and go to England. Their love is not like ours, said she, smiling: we are true heavenly lovers. Then, after a pause—My mother has no affection for me, because she knows of my secret adherence to the New Jerusalem Church; she will not lament my death now, but some years hence I shall visit her; we are similar souls in some features, but she was contaminated by bad company; the good spirits deserted her.

Her cousin at that instant left the room. She is a good girl, said she, but has no insight; her heart is blind. I can see with my heart better than with my intellect. She then remained silent for several minutes, and seemed to be much

agitated. Do you see, said she, any white object at the foot of the bed? Her companion replied that he did not. My mother, said she, is sitting there, looking at you. She speaks—now she is gone—now there are several persons, (and she named several whom he did not know,) and now they are gone.

Soon after, with an impulse of affection, he leaned over and kissed her forehead, which was cold to the touch. She did not seem to observe it, but said presently, You have a good heart, but are easily deceived; you are the slave of delusion, and the sport of evil spirits; but after this separation I will visit you often, and protect you from them. Will you entertain me? In a voice stifled with sorrow, he replied that nothing should ever separate her image from his soul. Ah! said she, you have imagination, but lack faith: I fear that your want of faith will separate us hereafter; spirits become present to each other through faith alone.

At one o'clock a moisture bedewed her hands; her companion observed it, and wiped them dry. She seemed then to have been asleep, and started up with her eyes half open and fixed. Mary, said she to her cousin, the room is full of spirits. Do you see them? The other, overcome with terror, replied in the negative. Why do you fear? said the enthusiast; here is an angel with purple wings sitting just by you upon the foot of the bed; he is talking with me, and other spirits in me talk to him. At this moment her eyes became bright and wide, and seemed to be phosphorescent. She sighed deeply, cried out once or twice, and made an effort to rise. Master Yorick sprang forward to support her, she embraced him, leaned her head upon his shoulder, and in that attitude expired. * * * * *

While I write, my friends are waiting for me below, but I am in no fit mood to meet them—a frame trembling with emotion, a face blubbered with weeping, and all the signs of passionate regret—I must hide myself a while.

The joy of others is bitterness to me, the passions of others dull to me;—I underrate all losses when compared with my own;—I am poor in the midst of affluence, melancholy in the midst of pleasure, sick at soul when the body is full of strength.

There is no consolation in love, or in any passion. Nothing consoles me but

the Eternal. We must know and suffer, but this is only the seed of our salvation:—our heaven lies above all storms—even the pulses of the sunlight cannot penetrate there;—

When I consider the structure of the world, the motions of the spheres, and their harmony;—Space filled with ethereal principles emanating from their atomic centres, and by an idea, creating this vision which we name world,—looking before and after,—or, by another reach of intellect, when I contemplate the system of life created upon matter, and made visible and active through it,—vegetable growth, the instincts, powers, the passions, self, cunning, understanding, by which grains of organic dust are put in connection with all time and all space, and intimately with each other; my soul yet remains unsatisfied, and longs for a profounder sentiment of truth. In search of this universal solvent of doubts, of this philosopher's stone, and keystone of all knowledge, have I not conversed, and meditated, and studied much, and with small results?—I tell thee, friend Pantologus, notwithstanding all thy sciences, thou hast not found out.

Thy studies are but addenda to the Anatomy of Melancholy. “As a good housewife out of divers fleeces weaves one piece of cloth, a bee gathers wax and honey out of many flowers, and makes a new bundle of all,

Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant,” so hast thou laboriously but ineffectually collected out of all knowledges the narrow, the pith, the honey, the thread, the true substance. “Thou hast wronged no man, but given each his own, the matter is theirs and yet thine,—it is apparent whence it came, yet as nature doth with food, so dost thou assimilate and incorporate their collections and discoveries, composing thy Pantologium—thy true body of knowledge, reaching from

the atoms and grains of matter through all the stages, even to man himself and his works;—though I have faithfully perused this, and in part thy authorities, I have found in thee knowledge indeed, but not consolation. Thou art the physician of my intellect, but not of my soul.

Nay, I have fault to find with thee for leading me astray, and debauching me with thy crudities and subtleties. To what am I indebted for these irregularities and Slawkenbergian divergences, which deface my work, mislead my reader, and fill me with after-discontent, but to thy foul example? In the language of my melancholy friend, “for those other faults of barbarism, Doric dialect, extemporanean style, tautologies, apish imitations,” (as of Rabelais, Sterne, Cervantes, Apulcius, Lucian, &c., &c., with a tribe of melancholy wits, who have infected me,) a rhapsody of incoherencies, “toys and fopperies confusedly tumbled out, without art, invention, judgment, wit, learning;—harsh, raw, rude, phantastical, absurd, *insolent*,” (instance that impertinent Pickelherring argument) “*indiscrete*,” (as in that gross eulogism of the divine Slawkenberg,) “*illcomposed*,” (as in the work generally,) “undigested, vain, *scurrile*,” (witness chapter xii.—my account of the Long Noses, and of the monster in Luckyloosa, a symbol which few can decipher,) “dull, and dry; I confess all, (’tis partly affected)”—Yet, I say, in conclusion, “*thou canst not think worse of me than I do of myself*.” And thus I conclude my story and my comment. Will you go with me to the wedding? Egeria and Clementine are to be married this evening in the village church, over there among the hills. Come, we shall have an hour's enjoyment, at least. I am master of all ceremonies, in virtue of my gravity, which is unconquerable.

A WORD OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

OH, think on life, with eager hope,
To gain the good, the true!
Find out thy spirit's proper scope,
Then steel thyself, and do.

Let nothing sway thee from thy task,
When once thy foot is braced;
Disdain deceit's convenient mask,
Virtue is open-faced.

And though a host against thee ride,
Be calm, courageous, strong;
To right, a friend unterrified;
A sturdy foe to wrong.

Strike for the holy cause of Truth,
For freedom, love, and light;
Strike, with the heart and hope of youth,
The blows of manhood's might.

Perchance, 'mid conflict thou may'st fall,—
What matter? 'To thy rest!
God's voice thy faithful soul doth call,
Thou art his welcome guest!

And from thy peaceful home on high,
Thou'lt see the cause march on—
The cause of right can never die,
While God and 'Truth are one.

EMERSON'S POEMS.*

THE aims of poetry being equally pleasure and instruction; but first pleasure, for if this condition is unfulfilled the form becomes rather an obstacle than a medium; we, (the reader, not the critic,) require that a certain propriety and regularity shall inspire the form and the measure of verses; that the line be full, sounding, and of a free construction, not feeble, harsh, or cramped. The accents and pauses must fall agreeably, and the sense follow easily along the line, rather helped than impeded by it. If these conditions are not fulfilled we lay the work aside with indifference, or with a feeling of dislike.

In prose, on the other hand, we seldom seek no pleasure in the form, but look to the substance; and if the writer, failing in his subject, seeks to deceive us with a monotonous, rhetorical, or false metrical movement, we are as quickly wearied or disgusted. As our perceptions are more universal and refined, these conditions become more essential, and the absence of them occasions a more lively dissatisfaction. If the matter is good, or merely extraordinary, we may easily neglect or overcome our repugnance, and read a bad writer to be possessed of good matter: but in such case we concede nothing to the writer but fair intentions, which are at best a weak substitute for good works. The design is well enough, but the work inferior; it serves a purpose of utility, but must presently give way to something better; and in making a choice we very readily prefer a present pleasure before a contingent good—a handsome lie to a homely truth.

But what shall be said of a writer who neglects to please his reader, at the same instant that he assaults his virtue?

We said that it was an absolute condition of poetry that it should give pleasure by its form; but if our own experience may be admitted as valid,—and whose shall guide us if not our own?—poetry, to give pleasure, must have a form, internally as well as externally beautiful, else we concede it no praise. It must discover the character of the poet as in itself excellent, or at least acquainted with excellence.

As the refinements of human society are but the exhibition of human honor

and courtesy, presiding over all and turning all to their proper expression, so we are compelled to think of poetry, that the poet prefers it only as a more acceptable medium of generous and courteous sentiments.

He does not merely harmonize his loves and griefs, warbling tenderly or fiercely, like a bird, but rather, as in tragedy, endeavors to express the controlling principles, the laws and consolations of the passions, that he may secure himself a more perfect title to the name of man.

Supposing our conditions to be just, it were still unjust to abuse or vituperate any person who writes with honest intentions, for showing himself unable to fulfil his own design. What is weak or imperfect, the reader lays aside with an emotion perhaps of pity; but if he meets with a writing which offers a didactic front, and puts itself in a position of authority, with a power of attraction, he reads with attention the expressions which seem to insult or to console him.

Whatever would be likely to insult him, in the personal bearing of the author, will have the same effect in an inferior degree through his writings. Whatever sweetness, justness, or modesty delighted him in the man, will please him in the author; but here we suppose, first, that the author is so far skillful as to be at least able to put *himself* into words: he must be educated, and a master of words, to entitle himself to a trial by the moral test. He must be able to throw his own ideas of vice and virtue into the mind of the reader.

This will all doubtless be conceded by the intelligent reader and critic, who will only remark, that something is demanded also on the reader's part; if the author brings meanings, I must find brains to comprehend them. Thus, when the poet begins his poem with a declaration, that

“The sense of the world is short,”

which is the first line of a piece of six lines, entitled “Eros,” in this volume of Mr. Emerson's Poems, I simply regret my inability to understand him. The words are good English; the construction grammatical, and the meaning, doubt-

less, profound: I, only, am to blame, for missing it. The first rule of interpretation, however, is to read on.

"The sense of the world is short;
Long and various the report,
To love and be beloved:
Men and gods have not outlearned it,
And, how oft soe'er they've turned it,
'Tis not to be improved.

It is as difficult to conceive of a "short sense," as of a long report—unless we think of short-sightedness or treasury report. Yet the author undoubtedly had a design in forcing the words into these connections. He wished to add new phrases to the language. Upon a rather tedious investigation, we seem to know his meaning; he informs us that love is an ultimate fact of nature, and has no explanation; which no man will deny,—but against this modern association of men and gods, as if they were persons of the same category, and against the comparison of their joint experience in love matters to the turning of a coat, which was not improved by the turning, having, indeed, been very frequently turned, it seems proper to enter a modest protest. "The gods" are just now quite extinct, and need not be respectfully alluded to in any poems that are not imitations of the classics, under which head the stanza just quoted does not fall. The title of this stanza also attracts our attention. Eros, is the Greek word for Love. Seeing the name of the passion in good Greek, we look for some delicate or powerful expression of it in the Greek manner; but this was not the object of our poet; he sought rather by this assemblage of obscurities and uncouth phrases, and, perhaps, even by the comparison of amatory experience, to the turning of a coat, to impress us in a mystical manner, with the difficulty and obscurity of Eros itself, the whole being to say, that we know nothing of that passion. On the whole, this very empty and creaking little stanza, though it give neither pleasure nor instruction, must be regarded as a masterpiece of art; and its faults, doubtless voluntarily exposed, like the rags of penitents, serve to symbolize the philosophical humility of the spirit which conceived it.

Looking farther, guided by the titles of the pieces of these poems, which are all of a very mystical sound, as for example, "The Visit," "The Problem," "Guy," "Woodnotes," "Monadnuc," "Astræa," "Good Bye," "The Sphinx,"

"Uriel," we allow our fancy to be swayed by the last, as it is the prettiest, indeed, very pretty. "Uriel," is an octosyllabic poem, of some sixty lines, containing a mystical anecdote of that very impudent young angel:

"It fell in the ancient periods
Which the brooding soul surveys,
Or ever the wild Time coined itself
Into calendar months and days."

The reader will not fail to observe this pretty epithet of 'wild,' applied to the venerable Saturn, the ancient time; or the neat mechanical comparison of that gray-haired deity 'minting' and stamping *himself*,

"Into calendar months and days."

Which makes him also the inventor of the calendar, as distinguished from natural months and days; to which arrangement astronomers might pedantically object, claiming the calendar for their own invention; but the whole world, and Saturn himself, have agreed, that poets need not be astronomers, or have better notions of Time than they have of money.

"This," continues the poem, "was the lapse of Uriel," whom *Said*—that is the perfect participle of the verb to say—overheard talking among the younger deities, who in a treasonable manner,

"discussed

Laws of form and metre just—

a conversation at which it might have been profitable to be present;—when

One, with low tones that decide,
And doubt and reverend use defied—

that is to say, which do *now* decide and *at that time* defied—an instance of what may be termed breadth, or, in a more immediate sense, agility, of expression, which overleaps all obstacles of grammar, and pays a grand compliment to the reader's penetration,—this same Uriel,

"With a look that solved the sphere,"—mark—he was a divine kind of geometer, who could square the circle, with a look,

"And stirred the devils every where."

The devils appear simmering in hell, and Uriel stirs them up with a beam of his eye, as with a rod of bright glass,

"Gave his sentiment divine
Against the being of a line;"

that is to say, he denied that there were

any real lines or boundaries, but that all lines or boundaries being negations, are nought;—which being an excessively true proposition, we enter fully into the merit of this grand way of enunciating it. Observe the singularly ideal and mystical character of this passage. Here we have the perfect participle *Said*, walking by itself, or himself. The perfect participle overhears the young gods in a metaphysical debate. Uriel, with an air of hauteur not unworthy of a Kepler-d'Israeli, if such a creature were possible, pronounces against the existence of mathematical negations, all the while squaring the circle with his eye; in such a fashion the very devils, simmering in the pit of Tophet, are stirred up by it.

“As Uriel spoke with piercing eye
A shudder ran through all the sky.”

He, it must be observed, not only squares the circle and stirs up Tophet with ‘his eye,’ (he seems to have but one,) but actually *speaks* with it in a piercing manner.

“Line in nature is not found;
Unit and universe are round;
In vain produced, all rays return,
Evil will bless and ice will burn.”

These astonishing propositions, which might well stir up the pit of this world's theater, he delivers with ‘his piercing eye;’ by nods and winks doubtless of the most complicated significance. He informs his friends in a deep voice, like a general officer's—that ‘*line*,’ that is to say, the abstract of all kinds of lines, is a substance not to be found in nature,—he then adds that *units* are round;—meaning of course to except those which are square or of other figures;—that all rays are produced in vain, having to return whence they were produced, like the money of the usurer, lent in vain, since it must return to his pocket;—and lastly, that evil, or that which does not bless, does nevertheless bless, and *vice versa*. When Master Uriel delivers himself in this style, “a shudder runs through all the sky,” as it well might, seeing that all things seemed, in danger of being turned up, and set upon their heads.

“Strong Hades could not keep his own,
But slid all to confusion,”

just because of this speech of Uriel's, who for his part profited little; for

“A sad self-knowledge withering fell
On the beauty of Uriel.”

Which line requires to be read,

On' the beautee of You-rye-ell.

It seemed that by his valuable mathematical discovery of the nonentity of lines, and his chemical one of the hot character of ice, he unfortunately calls down upon himself a withering self-knowledge; he retires from society, and indulges his metaphysical spleen apart. Meanwhile, the angels, who are no great lovers of science on their part, forget the propositions of Uriel, but are occasionally reminded of them, much to their own discontent on observing the

Speeding change of water,
or the fact

Of good from evil born,—
on which occasions, a blush

“tinged the upper sky
And the gods shook, they knew not why.”

Of Perfect Participle's opinion of the treason, or of what action he took, we are not informed, but only that he overheard it; which has its value, as a piece of information at least.

In a spirit of profound reverence, inspired by the study of our poet's “Eros” and “Uriel,” we again open the volume, and fall upon this lot—“Hermione”—beginning,

“On a mound an Arab lay,—

which Arab, it seems, affected this Hermione. The name being Greek, we conclude the lady to have been so; but this particular is left to the imagination of the reader. Of the Arab himself, who lay in this manner on a mound, the story runs thus, that having been a hermit in the schools of Bassora—

“In old Bassora's schools, I seemed
Hermit vowed to books and gloom—
Ill bestead for gay bridegroom”—

he sees this Hermione, and on a sudden

“was by her touch redeemed.”

“When thy meteor glances came,
We talked at large of worldly fate,
And drew truly every trait.”

The comparison of meteors, though forcible, will not perhaps satisfy the fastidious, nor the uncertainty hanging over the word “trait,” with the question, trait of what?—but here, too, Wordsworth's admirable theory comes in aid of the poet, that if *he* finds words, the reader

must find meanings to them, and the loftier the meanings, the better will the verses appear; which shows how absolutely the quality of verse depends upon the imagination and taste of the reader. At some future age, highly as we appreciate our poet, who knows but a prevailing ignorance and gross common-sensicalness may sink his works into oblivion, their deep subtleties being all in vain.

Before quitting this part of the poem, we would recommend the reader to notice the artistical effect of the omission of *a*, indefinite article, before *hermit*, in the second line. It intensifies and generalizes the word. He seemed not only to be *a* hermit, but *hermit* in general—the very substance or notion of hermit, so very eremitish was his look.

The poem opens very prettily—

“On a mound an Arab lay,
And sung his sweet regrets—
And told his amulets;
The summer bird
His sorrow heard,
And when he heaved a sigh profound,
The sympathetic swallow swept the ground.”

Why on a mound? Was this mound a green or a dry, a low or a high one? What is the summer bird? and what kind is the sympathetic swallow?—are these two one? To one only of which we reply—that as the action of “sweeping the ground” in a swallow, is for the purpose of catching flies or grasshoppers, we must conclude the fly-catching instinct of the swallow, supposed also to be identical with “the summer bird,” to be in secret sympathy with the sighing or gaping propensities of our Arab; not that analogy leads, therefore, to conclude that both the parties in sympathy were at fly-catching—which would be to consider too curiously—but only that as one eased his desire by gaping or sighing, the other gratified it by swooping a grasshopper—an analogy which discovers, also, the deep philosophy hidden in the image of this sympathy.

The second verse is as harmonious as the first, and contains a depth of original remark really extraordinary—

“If it be, as they said, she was not fair,
Beauty’s not beautiful to me,
But sceptred genius aye inorbed
Culminating in her sphere.”

Here is a strong example of the use of the conditional:—*If* she was not

beautiful, says the bard, rather doggedly, *then* beauty is not beautiful to me—an instance of the strongest kind of conditioning: as if one should say, If such an one’s verses are not stiff and barren, then stiffness and barrenness are not stiff and barren; or, if he is not a poetaster, a poetaster is not a poetaster; or, in common-sense language, and to save logic, you and I have different names for the same thing, and what you call beauty, I call ugliness; what you call works of genius, I call barren *concerti*. Then continuing, he says: It is not beauty that I call beautiful, but genius always inorbed, complete and rounded, and culminating, or at her summit; this is what I call beautiful. Handsome is that handsome does, in the adage—or, in our poet’s sense, that handsome thinks: from all of which we conclude that this same Hermione was no beauty, but a very great wit and genius, like Madame George Sand; and our hero, the Arab, thought proper to argue this point with himself, whether he had not a right to consider her handsome, on behalf of her genius and wit, notwithstanding all that might be hinted by short-sighted persons of no wit or genius to the contrary. In the next verse he compares her to a kind of spiritual sponge, or to the god Brem of the Hindoos.

“This Hermione *absorbed*
The lustre of the land and ocean,
Hills and islands, clouds and tree
In her form and motion.”

This Hermione is here plainly distinguished from *that other* Hermione, which is a very neat and modern distinction. Wordsworth has the same thought in his “Lucy,” that is expressed in regard to *this particular* Hermione, whom, once for all, the reader is desired not to confuse with that other.

“The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willow bend;
Nor shall she fail to see,
Even in the motions of the storm,
Grace that shall mould the maiden’s form
By silent sympathy.

“The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place,
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty, born of murmuring sound,
Shall pass into her face.”

Here we do not find the image of a sponge, but merely a description of a natural effect of melody and visible beau-

ty in softening the expression of the human features. Our author not only imitates Wordsworth and most other poets, but far excels them in their own peculiarities. Thus in the next verse who but Dr. Donne appears in exaggerated outline—Donne more Donneish than Donne, or as one might say, over-Donne.

“I ask no bauble miniature,
Nor ringlets dead,
Shorn from her comely head,
Now that morning not disdains
Mountains and the misty plains
Her colossal portraiture;
They her heralds be,
Steeped in her quality,
And singers of her fame
Who is their muse and dame.”

Having a colossal picture of her depicted by the hills and plains, though in what fashion none but a Swedenborgian may conceive, he asks no miniature nor lock of hair. But the plains and mountains that were just now her picture, are suddenly become her heralds, and are also in some mysterious manner steeped or soaked in the quality, or in a kind of “essence of Hermione,” which essence she has previously “absorbed” from land and ocean, and now squeezes out upon the hills and mountains at the instant of their transformation from a picture into a company of heralds, singing her praises. In some Asiatic poets, we have hills skipping and clapping their hands in honor of the Being who made them; but here they execute much more remarkable vagaries, in honor of a certain homely Greek woman, who seems to have eloped with a Syrian of bad reputation, and in their mountainous folly these deluded eminences mistake her for a tenth muse.

By these figures, it seems, the very swallows were astounded; and our Arab pathetically solicits them ‘not to mind him,’ but to fly a little higher out of hearing—

“Higher, dear swallows, mind not what I
say;
Ah! heedless how the weak are strong,
Say, was it just,
In thee to frame, in me to trust,
Thou to the Syrian couldst belong?”

which being addressed entirely to Hermione, and very properly made incomprehensible to us, it would be unfair in this connection to adduce Aristotle’s rather illiberal remark, that the first virtue of a good style is perspicuity.

The sixth verse of this poem is in no particular inferior to the others.

“Once I dwelt apart,
Now I live with all;
As a shepherd’s lamp on far hill-side
Seems, by the traveller espied,
A door into the mountain heart,
So didst thou quarry and unlock
Highways for me through the rock.”

As a shepherd’s lamp *seems* a door, so didst thou quarry a door; by which conjunction, *seems*, is made a very active verb, and to *seem* a door means the same as to hew out a door. But *this* Hermione not only quarries doors through the rocks, but unlocks them after they are quarried—

“So didst thou quarry *and* unlock,” &c.—which shows her very worthy of his confidence. She not only made the doors for him expressly but also unlocked them. Nevertheless, he adds:

“Now, deceived thou wanderest
In strange lands unblest;
And my kindred come to sooth me.”

Now the kindred of ordinary mortals are his cousins, uncles, aunts, parents, children, &c.—but this mysterious Arab informs us that

“South wind is my next of blood,
He is come through fragrant wood,” &c.

“And in every twinkling glade,
And twilight nook,
Unveils thy form,” &c.

expressions which lead to a suspicion of the sanity of our Arab friend, who calls the south wind his next of kin, and personifies him as a kind of amiable Sir Pandarus in the same breath.

Then come all the genera of nature,

“River and rose and crag and bird,
Frost and sun and eldest night,”

bringing consolation to our disconsolate Arab. Their catalogue, though it be an enumeration of genera without their definite articles, is in no sense a classification; poets being exempted from the forms of science, by the same judgment that acquits them of logic and grammar; but none more than these same profound or mystical poets, who see no shame in comparing true love to the joint of a pair of compasses, and will easily straddle over the widest analogy, and compare a god to a goose, or the silence of

eternity to the stupor of an idiot, with the greatest indifference, and without the least sense of the absurd.

The genera of nature assemble about our Arab, and bid him console himself for the absence of his love; that he and she so closely resemble each other, they will be always doing the same things:

“Deed thou doest she must do;”

hinting that perhaps, after a'l was said, he might find her in himself, or in nature; that she in her turn should find him in waterfalls and woods; that he had better give up the intention of following her steps in distant regions, and be content with this ideal intercourse of souls in nature; to which, if Hermione herself acceded, and would as soon find her Arab in “wood and water, stubble and stone,” we give her credit for more philosophy than affection.

And with this recommendation of the elements, our Arab seems to have been satisfied, for we hear no more of him. If the reader has not yet penetrated the meaning of the poem, we venture to suggest that it is intended for a kind of esthetic consolation to ideally disposed young men and women, unsuccessful in love; and as it happens for the most that such persons are well disposed to console themselves with the flatulent diet of metaphysics, this production is likely to be of eminent service; nor will any but the most ill-favored and utterly inhumane quote against it that saying of scripture, “If my son ask bread, shall I give him a stone?” or exclaim with Socrates, Rocks and trees teach me nothing, therefore I keep the company of men!” For be it known to these hard-hearted persons, the best substitute for the passion of love itself, is the passion of self-love, and that is most successfully cultivated by a resort to rural solitudes, where the studious mind sees only its own image in the forms of nature, and is seldom offended by the insults of a laughing world.

In this truly precious and inexhaustible volume, written by the author, not in his sleep, I fancy, but in moods of wayward genius, casting off the fetters of rhyme, metre, logic, grammar, and science, and with a grand scorn trifling with very Deity itself, in its great fits, drunken with the wine of the spirit, and like some oracle, uttering verses more ruder than Rhunic rhymes, and shriller and more incoherent than what he himself has

elsewhere styled the screams of the prophets, but, like those screams, and oracular sentences, precious for depth of meaning.

There begins to be needed in anthropology a division of a class of spiritual epicures. We have epicures of all the inferior desires, but none recognized for the superior. Yet there are certainly epicures of praise, and epicures of pride, inventors and tasters of the most delicate flatteries, who make the pleasure and glow of these tastes the whole aim and purpose of their existence. We need not now enter into a psychological inquiry concerning the nature and causes of these kinds of epicurism; but supposing them to be well known and distinguished, let us suppose a perfect analogy existing between their several degrees.

The epicure of foods and drinks is not gluttonous or indelicate in his meats and wines; on the contrary, nothing can be imagined more elegant and even philosophical. Your ideal epicure lives to eat, but he lives with an air. He exercises to eat, rides to eat, travels, sleeps, thinks, converses, philosophizes, is social, hospitable—nay, prays, and is religious—that he may live, and live to eat. Eating he lives, and eating he will die; but in a gentlemanly—if possible, in a Christian fashion. This is your sensuous epicure.

A step higher brings us to your epicures of intellect and passion, who live to fight, to argue, to dream, to make friendships, to ride hobbies;—their field is wide and well investigated. Come we now to the spiritual.

These are they who sip daily with an epicurean relish the pure wines of egotism. To quarrel with this species of epicurism, or abuse those who enjoy it, would be a proof of indiscretion which we shall not be the first to give; our desire is not to destroy, nor even to remove, the species, but simply to have its place assigned in the scientific museum of human nature, with the proper labels and descriptions.

Far from despising or affecting stoically to contemn this species of epicurism, may we not rather admit it among the more exalted recreations or relaxations of the soul, to be sometimes curious in its own felicities. Vanity is an intolerable fault, but no man breaks his own looking-glass. There is amusement, experience, and pleasure even in vanity, and if the heart receives no evil

taint from it, why should we too bitterly despise it! Let us say the same of this metaphysical or mystical egotism, that in the young and enthusiastic it is at worst an epicurism, indulged like dandyism, for a year and a day, and thrown by with the accession of seriousness. Or, to be more liberal, if our neighbor fancies a fine horse or a bit of dress, frequents the opera or the camp-meeting, why quarrel with these harmless excitements? He will repent of them, if I let him alone; if I persecute, he will seriously adopt them.

We mean not, therefore, to persecute this species of epicurism, or to pelt it with the common-places of morality; nay, our intention is the reverse, namely, to show it up, and give it all praise possible. It is innocent;—it does not appear before the world, clad in logic or the facts of the past; it is unscientific; it is not satirical, bitter, devilish, or curiously insinuating and ingenious;—it comes with no dangerous array of maxims or precedents, the authority of the States, the church, or the worthies;—it hurts no man, is able to hurt none;—he were a brute that would abuse it. Its defiance are even like the threatenings of two men seated upon opposite mountain-summits, a breath, and nothing more. It asks only to be let alone; it triumphs in solitude; it is in love with itself; but to others, discovers neither hatred nor love. Its maxims are passive, though it seems even to set all at defiance. It lies in wait for the kingdom of heaven; and what others get by strife, it will have by a strategem of pride. "To him who waits long enough, all things come in their turn;" but above all things, this epicurism forbids tumult, and angling for bliss in troubled waters.

Seek not the spirit of it hide,
Inexorable to thy zeal;
Baby, do not whine and chide,
Art thou not also real?

Here the mood changes suddenly, and the oat proceeds thus:

"Why shouldst thou stoop to poor excuse?
Turn on the accuser roundly; say,
Here am I, here will I remain
For ever to myself sooth fast;
Go thou, sweet Heaven, or at thy pleasure
stay!
Already Heaven with thee its lot has cast,
For only it can absolutely deal."

Which seems to be treating Heaven very nearly like a jilt, who follows most when least desired; and contrary to that saying of Christ, "knock and it shall be opened unto you," and other of the school of Christian humility. When Heaven accuses us, you are to turn upon it with a quiet scorn of excuse, and declare you have no need of it; upon which Heaven will immediately "come in," and be your friend. Now let the faithful cry out, if they please, "God deliver us from such a heaven!"—they can never understand this matter, they are the children of humility, but now we are conversing of spiritual epicurism, which is a very different matter.

Here, then, we have it, in this piece, entitled "Bacchus," an imitation of the Persian mystic, Hafiz.

"Bring me wine, but wine which never
grew,
In the belly of the grape, * * *

* * *

Wine which music is,—
Music and wine are one,
That I, drinking this,
Shall hear far Chaos talk with me;
Kings unbron shall walk with me,
And the poor grass shall plot and plan
What it will do when it is man.
Quickened so, will I unlock
Every crypt of every rock."

And in this poem, headed,

THE DAY'S RATION:

"When I was born,
From all the seas of strength fate filled a
chalice,
Saying, 'This be thy portion, child; this
chalice,
Less than a lily, thou shalt daily draw
From my great arteries,—nor less, nor
more,'
All substances the cunning chemist Time
Melts down into that liquor of my life,—
Friends, foes, joys, fortunes, beauty and
disgust."

He then complains, that this liquor of life-love, which is also the wine of the spirit, and the "music" quoted above, is but too easily exhausted by any excitement:

"If a new muse draw me with splendid
ray,
And I uplift myself into its heaven,
The needs of the first sight absorb my
blood,
And all the following hours of the day
Drag a ridiculous age," &c.

Then follows an argument for regarding this one sip from the epicurean chalice, as sufficient:—

“Why need I volumes, if one word suffice?
Why need I galleries, when a pupil's draught,
After the master's sketch, fills and o'erfills
My apprehension? why seek Italy,
Who cannot circumnavigate the sea
Of thoughts and things at home, but still adjourn
The nearest matter for a thousand days.”

This admirable description of the spiritual epicure, shall suffice us for an instance. He begins with an estimate of the quantity of the spiritual liquor given for each day. If he drinks it all at once, he has bibbed his cup, and all is over for that twenty-four hours. But he cannot pip it and have it—a terrible dilemma! Observe,—*first*, the end of all existence is taken to be a certain private tippie or morning dram at this little cup of liqueur. The whole theory and art of life is then, how to eke out the allowance. A more perfect exposition of the matter could hardly be conceived. The epicure counts his income, so much for the year, month, day;—if he lays out the whole in one day, he can taste no more, unhappy wretch!

That the end of life is happiness, all men seem to be agreed; but we have few who philosophize in this fashion; few who so skillfully and deliberately defend epicurism; who so leave out of the account all the common considerations, or sit down upon their spiritual income with a more Apician resolution to spend it in the most delectable style.

The world is wide, and there is room in it for all philosophies, systems, creeds, and epicurisms; and on a more liberal view of the matter, we have our doubts whether it is not best that there should be a great variety; surely 'tis all for the best. Whatever is for the best is good: therefore this new epicurism is good. It must be so, we are convinced. Evoe! Bacchus! bring us the cup; come, we will drink deep; we will do what the god instigates—laugh, fleere, flout—or applaud and wonder; it is all right: good: all one;—why not? I am a man as well as you, sir; come, sir, put up your sour looks. What! I put up my sour looks! I am a free man, sir, and will be as sour as I please. I concede it, friend; be sour, in Heaven's name! No, neighbor, you shall not concede any

thing; I despise your concessions, &c. &c. &c.

Nevertheless, we like the doctrine; it leaves one at liberty. For example, we have the glorious privilege, and no man to gainsay it, of running over this same volume of poems, and pronouncing it a very idle collection of verses; a slovenly, unpoetical, conceited little volume, narrow in sentiment, and fulsome in style; teaching doctrines of rank pride; or we might cry it up, admire its splendors, be drowned in its depths; and in either course the doctrines of the author will sustain us, so perfectly liberal are they. But this is nothing to the point.

We regret our want of room to lay before the reader a kind of extract, or medulla of the philosophy of our author, from this collection of his poems. Each one of them expresses a sentiment peculiar to himself; the key-note of all is self-(respect.) The god of this world is self-respect, and this is his book of rules, or rhythmical creed. His creed is to have no creed; his rule, to have no rule; his law, to have no law. Young and old, he would have us obey the law inscribed upon our hearts by mother nature, and that law is Impulse—Impulse. But, as we have said, our limits forbid a full exposition. At present let us pass over the *substance*, however elevated and instructive, and seek what pleasure may be found in the *form*.

Our poet is, we believe, the first of modern time who has imitated the manner of Donne, Cowley, Cleveland, and their contemporaries. Images in poetry, it has been said, are either to exalt, to illustrate, or to debase and vilify the subject of the comparison. This is the ordinary opinion concerning the uses of imagery. But no critic that we have ever read, has let us completely into the secret of imagery, or the reason of its use. Poetry that is merely witty or rhetorical, may give delight by similitude, as by comparing a hero to a lion, a chattering fool to a magpie, a clown to a clod, &c. It is the art rhetorical which assists the fancy by comparisons. In these lines of Tasso,

“As from a furnace flew the smoke to the skies,
“Such smoke as that when damned Sodom burnt,”

we have a splendid instance of simple rhetorical simile or comparison in the first line, and a figure of a different kind,

(which we shall, for present convenience, name the complex rhetorical) in the second. The first, or simple rhetorical, merely enables us to imagine a thing which no man ever saw or can see, the wall of smoke and fire about the enchanted grove of Ismeno; but the second, or complex rhetorical, adds eminent power to the first, by infusing a living and human interest into this phenomenon of smoke: "it was such a smoke as that which rose from Sodom." This is said in the true spirit of oratory, or of the grandest rhetoric. It *exalts* the subject.

Let us now seek an example of the rhetorical comparison intended to debase or vilify the subject. This from the Dunciad is most convenient—

"So take the hindmost, h-ll! he said,
and ran,
Swift as a barb the bailiff leaves behind,
He left huge Lintot, and outstripped the
wind,
A sw hen a dabchick waddles through the
copse,
On feet and wings, and flies, and wades,
and hops,
So labouring on, with shoulders, hands,
and head,
Wide as a wind-mill all his figure spread,
With arms expanded, Bernard rows his
state," &c. &c.

Which does most perfectly debase and vilify the subject, but in a rhetorical manner merely, and not in a poetical.

To give now a perfect example of poetical imagery—of which the object is not either to illustrate, to exalt, or to vilify and debase, but only to delight and satisfy, in a profound and peculiar manner—take these lines of Shakspeare—

"From you I have been absent in the
spring,
When proud pied April dress'd in all
his trim,
Had put a spirit of youth in every thing,
And heavy Saturn laughed and leaped
with him."

The excellence here lies not, we think, merely in a certain subtle harmony of metres, but in the nature of the imagery. The lines are pregnant with life. Assuming, without fear of contradiction, that the great end of the art poetical, as distinguished from the art rhetorical, is to infuse life and sentiment in the dead matter and gross organisms

of nature; to make stones and trees love and feel with us, and persuade us of an all-pervading humanity, existent even in brutes and vegetables; we shall find it easy in every instance, whether ancient or modern, to detect the true poet, and distinguish him from the rhetorical rhymers. By this test the great contest in English literature, concerning the poetry of Pope and his school, and the similar dispute among Italian savans, in which Galileo took part, concerning the poetry of Tasso, is finally put at rest. Without diminishing the glory of our greatest wit and master of rhetoric, or of the amiable and chivalrous Tasso, we are yet compelled to assign them a class by themselves, among the most eloquent and admirable, not among the most poetical of versifiers.

At the same time, it will be necessary to admit that all the great poets were also great rhetoricians, and most of them great wits; and that they always use a mixture of rhetorical imagery with that which vivifies. But in Pope's verses we find few of these (if I may so call them) life-giving forms of speech. In Tasso they are certainly much more frequent than in Pope; at least, they are so in Fairfax's admirable translation; and if the great controversy which raged on this topic in Galileo's time were to be decided by Fairfax's version, we are inclined to believe that Tasso would be admitted as holding only a secondary rank among the great poets.

To illustrate this controversy more perfectly, let us examine another verse of Shakspeare, who stands first (we think, beyond all question) on the poetical side, when judged by the test we have just offered—

"O hateful, vaporous, and foggy night,
Since thou art guilty of my cureless crime,
Muster thy mists to meet the eastern light,
Make war against proportioned course of
time."

Into this imaginary night, the poet, by a wonderfully bold figure, has thrown all the worst qualities of humanity at a single effort: cruelty, dullness, obscurity of mind, evil intent, obduracy of soul; positive unrepentant guilt; authority, as of a commander, actual war against all the symbols of virtue; to crown all, she becomes the personal enemy of a noble spirit, the accessory of a base one.

Under this torrent of vivifying expression, the judgment cannot hold out an

instant; imagination (or rather, that function of the soul by which *persons* are conceived) is compelled to conceive and adopt the dreadful deity—the mistress of hell, and feel her personal reality.

The poet has invented the goddess, has shaped her with a few touches of his creative hand; she waits only an altar and a worship; and in another age, when poets were law-givers, she had one.

Or, take these three lines of a sonnet by the same hand—

“No longer mourn for me, when I am
dead,
Than you shall hear the surly, sullen bell,
Give warning to the world that I am fled.”

The bell receives a human character, of hardness, dutifulness, and a public function; the soul is astonished with this beautiful art, which places even dead forms, and hard, heartless things in an amiable or unamiable relation with itself; and to be persuaded that this is natural and delightful, we need only remember our childhood, and the animosities and loves which we delighted to exercise toward inanimate objects. But in poetry it is more than mere animation, it is moral sympathy that is thus imparted. Thus, when Lear appeals to ‘the gods’—

“You see me here, ye gods, a poor old
man,
As full of grief as age, wretched in both!
If it be you that stir these daughters’
heart,” &c. &c.

We are not offended, and we can understand that Lear is addressing personifications of the divine attributes of justice, mercy and power; and it is this poetic faculty which gives them the rights of persons over us, and compels us to address them.

Again, in those dreadful lines which begin—

“Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks!
rage! blow!
Ye cataracts!”

The imagination of the mad and anguished soul, cut off from all sympathy with things living, pours out its grief in talk with imagined creatures, with which it stands in natural sympathy.

We have said enough and instanced enough to explain our meaning, in mak-

ing this distinction between rhetorical and poetical imagery. The grandest passages of the great poets contain a mixture of both kinds; but the poetical predominates. On the other hand, oratory demands an absolute exclusion of the poetical kind, or, to speak modestly, a very sparing use of genuine poetical imagery.

Our author, whom we return to with a peculiar satisfaction, furnishes beautiful examples of an imagery which neither illustrates, exalts, nor intentionally vilifies. Thus in the following—

“And universal nature, through her vast
And crowded whole, an infinite parroquet,
Repeats one note!”—(p. 220.)

Nature, a mere abstraction, is vivified by making her like a part of herself, to wit, a parroquet, and the simplicity and perpetual echo of her laws, is delicately symbolized in the monotonous “Pretty poll, poll, poll, pretty poll!” of a—what?—a parroquet! This is a slight error; it should be parrot, not parroquet. But, as we have often remarked before, great poets are the masters of all arts, and if they choose to call an eagle an owl, or a parrot a parroquet, we submit in silence; and even were we disposed to carp, the splendor and vivifying beauty of the image should prevent us.

Here, too, is another, more remarkable and more illustrative—Cupid’s eyes are the subject. Of these the poet says, that with them

“He doth eat and drink, and fish, and
shoot,”—(p. 157.)

Which, if it be very bad verse, is nevertheless very fine imagery. Indeed, we observe this of our author, that when he puts us off with a particularly bad line, it is sure to be supported by something rare and curious in imagery. Thus he never cheats his reader. This poem on Cupid proceeds in the following fashion.

“He (with his eyes) doth eat and drink, and fish and shoot”—an order to which sportsmen will object; the eating and drinking should come after the fishing and shooting.

“And write, and reason, and compute,
And ride and run, and have, and hold,
And return, and flatter, and regret,
And kiss, and couple, and beget,”

And this he does

"With those unfathomable orbs,"
 hight mystically his eyes. Observe the singular beauty and vivification of the imagery. Of this Cupid, one may say, he has it all in his eye, as the Hindoo god *Christhna* had the world in his mouth. The eye of *Uriel* was a wonderful eye, but *Cupid's* is still more wonderful. This species of poetry we find at once instructive and full of pleasure; it teaches one the vast difference between the mere mystical comparing of all the universe to a three-legged stool, and that true poetry which throws the life of humanity into the meanest things. The last three actions ascribed to the eye of *Cupid*, surpass anything we have ever met with for delicacy and power of conception; what a certain Roman emperor is said to have attempted, *Cupid* here appears actually accomplishing. But this is nothing to what follows. Of these same eyes it is said—

"Undaunted are their courages,
 Right Cossacks in their forages;"

A language, be it observed, which out-Chaucer's Chaucer, and is more Saxon than the very Saxon itself.

"Fleeter they than any creature,
 They are his steeds, and not his feature;"

Where the strength of the image is so intense, it obliges the poet to snap the comparison in two, and finally to deny that they are his eyes, after all:

"Inquisitive and fierce and fasting,
 Restless, predatory, hasting," &c.

"He lives in his eyes;"—

A new species of verse—

"There doth digest, and work and spin,
 And buy and sell, and lose and win," &c.

In short, does everything in his eyes. They are, in fact, his all in all; and yet the prettiest part is to come;—

"Cupid is a casuist,
 A mystic and cabalist"—

and,

"He is headstrong and alone."

Aloneness, is one of his qualities:

"He affects the wood and wild,
 Like a flower-hunting child;
 Buries himself in summer waves,
 In trees, with beasts, in mines and caves;
 Loves nature like a horned cow,
 Bird or deer, or caribou."

Here are some important facts in the history of *Cupid*, and in the romantic instincts of the horned cow (is not that a mistake for hornless? or does the horned love nature more than the hornless?) and of the caribou, which is a species of reindeer, says *Richardson*, the naturalist. The poet too is generous with us: he doesn't stint us to one species of deer,—“bird, or deer, or caribou;” as if one should say, “bird or quadruped, or dog;”—first, he gives us the whole kind, “bird or deer;” and then adds one species for earnest:

“or caribou;”

for which the reader is doubtless much obliged; as also for the other poetic favors and condescensions in general. A more mysterious poet than our author hath not arisen in this age. We are fain to place him at the head of his class, if class he have, before whose intellect all divisions and distinctions shrink up, are resolved into the primeval condition. If we have in any particular thrown light for the reader on his mysterious works, be it in a mere rush-light capacity, then is our soul content. We climb not to his altitudes.

But it is necessary to conclude. Our poet himself reminds us of our duty.

"But, critic, spare thy vanity,
 Nor show thy pompous parts,
 To vex with odious subtlety,
 The cheerer of men's hearts."

To which we reply, again offering the crown, that we cannot allow the modesty of a poet, however delicate and heretical, to stand in the way of his poetical honors. Words are things. Ideas have the force of laws. Literature is the guard of the commonwealth. Looseness and affectation in language and philosophy, lead by but one step to looseness of manner and morals. Next to the expression of an untruth, is the expression of a truth in an affected and impertinent style. The mass of men are imitative, and readily adopt a bad fashion. What defence has the world of letters, then, but to sieze upon the first bright example, and set it plainly before the eyes of men. We have done so with this little book of poems. We wish to see it appreciated.

FRESH GLEANINGS: A VOLUME BY THE AUTHOR OF "NOTES BY THE ROAD.*"

PREFATORY LETTER

TO M. W. G.

"HEAVEN bless you, Mary, with richer sheaves than this!

"You know that I had learned to use the sickle on our farm-land in the valley, before I went away;—and could bind up the ears at harvest, with the stoutest of my men. Now here I bring back these Gleanings from beyond the Waters:—I have plucked a grain-head here, and a grain-head there; but only since I have come home, and only at your request, have I bound a few together in a sheaf.

"Here it is, homely and rude as our pastures upon the hills: but it has a fragrance for me—dare I hope it can have as much for you? In the binding up, it has made scenes come back, and stir my soul, as I thought it could not be stirred twice.

"—Yet is it useless—altogether useless—the effort to make words paint the passions that blaze in a man's heart, as he wanders for the first time over the glorious old highways of Europe.

"This sheaf, Mary, is a sheaf of tares.

"You might pardon it: but there is that sly-faced step-dame—the public—whom, as yet, I do not know at all—whom, as yet, I tremble to face; and I fear greatly, that she will look with a colder eye than yours, over these gleanings, thrown together with the same free and careless hand, with which I used to tie up the last sheaves before a shower.

"But it is too late now to waver: and if I have not one kind look save yours, I hope I may have the courage to say, in the submissive spirit of Medea:—

"Eatur—nihil recusato—merui."

A pretty preface, Mr. Marvel, and a modest, as became a travelled gentleman,

who has seen more than he cares to speak of. And who is M. W. G.? Her's must be a sweet face, if not a beautiful; to win for her so pleasing a tribute. She bears, at least, the sweetest of names. Perhaps it is a cousin. That would be right; we have had experience of such—"God bless them!" Or perhaps—but that would be guessing on private grounds—and we really have no intimation *certamen*.

But as for your little book, Mr. Marvel, you need not have faltered, or quoted Medea. Your gleanings are a better gift, than most of the heavy-legged reapers, who have had the field to themselves, have been able to make up from the first cuttings. They have been usually such a dash-a-head, bungling set, that half the best grain has been left on the ground. Besides, they have altogether neglected many little nooks and hollows. Nor are your gatherings any the less charming, or gift-worthy, that you have tied them up quietly in a corner of the fence—and left, too, some odd flowers among the heavy grain-heads. Only give the public the thrashing of your sheaf, and wait the result.

Speaking critically, it is as pleasant a book as one could desire for summer reading—as pleasant as he will easily get, if he be unreasonable enough to desire a better. It comes to us, too, in a guise of quaint elegance; a something half way between the finical rudeness of the old style, and the hard monotonous brilliance of modern typography—an appearance which happily accords with the matter and manner of the writing, a mixture, as it is, of fastidious simplicity and quaintness, an intense love for nature in art, a quiet liking for the unique, an occasional conceit, and some touches of gentlemanly affectation.

We like the old-looking title-page;—there is as much difference in title-pages, as in the tying of different persons' cravats—we like the apt motto from Herodotus—we like the little vignette, a simple sheaf of grain, not too bulky, tied with a wisp of its own straw—an un-

* Fresh Gleanings: or, A New Sheaf from the Old Fields of Continental Europe; by Ik. Marvel. New York: Harper and Brothers.

affected emblem of the author's modest "gleanings," which he has gathered wanderingly, at random, and bound them up under the shadow of a tree, with an air of indolent nicety. We like, too, the dividing of his briefly-noticed topics, by neither chapter or figure, but plain captions and a large plain initial—a style of the last century, unassuming and beautiful enough to be brought back again for books of a certain kind. Briefly, the getting up of the volume, has an appearance of simple elegance beyond any other of the season.

As to the contents—those who have read the four or five desultory chapters of sketchings,—as that on the English Taverns, and "How one lives in Paris,"—which have appeared in the Review, during the last year, under the title of "Notes by the road," will know what to expect in our notice of a volume by the same author—though to them, most of all, the book will seem in little need of commendation. It will be sufficient to them, that "Caius," and "Mr. Ik. Marvel," are the same pleasant minded traveller; and that "Fresh Gleanings" are but a new series, more full and finished, of "Notes by the Road." To those who may not have read in our journal, the chapters adverted to, our present remarks, approbatory or otherwise, will be borne out by a few extracts.

It is an excellent thing to travel. It is still better to *know how*. One does not travel by having funds to achieve any conceivable amount of locomotion. Nor by abiding at will among notable scenes. Nor by enjoying to the full, the luxuries of many countries. The "seeing eye" is needed, without which, "sight seeing" is of little account. All the five senses are in requisition. And at the bottom of all, must be a spirit of curiosity, that "grows by what it feeds upon,"—a quick and subtle *habit* of observation, and a varied appreciation, that misses the form and quality of nothing worth apprehending. *Poeta nascitur*—but one is born equally to the qualities of a good traveller. And withal, before setting out, he should be already of a travelled spirit—of a mind that is familiar, by reading and thought, with the countries he is going to visit. But such we conceive to be our itinerant—born to be a traveller.

There have been profounder tourists than Mr. Marvel. He is not a statesman *incog*.—nor a lawyer, intimate with

the bones of dead constitutions—nor a professor of physical sciences, conversant, chiefly, with deceased nature—nor a bodily or spiritual physician, deep because narrow—nor a political economist, which is your driest species of philosopher—nor a social reformer, which has been proving itself the most useless. In brief, he is no one example eminent between De Tocqueville and Humboldt, the two great extremes, to our thinking, of your notable classes of travellers.

Yet our friend Marvel has his qualities worth enumerating. He has, to begin, the first fine essential; he is evidently a gentleman. This puts him at once into easy communication with his readers, for there is no so common a bond of simple and entire confidence. Besides, we feel that such a one must have been both acceptable and accepted—a condition giving him the most favorable opportunities for observation. He would seem, indeed, a little fastidious and retiring—he cannot consider the "world as his oyster," to be opened at any time, by him without the oyster's permission. He has, therefore, in his jottings, a little more of what he has seen, than of what he has *found out*—he is more observant than inquiring—the reverse of most American travellers. But, unlike your finished English tourist, he is not the more dogmatical and self-satisfied in proportion to the less he has observed.

Mr. Marvel's talent, in fact, is not investigation, but a faculty for seeing things, and making pictures of them. He does not ploddingly put down the same set series of descriptions, thickly garnished with statistics, that have been noted a hundred times before. He is a quiet, quick-sighted looker-on, who presents you with scenes and scenery—the incidents that befall him—the new appearances of men and women, cities and villages, and the changing features of nature—costume, movement, manners, unique conventionalities—all those things, in short, that strike a traveller strangely, on *first sight*—wisely giving just these first odd impressions, which are always the most vivid and picturesque. It is thus, that his little descriptions—touched off, it would seem carelessly, but really with elaboration—form a constant series of minute pictures. They are apparently slight, but they will live in the mind as certainly—though of so different a style—as the brilliant limnings of Eothen—for they leave with

the reader just those impressions which the *first sight* of the things described would give him. The book might, it is true, be improved by something more of the matter-of-fact mingled in—occasional passages of greater breadth on society and government, the morals, manners, economic resources, and political state and prospects, of the places he wanders through. Some of these he has, and at some length—as the chapter on the government of Paris, another on the religion of Paris—with others of so much aptness and interest, that we could wish for more of them. For one effect, which we think Mr Marvel has not sufficiently considered, they would serve, from contrast, to heighten that charm of lightness, and grace of style, and picturesque topics, which are so delightful in “*Fresh Gleanings*,” but which need to be relieved, like anything graceful and light, by portions of a different character. His object, however, has been to avoid the common-place items of laborious itinerants before him. And he has succeeded—for there has never been a book of travels in the style of this “*new sheaf*.” On reading this volume through, we find no reason to change our opinion, as expressed beforehand in a note at the head of a capital chapter on a portion of the Dutch country, “*from the Elbe to the Zuyder Zee*,” published in our December number, for last year. “*For a narrative*,” we said, “*of pleasant, minute observations, written in a graceful, subdued style, slightly quaint, making the reader an easy-minded companion of the rambling traveller—a style quite new under the prevailing taste for rapid and vigorous writing—we venture to bespeak, we might say, predict, beforehand, a most favorable reception.*” The writer’s quick-eyed observations have covered many parts of Europe: the green lanes, and by-ways, and busy thoroughfares of England—the solitary heaths and hills of Scotland—the life led in London and Paris—the quaint and simple forms of things in France and Dutch-land—the ever-great scenery of the Alps—the scenes and associations, never yet exhausted, of “*remembered Italy*.” With such things to talk about, and a certain way of telling his story, we do not see why his should not be a ‘*proper book*.’”

And such the public will judge it.—Though the present volume has but a small glimpse of England, and nothing of Switzerland or Italy—sufficient of course

for a first presentation was to be found in inexhaustible Paris, the French country and provincial cities, the Dutch-land, a piece of Germany, the Rhine, the Elbe, with “*a gallop through southern Austria*,”—the ancient regions of Illyria, Carynthia, and Styria.

Mr. Marvel seems to have left the sweet beauty of English rural scenery, with reluctance. But, “*needs must, when*”—you know the proverb—and ill health is worse behind a man than your “*devil*.”

“*My physician said I must quit England; so I put ten sovereigns in my pocket, and set off southward, through the summer county of Devonshire.*”

“*—To-morrow, thought I,—for it was the last stage between Exeter and Torquay, and had grown so dark, that I could see no longer the pretty cottages along the way,—to-morrow, and I shall see strange faces and strange dresses, and listen to a strange language; for by ten next morning, I hoped to rub my eyes open, in the southern atmosphere of one of those little Norman isles, which lie off the north-west coast of France.*”

But our traveller—over eager from too sensitive nerves—was getting along too fast. The stage coach agent, with no idea of course to profit, but given to a pleasant jest, had booked him to take a Jersey steamer from Torquay, when no such steamer had run from that out-of-the-way place, for three months. So he has the opportunity of giving you a sweet glimpse of old Torquay—“*that five-and-twenty years ago, was as humble a little fishing-place as when Harry of Richmond landed in the bay with his army; but it came to be known—some way or other—that nowhere on the British coasts were the winter suns so soft and warm; and, presto! sprung forth little cottages and villas on every shelf of the hills, and the inns where one could buy only a stoup of fisherman’s ale, will now make you a bill as long as the bills at Bath.*”

With a touching little picture of a sick girl, whose face comes to him “*much oftener than it ought*,” and a loving description of the small “*inn by the bridge*,” where he spent a week, amid that quiet, green English scenery, which seems to have delighted him more than that of any other country—he takes notice again of the goblin of Ill-health, and betakes himself to Plymouth.

"It was a wretched, rainy night,"—yet our invalid, with the muddle-headed Plymouth landlord, went down through the quaint old streets, to find a skipper friend of the latter's, who was going on the morrow to Jersey.

"It was a little black, one-masted vessel we found, rocking just under the lee of the pier, and we had shouted a half dozen times before a stumpy figure put its head out of the fore-castle, and told us the Zebra would sail at morning tide next day.

"I promised to send my luggage to the Dragon, and the host of the Dragon said it would be all right. I splashed home again, and dreamed all night of doublets, and striped hose, and Round-heads, and basket hilts, and Old Noll, and Pym, and Plymouth Rock—and now and then, like a gleam of light breaking through the dreams, came a pleasant vision of sweet Alice Lee.

"The tide came in, and the tide went out, and the sun got up to its highest; still the Zebra lay just off the pier; and every time I met the captain, who was a dapper little Islander, he would half embrace me in a perfect transport of excuses.

"I think I must have borne it very meekly, or his confidence in my forbearance would not have remained so unshaken; for he had repeated this manœuvre I know not how many times, before we were fairly ready to set off. I had even taken a steak in the back parlor of the Dragon, and had gone up the heights above the town, to see through a glass the waves dashing over the top of Eddystone, nine miles down the bay; and the sun had gone down at the first clink of the windlass, and the light was blazing on the end of Breakwater, when we rounded it, and dropped down into the Sound."

The account of his run across the Channel, is much more amusing than the experience seems to have been. What with forty fat sheep, a butcher, a Plymouth shoe maker, wife and nine children—the number of John Rogers—a stone-cutter and his young bride, the drunken captain, the mate with one hand, one sailor, and Pierre, that spoke bad English and attempted the cooking—in a little forty-ton vessel, cutter rigged—driving through a dark storm, on the English Channel, where the short seas chop straight up and down, with the most sickening kind of motion—they must have had a deuce of a time of it!—The description, however, is capital. And at last there was a blue lift in the horizon. An hour, and they made Guern-

sey, and rounded it; then the highlands of St. John's and of Grosnez; and saw the tall belfry of St. Owen; and shot among the troubled waves, two oars' length of the fearful Corbiere; and passed La Moye, and ran under the shades of St. Brelades, and frightfully near La Fret; and dashed round Noirmont tower—away through the broad bay of St. Aubins—under the scowling guns of the castle—straight between the pier-heads of the dock of St. Hiliers.

"My heart warms," says Mr. Marvel, with a loving recollection, "as I go back to the pleasant little city of St. Hiliers, picturesquely strewn along the sands of St. Aubin's bay, with grim and great Fort Regent scowling over it from the rock—its houses lighted up by sunshine, its streets smooth and clean to a nicety—all of which I knew, and all the hucksters' shops and alleys, as well as I know the green, broad valley that stretches from my window to-day. Morning after morning, in pleasant winter time, have I wandered through the streets of the island city, busy and active,—and along the quays, where lie vessels from Rio, and the Cape, and Newfoundland; and by the pretty cottages that sit upon the hills, above the town, and out upon the long reach of pebbles, that connects Castle Elizabeth with the shore. There, they say, upon the rocky isle, an old hermit had his home; I have laid myself down in the bed in the rock where they say that the hermit lay; but the wild Normans, as early as the times of Charles the Simple, killed the poor anchorite, and now nothing is left of him, but his hole in the rock and his name—for his name was St. Hilier.

"Pleasant memories hover about the old castle, for Walter Raleigh was once its Governor, and had a snug room on the first floor, with—I dare say—many a good butt of sack on the floor below. Clarendon wrote a part of his history in some odd corner of the battlemented building. But the days of its glory are gone; and the headquarters of Charles the Second, who made the old walls shake with jollity, have become a guard-room for half a dozen lazy fellows in gray coats and breeches, who keep up a clatter with pipes, and a few tumblers of weak wine. Age has worn sad furrows in its face, and a few guns from the prim-looking Fort Regent, upon the hill, would batter it down to the sea.

"It is very strange how this island people, living as it were within hail of the coast of France, and speaking the Norman language, and living under Norman customs, should yet be the sturdiest loyalists, and the most consummate haters of French

rule, anywhere to be found in the dominions of her Britannic majesty. Time and time again, the French have struggled to possess the island—twice have had armies upon it, but always have been driven back into the sea.

“Now, little Martello towers line the whole shores, springing from the rocks just off the land; and throughout the reign of Napoleon, a red light might have been seen in them all at night—for in each, two artillerymen boiled their pot for a week together.”

Our traveller's notice of the Isle of Jersey, is at no great length; but it makes us feel thoroughly what many longer descriptions have failed to do, the delightful solitude, and antique green repose, of that quaint old island. Two or three dim legends, dreamily narrated with an air half credulous—a few glimpses of the quiet verdure and smooth winding roads, which cover the whole island—a brief loving mention of the old structures, some of them ruinous, remaining from former centuries—with a description of the little cottage and the simple neighbors around, where he spent three months as a musing invalid—and we have the whole in our mind's eye. Of some pages, take a passage or two: How quietly and completely do they fill our fancy—almost, as it seems, our memory—as if we ourselves had been there!

“There remains upon the island the old Seigneuries; nowhere else will you hear of the Lords of the Manor. The old feudal privileges have, it is true, mostly gone by: still, enough remain to give their holders rank and name; and the gems of the island are the old manor-houses. Buried in trees, they are of quaint architecture, and you look up through long avenues upon their peaked gables and brown faces, half covered with ivy. There is the manor-house of Rozel,—a miniature castle, with a miniature park about it, on which the deer are trooping; and from its windows you look over St. Catharine's bay, and Archirondel tower—rising tall and weather-beaten out of the edge of the sea. There is the Seigneury of Trinity—a great, soberly mansion, whose walls the thick evergreens have made damp-looking and mossy, but within it is ever cheerful as summer.

“Nor are the Seigneuries all; for the whole island is one great suburb.—Now we have a huge stone wall at our left, coming up to the very track of the carriage wheels,—if track there could be upon the delightful smooth roads: a little

moss hangs in its crevices; the edge of a mouldy thatch appears over one end. You enter by a high archway, over which are two hearts united, graven in the stone, and a date a century or two old; the archway opens upon the cheerful, noisy court of a farmery.

* * * *

“Just by the farmery, looking over the hedge, you can see a dozen of the beautiful cows of Jersey feeding in the orchard; and they will lift their heads, and turn their mild eyes upon you with a look that is half human. All the while the hedge-rows on either side roll up in round, green mounds. The narrow space between is hard and smooth, and so winding that the view is always changing; and if you spring for a moment at the top of the grassy knoll, where the hedge is thin, you will see such a carpet of greenness as will make the heart glad in winter; and beyond its limit, toppling out of the trees—a cottage, with so many roofs and angles, and windows and chimneys, as would make the study of a painter;—still beyond, like the burrowings of a mole, follow those same green hedge-rows, winding down to the sea,—which is not so far away, but that you can see the glisten of the water-drops and the shaking of the waves.

“There is picturesqueness of another kind upon the island;—deep valleys, away by St. Mary's toward the West, and hills pushing boldly into them, with untamed forests on their foreheads; and upon the tops of some of them are standing Poqueulay—so they call them—tall upright stones of the times of Druid worship.

“There is the remnant upon the high cape of Grosnez,—a patch of a ruin,—about which more old wives' stories hang, than ivy-berries upon the wall.

“There is tall Mont Orgueil, and its tall castle topping it—just in that state of decay, that one loves to wander dreaming up its stairways;—for the wooden wainscots are not yet mouldered, and you tread great oaken floors that shake and creak; you climb tottering stair-cases in angles of the wall, and, lo! at the landing—the floors have fallen, and you look down a dizzy depth from chamber to dungeon;—you sit in an embrasure of the window of the great hall of the castle, as the sun goes down; and the red light reflected from the waters, that rush thither and away from the beach, checkers the heavy whited arches.

“Stamp upon the floor, and the timbers tremble, and the echo rings;—a great door slams below, and the crash comes bel- lowing into the hall;—a little door slams above, and the ruin seems to shake; a bat flies in at the door, and flies out at the window. As the twilight deepens, and gray turns to black in the corners of the

hall, wild goblin dreams crowd over you;—there is a laugh, faint and low (for it comes from the boys of Gorey)—it is an imp in the shadow. Now it comes louder—hurrah!—it is Prince Rupert and Charley at their cups.

"—What a leer in the look of the prince, what a devil in his eye! A low shout again—*Vive le Roi! vive le Roi!*

"How the glasses jingle! A bat flies in, and a bat flies out.—A laugh, low and meaning—Hist! there is a maid in the corner, and she looks—entreaty.

Beautiful;—we only object, conscientiously, to the word "soberly," as used in the end of the second passage, for there is no such adjective in the language;—also to "glisten" in the last lines of the third, there being no such noun. Is it a printer's error for *glisten*?—a proper word, but nearly obsolete. This, we may add, is a species of carelessness with which the author is chargeable in several places.

Mr. Marvel went down to the lee-side of the vessel, and his eyes rested on a chalky line of shore that rose out of the water, four or five leagues away—eastward. He "knew it must be France." As is the case with every traveller, all his "preconceived notions were upset." He had dreamed the night before of all the quaint and splendid things which history and our imagination have bestowed upon *la belle France*; but in the morning, as he looked eastward, there was "nothing of it at all;—nothing but a low line of chalky shore, against which the green waves went splashing, in the same careless way in which they go splashing over our shores at home."

"It seemed very odd to me," he continues, "that the land should be indeed France: but it was;—and the dirty little steamer 'Southampton' was puffing nearer and nearer to it every moment."

And here follows so pleasant a bit of characterization that we cannot help extracting it.

"A Norfolk country gentleman stood beside me, who, like myself, was visiting France for the first time; and there was that upon his countenance which told, as plainly as words could tell it, that the same thoughts were passing through his mind as were passing through mine. So we stood looking over the lee-rail together, scarce for a moment turning our eyes from the line of shore. Presently we could see white buildings dotted here and there.—'Very odd-looking houses,' said the Nor-

folk country gentleman, laying down his glass.

"'Very odd,' said I, only meaning, however, to assent to the Englishman's idea of oddity, who counts every thing odd that differs from what he has been used to see within the limits of his own shire. It is quite beyond the comprehension of a great many English country gentlemen, how any people in the world can have tastes differing from their own; and whenever this difference exists, in small things or great, they think it exceeding odd.

"I remember standing with such a man on the Place before St. Peter's, on a night of the illumination. The lesser white lights had been burning an hour over frieze, and dome, and all,—so that the church appeared as if it had been painted with molten silver, upon a dark blue waving curtain: and when the clock struck the signal for the change, and the deep-red light flamed up around the cross and the ball,—and along every belt of the dome,—and blazed between the columns,—and ran like magic over the top of the façade,—and shot up its crackling tongues of flame around the whole sweep of the colonnade, and in every door-way,—making the faces of the thirty thousand lookers-on as bright as if it was day, all upon the instant—'Pon my soul, sir,' said the man beside me, 'this is dev'lish odd!'

"Devilish odd!—thought I, though I was not in the humor to say it.

"But to return to the French shore.—The houses we saw were of plain white walls, and roofed with tiles. They had not the rural attractiveness of English cottages—no French cottages have—but they were very plainly substantial, serviceable affairs. Presently we could make out the forms of people moving about.

"'Very odd-looking persons those,' said the Norfolk country gentleman, looking through his glass.

"'Very odd,' said I, looking in my turn, for I like to keep in humor with the innocent fancies of a fellow-traveller. I knew the men of Norfolk did not wear such blue blouses as we saw: but aside from this, I could not observe any great difference between the French coastmen, and people I had seen in other parts of the world.

"A little after we made the light, and rounded the jetty, and saw groups of people, among whom we distinguished port-officers and soldiers.

"'Extraordinary looking fellows,' said the Norfolk country gentleman.

"'Very,' said I, half seriously, for the soldiers wore frock-coats and crimson breeches, and most uncouth barrel-shaped hats, and little dirty mustaches, and had a swaggering careless air, totally unlike

the trim, soldier-like appearance of English troops.

"In a few moments we ran up the dock, and caught glimpses of narrow strange old streets; and two of the *gen d'armerie* came up, arm in arm, and tipped their big chapeaux, and asked for our passports.

"How very absurd," said the Norfolk country gentleman, as he handed out his passport.

"Very," said I, as I gave up mine.

"The quays were crowded with porters and hotel men, quarreling for our luggage, and here we first heard French talked at home.

"It strikes me it's a very odd language," said the Norfolk country gentleman.

"Very," said I—and we stepped ashore in France."

Our friend, Marvel, and his oddity, the Norfolk gentleman, found themselves upon the same steamer that went "fizzing up the Seine." The traveller has the eye of a painter for everything on either shore, gay and picturesque—doubtless odd enough to him—to his Norfolk friend "most extraordinary affairs." They passed Lillebonne, gleamed by "most beautiful Caudebec, and the twin towers of Jumiege"—at the mention of which he takes occasion to tell a little legend in his graceful manner. Then rose in the valley before them the tall towers of Rouen:—

"The Norfolk country gentleman thought it an odd old town, but stopped there to learn the odd language they spoke. I bade him adieu on the inn steps some days after, telling him that I went on to study at Paris—for which, I dare say, he thought me a very odd sort of person."

Thence they are hurried along on that happy modern invention to prevent a traveller from all pleasant study of scenery—the rail-road. It seems, however—to make little matter to the French whether they must go in their old leisurely *diligences*, or by the panting steam-car—for the reason that they do not travel. They do not love it—to which point is a passage from Mr. Marvel.

"The French travel very little for amusement—very little in their own country for observation; this arises, in some measure, from the monotonous character of their roads, offering little to arrest the attention of the ordinary observer, and still less to gratify the tastes of those so essentially *politain* in feeling as the French

nation; they find their resources in their capitals—they neither wish nor think for better things: a few wander away during summer to the mountain towns of the Pyrenees—a few to the baths of Aix-la-Chapelle, and some to the sea; but most content themselves best with the gayeties and glitter of the city. Business negotiations are arranged by the professed commercial travellers, and as a consequence, the number of those travelling for business purposes is exceedingly limited.

"That restless, moving, curious spirit which is driving Americans to every quarter of the earth, meets with no sympathy from a Frenchman; it is a mystery to him—he believes inquietude belongs to travel, and he cannot conceive how any should enjoy inquietude. There belongs to this feeling none of the Briton's cherishment of home; were it so, it would be irreconcilable with his turbulent, excitable, and rebellious spirit. It is because he is essentially gregarious in his nature, that the Frenchman cannot understand how the separation or dispersion that is incident to travel, can be source of enjoyment. Even the wild turbulency to which his restless spirit is disposed, is but an extravaganza in his lifetime of pleasure,—but a new scene-shifting, without any chance of theater. Hence it is, that less will be seen of the French upon their highways of travel, than of any nation in Europe."

This, by the way;—for now—out of the window—as they glided round a curve, high above the river and the plain, came a view of the great capital:—

"The longed-for Paris, gay Paris, *la belle ville*, enchanting city—lying in the clear sunshine stretched upon the plain;—no mist lies over it—no folds of smoke rest on it—no cloud—no shadow of cloud: a glittering heap it lies—the Seine glittering in its midst. The valley is a great savannah, here and there rolling up waves of hills, but nowhere is there sight of mountain; fortresses pile up gray and old from the green bosom of the plain; but around, and back of all, the blue sky comes down and touches the top of the vineyards that grow in the valley."

A picture, as is the whole of the author's approach to the capital—the same things noted that a landscape-painter would see.—

There are several chapters—about a hundred pages—on Paris, perhaps the most felicitous portion of the book. For our traveller is, very wisely, not in a hurry—has as quick an eye for men and things, as for scenery—and he etches

with a sharp *stylus*. A few passages, our readers will remember, were published in the Review some months ago, under the title of "How one lives in Paris." The other chapters here are equally entertaining. He gives no elaborate descriptions; he does not attempt to enter into the mysteries of French society, or the heart of the French people;—but of all the externals of the gay metropolis of Europe—many of them minute and usually unobserved, but necessary to make up the picture—we have never seen so happy a presentation. His eye catches every quaint and strange appearance;—and amid all the small manners and movements—picturings of the gay, glittering, and changing panorama of Parisian life—he constantly takes you back, by brief and touching references, to the scenes and men of former centuries in that always enchanting world—the days of Condè and Catherine, of Medeci—of Sully and Henri IV.—of Louis, and Richelieu, and Mazarin—of Madame de Sevigné and Pompadour—of Marié Antoinette, and the fearful Revolution. Whether his knowledge of History be slight or profound, he makes the right use of it. An occasional fragment of some old legend, too, is brought in with singular simplicity and skill—the skill, indeed, lying very much in its simplicity. Thus the "Story of Le Merle" is well nigh worthy of Sterne, and "The Abbe Leseur," is painfully touching.

Many passages are amusing. There are vexations in France, as elsewhere—but our friend, Marvel, though a little querulous, is evidently a philosopher. Indeed, he became so perforce. His notion of Parisian honesty is pleasant.

"Whoever passes three days for the first time in Paris, without being thoroughly and effectually cheated,—so that he has an entire and vivid consciousness of his having been so cheated,—must be either subject to some strange mental hallucination which denies him the power of a perception of truth, or he is an extraordinary exception to all known rules. And the sooner a man learns this, and learns to take it good-naturedly, the better for his sleep,—and the better for his appetite. I thought two visits to the capital had opened my eyes to this; yet, on the first morning after my last arrival in Paris, I was foolish enough to get angry, for only having to pay four francs for a bed—in which I could not sleep, and four more for bad ham, and wine which I could not

drink. I tried to scold;—but it is what a man of shrewdness should never try to do in Paris,—most of all, for so ordinary a circumstance as being cheated; the Parisian smiles—and bows, and thinks you may have a choleric; but never once fancies a stranger can be so foolish as to resent being cheated at Paris. Make a bow—thank the *garçon*—ask for a match to light your cigar, and he will see you are a man who knows the world, and are to be respected accordingly."

Leaving Paris, our traveller gives a light, but capital sketch of the country, and provincial cities, of France. Lyons, Limoges, Rouen—Sunny Provence, with its summer cities, Nismes, Avignon, Arles, Montpellier—Marseilles by the glittering Mediterranean—glimpses of them all are presented in turn, and leave their images in the mind.

"A gallop through Southern Austria" is not the least interesting portion of the "Gleanings." That is a wild, strange region—the old territories of Illyria, Carinthia, and Styria—occupied by an almost half-barbarous people, with feudal forms,—a simple peasantry, an ancient nobility—countries and races, with whom, from reading old Bohemian and Hungarian legends, and the fierce wars with the Turks, many romantic associations have always been connected in our mind.

"South and East of Vienna," says Mr. Marvel, "stretches a great and fertile country, little known to the trading world;—and save at the hands of some few such old-fashioned travellers as Clarke, and Bright, and Beudant, little known to the reading world. On the North, it is bounded by the Carpathian mountains, which here and there thrust down their rocky fingers, and lay their league-wide, giant grasp upon the plains. Eastward,—Wallachia and Moldavia lie between it, and Russia, and the sea. South and West it stoops down to the level of the Adriatic, and follows the rugged bank of the Save as far as Belgrade; and sweeps along the north shore of the Danube, till the Danube turns into the Turkish land, and turbans and sabres are worn on the north and the south banks of the river. To the northwest, this country leans its fir-clad shoulder on the magnificent mountains of the Tyrol;—and beyond the Tyrol, is the kingdom of Bavaria, whose capital is fair Munich, seated on the lifted plains."

Of this portion, also, a chapter was

published in our journal some months ago, where the cave of Addlesburg was described, and Boldo, the guide, told the story of Copita, the Illyrian Girl, whom her jealous lover, at the yearly festival, held in the great Cavern, led away from the dance to a dark chasm, and pushed her down into its roaring waters—a story narrated with singular beauty of language and manner. All the chapters are good. The writer saw, indeed, but a small part of Hungary and Bohemia—but the glimpses he gives are strikingly picturesque and vivid. There is another interesting legend, too,—more in the German style—of “*Hinzalmanu*,” the German spirit of an old Illyrian castle. Then follows Cilli, and Gratz, and Vienna, and the winding valley of the Danube—though we cannot think he has made as much of this fine old region, as he might; then the Elbe, with Prague and Dresden; and the traveller breaks forth upon the level scenery, and quiet, industrious life of Dutch-land. Hamburg, and Bremen, and Oldenburg, and Amsterdam, and the cities of “*Historic Belgium*” afford him occasion for remarks of a provoking brevity, or full and minute, as the humor takes him. Some of his pen and ink sketches of the Dutch and Dutch scenery are as truthful, ludicrous and finished, as any Dutch painter, painting with a pipe in his mouth, ever laid upon canvas. One of the most queer and amusing of these is the description of the excessively clean, tranquil and diligent village of Broek, where the girls have little mirrors hanging aslant by the windows, that they may see every thing outside while they sit inside at their spinning—where the fences are polished, the hedges clipped with scissors, and the close-shaved grass carefully cultivated in the streets, and the feet of the only donkey allowed to pass through—a miniature donkey, at that—has his feet waxed!

We cannot help referring, by the way, to a few pages introduced on the distinctive characteristic traits of habit, manner and conduct belonging to the different travellers of different nations. They are the remarks of a nice observer.

So glide off these fair and pleasant pages, and our wanderer, half-regretful, half-eager—turns him to his American home.

“Belgium passed like a wild dream—full of brilliancies and shadows.

“Then, I went sailing under the skirts of ancient towns—under vine-covered cliffs, and among pleasant islands,—upon the waters of the Rhine. Up and down its bounding current, by night and by day—I sailed.

“In the day, the waters were bright, and there was the loud hum of busy cities by the shore; in the night the cities were dark and silent as the dead, and the waters were flecked with red furnace fires, or blazed upon with the white light of God’s moon.

“Great and glorious Cathedrals rose up, and faded away behind;—barge-bridges opened—and closed again; mountains grew great, and frowned,—and grew smaller, and smiling, left us;—echoes rang, and faded;—songs of peasant girls came to our ears, and died in the rustling current. Towns—vineyards—ruins came and went,—and I was journeying through France again.

“The people were gathering the sheaves of harvest, and the grapes were purpling on every hill-side, for the vintage.

“—Again the enchanting city, and the winding Seine; Lillebonne, and most beautiful Caudebec,—and I was by the edge of the ocean once more.

“Then came the quick, sharp bustle of departure, and the fading shores. My straining eye held upon them tearfully, until the night stooped down, and covered them.

“With morning came Sky and Ocean. And this petted eye, which had rioted in the indulgence of new scenes, each day, for years, was now starved in the close-built dungeon of a ship—with nothing but Sky and Ocean. But—thanks to this quick-working memory—through the livelong days, and the wakeful nights, my fancy was busy with pictures of countries, and the images of nations.

“—Yet, ever, through it all—Mary—the burden of my most anxious thought, was drifting, like a sea-bound river—Homeward.”

Yes! a man whose heart is right, must have a home, or make one! and wherever he be, there will be at the thought of it, a filling of the eye, and a yearning towards it from over mountains and ocean! Had Mr. Marvel spoken otherwise, what right were his to dedicate his book to—“*MARY*”?

We part with Mr. Marvel with regret. He has made us to travel with him;—and we feel that we part with a polished and observant gentleman—given, it may be, to some odd humors and fancies—but quiet, companionable, sound-minded—of quick imagination, a wide range of sympathies, a constant eye for Art and Nature alike—

happily for their simplest beauties the most—and a peculiar liking for the unique side of Humanity. He is a man who knows, like Sterne, the philosophy—the pathos—equally of smiles and tears; he knows—what so few have known—that it is very little within us which separates their fountains! He has told his story too—in a style, too broken, perhaps, not always grammatical, and doubtless

with sufficient faults besides—but of a grace and sweetness, and a lucid, simple flow, (with a singular tone, more of practical sense) not observed in the jottings of any late itinerants.

However, he has journeyed elsewhere, and has of course other bundles of “gleanings.”

If we should hear from him again!—

CRITICAL NOTICES.

A Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words, Obsolete Phrases, Proverbs, and Ancient Customs, from the Fourteenth Century. By J. O. HALLIWELL, Esq., F.R.S. F.S.A. &c. 2 vols. Svo. London, J. Russell Smith. New York, Wiley & Putnam, Broadway.

It is somewhat singular, considering the vast stores of materials for all periods of English literature preserved in the numerous libraries of Great Britain, that so important and essential a work, as a Dictionary of the Early English Language, should be left for completion at so late a period as 1847. Yet before the publication of Mr. Halliwell's dictionary, a reader of old books in that language found no guide to direct him to the meaning of the archaisms so continually occurring, and so perplexing to the inexperienced. If, indeed, a work belonged to the Elizabethan period, he might perchance find some assistance in Nares' cumbersome glossary, but it would be only here and there he would meet with an explanation of the word he was in search of. No other compilation deserves even a passing notice, and we cannot help, therefore, expressing our gratitude for this most useful work, which consists of upwards of FIFTY THOUSAND articles, the majority not to be found in any of the scattered glossaries prefixed to the editions of early poets and dramatists.

It should never be forgotten by our philologists on this side of the Atlantic, that slight variations have undoubtedly taken place in the English language since its adoption in America, and that we ourselves have insensibly and gradually changed some idioms and perverted the original sense of others. It is for these reasons that philological commentaries on English works can never satisfactorily proceed from the pens of native American writers, no matter how great and varied the talents of the latter. All our observations on this subject may be compressed into the grand

axiom—“No man can be a competent verbal critic in any other language but his own.” Undoubtedly we, Americans, have the advantage over Germans and all other foreigners, but, as just said, we have deviated from the old classic English, and therefore, in *verbal criticism*, we should be content to submit to the authority of native English philologists. In philosophical criticism we shall keep our ground with the best, not even excepting the æsthetic and rhetorical critics of Germany.

The English language at the commencement of the fourteenth century, the period at which the labors of Mr. Halliwell commence, was, we need scarcely observe, not far removed, in grammar and construction, from the Anglo-Saxon, possessing, however, a small proportion of Anglo-Norman words, that language being then spoken by the aristocracy and court. The Anglo-Saxon was derived from the Teutonic, and the Anglo-Norman from the Latin stock. The former was somewhat complicated in its structure, with declensions similar to the Latin and Greek. It was introduced into England in the fifth century, and continued to be spoken in its original purity till the Norman Conquest. It then appears to have undergone a few variations, between that period and the middle of the twelfth century, and afterwards it gradually deteriorated till the time of Henry the Eighth, when indeed scarcely any of its grammatical character remained.

With the exception of the uncouth orthography, the English of the sixteenth century scarcely differs from that spoken at the present time.

A glance at the elaborate work before us, one that reminds us, by its extraordinary research, of that real learning and arduous study which graced many a book in days gone by, but are seldom seen in this age of rapid composition, will be sufficient to give an idea of its large sphere of utility. We suspect it will be found more necessary in this country than in

England, for few of us have leisure or opportunity to hunt for the information which is here without trouble presented to our hands. Take a bundle, nay a room-full of early writers, Chaucer, Lydgate, Gower, Skelton, Shakspeare, or even a collection of black-letter divinity, and we can confidently assure our readers, for we speak from experience, that it will very rarely happen an obsolete word or phrase will occur, not to be found explained in Mr. Halliwell's Dictionary. Can we give it higher praise? We think not, for *utility*, not *display of learning*, has been throughout the author's motto; he has not followed Jamieson by encumbering his volumes with conjectural etymology, notoriously an unsafe guide, nor has he gone out of his way to attack the opinions of others; but on almost every disputed point, on every doubtful word, the stores of his extensive reading are brought to bear, and if he has not in every instance silenced conjecture by certain explanation, he has at least produced sufficient quantities of new evidence to confine it within very narrow bounds. Nor let it be thought that we are speaking extravagantly of the merits of this work; some faults, no doubt, must have occurred in so large an undertaking; but in common fairness, it must be judged as a whole, not by what carping critics may say on single passages; and we earnestly recommend it to our readers, feeling convinced that the approbation of the scholars of America ought freely to be bestowed on an author who has satisfactorily completed so grand a desideratum in our literature. None of our public or college libraries ought to be without it, and we venture to predict they will not, as soon as its merits are known.

Elementary Astronomy; accompanied by sixteen colored astronomical maps; each three by three and a half feet,—the whole designed to illustrate the mechanism of the heavens. By H. MATRISON. Huntington & Savage, 216 Pearl street, New York.

The Siderial Messenger; a monthly journal, devoted to the science of Astronomy. Edited by Professor O. M. MITCHELL, Director of the Cincinnati Observatory. \$3 per annum in advance. Huntington & Savage, 216 Pearl street, New York, Agents.

The recent discoveries in Astronomy, and especially the extraordinary process by which the last and most important one has been made, have awakened a new interest in the science. But as yet our own country has done comparatively nothing in its cultivation; we are, however, rapidly improving our system of popular education, and elevating the character of our

higher literary institutions. With this improvement, the facilities for teaching the different branches are multiplying; and astronomy is one of the oldest and noblest of the sciences; and its culture is *practically* of immense value to the human race. Among all the sciences its moral influence is the strongest and most exalting. In all of them, illustrations, addressed to the eye are of the highest importance. They are especially so in astronomy; because the imaginary lines or paths of the planets are so difficult to be conceived by the young. A work which can do this clearly, and reduce the science to such order and simplicity as to make it perfectly intelligible to the majority of the pupils in our common schools and to the family circle, will confer an unquestionable benefit on the youth of the country.

Most mathematical treatises, so far, have had reference to abstruse details, to which the pupil is introduced as soon as he has learned the common definitions. Of the mechanism of the heavens, the thing most important for him *first* to know, he has only dim conceptions.

The sixteen astronomical maps, lately issued in this city, are beautiful as a work of art; and represent the positions, courses, and phenomena of the heavenly bodies in white relief on a black ground-work; thus illustrating the form of the solar system, the comparative magnitude of the planets, the seasons, the eclipses, &c. They begin with the simplest truths; going on progressively through the important principles of the science. The accompanying treatise, comprising some 240 pages, describes the maps fully; classifies the solar bodies, and explains the laws of the system. It contains also all the tables of the orbits of the planets; affording the elements of a variety of problems of deep interest and easy of solution. We heartily commend the work to teachers, to the family circle, and to the private student.

The Siderial Messenger is a novel work in this country, but not the less valuable. Its accomplished and able editor, has won a deservedly high reputation, both at home and abroad, by his labors thus far in the science of astronomy. Though comparatively a young man, he has, almost single-handed, in a period of ten years, completed the Cincinnati Observatory, and mounted on it the second largest refracting instrument in the world. The first bold step of the young astronomer, Le Verrier, in that series of computations which finally led to the discovery of the new planet, was the construction of new tables for the transit of Mercury in May, 1845. Professor Mitchell's instrument had been but a short time mounted. His latitude gave him the advantage over every European astronomer. He verified these tables with great

accuracy; so much so as to encourage Le Verrier, at the instance of M. Arago, in the attempt to solve the still bolder problem of the disturbing force of Uranus. Professor Mitchell has also made other important observations, and particularly on the double stars. The results of his labors have, perhaps, been more known among the distinguished astronomers of Europe than among his own countrymen. For, when in Europe for the purchase of his instruments, having spent some time as the pupil of Professor Airy, the Royal Astronomer of England, he formed the acquaintance of some of the most eminent abroad. His talents and his labors have since brought him into correspondence with these and others. Among them are Struve, Maedler, Encke, Lord Ross, and Le Verrier. They are now engaged in, and have invited his co-operation in, a series of observations of the highest importance to the progress of astronomical science. There, he has every facility for making a most valuable journal. The object of the Messenger is to popularize and make intelligible to the great mass of the people of this country, the great truths of astronomy, and their practical bearing on the physical and moral condition of man: it is to chronicle every new discovery in the science, and to explain the process by which it has been made. It will also embrace the editor's foreign correspondence, and a full account of the labors of those astronomers, at all the principal observatories in Europe. Each number is to be illustrated by one or more drawings of telescopic views. Professor Mitchell's style as a writer is singularly clear, copious, and forcible, and his work is an admirable one for the professional man and for all classes.

—
Modern Painters. By a GRADUATE OF OXFORD. (Parts I. and II. First American from the third London edition. Revised by the Author. New York: Wiley & Putnam.)

Young John Bull has done his maddest freak yet; unable with all his cash and credit to make people admire his pictures, he on a sudden has written three solid volumes, to prove that they are painted on right principles. Having taken his graduation at Oxford, and laid in a great store of philosophy and quotable Greek, he darts off to the continent—and returns picture-struck—intoxicated with Guidos, Titians, Corregios, Angelos, &c., runs back to England, and is brought up all at once before Mr. Turner, whose enormous productions overwhelm him with a new and unspeakable enthusiasm: in each of the great masters he had discovered an unapproachable perfection; by Mr. Turner also he is blasted by the excess of genius, and

rushes rhapsodizing upon the world. We fancy him writing or talking with an incredible rapidity; the ink flies in showers from his pen, the foam of eloquence from his lips, he tears a criticism to tatters, he out Haydons Haydon! Can any philosopher account for it, that these painter-critics in England write so like madmen? Fuseli was mad, Haydon was mad—so was Hazlitt, and so is our graduate of Oxford. Nevertheless, his madness is of the most amusing quality, and will hurt no man, unless it be some unfortunate critic or painter who may catch the rabies.

The whole aim and purpose of the book is to set forth the painter of declining reputation, of whose style the author is so deeply enamoured. Of this artist we can only judge by engravings; and as our author does not pretend to exalt him as a colorist—for he says, “in the *art* of painting,” “in the power of color, Turner is a child to Gainsborough,”—who, we suppose, is in his turn a child to Titian, Claude, or Rubens, in the same property,—we are competent to say that his best landscapes after long comparison with the finest Claudes, Boths, Pouissins of both names, Wilsons and many others, of less note, affect us as inferior in all the essential qualities: his trees look sappy and spongy, his figures have vulgar expressions, his distances, though agreeable, are dull, and the composition of his pieces, though excellent in the general distribution of light, altogether theatrical and affected. This judgment we form solely in regard to the drawing and general effect; the question of color, (we repeat it,) is settled by our author himself.

Yet the book itself contains a great store of excellent remark, always to be taken with allowance, and shows a man of genius, as yet not quite settled in his intellect. The style is full and musical, but encumbered with a great mass of epithet and verbiage. The most agreeable parts of this work seem to be the descriptions of scenery in pictures and in nature, which are copious, brilliant, and full of surprising power. As a specimen of his style of remark, take the following on the landscape invention of the old painters.

“We shall not pass through a single gallery of old art, without hearing this topic of praise confidently advanced. The sense of artificialness, the absence of all appearance of reality, the clumsiness of combination by which the meddling of man is made evident, and the feebleness of his hand branded on the inorganization of his monstrous creature, is advanced as a proof of inventive power, as an evidence of abstracted conception;—nay, the violation of specific form, the utter abandonment of all organic and individual character of object, (numberless examples of which, from the works of the old [masters, are

given in the following pages), is constantly held up by the unthinking critic as the foundation of the grand or historical style, and the first step to the attainment of a pure ideal. Now there is but one grand style, in the treatment of all subjects whatsoever, and that style is based on the perfect knowledge, and consists in the simple unincumbered rendering, of the specific characters of the given object, be it man, beast, or flower." This, with qualification, will do very well. But does Turner do all this? We think not, but the reverse. The intention of the above passage is to show why painted landscapes have no moral effect upon the mind. The author considers that pictures should have this effect as well as music. He is an Oxford scholar, and has the peculiar sentiment of the Oxford tract men.

The Writings of GEORGE WASHINGTON, being his Correspondence, Addresses, Messages, and other papers, official and private: selected and published from the original Manuscripts; with a Life of the Author, Notes and Illustrations. By Jared Sparks. Harper and Brothers. New York. 1847.

A very cheap issue of a very important work, essential to all public, or private, historical libraries, and to all who mean to make themselves familiar with the true history and spirit of the Revolution. The letters of Washington are among his public acts, he neither spoke nor wrote without reference to the public good. Instead of dry compendiums and lectures, the judicious reader prefers to make himself acquainted with the acts of great men in their biographies. History is nothing, if it is not an abstract of such biographies; but it seldom happens that the historical compiler, or even the philosophical historian, is able to communicate that feeling of the reality of events which he himself acquires from the perusal of original documents. This edition of the writings of Washington is within the means of all general readers.

Modern French Reader (Morceaux Choises des auteurs modernes, a l'usage de la Jeunesse); with a translation of the new and different words and idiomatic phrases which occur in the work. By F. M. ROWAN. Revised and enlarged by J. L. JEWETT. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1847.

A selection from the writings of any foreign language for a student's Reader, should always be—what they usually are not—interesting to the learner. This French Reader of Rowan's is of this cha-

acter. The writers introduced are all at once polished and popular—such as Balzac, Bignon, Capefigue, Dumas, Guizot, Victor Hugo, Lamartine, D'Aubigne, Mèrimèe, Michelet, Sismondi, Thiers, De Tocqueville, Villemain, &c. &c. The French style of this day is considerably easier to read than that of the last century, but less classical. Specimens of the former, therefore, should be first studied by the learner; of the latter, afterward.

CHAMBERS' *Encyclopedia of English Literature: a selection of the choicest productions of English Authors, from the earliest to the present time, connected by a critical and biographical History. Elegantly illustrated.* Boston: Gould, Kendall and Lincoln.

We do not hesitate to say that so interesting and valuable a compendium of English literature, and notices of English men of letters, has never appeared, as this edited by Chambers, of the Edinburgh Journal. The editor's life and profession had qualified him for the task of putting forth such a work; and he has accomplished it with great knowledge and skill, a happy brevity, and singular elegance of style. Every writer who has attained great reputation in the British islands, in prose or poetry, since the sixth century, is introduced, with some extract of his writings. Thus the body of information about the writings, and the literary men of England, Scotland, and Ireland, for ten centuries, embodied in this Cyclopedia, is immense, sufficient of itself to induct a careful reader into an excellent knowledge of English literature, especially its history. We shall recur to it again.

Theology Explained and Defended, in a Series of Sermons. By TIMOTHY DWIGHT, S. T. D., LL. D. Late President of Yale College. With a memoir of the life of the author. In four volumes. Twelfth edition. New York: Harper & Brothers.

At this day it is not needed to speak in praise of these Theological writings of President Dwight. Even by those who differ from him in opinion, they are acknowledged to be eminently perspicuous and elegant, and often possessed of a calm power, not the less effective that it is clothed with a severe grace of dignity. No theological writer has been nearly as much read in this country; and in Europe he divides with Edwards a wide and most distinguished reputation—for there are few European theologians held in equal repute with these eminent Americans.





Engraving by G. B. Wood

HON. THOS. CORWIN,

REPRESENTATIVE IN CONGRESS

FROM THE STATE OF OHIO

1840

AMERICAN REVIEW.

 Contents for September.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE ARMY,	221
VISION OF THE MARTYRS,	230
THE PHYSIOGNOMY OF CITIES,	233
OPINIONS OF THE COUNCIL OF THREE,	242
THE REPUBLIC OF PARAGUAY: SINCE THE DEATH OF THE DICTATOR FRANCA,	245
A MORTO AT ROME. By the Author of "Notes by the Road," UNA,	260
THE HERMIT OF AROOSTOOK. BY CHARLES LANMAN,	263
HISTORY AND INFLUENCE OF MATHEMATICAL SCIENCE,	269
HORACE. Book II. Ode 2,	276
A SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND PUBLIC SERVICES OF JOHN RUT- LEDGE, OF SOUTH CAROLINA,	277
THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF PHILIP YORICK, ESQ.,	291
THE BREAD SCHOLAR,	301
SHAKSPEARE'S SONNETS,	304
THE MARINER,	309
THOMAS CORWIN,	310
MORE GOSSIP FROM A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.	317
MISCELLANY OF THE MONTH,	324
CRITICAL NOTICES,	328

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THE PRESIDENT AND THE ARMY.

FOREIGN governments, and many of our own citizens, have regarded our military system as defective; because in war, our armies are composed of volunteers, who elect their own officers.

We are not about to inquire what other plan might be adopted, which would be better than that of popular election; but shall endeavor to show that as between appointments by the President and election by the troops, the experience of the present war has shown that the troops themselves have made the best selections. We shall show that in this instance, at least, however it may have been in the war of 1812, the volunteers have as a general rule confided the command, especially the field officers, to those who had *seen service* or were graduates of the Military Academy; and that the President, as a *general rule*, has not.

In theory, it is supposed, that the Administration is exalted above all petty, personal, or local influences, and in making appointments acts under the guidance of an elevated patriotism—that the President having the whole country from which to make selections, and having at command all the sources of intelligence, by which to seek out the most qualified persons, is in a much better situation to discover and reward merit, than the citizen soldiery who compose a regiment of volunteers.

The President himself appears to have acted upon this theoretical view, when he assumed, we may say usurped, the ap-

pointment of the commanders of brigades and divisions of the volunteer regiments.—If our understanding of the legal rights of the state troops is correct, they are entitled to the election of *all their field and platoon officers*—whether they are also entitled to the medical and staff appointments, not having examined the point, we do not pretend to say—but venture with much confidence the opinion that the act of the President, in sending six newly-made Brigadiers and two Major Generals to the command of the twelve regiments raised at the west, was unconstitutional, and that those troops, when two or more regiments were united, had, and that all other volunteer regiments have, the legal right to elect their generals.

If we are correct, a more audacious infringement of the rights of the states has not been known.

It is not our intention to make the cause, the character, or the justice of the war, a part of the theme on this occasion. But admitting, as a large portion, perhaps more than a majority of the citizens of the United States believe, that the Administration illegally and unconstitutionally precipitated the nation into difficulty, it would not be very strange if the same authority should prosecute the war without adhering strictly to the constitution and the law.

If the President, adopting the usual expedient of weak administrations, determined to strengthen himself by a war

measure, it is apparent that he would not permit Congress to have a will in the initial proceedings.

This body might take a different view of the necessity and expediency of so momentous an act as a declaration of hostilities—without stopping to prove or discuss the justice or necessity of the war; and only supposing the opinion of a vast number of our citizens to be correct, and that the President was decidedly fixed in his, of a collision with Mexico, we re-affirm that such an Executive would not be very scrupulous in the mode of prosecuting his schemes of aggrandizement and conquest.

Mr. Polk has officered by original appointment, since the commencement of Mexican difficulties, one regiment of riflemen, eight regiments of infantry, one of dragoons, and one of voltigeurs—whose appointments are in addition to the generals, commissaries, paymasters, quartermasters, and surgeons commissioned by him in the volunteer forces.

The whole number of commissions issued cannot fall very far short of *one thousand*. In making *new appointments*, the President is not limited or controlled by any law. His power over the secretaries is complete, arbitrary, and irresponsible, except to his oath. There is no king, prince or sultan, more thoroughly above and beyond all legal restraint in his appointments, than the President of the United States. A regiment of volunteers assemble at the state rendezvous, and proceed to elect their officers. They are in practice confined to their own number, and to a short acquaintance among themselves. Not so with the President of the United States. There are upon him no restrictions. To him all ages, localities, and qualifications are open. His sense of duty to the country appears to be the only restraint upon his actions—and this is a moral influence merely, and by no means of the nature of a legal responsibility.

In the ten new regiments there are four hundred and forty field and platoon officers. He may or might *legally* have given all these commissions to citizens of Tennessee, and such an act would form no ground of an impeachment. For the exercise of his discretionary powers, he is, and can be, subject to no inquisition. He is so, indeed, in many of the civil appointments.

But in those, the consequences of venality, favoritism, or error of any other kind in

the choice of officers, is of so much less consequence, as war and battles are of more consequence than the details of a Land-office or the Custom-house. The management of troops in sieges and assaults, is considered to be a higher grade of action, than the usual routines of the civil departments, by so much as blood, life and national honour, are of more value than dollars and cents.

And between civil and military appointments there is a grand difference in their *nature*, broader than the distinction arising from vastness of consequences. For clerks in the departments, weighers, measurers, and gaugers at the custom-houses—even for Sub-treasurers and Receivers, *honesty* and *industry* are the principal qualifications. The duties are such, that men of ordinary intelligence and application may soon perform them, whatever may have been the previous occupation of the incumbent.

But with military duties, talent, study, and *experience*, like faith, hope and charity in the Christian, are three, not only important, but indispensable qualities, and “the greatest of these” is experience. In the old monarchies, we have been accustomed to see the Blood royal placed at times in the highest military and naval command—veterans of half a century, spent in the defence of their country, in command of navies or armies, are by the force of the monarchical system, to obey the orders, consult the whims, and yield to the caprice or cowardice, of untaught gentlemen and striplings, tricked out in uniform, and scarcely able to sit upright on a horse.

But in republican America it was not supposed that these practices of the old world would be imitated. The beautiful theory of our government, is equality among our citizens, and promotion to public trusts according to merit.

In many of the civil offices in the gift of the Executive, the country may, in fact, be not materially injured, in case he should confine himself to his own political party. It is possible, that he may go farther, and may find among the blood relations of the Secretary of the Treasury, such a number of qualified persons as to be able from them to fill the principal places in that department. An experiment, we are told, has been tried during the present administration.

In regard to military offices, however, Washington, Jefferson, Madison and Jackson, men acquainted with the require-

ments and proprieties of military service, pursued a different course. The difference was, in their estimation, so marked, that they recommended, erected, and sustained, an institution, at an expense of about \$140,000 per annum, to *prepare* young men for the army. In their estimation, there was a significant value, in this *preparation*, or they would not, like all the other Presidents, and all the Secretaries of War, by one uniform course of public and official action have sanctioned the expense. War, in their view, is not the natural or proper employment of a Republic, and a war of conquest, probably never entered into any of their designs.

Considering the pacific inclinations of civilized nations, it was not probable that our citizens would be treated to the horrible *experience* of war oftener than once in a generation. To expend from five to ten millions a year during an intermediate state of peace appeared to them a more costly method of "preparing for war," than to furnish annually a sum of money in the education of officers equal to the *annual expense of a second class frigate*. It was thus that France and England, two old and warlike nations, brought the science of war to perfection.

But we will not wander farther from the main subject of this article. It was our intention to follow this digression in reference to the Military Academy, so far only as it has a necessary connexion with the mode, in which the President has exercised the military appointing power. If the country derives no benefit from that institution, let it be at once abolished, no matter *how* its benefits are lost. We do not know what private views the Executive holds in reference to it; neither does it appear to us a matter of great consequence; what his abstract notions may be, whether in favor or against the institution. It is his acts, his official course of action and policy, that produce effects, and not his theories. In practice, therefore, we hesitate not to say, that he has, in the present war, greatly lessened the advantages which the country expected from the institution by carrying into the army the same doctrines in reference to appointments that prevail in the civil departments.

If it is admitted that every civilian does not possess military skill by intuition; that in time of war such skill and knowledge is precious; that there are those in the country who do possess it—

at least in a greater degree than others; does it not follow, that the country is entitled to the benefits of this skill, science and experience?—Is there any duty more binding upon the President's conscience than that of selecting the *best* men to command our armies? We shall, probably, be misunderstood by some, as insisting upon a very anti-republican doctrine, that there is a class of individuals who have *in themselves a right* to those offices. No—we admit in no man a *claim or right* to an office. It is the very doctrine, the very dogma, the very great and fatal error which we are combating. We say the *Country* has a right to see the "best men" in office; and in military affairs the immense importance of this principle, and the monstrous evil of the contrary usage, is most strikingly apparent.

Let us look at the late appointments—out of *four hundred and forty* new commissions issued to the ten regiments, we can discover but *nineteen* who had *been in service*. We italicise the words "*been in service*," because we are confident that, however it may be with the Cabinet and the President, the country at large rely upon officers who have *seen service*, in preference to those who *have not*. At the close of the last war, we had 60,000 men under arms. Are the soldiers and officers who were in the fields of Chipewa, Lundy's Lane, and New Orleans, all dead or incapacitated? Are the survivors of those renowned conflicts so lost to their country, that if sought out they would refuse their services now?

In 1844 there had graduated 1230 cadets, of whom, since 1802, *four hundred and fifteen* had left the service by resignation. Of this number it is reasonable to suppose that near *three hundred* are now living, and considering the obligations they are under to the country, it is unreasonable to think that any of them, if called upon, would refuse to return to service, and there is no evidence that they have refused.

Where are the soldiers and officers who were in the militia service in the various Indian wars, of 1828, 1832, and 1836. And finally, when the ten regiments were organized, where were the officers and men who had marched from St. Louis to Santa Fe, to California and Chihuahua? the men who had fought, and suffered on the Rio Grande, who had stormed Monterey, won the fields of Buena Vista, Benito and the Sacramentos? There

could not have been in the United States, when the ten regiments were organized, less than 4,000 persons, out of the regular army, who had held commissions, and seen service; and not less than 20,000 non-commissioned officers and privates, who, having *seen service*, without commissions, were better qualified than mere civilians to serve the country in war. How many of these veterans received the favors of the President? The official announcement of the appointments, as made in the "Union," gives the former rank of those who are re-appointed, and in them we have said there are *but nineteen!!!* Do not these facts sustain us in making the grave charge, that the Executive has purposely carried his *Democracy* into the army?—That it was his settled purpose to bring down this arm of the service to the level of the Custom-house, and to assure himself that the political sympathies of the applicant were in unison with, or subservient to his own?

Why are the heroes of the present war forgotten and neglected; the men who, ragged, sunburnt, and unshorn, were toiling without pay, or sustenance, over the sands of New Mexico, while the kid-glove politicians, clerks and hangers-on of Pennsylvania avenue, are promoted to the offices? Perhaps our position, that party bias had any thing to do with this singular spectacle, may be controverted—we should in that case reply with a question, hoping to have a sufficient answer.

If party did not influence the mind of the President, how did it *happen*, that of *Six* Brigadier Generals and *Two* Major Generals, elected in May, 1846, not *one Whig* is to be found?

If his desire was simply to place the most competent men, and not the most promising politicians, in command of the army—if his plan was to make it not a field for political preferment, but a terror to Mexico—why among these *eight* highest military offices in his gift, is there but *one*, if we are correctly informed, who had *seen service*?

And, subsequently, how did it *happen*, that among three Brigadier Generals, *two* should be thorough going-adherents to his party, who had *never seen service*, and *only one* (a neutral) who had?

We know, that *since* the adjournment of Congress, and since the crowd of "patriots" that filled the city of Washington in March and April last has dispersed, the President has partly returned to mili-

tary usage and to military justice, and has *promoted*, in a few cases, volunteer officers from the lower grades. We recollect two cases—those of the brave Col. Davis, of the Mississippi regiment, reported as promoted to a Brigadier; and of Gen. Shields, of Louisiana, retained.

In investigating the conduct of the Administration, and in endeavoring to show that they have grossly abused the confidence of the people—thrown away the advantages of the Military Academy—and committed the most flagrant military injustice to those who had won our battles—we shall, of course, not be understood as casting any personal reflections upon those citizens upon whom the President has bestowed his favors.

A civilian is no more to be blamed for a want of knowledge in the theory and practice of war, than he is for not being a geologist, or a linguist. All science is the result of study; and all governments, and all Presidents till the day of Mr. Polk, have deemed the "art of war" the most difficult of all others.

Those intimately acquainted with human nature, as exhibited in military life, in camps, marches, and sieges, have discovered, that the most tender point on which a soldier can be touched, is that of his promotion for services. Those accustomed only to the feelings of citizens engaged in trade, or other civil business, can scarcely appreciate the delicate sensibility of military men on that subject.

Nothing can be imagined more galling to a brave spirit, and more destructive to an elevated military ambition, than the idea of being superseded without cause.

It is difficult for the officer or soldier who has won fields, endured hunger, and suffered sickness for his country, to be satisfied, under the command of men who have passed through none of these ordeals of exposure, fire, pestilence, and blood. Such a trial of the generosity of the soldier should not be wantonly made. The efficiency of an army depends upon its subordination; and this depends greatly upon a *voluntary* submission to discipline, and confidence in the leaders.

We affirmed, not many pages back, that the volunteers had, in general, shown more discretion in the selection of their officers, than the President and his Cabinet. That this assertion will meet with resistance by some of our readers, we do not doubt. The other day a volunteer came along on his crutch and one leg, the other being now at Monterey. He

was in the Mississippi regiment that attacked the town on the left. "My brave fellow, how was it that your regiment stood the fire of those batteries so well and so long?" "Sir," said he, "we had confidence in our officers; wherever Davis and McClary went, we followed."

It is possible that the Administration are beginning to discern the value of this confidence on the part of soldiers. We judge so from the fact of the promotion of Col. Davis, although the new idea came to them only after citizen-generals Hopping, Pierce, and Cushing had been furnished with older commissions, and consequently better rank.

To confirm our opinion of the superior fitness of the appointments made by the volunteers over those made by the Executive, we give a list of the volunteer officers, who had before been in service, as far as we are informed:

COLONELS—11.

Jefferson Davis, *1st Mississippi Regiment*.
William K. McKee, *1st Kentucky Regiment* (killed).

Humphrey Marshall, *Kentucky Cavalry*.
A. M. Mitchell, *2nd Ohio Regiment*.
S. K. Curtis, *1st Ohio Regiment*.
A. S. Johnston, *Louisiana Regiment*.
W. B. Burnett, *1st New York Regiment*.
J. F. Hamtronek, *1st Virginia Regiment*.
L. S. De Russey, *2nd Louisiana Regiment*.

Jason Rogers, *Louisville Legion*.
S. W. Morgan, *1st Ohio Regiment*.

LIEUTENANT-COLONELS—7.

Jones M. Visthus, *Alabama Regiment*.
Charles Kieff, *Missouri Regiment*.
H. Clay, jr., *1st Kentucky Regiment* (killed).
Beverly Randolph, *1st Virginia Regiment*
— Cooke, *Mormon Battalion*.
— Allen, " " (died).
— —, *California Regiment*.

MAJORS—8.

Wm. Wall, *Ohio Regiment*.
M. L. Clarke, *Missouri Battalion*.
— Buchanon, *Baltimore Regiment*.
M. Stokes, *North Carolina Regiment*.
J. A. Early, *Georgia Regiment*.
Goode Bryan, *Georgia Regiment*.
C. H. Fry, *1st Kentucky Regiment*.
— —, *California Regiment*.

CAPTAINS—6.

A. S. Blanchard, *Louisiana Regiment*.
J. E. Brackett, *California Regiment*.
H. M. Naglee, *California Regiment*.
— Weightman, *Missouri Battalion*.
H. K. Goakum, *Texas Volunteers*.
W. E. Aisquith, *Baltimore Battalion*.

Here are 32 names within our knowledge, and there are, no doubt, others, on whom the volunteers have conferred military appointments—*eleven* of them the highest rank which the President has permitted them to bestow.

The deeds of many of these brave officers have now become history. Their names will soon stand upon its pages, associated with the glory of ten victories already won. The confidence which their brave soldiers reposed in them, has been justified by events. We give prominence to their names, because it is necessary to sustain our position, not with a view to cause any inferences injurious to the reputation, the skill, or the courage of the other volunteer officers, or of the ten regiments, or the staff appointments.

In noticing the conduct of American soldiers or officers, whether regulars or citizen, we suppose it is understood that it is unnecessary to mention the quality of bravery—as that seems to be inherent in them all—in making comparisons between those who *have* and those who *have not* seen service; it is only necessary to speak of their relative skill, not of their patriotism or courage; for on these points their native feeling and the discipline of a camp, soon place them all upon an equality.

When, therefore, we attribute a want of practical, military knowledge to one class of officers, and the possession of this knowledge to another class, it is only in a military point of view that they are to be considered. We are not engaged in an effort to create a personal distinction between the officers of the army, regular or volunteer, but are endeavoring to enforce a just principle, which, we think, has been violated. We therefore repeat, that to be destitute of military science and accomplishments is no disgrace to those who have had no opportunity to acquire them; and therefore it is not derogatory to such officers to state the facts.

A careful study of the list we have given above, and a corresponding train of reflection upon the services they have

rendered, will exemplify, in the most forcible manner, the value to the country of military experience in military affairs.

The individuals themselves are of comparatively small consequence; but to the nation, the difference between competent and incompetent officers, is the difference between victory and defeat—between national honor and national disgrace.

Take the example of a regiment commanded by an experienced officer, and compare its value, in the day of battle, with another regiment differently situated. There are 1000 men whom the nation, at an expense of 1,000,000 of dollars, has collected and transported to the far off field of action. Another thousand, at the same cost and exertion, has also been placed on the same field.

Their respective Colonels are, within their commands, Generals-in-chief, separated from head-quarters, and, in the ever-shifting occurrences of a fight, thrown without orders on their own military resources. Perhaps the personal courage, respectability, and, we may allow, the military genius of the two Colonels are equal. One has been trained amid camps, alarms, and battles: the other has come from his quiet home, and now, for the first time, is about to engage in mortal combat. Will not these 1000 men think of these things—the awful moment before the formation of the line and the commencement of the attack? Suppose the newly-commissioned Colonel, at this period, loses confidence in himself—will not his men discover it? Suppose, from this Colonel down to the non-commissioned officers and privates, the regiment is composed of trained veterans,—may not their whole effect be lost by a mistake on the part of the commander? If so, he is for this occasion of as much consequence as all the rest of the regiment, which cost the government a million of dollars. Perhaps his subordinates are smarting under a sense of injury, being thus placed under the command of a civilian. By chance this regiment may occupy during an engagement the most important part of the line, which, if broken, turns the fortune of the day.

In such a crisis, some indignant patriot in the ranks, whose life and honor, and the success and power of whose country is at stake, might be forgiven for the use of some harsh phrases in reference to the appointing power. The appointing power might be informed of this language, and might consequently make the fol-

lowing reply:—"My brave men, have confidence in your colonel; he is a good Democrat. He goes against the Bank of the United States, for the Sub-Treasury, and against squandering the public money on Harbors and Light-houses. This he has declared in numerous stump speeches in Tennessee."

If the President has not uttered such words, he has in a form more significant than words, proclaimed such facts and such principles. This may be denied by partisans: it is capable of proof. The friends of the Executive have produced a few instances of Whigs put in commission: one in the rifle regiment, and a Paymaster in the ten regiments from Ohio. It is said that Col. Cummings of Georgia, to whom a Major-Generalship was tendered, is a quasi-holder of Whig principles. Parties in the United States being nearly equal in numbers, to take away from these appointments their political caste, it will be necessary for the friends of the Administration to show that they are also *nearly* equally divided. If *five* Democrats are found to *one* Whig, in possession of commissions, the appointments would still partake of a party character. Such a result could not follow from mere accident. If the political tenets of the candidates were not a subject of inquiry, the chances would be as great that a majority of the opposition party would receive commissions, unless it should appear that the military capacity of the country belongs by nature to the Administration party—in brief, that Mars is a Democrat.

It strikes us that the President has not thoroughly weighed the consequences of making the army a political machine; of disfranchising one half the military science of the nation, and of making military rank subservient to political scheming.

Unless the democratic party shall furnish the *men* as well as the *officers*, there will be at once a distinction of political caste between the rank and the file of the troops. On a change of administration acting upon the principles established by this, a new President should discharge the appointees of his predecessor, as he does the secretaries, the collectors, and other civil officers. Rotation of office is thus introduced into the army; its independence destroyed, its high devotion to country exchanged for servile submission to party, and intrigues for place and for promotion will subvert all the rules of

regular advance for long services or extraordinary merit.

Imagine the war to continue, as it probably will, until there is a change of administration, and in the place of Mr. Polk, an anti-war whig, or a whig of any kind, be placed in the Presidential chair—he having the same unlimited power to make and unmake officers, as the present incumbent, may adopt the rule of proscription for party's sake, with as much justice as this Executive has adopted party qualifications as the basis of the original appointment. He first inquires into the politics of Generals Pillow, Quitman, Pierce, Cushing, Heping, Shields, and so on through the list; and finding them to be in direct opposition to the new order of things, they are discharged, and for this cause only; can the Democratic party complain with any decency of justice?

The laws, and the "articles of war," protect the officer of the regular army from being oversloughed in his own arm by fixing a *rule of promotion*—but they do not control the President in making the original appointments. As in the case of the Rifle Regiment, only one officer of the regular army was given an appointment in that corps, all the rest being taken from civil life.

The reason why *promotion* should be by seniority and length of service is equally strong when applied to *appointments*.

It is supposed that length of practice is the proper guaranty in favor of military qualifications. This is the foundation of the rule of regular promotion. The administration, however, break away from this rule, in almost every case where the law will permit it. The military usage of all nations, has been uniform in making service the basis of rank. Even in England, arbitrary yet politic England, where we are shocked at the enormity of purchasing commissions, the purchaser must *begin* with the lowest grade, and there do duty and receive instructions before he can *purchase* farther *promotion*. In the Engineers, purchase is not allowed, and we believe not in the artillery. Education and service form the only grounds of advancement in these corps. In them, influence, favoritism or wealth, produce no effect. In the United States we have recently seen, for the first time, citizen appointments made directly into the artillery arm. Officers of the artillery and of the infantry, who have regularly passed through the

Academy, after four years hard study, and from thence into the old Regiments, now find instances of new appointments in the Rifle and other regiments, made from *discharged Cadets, out-ranking the graduates of their own corps.*

Again, we say, we refer to this fact, only to enforce a principle to prove an infamous iniquity in the Executive, not to reflect upon the persons so promoted. The fact shows how much easier it is to rise in the service under a system of political favoritism, by having friends at court, than by study and service in the field.

There are friends of the Administration who honestly approve of the plan of "going to the people" for our military officers. They have been heard to say, that it is undemocratic, and favoring aristocracy, to confine such appointments to a "particular class" We are happy to agree with these just-minded gentlemen—and we think the examples we have given, of confining them to one political party, the strongest that can be produced. But we deny that making promotions and appointments from those best informed, most skilled, and the longest in experience, infringes this golden rule. Has any hater of aristocracy, discovered any danger to the republic because the District Attorneys of the United States, are selected from among eminent professional lawyers? Wise patriot, why not?—Because, though lawyers are of a "class," it is a class which any citizen may enter, and therefore the District Attorneyship is free and open to the merit and competition of all. Why is it not claimed, that these Attorneyships shall be distributed among the merchants, tavern-keepers, blacksmiths, and tailors of the United States? The argument in reference to military appointments, is in effect as follows:—It is favoritism, and aristocratic, to confine them to the graduates of the Military Academy and the old soldiers, thus depriving other citizens of a chance in the army. It is a dangerous influence to give the President the selection of one Cadet with the rank of Sergeant, from each Congressional District in the Union; and in case he passes the ordeal of the institution, to give him a commission. The inference is as follows:—It is better, more democratic, less dangerous, less aristocratic, to allow the President, without any limitation of territory or reference to qualifications, to select Lieutenants, Captains, Colonels, and

Major Generals, than to choose Cadets with the rank of Sergeant. It is more advantageous to the country, and the army, that the established rules of precedence, rank, authority, and command should be broken up, and the absolute judgment and will of the President take its place. Such are the arguments and the inferences.

The great French General who died at St. Helena, has been cited as an example of our Executive, who went "among the people" for heroes and generals. Those who offer this comparison did not probably think how ridiculous it makes one of the parties appear. Col. Polk, and General Bonaparte compared! The comparison is unjust to Col. Polk! The "Commander-in-chief of the American forces by land and by sea," does not indeed possess, on the whole, the exalted genius, the surprising perception of character, the military skill exhibited at sieges and battles, the personal acquaintance with soldiers and officers, on the march, in the bivouack, and under fire, which characterized the Commander-in-chief of the French armies of forty years service:—but then Mr. Polk is a Democrat, which Bonaparte was not!

By the French law a certain proportion of the promotions are made without regard to seniority—we think it is *one-fourth*—under the laws of the United States, in time of war, the President has the same power, to promote for distinguished services. Bonaparte used this right in thousands of instances, honorable to himself, and just towards his brave soldiers. During the present war, Mr. Polk has given commissions to *one* private, *one* corporal, and *one* sergeant, of the regular army, as a reward for highly military actions. But it was not a rule of the French General to "go to the people" for his Generals. He never committed that insult to his soldiers. He made soldiers of his people; but his Generals were taken from his soldiers only. He rewarded merit, not by placing civilians in command of veterans, but veterans in command of civilians. It was his rule, that merit should precede, not follow promotion. To use his expression, when a soldier had undergone the "baptism of fire," he was in the way of advancement, if he behaved himself well. To follow the practice of the President of the United States, such a baptism incapacitates him merely to serve under a newly-made, home-manufactured political head.

Our opinion of military justice and policy, would lead us to suppose, that the first men to whom commissions in the new Regiments should have been offered, were the tried officers and the distinguished non-commissioned officers and privates of General Taylor's army. The "baptism of fire" and blood, in the opinion of the country, if we are not mistaken, would be regarded as a better recommendation than the baptism of democracy. It is to this entire disregard of the merits of those who had won so many and such terrible fields, that we attribute the failure of the government to secure the re-enlistment of the old troops. We are informed that disappointment, chagrin, and indignation, are openly manifested by them on this account. What the country has lost by such a result, cannot be estimated by dollars, because human life, the duration of the war, and the character of the peace are all to be affected by it.

In the few instances of old officers re-appointed into the new Regiments, we notice a curious fact that sustains our view of the political character of the appointments. The 3d Regiment of Dragoons, the 15th Regiment of Infantry, and the Regiment of Voltigeurs, the 1st Majors are citizens, and the *second* Majors are old officers. In the case of the 3d Dragoons, the 1st Major is the son of the Senator from Michigan, heretofore Secretary or *attaché* to the Mission to France. The *second* Major was Brevet Captain Emory, of the Topographical corps, a graduate with seventeen years honorable service.

It has been frequently asserted, and honestly believed, that volunteers would not cheerfully serve under old officers; particularly the graduates. These assertions, however, have not been made since the Union published the lists from which we have made the abstract above given.

It was not, as we know, ever suggested that old officers would consent or would be required to serve under striplings taken from the corps of clerks, agents, sub-agents, or even from Secretaries of Legation. So far as we know, this was a contingency that no one, Whig or Democrat, ever expected to realize. Near the foot of the Second Lieutenants of the 3d Dragoons, we notice the name of *Herman Thorn*, of New York, a 2d Lieutenant of Infantry, having passed seven years service (according to report) in the Austrian army. Such cases require explanation. To this demand we

have the following answer:—"What claim have these graduates, and old soldiers to the best offices or to any of the offices?" We reply, as we have already done—*none at all*. And having promptly responded, we now ask, what claim have the partisans, clerks, agents, hangers-on, family relatives, and stump-orators of the Administration, to those military offices? We have already said there is no such thing as a personal claim to office. That is basing the office not on merit or the interest of the country, but on personal favoritism. It is the country which holds the claim, and that is only discharged by an inquiry into qualification and fitness. Suppose the choice of Generals for the present war had been not in the President, but in the people, or the people of the states, or the troops of the states. We will admit that the electors may draw party lines, and take their respective candidates from their respective parties, whig and democrat. But would they (the troops) have elected fourteen Generals, of whom only *two* had pretensions to experience in the field? Judging from the good sense they have exercised in selecting regimental officers, *Dempfan, Davis, Mitchell, Marshall, Jay, Morgan, the brave Lieutenant Stewart,* the intrepid Captain *Henrie, Jack Hays, Johnston,* and names of this class would not be at the head of the valuable troops in Mexico.

It is a new idea that troops in a popular military election exercise power in a safer and better manner than the Executive of the United States; but the developments of this war go far to support the doctrine. Imagine the army in Mexico called upon by the President for a recommendation, to fill vacancies—conceive of the death of five or six generals of the volunteer force now there—and by a stretch of imagination, suppose that the Administration should condescend to consult the troops, and allow them to express their preference by a nominatory vote. Would they have recourse to the politicians of the states, the prominent judges, militia colonels, and members of Congress? or would they fix their eyes on the best soldiers in the camp, the most skillful drill-officer? the man whom they observed in battle—calm, judicious, and energetic? We think it would be safe for the President to try the experiment.

We again take occasion to repeat, that we appreciate fully the merits of the

citizen generals, where they have shown themselves meritorious, and to observe that the same degree of success in those whose opportunities are few, acquires greater distinction than with those who have had experience. It is the method of selection which we think worthy of the extremest censure.

The worst species of favoritism could not entirely fail of selecting some good officers. If they were all taken from the cousins, or cousins-in-law of the secretary-at-war, or from the cobblers of the city of New York, it is not supposable but there should be found some talented, educated, brave and meritorious officers among them. But, in a campaign, it is not only desirable to have good officers during its progress—it is of consequence to have them at the first moments. Our people are so intelligent that they acquire military information, habits, and tactics very readily; but it is to the country an expensive school of education, where, in addition to the officers, there are under pay ten, fifteen, or thirty thousand men, comparatively useless. The first campaign of the last war should not be forgotten by the Cabinet. Not for want of troops, but of experienced officers, a sea son was lost, and what was worse, disgrace and defeat came with overwhelming weight on the spirits of the nation.

It was at such a moment that the Military Academy was established on new and enlarged foundations. It was then discovered that very good and patriotic citizens might be very awkward platoon officers, and worse than awkward at the head of a regiment. The school of the soldier, the squad, the company; the science of fortification, of the attack and defence, and fortified places; the use of artillery in all its forms, its construction and transportation; the laying out of trenches, manœuvring of regiments—in short, the multiplied duties of officers in all forms and all grades,—were then found not to come forth in a moment under the magic of a commission signed by the President. Time, patience, labor, devotion, skill, talent and education, were all found to be necessary, to make a perfect officer. A plume and sash, an epaulet and gold lace, gave their possessor none of those mental and moral qualifications.

Civilians may not at once comprehend the vast difference between an army when it is well, and when it is poorly officered. The Cabinet at Washington

seems not to have been aware of the magnitude of the subject with which they were trifling. But the generals in Mexico can feel it in all its force.

We have heard such reasoning as this. A standing army is a dangerous thing to a republic, and is not to be fostered. We admit it. Does it follow that, if we have an army, it must be in itself an inferior one? Will this abate the difficulty?

Armies are bad things: the Democracy will have, therefore, a bad army. Instead of an intelligent, orderly, and disciplined body of troops, we are to have an insufficient one—a disorderly, public paid, and standing mob. It appears to us that such are liable to be the consequences of the political caste which the President has undertaken to give to the army. He cannot, at least in our view, fail to lower the standard of intelligence and discipline; drive away old and tried soldiers; start into being personal jealousy between officers; diminish the self-respect of some; inflate the importance of others; and finally engender insubordination and mutiny in the ranks.

Congress would be much better instructed, and the nation would be astonished, if the names, number, and qualifications of all the applicants for places in the ten regiments, who had held *previous commissions*, were to be made public.

If Congress had the power and the inclination to draw from the Executive the files of these applications, they would at once see what motives actuated the appointing power; they would at once discover whether our censure is well-founded or not.

If it should, on such an investigation, be found that about all the field, and one-half the platoon officers due to the ten regiments might have been selected from voluntary applicants that had been in service, the reason of their selection would, we think, be sufficiently apparent. And then, if a committee of Congress should go further, and inquire into the politics of those to whom the President gave commissions, we think those reasons would stand out in still bolder relief, to the great horror of the Administration.

VISION OF THE MARTYRS.

I SAW the glorious Horoscope of Time,
 With all its tangled lines
 And bright, enormous circles, in the hand
 Of the Angel of the Signs,
 Who stood on Mazzaroth, the star
 That tents with silver desert space:
 I saw the awful light afar
 Of his sorrowful white face
 Turned to the earth, until the moon
 Marked on the sky's broad dial "noon?"
 Then did the watcher lift his head
 Towards the far calm heaven, and said,
 "A cycle's closing year is dead;"
 And then he made his arm and bosom bare
 And struck the plate of gold:
 I heard the great sound slowly rolled
 Down the long, dreary corridors of the air,
 Like a storm that walks at night adown his mountain lair.

The wan moon heard it, and she stood
 Trembling amid the solitude;
 And all the clouds went swiftly round
 Their white pavilions of the spheres,
 As desert kings around their midnight tents
 When struck by sudden fears;
 And the Earth heard it, and the Sea,
 Who dropped his coral harps in middle minstrelsy.

Again the Angel beat
 The sonorous Horoscope of gold,
 Then laid it at his feet,
 Like a large moon on the wold,
 Which only in the darkness shone—
 A round fire in the Universe alone.

I looked, and knew beside the rim
 The still, majestic face of him
 Who filled Caucasus; for his form,
 Yet black with lightning and the storm,
 Told gods above and men below
 The dread sublimity of wo
 That ever hallows One who long
 For Virtue calmly suffers wrong.

Beside him stood a Shape, whose hands
 Were clasped around a cup in rest,
 Whose eyes were fixed on falling sands,
 While poison-spots burned on the breast;

To him the PROMETHEUS did speak—
 “ Art thou that wondrous Greek ?”
 He only smiled assent; for, lo!
 The night was flushed with a sudden glow:
 Far off appeared the form of One
 Coming like distant music, when,
 Now sad, now joyous, in a strain,
 Long drawn along a darkened plain,
 It smites the ears of wandering men.

Thorns pierced his brow; his golden hair
 Drop'd blood, and evermore his hand
 Pressed painfully on a wounded side
 That poured a purple tide,
 While crimson blushed the conscious air:
 The NAZARENE joined the martyr-band.

To HIM, the Heroes, glory-browed
 And beautiful, in reverence bowed,
 Calling his awful name aloud:
 HE, like a god, their worship took—
 Then on the DIAL bent his eyes,
 Where they beheld, as in a book,
 The world's recorded destinies.
 Sad grew his brow—The PAST how drear!
 Like a weird wilderness it spread,
 In whose dark groves white forms of fear,
 And men in garments gleaming red,
 Stole round the dying and the dead—
 And through the vistas far away
 On emerald hills and sunny capes
 Stood scaffolds, while the frightened day
 Went down on swords and mangled shapes.
 The martyrs sighed—The PRESENT then
 HE traced upon the DIAL. Men
 Were wearing still ambition's plumes,
 Red-wet with blood, and iron cars
 Went crashing on in Battle-glooms
 Beneath the quiet light of stars,
 Whose music yet, as at her birth,
 Spoke “ peace and good will to the earth !”

For this we suffered—this you died !
 The martyrs to the Nazarene cried.
 “ ’Twas not in vain ! ”—he said :—“ lo ! nobler things
 Are written on the outer rings ! ”
 The calm-faced Titan, with his brow of pain
 Drew trembling near again :—
 “ Behold the time
 Is stamped upon the plate : sublime
 The true law rises—and it glows
 On central fires and polar snows !—
 Alike it girdles every zone—
 The BEAUTIFUL is on her throne,
 And men around it ! See her hands
 Furl Battle’s banner in the lands—
 The scaffolds fall—the sabres rust—
 Dungeons go mouldering to the dust—
 New moons are rolling in the sky,
 New anthems harmonize the bowers,
 New rivers march rejoicing by,
 The deserts turn to realms of flowers.
 The Nations, led by Reason long,
 In Nature found the steps of God,
 Yet even on ALCYON their song
 Breathed darkly of their natal sod,
 Till FAITH and BEAUTY gave them wings
 To pierce the weird Abyss above,
 Where Life with all her mystery springs
 From Godhead in his house of Love.

Ho ! Angel of the Signs ! appear !
 Take up the Horoscope again,
 And shout from thine air-watching sphere
 The song that thrilled o’er Judea’s plain ! ”

HE ceased—a change upon my vision—lo !
 Spells from the quick-eyed Alchymist of dreams !
 The forms slow melted to a mighty bow
 Of many hues that spanned Earth’s hills and streams :
 HOPE ! HOPE is singing still upon her arch of beams !

O ! eyes that weep for evermore !
 O ! forms that faint on many a shore !
 O ! hearts that bleed ! O ! souls long tried,
 And in the furnace purified !
 O ! shrieking World ! O ! Mother Earth !
 Soon comes the triumphing of WORTH !
 A little while ye wait beside the streams
 Peopling the misty vales with prophet-dreams :
 HOPE ! HOPE is singing still upon her arch of beams !

THE PHYSIOGNOMY OF CITIES.

“Talking of London, he observed, ‘Sir, if you wish to have a just notion of the magnitude of this city, you must not be satisfied with seeing its great streets and squares, but must survey the innumerable little lanes and courts. It is not in the showy evolutions of buildings, but in the multiplicity of human habitations which are crowded together, that the magnitude of London consists.’”—*Johnson in Boswell.*

“Goswell street was at his feet ; Goswell street was on his right hand ; as far as the eye could reach, Goswell street extended on his left ; and the opposite side of Goswell street was over the way.”—*Pickwick.*

WHOEVER has looked down upon busy streets from a high place, the spire of Trinity or the Boston State-house, will remember that his elevated position did not contribute to give him a proportionately exalted notion of men and their works. Seen from only two hundred feet perpendicular, the Belgian giant becomes a Tom Thumb, the portliest senators show scarce so gross as beetles, an umbrella that seems no larger than a mushroom hides the most ample skirts, coaches and omnibusses that a dozen may ride in appear no bigger than Queen Mab’s chariot ; all the glare and din of the city dwindles into insignificant littleness. Suppose we picture to ourselves what would be one’s sensations in contemplating New York from the car of a balloon that should hang half a mile above the site of Niblo’s. Let there be a gentle west wind to drive the smoke away to the eastward, and as we look over the side of our car we can see the rows of brick marking out the streets, as garden paths are marked with box, only the streets are narrower in proportion to the height of what incloses them, and are, in fact, mere grooves into which the sunlight can scarcely penetrate. Here, directly under us, is Broadway, the widest of these grooves ; half of it is in shadow, but the gayest side is lighted, and we distinguish the sidewalk by its long succession of white awnings, under which we can see, at the occasional breaks, the usual crowd is moving. There are thousands of specks which we know to be men and women. In some we fancy we can trace a motion as of limbs, but in general they are mere dots progressing hither and thither, turning, returning, meeting, stopping, crossing, like so many red ants in a pantry cupboard. And it surprises us at first to see how slowly they get on. There is scarcely one, at the rate they move,

whom it will not take fifteen minutes to go from Bleecker street to the Park. The omnibusses also, and carriages of all sorts, which are passing up and down, seem to progress at but a snail’s pace, and it is wearisome to follow them with the eye.

So in fifty other streets, indeed, in all that are not too narrow and dark to see into, we can discover similar moving specks—human beings walking or riding. The noise of life reaches us in a deadened hum, and we cannot help mentally comparing mankind thus seen in miniature to a nation of insects. “What are we after all,” we think, “but a superior order of ants ?” Here is the broad green country expanding around, land and water, green field and shady forest, hill, plain, and valley, stretching away as far as eye can see, blue clouds sailing over the lofty sky, and the pure breath of summer pervading all, yet here beneath are thousands and thousands as insensible to all this beauty of nature as though they had no instinct but to build cities and live in them. By far the greater part traverse those dark and narrow grooves, or toil in darker cavities beneath those slated roofs, all the year round, never going out, except perhaps for a few hours in the heat of summer. Even the richest, who go out all the warm season, still spend most of their twelve months also in similar cells, and in being carried up and down the same narrow and of late not very clean grooves. The substance of the earth is perforated for many miles with pipes and holes running in all directions, and its natural surface honeycombed like an old worm-eaten log, by the labors of this city-building insect, whose nature it is to crowd together in as large numbers as possible, and keep in continual struggle and commotion. In himself bodily, he is a million times weaker in proportion to his

size than the ant or the bee; if you drop him three or four of his lengths you kill him, or at least break his limbs; he is obliged to clothe himself, and it takes a deal of washing to preserve himself tolerably neat. But he has an instinct more unerring, and an appetite more voracious, than those of the termite; sickness he does not mind, he stops at no stratagem, no difficulty disheartens him, he *must* assemble in crowds, build cities and live in them, and he does; and what is most singular is, that though gregarious considered at large, in the individual there is no created thing more solitary and more disposed to prey on its own kind. Some of these specks below have been studying and adroitly managing for years, merely to have power over their fellows; others will not scruple to lie and cheat and manage with equal dexterity merely to be able to live in a little larger cell than their neighbors, or to outshine them in some other way. There are a great many among them who can scarcely get enough to eat, and many more that lack necessary apparel, yet these trouble not the rest; the rest do something for them to be sure (for it is a peculiarity of this insect, man, that he must, in all his rapacity, flatter himself that he is gentle and generous), but many, very many, die out of the throng unaided and unheeded; their place is soon filled by others, and they are never missed. In one respect only these mites are superior to spiders; though they fight with and kill each other, they do not, at least this variety of the city-builder does not, feed upon its kind after they are dead; content with getting all from each other they can while life remains, when any one is once cold, his fellows have the kindness to cover his body with earth, and let him rest.

But a noise of cannon changes the current of our reverie. It is a vessel of war coming to an anchor below, and exchanging salutes with the fort. We turn from the streets immediately beneath us, to contemplate the vastness of the whole city—its piles of building covering this peninsula, save where a few green oases mark the places of the parks and squares, and the broad belt of shipping that extends around its lower portion. The suburbs, also, Brooklyn, Williamsburgh, Bushwick, Bedford, Jersey City, Hoboken, Chelsea, Bloomingdale, Manhattanville, Harlem—at the height at which we are supposing ourselves floating, we can over-

look them all. We can see moreover the white sails of many ships glistening on the blue water between the Battery and Staten Island; the various ferry boats move to and fro, and numberless steamers are gliding quickly, and to us noiselessly, all over the harbor and up the wide Hudson, drawing trails of foam behind them like watery comets. All is life and motion, and the perpetual murmur of it, as we contemplate the whole, brings a sense of a sound too great to be heard, a mixture of all noises, ten thousand hammers, carriages innumerable, shouts, gongs, voices, the din of Secor's boiler factory, the clank of heavy engines the pulsating clatter of Nassau street printing presses—whatever wears the ear in the ordinary employments of half a million of men and women. "Daily," we think, "year after year, this has gone on increasing; the generation that has left the world heard the beginning of it; with the present it has become a great roar—the voice of a vast city. It will go on the same hereafter, whether we hear it or not, year after year—who can tell how long, or with what growth of power? What is to be the destiny of New York? Is she to become the most populous city the world has ever seen, as another century will make her, if all goes well—or are wars to arise, or pestilence or famine to come and disappoint the expectations of her citizens? Alas! it is not impossible; but whatever destiny is in store for others, we know it will be all the same to us. In a few years we shall be away from this busy scene, asleep it may be 'under the Greenwood shade,' and indifferent to all that concerns the living. Why should we vex ourself with the petty affairs that agitate the breasts of the thousands below? Let us in the future endeavor to preserve a becoming stoicism."

Such might be some of the reflections which we fancy would pass through the mind in taking, if such a thing were possible, a bird's-eye view of New York, as it appears on a bright day in summer. We could not allow our thoughts so much liberty in the course of a common walk or ride through the streets. A thousand things would interrupt. But hanging alone in the air, and contemplating the city from a position of entire "aloofness," we can readily fancy that all the everyday life of our fellow-citizens would seem as dwarfed and insignificant as we have depicted it; and that when we considered of the city as a whole, our thoughts

would naturally flow backward to her history, and we could scarcely avoid, especially in these days of corrupt politics, and unjust war, speculating sadly on her future prospects. The position would suggest such thoughts. Looking down from a calm height upon the busy hive of commerce, we could not help being contemplative and philosophical.

And this brings us to consider *the influence of local and external circumstances upon the mind*. To our apprehension, not only such an extreme and unusual change of place as we have supposed, but, also, lesser ones, have power to affect us, each in some peculiar manner. To ascend any height, and look over a wider landscape than usual, inclines one to contemplation. The Aristophanic jest against Socrates had enough truth in it to give it a relish; it *would* have been an aid to reflection to swing in a basket from a tall mast, though the Miltonic fancy of reading Plato in some "high lonely tower" is certainly an improvement. But to descend into a dark and gloomy mine has an effect equally strong, and of a wholly different complexion. In short, there is not a landscape or a visible image, but what will teach us a language of its own, if we gaze on it often enough—not a house, or a tree, or any thing that is, but will acquire a character, if it becomes familiarized. A long winding footpath in the country, that goes on like a brook, now under forest patches, now through rocky pastures, now skirting a level meadow—how soon will it become invested with a peculiar individual hue! Many such there were that we knew in childhood (alas! the summer comes and goes, and finds us and thousands more, lovers of green fields, still toiling in the hot and dusty city!) as we recall them some seem pleasant, others difficult, rough, like a perplexing dream; one in particular, we know not why, seems to have a very sad and mournful character. Doubtless, many of our readers could easily furnish similar reminiscences. As for the mournful one, we may have been caught in the rain there or played truant, and, horrible idea! carried a gloomy foreboding that way home. For the reason of the meaning that all things external thus have, is not always apparent; sometimes it arises from its first impressions, sometimes from associations. A certain house—we are not speaking of houses in a block, which in general have almost as little individuality as the people who live in them—we mean *a house*

—one that stands apart on its own underpinning, looks out of its own windows, and holds up its own chimneys—shall seem cold and comfortless, another snug and warm, and we cannot always, in houses whose society we have long enjoyed, and which we have been thoroughly acquainted with, inside and out, resolve the sensations they inspire to reasons of form and proportion. We can remember some nice houses to look at, and that, if we did not very well know, we should be greatly smitten with, so entirely without social, affection, that it makes us almost shudder to think of them; at the same time we think of one, a mere square two-story wooden building, which has always been the representative in our mind of Irving's "shingle palace," quite old, standing entirely alone in a bleak place, without a tree or a bud near it, that still, we know not wherefore, we esteem an honest, kind-hearted friend. We could sleep in it and feel secure; if the casement rattled, we should not dream of ghosts, whereas in another and handsomer house that we know, we should light our bed-chamber candle with a sensation of going to a funeral. The one feels to us like Justice Shallow's residence in Gloucestershire, "a goodly dwelling and a rich;" we could eat there a dish of caraways *and so forth*; the other resembles that noble mansion in Inverness, so fair without, within so full of horror; it inspires us with all the indefinite apprehension of evil concentrated in such lines as

"Light thickens; and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood,"

or that we have felt in a lonely twilight in early autumn in an unfrequented part of the country, the bottomless "Devil's Pond" and its diabolical frogs not far distant on the road before us, a screech owl in the ash-tree over the old cellar where was a house in the days of the Salem witches, and five miles to walk through the woods—Tam O'Shanter's ride was nothing to it. This is the feeling that house gives us, and we could not better express it than by comparing it to that of a road which actually exists, and which even now we had as leave take medicine" as ride over. Thank Heaven, all the old scenes and landscapes in the gallery of memory are not such ones!

Before proceeding further with our subject, let us here step aside one moment to say that we flatter ourselves there

are many to whom what we have just written will seem pure affectations and who, if they read what we intend shall follow, will account it a mere waste of their valuable time. For we do not wish to be 'instructive,' 'vigorous' or 'profound;' we are not going to address the hard-minded, unimaginative reader. The various quaint and entertaining, yet true observations we shall suffer ourselves to make in the course of this article, will not be understood by such; none of the feelings we shall take for granted, have ever been experienced by such; and by such, therefore, all our curious speculations will be esteemed nonsense, or at best ingenious day-dreaming. It is but fair that we give them due warning of our purpose, and then, if they read, the blame rests not with us. Procul, O, procul, therefore, all ye dry readers! ye human bricks! we are not now writing for you, and your presence annoys us. Let us have none in our audience but such, as are sensitive, such as feel the influences of the weather, and at different times are conscious of different moods; such in short, as have delicate nerves, and minds that can receive and retain their impressions. And, if it be not presumptuous, let us hope especially for the attention of those whose souls are so much more refined than ours, and whose presence makes all places pleasant, who can understand the language of a sigh, and know how to calm the most agitated heart by a whisper—they who are most appropriately to be addressed in the old formula of "gentle reader."

To return. It is evident that it does not, as we were about to remark, require a visit to the plain of Marathon, or the ruins of Iona, to inspire the mind with thoughts and emotions arising from particular localities. Any aspect of the sensible world may inspire peculiar phases of being, either originally or by association. To illustrate this, we will take some instances in the features and expression of well-known cities; it may be amusing to many to compare how far the experience of another corresponds with their own. To us the countenances of Boston and New York are as familiar as those of any of our acquaintances; of the first we think we know every furrow and wrinkle, the other we have not been intimate with so long, yet are with most of its streets on the footing of a frequent visitor.

Boston is a goodly city, "set on a

hill;" it possesses a very marked aspect of substantial pride. Seen from a distance, it has more oneness and individuality of character than any city that we remember. The piles of buildings rise one above another to a central dome; the form of the pyramid is preserved, and the eye rests on the whole as on a lofty structure with a broad base. Of all the points from which it may be viewed, we prefer that from the way of Roxbury. It was here that many years ago (to write a sentence that might serve Mr. James to introduce an opening chapter,) two travellers might be seen one fine morning in June, seated in an old country chaise that was slowly approaching the city by the Dorchester turnpike; one was a venerable man of grave countenance, apparently a clergyman, the other a boy. As the chaise approached the brow of the hill, whence the city is visible, one might have observed the face of the boy full of eager anticipation, and when at length it reached the summit, his enthusiasm and restlessness passed all bounds. For there before him, softened and mellowed by four or five miles of intervening atmosphere, stood the city of which he had heard and read so much. Here were the heights trodden by Washington and the Continental army; beyond was Bunker Hill; there Franklin was born, whose life he had read; there, too, was the dome of whose immense height he had heard from cotemporaries such exaggerated accounts, and which he should ascend on the morrow; there, also, was the great museum, (burnt, alas! some years since,) and there was the book-store of James Monroe, and places where could be procured invincible pocket-knives and fish-hooks of all sizes. He had come from fifty miles off, and felt himself a great traveller; every sign on the road over the Neck he remembered for years afterwards, particularly "Lauriat, Gold Beater;" "Willard, Clock Maker," and a Piano Factory that is still standing; and when, after being confused by the din of Washington street he at last found himself in the parlor of the Bromfield Tavern, he felt that he was more of a cosmopolitan, and had at keener sense of the romance of the city, than he could now feel, if set down at the Elephant and Castle.

Delicious days! when we could lose ourself in those crooked streets, the by-ways and secret places of which are now so well known as to be a second nature.

From almost all parts of the city, except Copp's Hill, the early glow has faded, and other tints have supervened; the Roxbury road, that used to seem grand and airy, has become as tame and meditative as a walk down an old Baconian garden, (marry, of a hot evening, it has still good air; the Common, instead of being the gala-field it was in the days of boyhood and egg-pop, has become one of the most tragic spots in the whole creation; for there assemble great crowds on Fourth of July nights whose mirth jars on the solitary heart, and there, on the hill in the centre, comes as delightful a moonlight as any under which poet ever unvailed his sorrows. We lost early that romantic sense of mystery which it gives a stranger in Boston to start from a given point, and, after half an hour's walk, suddenly to become conscious that he has arrived *back again*; even the pleasure of making short cuts through hidden alleys and under arches—as, for example, to go from Washington street through Province-house Court into Montgomery place, or to drop from Milk street into Theatre-alley, and turn up with premeditated unexpectedness in Summer street—vanished very soon with one who began city life partly as the carrier of a magazine. In fact, Boston seems now only a village; yet a village possessing a most decided character as a whole, and made up of many features. We still feel the diverse yet harmonizing influences of its various quarters. For instance, Copp's Hill, as we have remarked, has never lost its first impression; it is impossible to walk near the graves of the Mathers without a consciousness of the presence of antiquity; the old church, the names of the streets in the vicinity, Unity, Salutation, Snow Hill; here and there a decayed dwelling, the narrowness of the sidewalks, all contribute to this effect, and to such an extent with us, that at the last election a torch-light procession in Charter street seemed almost sacrilegious.

Fort Hill belongs to a period mediæval between Copp's and Beacon. That and the upper end of Pearl street, tell of the rich merchants of the last generation, whose fortunes were made in commerce with remote climates. India wharf especially, gives us a Crusoe-like feeling of long voyages and hazardous yet successful enterprises. The old ornamented end of the building on it that looks towards the harbor has an air of solid wealth which we could never resist; we can conceive that unsafe speculation might find

its way into the buildings on the Granite wharves, but here the mind refuses to admit the supposition.

Beacon and Park streets have to our apprehension as purely and peculiarly a Boston character, as the faces of any of the gentlemen who live on them. Indeed, it would be hardly possible, one might reason *à priori*, for one to own a house and live in it, in such a noble and commanding situation, without gradually attaining a dignity of manner corresponding thereto. We mean that manner which becomes a man of wealth and high station—not an affected or offensive *hauteur*. Even to a very poor man who owns none of the fine houses there, we cannot help thinking it beneficial to dress himself as neatly as his means will permit, and walk down to the public garden of a Saturday afternoon. Though he may be scarcely able to live decently, it will gratify him to see that others are, and also that they preserve themselves from the dangerous temptations of great wealth, so far at least as to retain a taste for the elegancies and refinements of life. There are deprivations and infirmities which are some excuse for misanthropy, but mere poverty, never sours the hearts of any but cowards. If it could be actually tried, it would be found that it is not the poor themselves, but those who thrive by exciting their jealousy, who are the first to inveigh against the rich. In no city in the country does wealth appear to better advantage than here, in this street, and we cannot help fancying it in some measure owing to this that Boston preserves always an orderly conservative government.—What addresses the eye has more to do in influencing the conduct than is often suspected. While Beacon street and those adjacent, by their elevated position, do something towards keeping in check the Athenian rabble, they also no doubt render some of the Areopagites more sensible that they have to sustain the rank of gentlemen.

What effect the building of a reservoir on Beacon Hill, as we hear is intended, will have, remains to be seen; we fear that unless the architect that way display more taste in its construction, than their works of late years would argue them to possess, its influence upon the tone of the west end will not be for good. Fancy the Croton Reservoir transported to Bond street or Waverly place! It is a matter of great municipal importance, particularly at the present time, that the

dignity, which is the prerogative of that portion of Boston, should be strenuously insisted on; for of late years, in the new portions of the city, there has come into fashion a style of building alike injurious to morals and to health. The three old quarters we have noticed, with the Irish and Negro, no longer serve as generic divisions under which the whole population may be classified into species; the city is spreading like a fire in Sandwich woodstowards Charlestown and East Cambridge, and in the south towards Roxbury; and one may already find numberless streets so narrow that only a very sharp wind can ever blow into them, and places that it is absolutely suffocating to look down—mere Cairo passages, where two camels could hardly pass each other, where the over-the-ways may reach out of their windows and shake hands, and where the sun never shines, except in the height of the summer solstice, to heat the attics. It is impossible that human beings, we should say New Englanders, with a New England common-school education—can live in such holes—holes which have all the narrowness and dampness of graves without their blessed quiet—it *cannot be* (and this is our serious thought) that such places will ever hold a respectable population; respectable people will not long live in them, or, if they do, they will soon cease to look upon themselves as such, and thence soon cease to be so. The character of the population must deteriorate when such places are fully tenanted. Imagine them all crowded, and how long would it be before the city government of Boston would come into the hands of low politicians? Two or three elections at furthest; probably not more than one. Hence, to counteract in some degree the influence of this immoral style of building, we hope Beacon street will exert itself to keep up its dignity. May no unsightly reservoir, whether standing on its line, or within the view thereof, ever mar its harmony as a street of good dwelling-houses; but may it long remain, as it now is, a symbol to the eye of the substantial worth of the richest class of Massachusetts's citizens.

The word reminds us of the venerable steamboat Massachusetts, on board of which, twelve years ago last July, the same young gentleman, whose first visit to Boston has already been narrated, found himself one fine morning passing through Hellgate. Never shall we for-

get the hour of intense excitement we underwent while the city gradually came in sight; all that we had felt in riding into Boston, was now six years later in life gone over again. At length we passed Blackwell's island, the Shot Tower, Bellevue, rounded Corlear's Hook, and came in sight of the shipping; saw the thick mounds of building, loftier and dingier than those of Boston, huge chimnies, gigantic signs—one in particular,

“TOBACCO INSPECTION!”

The traveller from the eastward may see it still, and we leave it to the experience of many, whether that single sign has not given them an impression of the city's commercial importance—an undefined idea of the vastness of its trade—a consciousness that they were approaching a GREAT MART,—more vivid than all the bristling masts and chaos of slate roofs and brick walls would of themselves have inspired. It seems a sign under which the tobacco of the world in its every variety, from patrician cavendish to plebeian *pig-tail*, should be inspected. Before the spire of Trinity rose up to give character and dignity to the city, it was the most striking object to be seen from the direction of the East river, and has no doubt had its influence on all departments of business. For your fanciful people, whose heads are most apt to be affected by what they see, are the very ones we make the most money from; a plain country dealer of this temperament is very likely to have his ideas so enlarged, and to feel so awed and carried away by the outward show of immense trade, that he begins to fancy his own transactions too cautious and insignificant before, and determines to purchase more largely, and be more actively persuasive in working off his goods at retail—all which tends, as Mr. Weller would observe, to ‘keep the pot a bilin’: to bring wealth to the city, and to increase the wants and industry of our happy country.

Before landing that morning, we remember, that being in total ignorance of the city, we had inquired of a respectably dressed elderly person where would be a good place to stop for a few days. He recommended Lovejoy's, and went up there with us. We breakfasted together in the cellar below, and he discovering, probably, a predilection for literature in our conversation (we had just passed our sophomore year in college) directed his

conversation that way, and soon became communicative. Tapping himself gravely on the temple, he informed us that he had a "very perfect mind;" to prove which he recited several pieces of rhyme, among others a long Fourth of July ode, of his own composition. All this was nuts to us; we were "just sixteen," on a pleasure trip, which we had been permitted to take expressly that we might "see the world;" and, lo! the very second day we meet a character who might have actually walked out of the pages of a novel. What little of identity the uproar of Broadway, the confusion at the tavern, and the anticipation of sight-seeing left in us, this breakfast completely expressed, leaving us in that delightful state of pleasurable intoxication wherein one hardly knows or cares whether he is the same individual he was a few hours before or not. The city appeared all *colour de rose*; the men and women were merely walking or riding for pleasure; the Park was a kind of Elysian, something like Hyde Park as it appears in the golden pages of old-fashioned tales. We sauntered forth, down Broadway—turned off—got lost—found ourselves, at length, walking up Madison street, under an impression that we should soon reach Park Row, an impression, as we ascertained upon inquiry, in direct opposition to the fact. In the afternoon, as we had not then outgrown the taste for museums, we visited that vast repository of learned curiosities, the American; in the evening, in spite of a conviction of its sinfulness, the Park, where the ballet dancing excited our pity; next day Peale's Museum, the Battery, the streets,—and so kept on in a whirl of enjoyment for a glorious three days; then away to the Catskills, Lake George, and the Notch. Two or three times afterwards, whenever we visited the city, it was always under circumstances that kept up this impression of life and romance. Once, going to Philadelphia, after we had experienced a day of enjoyment here, behold seven young ladies, a detached guerilla party from a fashionable boarding-school there, well armed with at least five trunks and band-boxes apiece, threw themselves upon us the moment we, provided with only one trunk, stepped on board the Amboy ferry-boat; of course we could only submit, and the result was that we enjoyed two days of delightful captivity, being taken to the Penitentiary at Moyamensing the next afternoon, under a

strong escort, and detained there several hours. Another time, it was in dead of winter after a tedious journey over the Alleghanies. Another—but we will not be too communicative—let that rest in oblivion. Suffice it, that we have then and since spent the happiest and the saddest hours of a changeful life in daily intercourse with these now familiar streets. Many of our readers could no doubt say the same, but their experience may perchance not be so vivid as ours, who have learned in months what grew upon them insensibly with years. But we are getting prolix in personal reminiscences; let us descend to particulars.

New York is not so easily subdivided into quarters and faubourgs as Boston. Still, there is evidently an up-town and a down-town—east side and west side, each of which has a peculiar character; so much so, that if any of us were suddenly transported to any street in either quarter, we fancy we should know by the general aspect of things, (though we might not recognize the street,) or else by some occult sympathy, the up-town and down-town *feeling*, what part of the city we were in. There is as much difference in the sensations excited by Union place and the Battery, and by the river ends of Canal and Grand streets, as there is between so many different rooms; Union place, for example, is to the Battery what an airy and fashionably furnished parlor on the second floor is to a plain old shady drawing room with open windows on the first. Not that the impressions they create at all *resemble* those; only the *relation* is somewhat the same. It is impossible to describe things of which there exists but one of the kind otherwise than by comparison; and even that is not always possible. For instance, how shall we compare the foot of Grand street with that of Canal? We may give all the physical differences, it is true—may paint both places,—but even that will only remind us of the different feelings they excite. We can no more describe them than we can express those excited by two tunes. We can only say we know them apart—we prefer one to the other. To us it seems pleasanter to be at Canal street ferry, than to be at the Grand street one. Why so, is more than we know, unless it is because when there we have always been going to Hoboken for a walk; but then, on reflection, the like is the case with the other. It is considering

too curiously to pry into the reason of all the hues of external objects; enough that they are such as they are, and a part of one's daily life.

Let any of the principal of our thoroughfares be mentioned, and there springs up at once in the mind an image, and with it a feeling. If it is a monotonous street, not differing from those adjacent, we have only the general feeling of the quarter it is in. Thus, the long row of streets between Grand and Houston, from the Bowery to the East river, who could ever tell them apart? Yet one cannot walk in one of them without a different feeling from what he would have in any street the other side of Hudson. But a very insignificant street may have a great deal of character; thus Batavia street—but that is probably known only to connoisseurs—and where "ignorance is bliss," &c. Some streets have various complexions; Great Jones street, for example, is but a continuation of Third, one of the most loathsome depositories of foreign pauperism in the city. Broadway is however a better instance. No one can think of this vertebral column of New York as one image, any more than he can think of a larger number than his five fingers can cover. We may think of six, or a larger number, as two threes or three twos, and so on; so Broadway naturally subdivides itself, and we are obliged to run the fancy up or down to take it all in. With us it separates somewhat in this wise: From the Battery to the City Hotel is one impression; the street is colored by the Battery feeling; thence to Vesey street is another—the feeling of hotels, strangers, retail shops of the more curious sort, and a continual crowd; thence to the Hospital, the old Park feeling; not all the storms, nor the sadness of time past (and our business was once such, that for the greater part of a year we were obliged to pass up the lower part of this street at three o'clock in the night) have yet been able to wear out the old impression of the Park; the streets around it yet seem full of sunniness and gayety; from the hospital to Canal, a feeling of elegance, handsome stores and customers in carriages; between Canal and Bleecker we think one is apt to meet the prettiest young ladies coming down shopping; thence to Grace church, the street grows more quiet and shady. A volume, and an interesting one too, might be written upon this single street, its natural history, and the phases it assumes under the changes of the weather

and the seasons; the book should be illustrated of course, and the frontispiece should be a bird's-eye view of some grand procession passing through it; at the end, after plates of all its intermediate aspects, should be a page like that in Tristram Shandy, showing how it appears to one who walks up two hours before daylight on a stormy night in winter, knee deep in snow and mud, totally eclipsed, (even the corporation moon having set at midnight) buffeted ever and anon by torn awnings, unseen till felt, stumbling over falling signs and distracted boxes, in momentary expectation of being cleft in two by flying slates—one such walk is enough to confute the oft-quoted lines in Childe Harold:

"Oh? night

And storm and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,

Yet *lively* in your strength," &c.

But no description or illustration could give a perfect idea of the noise of Broadway, and the three or four hundred omnibuses and innumerable hacks, drays, carts, and vehicles of all sorts that wear its wide pavement all day long. To hear it well, one should stand in the middle of the Park and listen; it is somewhat like the sound of Niagara heard from the Cataract Hotel, not so deep and thunderous, however, but sharper and harsher—a great corroding roar, that seems to gnaw the earth like devouring fire. When, from repaving, or any other cause, the current is turned into a bye street for a few days, it seems as dangerous an operation as tying the great aorta; the subsidiary veins and arteries are not sufficient to carry the stream.

What Beacon street is to Boston, Broadway is to New York; for it is the one which gives character to the city. The beautiful streets of dwelling-houses up town are too numerous and too much alike to do this; Broadway is both a dwelling and a business street, and is the great feature of the city; the fountains and parks are mostly on it, and—in short, what would New York be without it? It is a noble street, one of the busiest and gayest in the world, yet we regret no little that there should not be somewhere up town such a grand one of princely mansions as should bear the same relation to it in effect that the head does to the body. We would like to see Union place surrounded by lofty terraces of white mar-

ble, and Fourteenth street lined with majestic freestone blocks; also, all the adjacent streets and avenues built up in the excellent style now generally adopted in houses of the better order. Our idea is, that the wealth of the city should be symbolized in its repose as well as in its activity; that it should present itself to the common eye under that dignified aspect which it ought to maintain, not displaying itself ostentatiously, but with true grandeur; that so those who are rapidly acquiring it, as many constantly are among us, should feel that their riches were not all in all, but that they had a character to maintain, a standard of respectability to conform to, while increasing their store. And from the present style, so far as form is concerned, this notion is in a process of realization; the business part of the city does not bear the same relation to the inhabited portion that a Pennsylvania farmer's barn bears to his house, but is gradually taking its proper level; indeed, when we consider the many handsome streets that already adorn the upper end of the city, we cannot believe that the hearts of the merchants of New York are altogether, or so much so as is often represented, in their counting-rooms. But we have not yet produced that caste of society which is the highest fruit of civilization; our "upper ten" are still, as they are the readiest to admit, a very ill-assorted body, and Broadway is still a good type of our whole city.

Greenwich street presents almost as much variety as Broadway; so does Hudson, the Bowery, and Third and Eighth Avenue, Grand street, and many others. And how different they each are in character. No sensitive man could walk up the Bowery, for example, with exactly the same step he would use in Broadway, nor can any slouch or elbow himself through Bond street as he might in Chatham, or withstand the sweet influences of Division with the same carelessness with which he might suffer himself to be jostled along Front. The squares and fountains also have each their character; Union place is elegant, and its fountain also; the Park lively, and so too its fountain, after all the fault that has been found with it; the Bowling-green and its waterworks we leave to the daily papers; St. John's square—green, quiet, umbrageous—it is private property, and so are with us its many associations; Tompkins we had like to have overlooked—it has beautiful walks, open and cool at the very verge of

evening; but what a name for a public park! There are also the village-like streets of Chelsea, now a part of the city, but differing from it so widely, that though we may walk there through brick-lined thoroughfares, it seems a town by itself. In short, the city presents so many shades of character, that a series of model walks, or 'Progressive Exercises for Young Pedestrians,' might be devised, like games of chess, or lessons for the piano, which should present a variety for every fair day in the year, with additional combinations in an appendix for those who do not fear a little snow or rain, and difficult and novel studies for advanced pupils; a second volume might be added, including the suburbs within eight miles of the city, and giving ingenious problems and concerto walks, for the use of professors. Omnibuses and hackney-coaches are an invention of the adversary of men and horses, "the devil luxury;" next to a good conscience, a good stomach is the best possession, and the philosopher who should present our citizens with a "COMPLETE WALKER" ought to be regarded as a public benefactor.

It would be easy to allude to the features of many other of our cities; to the prim white shuttered avenues of Philadelphia, the wide and clean streets of Cincinnati—Broadway, Sycamore, Fourth, and many others; the imposing main streets of Louisville, Buffalo, and Detroit; or in our eastern towns to the beautiful shaded hills of Providence, New Bedford and Newport—but these our readers in those places can study for themselves. It is fortunate for us that we have made our articles so desultory, that we can conclude where we have exhausted our space. If the reader discovers any glimmering of a purpose in what we have written, we assure him it was unconscious—we intended only to amuse him with entertaining gossip. Perhaps he will fancy that we designed to encourage a taste for observation, and to lead others insensibly to cultivate their fancies, and admit natural thoughts to pass through their minds, without always chaining themselves down to the pursuits of business or ambition; but did we not warn away the hard-minded, unimaginative—all who *can* thus chain themselves down and shut their eyes to the influences of the outer world—and expressly declare that we wrote not for them? The only purpose, then, we could have had, has been to gratify the sympathies of those whom we fancy

to have enjoyed a like experience with our own. This is all we can acknowledge. But it will be quite a great incidental object gained, if these very imperfect suggestions shall have the effect to call the attention of the admirers of an exclusively national literature to a de-

partment hitherto overlooked by them, and yet as purely American as that furnished by our woods and prairies, viz.: the Poetry of our Cities.

G. W. P.

August, 1847.

OPINIONS OF THE COUNCIL OF THREE.

POLITICAL BIGOTRY—CONSERVATISM—RADICALISM.

It is a common maxim, that "virtue" is necessary to the Republic; as if virtue were a means of which the Republic is the end. Now, when it is conceded, that forms of government are instituted for the protection and fostering of virtue, and are valuable only as they accomplish this, the maxim becomes a mis-statement, and loses its value. It is a Republic that is necessary to virtue, and not virtue to a Republic; the State is for the aid of virtue, and not virtue for the State. Virtue is not the means; it is the end.

When we have discovered that form of government which develops all the virtues of men, both active and passive, it will not be denied that we have discovered the best.

The active virtues of men, enterprise, justice, good faith, require a great field of action, and to be unimpeded in their course; the State must cherish and protect them; it must remove obstacles, and repress hostile energies.

But this cannot be accomplished by the establishment of any unchangeable system of laws and ordinances. The new conditions that appear continually in the nation from increase of population, from the rise of new forms of industry and the decline of old, from relations with other governments and the rivalry of members of our own, require a constant revision of the laws, and of the whole system of the government, that it may continue to accomplish the end for which it was established.

In a word, it is necessary that the PROGRESS OF THE NATION should be attended by an equal *progress* of the State.

It rarely happens, however, that any

change in the system of the laws, however necessary to the general good, can be effected without injury and loss to many.

Hence, in every nation there is a large and powerful class, who, from motives of interest, oppose all changes in the laws, however necessary and salutary. These we propose to name political bigots, and their feeling political bigotry.

There seems, moreover, to be a principle of bigotry in human nature, which appears in politics as well as in religion. By a singular habit of mind, men imbued with this principle hold on to the old opinion, they know not why, even to the injury of their country and themselves. They will rather die than live in a way to which they are unaccustomed.

Amongst an enterprising people, on the other hand, there will always be found a great number who are discontented with the present system of things. By a necessary imperfection even in the most perfect arrangement, they are injured or depressed. To these add those who through mere ambition, or through a peculiar metaphysical craving, or, through attributing to merely domestic evils a political origin, desire change, and a substitution of their own systems; and we have under one view the vast and chaotic party of Radicalism, always active, always destructive, yet acting as a spur to the progress of the State and of society.

In a nation long established, with a mild but sufficient government, without foreign relations, making no progress in opinion, it is evident the party of bigotry prevails, and is the governing party.

But in a nation where all the energies of men are directed toward augmentation and rise, by wealth, territory, knowledge, alliance, and all other means, it is evident the party of change and reform will overwhelm that of bigotry, when the contest is between them alone.

Between these two, rises pre-eminent the party of the State, composed of all those whose intellects are sufficiently comprehensive to understand both Bigotry and Radicalism, and who have the prudence to value them at their true rate. These, for reasons which we shall now assign, we have called the Conservatives, and their spirit, CONSERVATISM.

The Conservative is he who continually returns to the first principles on which his government was established. He understands the spirit of his government, and is able to modify and improve its form without violating its principle.

But the word Conservative does not suggest any particular set of principles; it rather presupposes them. The principles of a government may be of a perfectly elevated character, in strict accordance with humanity and justice. Or, they may be of an inferior spirit, inhumane and oppressive. They may be despotic, sacrificing the liberty of all; aristocratic, sacrificing that of the majority; ultra democratic, sacrificing the individual to the state, and oppressing the one by the many.

Any one of these or other false principles may lie at the foundation of a State, and actuate all its proceedings. It is therefore necessary to believe that a Conservative in one nation might not be a Conservative in another; that a Conservative in America would be a Radical in other countries; that Conservatism in this is not Conservatism in other nations. We seek only to conserve those principles which in other countries are agitated by radical reformers.

Radicals in Italy and Prussia, if they be not mere anarchists, must become conservatives in a State like our own; unless, through ignorance of our constitution, they imagine it to contain the same evil principles which they feel in their own.

Could it be shown to any man of intelligence, that the constitution of his country contained all the principles necessary to human liberty, it is certain he would become a staunch conservative of that constitution. He would not wish to

see its authority weakened by bad precedents and loose constructions; and if any amendments were to be made he would have them made in the spirit of its first founders. "It is necessary," says Machiavelli, "for States who wish to maintain themselves, to return continually to their original principles."

In America only, is a philosophical and sincere conservatism possible; for here, the principles of liberty and justice are the first principles of liberty and justice.

A conservative in a despotic or aristocratical State is of necessity the enemy of freedom; in ours he is its greatest friend. A conservative in America becomes a radical in England or in Germany, for there he wishes to change the principles of the government; while in his own country he desires only to fix and to confirm them.

The radical reformers of Italy, France, and Prussia, wish to establish in those countries a free representative government, capable of securing liberty to every individual, to protect him against the many and the few, against terrorists and tyrants. But no sooner have they established such a government than they will become vehement conservatives, and will resist, on the one side bigotry, and other radicalism.

The parties of one nation cannot be understood by those of another. To understand our politics, men must know the spirit of the constitution, and what there is in it to be maintained. When in America we declare ourselves conservative, we, in the same breath, declare our adherence to the most perfect possible state, or which embraces all the principles of humanity, liberty, and justice.

Conservatives in England return continually to the Aristocratic, or Feudal Principle—while they seem to be making great changes in the external form of their government.

Conservatives in America also return continually to the original principles of their government; and they believe them to be the highest on which any state can rest. They do not wish to depart from them, nor do they hope to discover any that are more exalted. They do not admit any arguments for any act or law, derived from any others. They believe, them to be those for which our fathers fought, and of which our enemies would be the first to deprive us, and that therefore, they are truly and practically our first principles.

From these considerations it will, perhaps appear, that our Conservatism is not only practical, but philosophical; for it returns continually to the first principles of human liberty;—it favors not only the “life and liberty of the individual,” but fosters his enterprise—his active virtue. It rests in the very centre, and can therefore understand and correct the extremes. It is ready to meet every occasion, and having an infallible rule to fall back upon, is never in danger of a false decision. It respects nothing but the laws of reason and the certainties of experience. It pays no regard to new systems or theories except as they are an immediate induction from the facts.

Radicalism, on the contrary, seeks to do in a day what years only can accomplish; it sees no obstacles until it falls over them. Our Conservatism is the middle term of Politics;—on the one side Bigotry, on the other Radicalism. *It is the Pivot of Progress*; for while it maintains the Spirit unimpaired, it permits and provides for the greatest growth of the body. As in the ascent of a tower by a spiral stair, while the direction and effort changes continually, the principal of progress is maintained about the same centre and towards the same end, so is it with *our* Conservatism. Radicalism, in the same comparison, attempts a direct ascent, but cannot rise from the ground. Gravitation is its worst enemy. Bigotry, on the other hand, proceeds, but will not ascend.

By the idea of this Conservatism we may attain to a true idea of progress.

Thus, of progress in Religion, we say, it must be sustained by a continual return to the first principles of Christianity.

Of progress in society, by a continual recurrence to the first principles of courtesy and honor.—Of progress in the State, by the perfecting of our institutions according to the spirit of their founders. Our principles remain unchanged, as we received them from our fathers;—we only perfect their expression, and apply them to new instances. Radicalism and Bigotry prevent and destroy the effects of these principles. Bigotry holds on to the old abuses, because it thrives by them, or because it only loves them. Radicalism would destroy the present system, because it does not thrive by it, or is impatient of its

slowness; or because it has imagined new.

Let us balance the one against the other, and say to each;—*you* thrive by the evil and love it;—*you* suffer by the good and hate it; *you* are neither of *you* in a condition to say what shall be established, or what shall be destroyed.

Bigotry, through ignorance of the first principles, and a great reverence for the forms, refuses to meet the necessities of the times, and will not extend new laws over new conditions and necessities.

Radicalism, through equal ignorance of the first principles, and a great hatred of the forms, proposes others founded in no principles, but only in certain private maxims or abstract theories of its own.

Bigotry, being ignorant of the probability of progress, through a mistaken interpretation of the words, “depravity of human nature,”—confounding liberty of soul, and the love of enterprise, with the love of license and violence—will not hear to the reformation of abuses.

Radicalism, sick with ambition, and disappointed in its private hopes, readily concedes to all men what itself desires, confiding in fortune and in its own ability, to secure itself a fair share of power and profit in the general scramble.

Bigotry, equally timid and uncharitable, neither dares itself, nor will permit others, to make changes in the state; because it knows itself to be perfectly ignorant of the principle of such changes, and therefore, clings for safety to the old form.

Radicalism, bold and careless, delights in a dream of perfect happiness for itself, when all its desires shall be instantaneously gratified, with the delights of fellowship and of equality.

Bigotry, tends always to one extreme. It desires to subject many to the dominion of a few, or of one. This is its first principle.

Radicalism, tends to an opposite extreme; it desires to subject each one to the dominion of many or of all. This is *its* first principle.

Bigotry would force into the State the Principles of the Church; subordination, classification, the governor, not one in spirit with the governed, and acting rather upon, than through them.

Radicalism, would urge upon the State certain merely social principles—the force of opinion, the power of the many, the coincidence of might and right—the gov-

erned drawn by the governing, and confounded with them in a tempest of ambitious fear, or vain admiration.

Bigotry, is didactic and dogmatical—

Radicalism, eloquent and persuasive.

The virtues of Bigotry are constancy, honesty, and obedience.

Those of Radicalism are variety, plasticity, and generosity.

The intolerance of Bigotry is against change; that of Radicalism against fixedness; both are good haters, and infinitely intolerant. Our Conservatism, on the contrary, has neither the exaggerated virtues, nor the vices of these extremes.

It identifies itself with the present—as Bigotry does with the past, and Radicalism with the future.

It pays no heed to any suggestion, and proposes no laws but such as protect and encourage active virtue, and call forth all the energies of individuals.

To this end, it fosters education, encourages the arts, confirms every kind of property on the person of the acquirer; opens new channels of industry, carries on defensive wars, and watches with jealous care the rights of persons in the family,—finally, and in a word, it goes with the *individual* into all the relations of life, confirms him in his rights, defends him in his cause, encourages his hopes, forwards his plan, and by a silent influence, develops all the better qualities of his soul.

Our Conservatism, it appears, is founded in a conviction, that the Idea of the Republic is perfect, not only in its first *Principles*, but, in great measure, as to its *form*. That these principles, and, *essentially*, this form, are the best that can be imagined for the perfection and progress of human nature.

THE REPUBLIC OF PARAGUAY;

SINCE THE DEATH OF THE DICTATOR FRANCIA.

THE published accounts in our language of the republic of Paraguay, bring us only to the year 1825. Since then, we have learned nothing save from contradictory newspaper accounts, giving not even a vague idea of the richest portion of the American continent, inhabited by a people cordial and sensible in the extreme, as contrasted with their neighbors of common ancestry, and not only ardently desirous but fully capable of playing their own part among the nations of the world.

Neither the general ignorance concerning this country, nor the absence of all interest in its affairs among us, ought to be wondered at, when we consider that the few years elapsed since the death of the Dictator Don José Gaspar de Francia, and the generally engrossing topics of public affairs nearer home, have not permitted that attention to be devoted to them which their growing importance demands. Now, however, the peculiar aspect presented by the nations of Eastern South America, the intervention of the English and French cabinets in the affairs of the La Plata, and the studious system of deception practiced by the

mendacious press of Buenos Ayres, render it incumbent on those Americans who possess the means of accurate information to speak to the world of what they know and have seen themselves.

The advantages of the present writer are derived from his residence at the capital of Paraguay, in an official capacity, during a portion of the year 1845-6, previous to which time, he is not aware, that any citizen of the United States had ever visited it. And it is his object in the present communication to give his readers a condensed statement of its condition from the year 1840 to the period of his departure, to which he proposes to add his impressions of the true policy of our own government towards that rising people, and of the important results likely to ensue, if just and liberal views in their behalf should happily prevail.

The vast territory formerly known by the appellation of Paraguay comprised all that portion of South America which was bounded on the north by the provinces of Sancta Cruz, della Sierra and Charcas, in 16° South latitude; on the south by the straits of Magellan; by Brazil on the east, and by Chili and

Peru on the west.* But the country now distinguished by that name, is entirely contained within the shores of the Paraguay and Paraná rivers, from an undefined boundary with Brazil in about 17° South lat., to their junction in 27° South latitude. The maps of these regions are manifestly incorrect, as compared with those of the better-known portions of the world; still they are sufficient to give a correct, geographical idea to the student, of the sources and channels of these noble rivers. The Rio de la Plata is formed by the confluence of the Uruguay with the Paraná, and from thence to the ocean, it is remarkable for its great breadth and shallow waters.

Though the Rio de la Plata was discovered by John de Soles, the great pilot of Castile, in 1516, yet he made no farther exploration. In the year 1526, Sebastian Cabot sailed from Spain, and proceeded up the river Paraná to its junction with the Paraguay, without attempting to make any permanent settlement.† The site of the city of Buenos Ayres was selected by Don Pedro de Mendoza in 1536, but abandoned the following year, chiefly on account of the struggling condition of the infant colony. It was deemed too much exposed to the attacks of the Portuguese colonists of Brazil, who had long been established on her coast, and who were disposed to insist on their claims to Paraguay, against their powerful Spanish rivals, because the century before, their king, Don John, had received the proposals of Columbus with empty compliments, instead of the substantial support which he afterwards derived from Ferdinand and Isabella.

The city of Ascencion, the present capital of Paraguay, was founded on the eastern bank of the river near the mouth of the Pilcomayo by Don Juan de Ayolas in 1537. It was then the residence of the viceroy, and was afterwards acknowledged as the capital of the united provinces of the La Plata under old Spain. Attention is directed to this fact, as it has an important bearing upon the title which the dictator of Buenos Ayres has lately set up against the independence of Paraguay. The work of colonizing and civilizing the interior wilderness was now begun, upon a plan that has no analogy in the history of the world. The strong

influence primarily exerted in Ascencion as a centre, and diverging from thence in all directions, joined to the power exercised by the Jesuits in Paraguay, has produced remarkable results in a superior degree of civilization, so that no other part of South America, fifty miles from the coast, can boast of an equal advancement in the arts, and in the just principles of social intercourse. This country was erected into a Bishoprick by Pope Pius III., and the first Jesuit arrived in 1586, just forty-six years after the establishment of the order, and thirty-seven after the beginning of their labors in Brazil. Truly marvelous was the skill with which the disciples of the astute Loyola converted this wilderness of savages into a source of boundless wealth and power, by organizing a system of political and ecclesiastical government, such as never had a parallel.‡ But it is not our design to enlarge on the history of Paraguay, under the sceptre of old Spain and the far more influential dominion of the Jesuits. The period came at last when the hatred of colonial despotism, stimulated by the victorious example of the United States, and favored by the disorders and convulsions of the mother-country, brought the Spanish colonies of South America to a general effort of self-emancipation.

The revolution commenced in Buenos Ayres in 1810. A few weeks served to bring all the towns and provinces in the ancient viceroyalty of Buenos Ayres over to the views, and under the control of the capital, with the exception of Cardova, Paraguay, a portion of Upper Peru, now Bolivia, and Monte Video, now the republic of Uruguay. An expedition under the command of General Belgrand, was sent by Buenos Ayres against Paraguay. It was met and entirely defeated near the city of Corrientes by two Paraguayan chiefs, Yegros and Cavallero, who were acting under the authority of the Spanish General Velasco, then governor. But though, as Paraguayans, those generals resisted the army of Belgrand, yet when they returned at the head of their victorious troops, they cast off the yoke of Spain, abolished formally, but without bloodshed, the authority of the governor, Velasco, and then established an independent junta. By this act, Paraguay burst the bonds of

* Charleyvoix History of Paraguay, vol. 1, p. 7.

† *Ibid.*, p. 34.

‡ Robertson's Four Years in Paraguay, vol. 2, p. 33.

colonial oppression much sooner than any of the sister provinces; and some three years before Buenos Ayres was fairly over her struggle, no Spanish enemy could be found within the territory.

The dismemberment of the provinces of the La Plata took place at the close of the year 1813. It began with Paraguay: but, strictly speaking, she could at no time be said to have formed a portion of the "United Provinces," as created by the patriots. She never joined in any confederacy with them, but established at once, in 1811, on the ruins of the Spanish power, an independent government of her own.* This fact demands especial attention, as the basis of her subsequent history. After the victory over General Belgrand, a treaty was made with Buenos Ayres, recognizing the independence of Paraguay, and stipulating for mutual aid and succor. No action by either government followed this treaty, for the progress of events was such as entirely to preclude it. The truth is, that Paraguay retained her independence from colonial vassalage, more by the advantage of her isolated geographical position, than by any exertions of her own. This same geographical position also has been the cause of the terrible tyranny to which she was afterwards subjected, under the Dictator Francia; and, although, in that instance, it may have operated in favor of her worst internal enemy, yet it must always be a powerful safeguard against the risk of foreign domination.

After the formation of the independent junta, Don Francia was appointed its secretary. In this situation he soon showed a degree of talent, that rendered him superior to all above him; especially in his profession of advocate, he gained much popularity. He was, therefore, elected to the consulate, when that form of government was adopted, in conjunction with Yegros, who was an extremely illiterate man. This joint consulship expired in October, 1814. At this time the schemes of Francia first became apparent. He had summoned to Ascencion a Congress of the ridiculous number of one thousand deputies, nominated by himself, and most of them ignorant men from the country, with whom he had much influence. Notwithstanding this, he was compelled, in imitation of other great usurpers in the history of the world, to order out his guards to surround the church where his Congress met, by way

of a gentle hint that he was to be obeyed. By this Congress he was made dictator for three years. From this time he does not seem to have deemed a re-election necessary, but fortified his position by a system of espionage, which he constantly extended and ramified, and by which he distracted and alarmed every family in Ascencion. He encouraged all the lower classes to look to him for favor and advancement, and sowed discord and jealousies among the better portion of the community, by every underhanded means in his power. Moreover, he observed the most rigid economy in all departments of the state, and accumulated treasure very fast. With this he wielded absolute power by drilling, clothing, cajoling, bribing, and augmenting his troops, which he intended should be, what they soon became, the main support of his tyranny.

From this time until his death, which took place on the twenty-third day of September, 1840, he adopted as his established principle a system of perfect non-intercourse with all the world, and his government became, with each day that his miserable life was prolonged, only the more despotic, and still a greater curse upon his country. Churches were robbed; religious sanctuaries were desecrated to pay the hirelings of his nefarious will; contributions were forced from those whom he saw fit to despoil; and imprisonment or death was the alternative presented to the view of the trembling inhabitants, exasperated almost beyond endurance by his cruelty, and yet utterly deprived of all means of redress. The city of Ascencion became shrouded in gloom, the houses, with doors and windows always closed—business suspended, and no sounds of domestic comfort or social hilarity to dispel the awful stillness caused by the darkness of despair—seemed only to contain the contemplated victims of the *Supremo*. Ten years before his death, "the prisons were groaning with their inmates; commerce was paralyzed; vessels were rotting on the river banks; produce going to decay in the warehouses; and the insolence of his soldiers was systematically encouraged as the best means of striking terror into the hearts of the crouching and insulted citizens; distrust and fear pervaded every habitation; the nearest relations and dearest friends were afraid of each other, despondency and despair were written on every counte-

* Robertson's, ub. sup. p. 119.

nance you met; and the only laughter heard in the city was that of Francia's soldiers over their revels in the barracks, or in their exultation over the affronts offered to unoffending citizens as they were openly deprived of their property in the streets.*

These revolting facts being thus established by the testimony of eye-witnesses, how shall we assert, with the hope of belief, that they were but as the opening act in the great drama of tyranny to be enacted during the subsequent period of his government? As familiarity with vice and blood hardens the heart—as man with no earthly affections to soften and guide—to make him, by the hourly anxieties of his own soul, feel for the tribulations of his fellow-man—or, as the tiger, which, having once tasted *human blood*, will have no other, so was Francia in the latter years of his life. Isolated by his fears from all society but that of an old negro-woman, he examined suspiciously his simple food, and even made his own cigars for fear of poison; and he spent his wretched nights in a room, barricaded like a dungeon, with loaded pistols on his pillow, and surrounded by a guard. From the narrative of the brothers Robertson, it appears that Francia had quarrelled with his father long before his elevation to the dictatorial power. "They spoke not, met not, for years; at length the old man was laid on his death-bed, and before rendering up his great and final account, he earnestly desired to be at peace with his son, José Gaspar." The obdurate son refused, and the old man's illness was increased by the horrid apprehension that his soul would be lost if he left the world without a reconciliation with his first born. He sent some of their mutual relations to expostulate with the heartless tyrant, and they implored him to receive his dying parent's benediction. He refused again. They told him that his father believed his soul could not reach heaven unless it departed in peace with his son. Human nature shudders at the final answer which that son returned: "Then tell my father that I care not if his soul descends to hell."

This fact portrays, with revolting force, the monstrous depravity of Francia, and is sustained by a large variety of other instances related by the same authors, proving him to have been, perhaps, the

most cruel despot which the world has ever known. And yet the inhabitants of Paraguay, with whom the present writer has largely conversed upon the subject, declare with one voice, that the narrative of the Messrs. Robertson falls short of the reality, and by no means represents the tyrant in colors sufficiently dark to be a faithful picture. No wonder that the malediction uttered against his dying parent cleaves to his own name and memory, in the bitter denunciations of all his countrymen! For in truth, he made Paraguay a scene of bloodshed and of misery, of tyranny more absolute and of slavery more complete, than any ever presented to us in the history of the world: Almost every man of any standing was first robbed of the means of subsistence, then banished, imprisoned for life, or shot—so that no one might remain to alarm his apprehensions, or conspire against his unlimited authority: and the few patriots who survived this reign of terror, fled to the interior, and silently awaited from the hand of Providence an opportunity to rise up for the regeneration of their country. At length their weary hopes were fulfilled. The tyrant died at the age of eighty-two, leaving a tumultuous horde of savage soldiers to prey upon the people; a country impoverished of its precious metals to the last degree; not a dollar in the treasury, or a public or private paper of his administration unburned. Even his silent secretary, though unharmed by the people, and living in security with his family, committed suicide fifteen days after his death.† Thus lived the tyrant, and thus he passed away, leaving a blank indeed in the history and hearts of his countrymen.

His death-scene, it may perhaps be interesting to relate. Attended during his last illness only by an old woman and a native doctor, he was at length told by the physician that his condition was hopeless, and that he had better call on some one to administer to the welfare of his soul. Upon mention of a priest, which Francia hated above all things, he leaped from his bed in a paroxysm of rage, and snatching his sabre, pursued the panic-stricken and retreating doctor to the door of his chamber. Here his strength failed him; he stumbled and fell; that floor was his death-bed, for when

* Robertson's *Francia's Reign of Terror*, vol. 1.

† The only instance of suicide known in Paraguay for a century.

raised from thence, nothing but the corpse of Francia remained—a fitting and unpitied ending for such a life!

The news of his death spread slowly, as if people feared to believe such welcome tidings, or dreaded that some fresh plot might be devised to ensnare the trembling inhabitants. But while they were in this confused state, like men just awakened from a deep slumber, ere yet they have had time to collect their ideas, the alcalde ordered him to be buried in the accustomed form. A funeral sermon was preached in the National Cathedral, with masses to assist his soul to heaven; when the congregation present, had they given utterance to their thoughts, would have expressed as much indifference about its welfare, as he did, whilst living, for his father's.

It is proper to mention here a fact, strongly characteristic of the Paraguayan people, and which speaks volumes for their character. Instead of following the customary impulse of mankind, who usually indulge their vengeance upon the memory, and even the corporeal remains of their deceased tyrants, the very first Congress after Francia's death, decreed a maintenance for his illegitimate daughter and his sister; that they might not suffer from the poverty entailed upon them by his unnatural neglect. Nor can any state paper or other document emanating from an official source in Paraguay, be found, reflecting in terms of harshness upon his awful administration.

The duty to the dead disposed of, next came to be considered the situation of six hundred starving, naked, and vermin-polluted prisoners, confined in the jails of the capital, victims of despotism. Previously, however, some of the military chieftains had come to the natural conclusion, that as their head had gone, after having set them such a lucrative example, they would strive to perpetuate the system, or at least secure the remainder of the spoils. But at the sight of those poor prisoners, among whom many recognized, even through the filth that clothed them, wives or children, friends, parents, or husbands, many of them unwashed or unshaven through a confinement of twenty-two years—the long tyranny was ended, and the resolution was unanimous among the leaders of the people, that Paraguay should never again be enslaved.

The Alcalde Pereira assumed the reins of government, as the first step in the

new order of things. But some of the soldiers, not liking the arrangement, thought to help themselves to a leader in one of their own captains. Commotions arose in Ascencion on this account, in which there was some blood shed; the prime mover was finally taken and shot, and two influential men, Don Carlos Antonia Lopez and Don Mariana Roque Alonzo, nominated and called together, in 1841, a Congress of Deputies to consider the public welfare. By this Congress the consular form of government was adopted, and two consuls were elected to serve for two years, of whom the first was the Señor Lopez, and the second Señor Alonzo. A general amnesty was declared; public and private confidence were restored; the people again gave utterance to their thoughts and feelings without fear or apprehension, and the stilled and stagnant Nation-heart throbbled aloud its song of joy in the security of freedom. A gradual distribution of the soldiery took place, and they soon lost the feverish impulses of their military character in the peaceful occupations of the citizen.

The first duties of the consuls were to declare the republic free and open to foreigners and commerce, and make such regulations with their neighbors of Brazil and Buenos Ayres as would insure the recognition of its independence; this being imperatively necessary to secure an egress to the ocean by way of the Paraná river, the natural and only commercial highway. To this end, in 1842, Don Andres Gill was sent as a commissioner to Buenos Ayres to make a treaty with General Rosas. He was also charged with an application to the government of the United States to recognize the independence of Paraguay, and proceed thereafter to such measures as would naturally follow; and he was subsequently directed to forward this application by the United States consul in Buenos Ayres. This was the first request of the kind ever made by the Paraguayan government to any independent power beyond the confines of South America, and we beg the reader's especial attention to the fact; because it is our design to point out the danger which the neglect of our government must incur of driving this important and rising republic into the arms of England and France, if they are compelled to despair of our friendship and sympathy.

Every obstacle was thrown in the way

of Señor Gill's success by the arbitrary tyrant of the Argentine Republic, and finally a new and absurd claim was advanced; that Paraguay, by faith of a treaty made in 1811, belonged to the Argentine confederation. It seems enough to condemn this pretence that, from the period when the yoke of old Spain was broken, and during the whole thirty-five years of Francia's administration, no one had ever heard of it. And notwithstanding the pertinacious efforts of the hireling writers, whose talents are under the control of General Rosas, and who have labored of late years to establish this claim, we should assuredly think it deserved nothing better than contempt, did we not know that many sensible persons in the United States, reading only his side of the question, place full confidence in it. It is high time that this glaring imposition should be exposed and he no longer suffered to delude the public.

The only ground for this preposterous claim on the part of General Rosas, is the treaty of 1811, to which we have already adverted. By the treaty itself we learn that it was made during the struggle for independence against the mother-country, and that it was simply for mutual aid and support against the common enemy. The fifth article of this very document distinctly recognizes the independence of Paraguay, and the whole paper is formed in the style and after the manner of treaties between independent powers.* No other treaty exists or ever has existed between the two countries up to the present period. But it has been said by one high in place in our own country, that Buenos Ayres certainly had an equitable lien upon the territory of Paraguay, because she made no efforts in the cause of national independence, but availed herself of all the results arising from the severe struggle of her neighbor. This is conclusively answered by the historical fact already related, that the only army ever sent against Paraguay was by Buenos Ayres—that it was defeated—and that the Generals Yegros and Cavellero, on their return with their victorious troops to Ascension, by their own act and in a single day overturned the colonial authorities and established a free junta in the place thereof: by which deed Paraguay, though more tardy in her revolutionary movements than Buenos Ayres, in reality far outstripped her in

the race. The object of General Rosas in misrepresenting the matter is perfectly manifest. He is determined, if possible, to subject the navigation of the river Paraná, which is the very life-blood of Paraguayan commerce and prosperity, to such laws and restrictions as he chooses; and compel it to use Buenos Ayres as a port of entry, instead of passing it by for the far superior harbor of Monte Video. But as, by the rules of national law, he cannot do this while Paraguay maintains her national independence, therefore he pretends that she is one of the states of the Argentine confederation, and consequently subject to the despotic sway of the man whom her Rancho hordes have placed at their head.

During these unforeseen difficulties, which Sr. Gill in vain strove to surmount, a Congress of Deputies had reassembled at Ascension, charged with the duty of framing a written constitution, and a conformable system of state government. In the latter part of 1843, this constitution was published at the capital, and under its provisions Don Carlos Antonio Lopez, the senior consul, was elected president for ten years from the first of January, 1844. We must revert, however, to a most important act of the consular government, and from which our paper will derive its chief interest.

By an extract from despatch No. 28 of the then United States consul at Buenos Ayres, and underdate of November, 1843, it is stated that "the government of Paraguay, being now consolidated with its president and legislative body, a friendly understanding with the United States is much desired, and will be advantageous to the citizens of the United States, whose trade may be with that country. The government of Paraguay are more anxious that their principal and most friendly relations should be with the government of the United States, as the treaties which exist between most of the South American Republics and Great Britain, give the idea that they look to the latter as their principal support. It was therefore that her Britannic Majesty's envoy, Mr. Gordon, was coldly received, and the government of Paraguay so anxious to cultivate the most friendly feelings with that of the United States, before all other nations." With this dispatch was sent and received the following application of the Paraguayan government.

* See "Registro Diplomático de Buenos-Aires," B. Ayres, 1825.

“To the most Excellent Consul General of the United States near the Government of Buenos Ayres.

“FOREIGN RELATIONS,

Ascension, Paraguay, August 25th, 1843.

“The Supreme Government of the Republic of Paraguay has the honor to address His Excellency the Consul General of the Great North American Confederacy, near the most excellent Argentine Government, in order to make known to him that the extraordinary General Congress of this province, which met on the 25th of November last, explicitly declared the independence of the nation, as required by the unanimous vote of the people, and established the flag which is to cover the trade on sea, as well as the other national vessels of this Republic. The government of the undersigned, impressed with the duty of communicating this happy event to friendly nations, feels the utmost pleasure in fulfilling this most agreeable duty with regard to the representative of the most happy and liberal nation of the New World; and they at the same time hope that he will take the annexed document into consideration, and will present and recommend them to the attention of the National Government of the United States, to the effect that we may receive through you, sir, the acknowledgment of our independence, and the other acts which may follow.

—Deign, sir, to accept the sincere sentiments of our consideration and high esteem.

CARLOS ANTONIO LOPEZ.
MARIANO R. ALONZO.”*

The foregoing document, so well worthy of immediate attention, was quietly laid upon the shelf, and forgotten by Mr. Tyler and his State Secretary Calhoun; until the request of an unknown and humble individual to be sent to Paraguay removed it from its dusty repose during the first days of the present Administration.

The mention of the British agent, Mr. Gordon, in the dispatch of the U. S. Consul, brings us to an explanation of his mission, and the momentous events to which it contributed. A year previous to the establishment of a constitutional government in Paraguay, the British Minister resident at the Court of Brazil, with the wisdom that so eminently characterizes the diplomatic surveillance of that nation, sent the Secretary of his Legation over land to Ascension, to learn something of the government and productions of the newly-opened country,

and report accordingly. Mr. Gordon consequently went to Paraguay; but his overtures were treated with indifference, and his propositions with neglect, because it was to us, and not to Great Britain, that the hopes and feelings of the young republic were directed. Though treated personally with the hospitality of the country, he made himself so obnoxious, by the overbearing insolence of his manners, and by an injudicious interference with the prejudices of the people, that he was ordered to leave the territory in twenty-four hours, and was kept for five days on board of a small vessel in the Paraguay river, waiting for a fair wind. But Mr. Gordon had gained the information he wanted; and the attention of his government was forthwith more immediately directed to the rich, fertile, and densely populated valley of the Paraná, with a careful eye to the securing this new accession, for the benefit of those manufacturing and commercial energies from which England has so long drawn the materials of her colossal power.

Though it is hard indeed to fathom the mysteries of South American diplomacy, still we will endeavor to decipher it, as connected with the Anglo-French operations in that quarter of our continent bordering upon the La Plata. In 1845, at the opening of Parliament, British merchants of London and Liverpool, and British manufacturers of Manchester and Birmingham, petitioned the Queen of England to force the navigation of the river Paraná, “for the commerce of Paraguay, in a few years, could be made second only to that of Her Majesty’s East India possessions.” The numerous French inhabitants of Monte-Video had also been petitioning, during some two or three years, for the interference (unlawful though it should be) of the mother country against the attempt of Rosas to conquer the land of their adoption. Consequently, from one motive and another, we find, in the summer of 1845, the Anglo-French intervention and the blockade of Buenos Ayres fully effected, without any cause for a declaration of war: and the old continental system of paper blockade placed on all the circumjacent coasts, to the utter contempt and destruction of neutral commerce. The vacillating and insincere conduct of England and France in these affairs, has rendered those na-

* We are not accountable for this translation, having never seen the original.

tions obnoxious and ridiculous to the American world; and as yet they have gained no advantage over the subtle and well-sustained policy of General Rosas. It is found that Buenos Ayres must be conquered to get to the China-like wealth of Paraguay: but her people are not opium eaters, nor is she an Algiers, with only the Mediterranean to cross, for the Gaul to find his colonial home. It is, however, a country which, under its present rule, defied the French for three long years, and still defies the combined forces now wasting their treasure upon a bootless mission. Strange that the character of her despotic governor could not have been sufficiently well known to have prevented the scenes enacted there within the last two years! Certain it is, that hitherto the efforts of England and France have produced nothing beneficial to themselves. So far from it, indeed, that the intervention, tired of the useless and interminable expense attending it, seems now about to abandon the blockade, and leave to the future, and to struggling Paraguay, the question of the navigation of the Paraná.

We must not be understood as upholding the cause of General Rosas in any part of his *American* policy. This, as an adherent of freedom, we would consider treason to justice and to truth. But we must praise his successful opposition to *European*, illegal and presumptuous interference with his national affairs, under reasons calculated to delude the American world, and which are utterly false and hypocritical. *We only ask Americans to draw the distinction between his acts towards the neighboring American States, and his determination to resist the encroachments of that monarchical system of the balance of power, which seeks to extend itself even here, upon our own Continent.* This is a distinction which letter writers and American diplomatists seem unable to perceive: the one class being so hostile to General Rosas, as to praise the intervention; while the other are so warmly his friends, and so strongly opposed to England and France, that they consider Paraguay, Monte Video, and Brazil all inimical to the interests of the United States, merely because these nations have rights to join and preserve

against the exactions which geographical position* gives General Rosas power to enforce against them.

But let us revert to the affairs of Paraguay. Señor Gill returned to Ascencion from his fruitless mission in 1843. He succeeded in bringing with him a printing press, and some skillful workmen, so that by these means, if none other could be gained, Paraguay might communicate with the world. This gentleman, in reintroducing, after a lapse of nearly one hundred years, this most important means of improvement, deserves the everlasting gratitude of his countrymen.† A periodical, "El Paraguay Independiente," was forthwith undertaken, and its first thirty numbers were occupied with a historical narrative of the controversy with Buenos Ayres, from the earliest declaration of liberty to the conclusion of Señor Gill's mission. The whole tone of this periodical, so unlike the lunatic ravings of antagonistic papers in general throughout Spanish America, is dignified in the extreme; and all its statements are fortified by proofs, instead of resting upon mere assertion. From the most careful examinations of these proofs, we have felt abundantly satisfied that the truth and justice of the question are on the side of Paraguay.

We have already stated the unsuccessful results of Mr. Gordon's overtures, and the strange neglect which the application of the youthful republic received from ourselves. In the mean while her government, having become consolidated, was recognized by the Republics of Bolivia, Peru, and Uruguay, and by the Empire of Brazil, which latter has a Chargé d'Affaires residing at Ascencion. It is an indisputable fact that Paraguay has been, *de facto*, as well as *de jure*, independent for thirty-five years—that she is capable of preserving her independence—and that it has been recognized by all the neighboring nations, except Buenos Ayres. Why then should not our government perform the same act of justice, instead of waiting to receive her example from England and France, in matters strictly American? As to the absurd claims of General Rosas, he might as well advance a title to the contiguous territory of Chili, with which he is always

* Both banks of the river Parana, as far as its junction with the Paraguay, belong to Buenos Ayres.

† The first printing press on the American Continent was established at Ascencion in 1619, by the Jesuits. The types were of wood.

quarreling. It is true that we have never acknowledged separately the independence of any of the countries which have arisen into independent powers out of the same state of colonial vassalage; but by the act of making treaties with them, we have done the same thing, and in so doing have assumed a prouder position before the world than we are ever likely to do again. Sad for us—sad and disgraceful to our foreign reputation was the day, when so-called democratic misrule abandoned, from motives of party animosity and mortified pride, the sublime system spread forth to the gaze of wondering Europe by the administrations of Messrs. Munroe and J. Q. Adams. As for the consequences which this determined want of national consistency has entailed upon us, we purpose to state them briefly in the close of our present communication. The picture, we believe, has never before been presented to the public in the same light; but nevertheless it is painfully correct.

The noble rivers that intersect South America in all directions, exceeding even those of our own country, have ever been the bone of contention among them: and we fear that their difficulties on this score will continue to exist, until the principles of a more enlightened policy are understood and adopted. It is for the purpose of introducing and strengthening these principles, which this nation has probably established in a far greater degree than the rest of the world, that we think it devolves upon our government to mediate between them. For considering that, in the earlier days of their struggling, likely, we regarded them as in a manner under our protection and advice, we ought certainly to have the best prospect of proposing our friendly counsels with the highest advantage to all parties.

Brazil has been violently accused by the Argentine prints with being the sole cause of the Anglo-French intervention, which she, by a circular dispatch, has fully denied. But this, so far as it concerns ourselves, is a small matter, for she has not had any influence with Buenos Ayres from the period of her earliest history until the present time; and, for the last four or five years, has been continually on the eve of an open rupture with her. All the neighboring countries of South America are in the same situation with respect to Rosas. Hitherto, England and France have retained a predominant influence; the former, particularly, having

completely taken the place, which we once held, and afterwards forfeited by our own negligence. But now, of course, hardly a trace of this influence of England and France remains. Of the three great commercial nations of the world, the United States alone stands at least uncompromised by any hostile attitude. In difficulty with the other two, it naturally became the object of the Buenos Ayrean government to make the people believe, that the government of the United States was strongly opposed to the blockade instituted by the combined Powers; and to such an extent was this attempt carried, that the United States were even represented as ready to interfere *vi et armis* to prevent it. The grievous disappointment which the inhabitants of Buenos Ayres felt upon the arrival of Commodore Rousseau in Feb. 1846, with only a sloop of war and a small brig, when they had been led to suppose, by more dishonorable means than we care to enumerate, that his instructions were to insist upon the blockade being raised as a violation of neutral rights, and an interruption to American commerce unauthorized by the laws of Nations, caused a reaction of feeling, exceedingly hostile and detrimental to our countrymen. It is said that this delusive hope was carefully fostered and strengthened by the course of the U. S. chargé d'affaires, who was understood to have become strongly attached to the views of the Dictator Rosas.

It is quite notorious, as an acknowledged principal of our government, that the interference of any European power with the affairs of the American continent is to be regarded with a jealous eye. It is also equally certain that this Anglo-French intervention has been particularly so regarded, for it was wanting in justice—the first element to its success. This knowledge led the Argentine government to look to us for our good offices; and, in order to obtain them, to make continually the most extravagant demonstrations of friendship and esteem *on paper*, but sadly deficient in every thing like real sincerity. These our government have listened to, so far as to fail in providing proper security to our citizens residing in Buenos Ayres, by exacting prompt payment of our claims in that quarter, hitherto entirely unsettled; and to throw Paraguay overboard, treating her with neglect, and leaving her without the support which she would morally

receive, if a great commercial nation like our own had recognized her independence, and proceeded to the other acts which would naturally follow, viz : making a treaty of commerce and amity with her, establishing diplomatic relations, and consequently demanding a free passage by the way of the river Paraná to her ports. This would have been a simple act—one easy of accomplishment, and required by justice.

We have endeavored to prove that the well-known richness of Paraguay, as first officially made apparent to the British government after the death of Francia, by the mission of Mr. Gordon, was the *primum mobile*, joined with the petitions forwarded to Parliament, which impelled them to their interference with the affairs of the La Plata: though in reality, Great Britain has turned a longing look in that direction for nearly forty years. This is farther borne out by the fact, that several steamers and other vessels of war ascended the river to Corrientes, a distance of about seven hundred miles. These vessels convoyed, in September 1845, a fleet of some eighty sail of all nations, but by far the greater part under the English flag, by way of giving precedent in favor of the right of free navigation demanded by Paraguay; still doing so in a round about way, without acknowledging her independence, which was the only proper preliminary. President Lopez, desirous of preventing the influx of spies and agents of the numerous conflicting nations and parties on the confines of his country, removed his custom-house from the Villa del Pilar, (or Neëmbuco), to an island at the junction of the Paraná and Paraguay rivers: at the same time professing his ardent desire to see all well disposed foreigners in the pursuit of their lawful affairs in his country. This movement manifested a sound and wise policy, which cannot be too highly commended.

A month or two previous to this removal of the Custom-house, the writer arrived in Ascension as U. S. special agent. What were the results of his mission still remains a profound mystery: for neither has any public mention been made of it, nor any official action as yet been had upon it. It seems to be in the category of many other things imperiously demanding the attention of our government, but as yet swallowed up either in the "war for the succession," or the war for Mexican spoliation.

Paraguay having been neglected through a long time by those to whom she had a right to look for far different treatment, felt herself compelled to resort to such means as were in her power, to accomplish her end. Beholding her just claims to independence, seemingly abandoned by all the world, she saw herself left either to perish within her borders, or some other mode of finding an outlet to the ocean; but on the eve of signing an offensive and defensive treaty with the province of Corrientes, which had risen in pretended rebellion to the authority of Gen. Rosas, the signatures, were delayed by the President, when he heard of the expected arrival of the U. S. special agent, in the present hope that at length some substantial aid was at hand to help them in their desperate situation. But when President Lopez learned that *at that late day, the United States had only authorized their envoy to ascertain whether it was advisable to recognise the independence of his country*, he hastily, and with feelings of the bitterest disappointment, signed a treaty which our government, as if anxious to throw all possible difficulties in the way of the Paraguayan people, has declared to be a serious obstacle to their success. And yet the event soon proved that the treaty was a mere snare of Gen. Rosas. The province of Corrientes was induced to make violent professions of hatred towards his tyranny, and a consequent display of sympathy in the compulsory durance of Paraguay. Commissioners were appointed to carry these sentiments to President Lopez, and to offer the assurance that Corrientes was ready to make common cause with Paraguay in favor of her independence. The treaty to which we have alluded was the result of this proposition. It ended in a combined declaration of war against Gen. Rosas, and a manifesto was published, setting forth the reasons. Nevertheless, it was declared that this war was not so much against their brethren the Argentines, as against the despotism of one man—their dictator; for that he, by the arbitrary enactments of his tyranny, had forbidden them the use of their own water for a highway, and had denied them their rights as an independent nation. Far more cause for such a war had Paraguay against Rosas, than ever we had against Mexico.

But it has been stated, that Paraguay, whilst in her transitive state, as it were, had no right to make common cause with

Corrientes, and thus virtually interfere in the domestic affairs of a neighboring state; and hence, it is ingeniously inferred that, while she was thus at war with Buenos Ayres, it would be impossible for our government to recognize her independence without violating our amicable relations with Gen. Rosas. We confess our incapacity, however, to understand such reasoning. For the right of Paraguay to be acknowledged as an independent Republic existed *anterior* to her treaty with Corrientes, and our acknowledgment of her independence neither involves our approbation of that treaty, nor could our disapprobation of that treaty take her right to such acknowledgment away. Suppose that during our own revolutionary struggle, the province of New Brunswick had pretended to sympathize with us, and that a treaty, offensive and defensive, had thereupon been signed: would any man living presume to say that such a compact could have neutralized our causes of complaint, and destroyed our right to national freedom? As little reason can we see in the idea, that our acknowledgment of Paraguayan independence could properly affect our amicable relations with Buenos Ayres. No such result was apprehended, when not only France, but Spain, Russia, Sweden, Denmark, and Holland, acknowledged the United States, while yet the contest of actual war existed with the mother-country. No such result was apprehended, when our government acknowledged the independence of Buenos Ayres and the other South American states, without waiting for the consent of Spain. No such result was apprehended, when we assented to the independence of Texas, without asking leave of Mexico—and yet the right of Paraguay stands on clearer grounds than any of these, because she never was subject to the jurisdiction of Buenos Ayres, either *de jure* or *de facto*. So that we cannot discover the slightest basis in justice or in reason, for the hypothesis, that her claims must be questioned and virtually denied, because her acting government accepted the offer of Corrientes, and declared war against the despotic power which not only refused to acknowledge her independence, but also deprived her of the navigation of the highway for her commerce with the nations of the world.

But, even if it be granted that Paraguay committed an error in accepting the

overtures of Corrientes, on what principle of justice should this mistake operate to the advantage of her adversary, when there is the strongest ground for believing that Rosas himself caused her to be deluded into the act by the grossest deception? The tale is but one link in the chain that binds nearly twenty-five degrees of latitude under his faithless dominion. The facts are these. In prosecution of the treaty stipulations, troops were sent to Corrientes. We saw them set out with every joyous anticipation, little expecting that they were intended to fall into the tyrant's snare. United to an army of several thousand Corrientinos under Gen. Pax, the troops of Rosas attacked them: when, behold! at the *first charge* Gen. Don Juan Madariaga, who had signed the treaty at Ascencion as commissioner for Corrientes, suffered himself to be taken prisoner, together with all his troops; and his elder brother, the governor of the province, declared for Rosas, leaving the Paraguayans deserted and betrayed to the mercy of their enemies. Happily, however, they were able to make good their retreat without loss. No doubt exists, amongst those immediately concerned, that Rosas, in conjunction with the brothers, Madariaga, concocted this shameful piece of treachery.

It might seem to argue a "want of modesty and duty" if we should discuss, on this occasion, the details of our own mission. We trust that time will bring them before the public in their proper shape, and meanwhile we shall confine ourselves to those topics which involve the character, not of individuals, but of our country, and to which the proprieties of official reserve can have no relation.

It was on the 8th of November, 1845, that we arrived in Ascencion. During our stay there, the battle of Obligado was fought in the river Paraná, between an overwhelming force of the Anglo-French intervention and the army of Gen. Rosas. It was decided in favor of the Europeans, after nine hours hard fighting, and the Paraná was at length, by the life-blood of many Argentines, temporarily open to the world. Under these auspices, as we have mentioned, a fleet of some eighty sail, chiefly English, ascended to Corrientes, and the French steamer of war "Fulton," and some agents of the Intervention on board, entered the river Paraguay, and passed to within nine miles of

Ascension. The agents communicated with the Paraguayan government, and also brought with them some agents of the city of Monte-Video. Being wanting in the first requisite to treat, viz: credentials from their sovereigns, President Lopez heard all they had to say, but replied nothing in return. His government looked with distrust upon the Intervention, and steadily refused to hold any treaty with it, until, as a preliminary step, the independence of his nation had been recognised by the sovereigns of England and France. But it was only at this time, when they had sought him in his own ports with flattering promises, that he made the same requisitions of those great nations which, as we have seen, he had anxiously, though vainly presented to the United States, more than two years before. The ministers of the Intervention, Messrs. Ousely and Deffandis, provisionally granted the demand, subject to the ratification of their respective home governments. What action they have taken upon it we are not informed. We presume it will be a stroke of policy for them to confirm it, and thus completely outwit the United States, as, since 1829, they have ever done in their diplomatic relations with all parts of South America.

The French steamer of war, "Fulton," is the only steamboat that has ever penetrated so far into the interior of South America. She, therefore, naturally excited a degree of wonder but little inferior to that of the western Indians, when, overwhelmed with the misfortunes of their race, they thought the Great Spirit had visited them as a Fire King, in his wrath. But let us mention a simple incident very significantly illustrative of the feelings of the Paraguayan government toward the intervention. For the first time in the annals of her political history, the Paraguayan flag had been saluted in their own waters by this steamer; but no member of her government accepted the invitation to visit her, nor did any one belonging to the first families of Ascension so far gratify their longing curiosity. And yet they are perfectly aware that it is only by vessels built after a similar manner that they can ever gain that power and commercial prosperity so ardently desired, the capabilities for which they so eminently possess, and whose returns they so justly deserve. This steamer received on board, however, the Señors Jovellanos and Gonzales, as passengers to the city of Monte-

Video: where they arrived in the last days of March, 1846. They were the confidential agents of the Paraguayan government, to return the civility shown to them by that city; though we shrewdly suspect that the design of sending agents from Monte-Video, originated with the ministers of the Intervention, to ensnare Paraguay. But if it were so, it failed of its intended effect; for they were specially instructed not to enter into any negotiation until after the full recognition of their national independence.

Here ends the writer's personal knowledge of events in that quarter of our continent, as he returned to the United States via Rio de Janeiro at this time. Since then he has received no intelligence except through the medium of contradictory newspaper accounts, in which the wilfully perverse statements of the Buenos Ayrean press form by far the larger share. In reference to this public press it is proper to state that Gen. Rosas, with characteristic acuteness, has made it the organ of his government, and from the amount of talent employed, and the vast sums paid to the writers, it has naturally held much sway over the public mind in every quarter. His "Archivio Americano," is published in Spanish, English, and French, the three different languages side by side; and it is forwarded to all parts of the world as the highest organ of conclusive political information. The minor periodicals, such as the "Gazeta Mercantil," and the "British Packet," the former published in Spanish, the latter in English, are equally and fully under the absolute control of the Dictator. In fact, the press of this unfortunate city, like all things connected with a government founded in bloodshed and anarchy, and conducted by tyranny, has become so wedded to lying and hypocrisy, *that they are now but two in one.* The amount disbursed by Rosas, during the last year, for the support of his press, appears, by the published account, to exceed the expenses of the whole civil list! No government is too sacred for his low and disgusting abuse, and we regret to say that his method of whipping into the traces resident diplomatists is no less effective than original. Much of this have we known within the last eight years, in which the representatives of the United States, forgetting their position and country, have simply become tools and playthings of the despot. It is painful in the extreme to be obliged to revert to these

things, but it is a duty to speak, at least in general terms, that our countrymen may know how they stand abroad. We seem to be finally awaking to a just sense of the blessings of so called democratic rule at home; let us assist the progress of truth, with what we know of its various ramifications in other parts of the world. We are well aware that this system of Rosas has found a foothold in this country, England, France, and elsewhere; and that in all these nations there are public newspapers in his pay, and faithful propagators of whatever falsehood, either in print or by correspondence, may reach them from Buenos Ayres. But notwithstanding this array of the means which a blood-stained despotism places at his disposal, Gen. Rosas must soon learn that others, beyond his control, and independent alike in the maintenance and publication of their opinions, will give a truthful narrative of himself and his administration. The writer has not forgotten the large share of detraction and abuse which has been meted out to himself, because he has refused to submit his sense of duty in behalf of Paraguay to the dictation of Gen. Rosas; and the facts of the case he may feel himself called on to disclose in due time. Meanwhile, the reader who desires to see some account of Gen Rosas and his government, may be referred to Col. King's "Argentine Republic." We cannot, indeed, endorse all the deductions of this author in the latter part of the work, but we believe the main incidents to be correct; and some of them we know transpired during our sojourn in the Rio de la Plata, in 1840-1-2.

It may be proper to notice, in this connection, a letter which appeared in the New York "Courier and Enquirer," of the 22d of May last, under date of the 25th of March, from Buenos-Ayres. It is there stated that "Paraguay, under the imitator of the tyrant Francia, (Lopez.) will be probably during his lifetime a sealed country;" and the inhabitants, also, have no very polite terms applied to them. Now we do not hesitate to say, that this representation is thoroughly erroneous. So far from seeking to keep Paraguay a sealed country, we have shown throughout this communication that it is the most determined desire of her government to gain an intercourse with the world; and we have ourselves seen and furnished to our State Department a decree, declaring that all

privileges will be granted to foreigners in Paraguay, which are possessed by the natives to prosecute their lawful designs, and publicly inviting them to come to the republic, and instruct the inhabitants by their superior knowledge. The letter in the "Courier and Enquirer," we doubt not, was the work of one of those who are either themselves deceived, or who attempt to mislead the people of this country.

A short narrative of the history of South America, as connected with England for the last twenty-five years, may not be uninteresting, to assist us in illustrating the extent of the guardian care with which our rulers have watched over American interests and property since the commencement of President Jackson's administration.

That the United States, first and far beyond every other nation, felt a deep interest in the success of the Spanish Colonies in their struggle for independence; that she invited England to cooperate with her in recognising the independence of Buenos Ayres as early as 1818; that England was then engaged in playing a double game of deep subtlety with the "Holy Alliance," concerning these same Colonies, and gave no respectful attention to the invitation; that this nation, foremost and unaided, and with the sympathies of the monarchical world against her, in 1822-3 did recognise the Spanish Colonies, under the auspices of those great and patriotic men, Munroe, J. Q. Adams, and Clay, as free and independent; and finally, that Great Britain, envious of our bright fame and ponderous influence in those regions of America, thereupon determined the course of her policy, and instantly followed in our footsteps.—All these are unquestionable historical facts, and need neither elucidation nor comment from us. It is true, the egotistical Canning placed on record a statement of his own, that "he had called a new world into existence to balance the old;" but this has long since ceased to be remembered, save as one of the inflated, self-eulogizing boasts of an Administration desirous to retain its power, and, for that purpose, ready to utter any convenient absurdity.

Though evidently sensible of the extravagance of Mr. Canning's declaration, we propose to show that Great Britain, by actively taking advantage of her immense means, did all in her power (if she could not deprive us of the glory of the

first movement) to render it practically true: in the prosecution of these designs, she has, in all cases, overthrown the superior influence which this nation, prior to the administration of President Jackson, and at the time of the CONGRESS OF PANAMA, universally held with those new and feeble powers; and that she has moulded them, both in diplomatic treaties and commercial relations, almost wholly to her own purposes. In conclusion, we shall present a short summary of our principal argument, in connection with a statement of our peculiar advantages in those regions, and then we shall take the liberty of suggesting how, in our opinion, we can regain an equivalent for what we have lost, by our supineness and utter sacrifice of patriotism to party.

Mr. Canning, immediately *after* his extraordinary statement that "he had called a new world into existence," ordered abroad through all parts of South America numerous agents, deeply infected with the Foreign Secretary's enthusiasm on this subject, who already, before their outset, were disposed to report favorably, and were also directed to report quickly. Upon these reports, treaties were immediately made with the new nations; commercial energy and capital were employed to an immense amount in all parts of the continent, and, independently of the partial construction of many articles in the treaties, almost countless sums of money were eagerly advanced to the different governments to cement the *bonds of friendship*, while, in reality, with the usual foresight of the British Cabinet, all this was well calculated, when the day of payment should come, to prostrate the weak beneath the strong, the debtors beneath the creditors, and compel them to sue for mercy at the feet of their complete masters. In confirmation of this, witness the treaty of 1826 between England and Brazil, so odiously foreign to the increasing sugar interests of the latter, that she, the weaker party and the immense debtor, has declared it at an end, and will not accept any proposition as yet made by the British Cabinet. But England wants the fertile island of Santa Catharina, abounding in coal, as the payment of her debt; and already speaks of taking it! Let us also adduce the third article of the treaty of 1826 with Buenos Ayres, wherein it is declared, that all vessels of H. B. Majesty shall have liberty to enter, for the purposes of commerce, all harbors, bays or rivers, where other foreign ves-

sels are, or may be permitted to come. Under this article, Brazil, Paraguay, and Monte Video, all *foreign nations*, but all owning extensive possessions on the mighty rivers which form the Rio de la Plata, must either be debarred from their self-evident rights, or England, with her overwhelming financial power, must sweep them all from out their own waters. And it is a fact of great portent that this treaty, unlike all the other British commercial treaties with America, *contains no article providing for its termination* upon notice of either party. H. B. Majesty's government well knew *they* would never desire to end it, and if they did, that they could soon find a pretext: a course by no means so easy to the weaker party. Yet, General Rosas, notwithstanding a blockade of two years, the open fight of Obligado, and many other acts of a like nature, dares not retort upon England her own system of declaring all existing relations broken by any hostile act, but leaves *in statu quo* a treaty which must always continue to distract those blood-stained but beautiful countries, that she may reap, sooner or later, the harvest of her politic philanthropy. In fine, there is not an independent nation of this continent, except our own and Paraguay, that is not in debt to England beyond the hope of redemption, or even the probability of paying the interest. Still, pay-day must come sometime or other, and it behooves us to watch the *modus operandi*. Already we perceive the method of these plans in a universally predominant influence of Great Britain over ourselves in all parts of foreign America; and though they have been taught, by sad experience, that in their eagerness to build this fabric of anticipated power, they had reared it on a basis too unsteady for so vast a superstructure, yet they doubtless expect, in due season, to find the reward of their governmental loans; of the millions expended in the mines; and of the manufactures shipped so far beyond the amount required for the consumption of the country.

In another way has this "El Dorado" of British hopes reacted, not only upon themselves, but collectively upon all commercial nations. For they created a feeling of importance much greater than that to which these infant governments were properly entitled. Seeing themselves hurriedly courted with every expression of lasting esteem and confidence,

blinded as they were by the diplomatic intrigue and practiced tact of the greatest nation of the world, they naturally fancied themselves *conferring favors*. Consequently they adopted, in many cases, a high-handed and fluctuating policy; and, by their injudicious and ill-timed laws, hampered commerce, retarded the progress of the public welfare through every section of Spanish America, and violated, without fear of reproach, public and private engagements.

Meanwhile, what has been the course of these free and generous United States? After the completion of the proudest monument yet reared to our fame in the recognition of the Spanish Colonies, and the firm stand which compelled all Europe to regulate their early intercourse with Southern America, by our own maxims, the wheel of party politics took another turn, and our vantage ground was most unwisely abandoned. The CONGRESS OF PANAMA affords conclusive evidence that these nations *then* properly regarded the importance of our early friendship, and deemed us their natural advisers, for we were *invited* to teach and guide them. Whether the long train of evils which, for centuries to come, will leave their traces behind them, would have been averted by carrying out the noble and grand, but perfectly practicable views of Messrs. Adams and Clay, is a question which we leave to the awakening sense of patriotism now happily prevailing among us. Truly we hope, when peace shall again bless our country, that our Government will offer the friendly mediation which was once requested, and which may not yet be too late. The knowledge of a multitude of evils entailed upon all parts of America by disorders which we might have prevented, and for which, to a certain extent, we are fairly accountable, demands an effort, at least, to make the most ample reparation in our power.

In further illustration of our argument, we would ask, whether the United States government has attended to the ordinary interests of our citizens in many parts of South America? Have we a treaty with Buenos Ayres? Have the many claims due to our countrymen in that State been adjusted? Have we had, or do we now hold, a treaty with the republic of Paraguay? Above all things, has our government, in the great majority of cases, sent such men for diplomatic residents, as were qualified by their abilities, patriot-

ism, and wisdom, to uphold the dignity of our nation? It is surely time that these questions should be put to the dominant party. Again, how does it happen that the present Chief Expounder of our constitution, after once plainly *opposing* the principle of Mr. Montoe in reference to the interference of Europeans on our continent, and then, in his inaugural address, as plainly *adopting* it, still fails to carry it out as it was originally intended? It is a melancholy fact, that "the same men differ from themselves at different times. Temporary delusions, prejudices, excitements, and objects, have irresistible influence in mere questions of policy. And the policy of one age may ill suit the wishes or even the policy of another." We cannot be, therefore, one of those who deem mankind infallible, and charge a want of consistency upon a statesman as a crime. Therefore, if Mr. Polk will justifiably carry out the great principle which he formerly opposed, but now admits, we, for one, will rejoice at the change. As for the mischiefs produced by the party to which this gentleman belongs, their opponents are not accountable before the tribunal of history: we may have our part in the miseries—we can have no part in the guilt or the dishonor. We have also another reflection to make for the comfort of our South American claimants, that if "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," Justice deferred and Rights withheld, will always enhance the price at which safety and peace must in the end be purchased.

The advantages we now possess to correct these evils, are numerous and manifest. With Brazil, England has quarreled about the formation of a treaty to replace the one of 1826. The breach is also more bitter, on account of the grand imposition of her attempt to stop the slave trade. The lately-acquired influence of France is against her. The Anglo-French blockade, and the obnoxious treaty of 1826 between England and Buenos Ayres, added to the murder (for no war has been declared) of hundreds of her citizens; these things, if they move not the flinty heart of her Tyrant, have at least rendered the name of Englishman most obnoxious to her people. Contrast with all this the ardent devotion which Paraguay feels towards our institutions, and the proportionate dislike of the snares of monarchical influence, which the sad experience of her neighbors has given her: consider, in addition, the hopeless

debt and consequent oppression in one form or another, under the apprehensions of which all the nations of South America, except Paraguay, so heavily labor, and our view into the future of what we can and ought to do, becomes clear and distinct.

It seems very evident that the true policy of our government towards Paraguay, is to grant, without delay, her request to be admitted into the family of nations. For declining to enter into the ordinary bonds of friendship and commerce with her, we surely have no reasonable pretext whatever. In fact, by our suicidal delay, we are only depriving ourselves of that strong position which her application to us, first of all the Powers of the world, undoubtedly gave us; and which her liberal feelings towards us would easily enable us to retain. Should she from necessity be compelled to shield her weakness and inexperience under the strength and knowledge of the monarchies of England and France, she must do so under their own grasping restrictions, and at a serious sacrifice of independent feeling. Then, as with her neighbors, if we are ever to recover the ground of which European policy will have deprived us, it must naturally be through a long struggle with our determined rivals, and a full return to the system so clearly set forth in the instructions

of Mr. Adams to Mr. Anderson. Indeed, we can neither imagine nor desire a more thoroughly noble exposition of our duty to these still struggling nations, than is found in that sublime state paper. The beneficial results which must naturally accrue to us from the entertainment of just and liberal views in their behalf, are perhaps with many a subject of but little interest, through lack of information. We purpose, therefore, in a future communication, more fully to explain the present system by which Paraguay is governed, and also to mention the chief points of commercial importance to us in her natural productions and social position.

Though upon the Procrustean bed of so-called Democratic principles, the policy of our country hitherto has in vain sought repose; yet we look with hope to the future. There are still many who remember that "Government is a practical thing made for the happiness of mankind, and not to furnish out a spectacle of uniformity to gratify the schemes of visionary politicians. The business of those who are called to administer it, is to rule, and not to wrangle. It would be a poor compensation that we had triumphed in a dispute, whilst we had lost an empire; that we had frittered down a power, and at the same time destroyed the REPUBLIC."*

A MORTO AT ROME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF NOTES BY THE ROAD.

—I AM sitting in my little room on the Corso.

The Corso, you know, is the principal street of Rome: nothing like Broadway or Regent street, but narrow and long—gay enough in the sunshine, and gayer than the gayest in the Carnival, but dreadfully dreary at night.

Tall palaces with iron grated windows, flanked with brown, dusty cherubs, rise up here and there; and between them, are gray and dirty shops, with balconies above them. The pavement is rough, and a narrow side-walk—the only side-walk in Rome—stretches along, under the eaves of the houses and under the shadow of the palaces. Sometimes the little side-walk has a creditable breadth, so that four may walk abreast; then,

where some cumbrous old house leans out of the line, the side-walk is narrowed to a foot breadth, and you would have to step into a door-way, to let a lady pass.

The house I lived in, crowded out into the street, in just this awkward way, and I could step from the door stone, straight into the carriage-track. And at the Carnival time, (I have done it often) I could drop a handful of Confetti from my balcony, straight down upon the bare necks of the riding girls; and they would look up, half angry—half smiling, and shake their little fingers at me, in a way so prettily threatening, that I would fling my best flowers at them.

Well—I am sitting in my room on that very Corso—have finished my evening cigar, and the clock at Monte Citorio has

* Burke *apud* Story.

struck three times after the Ave Maria. It is dark; a few sticks from the Albanian hills are burning smokily on the hearth, and my landlady is arranging the curtains, when the quick ear of little Cesare detects the hoarse music of a death-chant, and he comes running in, crying, *Un Morto,—un Morto.!*

Directly we go through into my bedroom, that looks upon the Corso, and opening the windows, see the great train approaching from far down the dark and narrow street. We are in the third story, and hear windows opening below us, and in the dim old palace opposite, and on either side. And we see heads thrust out of the houses down the street, standing out in bold relief, against the red torch-light of the moving and mournful train. Below, dim figures are gathering each side the street to look at the solemn spectacle.

The hoarse chant comes louder and louder, and half dies in the night air, and breaks out again, with new and deep bitterness.

Now, the first torch-light shines plainly on faces in the windows, and on kneeling women in the streets.

First, come old retainers of the dead one, bearing long, blazing torches. Then comes a company of priests, two by two, bare-headed, and every second one with a lighted torch, and all chanting.

Next, is a brotherhood of friars, in brown cloaks, with sandaled feet—they too bare-headed, and the red light streaming full upon their grizzled heads. They add their heavy, guttural voices to the chant, and pass slowly on.

Then comes another company of priests, in white muslin capes and black robes and black caps, bearing books in their hands, wide open, and lit up plainly, by the torches of churchly servitors, who march beside them; and from the books, the priests chant loud and solemnly.

Now the music is greatest, and the friars take up the dismal notes, from the white-caped priests; and the priests before, catch them from the brown-robed friars, and mournfully the sound rises up between the tall buildings—into the blue night-sky, that lies between Heaven and Rome.

“*Vede—vede,*” says Cesare; and in a blaze of the red torch fire, comes the bier, borne on the necks of stout friars—and on the bier, the body of the dead man, habited like a priest. Heavy plumes of black, wave at each corner of the bier.

Hist! says my landlady. The body is just under us. Enrica crosses herself—her smile is for the moment gone. Cesare's boy-face is grown suddenly earnest.

He could see the pale, youthful features of the dead man. The glaring flambeaux sent their flaunting streams of unearthly light over the face of the sleeper. A thousand eyes were looking on him, and his face, careless of them all, was turned up straight towards the stars.

Still rises the chant, and companies of priests follow the bier, like those who had gone before. Friars in brown cloaks, and prelates, and carmelites come after—all with torches.

Two by two—their voices growing hoarse—they tramp and chant.

For a while the voices cease, and you can hear the rustling of their robes and their foot-falls, as if your ear was to the earth. Then the chant rises again, as they glide on in a wavy, shining line, and rolls back over the death-train, like the howling of a wind in winter.

As they pass, the faces vanish from the windows. The kneeling women upon the pavement, rise, mindful of the paroxysm of Life once more. The groups in the door-ways scatter. But their low voices, do not drown the voices of the host of mourners, and their ghost-like music.

I look long upon the blazing bier, trailing under the deep shadows of the Roman palaces, and at the stream of torches, winding like a glittering scaled serpent.

The notes grow more and more indistinct, except a little gust of the night air catches up the hoarse sound, and brings it back with a fearful distinctness.

“It is a priest,” say I to my landlady, as she closes the window.

“No, *Signor*—a young man, never married, and so by virtue of his condition, given the robes of the priest-hood,”

“So I,” says the pretty Enrica, “if I should die, would be

and have flowers scattered over my body, and be followed by the nuns as sisters.”

“A long way off may it be,” said I.

She took my hand in hers, and pressed it.

An Italian girl does not fear to talk of death; and we were talking of it still, as we walked back—my hand still in hers, and sat down by the blaze of the alder sticks brought from the Albanian hills.

U N A.

THY cheeks, with tints like summer's even,
 Thy lips, that weave thine artless wiles,
 Blue eyes, with depths divine as heaven,
 Lit with a sunny glow of smiles,
 And, peerless Una, soul-lit flushes
 Beamed o'er that winning face of thy,
 Thy dream-like thoughts and spirit's gushes,
 Have all be-charmed this heart of mine ;
 Yes, thou hast charmed me with thine eyes,
 Thy golden smiles and happy fancies,
 I dream of thee like one who lies
 Rapt from earth in gorgeous trances.

Dream back that eve, when low winds lifted
 The white sails of thy fairy bark,
 And, like a snowy swan, we drifted
 O'er sunset gleams and shadows dark ;
 Thy beauty, thralling all my seeing,
 In my dark soul shed light from thine,
 And changed the dull sounds of my being
 To diamond sparkles in its shine ;
 While, guileless Una, earth and sky,
 Steeped in twilight's slumberous splendor,
 Seemed all entranced by thee to lie,—
 The south winds murmured wildly tender.

We sailed past mirrored groves and meadows,
 Midway betwixt two rosy skies,
 Where the dark cedars flung their shadows
 Across the evening's crimson dyes ;
 The green earth, lapped in dreamy pleasure,
 Heightened in thee, thy beauty more,—
 Each joying in the other's pleasure
 Woke joy in me unknown before ;
 Like one who hears a chime of bells
 From golden minstrels up in heaven,
 And speaks not, lest he break the spells,
 I watched thee by the waning even.

Thou seemed'st, when twilight blushed above thee,
 So like a seraph fringed with fire,
 I dared not murmur, " May I love thee ?"
 Lest there were sin in the desire ;
 And when the shadows chequered faintly
 That halo of the sunset dyes,
 Thou wast so mystical and saintly
 Thou awed'st me with thy mysteries ;
 For such a charmed atmosphere
 Hallows from earth thy stainless spirit,
 That I, with my dark faults, must fear
 A love my heart may never merit.

The queenly moon came through the heaven,
 The stars and their quaint pageantry,
 Orion with the Sisters Seven,
 To win thy thoughts from earth and me;
 But I, where wayward gleams and flashes,
 Like a rapt sybil's, sink and rise,
 Sought love's bright star-rise 'neath thy lashes
 Lighting the deep heavens of thine eyes.
 O, spiritual, pure looks are thine,
 Where no wild passions flame and quiver,
 Yet love may beam there so divine
 That earthly signs reveal it never.

My past life shamed me while, beside thee,
 I watched thy loveliness and thought,
 For all the gifts which glorified thee,
 How little I had ever sought!
 But, since that eve, to higher beauty
 And purer truth my soul hath striven,
 And marked the dawn of nobler duty,
 Led by Love's morning-star of heaven.
 O, radiant Una, thoughts of thee,
 With holy impulses shall move me
 To truth and vestal purity,
 Until thy sinless heart shall love me.

D.

THE HERMIT OF AROOSTOOK.

THE AROOSTOOK COUNTRY.

I WAS on my way down the river St. John, in New Brunswick, and having heard that the Aroostook, (one of its principal tributaries,) was famous for its salmon and a picturesque waterfall, I had taken up my quarters at a tavern near the mouth of that stream, with a view of throwing the fly for a few days, and adding to my stock of sketches. I arrived at this place in the forenoon, and after depositing my luggage in an upper room, and ordering a dinner, I proceeded to arrange my tackle and pencils for an afternoon expedition. This preparatory business I performed in the sitting-room of the tavern, where there happened to be seated at the time, and reading the New York Albion, an oddly-dressed but gentlemanly-looking man. In form, he was tall and slender, appeared to be about fifty years of age, and there was such an air of refinement in his appearance and manners that he attracted my particular attention. I said nothing, however, and quietly continued my snelling operations, until summoned to dinner. While at the table, I sent for the landlord,

to inquire about the stranger whom I had noticed, and his reply was as follows:—"His name is *Robert Egger*; he is a strange but good man, and lives the life of a recluse; his house is above the Fall, on the Aroostook, and about four miles from here. He has been in this part of the country for many years, but I seldom see him at my house, excepting when he wants to read the news, put a letter in the office, or purchase a bag of flour."

With this intelligence I was quite delighted, for I fancied that I had discovered a *character*, which eventually proved to be the case. On returning to the room where the stranger was seated, I introduced myself by offering him a cigar; and while fixing my rod, asked him a few questions about the surrounding country. His replies proved him to be an intelligent man, and as he happened to express himself a lover of the "gentle art," I offered him the use of some fishing tackle, and invited him to accompany me. He refused my offer, but accepted my invitation, and we started for

the Aroostook. He officiated as my guide; and when we approached the river, which was from two to five feet deep, about one hundred yards wide, very rapid, and filled with bridge piers in ruin, we jumped into a Frenchman's canoe, and were landed on the northern shore. Here we came into a road which passed directly along the bank of the river; this we followed for one mile, until we arrived at a flouring-mill, located at the mouth of a large and very beautiful brook, where the road made a sudden turn towards the north. Directly opposite the mill, on the Aroostook side, was a narrow and rapid rift, where, my friend told me, I was sure to hook a salmon. I did not like the appearance of the place, but took his advice and waded in. I tried my luck for some thirty minutes, but could not tempt a single fish. This, my friend did not understand; he said there were salmon there, and thought that the fault was mine. I knew what he wanted, and therefore handed him my rod, that he might try his fortune. He fished for nearly half an hour, and then broke the fly-tip of my rod. As I was cherishing an earnest desire to take at least one salmon, *under the Fall*, which I thought the only likely place to succeed, and towards which I had set my face, this little accident made me exceedingly nervous. My friend attempted to console me by remarking, that as it was getting to be toward evening, we had better return to the tavern, and take a fresh start in the morning. But this proposition did not suit me at all, and I promptly said so. Just as you please, replied my companion, and so we repaired the rod, and continued up the river. Very rapid, with many and deep pools, was this portion of the stream; and our course along the shore, over logs and fallen trees, through tangled underbrush and around rocky points—was attended with every imaginable difficulty, and so continued for at least two miles. On coming in sight of the Fall, however, I was more than amply repaid for all my trouble, by the prospect which there presented itself. It was, perhaps, one hour before sunset, and there was a delightful atmosphere resting upon the landscape. Directly before me, in the extreme distance, and immediately under the crimson sun, was a narrow rocky gorge, through which foamed the waters of the Aroostook, over a precipice of some thirty feet; and just below the Fall, rose a perpendicular rock,

to the height of nearly a hundred feet, dividing the stream into two channels. The entire middle distance of the prospect was composed of a broad and almost circular basin of very deep and dark water, skirted mostly with a rocky shore, while directly across the surface of this pool, winding down the stream, was a line of foam, distinguishing the main channel; while the foreground of this picture consisted of a gravelly beach, two bark wigwams, several canoes, and some half dozen Indians, who were enjoying their evening meal by the side of an expiring fire.

We held a brief conversation with the Indians, and found out that they had visited the basin for the purpose of spearing salmon by torchlight; and while my companion sat down in their midst to rest himself, I jumped into one of the canoes, and paddled to the foot of the fall, to try one of my fancy flies. I fished for about thirty minutes—caught one small salmon—lost two very large ones, and returned to the Indian camp, where I had previously concluded to spend the night, provided my guide did not insist upon returning to the tavern by moonlight. It so happened, however, that my interesting plan was vetoed by my companion, who told me that his dwelling was only a mile off, and that I must go and spend the night with him. I willingly assented to this proposition, and having picked up the salmon, we engaged the Indians to ferry us across the basin, and proceeded on our way. Our path was somewhat narrow, crooked, and intricate, and as I listened to the roaring of the waterfall, and thought of the mystery which hung over my companion, I could not but wonder what I was about, and to what strange place I was going.

In due time, however, we emerged from the woods, and came out upon the side of a gentle hill, which sloped to the margin of the Aroostook, and was sufficiently open to command an extensive view of the river. Here, my friend told me to tarry a few moments, for he had a canoe hidden among some willows, and wished to hunt it up, that we might recross the river once more. I heard his words, but neglected to assist him, for my whole attention was riveted by the scene upon which I was gazing. The sober livery of twilight had settled upon the world, and the flowing of the river was so peaceful, that I could distinctly

hear the hum of unnumbered insects, as they sported in the air. On the opposite shore was a lofty forest-covered hill, and at the foot of it a small clearing, in the centre of which stood a rude log cabin—the dwelling-place of my friend. On my left, the river presented the appearance of a lake: and apparently in the centre of it were two of the most exquisitely foliaged islands imaginable. The valley seemed completely hemmed in with mountains, and these, together with a glowing sky, were all distinctly mirrored in the sleeping waters. Charming beyond compare was this evening landscape, and the holy time “was quiet as a nun, breathless with adoration.” But now my companion summoned me to a seat in the canoe, and we passed over the stream in safety; he hauled up his shallop, laid aside his paddle, and, slapping me on the shoulder, led the way to his cabin, repeating, in a loud clear voice, the following words:

“Alone I live, between four hills,—
Famed, Roostook runs between;—
At times, wild animals appear,
But men are seldom seen.”

On entering the hut, which was now quite dark, as it only contained one window, my companion turned abruptly round, and after making a frolicsome remark about my being in his power, he exclaimed—“That poetry I repeated to you just now was a home-spun article, but as you might fancy something a little more civilized, I would say to you, my young friend, in the language of Wordsworth’s *Solitary*,

“This is my domain, my cell
My hermitage, my cabin, what you will—
I love it better than a snail his house.
But now ye shall be feasted with our best.”

Soon as these words had fallen from his lips, my friend proceeded to collect some wood for a fire, and while I was left to kindle the flame, he seized a tin-pail and went after some spring water, which he said was some distance off. In a few moments, I produced a sufficient quantity of light to answer my purpose, and then took occasion to survey the room, into which I had been thus strangely introduced. Everything about me seemed to be oddity itself. First was the huge fireplace, rudely made of rough stones and filled with ashes; then the blackish appearance of the log walls around, and

the hemlock rafters above. In one corner stood a kind of wooden box, filled with blankets, which answered the purpose of a bed,—and in front of the only window in the cabin was a pine table, on which stood an inkstand and some writing paper, and under which sat a large gray cat, watching my movements with a suspicious eye. In one place stood a wooden chest, and a half-barrel of meal and the only things in the room, to sit upon were a couple of wooden chairs. The crevices in the walls were stopped up with rags and clay, and from various rafters depended bundles of mint, hemlock and other useful productions of the wood. A rusty old gun, and a home-made fishing rod occupied one corner; and on every side, resting upon wooden pegs, were numerous shelves, of every size and form, which were appropriated to a variety of uses. On one or two of them were the cooking utensils of my friend; on another, a lot of smoky books; and on others, a little of every thing, from a box of salt or paper of tea, down to a spool of thread or a paper of needles.

In a few moments my friend re-entered the cabin, and immediately began to prepare our evening meal, which consisted of bread, fried pork, and salmon, and a cup of tea. Plain was our food, but it was as nicely cooked as if it had been done by a pretty girl, instead of an old man, and the comic pomposity with which every little matter was attended to, afforded me much amusement. One thing I remember, which struck me as particularly funny. My host was talking about the conduct of Sir Robert Peel and the British Parliament, and, while in the midst of his discourse, opened a trap-door leading to his cellar, and descended therein. I knew not what he was after, and waited his re-appearance with some anxiety, when suddenly he bobbed up his ghost-like head, resumed the thread of his remarks, and held forth in one hand a huge piece of fat pork, and as he became excited about the conduct of the Prime Minister, he occasionally slapped the pork with the remaining hand, and then shook it in the air, as if it had been one of the bloody Irishmen to whom he was occasionally alluding. He reminded me of one of Shakspeare’s grave-diggers. I also remember, that when my friend was kneading his bread, the idea entered his head, from some remark that I had dropped, that I did not comprehend the

meaning of a certain passage in Shakespeare, so he immediately wiped one of his hands, leaned over for his ragged copy of the Mighty Bard, and immediately settled the question to our mutual satisfaction.

Supper being ended, I pulled out of my pocket a couple of cigars which I had brought with me, and we then seated ourselves comfortably before the fire and entered into a systematic conversation. The greater part of the talking was done by my companion, and in the course of the evening, I gathered the following particulars respecting his own history :

He told me he was a native of Hampshire, England, and had spent his boyhood in the city of London, as a counting-house clerk. He claimed a good name for his family, and added that Mr. Jerden, editor of the London Literary Gazette, was his brother-in-law, having married his only sister. He avowed himself about sixty years of age, and had been a resident of New Brunswick ever since the year 1809. He first came across the Atlantic as a government agent, for the transaction of business connected with the Fur Trade ; and when he settled in the province, the whole country was an untrodden wilderness. Since that time he has followed a variety of employments, had acquired a competence, but lost it through the rascality of friends. He told me he was a widower, and that he had one son, who resided in Fredrickton, and was rapidly acquiring a reputation for his knowledge of engineering. "It does my heart good to remember this fact," continued my friend, "and I do hope that my son, will not disgrace his family, as some people seem to think I have done. The God-forsaken inhabitants of this region have a habit of calling me a crazy old man. God be praised,—I know they over shoot the mark in that particular; if I have lost my reason, I can tell the mocking world, that I have endured trouble enough to make even a philosopher, a raving maniac. By patient and unwearyed toil, I have won two small fortunes, but both of them were snatched away and I was left a beggar. The Home Government took pity on me, and offered to make me a present of land, adding that I was at liberty to make my own selection. I accepted their offer and selected five hundred acres on the Aroostook, making the Fall we visited this evening the centre of my domain. I duly received a deed for the property,

and having concluded that my fellow-men were as tired of me as I was of them, I bolted for the wilderness and have lived here ever since. Yes, sir, for twelve years have I been the only human inmate of this rude cabin; I ought to except, however, 'a lucid interval' of some nine months, which I spent in England, about four years ago, visiting my friends and the favorite haunts of my childhood. To enjoy even that little luxury, I was compelled to sacrifice a portion of my land."

"But why do you not sell your entire property," I remarked, "and take up your abode among men, where your knowledge might be made available."

"Knowledge indeed!" replied the hermit philosopher; "all that I possess, you might easily hide in the bowl of an acorn. I do know enough to cast my eyes heavenward, when crushed by misfortune, but the same knowledge was possessed by the worm upon which I accidentally trod this morning. What is man, at his best estate, but a worm? But this is not answering your question. My only reason for not selling this property is, that I cannot find a purchaser. Most gladly would I jump at the chance, and then I *would* mingle with my fellow-men, and endeavor to be of them. Travellers, who sometimes pass through this region, tell me that my property is worth \$5000; I know it to be worth at least that amount, but I should be glad to sell it for \$3000, and that too on a credit of ten years. The interest would indeed be a meagre income, but I have schooled myself in the ways of poverty; and though it once cost me \$2000 to carry me through a single year, I can tell you that my expenses for the last five years have not averaged more than *twenty dollars*, which I have had to obtain as best I could. But you must not misunderstand me. The little clearing which surrounds my rookery, contains six acres, and as I cultivate them with all diligence, they keep me from actual starvation."

"But it strikes me, my dear sir, that you ask rather an extravagant price for your uncultivated land?" I asked this question with a view of obtaining some information in reference to the valley of the Aroostook, and was not disappointed. The reply of my friend was as follows:

"I can convince you that you are mistaken. In the first place, the water privilege which my land covers, is acknowl-

edged to be the most valuable on the Aroostook, and I may add that it is abundantly fertile. And then think of the valley, at the very threshold of which I am located. It is one of the most beautiful and luxuriant in this northern wilderness; and the only thing against it, though I say it, that should not, is the fact that nearly five miles of its outlet belongs to the English government, while the remainder belongs to the United States. The whole of it ought to be yours, but if it were, I would not live here a year; I am near enough to you now: directly on the boundary line between your country and mine. The Aroostook, I verily believe, is one of the most important branches of the St. John. Its general course is easterly, but it is exceedingly serpentine, and, according to some of your best surveyors, drains upwards of a million acres of the best soil in Maine. Above my place, there is hardly a spot that might not be navigated by a small steambot, and I believe the time is not far distant when your enterprising Yankees will have a score of boats employed here, in carrying their grain to market. Before that time comes, however, you must dig a canal or build a railroad around my beautiful waterfall, which I am sure could be done for \$20,000. An extensive lumbering business is now carried on in the valley, but its future prosperity must depend upon its agriculture. Already are its shores dotted with well-cultivated farms, and every year is adding to their number and the rural beauty of those already in existence. The soil of this valley is rich, and composed principally of what is called *alluvial* (not interval) land, together with the quality known as *upland*. In many portions, however, you will find some of the most charming intervals in the world. The trees of this region are similar to those of your northern states. The staple crop of the Aroostook farmer is wheat; owing to the shortness of our seasons, corn does not arrive at perfection, and its cultivation is neglected. Rye, barley, and oats, all flourish here, but much more buckwheat is raised than any other grain besides wheat. Grasses flourish here in great perfection, and the farmer of Aroostook will yet send to market immense quantities of cattle. As to the climate, it is not so severe as is generally supposed. Snow falls early, and continues late, which prevents the ground from freezing very deep. And

when summer comes, as you may testify, the weather is sufficiently warm for every necessary purpose. Now, sir, do you not think I have made out a clear case?" I answered in the affirmative, and thanked him for the information he had given me. Like Oliver Twist, however, I was anxious for "more," and therefore endeavored to start him on another subject. In this laudable effort I fully succeeded, and by merely expressing the opinion that he must lead a very lonely life in this remote wilderness.

"Not at all, not at all," replied my friend. "It is my good fortune to belong to that class of men who depend upon books, the works of nature and themselves for happiness, and not upon a selfish and heartless world. As to my books, they are not very abundant, nor are they bound in fancy morocco, but the substance of them is of the right sort. Foremost among them all is the Bible, which tells even a poor devil like me that he is a man. Perfect in their generation are the truths of this glorious old book; they have an important bearing upon every thing; and they should be studied and cherished with jealous care. But the earth-born men, with whom I hold daily communion, are the mighty Shakspeare, the splendid Gibbon, the good and loving brother poets Thompson and Wordsworth, the gifted but wayward Burns, the elegant and witty Addison, and the ponderous Johnson. These are the minds which always afford me solid satisfaction. As to the immense herd who keep the printing presses of the present day constantly employed, I know nothing about them, and care still less. And how as to the pleasures which are brought to me by the revolving seasons. They are indeed manifold, and it is pleasant to remember that "Nature never did betray the heart that loved her." The hills which surround my cabin I look upon as familiar friends, not only when crowned with a wreath of snow, but when rejoicing in their summer bloom; and a more peaceful and heart-soothing stream can no where be found, than the one which flows along my door, and you know from experience that it abounds in the finest of salmon and trout. The surrounding woods furnish me with game, but their greatest treasures are the ten thousand beautiful birds, which make melody in their little hearts, and afford me unalloyed pleasure for at least one half the year. I seldom have occasion to kill these feathered minstrels for food, and the consequence is,

whenever I go out into my fields to work, they gather around me without fear, and often come so near, as to be in my very way. The quail and the wren, the jay and the blue-bird, the mocking-bird, the partridge, the fish-hawk, the eagle and the crow, and also the swallow, the owl, and whipporwill, all build their nests within a stone's throw of my door, and they know that the friendless old man will do them no harm. And then what exquisite pleasure do I continually enjoy in watching the ever-varying changes of the year! First, when the primrose tells me that the rains are over and gone, and I go forth in the refreshing sunshine to sow my seeds; secondly, when the glorious summer is in its prime, with its dewy mornings and lovely twilights; also in the sober autumnal time, when I thoughtfully count the leaves floating on the bosom of the stream: and then again when the cold winds of winter are howling around my cabin, and I set in my pleasant solitude before a roaring fire, building palaces in my mind, as I peer into the burning embers—Yes, sir, I have learned to live without excitement, and to depend upon myself for the companionship I need. I do indeed occasionally steal out of my beautiful vale, and mingle with my fellow-men, but I always return perfectly contented with my lot. After all, I do not believe that the world *could* add greatly to my stock of happiness, even if I were a worshipper of Mammon, a brawling politician, or a responsible statesman."

"But, Mr. Egger, it strikes me that your manner of life is not in keeping with the Bible, for which you have expressed so much reverence."

"That may be true," was the reply, "but I make no sanctimonious pretensions. I do but little to promote the happiness of my fellow-men, and I congratulate myself with the idea, that I do as little to make them miserable. The influence of my example amounts to nothing, and I give no bread to the poor, because I have none to give. But let us drop the subject; I feel that your questions may so annoy me, that I shall be compelled to abandon the glorious old wilderness, and become a denizen of the busy and noisy world."

A breach having thus been made in our discourse, I examined my watch, and found it to be near twelve o'clock. My companion took the hint, and immediately proceeded to fix a sleeping-place that would accommodate us both. This was

done by spreading the clothes of the wooden bedstead upon the floor. While going through with this little operation, he held high above his head a ragged old bed-quilt, and asked me what I thought Queen Victoria would say, if she had such an article to rest her royal limbs upon? He then pointed to the particular spot which he wanted me to occupy, giving as a reason for the request, that there was a hole on the opposite side of his mansion, where toads, rats, and weasels were frequently in the habit of entering, and he was afraid they might annoy me, though he had never been disturbed by their nocturnal visits. This information appeared to me somewhat peculiar, but did not prevent me from undressing myself to lie down. When about half through this business, however, I was actually compelled to take a seat on account of a laughing fit brought upon me by one or two stories, which my host related for my special benefit. *What* a strange man indeed! thought I, and making another effort, I tumbled into bed. In the mean time, my companion had stripped himself of every thing but his shirt, and in spite of the frailty of his "spindle shanks," was throwing himself into the attitudes for which Kemble was distinguished, whose acting he had often witnessed in olden times. I was already quite exhausted with excess of laughter, and I verily believed that the queer antics of the anchorite and philosopher would be the death of me. But I felt that I must go to sleep, and, in self-defence, partly covered my head with the end of a quilt, and almost swore that I would not be disturbed again. I did not swear, however, and was consequently again disturbed. I had just fixed my head upon the pillow, as I thought for the last time, when I was startled by a tremendous yell proceeding from without the cabin, I rushed out of the house, as if the old Harry himself had been after me, and beheld my spare and venerable friend,—sitting upon a stump, gazing upon the rising moon, and listening to the distant howl of a wolf, with one of his feet dangling to and fro, like the pendulum of a clock. "Was n't that a musical yell, my boy?" were the first words spoken by the hermit mad-cap; and then he went on to point out all the finer features of the scene spread out before us. Silently flowed the stream, grand and sublime looked the mountains, clear and very blue the sky, spirit-like the moon and stars, and above the neighboring wa-

terfall ascended a column of spray, which was fast melting into a snowy cloud. After enjoying this picture for a reasonable time, my companion then proposed that we should enjoy a swim in the river, to which arrangement I assented, even as did the wedding guest of Coleridge to the command of the Ancient Mariner. Our bath ended, we returned to the cabin, and in the course of half an hour, the hermit and the stranger were side by side in the arms of sleep.

On opening my eyes in the morning, the pleasant sunshine was flooding the floors through the open door, and my friend, who had risen without disturbing me, was frying some trout which he had just taken in the stream. I arose, rolled

up the bed, and prepared myself for breakfast, which was particularly enjoyed by the giver and the receiver. I spent the forenoon rambling about the estate of my old friend, and enjoying the surrounding scenery; I then proposed to him that he should go down and be my guest at the tavern on the St. John for a day or two, which invitation was accepted. On my return, I took a sketch of the secluded vale where stands the cottage of my friend, also a profile of his own handsome face, and a view of his waterfall. The time of my departure having arrived, I left my friend with a heavy heart, I for my distant city-home, and he to return to his solitary cottage among the mountains.

HISTORY AND INFLUENCE OF MATHEMATICAL SCIENCE.*

THE HISTORY OF SCIENCE is, in great part, the history of Progress in the Human Mind. It is the history of the development of the laws of nature, and of intellectual growth. What is developed, we know; what is not developed, we do not know. The mind has no laws to work with, and no material to work upon, but, on the one hand, a consciousness of its own thinking and reasoning powers, and on the other the visible and tangible elements of nature. This internal spirit, and this external world, constitute that glorious creation of God, whose uses, whose beauty, and whose wisdom, it is the business and delight of human intelligence to develop, to illustrate, and to magnify.

THE METHODS of Science are full of excellent discipline. There are three modes, corresponding to the three ways of human improvement, by which Science enlarges its bounds. The first is to observe particular facts; the next, to generalize these facts into laws; and the

last, to combine those laws into systems. The first may be called Observation; the second, Science *par excellence*, or the use of Judgment;† and the last, Theory, or the act of Philosophizing. These three exercises are all required in developing the Laws of Nature; and they include, in their most comprehensive sense, all the functions of the human understanding. The process, by which progress in Science is made from man to man and from age to age, strengthens the powers of the mind, and expands its vision; extending its dominion over all the elements of nature. The History of Science is, therefore, the real history of the progress of human intelligence.

Among Sciences material and intellectual, we find included every species of human knowledge, from that of minerals to that of the attributes of Deity. But among all these, not the least influential are those of quantity. The Mathematics have been defined to be the "Science of Ratios," but it is rather that Science

* DAVIES' COURSE of Mathematics, in three parts:

I. The Arithmetical Course, embracing First Lessons in Arithmetic for beginners—School Arithmetic—University, or higher Arithmetic.

II. Academic Course, embracing Elementary Algebra, Elementary Geometry, Mensuration, and Drawing and Surveying.

III. Collegiate Course, embracing Davies' Bourdon, Davies' Legendre, Analytical Geometry, Descriptive Geometry, Shades, Shadows, and Perspective, and Differential and Integral Calculus.

† The word is here strictly used.—Ed.

which compares, and expresses by comparison, the relation between quantities, either real or only possible, positive or negative. The vastness of this Science can only be comprehended by considering the immeasurable elasticity of that mind which contemplates the variety of the material universe, and the yet more immeasurable extent of that imagination which, proceeding from the real to the possible, passes outside, as it were, of this world, and dwells on a region of its own creating. Johnson says of Shakspeare, that he

“Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new;
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toiled after him in vain.”

What is there said of the Poet, is in another sense equally true of the Mathematician. He begins by expressing, in dry and abstract signs, the relations of units to one another, as in reckoning one's fingers. The very child can do this: and, as to that relation, the man can do no more. He aggregates these unities, and ascends one step higher by expressing the relation of aggregates to one another. One step more, and he classifies units and aggregates them into compounds, and expresses again these compound relations. Thus he continues to express, in his abstract language, the unities of all things in nature, till he has numbered the very particles of the earth, the globules of water, and the stars of Heaven. Again, he begins with the relation of extension. He takes a unit of measure, as simple as the length of a hand, or the first joint of an arm; he repeats it, by the relation of numbers, till he can express, in his symbolical language, the extent of a field, or the breadth of a continent, or the circumference of the globe, or the distances between systems of stars. Thus, too, he applies his Science of Rotations to surfaces, to the greatest solids, to the most complicated motions. Thus the true, the understanding student of Mathematics, writes down, in a few simple signs, the relations of the remoter universe, and the history of events in generations yet to come! Such are his dealings with realities. But Mathematics leads him yet farther. It conducts him beyond the real into the possible—into creations which *might*, but do not exist;

it supposes a possible existence: expresses the relations of its imaginary elements, and deduces consequences: reaches the reality of unknown quantities, and brings up to light the laws which must govern invisible existences; it grapples and brings up a substance out of mere probability. Nor is this all. It gives an utterance to non-entity itself, and an expression to formless infinity.

The range of Mathematics thus extends to all the conditions of intelligence, and is thus connected with all other Sciences. It requires the exercise of all* the intellectual faculties, and the use of all their methods. These are the most sublime functions of that elastic and immortal mind, which is thus able to comprehend, within its glorious circle, the earth and its fellow-orbs, the stars, and distances of their journey in a mysterious future. It is this grandeur of range which gave Mathematics its name: from the Greek word *mathesis*, signifying *discipline of the mind*. It presents not merely a system of principles, but a connected series of developments of the laws of nature, from the observations of the first ages, to the accumulated learning of the last generation who shall live upon the earth. It is a rapidly enlarging series of disclosures till the world ends.

The History of Science is, as we have remarked, more completely the history of intellectual progress, than is the history of society in general. We may note, for example, some remarkable epochs, in which the mind made vast progress, and produced new forms of civilization, but in each of which, the influence of the single Science of Mathematics, either positively or negatively, is so great and so remarkable, that to take it away would be to disfigure the portrait of the age. The ultimate development, the final causes of these civilizations, depended, doubtless, on the character of their religious philosophy; but in their intellectual growth, and in the interpretation of all forms of art, science ruled supreme.

One of the epochs, to which we refer, is that of Memphite Egypt—the land of pyramids and hieroglyphics. To that land, when the sciences of learning could be traced no farther, it was the custom, alike of Greek and Roman, of Jew and

* We are obliged to dissent from this opinion of our contributor.—ED.

Gentile, to refer the origin of knowledge. In substance, this was true. But, the important question is, not where the stream begins, but how much there is of it? How much of solid science did the founder of our civilization bring from Egypt? The minute, accurate, and long-continued researches of modern savans, into the monuments and knowledge of the Egyptians, has made their history, and even their modes of life, quite familiar to us. The result, to a mind of close investigation, is, that they had many arts, and great manual skill, but knew very little exact science. Their monuments and paintings disclose this fact, showing a gross, or rather, a sensuous civilization. But their monuments show, positively, that they did not possess the higher Mathematics. There are, in all the constructions of Egypt, none which required the solution of complicated problems. There is no perspective in their paintings; there is no evidence, in the numerous drawings, descriptive of their manner of life, that they even possessed any of the higher astronomical instruments, or any of that fine machinery in the arts, which, in itself, denotes the exercise of high scientific powers. The simpler forms of Geometry and Arithmetic are all of Mathematical Science which can be distinctly traced to that country. How monstrous, and how grotesque,—how gross, and how merely tangible, are all the outward developments of a civilization, in which the higher Sciences are wanting!

Between the epoch of the sciences in Memphite Egypt, and their brilliant rise in Greece, they had no recorded development in Athens. But, in the periods of Hellenic cultivation, we find a new, more lively and various activity of mind; and with the arts, the abstract science reappeared in a new splendor. The names of Pythagoras, of Euclid, of Plato, and of Archimedes, remind us of vast intellectual activity in this direction. It was, for Mathematical genius, the most brilliant era in the middle period of history. It is remarkable, that the great Mathematical discoveries of that time—such as those of Archimedes and Apollonius, were discoveries in Geometry,

and that it was, in Geometry, applied to art; that Greece exhibited, in her outward forms, the greatest progress; her architecture has never been improved upon, her statuary is still unrivalled, and in various arts of life there was demonstrative evidence that Geometry had made a vast advance.* There was an intimate connection between the Mathematical studies and discoveries of the times, and the outward arts and general improvement of society. Mathematical discipline is observed in the symmetry of proportion and in the acuteness of reasoning.

The next epoch, in which the same effects from the same causes are observed, is the age of the Reformation. This had been preceded by a new taste for science, as fresh, strong, and peculiar as that which attended the growth of Geometry in Greece. Algebra had been cultivated in the brilliant days of Arabic literature. The study of Algebra is abstract and analytical. It turns the mind more completely in upon itself. It did not address itself to any relations to be observed or determined by the eye, but to investigations remote from matter, in the highest recesses of transcendental* thought. It was metaphysical, and therefore refining and spiritualizing. Its tendency was to excite and quicken the thinking powers. It would make the teachers and students of the age more curious, more active, and more investigating. This was the rise of a Mathematical taste, the last step in progress to the reformation.

The epochs succeeding, were marked by a series of the most brilliant Mathematicians who have ever lived. Tycho Brahe, Napier, Briggs, Galileo, Kepler, J. Bernouilli, Huygens, Leibnitz, Hadley, McLaurin, and Newton, surrounded by others scarcely less brilliant, formed a constellation of brilliant intellects, which belong exclusively to the reformation. What was the character of this new and extraordinary illumination in science? The great and brilliant feature of it was, unquestionably, analysis; Descarte, Bernouilli, McLaurin, and others, continued the Algebraic inquiries, Napier invented Logarithms, and the geniuses of Newton and Leibnitz were crowned with

* This must be taken with allowance.—ED.

† The word is here accurately used. All science and philosophy ends in certain transcendental ideas, which, though expressible by symbols, are not expressible by description. The idea, for example, of an infinite series —ED.

the invention of the Calculus. Even the Geometry of the day ran into analysis; and in the investigations of Mathematics, and the logic of Theology, there was manifested an acuteness of reasoning, and an activity of intellect, which was peculiar and extraordinary. There was a strict analogy between the Mathematical development and the philosophical spirit of the age. They were associated together, and the history of Progress in Mathematics would be parallel with the history of the intellectual growth of society in those, as in other ages.

The fourth and last epoch, to which we refer, is our own. Since the date of the American Revolution, a new and extraordinary movement has been given to all civilized societies. Change, motion, loco-motion, intense commercial activity, a greater nearness of nations, an approximation to a greater harmony of interests, spring from the fountains of inventive power and social interests. Estimating, at its full value, the excitement given to the mind of nations, by an enlarged liberty, it is impossible to tell the facts of current history, and note the influence of each, one by one, and not admit that science* is the intellectual machinery, though not the moving force, by which society is propelled, in its new and rapid action. The peculiar development of our era is in social arts. Those in which Art is offered, not merely to machinery, or to monuments of strength, or beauty, but to the comfort and prosperity of society, are in the means of inter-communication, by person, by traffic, and by thought. They are those which bring men and nations more closely together. The arts of cheap printing, of cheap manufacture, of rapid loco-motion, and telegraphic transmissions, with other kindred and minor inventions, are those which furnish the material and the motive for the movement of the masses, and for the commerce of minds. What are they all but *applications of Science*? Neither Watt, nor Fulton, nor Arkwright, nor Moore could have completed the inventions which signalized their names, unless science had reached the point it

had just then attained. Nor would it be hard to prove that when science had attained that point, such inventions must inevitably follow. These results are necessarily connected with the laws of nature previously developed,—as we see the magnetic telegraph follows immediately upon the discovery of certain principles of magnetism and electricity. In this progress, Mathematics‡ was the leader and the founder. Mechanical Philosophy made little or no progress till the great arms of Mathematical strength, Algebra and Geometry, had attained nearly a full growth. Chemistry, and its attendant sciences, we know, scarcely had an existence till within a century—till, in other words, Mathematical Analysis, which led the mind into more recondite and refined researches into the invisible elements of nature, had attained a nearly complete development. When the last inventions of Analysis, its applications to Geometry, had been completed by the followers of Newton and Leibnitz, there was, apparently, no new movement to be made in that direction. The student of Mathematics then applied his instruments to many curious and practical problems. He followed the analysis of Geometry into a new field of elaborations and combinations. He introduced his series of problems and combinations into a vast number of business arrangements, to all of civil engineering, to steam machinery, to architecture. The Mathematicians of France and England extended the bounds of their science in the direction of these applications. We may infer that this direction of mind was a chief cause of the sudden and most extraordinary advance in the Social Arts, in this period of the world.

In this history, then, of the Sciences, and especially of Mathematics, might be traced by an accurate and philosophical hand, a parallel history of those social improvements which characterize an age or a nation, as advancing. These are the evidences,—that man has extended his dominion over nature,—enlarged the boundaries of his knowledge,—provided new means of comfort and support,—and furnished new proofs that his nature is

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* It seems necessary here to remind the reader, that a very perfect instruction in the mathematics will not prevent men from becoming atheists or lovers of despotism. Other things must be added, or the mathematics are as nothing, or worse than nothing.—Ed.

† It will be necessary again to differ from our contributor. The sciences of chemistry and electricity have received very little aid from the modern Mathematicians. A few simple arithmetical formulas are all that they employ.—Ed.

‡ From this we are again compelled to dissent.—Ed.

immortal, and his spirit endowed from Heaven.

If such be the influences of science, the extent and methods of teaching it, are not matters of indifference. The intellectual growth and power of the nation depends on the strength and nutriment derived from the solid sciences. That strength and nutriment must come through teachers and teaching,—but the stream cannot rise higher than the fountain, nor a nation rise higher than the books and teachers, from which it receives instruction. We must look, therefore, to the elementary books and teaching of a nation to know what that nation will become.

With this view we have taken, as a test, the course of Mathematics prepared by Professor Charles Davies for the Colleges and Schools of the United States.

The publishers inform the reader in their Prospectus, that they were originally prepared for the United States' Military Academy, at West Point, and that they have since been adopted in many of the colleges of the Union. They may be regarded, therefore, as the highest order of elementary books on the Mathematics in this country; and the standard, by which we may compare our progress in the past and our prospects for the future, in this department of human knowledge.

To do this effectually, we must note the particulars which constitute progress in the art of teaching, and the degree in which each of these particulars is found to exist in our highest institutions.

1. This progress may consist in actual increase in the quantity of knowledge taught, and recorded for the use of teaching. In this case it is an actual progress in knowledge.

Or, 2. It may consist in new aids to teaching, either instruments or methods.

As, for example, in new Text-Books, more methodically and logically composed, with more instructive examples; and with more easy and natural steps.

The history of instruction by books, whether in ancient and modern times, has exhibited almost as many vicissitudes, as the form and institution of governments. It has sometimes progressed in one of these modes; sometimes in another, and sometimes receded from what we deem just and enlightened methods of indoctrination. Yet, there has been, on the whole, not only an increase of knowl-

edge, but an increase of the facilities by which it is acquired. After the invention of the higher forms of a science, it is taken up by a class of intellects who skilfully reduce the folios and quartos of the original discoverers into elementary treatises and systematized text-books,*—which, if not for the million,—are for the ten thousand who seek a good and intelligent education. This has been well exemplified in the late progress of mathematical teaching both in Europe and America.

The positive additions both to the knowledge and the mode of teaching mathematics have been considerable. Take, for example, the Analysis of Geometrical Problems. For a long time after the method of Fluxions, or the Calculus, was perfected by the great mathematicians, no applications of analysis to Geometry appeared, except in a few learned essays. The application of Algebra to Geometry first appeared in a brief and simple form. Then followed the application of Algebra to Trigonometry, and and then the Analytical Conic Sections. Short treatises on this subject were given in the simplest forms without an attempt systematically to teach analysis, either in England or America, till so recently as thirty years since. Till within that period, no text-book could be found in the English language on Analytical Geometry; nor was any attempt made to teach it in the colleges of Great Britain or the United States.

Another addition to what may be called the practical literature of mathematics was made in the invention and introduction of Descriptive Geometry. Now a new mode of representing geometrical figures, by showing them as parts of a solid body, has given rise to new and valuable aids in the solution of problems. It gives views of the relations of an object, which could not be had by the old method. It shows a method by which we may represent the geometrical properties of solid bodies. And, finally, it gives a realizing sense to the student, of certain figures and relations, for which he was formerly obliged to trust his imagination. The invention of this method was by Monge, a French Mathematician, born in 1746, and died in 1818. He was one of the eminent men of the Napoleon era, and died partly of grief on the return of

* Which if any man thinks an easy or inferior operation, let him not attempt it.—ED.

the Bourbons—by whom he was excluded, not only from employment, but from the Institute itself, which he had adorned with his genius.

Almost an inevitable consequence of the *descriptive representations* of Geometry—the consideration of the mathematical solutions of shades, shadows, and perspective, rise to the importance of a separate department in a complete course of mathematics. Perhaps nothing could illustrate better the practical improvement which has been made within a few years in the extent and methods of scientific teaching—than to compare the elementary work of Professor Davies on this very interesting topic, with the numerous notes published in the 18th century, intended to teach the principles of Perspective. The student has now in all this subject a flowery path, which leads him directly to the beautiful and attractive figures of Painting, of Sculpture, and of Architecture,—neither of which could any more do without Mathematics, than a world of organized beings could subsist without the attraction of its particles.*

These instances may serve as illustrations or additions to our systematized elementary knowledge.

In addition to these aids, new methods of instruction have been invented. In mathematical teaching, we may observe several of these simple steps taken within a few years. It is not a very long time since, in teaching mathematics in the colleges of the United States, the student recited his proposition from the *diagrams and letters of his text-book*. It was a great improvement to make the pupil draw his own figures, substitute new characters, and depend on his own resources. This is done in most, if not all, of our higher institutions of learning. Another improvement, made within thirty-five years, is the introduction of the *Black Board*, as a means of illustration. It is now almost universal in the schools, and of a utility as general as its use. Another improvement is in the introduction of the *analytical principle* (as it may be called)—in the methods of teaching which now prevails almost universally. It teaches the student to separate the parts of a complicated subject, or thought, into

its elementary parts or units, and to examine his solutions. It is thus, that not merely knowledge, but the method of conveying and distributing knowledge from mind to mind, have advanced in the order of progress very rapidly in the present period of the world.

Another mode of progress, in teaching, may be observed in new text-books,—more logically arranged, and in more easy and natural steps. We do not mean to say that books have been invented which save the labor of thinking; such being impossible to compose, or even to imagine; but that those now in use conduct the mind by *natural steps*, in a straight road—instead of requiring the student continually to surmount his own ignorance. A traveller does not make his journey with less certainty or speed, because the road is smooth and solid before him. The thinking faculty of a pupil must be brought out by the teacher, who, if he be a good one, will lead him beyond his book.

But, though both the text-book, and the teacher should lead the mind to *think*—it will be conceded, that there is no absolute necessity that the book should be one of riddles, or that it should not point out clearly, where the student might with safety, begin his own speculations.

Previous to the year 1820, the only text-books in Mathematics, which could be found, were old English books, written for those already acquainted with the subject, or new books, in every way unsuited to the purpose; either because they were too simple, or unmethodical.

In the year 1836, the course of Mathematics, prepared by a Professor in the Royal Military Academy, at Woolwich, England, was the best book. There were treatises on profound subjects, written by the learned, too deep for the pupil. Hutton's course was the best. A slight reference to the contents of the two octavo volumes, in which it was contained, will explain all that we have said on the progress of teaching, as to the Mathematics. These volumes contained no descriptive or analytical geometry, or any treatises of shadows and perspectives. These topics were to be found treated in many French works; but we in America saw

* The eye of the artist is doubtless very much *aided* by a geometrical education, but the perspectives of geometry are *not*, as yet, the perspectives of nature. We have not seen Professor Davies' book, but all other treatises which we have seen, represent perspective lines as *straight*, while in nature they are curved; or, as we say, *sagging*, having the property of logarithmic curves. Let the geometers look to it.—Ed.

and thought only through the English mind, and that was too proud to acknowledge itself under any obligation to France. English and American books in schools, were without the better systems of science, and the better methods of learning, which had been introduced into the schools of France, full twenty years before! This was the *pupillage* of England, to which we voluntarily subjected ourselves, although we had declared our political independence forty years before.

It remained for a Professor at West Point, whose high duty it was, in fulfilment of the purpose for which the Academy was instituted, to take the lead in elevating scientific instruction, and introducing a new era in that important department of American Education. A slight reference to the unwritten history of this subject, may not be uninteresting. In the year 1817, Colonel Sylvester Thayer, of the corps of Engineers, was appointed Superintendent of the United States Military Academy. A new organization of its officers commenced, with a view to give it higher discipline, and higher scientific instructions. About the same time, Claude Crozet, who had been educated at the French Polytechnique, and served with Napoleon in Russia, was appointed Professor of Engineering, at West Point. The writer of this article belonged to the first class taught by him. He found the class totally unacquainted with those modern improvements in practical Mathematics which were deemed by the French officer essential to the science of Engineering. He endeavored to supply this deficiency, by teaching these branches himself. The writer was one of those whom he instructed in Descriptive Geometry, *without a text-book*, by oral instruction on the black-board. The mode in which this was done, is worthy of note. The Professor drew the figure on the black-board, and demonstrated it. The figures were then left on the board; the class proceeded to draw the figure on paper, and study it; they then demonstrated it to the Professor, and thus it was utterly impossible for any one of the class to fail of knowing the proposition, or not

have his failure discovered. This was a hard method of teaching for the Professor, but for the pupil, no better has ever been invented. In the year 1818, the Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy and Astronomy, of the Academy, introduced as a text-book, Gregory's Mechanical Philosophy, an English work, of high merit, but very severe in its demand on the student. The purpose was gained, however, by placing the study of Mechanical Philosophy much higher than it had previously stood, in any institution. The consequences of these improvements by the Professor of Engineering and Philosophy, were that Hutton's course of Mathematics was found inadequate to furnish that preparation which was required by the student to attain the knowledge of the higher branches in the advancing classes. It became necessary, then, to find and introduce some complete text book in Mathematics. This was gradually done. The first French book introduced, was we believe, Lacroix's Algebra; after a time, Legendres' Geometry, and subsequently Biot's Analytical Geometry. It was several years before any text-book in English, or Descriptive Geometry appeared. The first was, we think, by Professor Crozet. We need not recite more of these details, which are curious, as a part of the scientific history of this country, but are unnecessary to the present article. We have said enough to show, that there was both room and demand in the learned Institutions of the United States, for a much higher and more complete course of Mathematics, than any one which, so far as we know, then existed.*

Professor Davies, whose books we have made our text, was a Professor, or an assistant Professor, in the Mathematical and Philosophical Departments of the Military Academy from 1816, to 1837—as we have found by reference to the catalogue. In his time, the present methods of instruction there were completed, and the present text-book adopted. It seems, from the contemporary history of the Academy, that his works were written in that time, and make, with one or two exceptions, the best books at West Point, to the present time. They

* In gratitude to the venerable Ex-President of Yale College, we gladly mention here his admirable Treatise on Algebra, a book which we remember to have studied with the greatest profit and pleasure. We believe it to be one of the best elementary works ever composed. The language is worthy of Newton.—Ed.

do not profess to be original, in all respects; but to be selections from the vast body of Mathematics, adopted by the aid of experience and criticism to the wants of the student in science. The Algebra is an improved and condensed form of the French one of Bourdon; the Geometry from Legendre. The Descriptive Geometry, as prepared by Professor Davies, is the first, and the only complete work, on the subject, written in this country. It is not, however, our purpose to criticise books, upon which criticism, to be valuable, must be very minute, and which, at least, would be only understood by the scientific reader. We have penned in this article, enough of the outline of Mathematical progress, and especially of its progress in this country, to prove how great that progress is, and how much this country

owes to the able and profound researches, teachings, and works of the Professor at West Point.* One idea only, we would add. The progress of the world is now in the direct line of God's Revelations. What are these Revelations? His laws of Physical Truth and his laws recorded in the Holy Scriptures. Both surely are "Revelations" for man's instruction, and in both, he will find wisdom, strength, and consolation. But what does this teach? It teaches, that we should no longer rely upon the Oracle at Delphos. In one word, we are made free, and we have escaped the bondage of mere Antiquarian Learning. It is necessary henceforth to *rely upon ourselves*—with no rule but to search nature, for that is the handiwork of God; and to search the Scriptures, for out of them are the issues of life.

HORACE—BOOK II.—ODE 2.

“Equam memento rebus in arduis
Servare mentem.”

In arduous times an equal mind to bear,
But most when Fortune, with a brow serene,
Smiles on thy path, O, Delius, be thy care
That no unmanly joys thy bosom stain.

For we are mortal, Delius, and to die,
The common lot of all, is surely thine;
Then let us here the sad remembrance fly,
And drown the thought in sweet Falernian wine!

Here the majestic pine and poplar pale,
Wreath with their friendly boughs a cooling shade—
Here lingers on its idle wings the gale,
And trembling rivulets dance adown the glade.

And here let wines and sweet perfumes be spread,
Roses and fairest flowers that soonest close,
While Destiny reserves our lengthening thread,
And Time permits on earth a short repose.

Soon wilt thou leave thy rich paternal halls,
Now gay with mirth and love's voluptuous lay,
Thy gardens, where the yellow Tiber falls,
With murmuring flow, and gently glides away.

* We are sorry at this short notice, that we cannot present our readers with an account of the labors of other distinguished gentlemen in this department of science. A great deal has been done at Cambridge and at Yale. The eminent services of President Day and Professor Farrar may be mentioned, besides others less conspicuous; to which we allude without wishing to disparage those of Professor Davies.—ED.

Why build the pile, and heap the golden store?
 Call villas thine, reared for the heir alone?
 Fell Orcus gapes alike for rich or poor—
 Equal they slumber 'neath the mouldering stone!

Onward we haste, from Fate's subverted urn,
 Each destined lot or soon or late will come;
 The Stygian bark awaits, and we are borne,
 Eternal exiles, to the silent tomb!

SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND PUBLIC SERVICES OF JOHN RUTLEDGE, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

PART SECOND.

THE fall of the city of Charleston, though, at the time, an almost fatal blow to the strength and resolution of South Carolina—exhausting her *materiel*, and greatly lessening her *personnel* for war—did not diminish the hopes nor paralyze the exertions of Governor Rutledge. The first effect of the disaster was to discourage and disappoint the militia of the interior. Failing, as we have seen, in consequence of the sickness in the capital, to collect them in sufficient numbers for its relief, he was perforce compelled to attempt a stand against the enemy on the north side of the Santee. But circumstances still fought against his purpose of performance. The rapid transit of the British light troops through the interior—the murderous and wretched tragedy in which the wanton and savage partisan, Tarleton, butchered the contingent of Col. Beaufort—the surprise of the American Cavalry under Cols. White and Washington—and other similar disasters occurring about the same time, completed the panic among the militia, which the surrender of the metropolis had begun, and most effectually defeated the exertions, however earnestly and honestly urged, by which the Governor endeavored to give them consistency and form. The progress of the British, eagerly urged, and in a force too powerful for any serious opposition, found the province prostrate. The spirit of the country appeared subdued, the energies of the people lay dormant, and patriotism, crouching in the thicket and the swamp, held its breath for a time, imploring, but waiting, a more auspicious season.

There was but one course of action in

this gloomy interval. That was, to raise troops in the States of North Carolina and Virginia. To this work, Governor Rutledge addressed all his great abilities. He proceeded to the former state as soon as he became hopeless of present action in his own; but he did not take his departure before he had shown himself a sagacious judge of endowment and resource in others. His first act before leaving South Carolina, was to promote to high military rank, and to the special guardianship of particular localities, three of the most remarkable of the military characters by which the revolutionary warfare in the South was illustrated. The admirable discernment which singled out Marion, Sumter, and Pickens, among the first, and conferred upon them the highest discretion, was of itself a most admirable service to the cause of the state and nation. It alone, would suffice to indicate the judgment of Rutledge, his singular discernment of character, and his just appreciation of the constituents of first-rate military endowment. It is equally in proof of his unselfish desire and honorable anxiety to employ the capacity wherever it might be found. The career of Marion, Sumter, and Pickens, forms a valuable and vital portion of American history. They contributed greatly to the establishment of our military character, in proof of the national genius for war, and of its ability to render secure the vast interests for which it was then making the first great struggle. But never did men commence their labors at a more discouraging period. As, perhaps, no man but John Rutledge would have so readily perceived their

merits, and so frankly confided to their discretion, so, perhaps, none but he could have encouraged them to persevere in the hour of the state's extremity. The disasters already mentioned, succeeding the surrounding of Charleston, the destruction or dispersion of the state cavalry, the defeat of Buford, &c., were soon followed by another and a more fatal disaster, that seemed to put a final extinguisher upon every hope that patriotism had entertained. This was the mortal defeat of General Gates, at Camden, on the 16th August, 1780: decidedly the most unmitigated disaster of the whole war, and due almost wholly to the rashness and morbid self-esteem of the commander. On the 3d October, six weeks after this event, a letter from Governor Rutledge, shows him to be at Hillsborough, N. C., whither General Gates had fled, and where he was busy in collecting the debris of his scattered forces. Here, mournfully contemplating the wreck of a gallant army, which, properly conducted might have rescued the country from the grasp of her enemies, but which was wretchedly sacrificed by the hot haste of arrogance, Rutledge patiently waited the arrival of a very different captain. General Greene had now been designated by Washington for the command of the Southern army, and the recommendation had received the sanction of Congress. Greene was a cool, resolute, energetic, but cautious chieftain, whose resolves were not the less certain because they were tempered by discretion. He reached the encampment and took command early in December. His arrival was distinguished by several unlooked for and highly encouraging symptoms. Sumter had beaten Tarleton at Woodstock, Morgan had given him another severe drubbing at the Cowpens, and the battle of King's mountain had been gloriously achieved by the native guerilla forces of the neighborhood, at the cost of a select body of Bright's troops, under the lead of a most able officer. The spirit of the land had shown itself fast recovering from its recent prostration, not only in these performances, but in the frequent beautiful little partizan successes of Marion, and other captains of militia. But the resources of the country were not of a sort to improve these prospects. They were wholly inadequate to the most absolute necessities of the war. Greene writes, immediately after the battle at the Cowpens, in the following lan-

guage; "the situation of these states is wretched, and the distress of the inhabitants beyond all description. Nor is the condition of the army more agreeable. We have but few troops that are fit for duty, and all those are employed upon different detachments, the success of which depends upon time and chance. We are obliged to subsist ourselves by our own industry, *aided by the influence of Governor Rutledge, who is one of the first characters I ever met with.* Our prospects are gloomy, notwithstanding these flashes of success," &c.

This slight paragraph will suffice to show what were the difficulties in the way of patriotic, civil, or military performance in the South, at this melancholy period, and will equally indicate the wonderful merit which could yet succeed in spite of them. The honorable tribute thus passingly paid to Rutledge, was honorably deserved! Never was public man more constantly, or courageously or ingeniously busy, in all this time, to meet the emergency, to clothe and encourage the militia, to stimulate the officers to exertion, and to bring out all the resources of the state. He was particularly and eagerly on the look out, always, to secure and employ persons of talent and courage, and showed himself, as we have seen, singularly discerning in the choice of favorites, assigning to each the performance of just such duties as lay most properly within the sphere of his ability. One of the letters which he wrote about this period, relates to a person who afterwards proved himself one of the boldest and most hardy partisan captains of the time; who, in fact, occupying but a moderate rank, acquired a high local celebrity, and has become, in some degree, an historical personage. It is in a letter to Marion, which now lies before us, that Mr. Kittredge recommends that Capt. Snipes be honored with an independent command, his men to be raised south and west of the Santee.

Governor Rutledge seems to have mostly accompanied the army, from the moment he joined the broken cohorts of Gates, to the arrival of Greene at the camp,* and his subsequent and admirable manœuvring against Cornwallis, in North Carolina. It was now deemed necessary that he should employ his energies in other quarters, with the view to his procuring for the army those supplies, without which it was scarcely possible to keep the troops together. A letter which

we give, addressed to Marion, is dated from "The camp at Haw River, March 8, 1787."

"DEAR SIR: The present situation of affairs rendering it impracticable for me to return immediately into South Carolina—not seeing any prospect of being able to go thither very soon, and it being impossible, if we could penetrate the country, to re-establish the civil government, for some time—and my remaining here being of no service to the state,—I have determined to set off, in a few days, for Philadelphia, with a view of procuring, if possible, some supplies of clothing for our militia, whose distress for want of it gives me great concern, and of obtaining such effectual aid as may soon restore both the town and country to our possession. My utmost endeavors for these purposes shall be exerted; and I flatter myself that I may succeed by personal applications. I am persuaded of the continuance of your utmost attention, and hope you will cultivate a good understanding with Gens. Sumter and Pickens, and do every thing in your power to forward the former's views. I shall be glad to hear from you when any thing material offers, under cover, to Gen. Greene; and shall write to you, under cover, to him, when I have any thing material to communicate. I have not yet received the blank militia commissions, which I expected. If I do not get them before I arrive at Richmond, I will have some printed there, and transmitted to you. In the meantime, you will give brevets; and, in order that you may carry sufficient authority over the several officers in your brigade, you may remove any of them, and appoint others in their stead, from time to time, as you think proper. I have sent some linen to be distributed amongst the militia of your, Gens. Sumter's and Pickens' brigades, as a free gift, from the states, according to their number and services. I wish it was more worth their acceptance. Without doubt, you must want many articles of clothing, &c., for your own use. I therefore request that you will send me a list, per express, to Gen. Greene, and you may depend on my obtaining them at Philadelphia; but don't delay this matter, as I perhaps, may stay but a little time there. I hope it will not be necessary for me to remain long. I am, with great regard, dear sir, Your most obedient servant,

J. RUTLEDGE."

This letter justifies and shows the reason for the journey to Philadelphia, which has somewhere been censured. There is no doubt that the matter was urged by General Greene himself, and the commission undertaken by Rutledge, from whose personal influence with Con-

gress, much was hoped in the way of obtaining supplies which were quite too frequently promised, to be often provided. It may be proper to mention that he had experienced this influence, satisfactorily, but a little while before, in urging successfully the claims of Col. Morgan, to be made a Brigadier. The effect of Rutledge's journey was soon apparent. A large supply of clothing was expedited from Philadelphia; but its progress was disastrous. Twelve wagon loads were captured by a British detachment, and a large portion of the militia in Greene's army remained for some time longer, *almost as naked as the hour they were born. Green moss, wrapped about their loins and shoulders, protected them from the galling effect of knapsacks, bayonets and belts.* Yet, with these soldiers, the American General penetrated into South Carolina, through the province. Everywhere was still in possession of their enemy. Assailed by this naked soldiery, and by the partisan militia who were quite as destitute, the British forts, one after another, were yielded to their enterprise and courage. Such were the successes of the separate commands of Marion, Sumter and Lee, while the main army under Greene kept the superior strength of the enemy in check. To the policy of Greene, Rutledge accorded his counsels, and the sagacity which dictated the progress of the former, was in some measure due to the wisdom of the latter.

Meanwhile, the drawn battle of Hobkirk's Hill had taken place, and this and preceding conflicts, though seldom decisive of the final victory, were yet significant of a continual rise in the moral and numerical strength of the patriots. The siege of the British post at '96 followed, and resulted in failure. The place, after a very spirited attempt by assault, was relieved by Lord Rawdon with superior forces. The war gradually descended to the lower country of Carolina, leaving the country, however, in commotion everywhere. Traversed by opposing armies, the people, more or less in arms in every quarter, on one side or the other, gave each other but little respite from a strife which had now become too familiar, to offend by its bloody and merciless exhibitions. To bring order into this chaos, to restore harmony, and bring peace to follow in the footsteps of war, was the arduous task to which the energies of Rutledge were now chiefly direct-

ed. We find him in Carolina early in August. Here the first resumption of his civil authority was by a proclamation issued on the 5th of that month. This document was meant to arrest the career of mere plundering and marauding parties, by invoking against them the whole vengeance of the community. But the spirit of rage and retaliation were abroad, and not easy to be pacified. Carnage desolated the face of the land, and, in the day of his declining power, the enemy contributed still farther to darken the horrors of the scene and times, by wanton and peevish persecutions of his victims. The citizen prisoners, taken at the capitulation of Charleston, and who, till this time, had been left in partial possession of their property, were now, after their exchange as prisoners, ordered to withdraw with their families from Carolina. This measure necessarily left their possessions to the considerate keeping of those whose interests lay in despoiling them. The wrong called for a remedy. Governor Rutledge was prompt in the application of a stern one. He instantly employed a measure of retaliation, the severity of which was due wholly to the wanton aggression of the British authorities. He ordered all the families of Loyalists to repair to Charleston, which was in possession of the enemy. They were thus crowded upon the British, leaving their plantations in the interior, in a condition precisely parallel to that which the proclamations of the invaders had forced upon the patriots. Retaliatory measures are matters always of very doubtful propriety. It is only in particular cases, and for the correction of some enormous evil, that they can be resorted to,—and it is then proper to know that they will be reasonably productive of the results aimed at. It is difficult, at this late day, to say, in how far the proceedings of Governor Rutledge availed for his objects. It is enough, however, for his justification, to know, that the provocation was one of great bitterness and of pernicious and ruinous consequences; and that something was necessary

to be done to satisfy the enemy that they could not trample with impunity upon the people whom they had so unsuccessfully striven to bring to their knees. The following letter of Rutledge will relate this proceeding. It is addressed to Marion, and dated at Camden, Sept. 3, 1781.

“SIR: On full consideration of the matter, I think that justice to our friends, whose wives and families the enemy have sent out of the state, and policy, require that we should send into the enemy’s lines the wives and families of all such men as are now with and adhere to the British. I lament the distresses which many innocent women and children may probably suffer by this measure, but they must follow the fate of their husbands and parents. Blame can only be imputed to the latter, and to the British commanders, whose conduct, on the principle of retaliation, justifies this step,—which, all circumstances considered, is an indispensable one.* You will, therefore, give the necessary orders for enforcing this measure, within the district of your brigade, without delay or exception. I am much dissatisfied with the present allotment of the several brigades in this state, and think that a fourth might be formed to the southward, and that the other three might be better divided. I wish you would consider this matter well, and give me your sentiments, as soon as convenient, on the best manner of establishing four brigades. I also request that you will furnish me, as soon as you can have it made out, with an accurate alphabetical list of all persons, having property within your brigade, who come under the following heads or descriptions—distinguishing under which head they respectively fall. 1st. Such as have held, or hold, British commissions; remarking what the commission is. 2d. Such as have gone over, and adhere, to the British government, or whose conduct has manifested them to be notorious and dangerous enemies to their country. 3d. British subjects residing abroad.”

Three days after, another letter occurs on the same subject, which concludes with certain queries, the satisfaction of which would greatly help the progress of the modern historian.*

The measures of British wrath which

* A sample of these inquiries, which were desirable to the Executive upon which to justify and ground his proceedings, may be given:—“1. When did you begin, and what methods did you take, to form a party? 2. What public measures increased and what decreased your force? 3. How did you get ammunition? How support your troops? 4. What are the particulars of your late action; the prisoners; and your leaving the state after the battle of ———? Your return to it? House burnings and murders, how many on both sides? What particular expedition have you undertaken when alone—your force when co-operating, your number at different times,” &c.

provoked the retaliatory proceedings of Rutledge, and, as we claim, justified them, were followed up by one instance of atrocious judgment which furnishes an appropriate catastrophe to their career of wantonness and crime. This was the execution of Col. Isaac Hayne, an event well known in our annals, and forming, with the case of Capt. Hale, of Connecticut, the off-set to that of Major André. On the 7th August, Governor Rutledge writes to General Marion, from the High Hills of Santee. He has still, since his return from Philadelphia, kept pace with the movements of the army. The Congaree lay between the British forces and those of Greene, soon to be crossed by the latter, seeking the opportunity for battle. The enemy having destroyed Georgetown by fire when abandoning it, Rutledge writes thus :

“DEAR SIR: I am very sorry for the affair of Georgetown; and am inclined to think that if the enemy leave Charleston, they will serve that place in the same manner. The orders you have given respecting the inhabitants who have suffered by the destruction of Georgetown are very proper. It is our duty to alleviate their distresses as much as possible. I will speak to General Sumter about adding the Lower Regiment to your brigade, and write you shortly on the point. . . . If your information about the embarkation at Charleston be well founded, I think it probable that the enemy will soon leave this part of the country, and go to town. However, I hope we shall not suffer them to do so. I entirely forgot, when I saw you last, to mention what I intended before we met, that, *if a little hard money, 30 or 35 guineas*, would be useful for getting intelligence, or other service, I have this sum ready for you,” &c.

Hard money was, indeed, a *desideratum*. We smile, in our times, at the idea of a governor of a state supplying a favorite general with 30 or 35 guineas, as a special boon; but we must remember that these 35 guineas were worth as many thousands just then, in the famous continental currency. Rutledge brought with him from Philadelphia the scheme of those financial operations, by which Mr. Morris hoped to raise cash and capital together, in order to meet the wants of the nation. But the hopes built upon these speculations were soon dissipated. The people of North and South Carolina had suffered much too painful experience in previous issues of paper promises, and

not a shilling of money was raised by the expedient. Greene writes to Morris :

“I am sorry to inform you that the governor met with none who were willing to interest themselves in the bank. His route was through a tract of country where the inhabitants were little acquainted with commerce, and therefore not likely to become adventurous in a measure of that sort.”

But the governor, satisfied of the inadequacy of the scheme for raising money, but fully conscious that money must be raised, if it was designed and desirable that the Southern States should be rescued from the invader, proceeded to the adoption of measures much more decided, and which the dictatorial powers which had been confided to him by the assembly, were made to sanction. He determined to impress for state service a quantity of indigo, the produce of the middle country, of which a large amount had been stored away in different places, awaiting the opportunity for secret sale and transit. This was an instantaneous means of raising money—it was so much hard cash—and the indigo was immediately placed to the credit of the army. A timid man would have never ventured upon a measure so likely to result in hideous outcry, and to bring odium upon the authority by which it was attempted. But Rutledge was not the man to shrink from any responsibility in prosecuting the work of the country. He writes to Marion from Camden: “I have appointed Captain Richardson to procure indigo and specie for public use, and request that you will give him every assistance in your power, to aid him in this business. If he should want an escort or any military aid, you will be pleased to furnish him,” &c. Another letter to Marion is dated at the High Hills of Santee, August 13, 1781. It relates to matters of considerable local interest, including the affairs of Col. Hayne :

DEAR SIR: We really want a press so much, that I request you will lose no time in getting the paper and all other requisites for Walter, and sending him up here with them and his press, that he may go to work as soon as possible. It would be best to get the oil and lampblack where you procure the paper; but if they cannot be got there, I am told the latter may be made here; and so may neat-foot oil, which I suppose will answer the purpose. I have heard of Mr. Lewis Dutarque passing this way. He is one of the addressors to Clinton on the reduction of Charleston.

I think we should be very cautious how we admit such people to join us. I dare say there are many of them who would gladly do so; not for our sake, but their own. However, I wish to know from you upon what footing this man stands, in consequence of any thing that may have passed between you. You will consider the militia between Charleston and your brigade as annexed to it; but I would not have any appointment which General Sumter may have made, of officers, revoked while they behave properly. The Governor of North Carolina writes—but with what truth I know not—that 2500 (men) had embarked in Virginia for New-York (quere, Yorktown ?); which was closely besieged. A man arrived at Camden last Friday, who landed at Jamestown in Virginia, with several other prisoners of war, who had gone thither from Charleston; so that we may soon expect to see several of our friends from thence. I request that you will send immediately to Colonel Harden, and get a full and authentic account of the execution of Colonel Hayne, with every material circumstance relative to that unhappy affair. I am told that his son is possessed of copies of letters which passed between the Colonel and Balfour. Pray have them all transmitted to me as quickly as possible, with that account, and copies of Colonel Hayne's speech to his regiment—which, I understand, was the matter laid to his charge; and of the petition to the commandant of Charleston, for his pardon, with the names of the petitioners. I think of appointing, immediately, an Ordinary in each district, by whom wills may be proved, letters testified, and administration granted, and other business, within the Ordinary's jurisdiction, transacted. The constitution directs that this shall be done; and I think it a measure absolutely necessary for a number of reasons. I wish you would recommend proper persons, who will undertake the office of Ordinary for Georgetown, Cheraw, and Charleston districts."

These extracts show that nothing escapes him in the way of business. His vigilance sees all necessities—his courage and intelligence prepares him instantly to apply the requisite agency. Here follows another proof of his decision. The "addressors to Clinton" were those residents of Charleston who, after its capitulation, addressed certain adulatory congratulations upon his successes, assuring him, at the same time, of their loyalty.

DEAR SIR: I understand there is at Georgetown a Mr. William Wayne, who, I find, was one of the "addressors" to Clin-

ton after the surrender of Charleston, and that he has brought a quantity of goods from thence with which he is trading at Georgetown. I really am amazed at the impudence of these people, to dare, after such an atrocious act, to come out and reside amongst us, without making their applications to proper authority, and without knowing whether they would be received or not; as if they had really been guilty of no offence whatever; though, in my opinion, they have acted in the most criminal manner. For my part, I do not desire to have any of them with us, and will not receive any of them; for I should not believe them to be sincere, even if they pretended to conversion. They only come out to serve their own or the enemy's purpose, and even if they are sincere, I would not have them. We can do very well without them. Every one of us should lose all his property for such infamous conduct. I therefore desire that you will have this Wayne taken and sent up to me under a proper guard; that you will make the necessary inquiries, and having discovered what property he has with him, or which may be come at, take the whole of it; let it consist of whatever it may—money, goods, negroes, boats, or any other article whatever; and send to me all such as may be conveyed hither, and dispose of all the rest for the public account. Be pleased to inform per safe hand quickly what is the result of your conduct, in consequence of this order."

Another letter of the same date relates to another addressor. We pass from these to more important matters. Two days after date of this letter, was fought the celebrated battle of Eutaw, which virtually broke the arm of the British power in Carolina, and compelled them to fall down upon the metropolis with their shattered forces. Governor Rutledge still attended the army, and was in the staff of Greene during the action. His pride was amply gratified at the behavior of the state troops and militia on this occasion; and when he could write of the latter, that though in front of the battle, they were yet cool and resolute enough to deliver seventeen rounds before yielding to the pressure of British bayonets. This battle prompted the following letter to Marion, which was dated at Congaree on the 15th September, 1781. It opens the door of amnesty for the repentant Tories:

"DEAR SIR:—I think, after the glorious victory of Eutaws, it would be expedient to issue a proclamation, offering to all who have joined, and who are now with the

enemy—excepting such as signed the congratulatory addresses to Clinton and Cornwallis, or have held, or hold commissions under the British Government—a free *pardon*, and permission for their wives and families to return to, and re-occupy their possessions; on condition that such men shall appear at our head quarters, or before a brigade, or the colonel of any regiment, and there subscribe an engagement to serve the state, faithfully, as militia-men, for six months; declaring, in case of their deserting within that time, that their wives and families shall be sent into Charleston, or the enemy's lines. . . . I apprehend that such a measure would be well timed at this juncture, and might induce some—perhaps many—to return to their allegiance, and behave well; which would not only deprive the British of their services, but turn those services to our advantage. However, this is a nice point, and I don't know how it will be relished by our friends. You know, mankind generally judge of the propriety of measures from events. These we cannot foresee; but it is our duty to consider what they probably will be, and take such steps as are most likely to produce the best effects. I now request that you will favor me, by bearer, with your opinion on these several points:—1st, Whether you think it advisable to issue any proclamation or offer of pardon? 2ndly, Would it be best to make any condition at all of the pardon: if a condition is made, should it be that all persons [accepting should] enter the continental service for a certain time—(that I am afraid they would not like)—or would it be sufficient to require them to serve as militia for a certain time? After the expiration they would be liable to do duty as the other inhabitants. Are six months service long enough? I think a time ought to be limited for their coming in,—suppose twenty days; would that be long enough? would it not be best that they should appear, and subscribe the agreement at one certain place,—say the head quarters of the army,—or should it be either there, or before any brigadier, or colonel, or before a brigadier only? Pray, give me your sentiments fully and freely on this matter: also with respect to the allotment of the brigades, (about which I wrote to you yesterday,) by return of the bearer, and dispatch him as soon as you can, for I keep Gen. Pickens only till I hear from you on these points, and he is very anxious to get away."

Of his unremitting attention to the always difficult subject of militia organization, we have the following, dated the 17th September, at Congaree:—

"DEAR SIR: I have allotted to your brigade the following regiments—viz: Col-

onels Tartes, (?) McDonald's, Richardson's, Ervieu's and Benton's, and the regiment formerly Maybank's. You will receive, herewith, a number of blank commissions. Be pleased to have the regiments fully and properly officered, mustered and classed, or drafted, as soon as possible; and march one-third of them, with the utmost expedition, to head quarters, or such other places as the Hon. Major-General Greene shall direct;—to do duty under his orders, for two months, from the time of their arrival thereat. Inclosed, are such extracts from several laws, as are necessary to be made known to the militia. You will have each colonel furnished with a copy of them, and order that they be publicly read at the head of his regiment, and a copy taken by each of his field officers and captains, that none may pretend ignorance of them. The militia laws may certainly be made much better than they are generally supposed to be. You will therefore appoint the most proper men in your brigade for officers, and have the laws carried strictly and steadily into execution. You will direct that the men come on foot, for they are to do duty as infantry; and their horses cannot be kept in camp, nor can any drafted men be spared to convey them back. If the number of commissions herewith sent are insufficient, let me know how many more are wanted, and I will send them as soon as they can be printed. In the mean time, you will give brevets to officers for whom there are no commissions. I have written to Capt. A. Vanderhost to come and take command of the regiment, formerly Maybank's; and will keep the commission of $\frac{1}{2}$ colonel open until I hear from him. You will appoint a lieutenant-colonel, and other necessary officers, for that regiment. I will send you printed copies of the three proclamations which are inclosed as soon as a press can be got to work. In the interim, pray have a copy taken and delivered to each colonel, with orders to have it read at the head of his regiment, and circulated through the district. Pray have the inclosed letter to Col. Hugh Horry, and the papers, forwarded. My proclamation of this date suspends, until ten days after the next meeting and setting of the General Assembly, the acts which make continental and state money a tender in law. All fines must therefore be paid in specie. By the militia laws of 1775 and 1779, offenders are liable to be fined in sums not exceeding those which are therein mentioned. As they are imposed in current money, and the fines hereafter to be levied, are to be paid in specie, it is necessary to ascertain to what amount in specie the court may fine. In 1776, militia were entitled to ten shillings current money a day. There was, at that time, no difference in the value of specie and paper money.

In March, 1778, the pay of the militia continued the same. It is, therefore, to be presumed that no difference had then taken place between paper money and specie; at least there is no legislative acknowledgment of any depreciation. But, in February, 1779, the pay of the militia was raised from 10s. to 32s. per day; the paper money having, and being admitted by the legislature, to be depreciated in that proportion. From these observations we may fix the following rule, as the most just and equitable for determining how far the country may fine in specie—viz: for fines imposed by the act of 1778, to the amount of the sums mentioned in the law. Thus 100*l.* in specie (according to the old current rate of gold or silver) for 100*l.* current. But for fines under the act of 1779, they must not exceed, in specie, the sums therein mentioned; as 150*l.* specie (according to the old current rate of gold and silver) for 500*l.* currency. You will order all offenders who may be *condemned to the continental service*, to be sent under a sufficient guard to head-quarters. Persons, against whose bodies executions issue, are to be committed to the gaol at Waxsaws. You will give orders that no person be suffered to pass from this state into any other, thro' the district of your brigade, without a permit from me;—the general commanding the continental troops;—one of his aids,—or a brigadier of militia;—and that all persons taken prisoners, or stoop on suspicion, be thoroughly searched to prevent the enemy's carrying on a correspondence by their means."

We pass over numerous letters, which, in a work specially devoted to our subject, would possess undoubted interest. We propose to furnish samples only. These letters relate to suspected persons, to abuses in the militia, to their organization, to the gradual establishment of the civil authority, the supplies of troops, and the appointment of officers. Here we find an authority granted to a favorite partisan, for the impressment of dragoon horses—next, letters complaining of the abuse of this privilege, and inveighing against the impressment of "plough horses, breeding mares, two year old, and yearlings." "I should not," he writes to Horry, "have given a press warrant for procuring horses for your regiment, if I could have conceived that the power would have been so abused by any of your officers; who certainly, upon reading the warrant, must have known better, if they did not before. The warrant extends only to horses *fit for the dragoon service*, which the creatures above described are clearly not," &c. The letter

from which this extract is made, is alluded to in the following to Marion, which is interesting on many accounts, and, not less so, as showing how wide was the extent of territory, and how numerous the objects, which the vigilant eye of Rutledge had to keep within its survey.

"Oct. 10, 1781.

"DEAR SIR: I received yours yesterday, by Mr. Boone, and wrote in the most pressing terms to Col. Williams, (Gen. Greene being not yet returned from Charlotte, for which place he set off last Friday, for a supply of ammunition,) sending, at the same time, an extract of such parts of your letter, as were material on that head. I am sorry to find, by Col. Williams' answer, inclosed, which he sent open, for my perusal, that it is absolutely out of his power to comply with your request, immediately. *I wish to God* it was within my power to send you ammunition instantly! but it is not. I shall not fail to have it sent to you, as fast as any arrives at head-quarters; and, you will observe, Col. Williams says he expects a sufficient stock, every hour. Our situation, in this respect, being unknown to the enemy, they will not profit by it; nor can I say that I expect they will attempt any measure against us. I rather think they will be apprehensive for their own safety. However, I wish this circumstance had not intervened, to prevent your crossing the river, as I think your doing so, with your people, would have a good effect. This, I imagine, in the present situation of affairs, you can't attempt: however, I know you will do all that you can. If Mr. Withers had sent the schooner, which was [at] Patterson's, to Savannah, agreeably to my directions, which I sent to him immediately, on receiving your letter, by Patterson, we should have had a large stock of ammunition, for you and others, long ago; but he has delayed the matter, I think, very long. However, I am taking, and shall continue to take, steps, which I hope will be effectual, in several directions, for procuring ammunition for employ, without depending on the Continental stock, which I find is, in general, small, and often exhausted. You certainly may clothe all the Continental soldiers of your line, who join you.

"From something I have lately heard about Dutarque, I am more anxious than formerly to have him taken. Lest he should escape, he pleased, therefore, to order this matter to be effectually and speedily attended to.

"I am also devising means for a supply of arms. However, you know it is an old trick, for men, coming to camp, to pretend they have none. I need not give you a hint, that it would be well to be sure that

men really have not, and that they cannot provide arms, before they are discharged for want of them. Indeed, although men without arms are not of use in the camp, yet they may occasionally be detached from it, on service, with the arms of some who remain in camp.

"Inclosed, is a Brigadier's Commission. I do not recollect the date of the former, but I dare say you do: be pleased, therefore, to insert it. I think Col. Horry's conduct very extraordinary, and have inclosed a letter to him, upon the subject you mention. I send the letter open, for your perusal. When you have read it, be pleased to seal and forward it. He is not yet a Continental officer, and his regiment is not yet on the Continental Establishment; but if he were, I know of no authority that any Continental officer, or any other person (whoever he may be,) has, to impress, in this state, without a power from me. Gen. Greene, it is true, did, before my return, direct him to impress, but he has never, (I believe, and indeed I am well persuaded of it,) since my return, given any such power to any one. He knows better. So far from it, that he requested me, if I approved the power which he had ordered Col. Horry to exercise, of impressing horses, and articles necessary for the equipment of his regiment, to confirm what he had directed. I accordingly sent him a press-warrant, in which the power was particularly confined to horses, fit for the Dragoon service, and not in public service; informing him, also, that your regiment are to do duty on horseback. This, therefore, would give him no power to take breeding-mares and yearlings, (in order to exchange them for horses,) such nor being fit for his regiment, nor the only horse that a man has, who is required to do militia duty on horseback. I am afraid, if all plough-horses were impressed, . . . , an exclusion would prevent our getting any horses at all; for all may be brought under either description. However, it is certainly extremely hard, and ought not to be suffered, that the plough-horses, being necessarily employed, to raise bread for the poorer kind of people, who use horses as a kind of substitute for negroes, should be taken. This would be very oppressive. I find every authority may be abused, and perhaps that which I have given on this head may be also. Therefore, to cut the matter short, wherever you find that it is wantonly exercised, and an oppressive and improper use is made of it, within the district of your brigade, I give you full authority to order the officer, attempting to impress such subjects, to cease from it, or to have them restored, if impressed. It would give me great pleasure to redress every encroachment on the liberties of the people; and I shall certainly do so, as far

as my power extends, in any of the cases which you say you will mention to me when we meet. Col. Lee went to Virginia last Friday. If he were here, I should immediately inquire into Mr. Ravel's case, and have it redressed. However, pray inform me, if you can, where the mare is, and I will endeavor to have her taken and restored. I shall, before I hear from you, and as soon as I see Gen. Greene, or any of Lee's officers, inquire into this matter.

"I daily expect to hear, officially, of Cornwallis being reduced, and hope Charleston will be the next object of the combined army. It is not improbable that Count De Grasse may have sent, or will send, some ships, to block up the harbor. Pray, give us what intelligence you can from below, that you think may be depended on. I will send you that from Virginia, if good, (as it must be,) as soon as we can get it.

"I am, with great regard, Dear Sir,
Your obedient servant,

J. RUTLEDGE."

A letter of the 11th Oct. relates to militia penalties, and the right construction of the law upon this subject. Another, of the 12th, may yet furnish hints, equally to the romancer and the historian. It relates to a sort of *picaroon* business, which has not been much noticed by the chroniclers.

"DEAR SIR: The captains of several vessels, with commissions or letters of marque from Congress, having some time ago made a practice of landing on our islands and sea-coast; and others of coming up the rivers, and taking away from plantations, negroes, and other property, under pretence of their owners being Tories, though several persons whose property has been so taken, are well known to be friends of the United States; and this practice being highly illegal and unwarrantable, even as to Tories, whose property (if they have been guilty of a capital offence,) is forfeited to the state, and not plunder to any freebooter who can lay hold on it, I desire that you will be pleased to give the necessary orders, and have the most effectual measures taken (within the district of your Brigade), for having all masters of vessels, and their crews, who shall commit, or attempt to commit the offence above described—apprehended and sent under a sufficient guard to me, with the witnesses to prove the fact, that they may be properly tried for it. You will have the vessels in which such captains and mariners come, with their cargoes, secured until you shall receive directions from me what is to be done with them; and make reports to me of what the cargoes consist."

Another of the same date, proposes to abridge the amount of aid and comfort which may be given to the enemy. Another of the 25th of September; on the the subject of militia substitutes, deserves to be put on record, as useful to future history.

“SIR: I am informed that several persons liable to do militia duty, have found substitutes to perform it for them, and that others have paid money to officers, to procure men in the continental or state service, by which means, such persons have been excused by their officers from militia duty. As this practice has introduced, and must occasion great irregularity and confusion, I think proper to issue a special and particular order on this head, and to give reasons against the practice above mentioned, and for the propriety of this order. The law does not allow every man the privilege of sending a substitute; nor does it exempt him from militia duty by paying such a sum as his officer may think proper to receive, either in lieu of personal service, to find a continental or state soldier, or for any other purpose. Therefore, any officer taking on him to give an exemption from militia duty, to one who provides a substitute, or pays money to procure a regular soldier, acts illegally and unwarrantably. Such conduct never did, nor ever will receive my sanction or approbation. The militia are to be divided into three classes; in one or other of which, every man must appear. Each of these classes is liable to be called out for two months. This makes every militiaman liable to march twice a year. (I mean those who are above 80 miles from the enemy—for, if within that distance, the draught may be greater, and the term of service longer.) If he refuses, or neglects to march, he is liable to a fine not exceeding one hundred and fifty pounds, specie, being about the specie value (at the time when the militia act of the 13th of February, 1799 was passed,) of five hundred pounds, current money; and to a further fine, not exceeding a third part in specie, of treble the amount of his tax; such third part being about the comparative value (upon the principle laid down), between specie and paper money; in the latter of which, he was liable to be fined, not exceeding treble his tax. The only alternative then, is to do militia duty, or undergo his trial by a court-martial, and pay such fines in specie (not exceeding the amounts above mentioned), as they may adjudge, for his neglect or refusal. You will give the necessary orders for observing this rule, within your brigade. No other regard is to be had to those who have found substitutes, or paid money to procure men,

or for public purpose, than if they do not choose to perform militia duty, to allow them credit on account of their fine, for the specie value of what they paid to procure a substitute, or for public purpose. You will order a regular account to be kept of all moneys received, or to be received, on the score above mentioned; which is to be paid into your hands, by those who originally received it. Be pleased to make a return to me of what money has been thus received; and every two months, of all which may be received, that a proper disposition of it may be ordered. I hope these instructions, and those of the 17th instant, are sufficiently clear and extensive. I will endeavor to make them so if any doubt should remain, or arise, or any explanation be requisite, upon your communicating them to me.”

A note to this letter, covers a proclamation in which pardon is offered to the Tories; in preparing which, Governor Rutledge admits that he has “been very much puzzled.” He concludes to make certain exceptions, which probably governed the Legislature at a subsequent period, in the indulgencies which they accorded to the more favored, and the denials of favor which they deserved, to the greatly odious, among the offenders. On the 6th of October, he again wrote to Marion about the organization of his brigade, and of the militia.

These letters are all valuable, as they grew out of the experience of a time which tried militia-men's souls quite as much as other men's.

“DEAR SIR; I received your letter of the 2d instant, the day before yesterday, and should have answered it sooner, but have been disabled by sickness. The order respecting the militia marching on foot, was general to all the regiments; but as the movements and employment of your brigade, are different from those of any other, I think the reasons good for your continuing to act on horseback. You will therefore order them to do so. By your order of the 2d instant, to Col. Richardson, I perceive you have mistaken my intention, which was not to bring to trial, by court-martial (in order that they may be fined in specie), such persons as have refused to do duty. My desire is that the regiment be mustered and classed or drafted, and the extracts of the militia law, my orders respecting the militia, and the proclamation suspending the *Tender Acts*, be read at the head of each regiment, in order that they may be publicly notified, and no person hereafter pretend ignorance of them. This being done, the instructions are to operate against all future of-

fenders, whether they have found substitutes in the militia, provided regular soldiers, or paid money for those or other purposes; but until this be done, persons who have refused to do military duty are only finable in paper money, and I am rather of opinion that it is most expedient not to inquire into past offences, but to begin upon the new plan which I have laid down. As to persons who have found substitutes, or done any other acts which they were made to believe would exempt them from militia duty, and who have therefore refused to perform it—the bringing them to a court-martial for such past offences, would be extremely hard, if the court should fine largely; and might give umbrage to many officers who probably conceived they had a right to receive money or substitutes for exemptions from duty, and that in so doing, they were rendering the most effectual service to their country. But it is likely that, under such circumstances, the court would either acquit, or fine them in a very small sum. For these reasons, I would recommend the overlooking all past offences, or neglect of duty: and you will therefore alter your orders to Col. Richardson, and any other similar orders which you may have given to other colonels, and make those orders conformable to this explanation; but enjoin the strictest and steadiest execution of these orders in future.

“Gen. Greene informs me that he is much in want of a more choice corps of militia to patrol in the vicinity of his camp, and prevent the soldiers from strolling, or offering any injury to the inhabitants. You will be pleased to order Colonel Richardson to go to the general, know from him what number of men he will want, and furnish them for that purpose out of his first draft. The performance of such a duty will exempt the men employed in it (whilst they are so employed) from any other. My idea is, though I presume no doubt has arisen with you on the point, that no man that is within the district of any regiment, out of Charleston, shall be excused from militia duty, under a pretence that he is on parole, or a British subject; unless the former has been fairly taken in arms, and paroled as an officer. Any other men who are on parole, or insist upon being British subjects, and therefore refuse to do militia duty, may take their choice either of doing it, or going into the enemy's lines; and if they will not go, and refuse to do duty, they must be tried and fined as it is directed with respect to other privates. You will not, however, consider this instruction—it being a general one—as any prohibition to you to suffer such persons in either of the redicaments last mentioned, as you may think proper to permit, to remain out of the

British lines, without doing any militia duty at all, for some more valuable purpose—this being a matter which I leave to your discretion. I find there are many gentlemen riding about the country under the description of volunteers, who render no service to it. This practice being very injurious, should be immediately suppressed, and no man is to be excused from doing militia duty in the district of the regiment to which he belongs, unless he is actually enrolled and obliged for some certain time to serve in some regular corps of cavalry; not merely as a volunteer, but to do the same duty, and subject to the same articles, as the rest of the corps are obliged to do or are subject to. The blankets and cloth you mention will certainly be wanted for public use; you will therefore have them safely kept somewhere under your orders, and indeed we shall want more than you can procure. I shall therefore be glad that you obtain all that you possibly can, and have that also kept in the same manner. Be pleased to forward the inclosed letters to Colonels Horry and Mayham. There are several other matters which I will write to you about, as soon as I can consider and arrange them. I am unable at present to do so. Captain Richardson informs me that he has not above three bushels of salt left. As three barrels, or twenty-four bushels, will be absolutely necessary for the use of myself and the gentlemen of the Council, whom I daily expect here, I shall be much obliged to you to send, in your first letter to me, an order on any person who has the charge of any salt of yours (the nearest to this place) to deliver that quantity to such person as I may send for it.”

We pass over many letters of minor importance, and come to one of the 16th or October, 1781, which is of exceeding interest, betraying a considerable exigency in state affairs, and showing at the same time the strong understanding and energetic resolves of the Governor.

DEAR SIR: I have just now received yours of the 13th inst. by the bearer. You were misinformed with respect to young Allston's business with me; but had it been what you were told, the Waccamites would have been disappointed; for my sentiments corresponded exactly with yours on the point you mention. The orders that no substitutes be admitted will answer the end you propose, and make them, as well as others of the same stamp, either go into the British lines to militia duty, or pay such fines as a Court-martial may inflict—unless you think proper to make use of my private instructions with respect to them. I am told that an offer is

to come from the Wiccamaw men about furnishing a quantity of salt, in order to be excused from militia duty. If it should, I shall refer it to you to fix the matter with them. Dr. Neufville was taken sick at Salisbury, on his way from the northward. He may probably be recovered ere now. I will write to him to come on directly in order to be your surgeon, and in the mean time will endeavor to get you one from camp; though I fear I cannot, as the troops are exceedingly sick, and in want of doctors. Yours of the 15th is also just come to hand by Captain Greene, with Mr. Dutarque, whom I have sent to sheriff Kimball. You will be pleased to consider the directions respecting Belin's estate, as extended to Dutarque, and give the same orders about the latter, as you have done about the former. You will either confine Mr. Walter where you think proper, and he will be safe, or send him, with the proofs of the charge you mention against him, under guard to me; and pray send Mr. James Sinclair into the enemy's lines, and do the same with every man who is taken at home. I would make the rule general as to every man so taken. But it may happen that good men will sometimes be taken at their own houses, and it would be hard to send them in to remain. This is no time to be trifled with. We must be in earnest. Therefore all men thus taken, who are reasonably suspected of not being friends to the state, are to be dealt with as above mentioned. I wish Mr. Peter Sinclair could be exchanged. General Greene is to be here to-day, and I will speak to him on the subject, though I fear it cannot be done, as Major Barry is come up. He cannot, though a favorite, get exchanged for Washington; and I presume from that circumstance the cartel is suspended for the present. I have the pleasure to inform you that Congress have at last, on the 18th ult. ordered the Board of War to have the mines at Simsbury, Connecticut, prepared for the reception of five hundred British soldiers, to remain there as prisoners unexchangeably, until the American soldiers who were forced into the British service at Charleston and elsewhere, are returned to the United States. This measure, or the putting these men on board the French fleet, as marines, is what I have often and strenuously recommended long ago; but it could never be effected sooner. It is, however, better late than never, and though so long postponed, will, I hope, produce good consequences. The general writes to me that he has received a letter from the President of Congress, informing him that the French fleet had sunk a 74 gun ship, disabled five more, and drove the rest of the British fleet into the Hook at New York. We have no later intelligence from Virginia than to the 25th ult.; when

General Washington had twenty-six thousand men, and half of them regulars, and was to begin his operations by regular approaches on the 27th. God grant that he may be successful there, and soon give us peaceable and quiet possession both of our town and country!"

Letters follow in relation to the seizure and storage of indigo, and minor details relating to fines, exemptions, and militia duty in general. A long letter to Marion discusses several topics which might be tributary, in small respects, to our general history, but which is quite too long for our limits. The behavior of some of Horry's officers in the matter of impressments, is again the subject, and prompts a sharp letter to the Colonel, which is followed by others in a more indulgent temper. Meanwhile, the progress of events and of the American arms, had been gradually contracting the British operations to the immediate precincts of the capital. Charleston, and the isthmus called the Neck, was all that now really remained to them of their extensive conquests; and this almost complete recovery of the state to the American arms, naturally suggested the resumption of the business of government, by a call of the legislature to their duties. Writs of election were accordingly issued. A letter to Marion, dated November 23, relates to this subject, and covers *writs* for him to distribute. The legislature was appointed to convene at the village of Jacksonborough, on the 18th January, 1782. The army of Greene, meanwhile, was set in motion to take post between this position and the British post below. In the interim, Governor Rutledge writes to Marion, under date of December 4, 1781. The subjects are interesting—the militia, the tories, and the decline of British ascendancy. We omit some portions of this letter.

"I am much of your opinion," says the writer, "that several scoundrels will quit the town and surrender themselves, in order to obtain a pardon, by serving six months in the militia; but it does not follow that they will be pardoned. Those whose conduct and character have been so infamous that they cannot, consistently with policy or practice, be admitted to the privileges of Americans, may, and probably will be sent back.
As General Greene set off last Tuesday for Four Holes, and the lower part of the country, I am in hopes you have seen each other before now, and I am inclined to be-

lieve that his position will be such, even before the reinforcements arrive at headquarters, that the enemy will not think it safe to venture far into the country. After the reinforcements arrive, I think he will keep them below the Quarter House, unless Charleston should be reinforced, which I do not think it will be immediately. The surrender of Cornwallis must perplex Clinton, as well as the Ministry; and I apprehend he will wait for their directions what step to take next. I do not, think, however, that the enemy will evacuate the town, until they see a force on our part sufficient to compel them to do so. They are under great apprehensions, (and I hope with good reason for them) for their West India possessions."

With another interesting letter, dated the 15th December, we conclude our extracts from this collection of original correspondence.

"DEAR SIR: You will consider the Charleston regiment of militia as annexed to your brigade, and make the necessary appointments. I am told that the troops which are coming from the northward bring eight hundred stand of arms. If you apply to General Greene for arms, it is probable that on their arrival, he may spare some of them to you. I have written to Philadelphia for arms and ammunition for the state's use, and expect them by return of the wagons which carried indigo thither, and, which I think must be now about setting off to come back. On their arrival I hope to give your brigade a good supply. I wish to procure twelve barrels of rice for the use of the Assembly at their intended meeting on the 8th of next month. Be pleased to have that quantity procured, as high up Santee River as it can be got, and let me know, *as soon as possible*, where it is, that I may order wagons down to fetch it from thence to Camden in time. I purpose setting out for General Greene's camp on the 7th of next month, and request that you will send me an escort of twenty-five men with a proper officer from Mayham's corps. Let them be here the day before, and well mounted, as I shall travel pretty expeditiously."

With these selections we close our review of a correspondence which throws much light upon the domestic history of the South at a very difficult period, and sufficiently exhibits the devotion of the writer to the most various interests of his country. These letters, useful in themselves, were too much addressed to mere details, to suffer the writer to rise to the exercise of those peculiar powers of gen-

eralization and utterance, which constituted the foundation of his acknowledged eloquence. His speech at the opening of the Assembly, so long suspended, will serve as a specimen of the compactness of his statements, rather than as a sample of his oratory.

The Jacksonborough Assembly, as it was popularly called, presented the appearance of a Parliament of feudal barons. Most of the members were drawn from the army, or had seen service at one time or other in the camp. Many of them hurried to and fro between their commands and the Assembly,—now to strike at the enemy, and now to give a vote in civil affairs. It was a body highly distinguished by its talent, and, with one exception, by the moderateness of its measures.

This was an act for americing and confiscating the estates of some of the most obnoxious of the loyalists, and for banishing others;—a measure highly and generally disapproved of, when the exigencies of the war were over; and when the tempers of the people had been mollified by the most ample concessions from their enemies. Governor Rutledge countenanced and probably counselled this measure. It was carried by a large majority of votes, so that the odium of the proceeding, if deserved by any, must be shared amongst the many and not cast exclusively upon the one. But censure was entirely undeserved. When the act was passed, the foreign enemy was still in possession of the metropolis. Their troops still assessed the country; still plundered the whig inhabitants; and the loyalists still served, in considerable numbers, in the British army. They still gave aid and comfort to the foe, and deserved to suffer, particularly as, by similar processes of confiscation, they had robbed and ruined the estates and families of the brave men who were fighting the battles of the country. A want of means for the continued maintenance of the continental army, in South Carolina and Georgia,—both of which states were on the eve of emancipation—justified the measure; even if the wrongs done by the loyalists, and the provocations endured by the patriots, had not given it the fullest sanction.

The term of office for which Mr. Rutledge had been elected had now expired; and as, by the rotation established, it became necessary to choose a new governor, he yielded up his commission to

the hands that gave it. He retired from his high and most responsible position, with an immense increase of popularity. He had amply justified the choice and confidence of the country. His exertions, to repel invasion—in the defence of Charleston—in procuring aid from the neighboring states, and from Congress—in stimulating and encouraging the people—in sustaining their leaders—in rolling back the tide of British conquest,—in reviving the legislative and judicial authorities;—exhibited powers equally large and various; and a courage, decision and industry, which had never been surpassed. We have shown that these services were gratefully acknowledged by the assembly. In the termination of his executive duties, he was not suffered to retire from public service, but was immediately elected as a Delegate to Congress.

Here he was called upon to perform an extraordinary duty. The surrender of Cornwallis, in Oct. 1781, threatened, for a time, to be quite as unfortunate for the conqueror, as for the conquered. Assuming the emergency of war to be at an end, by this event, the states sunk into apathy and indifference. Victory had begun to paralyze their exertions, ere yet they had fully secured the fruits and trophies of the field. They acted no longer with energy and vigor. Their contributions to the common cause were withheld; and, it became a subject of great and reasonable apprehension, lest Great Britain, encouraged by this languor and apathy, should determine upon new exertions, and, at the last moment, withhold from the nation the great prize of independence. The renewal of war would have been an entire, though temporary, loss of all that had been gained. To prevent so dire a result, Congress sent deputations from their body to the different states, to arouse them, by proper representations, of their danger, to a sense of their duty. In this character, John Rutledge, with whom was associated George Clymer, was commissioned on the 22d May, 1782, "to make such representations to the several states southward of Philadelphia, as were best adapted to their respective circumstances and the present situation of public affairs, and as might induce them to carry the requisitions of Congress into effect with the greatest dispatch." In the performance of this duty the delegates were permitted to address the Virginia Assembly, and

the result was a triumph highly honorable to the eloquence of Rutledge. So happy was his portraiture of the condition of the country,—so vivid and forcible the argument by which he urged the necessity of a prompt and vigorous performance of their trust, as guardians of a great state and constituents of a vast empire,—that the impression which he sought to make was complete. His object was gained, and the Virginians, who, even in that early day, were proud, and with good reason, of their orators and statesmen, were not unwilling to admit the eloquent Carolinian to the same platform with their own deservedly renowned, Patrick Henry.

Mr. Rutledge served in Congress till 1783, and was soon after appointed Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States to Holland; but he declined the appointment; and, the year following, was elected a Judge of the Court of Chancery in South Carolina. The necessity for this court had been greatly increased by the events of the war just ended. Mr. Rutledge framed the bill for its organization on a new model, and introduced several of the improvements then recently made in the English court of similar jurisdiction. Hitherto his duties had been rather legislative or executive, with some considerable connection with the military. They were now to become judicial. He was destined to occupy all the rounds of responsibility. Had his performances not been singularly fortunate in his previous career, we should, perhaps, have said that the judiciary was his true field. He was born a lawyer. His studies, in this profession, had been pursued *con amore*. He had wrestled with the law as one wrestles with a mistress, and had taken her to his heart as well as to his lips. His knowledge of principles was profound—his appreciation of details accurate and immense; and that large grasp of judgment—that comprehensive reach of vision—which enabled him to take in, at a glance, not merely the central proportions, but all its several relations and dependencies; eminently fitted him for the new career before him. With the facts fairly within his survey, his *coup d'œil* was instantaneous. His mind seemed to leap to its conclusions at a bound. He loved pleadings—could listen, with rare delight, to the eloquence of the specious advocate; but, while these gratified his sense of the ingenious and the beautiful,

they failed to persuade his fancy, or to mislead his judgment. His sense of justice was invincible. He threaded, with ease, the most difficult avenues of litigation—speedily resolved the subtleness of special pleading—steadily pursued, and finally grasped, the leading principle of the case, and rendered his judgments so luminously and forcibly, as, in most cases, to satisfy even those who suffered from his decision.

In the year 1787, Mr. Rutledge was again called to the service of the nation. He was required to assist in framing a national constitution, in place of the advisory system of the Confederation. In arranging the provisions of that bond of union, and in persuading his countrymen to attempt it, he was eminently successful. Under the new constitution, he was selected, by Washington, as the first Associate Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States. This was a distinction sufficiently showing in what estima-

tion his judicial talents and virtues were held by the President and by the nation. It was because of this appointment, we may presume, that the Senate of the United States were recently presented with the scheme of honoring his memory with a bust. In this office he served till 1791, when he was called to the chair of Chief Justice of South Carolina. Subsequently, he was made Chief Justice of the United States. He was thus for more than thirty years—continually in the harness—always in stations of difficulty and great responsibility, and passing through the ordeal, in every instance, without a scratch upon the ermine of his character, and to the constant increase of his reputation for wisdom and ability. He closed his mortal career on the 23d of January, 1800, in the sixty-first year of his age; full of honors to the last, and leaving a name among his people, which they should not “willingly let die.”

THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF PHILIP YORICK, Esq.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

REMINISCENCES.

“Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
 Whilst the landscape round it measures;
 Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
 Mountains on whose barren breast
 The lab’ring clouds do often rest;
 Meadows trim with daisies pied,
 Shallow brooks and rivers wide.”

My pen has rested for three months. The interval has been agreeably filled, and I return to my solitary study in a mood of contentment and readiness.

August has retired southward with her sultry days. The sun enters Libra, and is reminded, by that sign, of moderation. He gradually slopes his beam, and communicates to the vegetable world a tinge of brown and gold. The fallows become gray, and the lawns acquire a russet tinge. The rains of Autumn have begun, and the channels of the shallow brooks look brown with fallen leaves. Mount Gaia, rising in the north, mingles

his pyramidal summit with the blue: his first snow has fallen. The white mist ascends his barren breast; and the slopes of his sides are sprinkled with nibbling flocks. With clear sharp outline his form ascends,—ascends in majesty and companionable silence, no mere emblem, or symbol, but rather embodying and expressing the high reaching ethereal vigor of the soul—unchangeable, cold, colorless, or tinged only with the hue of contemplation; receiving first the snows of age, yet ever fertilizing, with a radiated warmth, and with nourishing moisture, the humble vallies, whose

meadows never cease to send up incense of warm mist from their brooks; nor does the Coulon, who goes widening from his cataracts to the sea, fail of due tribute. The mountain receives their moist prayers, and returns them enriched with the earthy principles of life. * * *

In September and the following month, I suffer a peculiar melancholy. Whether caused by the warm colors of the landscape, or by coolness, or merely by some periodic change of nature in the body, or by all these together, I know not, but I observe that it steals upon me in the evenings of Autumn, and in solitude. And even if any friend is near, especially a thoughtful one, our conversation takes the hue of the season, and leans to sadness. * * * * *

Allow me to recur to some incidents of my life, which should follow the description in the seventeenth chapter of this Autobiography.

The excellent Pantologus, whose memory (for I count him among the dead, though I am not certainly informed of his fate,) is dearer to me than even the tender impressions of infancy, began to teach me as an own son, when he came to know my qualities; for he found me apt, and though of a jealous nature, in no sense ungrateful. He took me with him to the city, at the close of our savantical excursion, and there permitted me to aid him in the re-arrangement of his library and museum, which he was beginning to systematize upon principles peculiar to himself, but since then universally recognised by the learned.

Becoming an inmate of his house and a special favorite, I enjoyed an unexpected happiness; for here I was enabled to resume my studies and extend my knowledge of sciences and languages. Here, too, I learned the ways of men, and became familiar with an immense variety of life; for the city where we dwell is properly the capital of all the world. Seated on a point of land, at the confluence of two immense streams, which open to its traders a free communication with all parts of the North and East, their union forming a magnificent bay, through whose openings enters the commerce of all nations; it already embraces a population composed of all, and who find in its limits a liberty the most perfect in the world.

Here, the children of the English freedom—the sons of the Puritans—have founded a system of laws which extend equal liberty to all who bear the name

and character of men. Hither the German flies from his aristocracy, the Italian from his papacy, the Austrian from his emperor, the Englishman from his taxes, and the Irishman from himself: all find a refuge and a friend; all are permitted to live and to prosper. Even the miserable African escapes hither from his master; and from an abject savage, or a slave, tastes something of the sweetness of liberty, though he avoid not a servile condition;—so that one may say of this city and of this land, that not man, but God, is its governor, seeing that only His laws, implanted in the heart, are recognised as the principles of its code. Here, then, I learned that liberty is not merely an idea, but a possibility, and an actuality; that all its conditions are fully given, and that it remains only for men to value and to use it as it deserves. Here thought I, and still think, if there is any greatness in man, it must in time become apparent.

My friend and instructor often talked with me, while we walked or rode together, on these topics. He led me through the streets of the city, showed me the multitude of ships, the heaps of merchandise, the splendor of palaces; he explained to me the method and principles of trade, and lest I should form a contemptuous opinion of the trader, showed me that by him alone the principles of equity are maintained and flourish; for he adjusts every transaction by a law as universal and as sacred as the first of the Decalogue.

My friend did not hesitate, by all the means in his power, to inspire me with respect and admiration for his country. Here, he would say, and here only, the first desire of the human mind—the love of freedom—is satisfied. Reverence is inherent in the human soul, but its objects are exalted by knowledge. We cannot be taught to revere; but only, what to revere; by observing the effects of liberty, we learn to revere only what promotes it; and that is—justice,—the

The perfect toleration of all sects, while it destroys organized superstitious, leads to a recognition of all that is truly divine, common right.

The passions of men make them enemies or friends; imagination creates opposite opinions; selfishness gathers for itself; science analyzes or systematizes; but reason alone confers liberty.

I soon discovered that this rational liberty, however delightful in theory, had

in practice many defects. The people, though not hard or cruel, appeared to me insolent and selfish. Each man seemed to be resolved that his neighbor should have no hold upon him. None would acknowledge obligations. I looked everywhere for traces of a superior order of men, such as I had sometimes imagined, but could find none. If any gradation of ranks existed here, it was that which nature, or the necessity of business, had created for the moment. Evidently all men were peers, and the strongest, even, ruled only while he advanced the common good, or could persuade others that he did so. There was a natural reverence for the strong, and the great, but the ostentation of greatness drew after it only laughter and contempt.

My protector called my attention especially to the common prints and newspapers of the city; assuring me that through them I might become thoroughly acquainted with the affairs of this and other countries. In this country, he would say, every thinking man must be a politician.

At a somewhat later period, while my attention was occupied with the literature of the Germans, he remarked in regard to this that as the best writers of that nation had labored to separate polity from poetry and Belles Lettres, and with good success; giving to their writings a merely domestic character, they had not the value of the great writings of antiquity, these being of a public and universal character. Philosophy, according to Socrates and Plato, is the science of the Republic, and its sole end to fit men for public office. Modern philosophy, on the contrary, with few exceptions, looks only to the satisfaction of the intellect and of the individual. Its promoters labour with admirable genius to rectify and harmonize the individual life. They teach much that is valuable, and perhaps indispensable. They place us in a true intellectual relation with nature and with our intimate selves. But the great idea of the state as it lay in the mind of a Greek, a Roman an English Puritan, or a citizen of this land, lies quite out of their sphere. Good and great though they be, this immense idea has been denied to them. Hence the prevailing weakness, distortion, extravagance, and sentimentalism of the German writers. The first principle of a manly existence, in them, instead of appearing foremost and triumphant,—lurks always in some

metaphysical or conventional disguise—is the sign of a privilege, not a divine right; and like the Catholic freedom of conscience, must not go out of the individuals. Let us beware, then, he would say, how we entertain these philosophers, and if we use them, (as, faith! we must,) let us take care to keep them in their proper place; else there is danger they may divorce us from our inherited truths.

My instructor conversed with me continually touching my studies, though he never attempted to guide or control them. In the morning he gave me stated occupations, in his library or museum, or intrusted me with business which I quickly learned to execute. I became expert in many things, in book-keeping especially, which has since been serviceable. During the four years of my residence with this admirable person, my intellect and health acquired strength, my knowledge and energy increased,—from a boy and a simpleton, I became, or seemed to have become, a man.

These four years passed away like a dream. I remember them as an epoch, not as a succession of seasons and years.

Inheriting a large fortune, which fell to him on the death of his parents at the age of twenty-one, my protector had thrown himself with ardor into the pursuit of science. Already master of the Classics, and acquainted with several modern languages, he gave the whole force of a cultivated intellect to the study of nature, both living and inanimate. His father's mansion, that had been a palace, became a museum. He converted the rich furniture into chests and cases for the preservation of minerals and skins of animals. He expended a considerable fortune in the collection of such rarities, as served to illustrate the several departments of science. He embraced in his design the whole kingdom of nature. I shall be content, he would say, if the system of nature at length dawn upon me. If I seek only for the germ, or first principle of its order; others may then pursue it to its conclusion.

With such ideas, it may be believed, Pantologus chose his friends chiefly among the learned. People of fashion declared him to be insane. He in his turn pronounced them to be idiotic. If a ship arrived from any remote region, he had an emissary to purchase all her curiosities.

DOCTOR VIERUS.

Among the friends of Pantologus I chiefly remember one whom he used to call Vierus. This man was a physician, and such another savan as himself. During the interminable conversations carried on between this learned doctor and my master, I came gradually to realize the extent to which the human intellect may stretch itself, and the immensity of knowledge which it is possible for one poor understanding to embrace.

Of the different forms of their knowledge my protector used to say :

The understanding has three functions, Memory (the classifier,) Judgment (the faculty of relations,) and the Analytic (or scientific,) Vierus has the better memory and analytic power, but I am his superior in judgment. I know the relations of things, or, as the vulgar say, 'I know what's what',—which he fails in, and so you observe, I should always have the better of him in argument, if he did not give me more facts than I can stomach at once. He triumphs, but I remain unconvinced.

By only listening to these conversations, by the help of a strong memory I acquired some knowledge of medicine, though this was very much increased by my later reading and observations.

To form a true idea of the wonderful learning of this Vierus, believe me, when I tell you, that he carried in his head almost every important fact and principle relating to his art, that is to be found in books. That he had moreover reduced and classified all this mountain of learning into a most regular and beautiful order, so that no condition could arise in the human body, but he knew instantly its name, character and indications. All this knowledge he had verified, corrected and simplified by a long experience in diseases of every name and species. Only one defect my protector noted in him, that he would not indulge in speculations; that he was a man so strictly and purely truth-loving, his adherence to nature and reason became inconvenient and painful. For my own part, I should have loved him better had he been less learned, though to this Pantologus made not the least objection; but his interminable Greek and Latin names, his exact and bitter castigation of small linguistic errors, make me tremble in the recollection. Surely it was a weakness in him; it did less good than

harm; it annoyed the judicious, frightened the weak, insulted the proud, affronted the vain, and for poor Vierus himself, brought curses and neglect.

“ Oh, most small fault !
How ugly did'st thou in Vierus show ?”

Yet did I love the man, for that he loved truth, even to the hem of her garment; was exact even in the shoe-ties, and lesser folds of truth, nor would allow the dust to lie an instant on her robe. A martyr to small facts, O most incomparable doctor, most admirable Vierus, how did'st thou limit thyself ! What availed thy chests of manuscripts, containing the pith of all medical learning from Hippocrates thy master, but not thy superior, even to myrionomous Wilson, and gentlemanly Bell ? What availed thy exquisite analysis and theoretic of all plagues and fevers, which put Linnæus and Father Good to shame ? What thy admirable *materia medica*, the most scientific, the most thorough, the most indispensable, were it only accessible ? What availed thy multifarious knowledge and truly valuable experience ; or that acknowledged skill that brought thee acquainted with all the dying and desperately ill ; if thou had'st not the politic art also, to discuss a slander, or to extirpate a calumny ?

When the sick lay at death's door, and already the hinges creaked and the grim visnomy of despair appeared at the threshold ; when the light flickered in the socket with a feverish glare, and the parting soul struggled at the throat, then did your treacherous brothers, send for you, and commit to your famous hands the danger and the shame. You, unthinking, would humanely assume the desperate office, and take up the burden of *their* homicide ; expiate for them the loss of credit, of honor, of means, of influence, the crime of ignorance, and incapacity ; impolitic, short-sighted Vierus ! To be always in at the death, unfortunate savan, was the reward of all your skill. If the dying wretch received life at your hands, your predecessors took care to reap the honor. If he perished, they would swear you killed him. There was no verdict of death by the visitation of God, or of the quack, or of the ignorant,—but always the old lie, of which the very devil in the shape of a calumniator delighted in the echo,—‘ Death by the visitation of Vierus !

THE DILLETANTI.

Among the many extraordinary men whom Pantologus drew about him, and made free of his house, was one, whom he named Lomatius, a man of many accomplishments, but especially a connoisseur, and master of decorative arts. To make you respect him, let me tell you, it was he who planned the great church in the middle of the city, which I have described to you. This edifice exceeds all others in the beauty of its decorations, though in size it be not comparable with the great cathedrals of Europe. The architecture is of mixed order, like that of the Milanese cathedral, but much more singular. Externally, you observe the buttresses and pointed arches of the Gothic; internally, the form approaches the Byzantine. In the interior, everything is sacrificed to the effect intended, which is, to impress the observer with a feeling of religious awe. While this singular edifice was in process of erection, Lomatius, who loved the company of listeners, (and I was a good one,) explained to me the principle which guided, or seemed to guide him, in its erection.

"Churches," said Lomatius, "are now erected for the benefit of worshippers; formerly, for the ostentation of priests and princes." We were standing together, under the dome which covers the centre of the building. He pointed with his cane to a bit of olive wood, from Jerusalem, in the compartments of the church, frescoed with, allegorical representations, and continued:

"The Puritans, when they discovered the arts of the priests,—and that the decorations of their churches, their magnificent Latin masses, and their ceremonial habits, were but snares for the popular imagination, while they cherished the pride of kings and prelates,—with a just indignation rebelled; tore off the rags of Popery, and would none of these poisoned gifts: but now,—I desire your attention—the people, themselves, not the priests, have chosen to adorn their house of worship.

"They did this to testify their veneration. In this building they assemble, under a pastor whom they have themselves elected, for his piety and sacred unction; they behold about them the testimony of their own respect, the work of their own hands, a temple for the worship of the Most High God. They are

in no fear of being deceived by priestly fraud; there is no machinery hidden from their eyes; all is obvious, simple, understood.

They have placed the pulpit behind the altar, the place of authority, for here the preacher recognises no authority but God. He appeals not to a Head above the altar, but to his Scripture, that lies before him. He need not quit the place of honor, and mount a chair among the people, when he addresses them: his place is honorable, and he, himself, is honored. It is necessary that he be possessed by a great and a contemplative spirit.

"His dress is a simple robe, with full sleeves; white, in token of truth, or black, on occasions of mourning.

"Resting in the sacred promise, he has not thought it necessary to deny himself the lawful happiness of this life. His wife and his children enable him to practice all the virtues; through them he learns much that he communicates. He is no mere intelligence, a spirit detained in a body; but a true minister of mercy, teaching men, what he has himself learned, *how to live*. In this life he beholds a *real* symbol of the future.

"His religion is not a solitary agreement, between himself and an interfering Power, an imaginary Head of the Church, which cuts him out from the society of men, and drags him to the gloomy confessional, to the room of torture, or the closet of unholy suicide; it rather springs from that comforting spirit, whose bond unites all men in perfect and delicious fellowship. Its raptures do not enervate, but elevate. Forgiving and forgiven, the fortunate souls who are so united pass through existence, enjoying the communion of good works.

He considers, that a religion which isolates the worshipper is a curse to men, and by an irresistible certainty, enslaves the individual, and disorganizes society. He therefore meddles not with the private conscience of his flock, but rather strives to bind all-together, in a knot of sympathy, and by one affects another. He finds that men are best instructed and elevated, by an appeal to what is universal and common in them, and not by tampering with their private hopes and fears.

"In a mixed and barbarous society, broken into warring orders, when the sympathies, which act on many, were merely violent and corrupt, the priest

found it necessary to separate the convert from the society in which he moved; but now all is changed, and humanity, from the exception, has become the rule. The people are not barbarians, and are not ashamed or afraid of excellence.

"Here is no resort of beggars and rogues, to be intoxicated with superstitions; here are no cunning mendicants, preying upon the conscience of the poor; here are no inventions to try men's souls, by fasting, and unnatural abstinences, contrary to the prayer of Christ, that desires to be delivered from temptation. Men are at peace with nature, for, by true knowledge, they have discovered that she is the faithful, though sometimes erring servant of Divinity. They no longer believe that a desire is a sin, and they have learned at length to govern untimely impulses, not by lamentations and ecstasies, or by slow self-destruction, but by the simple avoidance of their causes, without fear or cowardly remorse.

"They are not afraid to gratify every sense according to the demands of reason and of virtue. The eye, the ear, are alike opened to the entrance of the most sublime realities.

"They know that there are three modes, by which religious truth is communicated to the soul. By the announcement of the word—by reasoning—and by effects of imagination.

"The preacher accomplishes the first; the theologian, the second; and the sacred artist, the third. But the two latter they regard only as aids and supporters to the first.

"They have imitated the Hebrews in their poetry; but their music and paintings are a creation of modern art. Instead of covering the roof of their temple with plates of gold and silver, in the Jewish manner, or converting it into a hall of terror, by images of martyrdoms and crucifixions, they have covered it with symbolical figures, conveying the sublimest lessons."

Pointing to the compartments of the dome, which was hemispherical, the enthusiast continued:

"In these compartments are depicted the unchangeable energies, the principles, and the instincts of man.

"Observe that the edges of the hollow dome seem to rest upon a broad ring or band, beneath which is a similar ring, of less depth, the inner surface of the

dome and its two supporting bands forming a series of three surfaces.

"The lower ring, which corresponds with the plinth of a pedestal, and the architrave of an entablature, is of marble, and divided into twenty-five compartments, each bearing a bas relief, in which the figures are left white upon an azure ground. The whole circle of figures, running about the edge of the dome, forms a connected line of bas reliefs in the simple style of the Etruscans. The figures are those of infants engaged in such actions as represent the *instincts* of man. Some are occupied in the chase; others are quarreling; others seem to indulge the pleasures of the palate. Some are subduing wild animals; others play at hide and seek. In a word, there is no instinct or propensity of nature that is not here exhibited in a manner at once pleasing and remarkable. The figures, though small, are sufficiently visible from below, and the attitudes of all form a beautiful succession of contrasts and transitions, as the eye follows them in circle.

"The circle above this first one, corresponds with the die of a pedestal and the frieze of an entablature. It is also surmounted by a flat, but deep, cornice.

"This circle, also, is a series of groups; but the compartments are only five in number—each one placed above five of the lesser divisions of the first circle. They contain frescoes, painted in strong colors, of figures in the Greek taste, of a very pure outline, robed, and in action. The first group is one of a family. It shows all the relations of love: that of the parent, the brother and sister, the friends, the husband and wife. Its figures are five in number, representing infancy, youth, and old age. You may study it at your leisure, and will, I think, find it inexhaustible. The second compartment represents cunning, and the destructive passions, in their purest forms, and by their proper actions in human figures. The third compartment represents invention and the acquisition of wealth. The fourth, the arts of music and painting; the fifth, geometry and the sciences. Each of the figures, by action and circumstance, and even by dress and feature, expresses, in some manner, the kind of intelligence which inspires it. You may see that the hollow of the dome is not a perfect hemisphere, but somewhat flattened, in order that the figures may be visible to a large circle below.

Above the cornice, its hollow is composed of three great windows, divided by as many heavy ribs. These let in very little light, being of stained glass of the darkest colors, subdued to be agreeable to the eye. In all the variety of the splendidly colored draperies of the figures painted on the glass, there is no glare nor oppressive effect, even under the noon-day sun. In order to soften the light, the glasses are double, the outside layer being colorless ground glass, letting in a diffused ray through the colored layer; for nothing can be more ridiculous than to pain the senses with violent colors and lights, when we mean, rather, to sooth and gratify them. The principles observed in sacred music should also be attended to in the painting of the windows of sacred edifices. All effects should be grand, mild, and simple.

The window over the dome represents Inspiration,—in the figure of the warrior, in that of the king, and in that of the prophetess. All are known subjects; you will recognise them by their emblems. The prophetess is Miriam; the king, David; and the warrior, Joshua. They represent all that belongs to inspiration. They are grouped in such a manner as to form a whole by the effects of color, light and shade, and expression; but this elevated species of representation does not admit of any violent gestures or action.

“Of the two other windows, one represents all that belongs to law and government. In this there are but two figures, and between them a throne, on which rests a casket, and, inscribed on the casket, the unspoken name of God in the Hebrew sign.

“On the left hand of the altar is Moses, in the attitude of judgment. On the right, St. John the Evangelist, dictating the words of faith. This, you will perceive, is the principal compartment, and rests over that group of frescoed figures which represents the selfish desires.

“The third compartment is of divine knowledge, or of the Word, and rests over the frescoes of the intelligences of art and science. It contains a group of three figures; the central representing Christ; the one on the left, St. Peter; and on the right, St. Paul; the one discovering reason, and the other, belief.

“Observe the placing of these superior groups over the frescoes, and of the frescoes over the bas reliefs. The groups of instincts are beneath their proper govern-

ing intelligences, and the intelligences beneath their governing rational principles; and thus the scheme of human reason and intelligent nature is painted to the eye.”

Lomatius continued his description of the interior of his church—of the pictures on the walls, in the angles of the ceiling, between the arches, over the pulpit,—he had designed or assisted in the design of all, and being wealthy, paid for the greater part out of his own purse. The church was his hobby; every thing connected with churches and their history, was interesting to him. His library teemed with ecclesiastical histories, works of theology, and works of architecture. He theorized on art, and was a perfect dilettanti. Delicious hours have I spent in the dim alcoves of his library, turning over his wealthy portfolios, stored with the choice etchings and engraved works of all the great painters. Here, also, were the works of Callot, of Da Vinci, of Lomazzo, of Lairesse, of Pausanias, of Pliny, of Lanz, Le Brun, Vasari, with hundreds of magnificent folios stored with the choicest works of the French, German, and Italian schools. I became, at least externally, familiar with them, and read much that was valuable. Hence my present enjoyment of pictures and art generally.

Lomatius was a short, uncouth, little man, a precipitate talker, but imaginative and critical. His affections shaped themselves by his intellect: he did not love those who took no interest in his favorite studies. While you would listen and look, he loved you, and no longer. To him I am indebted for a better direction of my taste. Though my eyes are not quick, I can, even now, judge of a picture, or criticise an engraving; I even have a small, but choice, collection of prints, visible only to the judicious. Among them I will only mention the great “Assumption” of Schiavoni, a “Battle of the Standard,” and a set of the “Battles of Alexander”—all clean impressions, and very black.

A NONDESCRIPT.

Why, among this circle of worthies, should I hesitate to place thee, Cosmus—thou singular and agreeable union of extremes—whom nature made a man of letters, and necessity, a merchant. In thee were united, calculation and criticism—letters and the ledger. It was thy fate to keep books—thy ability to make

them. With you, my speculative friend, to speak and to think were the same action. Your brooding intellect hatched conclusions out of all that it rested on; your wit, a perpetual lambent fire, played over the object, without burning or even warming it, yet forced the eye, constantly, to follow and admire. Your inexhaustible sociality delighted in numbers. It was no lover's partiality—of this one, and no other—but spread itself generously through a group—warmed on multitudes, lived in variety, and rose with the occasion. On what topic would you not converse? The lightest, the gravest.

An agile and sharp logician, a terror to dogmatists, an able advocate, a just adjudicator, interested in many things, but chiefly in elegancies and rare products of the mind; nay more, a humorist, a storyteller, a boon companion, a judge of the bottle—of every thing but—! In my dark and miserable hours, thou didst me the good office of a consoler; but now thou art gone; and, by these gray locks, I am reminded that I, too, must soon depart. I have lived, and, in a brief experience, made up the sum of good and evil. My joys and sorrows, weighed against each other, seem to balance evenly.

CHAPTER XXIX.

I HAVE given you an account of my infancy and boyhood. You are pretty well acquainted with the principal turns of fortune that befel me until the latter part of my twenty-first year; only I neglected to say, that, by special invitation from the most learned Vierus, during the absence of my patron, I passed two years of my life in his office, in the capacity of attendant—Vierus' poverty forbidding any other arrangement. Thus, in both instances, I was enabled honestly to earn my living, first as assistant to my patron, and afterward to his friend. During the whole of this period, living mostly in a constant round of study and occupation, nothing happened sufficiently remarkable to distinguish one day from another. I lived regularly, learned rapidly, conversed, thought, and meditated. Then followed my practice in the country, with the adventure which I have related. Had I intended, at the first, to write a regular history of my life, I should have adhered most faithfully to that resolution; but, on the contrary, my plan was to have no plan, but to follow the humor, and compose just such a desultory, broken affair as it might please accident and fancy to make it. The results are so far in your hands.

To make this volume of our history complete, I have now three things to accomplish; namely: the story of Egeria, which, you may remember, was left unfinished by Clementine, but since completed by herself, to my great joy;—the account of the wedding, to which I hastily invited you some time ago, before I had quite determined whether to let you go with me or not. The thing having

happened so recently as not yet to have acquired in my fancy the character of a history; and last, not least, the account of that infernal expedition of the adventures Von Slawkenburg, which I promised years ago, and introduced to you with vast preparations, most part thrown away.

With which of these three things—the tale, the wedding, or the expedition—I had best begin, is just now a thing quite impossible to be decided by any principle of order, save that of the natural succession of events, which at present I shall neglect, and forthwith begin with the adventure.

It was in the evening of the third day after the marriage, when a circle of guests and friendly neighbors were assembled in my hall, that Egeria related to us the story of her adventures. Passing lightly over the period of her childhood, and leaving the misfortune of her father unexplained, she went on to relate as follows the causes of her sudden disappearance from the city at the time of Clementine's search for her.

“Soon after the last visit which Clementine made me at my lodgings in the city, there came to the house a young gentleman of fortune from England, a Mr. Blancmange, who represented himself as a younger brother of the great house of Blancmange, which traced itself backward to a certain French money lender of the last century, who had married the daughter of an English Earl, and by certain revenue services secured to his son the title and honors of the earldom. Of the truth of this history no one raised a doubt, and as the gentle-

man represented that his brother the Earl had no children, and that he himself was the heir at law, we thought him a very admirable person.

Mr. Blancmange made himself at ease with us, and was especially agreeable to my mistress, with an intent, as I soon learned, to make her a party in a little design touching myself.

One day my mistress came to me with a sad countenance, and inquired whether I could bear to be told of a very great misfortune which had just befallen me. She then handed me a letter in the hand-writing of Clementine, in which he was made to say, that as his last hour had come, at the close of a sudden and dangerous illness, he could only leave me his blessing, and recommend me to the care of Heaven, and of the good lady with whom I was residing. As I opened this letter, the good woman showed me another in the same hand, directed to herself, which seemed to solicit her, with every expression of regard, to take care of me, and even to adopt me as her daughter.

You may imagine the effect of these contrivances on one so tender and unsuspecting. I fell like one dead, and remained I know not how long in a perfectly insensible state. On my recovery from the shock and fever which ensued, I found myself lying in the cabin of a packet ship, sailing toward Europe. Mr. Blancmange, and a coarse-looking person, in the dress of a seaman, were seated in the cabin playing at cards with my mistress. Looking through the door of my state-room, which stood ajar, I saw the Englishman rise and leave the cabin, and in his absence, which lasted only a few moments, the other person used some remarkable expressions which I did not understand, but which seemed to be in allusion to myself. I noticed at the same time a disagreeable familiarity of manner between the two, which was equally incomprehensible. Blancmange presently returned with a bottle in his hand, and the following elegant conversation ensued, while the lady filled their glasses with what seemed to be brandy, as I judged by the odor.

"Well, Mr. Earl, we shall be in Paris in less than a forty-eight hours; what do you mean to do with your pet there in the berth?"

"Egad, madam! I'll leave my intentions to your sagest conjecture. A woman of your judgment and experience

need not ask such a question. Finish the brandy, captain. No heel-taps.

"We must have another hundred pounds, Mr. Earl. It's a delicate business, you know, if it should come out."

"Oh! you think you have me now," replied the gentleman, with an oath; "but no," he added, "the trifle is at your service—the prize is worth it."

"There," said he, throwing a heap of gold pieces upon the table. "Now let us hear no more about it." The captain would have gathered up the money, but the lady prevented him; and sweeping the pieces from the board, she rose and came with them into the state-room. Seeing me awake, and observing them, she started, and seemed confused for a moment. Then recovering her presence of mind, she sprang forward, and throwing her arms about my neck, almost stifled me with kisses.

"How do you, my angel, my dear daughter?" she exclaimed,—“do you know where you are, dearest, and where you are going? We are on the way to France, with our good friends, the captain and Mr. Blancmange. But, ah! I forget, you have suffered so much—such a loss! Well—we will do what we can to comfort you—we will.” Thereat she began feeling of my hands, and with a variety of condolent expressions, inquired how I felt, assuring me that for ten whole days I had been in a state of stupor; my grief had had so powerful an effect upon me.

Whether this stupor was wholly attributable to grief, or in part to a drug which she mixed with my food, I have never been able to ascertain, but rational conjecture seems to favor the latter opinion.

Not choosing to betray the suspicions which siezed upon me, I received her caresses and congratulations without any signs of emotion. I suffered her to assist my recovery, and even appeared with all the civility which I could command, before the Englishman and the captain.

It was not long before Blancmange began to let me perceive how much he was affected, by what he pleased to call my condescension to him; though I endeavored to divide my civilities as equally as possible between the two. As often as the Englishman became pressing, I treated him with coldness, and appeared more kind than usual to the captain; which had a capital effect; for this latter

person soon understood the game, and even went so far as to seem to make love to me, merely to amuse himself at the expense of Blancmange. In this manner I succeeded in keeping myself free of anything disagreeable, though I saw that my behavior threw the Englishman into the greatest perplexity.

I perceived also in myself a new spirit rising; for, being in the hands of enemies, and depending wholly upon myself, I became at once wiser in regard to persons, and lost a certain rustic confidence in others, bred in me by my sylvan education.

We arrived in Paris within the predicted time, and here I was put through a regular course of temptations by my mistress and the Englishman; but instead of losing ground, with my own resolution, I became an adept in deception, and by a perfect amiability and impenetrability, acquired an influence over those who thought to use me as a slave.

The woman still continued to call me daughter, and without the least reluctance, furnished me with everything I desired. I soon discovered that her supplies came from the Englishman, whose purse seemed to be inexhaustible. You may think it a proof of but little delicacy, that I willingly made use of the person who would have used me; but I confess not to an absolute purity of conscience, and as I had had none to instruct me how to act in such cases, my off-hand principles partook of the natural cunning of the untaught.

After a year's residence in Paris, during all of which time, my gentleman continued his attentions, never suffering a day to pass without seeing me, and supplying all my wants with the most surprising assiduity, he proposed a journey through Germany and Italy, which we made by easy stages, passing from point to point, in a manner quite negligent of time, so as easily to consume another year between travel and enjoyment.

During the whole of this journey, I improved my leisure with reading and meditation, and by the help of some native wit, acquired an entire ascendancy over my gentleman, who, from a brutal master, was converted into a respectful suitor; though I confess to you this change did not in the least increase my affection for himself, or reconcile me to my dependent situation; I studied every opportunity of freedom, and continued to

lament, in secret, the untimely death of my friend.

"The day after the meeting with Clementine, which has been related to you by our friend Steiner," said the lady, addressing myself, "I quickly explained all to him. We parted company immediately with the woman, and the captain, who had stuck close to the Englishman in the quality of humble friends, and set off on our return to Paris. These worthy people did not fail, however, of rejoining their companion Blancmange, who seems to have plotted revenge, and, with their aid, came very near accomplishing it. How this happened, I will relate to you very particularly.

"On our arrival at Paris, Clementine took lodgings for me in an upper story of a house in a frequented quarter. Here he intended to have me stay for a while, to enjoy the pleasures of the city, and recover my health, which was impaired by the anxieties I had suffered for his imagined loss. As there is something in my nature of that gay spirit and social ease, which characterizes the happy people of Paris, I was delighted with this opportunity of living among them, and extending my acquaintance with the better sort. Nor had we reason to complain of our treatment; for though it be impossible for strangers of no note to make much impression in the great capital of Europe, yet we were every where treated with remarkable courtesy, because of the easy and winning manners of my friend, who never failed to make himself agreeable to all classes and degrees."

Clementine here interrupted the narrator—who said the last words with an arch smile, glancing at him—and insisted that it was altogether herself who made way for them at Paris. "You may judge," said he, turning to one of the company, "whether the lady just now spoke the exact truth. I abhorred society, while we were in Paris, and avoided it with all my might, but she, contrary to my express desire, attracted all kinds of people, and forced me into crowds of ladies and savans; besides bringing numbers of German counts, and other foreign rubbish upon us, so that our drawing-room looked like a barrack parlor."

"But they would come, Clement," retorted the lady, with a look of feigned anxiety; "one could not keep them off; and as for the savans, they were of

your own bringing on: for my part, I detested them."

"Ah! madam," retorted the other, "I threw in my savans to keep the balance against your whiskered and military friends; but, indeed, I acquit you of all blame; they would come, whether you would or not."

Observing that the ladies of our party were disagreeably affected by this dialogue, I pretended an impatience to hear the continuation of the story of the Englishman and his plot, which seemed to promise something romantic; upon which the lady began again as follows.

THE BREAD SCHOLAR.

THIS is an oddly-sounding, but very significant name, which the Germans have invented for those who pursue knowledge in any of its departments for mere self-interest, or merely professional motives. Schiller, in his noble introductory discourse on universal history, has graphically described and stingingly reproved this class of men. They who read German, and desire to see so rare a topic handled with signal ability, will be well rewarded by a perusal of that work. In the mean time, we invite all others to explore with us, by the road he has opened, this important region of literary jurisprudence and morality, with a free use of the illuminated paragraphs of this great writer, to whose thoughts, on this subject, we are proud to be ourselves, and shall be glad to make others, indebted.

Ever-unfolding truth has no more inveterate foe than he to whom the name of "*Brod-Schuler*" is applicable; and as no feeling is more fatal to the genuine intellectual spirit, whose only aim is truth, and on whose purity the fate of man is left dependent, than that of which he is the representative, it becomes an act of self-preservation as well as of fealty to the great cause of letters, to set forth his characteristics in as clear a light as possible.

The eyes of bread-scholars of every profession are, if we do not mistake the case, spell-bound to one all-absorbing, all-eclipsing object,—the elevation of self on the shoulders of literature. Their exertions and movements in the world of mind, are controlled by two questions only, viz: *What will men say?* and *what will men give?* To pursue truth, for her own sake, independently of popular or party judgments, out of regard to the broadest interests of humanity and justice, regardless of either the smiles

or frowns of fortune, is a mark not yet dreamed of by their philosophy. Such motives are too ethereal for their comprehension. Education, mental culture, knowledge, are, in their view, mere stepping-stones to fortune or official fitness; a scaffolding, important but as a convenient *point d'appui* for the erection of that fair castle of outward good,—social distinction, wealth, ease, and what-not,—which to their sense-bound souls is the only visible and tangible tree of life. Unfortunate men! they cannot rise above the mercenary spirit. It has so completely fastened them to the ground-level of things, that every proposition which either science or the age has to lay before them, is contemplated by them from this groveling point of view. All *opinions* are, by force of habit, cast into this favorite pair of scales, and their claims decided by the preponderating weights of interest. Even into the kingdom of intellectual convictions and moral sentiments they thus dare to carry these sordid considerations. As though that kingdom were bankrupt, and unable to reward its children out of its own independent treasury, but paid only by borrowing, the bread-scholar nominally enrolls himself as a subject, but, with a secret want of confidence in his new master, looks exclusively to another and a hostile power for sustaining influences and remunerating results. Such men are therefore not to be depended upon by literature to do her work, because literature is to *poor* to pay them. Not loving truth for what she is in herself—not serving her from a sense of *their inward need of her*—they forsake her in the hour of trial, treat her with indifference and absolute neglect when they cannot *use* her as a tool of their "low ambition," and become open enemies when Error, fed by popularity, is able to outbid her hated rival in the

only coin that passes current at their counter.

In his introductory remarks, with which Schiller begins the discourse we have referred to, addressed to the large and promising group of students who formed his auditory, he puts the striking question, "*What has man to give to man greater than truth?*" The "*one destination* of us all, which we all share in an equal manner, and which we have brought into the world with us," viz: "*to perfect ourselves as men*"—this view, also, is in the hands of this true spiritual iconoclast—the first weapon of his warfare against the whole tribe of men-pleasers and worldly-wise men in the domain of literature. As to plans of study, he goes on to observe, that that which the bread-scholar and that which the philosophical head propose to themselves must be quite different. This former, who is dependent on his diligence, singly and alone, to perform the conditions under which he can be competent to an office and partake of its advantages, who only on this account sets the powers of his spirit in motion, viz: in order thereby to improve his temporal condition, and to satisfy a little longing for fame,—such a one, on entering his academical career, can have no weightier care than in the most accurate manner to separate the sciences which he calls bread-studies from all others which satisfy the spirit only as spirit. All the time which he dedicated to the latter, he would believe to be abstracted from his future calling, and would never forgive himself this robbery. He will regulate his entire application by the demands made upon him by the future lord of his destiny, and deems all done, when he has made himself able to answer them without fear. Has he run through his course and reached the end of his wishes, he of course forsakes his conductresses,—for why should they trouble him yet farther? His greatest care now is to carry his collected treasures of memory to market, and to take heed that they do not sink in their value. Every extension of his head-science disturbs him, because it sends him to new labor, or makes the past useless; every serious innovation frightens him, because it breaks in pieces the old school-forms, which he made so laboriously his own, and puts in danger the whole work of his previous life. Who have cried out more against reformers than the crowd of bread-scholars? Who hold back the progress of useful re-

volutions in the kingdom of knowledge more than just these persons? Every light which is kindled by a happy genius, in what science soever it may be, makes their poverty visible; they resist it with bitterness, with malice, with desperation, because, with the school-system which they defend, they are at the same time fighting for their whole existence. Therefore, there is no more irreconcilable enemy, no more envious colleague, no more willing chain-maker, than the bread-scholar. The less his attainments reward him *through themselves*, the greater recompense does he demand from without; for the merit of handicraftsmen he has but *one* measure, the *toil*. Therefore one hears nobody complain more of ingratitude, than the bread-scholar; not in his treasures of thought does he seek his reward; he expects his reward from outward recognition, from places of honor, from maintenance. Does this fail him, who is more unhappy than the bread-scholar? He has lived, watched, labored in vain; in vain has he sought after truth, if truth does not change itself for him into gold, into newspaper praise, into the favor of princes.

How pitiable is such a man, who, with the *noblest* of all instruments, with science and art, desires and effects nothing higher than the day laborer, with the *meanest!* who, in a kingdom of the most perfect freedom, carries about with him the soul of a slave!—But still more worthy of pity is the young man of genius, whose naturally beautiful course has been turned aside by pernicious doctrines and models upon this by-path, who has suffered himself to be persuaded to make collections with this pitiful carefulness for his future calling. Soon will the science of his vocation become loathsome to him as an imperfect work; desires will awake in him which it cannot satisfy; his genius will rebel against his destination. All that he now does appears to him as fragmentary; he sees no object of his waking, and still he cannot bear objectlessness. The toilsome, the trifling, in his professional cares presses him to the ground, because he cannot set against it the joyous spirit which accompanies only the clear insight, only the anticipated perfection. He feels himself cut off—torn out from the connection of things, because he has neglected to join his activity to the great whole of the world. To the civilian, his legal science becomes disgusting, as soon as the glimmer of a bet-

ter culture lays open its imperfections to the light, making him recoil from it, instead of endeavoring to be its new creator, and to supply from his inward fullness its detected deficiencies. The physician quarrels with his calling as soon as serious disappointments reveal to him the uncertainty of his systems; the theologian loses his esteem for his, as soon as his faith in the infallibility of his doctrinal system wavers.

How entirely otherwise is it with the philosophical head! Just as carefully as the bread-scholar separates his science from all others, the other labors to widen its jurisdiction and to restore its union with the rest—to *restore*, I say, because only the abstracting understanding has made these boundaries, has divorced these sciences from one another. Where the bread-scholar reads, the philosophical spirit binds together. He has early convinced himself, that in the department of the understanding, as in the world of sense, everything touches upon something else, and his active impulse after harmony cannot satisfy itself with fragments. All his efforts are directed to the perfection of his knowledge; his noble impatience cannot rest until all his conceptions have disposed themselves to a common whole, until he stands in the centre of his art, of his sciences, and from hence with a satisfied glance overlooks their extent. New discoveries in the circle of his activity, which cast down the *bread-scholar*, enrapture the philosophical spirit. Perhaps they fill a chasm, which has disfigured the growing whole of his views, or place upon his ideal structure the last stone necessary for its completion. But should they even shatter it to pieces, should a new series of thoughts, should a new phenomenon of nature, should a newly-discovered law in the material world, overturn the whole edifice of his science; *as he has always loved the truth more than his system*, gladly will he exchange the whole defective form for a newer and more beautiful one. Yes, if no blow from without shakes the edifice of his speculative conceptions, he is himself impelled by an eternally active impulse after improvement, to be the first to be dissatisfied with it, and to take it in pieces in order that he may more perfectly put it together again. Through always new and more beautiful forms of thought, the philosophical spirit advances to higher excellence, while the bread-student in an everlasting intellectual

stand-still, guards the unfruitful sameness of his school-conceptions.

There is no more just judge of foreign merit than the philosophical head. Sharp-sighted and inventive enough to make use of every activity, he is also ready enough to honor the author of the least. For him all heads are working—all heads work against the bread-scholar. The former knows how to change everything that happens, and is thought of around him, into his own property—between thinking heads there prevails an inward community of all goods of the spirit; what one gains in the kingdom of truth, he has gained for all. The bread-scholar hedges himself from all his neighbours, whom he enviously grudges light and sun, and guards with care the crazy bars which he but weakly defends against victorious reason. The bread-student is obliged to borrow from everything he undertakes a charm and brightness from without; the philosophical spirit finds in his object, in his labor itself, charm and reward. With how much more spirit he can undertake his task, how much more lively will be his zeal, how much more permanent will be his courage and his activity, since with him labor rejuvenates itself."

Thus far this genuine lover of truth, who searched for it with so pure a heart that he *found*, and who, in bestowing it upon others, "took care that its worth did not diminish under his hands." Similar views with those just exhibited in relation to the motives which should actuate the scholar and every laborer in the mines of science, have been recently expressed with great force and beauty by President Woolsey, of Yale College, in his inaugural address. Some passages of this noble production utter so timely a rebuke of the gross utilitarian *immediateism*, which so infects the age, and which makes it so powerless for the *present*, because so faithless in the *future*, that they, too, must be called in to enrich our argument. Every true mind, whether to give or to receive be its outward calling, will welcome such sentiments as these:

"The Christian teacher," he observes, "will estimate education not so much by its relation to immediate ends of a practical sort, as by its relation to high ends far more important than success in a profession, and the power of acquiring wealth and honor. He will value science to some extent for its own sake.

He will value it also as a necessary means for the formation of a perfect mind, and of an individual fitted for high usefulness." Reputation and other temporal ends are, indeed, by no means to be despised. Indeed, to shut our eyes to them entirely is not required even by religion, and to pretend to be insensible to their influence would betray either folly or affectation. But these objects are not to be *sought for*. They will come unsought and unasked to all who dare to live and labor for more excellent rewards. In general, it is true, that "the attainment of the better will involve that of the less worth." But should it *not*—should the general law be overruled for a season by some particular cause or causes from the operation of which "knowledge is" no longer "power" over the "beggarly elements," and intellectual wealth becomes another name for poverty of purse and condition—what then? Has all been in vain, the honorable effort, the intellectual diligence, the disciplined pursuit, the triumphal acqui-

sition? *There yet remains all that makes the essential difference between men.* There remains all that makes a difference between a man and no man—between an embased and an ennobled nature. "There remains," says the eloquent scholar just raised to the headship of New England's faithfullest university, "the priceless mind, all ready for usefulness, strong in its love of truth, imbued with the knowledge of principles, unwilling to stoop to what is low, and containing within itself a fountain of happiness."

With these happy conceptions of the true aims and rewards of learning, so encouraging to exertion, so necessary to successful results, we take our leave of the bread-scholar. We hope for his transformation into a truth-scholar. All hope for the world hangs on the realization of a final victory over the spirit of bread-scholarship. Truth is the real mistress of the world, and against her none can prosper; with her, none play a losing game.

SHAKSPEARE'S SONNETS.

Most readers of Shakspeare neglect his Sonnets altogether. To those who have occasionally attempted to search out their fullest meaning, the effort has been but partially successful, and perhaps quite too soon relinquished. Aside from the poems themselves, there is given us but little help. Nearly all the old critics, so ready with loquacious comments upon all the Plays, seem to have found themselves here only "looking on darkness which the blind do see,"—and are dumb. Notwithstanding, there seems to have been, very generally, a certain instinctive faith, that in these mysterious archives are locked some momentous records of the poet's inner life,—that here we may pause in reverent awe, and mark some foot-prints of earth's greatest spirit, left in the arid sands of mortality, during the days of its "fitful fever." And this faith is certainly not groundless.

The first decided effort at a complete exposition of the Sonnets, so far as we know, was made a few years since in one of the most popular of the English monthlies. The writer deserves much

credit for the attempt, and for the ingenuity with which his purpose is executed. Yet we think there are few readers who will not rise from the perusal of his almost endless lucubrations, without a feeling of dissatisfaction and dissent. He seems to have adopted many of his conclusions quite too hastily. Although he assures us that his text had not lacked much faithful and continuous reading; yet his assertions tend rather to continue us in the belief, that he first interpreted from caprice and then read in self-justification, than to indicate the confidence of one who had persevered in his study until all was clear and natural. Other comments have indeed been vouchsafed us, but these chiefly of a shorter, topical, description, combining altogether many valuable suggestions, with an abundance of absurd conjecture. On ground so little trodden, and so thickly enveloped in mists and darkness, there is, therefore, much necessity that every step should be taken with calmness and circumspection.

Not a little has been said as to the want of order in the arrangement of these

poems. We are told that they are thrown confusedly together, so that we shall be obliged to fly hither and thither continually, in order to follow out their connection, or to get at their true interpretation. All this seems to us much rather urged to make way for a favorite exposition of their meaning, than from any warrantable conclusions dependent on established facts. Grant the privilege of taking a passage here and there as we choose, and we may very easily come to imitate the cleverness of theological disputants, and share in their inextricable confusion. But these Sonnets must not be so frittered away.

Because a bookseller originally stole them from the friends of their author, for whose private perusal they were written, does it follow that his shame would prompt him to shuffle them into such shape as to render them unintelligible? To sell, they must be in a form to be read and understood. The publisher was doubtless, too well disciplined in avarice, to put them together in haste and unconcern. Moreover, they were afterward published with the author's enforced consent—with additions to the original number, and, we have every reason to suppose, subject to his own arrangement and revision. The order has since remained unchanged, and it has the poet's sanction. It is evidently just as it should be. All conspires to a perfect unity. There is, though much variety, a regular progress and unbroken harmony from beginning to end. As soon may we change the order of lines or words, as separate a single sonnet from the numeral that precedes it.

We come, then, to inquire whether these are indeed genuine revelations of the poet's personal feelings and experience, or whether we are to regard them solely as the vagaries of a moment. One supposition or the other must be the correct one. The youth whom Shakspeare so tenderly addresses, will, indeed, be found, in many respects, to resemble the ancient Narcissus; and there are occasional passages, wherein envious ingenuity (and that alone) can find the hint of an Alexis; but when we read the whole, all such appearances are found to be accidental or imaginary. From first to last we find but three persons. That one of these is the poet himself, in an unassumed character, no attentive reader can doubt.

That the other two—a male and a female—were real living persons, is equally certain from the whole tenor of these writings. Should it be objected, that Shakspeare would hardly consent to the publication of his inmost thoughts, we need only refer to the fact, that they were never intended for other eyes than those of his immediate friends.*

It is well to bear in mind the example of Petrarch (to which very possibly these persons owe their origin), whose revelations of personal passion and experience are even more frank and unguarded than those of Shakspeare; while the leading a life in the highest degree public, in the confidence of princes, and in the discharge of honored official duties, as the Italian is known to have done, such an event was in his case less probable. We are bound to take the words of Shakspeare as the sincere expression, in poetic dialect, of sentiments and emotions which had a constant abode in the depths of his soul. No other supposition will bear a momentary consideration. He that rightly reads these self-revelations will never doubt their genuine sincerity. He knows there is no affected sentimentality here, but only the poet's own intense and earnest feeling. The vagaries of a moment could have found no such language as this; and the reader of Cowley's "Mistress" who has heart may distinguish in them the exhibition of absurd affectation from that of profound and irresistible passion. While we regard the one, however ingenious, with a cool neglect, we behold the other, however misguided, with reverent sympathy. The one can only plead poetic license in defence of falsehood, the other ingeniously speaks the truth to his own hurt.

How, then, shall we proceed in our interpretation, and what kind of revelations must we expect? Let us not forget that every truly great work is always rightly understood, when we adopt the simplest and most natural meaning. It is the quality of the unlearned, (or what is still worse, the *half*-learned,) to seek for remote and obscure meanings; and a characteristic of the literary impostor, to leave in his writings a hint of some "hidden sense," which it is feared his reader will miss. If we here look for some profound communication of what no mortal ever before dreamed; if we

* We find it necessary to differ, here, from our contributor. Many remarkable expressions in the sonnets show that they were written for posterity.—ED.

expect an unbounded overflow of personal feeling, we ought to be much disappointed. Nothing is so notable in every other work of Shakspeare, as the absence of all semblance of egotism. And herein the superiority of our great poet is especially manifest. Dante forgets not his personal sympathies and antipathies, even in the miseries of hell or the felicities of heaven; and his own lost Beatrice is the chief spirit of all the Vision. Milton cannot but pause in the midst of his sublime colloquies and conflicts of gods and angels, to lament over his blindness, and to remember the wrongs of "evil men and evil times," on which he deemed himself to have fallen. Nothing more appropriately characterizes the poets of the days of Wordsworth and Shelley, than a stubborn persistency in thrusting upon the world their own individual peculiarities and experiences. Homer and Shakspeare merge themselves entirely in the mass of humanity. Their poems are never altars whereon to burn incense to themselves. If anything of this sort is to be found in these Sonnets, we are much mistaken. Meditations of himself are so rare in the poet, as to become exceedingly precious. Even these few words, suggested solely by his connection with those he loves, are never self-commendatory. We suspect that the ideas men usually receive from the passages wherein Shakspeare speaks so confidently of the immortality of his verses, are not well warranted by the state of mind in which they were written. It was ever the privilege to speak of "monuments more enduring than brass," and that without being esteemed particularly vain or presumptuous. If he has made an effort that shall be immortal, the whole praise is to be given to the subject by which he was inspired. He arrogates to himself no honor—he reserves no share in the glory—he expects to be himself forgot—to sink into a "common grave." Even there, where we thought to have found chiefly vanity and self-confidence, we are astonished by the reverse.

There are several sonnets near the close, which may be properly regarded as soliloquies of the poet. One of these so well exhibits the twofold subject of all this series of verse, and so truly possesses the reader with what he is to expect from the whole, that a portion of it might well have been placed at the beginning, by way of argument.

"Two loves I have—of comfort and despair,
Which, like two spirits, do suggest me still.

The better angel is a man right fair—
The worsor spirit, a woman colored ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her foul pride."

Who this "better angel" may have been, (to whom the first one hundred and twenty-six sonnets were undoubtedly addressed, though the language of some needs to be considered, with reference to the customary expressions of his time, to seem at all appropriate to a male friend,) is altogether beyond confident conjecture. The Earl of Southampton is very naturally suggested to our memory, in this connection. That so eminent a benefactor of the poet should never have been made a theme for his inspired lays, is to some quite incredible. It is not so to us. Godlike gifts are not, by godlike men, offered in exchange for coin. If the poet received money from his earthly fellow, we trust it was as a gift—for which he was not unduly thankful.

Gold does not buy friendship; and patronage has nothing in common with that affection which is based on equality. We never yet could understand that the beneficence of the earl was other than that of the infidel supporter of churches, that "he liked to see public amusements go on, and flourish." That the young noble had a great fondness for the theatre, is, indeed, well known. We read in a contemporary letter, (1599) that he "passed away the time in London, merely in going to plays every day." Shakspeare gave a sufficient return for all the kindness of which we have any evidence, by two prose dedications—wonderfully in contrast with the tone of the sonnets. The former are occasionally humble—almost servile; the latter are tinged, throughout, with a modest consciousness of the highest worth. Be his friend the greatest of earthly nobles, he is no whit inferior. He almost stoops, and yet, to be sure, he never puts off his modest bearing. That Shakspeare would not have actually used such freedom with a great noble, we are fully convinced. There is, moreover, one sonnet, which puts the matter for ever at rest. Although the Right Honorable Henry Wriothesly, Earl of Southampton and Baron of Zichfield, could not be strictly reckoned with

“great princes,” yet he approached too near this point, for the poet to venture the expression he uses; and that the young lord could literally “of public honor and proud titles boast,” is tolerably certain. We subjoin a part of the sonnet in question, and leave the “better angel” without even the shadow of a name.

“Let those who are in favor with their stars,

Of public honor and proud titles boast,
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,

Unlooked-for joy in that I honor most.
Great princes' favorites their fair leaves spread,

But as the marigold at the sun's eye,
And in themselves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.

Then happy I, that love and am beloved,
Where I may not remove, nor be removed.”

This youthful friend appeared to him the image and impersonation of masculine beauty and manly perfection. Here he treasured all the jewels of his intellect and affection, that could be properly assigned to man, as upon this other “love” all gentler conceptions, all bright and tender dreams, that cluster around the image of woman. These two loves—among actual things—the immortal genius must have, or be for ever a universal skeptic. These two loves he must have, or Hamlet and Desdemona had never been born. Words of our own serve no purpose, to speak of the extent and the ardor of this friendly devotion. Many of the finest images and most felicitous expressions which the whole range of English poetry can furnish, were originally bestowed upon this object of love; glowing fancies and glittering conceits, are poured out without stint; all the language of affection seems too feeble to set forth at all worthily the excess of his ardent attachment. We must bear in mind, indeed, the change of style since the Elizabethan era, and not question with ourselves the propriety of following contemporary tastes, which the greatest cannot wholly avoid. Yet, after all such allowances, we are unable to find, in the same number of lines, such an amount of genuine poetry, of the finest kind, and perennial through all the changes of time and taste, as in the sonnets which celebrate this love “of comfort.”

But the poet had, likewise, a love of

“despair,” to whom we must reluctantly turn.

The immortal bard seems not to have been one of those who precociously lisp in numbers. The villagers of Stratford may have seen in him but a very simple youth—perhaps idle and imprudent. Nor was the silent sarcasm of their looks much abated, probably, when they saw the uncultured boy of eighteen married—actually married, to a woman of twenty-six.

“Beautiful” is the epithet given, by some of the old manuscripts, to the name of Anne Hathaway—and, we doubt not, with the utmost propriety. Of the four years of this domestic life at Stratford, we have but few authentic intimations. What visions of immortality may have then hovered around that restless brain—or whether only simple comfort, and a gladsome hearth in obscurity, bounded the whole reach of his wishes—it were vain to conjecture. However this may have been, poverty's dank mildew came down upon all his earthly prospects. In all the ways his ingenuity seems to have been racked to devise for securing a livelihood, no prospering sun shone upon his labors. Not without one last struggle, however, will he settle down, with his wife and babes, into disgraceful and helpless indigence.

The poet's thoughts are turned towards London. Anne and her pretty babes are left behind—but not yet forsaken. Who that knows the gentle Shakspeare, can doubt for a moment the sincere, even tearful tenderness of that momentous parting? But who was the author of *Hamlet*—when all the rough exterior of the thoughtless boy was worn off by years of severe culture; and the poet had come forth, clear and shining, from the fires of suffering—that his spirit could find one pulse of sympathy in the bosom of his poor loving Anne? That boyish dream was passed—passed away for ever! Only was it, we now clearly see, a sensuous fancy, fallacious and fleeting—from the maker of *Hamlet*, vanished like a half-remembered sabbath of childhood!

It has been asserted that very many of the Sonnets which precede the hundred-twenty-sixth must have been addressed to the “woman colored ill.” That this notion is erroneous, is plainly enough seen, on comparing those which follow, with those which precede, the point in question. It is the very excess of panegyric upon the “man right fair” that has, in part, we doubt not, led to this hasty

conjecture. But nothing is so noticeable in all that indisputably belongs to the portion addressed to the female "love," as the absence of every thing like the praise of personal beauty; nay, we find the contrary of all this to be the general tenor. We regard this fact alone sufficient to establish our position on this matter against all assault. Did not our own judgment forbid such an opinion, however, we should feel much delight in believing that all that part from the hundred-ninth to the hundred-nineteenth, inclusive, was addressed to poor Anne; and there is abundant sadness in the thought that such a thing was impossible. To whom could the poet more fitly have said, if truly felt:

"O never say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seemed my flame to qualify!

As easy might I from myself depart,
As from my soul which in thy breast doth lie:

That is my home of love: if I have ranged,
Like him that travels, I return again."

"What potions have I drunk of syren tears,
Distilled from limbecks foul as hell within,

Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,
Still losing when I saw myself to win!
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,

‡ Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never!

How have mine eyes out of their spheres
been fitted,

In the distraction of this madding fever!
O benefit of ill! now I find true

That better is by evil still made better,
And ruined love, when it is built anew,
Grows fairer than at first, more strong,
far greater.

So I return rebuked to my content,
And gain by ill, thrice more than I have spent."

But no. Poor Anne had long since become an object of weak memory. Even in his will, she was at first entirely forgotten—and afterward the excess of his loving remembrance was the gift of his "second-best bed." Such a result to the hasty, fanciful loves of early youth was to be expected, indeed, yet cannot but be lamented!

The name of the woman celebrated in the burning lines which complete the series, must remain as yet unknown—deserves not to be known. That she had black eyes, and that those eyes had all the powers of an enchanter, upon

Shakspeare, we are well informed. That she was, though not the fairest, yet, the most bewitching of women, her illustrious lover fully witnesses. That the love between them was at one time reciprocal, and that the fair one had sworn to be his for ever, is placed altogether beyond doubt. The full consciousness of his former vows was indeed before him—yet he had already seen their mistaken phrensy. He could only excuse himself in the words of Longaville:

"My vow was EARTHLY—thou a HEAVENLY love!"

But transgression, however excused, (and none knew this better than the unhappy lover himself,) cannot fail of its retribution. The woman proves false: Anne is more than avenged. The lover is encompassed with chains he cannot now break. His "female evil" seduces his friend, also, into guilt—she becomes totally depraved—she drives the poet to the borders of madness. Full of haughty and fiendish caprice, she tortures her slave with despite and cruelty; then adds a new weight to his fetters, by the momentary fascinations of her loving glance and smile. Even after she has become hopelessly bad, the lover is compelled to dote, where he ought but to loathe. Again and again, it seems fully settled that the "false plague" shall taint him no more, but again and again he suffers those deceitful lips to cheat him. She remains ever fixed in his memory, as once the "heavenly love" of better days—as now, and onward for ever, the love of "despair."

"My love is as a fever, longing still
For that which longer nurseth the disease!

* * * * *
Past cure I am, now reason is past care,
And frantic-mad with evermore unrest;
My thoughts and discourse as madmen's

are,
At random from the truth vainly expressed;

For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,

Who art as black as hell, as dark as night."

After such a picture as several of the latter sonnets exhibit, some, no doubt, are inclined to regard the two concluding as altogether tame and anti-climactic. They are indeed the exact reverse. We know not how a more touching con-

clusion could have been conceived, than this beautiful allegory. Its very repetition is one of the finest strokes of poetical art. It is scarcely inferior to that most affecting scene, in which Ophelia appears—deliriously singing fragments of wild songs, and dancing so recklessly and unfeelingly over the hot embers of her misery. Her light expressions seem the fittest interpreters of the grief that rent her young heart, just as her reason passed within the cloud. As the convulsions of our nerves prevent the extension of joyous emotion into the limits of distraction, throwing off the excess in laughter; so is there a point beyond which grief cannot be endured, without suffering the fate of Ophelia, and at which the

current must turn aside into seemingly irrelevant levity, if, when forced to remain on the borders of madness, we would keep on the side of sanity. This seems to be the position of Shakspeare. Those who read the preceding sonnets most worthily, will be most fully prepared to appreciate the fine allegory of TEARS—as subtle as it is touching.

Sad as is the condition here exhibited, we must regard it not only as literally true, but as scarcely less than inevitable. The lot of genius is loneliness and sorrow. The beautiful drapery which the poet hangs over all the apartments of our life, is woven from the bitterest of human experiences, and dyed from the blood of his own heart—wring out with anguish.

T H E M A R I N E R .

In Nieve's Bay the winds are high,
The yesty waters lash the shoals,
The lightnings seam the ebon sky,
Around the broken thunder rolls,
And to and fro beneath its shocks
The green earth like a cradle rocks.

The startled eagle seeks his nest,
The trembling flocks troop to their fold,
For some serener place of rest
The fawn forsakes the dangerous wold,
And through the air a voice of fear
Shrieks, "Woe to the helpless Mariner!"

The reaper rises from his work,
And upward casts a pallid look
Upon the low heavens, grim and mirk;
The shepherd leans upon his crook,
And from his simple heart a prayer
Sends up for the helpless Mariner.

The hoary sailor looks aloft,
And for his brethren heaves a sigh;
The maiden turns her blue eye soft
Along the storm-enshrouded sky—
Trembles from her young heart the prayer—
"God save the helpless Mariner!"

The anxious mother walks the floor,
Thinking upon her sun-burnt child,
Whose pathway lies amid the roar
Of India's waters dark and wild,
And from her pale lips bursts the prayer—
"God save the helpless Mariner!"

They start at the boom of the minute-gun—
 They see by the lightning's livid flash
 The cutter leap the billow dun,
 Like a fiery steed beneath the lash—
 Her pale crew clinging to the mast,
 Are driv'n like spirits before the blast.—

All night they hear the signal peal—
 All night, by the blazing cannon's breath,
 They see the bark like a drunkard reel
 Above the yawning gulf of death—
 Hoarse utterance whispers forth the prayer—
 "God save the helpless Mariner!"

The morning breaks on Nieve's wave
 That calmly sleeps as airs of June,
 And all that drifts above the grave
 Of the cutter in the deep lagoon
 Is a maiden fair, with long black hair,
 In the death-clasp of the Mariner.

THOMAS CORWIN.

HOWEVER much we may differ with a thoroughly conscientious man in opinion, he cannot fail to command our admiration and confidence. This is especially true in these days of compromise and servility to the claims of party: for where so much is lost, at least in temporary consequence, by standing out against such claims, when their moral correctness is doubtful, the highest personal virtue is necessary to resist and overcome the temptations of personal interest to yield to them. These remarks are illustrated in the present position and character of THOMAS CORWIN. His course in relation to the War with Mexico has marked him before the nation and the world. He has dared to think as his conscience bade him—to think and speak boldly what he thought. His enemies may denounce him as a traitor, and his friends reproach him for imprudence; but thinking men of the present times cannot but honor his manly independence, as posterity will assuredly commend the virtue that is displayed in it. It is natural for the country to wish to know something of the history and character of such a man. This, it is proposed briefly to give.

Thomas Corwin was born in Bourbon county, Kentucky, July 29th, 1794. At the age of four years, he was made a

permanent resident of Ohio, by the removal of his parents to Warren county, in that state, in the year 1798. His father, for many years, was one of the most respectable and honored men of Ohio. For a long time a member of the legislature of the state, he was distinguished for the dignity and impartiality with which he presided, for several years, over its upper branch. The son was and is worthy of the father. The early pursuits of the former were of the humbler kind; suited to a position entirely unpretending, and admirably calculated, under the influence of the consistent presence of a virtuous example, to establish in the early character the foundations of the highest future usefulness. As might be supposed, from the influence of such early associations, instantly acting upon a strong and sensitive mind, it is not surprising that uncompromising firmness, and integrity of character, should every where be associated with his name, among the companionships and neighborhoods of his early life.

The community in which he was educated, and where are to be found his warmest friends, because there he is best known, were not less sensible of his talents than of his virtues. His mind was early accustomed to habits of thought; and thus fitted him, at an early day, to

exert a decided influence upon those around him in concerns of a general public interest. It may be said of him, as of but few others, comparatively speaking, that he was grounded and formed in the principles calculated to render a public man eminently useful, before he became one. Instead of waiting for public life to teach him lessons, he thoroughly learned, in private life, what could not fail to fit him for a public one. This learning in him was associated with a uniform and unyielding adherence to abstract truth; and, therefore, doubtless it is, that in a public career of some twenty-two or three years, he has always been on the same side of *principle*, whenever, in occasional issues with political friends, it has been supposed to be in conflict with *expediency*. Such a character in Mr. Corwin made him an early object of attention to the people of his neighborhood, is happily destined to do credit to a political career; and he had passed but a short period the constitutional age of eligibility, when he was elected to the House of Representatives of Ohio.

His career, as a representative in the state legislature, though short, was characterized by the marks of independence, uprightness, and eloquence which have given him so much distinction since. Those who knew him intimately twenty years ago, express no surprise at his course on the Mexican question, at the last session of Congress. Nor were they surprised that that course was vindicated by an effort of argument and eloquence such as the country or the world has rarely witnessed. On a smaller theatre, the same sort of power, both moral and intellectual, had been seen before, and with something of the same effort: for, if we remember rightly, his high tone in vindication of a great and cardinal abstract right, in the legislature of the state, placed him for a short season in a sort of cloud with the friends with whom he generally acted. But his election to Congress, a short time after, showed that the cloud was only a passing one; and that he was all the stronger with a discriminating people; that he had dared, in the honest conviction that he was right, to brave the ordeal of a temporarily opposing public sentiment.

Mr. Corwin's career in Congress was of nine years' continuance. He resigned his seat after the first session of the last term, in consequence of being made the candidate for governor of Ohio. His

course in Congress was that of a careful, thoughtful, conscientious man. His appearance in debate was rare, but always effective. The announcement of his name was an assurance of profound stillness in the House. That stillness continued while he occupied the floor, except as it was sometimes broken by demonstrations of excitement, such as wit, argument and eloquence like his must occasionally produce. His vindication of the venerated Harrison from the attack of Gen. Cray of Michigan, will be long remembered as adding a page of rare note to the history of American eloquence. And, familiar as the speech and its history must be to the general reader, we are impelled to allude to them here for the sake of those whose familiarity with public affairs is of an origin more recent than 1840.

General Harrison was nominated for President by the Whig National Convention, which assembled at Harrisburg, Pa., in December, 1839, and the signs of the times indicated a vehement and doubtful contest. A determined onset was made upon the personal character and military services of Gen. H. at the opening of Congress, with the obvious intent of placing him *hors du combat* in the outset, and thus preventing that concentration of the elements of Opposition upon him, which ultimately proved so overwhelming. The debates in Congress were naturally the channels of this onslaught, and among the assailants was Mr. Isaac E. Cray, then sole member from Michigan, who, on the 14th of February, seized the occasion presented by a debate in committee of the whole on the *Cumberland Road*, to enlighten mankind with his views of Gen. Harrison's deficiencies as a military commander, his mistakes at Tippecanoe, &c., &c. The attack and its author would have long ago faded from the general remembrance, but for the fact that Mr. Corwin obtained the floor for a reply, and on the following day overwhelmed the assailant with a torrent of humor, sarcasm, and ridicule, such as has seldom been poured out in any deliberative body. The following well-remembered passage will give the reader not already familiar with it some idea of the entire speech:

"In all other countries, and in all former times, a gentleman who would either speak or be listened to on the subject of war, involving subtle criticisms and strategy, and careful reviews of marches, sieges, battles, regular and casual, and irregular onslaughts,

would be required to show, first, that he had studied much, investigated fully, and digested the science and history of his subject. But here, sir, no such painful preparation is required: witness the gentleman from Michigan! He has announced to the House that he is a militia general on the peace establishment! That he is a lawyer we know, tolerably well read in Tidd's Practice and Espinasse's Nisi Prius. These studies, so happily adapted to the subject of war, with an appointment in the militia in time of peace, furnish him at once with all the knowledge necessary to discourse to us, as from high authority, upon all the mysteries of the 'trade of death.' Again, Mr. Speaker, it must occur to every one that we, to whom these questions are submitted and these military criticisms are addressed, being all colonels at least, and most of us, like the gentleman himself, brigadiers, are, of all conceivable tribunals, best qualified to decide any nice point connected with military science. I hope the House will not be alarmed with the impression that I am about to discuss one or the other of the military questions now before us at length, but I wish to submit a remark or two, by way of preparing us for a proper appreciation of the merits of the discourse we have heard. I trust, as we are all brother-officers, that the gentleman from Michigan and the two hundred and forty colonels or generals of this honorable House, will receive what I have to say as coming from an old brother in arms, and addressed to them in a spirit of candour,

'Such as becometh comrades free,
Reposing after victory.'

"Sir, we all know the military studies of the gentleman from Michigan before he was promoted. I take it to be beyond a reasonable doubt that he had perused with great care the title-page of 'Baron Steuben.' Nay, I go farther; as the gentleman has incidentally assured us that he is prone to look into rusty and neglected volumes, I venture to assert, without vouching the least from personal knowledge, that he has prosecuted his researches so far as to be able to know that the rear rank stands right behind the front. This, I think, is fairly inferable from what I understood him to say of the two lines of encampment at Tippecanoe. Thus we see, Mr. Speaker, that the gentleman from Michigan, so far as study can give knowledge of a subject, comes before us with great claims to profundity. But this is a subject which, of all others, requires the aid of actual experience to make us wise. Now the gentleman from Michigan, being a militia general, as he has told us, his brother-officers, in that simple statement has revealed the glorious history of toils, privations, sacrifices and bloody scenes, through which, we know from experience and observation, a militia officer in time of peace is sure to pass. We all, in fancy, now see the gentleman from Michigan in that most dangerous and glorious event in the life of a militia general on the peace establishment—a parade-day! That day, for which all the other days of his life seem to have been made. We can see the troops in motion—umbrellas, hoes, and axes—handles, and other like deadly implements

of war, overshadowing all the field: when, lo! the leader of the host approaches!

'Far off his coming' shines:

His plume white, after the fashion of the great Bourbon, is of awful length, and reads its doleful history in the bereaved necks and bosoms of forty neighbouring hen-roots. Like the great Suwaroff, he seems somewhat careless in forms or points of dress; hence his epaulettes may be on his shoulders, back, or sides, but still gleaming, gloriously gleaming, in the sun. Mounted he is, too, let it not be forgotten. Need I describe to the colonels and generals of this honorable House the steed which heroes bestride on these occasions? No! I see the memory of other days is with you. You see before you the gentleman from Michigan mounted on his cropeared, bushy-tailed mare, the singular obliquity of whose hinder limbs is best described by that most expressive phrase, "sickle hams,"—for height just fourteen hands, 'all told;' yes, sir: there you see his 'steed that laughs at the shaking of the spear;' that is his 'war-horse whose neck is clothed with thunder.' Mr. Speaker, we have glowing descriptions in history of Alexander the Great and his war-horse Bucephalus, at the head of the invincible Macedonian phalanx; but, sir, such are the improvements of modern times that every one must see that our militia general, with his cropeared mare, with bushy tail and sickle ham, would totally frighten off a battle-field a hundred Alexanders. But, sir, to the history of the parade-day. The general, thus mounted and equipped, is in the field, and ready for action. On the eve of some desperate enterprise, such as giving order to shoulder arms, it may be, there occurs a crisis, one of those accidents of war, which no sagacity could foresee nor prevent. A cloud rises and passes over the sun! Here is an occasion for the display of that greatest of all traits in the history of a commander—the tact which enables him to seize upon and turn to good account unlooked-for events as they arise. Now for the caution wherewith the Roman Fabius foiled the skill and courage of Hannibal! A retreat is ordered, and troops and general, in a twinkling, are found safely bivouacked in a neighboring grocery. But even here the general still has room for the exhibition of heroic deeds. Hot from the field, and chafed with the heroic events of the day, your general unsheathes his trenchant blade, eighteen inches in length, as you will well remember, and with energy and remorseless fury he slices the water-melons that lie in heaps around him, and shares them with his surviving friends. Other of the sinews of war are not wanting here. Whiskey, Mr. Speaker, that great leveller of modern times, is here also, and the shells of the water-melons are filled to the brim. Here again, Mr. Speaker, is shown how the extremes of Barbarism and Civilization meet. As the Scandinavian heroes of old, after the fatigues of War, drank wine from the skulls of their slaughtered enemies, in Odin's halls, so now our militia general and his forces, from the skulls of melons thus vanquished, in copious draughts of whiskey assuage the heroic fire of their souls, after a parade-day. But, alas

for this short-lived race of ours! all things will have an end, and so is it even with the glorious achievements of our general. Time is on the wing, and will not stay his flight; the sun, as if frightened at the mighty events of the day, rides down the sky, and at the close of the day, 'when the hamlet is still,' the curtain of night drops upon the scene,

'And Glory, like the phœnix in its fires,
Exhales its odors, blazes, and expires.'

It need hardly be added that the Michigan general, who was alluded to in debate a few days after, by J. Q. Adams, as "the late Mr. Crary," retired from Congress at the close of that term, and has not since been in public life. Not even in its palmiest days has his party ventured on the perilous experiment of attempting to lift him out of the abyss of ridicule into which he had presumptuously hurled himself.

The question is often asked, why a man of so much power in debate should so seldom exercise it. It is believed that the true reason for this is most highly creditable to his character. He is diffident of his powers, and exerts them in debate rather from compulsion than from will. Those who know him, know that he abominates all speaking that is merely for display. The dread of incurring an imputation of that sort has, doubtless, had much to do in fixing him in the silence which has hitherto too strongly marked his course in Congress. It certainly is to be hoped that the consciousness which he has a right to feel, that he is infinitely above the danger of any such imputation now, will in future make him more active and prominent in the current debates of the Senate.

Mr. Corwin's career as Governor of Ohio was limited to a single term of two years. His position, under the constitution, which makes the Executive office nearly nominal, was one rather of dignity than of power; and afforded him but little opportunity for the exhibition of those talents for which his course in other positions has shown him so remarkable.

His election to the Senate of the United States, by the Whig party, against a competition in its own ranks, which was, of itself, high honor, was perhaps the truest and highest expression that could have been given of the estimation in which he was held by the people of Ohio, and especially by the Whig party. He had been constantly before the people, in some public relation or other, for over

twenty years. He had been thoroughly tried, thoroughly understood, and thoroughly confided in. His independence was undoubted, his integrity proverbial, and his politics of the truest Whig stamp. In this character he now stands before this nation; with nothing in his recent position that should deduct from it; but every thing that should give additional force and influence to it. In his opposition to appropriations for a farther prosecution of the War, he certainly, at every risk of disadvantage to his own personal influence, took the highest ground of opposition to Executive misrule; and, whether right or wrong in the judgment which marked his course, he has won a reputation for integrity and firmness of which any statesman of any age might well be proud.

We could not consent to close this hurried sketch without citation from that great speech, which, approve or condemn it as you will—and there are many true-minded men who have done both—is interwoven enduringly with the history of our time. We quote from the concluding passage:

"Mr. President, this uneasy desire to augment our territory, has depraved the moral sense, and blighted the otherwise keen sagacity of our people. What has been the fate of all nations who have acted upon the idea that they must advance? Our young orators cherish this notion with a fervid, but fatally mistaken zeal. They call it by the mysterious name of 'destiny.' 'Our destiny,' they say, is onward, and hence they argue, with ready sophistry, the propriety of seizing upon any territory and any people, that may lie in the way of our 'fated' advance. Recently these Progressives have grown classical; some assiduous student of antiquities has helped them to a patron saint. They have wandered back into the desolated Pantheon, and there, among the Polytheistic relics of that 'pale mother of dead empires,' they have found a god whom these Romans, centuries gone by, baptized 'Terminus.'

"Sir, I have heard much and read somewhat of this gentleman, Terminus. Alexander, of whom I have spoken, was a devotee of this divinity. We have seen the end of him and his empire. It was said to be an attribute of this god that he must *always* advance, and never recede. So both republican and imperial Rome believed. It was, as they said, their destiny; and, for a while, it did seem to be even so. Roman Terminus did advance. Under the eagles of Rome, he was carried from his home on the Tiber, to the farthest East on one hand, and to the far West, among the then barbarous tribes of Western Europe, on the other. But at length the time came, when retributive justice had become 'a destiny.' The despised Gaul calls out to the contemned Goth, and Attila, with his Huns, answers back the battle-shout:

to both. The 'blue-eyed nations of the North,' in succession or united, pour forth their countless hosts of warriors upon Rome and Rome's always advancing god Terminus. And now the battle-axe of the barbarian strikes down the conquering eagle of Rome. Terminus, at last, recedes; slowly, at first, but finally he is driven to Rome, and from Rome to Byzantium. Whoever would know the farther fate of this Roman deity, so lately taken under the patronage of American Democracy, may find ample gratification of his curiosity in the luminous pages of Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall.' Such will find that Rome thought as you now think, that it was her destiny to conquer provinces and nations, and, no doubt, she sometimes said, as you say, 'I will conquer a peace.' And where now is she—the Mistress of the World? The spider weaves his web in her palaces; the owl sings his watch-song in her towers. Teutonic power now lords it over the servile remnant, the miserable memento of old and once omnipotent Rome. Sad, very sad, are the lessons which Time has written for us. Through and in them all, I see nothing but the inflexible execution of that old law, which ordains as eternal the cardinal rule, 'Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods, nor *any thing* which is his.' Since I have lately heard so much about the dismemberment of Mexico, I have looked back to see how, in the course of events, which some call 'Providence,' it has fared with other nations, who engaged in this work of dismemberment. I see that in the latter half of the eighteenth century, three powerful nations, Russia, Austria, and Prussia, united in the dismemberment of Poland. They said, too, as you say, 'It is our destiny.' They 'wanted room.' Doubtless, each of these thought, with his share of Poland, his power was too strong ever to fear invasion or even insult. One had his California; another, his New Mexico; and the third, his Vera Cruz. Did they remain untouched and incapable of harm? Alas! no; far, very far from it. Retributive justice must fulfil its destiny, too. A very few years pass off, and we hear of a new man, a Corsican lieutenant, the self-named 'armed soldier of Democracy,' Napoleon. He ravages Austria, covers her land with blood, drives the Northern Cæsar from his capital, and sleeps in his palace. Austria may now remember how her power trampled upon Poland. Did she not pay dear, very dear, for her California?

"But has Prussia no atonement to make? You see this same Napoleon, the blind instrument of Providence, at work there. The thunders of his cannon at Jena proclaim the work of retribution for Poland's wrongs; and the successors of the Great Frederick, the drill-sergeant of Europe, are seen flying across the sandy plains that surround their capital, right glad if they may escape captivity and death. But how fares it with the Autocrat of Russia? Is he secure in his share of the spoils of Poland? No. Suddenly we see, sir, six hundred thousand armed men marching to Moscow. Does his Vera Cruz protect him now? Far from it. Blood, slaughter, desolation spread abroad over the land, and finally, the conflagration of the old commercial metropolis of Russia, closes the

retribution she must pay for her share; in the dismemberment of her weak and impotent neighbor. Mr. President, a mind more prone to look for the judgments of heaven in the doings of men than mine, cannot fail in this to see the Providence of God. When Moscow burned, it seemed as if the earth was lighted up, that the Nations might behold the scene. As that mighty sea of fire gathered and heaved and rolled upward, and yet higher, till its flames licked the stars, and fired the whole heavens, it did seem as though the God of the Nations was writing in characters of flame on the front of his throne, that doom that shall fall upon the strong nation which tramples in scorn upon the weak. And what fortune awaits him, the appointed executor of this work, when it was all done? He, too, conceived the notion that his destiny pointed onward to universal dominion. France was too small—Europe, he thought, should bow down before him. But as soon as this idea takes possession of his soul, he, too, becomes powerless. His Terminus must recede, too. Right there, while he witnessed the humiliation, and, doubtless, meditated the subjugation of Russia. He who holds the winds in His fist, gathered the snows of the North, and blew them upon his six hundred thousand men; they died—they froze—they perished. And now the mighty Napoleon, who had resolved on universal dominion, *he*, too, is summoned to answer for the violation of that ancient law, 'Thou shalt not covet anything which is thy neighbor's.' How is the mighty fallen! He, beneath whose proud footstep Europe trembled, he is now an exile at Elba, and now finally a prisoner on the rock of St. Helena—and there, on a barren island, in an unfrequented sea, in the crater of an extinguished volcano, *there* is the death-bed of the mighty conqueror. All his *annexations* have come to that! His last hour is now come; and he, the man of *destiny*, he who had rocked the world as with the throes of an earthquake, is now powerless, still—even as the beggar, so he died. On the wings of a tempest that raged with unwonted fury, up to the throne of the only Power that controlled him while he lived, went the fiery soul of that wonderful warrior, another witness to the existence of that eternal decree, that they who do not rule in righteousness shall perish from the earth. He has found 'room' at last. And France, *she*, too, has found 'room.' Her 'eagles' now no longer scream along the banks of the Danube, the Po and the Borysthènes. They have returned home, to their old eyrie, between the Alps, the Rhine, and the Pyrenees. So shall it be with yours. You may carry them to the loftiest peaks of the Cordilleras, they may wave with insolent triumph in the Halls of the Montezumas, the armed men of Mexico may quail before them, but the weakest hand in Mexico, uplifted in prayer to the God of justice, may call down against you a Power, in the presence of which the iron hearts of your warriors shall be turned into ashes.

"Mr. President, if the history of our race has established any truth, it is but a confirmation of what is written, 'The way of the transgressors is hard.' Inordinate Ambition, wantoning in power, and spurning the humble maxims of Justice has—ever has—and

ever shall end in ruin. Strength cannot always trample upon weakness—the humble shall be exalted—the bowed down will at length be lifted up. It is by faith in the law of strict justice, and the practice of its precepts, that nations alone can be saved. All the annals of the human race, sacred and profane, are written over with this great truth, in characters of living light. It is my fear, my fixed belief, that in this invasion, this war with Mexico, we have forgotten this vital truth. Why is it, that we have been drawn into this whirlpool of war? How clear and strong was the light that shone upon the path of duty a year ago! The last disturbing question with England was settled—our power extended its peaceful sway from the Atlantic to the Pacific; from the Alleghanies we looked out upon Europe, and from the tops of the Stony Mountains we could descry the shores of Asia; a rich commerce with all the nations of Europe poured wealth and abundance into our lap on the Atlantic side, while an unoccupied commerce of three hundred millions of Asiatics waited on the Pacific for our enterprise to come and possess it. One hundred millions of dollars will be wasted in this fruitless war. Had this money of the people been expended in making a railroad from your Northern Lakes to the Pacific, as one of your citizens has begged of you in vain, you would have made a highway for the world between Asia and Europe. Your capital then would be within thirty or forty days' travel of any and every point on the map of the civilized world. Through this great artery of trade, you would have carried through the heart of your own country the teas of China, and the spices of India, to the markets of England and France. Why, why, Mr. President, did we abandon the enterprises of peace, and betake ourselves to the barbarous achievements of war? Why did we 'forsake *this* fair and fertile field to batten on that *moor*?'

"But, Mr. President, if further acquisition of territory is to be the result either of conquest or treaty, then I scarcely know which should be preferred, eternal war with Mexico, or the hazards of internal commotion at home, which last I fear *may* come, if another province is to be added to our territory. * * * We stand this day on the crumbling brink of that gulf—we see its bloody eddies wheeling and boiling before us—shall we not pause before it be too late? How plain again is here the path, I may add the only way of duty, of prudence, of true patriotism! Let us abandon all idea of acquiring farther territory, and by consequence cease at once to prosecute this war. Let us call home our armies, and bring them at once within our own acknowledged limits. Show Mexico that you are sincere when you say that you desire nothing by conquest. She has learned that she cannot encounter you in war, and if she had not, she is too weak to disturb you here. Tender her peace, and my life on it, she will then accept it. But whether she shall or not, you will have peace without her consent. It was your invasion that made war, your retreat will restore peace. Let us then close for ever the approaches to internal feud, and so return to the ancient concord and the old ways of national prosperity and permanent lory. Let us here, in this tem-

ple consecrated to the Union, perform a solemn lustration; let us wash Mexican blood from our hands, and on these altars, in the presence of that image of the Father of his Country that looks down upon us, swear to preserve honorable peace with all the world, and eternal brotherhood with each other."

Mr. Corwin's private life, from boyhood up, has been marked by the strictest virtue and the most stainless honor. His professional career, as a part of it, has been distinguished for benevolence and justice. His social qualities are of the highest order, and impart the happiest influence upon all who are so fortunate as to enjoy the advantages of them. Few men excel him in colloquial power, or in the range of intelligence to make it the most attractive. His life has been one of laborious study, and his mind is highly charged with useful learning and well-digested principles. He has read much, and with careful discrimination—applying the most careful thought of his own mind in the speculations of others. However, his opinions on all subjects are uniformly his own. No man is more unpretending in his attainments, or more modest in exhibiting them; but at the same time, no man can be more decided in resisting the prescriptions of mere authority. His mind, in its philosophic spirit, is formed mainly upon the principle of self-reliance; and he values and uses learning rather as a means to help him think than to supply him with thoughts. It is, however, high proof in favor of the principles of any party or category with which he may sympathize and act, that they have been thoroughly thought out by him from their simplest elements, and finally adopted by him as ascertained truths. He allows no mere party reasons for his convictions, and wants no party aid for their support.

As a public speaker, Mr. Corwin is gifted far above the ordinary standard of parliamentary experience. His manner is perfectly self-possessed—his thoughts flow forth in the most lucid forms: his language is in the purest taste—always strong, though frequently in a high degree erratic. In all his efforts, whether of the more elaborate or of the lighter kind, he fixes attention in the outset, and holds it, unbroken, to the end. It is, evidently, one of the secrets of his power, that he knows when he has exhausted a subject, and where to stop. He is so clear in his conceptions, and exact in his arrangements of them, that he never

repeats himself; and hence never offends, as do many of the best speakers, by occasional indications of a want of thorough understanding of their own minds.

In the mixed walks of eloquence, when under the excitement of a great subject, and a grand and responsible occasion for the discussion of it, Mr. Corwin often exhibits powers which could hardly be excelled. He has moments of intense strength, in which he seems to rise, unconsciously, high above his own ordinary level, and to wield, with almost superhuman power, the grandest thoughts; setting them forth in the sublimest images, and clothing them in the most beautiful forms of speech. On occasions that properly admit of the application of the highest powers of wit, his efforts are unrivalled. His quick perception of the weak points of an adversary's position, and, if open to ridicule, his ready association of them with the most grotesque forms of exposure, give often, even to his grave speeches, a force and influence which the severest logic would utterly fail to give. The amiable and gentlemanly temper, moreover, with which he exerts these high and even dangerous powers, saves him from all hazard of giving personal offence in the application of them, and it is proverbially said of him, that the object of his satire is usually among the most entertained of those who listen to it. The treat is too rich to be quarreled with, even by the victim whom it would annihilate.

But, after all, the most striking and captivating feature in his speaking, is, that he allows no doubt in his auditory of the entire sincerity of what he is saying. It is a man uttering great and important truths, under the impulses of deep conviction, and not a mere declaimer or advocate, who would produce effect for an occasion. And this great feature of Mr. Corwin's speaking, which stands out so prominently in every speech he makes, no matter what the audience, the place, or the occasion, is the necessary result of that self-culture, which, in his habitual studies, keeps the watches of an honest and conscientious heart, in constant company with the labors of a clear, serene, and self-poised mind.

As a writer, Mr. Corwin's pursuits

have never required of him to make any especial exhibitions—though those who enjoy the privilege of his correspondence know that his occasional discussions in the exact forms of writing, are not inferior to his more accustomed efforts of the forensic kind. He writes as he speaks; in a style of the purest taste and most direct expression, with all the earnestness of deep conviction, and the conscientiousness that he has something to say.

Mr. Corwin is not an ambitious man, in any low or vulgar sense. His whole life has proved his aspirations to be of the loftiest and purest kind. The high places he has so long occupied in public affairs, seem to come to him as a matter of course. He has been no seeker after them; and has submitted to none of the compromises of self-respect, so sadly common in our country, to obtain them. Deeply studied in the institutions of his country, and profoundly animated with the sentiment of patriotism that would administer and maintain them in their true strength and purity, he has occupied such positions in relation to them as were perfectly natural, and such as it would have been a sort of moral treason, in a man of his gifts, to have declined. His ambition is to be eminently useful; and if the marks of public confidence which have been so lavishly bestowed upon him, are to be regarded as proofs, his ambition has not been without success.

We have thus spoken of Mr. Corwin, and in no spirit of adulation, nor with any purpose of gaining to him any artificial or fictitious importance before the nation. We have spoken, because it is important that such a man should be talked and written about, and made known to the nation. It is quite obvious, that his position as a man, and as an American statesman, is now high. It is destined to be higher—not, perhaps, in outward rank, but in that depth and universality of public esteem and reliance, which are the fruit of many and arduous trials, and a long life of single-hearted devotion to principle. Be these trials never so many or so arduous, they will leave unsullied the lofty name, unspotted the steadfast soul, of THOMAS CORWIN.

MORE GOSSIP FROM "A NEW CONTRIBUTOR."

DEAR LEMUEL: I will wait for some cold, cheerless day to tell how I passed the summer at home, while you were traveling; how I drove "the tandem nature gave me," through brake, through briar, for a circuit of ten miles around, in search of flowers and health, and how I found new beauties each day, and how I preached the evangel of health and happiness to other beauties, and how they took delight, and added to mine, in our New England scenery; and how I hunted woodchucks,* cared for the garden and orchard, &c., &c. People who pass their lives under cover, have no idea how many of heaven's blessings it shuts off from them. My literary occupation was of a most ragged, out-at-elbows, ramshackle description; chapters, and parts of chapters; single stanzas, and anthological dippings in the middle and end of half the books on my shelves, title-pages and foot-notes, with other odds, ends, and miscellaneous slip-slops in magazines and newspapers. Almost the only work that I went through with was Heine's *Salon*, a collection of essays on various

subjects, and of poems like those in the *Reisebilder*. If your interest in the man and his writings continues, please procure his French book, *De l'Allemagne*, where you will find more carefully digested and re-arranged most of his views expressed here and elsewhere, on Religion, Politics, and Literature; his Pantheism, his Jacobinism, his criticisms, often unjust and mingled with inexcusable personal attacks on authors, but never dull; his atrocious blasphemy, disgusting obscenity, quaint and poetical fancies, sound and noble thoughts, and will obtain a more correct idea of his varied and brilliant abilities and their painful perversion than I could possibly give you. Such a man cannot write a book devoid of merits; and though they may be more than balanced by the defiling influence of other parts, yet it is worth our while to know something of one of the most prominent and gifted members of young Europe, whose productions have attracted much attention on the continent and in England, and are still working as one of the elements of

* A passage from a helter-skelter letter, which Lemuel has received since, refers to the animals above mentioned, and the other profitable employments of our wandering philosopher. In regard to the hunting part, it proves the truth of Scripture, according to the version of old "Sternhold and Hopkins"—which worthy palmists, we believe, are still in use in some counties of England:

"For the race is not to the swift,
Nor them that fastest run;
Nor the battell to them peöpel
That's got the longest gun."

"In your second letter you have put a question that it is rather awkward to answer, though I have sometimes thought of making one to my correspondents generally, through some public medium. I asked Jem one day when we met, after several years' non-intercourse, "What he was about?" "Oh, I am about home;" and I can say but little more of myself. To describe my mode of life by a favorite, and in this case apt, word, it is of the *ramshackle*: I attend to the fruit trees, keep the garden in apple-pie order, do a deal of good walking, often *a la Benton*, sometimes in company. Have sat two hours together by a woodchuck hole, waiting for the owner to present himself, with a gun by my side, reading *Don Quixote*. The beast did not come that time. I used chemicals afterward, generating chlorine gas with sulphuric acid and chloride of lime, and then—"It smelt, O Lord! how it *did* smelt!" Two of the scamps have fallen victims to the advances of modern science, I am certain. I ride with the Doctor to see country patients. I spend time among my friends. My temperament requires a good deal of sleep, and I don't thwart it, and I do what Longfellow says the trees did when they invited him to renew his youth, "wave my long arms to and fro" yawningly, &c., &c. A wretched useless life, you say. So says the public. As it would not give me a sixpence to keep me from the poor-house, I don't feel any particular trouble in regard to its opinions. To you I could furnish, if not full excuse, many palliating circumstances in explanation, but would prefer at present that you grant a little charitable faith, which you can more readily do than spell out three or four pages of auto-biography. I read a little in English and foreign languages, and if I can light upon Carlo Bini's writings, hope to draw from them a far more readable epistle than what I send you, and entirely free from any objections on the score of immorality. At present I know him only by a few sentences. Judging from these, he is a rare humorist, uniting, as the higher class of humorists always do, pathos with his laughing veins."

the great European ferment. When you have finished its perusal, take up some purifying author; after such a [one I generally review something of Schiller's by way of lustration. But lest we be too loud in our condemnation of the infidelity and reckless revolutionary spirit of Heine, let us bear in mind that, with the old Hebrew and the old Teutonic blood in his veins, he can feel himself neither Jew nor German, that he is an exile in Paris, without ancestry, nation, or home; that he is situated amid old, exhausted, civil and religious forms, whose insufficiencies and corruptions are all too visible to so acute an eye. If I remember rightly, De l'Allemagne was published at Paris in two octavo volumes, in 1835. I am not aware that the author's opinions have undergone any material change. Were I to exhaust all the qualifying particles in the language—and the but yets (*eppau*) as Silvio Pellico happily says, are indispensable to describe so complex a being as man—I should only bore you with an ill-drawn character of the man; so get the book, and read for yourself. If, meantime, a few extracts from some parts of the *Salon*, and a few words about them, would give you any pleasure in the reading, I am glad to write, but without any particular plan in selection or comment. The second of the four volumes—there is no connection between them—purports to be an historical sketch of German Religion and Philosophy, designed for a French public, and is a companion-piece to his contribution to the history of Modern Polite Literature in Germany; a translation of which was, I think, published in Boston some years since. It seems to me that the subject is beyond the reach of a nature like Heine's, had he been disposed to treat it fully and fairly; that he is not calm enough nor strong enough, basing prejudiced opinions on imperfect investigations. It is but fair, however, to mention what he says in his preface, that these papers were originally written for a French periodical, in the absence of sufficient auxiliary means, and under other circumstances unfavorable to the production of a profounder work; that they are but a part of a greater whole, a survey of spiritual progress among the Germans. And in further extenuation, "should any great German Philosopher, whose eyes may chance to light upon these pages, sneer at their poverty of execution, he begs them to consider

that what little he says is clearly expressed, while their own works, though very comprehensive, immensely comprehensive, and very profound, surprisingly profound, are unintelligible. And what benefit to the people are closed granaries to which they have no key? "The people hunger after knowledge, and will thank me for the bit of spiritual bread that I honestly impart to them." I fear the honesty is questionable.

The primary faith of the Germans, we are told, was Pantheistic; its mysteries and symbols referred to a worship of nature; every element had its spirit, every tree its divinity, the whole outer world was permeated with deity. Christianity, not being able wholly to destroy while superseding this faith, distorted it, and satanized instead of deifying nature. Man does not readily part with what was dear to his fathers; his affections secretly cling to it, however defaced; the universal belief in devils, goblins, elementary spirits, was but a phase of the ancient Pantheism, which is to outlive—indeed, already has outlived—Christianity and Deism, and is to be restored to purity. Christianity was all well in its time: it was beneficial to suffering humanity through eighteen centuries, because it was the religion of sorrow; it reached the sympathies of the down-trodden, the wretched. But now that young Germany is coming to feel its strength, and is to consummate a revolution, whose end shall be physical comfort, Christianity becomes useless, and, with thanks for past services, is to be bowed out, while something very like promiscuous concubinage is recommended to indemnify the body for the deprivations it has so long suffered under the asceticism of the old religion. In another place, we are told—"It is not spoken, though every one knows it. Pantheism is the public secret of Germany. In fact, we have outgrown Deism. We are free, and want no thundering tyrant. We have attained our majority, and need no fatherly oversight. Deism is a religion for slaves, children, and Genevan watchmakers." Butler then was a weakling, Milton's a mechanical nature; Newton was childish, Luther slavish! Young Europe has outgrown them all in strength and wisdom. Poor Heines! he was sore sick the past summer in Paris, and afterward went for his health to some spring in the Pyrenees—one must pity him. Here is something better.

LUTHER AND THE DIET OF WORMS.

“The illustrious personages, who were assembled in the imperial hall at Worms, in the year 1521, must have cherished in their hearts many thoughts that offered a marked contrast to the words of their mouths. There sat a youthful emperor, who, in the pride of dominion, wrapped himself, with the delight of a young master, in his purple mantle, and secretly rejoiced that the haughty Roman, who had so often maltreated his predecessors, and who still insisted in all his old encroachments, had now met with the most effectual correction. That Roman’s representative beheld on his part, with secret joy, a dissension rising among the Germans, who, like drunken barbarians, had burst in upon and plundered fair Italy, and who were ever threatening new attacks and rapine. The temporal princes were congratulating themselves that they could, with the new doctrines, at the same time manage the old church property at will. The dignified prelates were already considering whether they could marry their cooks, and transfer their electorates, bishoprics and abbasies, as an inheritance to their male posterity; the representatives from the cities were rejoicing in the further enlargement of their independence. Each had something to gain, and was contemplating worldly advantages. But one man was there, who, I am convinced, thought not on himself, but only on the divine interest which he stood there to maintain. That man was Martin Luther, the poor monk whom providence had chosen to break that monstrous power of Rome, against which the strongest monarchs and the boldest sages had vainly struggled. But providence well knows on what shoulders to lay its burdens. Here was needed not merely a spiritual, but also a physical strength; a body hardened by the severity and chastity of a cloistered life, was requisite to endure the hardships of such an office.”

* * * * *

Very false notions prevail in France regarding the Reformation and its heroes. The immediate cause of this misapprehension probably lies in the fact that Luther is not only the greatest, but also the *most German* man of our history; that all the prominent virtues and failings of the Germans are united in his character; that he is the impersonation of our won-

drous Germany. He had qualities such as are rarely seen together; as are often found in hostile opposition. He was at once a mystic dreamer and a man of practical action. His thoughts had not only wings but hands—he spoke and did. He was not only the tongue but the sword of his time. He was at once a cold scholastic word-splitter and an inspired God-drunken prophet. After he had wearily labored through the day upon his dogmatic subtleties, he took his flute at evening, and looked up at the stars and dissolved in melody and adoration. The same man who could scold like a fishwoman, could be mild as a tender maiden. He was often fierce as the storm that uproots the oak, and again he was as gentle as the zephyr that toys among the violets. He was full of the profoundest awe. Ever ready to sacrifice in honor of the spirit, he could become wholly absorbed in pure spiritualism; and yet he well knew the glories of this world, and could prize them, and from his mouth came the famous couplet:

“Who loves not women, wine and song
Liveth a fool his whole life long.”

He was a complete man, we may say an absolute man, in whom spirit and matter are not separated. To call him a spiritualist were as erroneous as to call him a sensualist. How shall we express it? There was in him a something original, incomprehensible, miraculous, as we find in all providential men; a simplicity that startled one, an unstudied wisdom, a sublimity in his bigotry, an invincible demoniac night. Honor to Luther! Eternal honor to the loved man, to whom we owe the rescuing of our noblest possessions and from whose benefit we this day live. Ill does it become us to complain of the contractedness of his views. The dwarf, standing on the giant’s shoulders, can indeed see further than the giant, especially if he wear spectacles; but in our high position we want the lofty feeling, the giant heart, which we cannot make our own. “Even Luther’s faults are preferred to other’s merits, and there is a degree of truth in the paradox. The refinement of Erasmus and the gentleness of Melancthon would have been many a time insufficient, when the rude violence of Brother Martin came in good stead.” The Reformation was a good movement in the time of it. Religion again became true, the priest, no longer isolated, became

a man, men became more virtuous, more noble. "Among the Protestant clergy we not rarely find the most virtuous men, whom even the old stoics would have respected." The Protestant clergy doubtless feel complimented when they read this: "One must traverse on foot as a poor student through the northern part of Germany if he would learn how much virtue is to be found in many a poor pastor's dwelling. How often, in a winter's night, have I met in such a one with a hospitable reception! I, a stranger, bringing no other introduction than fatigue and hunger. And then, when I had eaten well and slept well, and would go on my way in the morning, the old pastor came in his nightgown, and gave me a blessing on my journey, which never brought me ill luck, and the kind-hearted, loquacious wife slipped some biscuit in my pocket, which never failed to relish, and silently in the back ground stood the pretty daughters, with their blushing cheeks and violet eyes, whose modest fire, barely in recollection, warmed my heart the whole winter's day through."

"I have shown, above, how through him we have attained to the greatest intellectual freedom, but this Martin Luther gave us the means as well as liberty of movement. To the spirit he added a body, to thought he gave the word. He created the German language." High praise is bestowed on Luther's translation of the Bible and its extraordinary merit as a literary performance in the then state of the language, and on his original prose writings; but, "More remarkable and significant than these are Luther's poems, the songs which he composed amid struggle and trial. Oftentimes they are like a flower that grows upon a rock, often like a moonbeam flickering over a stormy sea. Luther loved music, and composed a treatise on the art, and his songs are thence singularly melodious. In this respect the name of Swan of Eisleben befits him, but he was anything rather than that gentle swan in many of his lines, where he excites the courage of his party and rouses himself to the wildest spirit of battle; a war song was that defiant hymn with which he and his attendants entered Worms. The old cathedral trembled at such novel sounds, and the ravens were frightened in their dark nests in the tower. That song, the Marselloise of the Reformation, has preserved its inspiring virtue to our day." And how admirable has Carlyle, through

that faculty by which he can transfer himself to past and foreign scenes, making Luther's situation his own, rendered it to English readers!

Now comes a series of portraits of the leading writers on Philosophy, and comments on their systems. I can only give here and there a trait or a sentence. Rene Descartes, and not Bacon, as we are generally told, is the father of Modern Philosophy. Though a Frenchman by birth, he found noisy, bustling, chattering France no fit soil for philosophy, and went to write in Holland, the still, quiet land of Frechschiits and Dutchmen. Spinoza is lauded of course—pity that the followers of his doctrine were not more practical admirers of his life. Frederick the Great, you would hardly think to find in such company: he is mentioned incidentally and denominated "Crowned Materialism." "You know that he wrote French verses, played very well on the flute, won the battle of Rosback, took a great deal of snuff, and believed only in canons. You know him, the royal philosopher, whom you French have named the Solomon of the North. France was the Ophir of this northern Solomon, and thence he obtained his poets of philosophy, for whom he had a great fancy; like the Solomon of the South, who, as you may read in the tenth chapter of the Book of Kings, ordered, through his friend Hiram, whole ship-loads of gold, ivory, poets and philosophers from Ophir." Mendelsohn, whom his contemporaries have named the German Socrates, was the hump-backed son of a poor sexton of the Depau Synagogue. He overthrew the Talmud, as Luther had overthrown papacy. The Talmud was of worth while Catholicism lasted, and by it the Jew swore enabled to resist—nay, to conquer—Christian, as they had resisted heathen Rome. "The poor Rabbi of Nazareth, above whose dying head the heathen Romans in mockery wrote, 'King of the Jews'—this same thorn-crowned, mock king of the Jews, finally became the God of the Romans, before whom they must kneel—as heathen Rome, so Christian Rome was conquered, and even became tributary. If, dear reader, you will repair to No. 15, Rue Lafitte, you will see before the high entrance a clumsy coach, and a stout man alighting from it. He ascends the stairs, and enters a little chamber, where sits a fair complexioned young man—older perhaps than he looks—in whose manner

there is mingled, with the nonchalance of high nobility, a something so solid, so positive, so absolute, as if he had all the money of this world in his pocket. And he really has all the money of this world in his pocket, and he is Monsieur James de Rothschild, and the stout gentleman is Monsignor Grimbaldi, representative of his Holiness the Pope, bringing in his name the interest of the Roman loan—the tribute of Rome."

Since Luther, Germany has produced no better nor greater man than Gotthold Ephraim Lessing. Lessing died at Brunswick in the year 1781, misapprehended, abused, hated. In the same year there appeared at Königsburg the critique of pure reason by Immanuel Kant. With this book, a spiritual revolution begins in Germany, that offers the most curious analogies to the material revolution in France, and that to the profound thinker must appear of equal importance. It develops itself under the same phases, and a remarkable parallelism reigns between the two. On both sides of the Rhine do we see the same rupture with the past; all respect for tradition is renounced. As in France, every privilege, so in Germany, every thought must be justified; and as here falls monarchy, the key-stone of the old social order, so there falls deism, the key-stone of the spiritual old regime. It is difficult to describe the history of Kant's life, for he can hardly be said to have had one or the other. He led a mechanically regular, abstract bachelor's life, in a quiet, retired street of Königsburg, an old city on the north-eastern limits of Germany. I do not believe that the great clock of the cathedral there performed its day's-work more coldly or more accurately than its compatriot Immanuel Kant. Rising, coffee drinking, writing, lecturing, dining, walking—all had their appropriated time; and the neighbors knew that it was precisely half-past three, when Immanuel Kant, in his gray body-coat, with his Spanish stick in his hand, came out of his door and walked to the little Linden alley, which is still called from him the philosopher's walk. Eight times did he pace it up and down, through all seasons of the year, and if the weather was bad, and the dull clouds threatened rain, old Lampe, his servant, was seen moving anxiously behind him with a large umbrella under his arm, like an image of Providence. What a strange contrast between the outward life of the man, and

his destructive, world-crushing thoughts. Verily, had the citizens of Königsburg guessed the whole significance of that thinking, they would have felt a far deeper dread of that man, than of an executioner—an executioner who kills men only; but the good people saw in him nothing but a professor of philosophy, and when he passed by at the fixed hour, they gave a friendly greeting, and set their watches by him.

But if this great destroyer in the realm of thought far surpassed Maximilian Robespierre in terrorism, there are still many points of similarity between them. We meet in both with the same inexorable, trenchant, unpoetical, cold honesty; the same suspicion, only that one exercises it on thoughts, and entitles it *critique*, while the other applies it to men, and denominates it republican virtue. In both is displayed the highest type of cockneyism. Nature had intended them to weigh out coffee and sugar, but fate willed that they should weigh other things, and laid in the scale of one a king, of the other a God." I will not shock you with the blasphemous line that follows. Afterward, Heine resents, with no good intention indeed, quite ingloriously, a common sense argument against his own hopeless belief, or rather disbelief, for his Pantheism is no better than Atheism, whatever it might have been to Old Germany or to Spinoza. "The critique of pure reason was the sword with which deism was executed in Germany. Hitherto Kant has played the inexorable philosopher: he has stormed heaven, he has put the whole garrison to the sword—there is no more boundless mercy, no fatherly kindness, no future reward, no present forbearance, the immortality of the soul lies at its last gasp,—it groans—you hear the death-rattle—and old Lampe stands by with his umbrella under his arm, a sorrowful spectator, while sweat of anguish and tears run down his cheeks. Then Immanuel Kant takes pity, and shows that he is not only a great philosopher, but also a good man; and he deliberates, and says, half good-naturedly, half ironically—"Old Lampe must have a God, otherwise the poor man cannot be happy; but man should be happy in the world—so says practical reason; for all that I care, practical reason may answer for the existence of a God." In pursuance of this train, he distinguishes between the theoretical reason and the practical reason, and with the latter, as

with a magic wand, he reanimated the corpse of deism, which the theoretical reason had killed."

Poor Heine! I pass over what is said of Fichte, a portraiture of Goethe, that contains many discriminating touches and that would offend his extravagant admirers, Hegre and the comments on him, and leave the book. "Our philosophical revolution is ended. Hegre has closed its great circle."

The first part of the first volume treats of French painters, politics, and religion; then comes "Poems," which should not be translated, nor read in the original; then Memoirs of Von Schnabelwopski, the opening of which—I do not know what its esoteric sense may be—furnishes a valuable model for biographers. "My father's name was Schnabelwopski; my mother's Schnabelwopska; I was born in lawful wedlock, April 1st, 1795, at Schnabelwops (in Poland, as you have discovered, if you have read aloud).

"My grandaunt, the old Frau Pifitza, watched over my early childhood, and told me many entertaining stories, and often sang me to sleep with a song, the words and air of which have slipped my memory. But I shall never forget the solemn way that she wagged her trembling head while singing, and how melancholy the great, solitary tooth, the hermit of her jaws, then looked. I also often think of the parrots, over whose death she wept so bitterly. The old great-aunt is now dead herself, and I am perhaps the only one in the wide world who still gives a thought to her dear parrot. The cat was named Mimi, and our dog Ioli. Our man-servant was Preschtzuitsch. To pronounce this correctly you must sneeze twice. Our maid was Sarutzka. Besides these, two bright black eyes ran about the house, that they called Seraphine. She was my dear, good little nurse, and we played together in the garden, and watched the house-thrift of the ants, and caught butterflies, and planted flowers. She laughed like mad, when I planted my little stockings in the ground, thinking that a great pair of hose for my father would grow up from them! My paternal grandfather was the old Von Schnabelwopski. I know nothing of him, except that he was a man, and that my father was his son. My grandfather on the mother's side, was the old Von Wlfruski; he is painted in a scarlet-red velvet coat and a long sword. My mother used to tell

me that he had a friend, who wore a green silk coat, rose-colored silk breeches and white silk stockings, and twirled his *chapeau bras* fiercely, when he spoke of the king of Prussia."

Have you learned more, Lem., from the first chapters of half the lives, memoirs and biographies that you have ever read, than from the above? I think that with change of names—or without—it might be substituted for the first ten, fifty, or hundred pages of many a book that only becomes of interest when it begins to tell us of the man about whom we desire to know. What is it to you or I, whether some man's great-grandfather were a shoemaker in full standing, or only a cobbler, or whether or not he had any discoverable great-grandfather at all? Great-grandfathers are no great rarities. Schnabelwopski, who, in the second chapter, apparently becomes Heine himself, is obliged to leave home. On his way to Leyden, he stops at Hamburg.

"The city of Hamburg is a good city. Not the wicked Macbeth, but Banquo reigns here. The ghost of Banquo rules throughout this free city, whose visible head is an ancient and worshipful senate. The Hamburgers are good people, and eat well. Their opinions concerning religion, politics and science, are discordant, but the finest harmony prevails in regard to the table. Hamburg was built by Charles the Great, and is inhabited by 80,000 little people, none of whom would change places with Charles the Great, who lies buried at Aix la Chapelle. The population may amount to an 100,000; I cannot speak with accuracy, for though I passed whole days in the street, to see the people, I must have overlooked many a man, while my attention was more particularly directed to the ladies." These are represented as rather material than spiritual in appearance, but not unattractive. As for the men, they were mostly thick-set bodies, with cold, calculating eyes, low foreheads, loosely pendent cheeks, the edacious organs wonderfully developed. They wore their hats as if nailed to their heads, and their hands in their pockets, as who should say—What's to pay? Having treated somewhat at large of certain unvirtuous characters, he, by way of apology and counterpoise, introduces to the reader two very correct ladies whom he became acquainted with. I think I have seen in my travels—of course there are none such

here at home—near relatives of Madame Pieper and of Madame Schnieper. “The first was a handsome woman of mature years. She had large, dark eyes, a high, white forehead, false black hair, a bold Roman nose, and a mouth that was a guillotine to a good reputation. Verily, for the execution of a fair name, no machine ever worked more deftly than Madame Pieper’s mouth. She did not suffer it to sprawl and struggle long; she did not waste time in tedious preparation. When the best name had once fallen under her lips, she only smiled; but this smile was like the sinking of the axe, and honor was cut off and fell into the sack. She was a model of decorum, propriety, virtue, and devotion. The same may be said to the praise of Madame Schnieper. She was a delicate, vertical woman, usually dressed in a thin, pensive muslin; had light fair hair, light-blue eyes, that looked out from her face with fearful shrewdness. It was said that her foot-fall was never heard; and that before one was aware, she would be at his side, and then vanish as noiselessly. Her smile, too, was fatal; but in its mode of operation, less like an axe than that poisonous wind of Africa, whose breath withers the flowers. Any good name on which she but slightly smiled, faded away miserably. She was always a model of decorum, propriety, devotion, and virtue.”

“I remark for the benefit of readers unacquainted with Hamburg—and there may be some such in China and Upper Bavaria—that the finest promenade for the sons and daughters of Harmonia, bears the name of Jungfernsteig; that it is shaded with lindens, and bounded on one side by a row of buildings, on the other by the great Alster basin; and that, before the latter, built out over the water,

are two tent-like coffee-houses, called the Pavilions. In front of one of these, the Swiss pavilion, it is especially pleasant to sit in summer time, when the afternoon sun burns not too fiercely, but pours its milder splendor on the lindens, the houses, the men, the Alster, and the swans cradled on its bosom, till all looks like an enchanted scene. There is it pleasant to sit—and there I sat pleasantly many a summer afternoon, and thought—what a young man is accustomed to think—of nothing; and contemplated—what a young man is accustomed to contemplate—the young maidens who were passing. And there they fluttered past, those graceful beings, with their little winged caps and their covered baskets—there tripped they along, the blithe Vierlanderins, who supply all Hamburg with berries and milk—there paraded by the fair merchant’s daughters, with whose love one receives so much money. There goes a nurse with a rosy boy in her arms, that she kisses ever and anon, when she thinks of her sweetheart—there wanton along the priestesses of the foam-born goddesses. Alas! that was very long ago. Then I was young and foolish; now I am old and foolish. Many a flower has meantime withered—many a one been crushed.” And, returning to the city—“How was it changed! And the Jungfensteig! The snow was lying upon the roofs, and it seemed as if the very houses had grown old and hoary-haired. The lindens of the Jungfensteig were nothing but dead trees, and their dry branches waved ghost-like in the cold wind.”

But it waxes late in the night; this missive will keep you in candle-lighters till my next. *Schlafen sie wohl*, dear Lemuel.

C. R. B.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

It will be difficult for our posterity to believe, that in the middle of the 19th century, Europe was in a chaos of ministerial intrigues; of civil and religious wars: that the *good time* of St. Bartholomew had to be celebrated once more with all its bloody accompaniments, and above all, in the holy city of Rome! We believed that religious wars had ceased with the century of the Reformation—that we had arrived at the epoch of popular brotherhood and unity; but, alas! how are we fallen back! It seems at the present political events that this is a century of ignorance, slavery, and of national contentions. The Holy Alliance of 1815, believed that it had established a perpetual *statu quo*, in all the world. They thought to magnetize whole nations with their monstrous and terrible policy, and they seemed to themselves to have subjugated body and soul of the European millions. But we thank God for the certainty that their diabolical plots to divide nations, and excite civil wars, will turn one day against their own bosoms.

A year ago, Galicia was excited to a general revolution, and desolated by bands of robbers and human butchers, excited against the rich families, to plunder, to murder, and to destroy. The *iron hands* of Austria and Metternich were the true causes. Metternich would put under his pillow another national murder, and leave it to posterity as one of his noble legacies. The ancient and rich republic of Cracovia had to disappear for ever from the rank of nations; it was the last and mortal blow directed against the Polish nationality. By incorporating Cracovia with Austria, Metternich believed that he had annihilated Poland, that the hope of her first independence and liberty was extinguished. Such an infamous robbery was accomplished in the year of our Lord, 1846! But now it is not our intention to review a past year of troubles; let us speak of the present.

Europe is threatened by a general revolution, its people and kings are in open war, there is no more understanding between them; people will cease to be slaves, and the crowned heads must fall, or grant the necessary reforms. Italy and Switzerland are the two countries who have approached nearest to the first reaction. For in Italy, since the election of the new Pope, Austria has not ceased to excite the people against him—to use the most disgusting and treacherous means, to employ Jesuits with their wicked intrigues, and assassins

in friars' dress. Three months ago a frightful secret—a conspiracy of monks, Jesuits and Austrians—was contrived for the murder of Pius IX., the great, the benevolent, the father of his land! There was to be no more a merely private complot; not only one life was demanded to fall, but thousands—and to be murdered by their own friends. Hundreds of innocent victims were to be sacrificed by Austria, by a combination among the Jesuits and five cardinals, with other powerful men. It is impossible to have an idea of the spirit of liberty spread over all Italy, by the reforms of the new Pope. In all parts of this peninsula there is a want of unity of understanding, a desire of independence and nationality, and every one looks on the new Pope, as the true rock of emancipation and salvation. Never before had there been a Pope so young, so benevolent, and so liberal. When raised to the Papacy, he began to illustrate his reign by a general amnesty to all the political offenders of his states, and with a decree that he *should never prosecute any one for his political opinions*. More than that, he gave orders to establish public institutions, asylums of infancy, evening and daily schools for workmen, in all the Roman states. For Rome he forbade public beggary, and founded at his own expense a splendid alms-house for the destitute. Once a week, he gives public audience to every person, without distinction of rank or situation. In the hall of the Vatican, there is a private box for letters directed to him alone. He adopts orphans as his own children, and sends them to be taught in colleges. He does justice to the poor as well as to the rich—he protects the Roman Academy *De Lincei*, the most ancient and scientific of Italy, and grants favors to the congressed of the *Scienziati Italiani*, a commission of learned and eminent men—established by him for the construction of railroads and canals. By order of Pius IX., every town sends a delegate to Rome to report concerning the wants of the people, and the necessary reforms; while a private congress is established to grant all the necessary improvements. Learned men are invited by him to establish a new civil and criminal code, and he gives orders to reform the army, and to advance the situation of the merchant and war navy. The national guard is established—the police is composed no longer of robbers and murderers, the government is directed by

wise and liberal men, and the funds of many religious orders are applied to public charities, and instruction. At once, the publication of a large number of newspapers is begun in the Roman states, and the most eminent writers become editors. In Rome in less than a month were established more than ten newspapers. The *Diario*, once a legitimatist, is transformed into a liberal and progressive paper. *Il Contemporaneo* is the best political and scientific publication. The *Advertiser*, published in the English language. *L'Astrea*, a paper of theoretical and practical jurisprudence. *L'Annuario Chimico Italiano*, the Annual Italian Chemist, devoted to natural philosophy and other sciences. The *Gabinetto* of General Correspondence, a commercial and instructive paper for travellers and foreigners. In Bologna, they publish the *Balancia* the most liberal and independent paper of Italy. *L'Italiano*, a political and popular publication. *Il Povero*, a penny paper, established by many rich men, to spread ideas of liberty and instruction, among the poorer class of the people. Its motto is, "Fraternity, Unity, and Humanity—the principles of Young Italy." There are many other daily and weekly publications of science, letters, music, inventions, and other branches. This is a short summary of what has been done in one year, under the glorious Pius IX.!!

Such wonderful reforms of course struck Austria with alarm; and much more, when two other Princes of Italy began imitating the policy of the new Pope. The Emperor of the Teutons used every means to turn the Pope from his liberal course, and when he knew that Pius IX. had resolved to follow his own ideas, he threatened him with an intervention in the Roman states. The new Pope answered the Austrian ambassador: "That he is an independent king, that he does not fear his master Ferdinand, and tell him, said he, to come and take me here in Rome." Instead of threats, Austria now thought it prudent to use a secret and religious conspiracy. She gave money and granted favors to whoever would engage to take the life of the Pope, or excite the people against his party. Armies, funds, all the necessary means were offered, but all proved useless. God watches over his elected man, and over the unfortunate Italian people. All was discovered through a Divine Providence, and by a man of the people. By the energy of *Ciceronachia*, thousands of lives have been saved, and Pius IX. is still the King, the Father, and the Saviour of his country.

On the 18th of July, a conspiracy against the liberal citizens and the Pope, was discovered in Rome. The intent of the conspirators was to attack the soldiers on the evening of the 19th July, while all the

people and the army were celebrating the anniversary of the amnesty granted by Pius IX. They were to attack the troops with daggers on which were carved the words, "*Long life to Pius IX.*," as if the authors of this massacre were the followers of the new Pope. The conspirators, mingled with the soldiers and gens d'armes, were to kill all the liberal citizens—to carry the Pope to Naples—to oblige him to abdicate, and to call for an Austrian intervention. As soon as their plot was discovered, Pius IX. established the national guard, used all the necessary means that such a crisis demanded, and named his cousin, the Cardinal Ferretti, Secretary of State instead of Ghizzi. In a moment, the National Guard was armed, and the most noble men of Rome enlisted. This national army is composed of men of all ages. The anniversary was celebrated, by order of the Pope, with the enthusiasm of all the population. Many of the conspirators fled to Lombardy and other states; but a great number were arrested. By important papers, it was known that the chiefs of the conspiracy were more than three hundred; that six cardinals and many Jesuits were of the number; that many soldiers and the guard of Rome had been gained over by money; that the Governor of Rome, a cardinal, had secretly let loose a number of felons, condemned to the galleys, and had given them arms for the murder of the Roman people. The Cardinal Lambruschini, a cruel and execrable man, fled to Civita Vecchia; and from thence to Genoa. In the night of the 16th July, more than two hundred persons were arrested. All were inhabitants of Faenza, and all provided with poniard, money, and false passports. The Cardinal Ferretti named a new governor in Rome, Signor Morandi, a lawyer, and an actor in the revolution of 1831. This is the first instance, under a Pope, of the elevation of a civilian to the office of Governor of Rome. Every day they make new arrests, and discover important papers concerning the conspiracy. A plot so monstrous necessarily involved not only Rome itself, but all the Roman states. It extended to Faenza, Ancona, and other towns. To perceive that it was the result of Austrian intrigue, it is only necessary to know of the intervention of the Austrian army, in Ferrara, between the people and their rights. The Governor protested against this violation of territory; but the Austrian army entered Ferrara with lighted matches, as if moving against an enemy. The population received the Austrians with astonishment and silence. The moderate and liberal party, fearing a popular insurrection, published a placard, worded in the most patriotic and prudent style:

"Ferraresses," said the proclamation, "you see the Austrians coming among us,

and audaciously invading our territory. But look! what terror has already spread amongst them when they crossed the Po river, which separates us from our sister Lombardy! They fear more our civil and national virtue, our prudent and mysterious silence, than our armies and our guns." Certainly, the Austrians know that Italian silence is terrible. They know that now it is no more a partial political party, that will fight for liberty, but all the Roman states—we dare, even, to say, all Italy united. It may be possible, while we write these lines, that a revolution has happened in Italy. The Italians will live and die for their independence and nationality: they will no more be slaves of the barbarous Teutonic emperor. The proclamation of Ferrara advised the citizens not to rise without a special order from Rome—to remember the Austrian insult—to exercise themselves in arms, in despite and in presence of the Austrians. "Be prudent," it is said; "*Look, suffer, and listen.*" The moment is not yet arrived; be confident and faithful to the sacred cause; and remember that our cry must be, till the last drop of our blood—*Pius IX.—Religion, and Italy.*"

After such language, it is easy to imagine what must be the spirit that animates the Italians, and what we may expect from them. In Bologna, Ravenna, and in other cities, the population was in the most terrible excitement. Every one called for arms; every one enlisted voluntarily in the national guard. The Austrian soldiers are afraid of being attacked and murdered in their quarters. Their situation in Ferrara is critical, should they continue there much longer. As soon as the news of the Austrian intervention reached home, the Secretary of State addressed a protestation to the High Powers against the violation of territory, and the intrusion of an Austrian army in the Roman states. Those connected with the conspiracy are under criminal process, and were yet to be condemned, when the steamer *Cambria* left England. On the 21st of July, the Pope named the Prince Rospigliosi General of the National Guard, and other princes—as Doria, Corsini, Piombino, Tortonia, and many others—were named officers of the Guard. In Bologna, a messenger of Austria, a Corsican, preached, in a public square, against the Pope. He was immediately arrested, to save him from the rage of the people. Every day new arrests were made in the Roman states. In Rome, a public bill gave the name of the high conspirators, with those of the cardinals connected with it. Lambruschini, the Secretary of State of Gregory XVI., who sent to the scaffold hundreds of noble victims; Bernetti in 1831, governor of Ancona, who betrayed the liberal party, and who was

charge d'affaires to Austria, under the last pope; Dellagenga, a nephew of Leo XII., the terror of the Roman states, and an enemy to Pius IX.; Mattei and Vanielli, two old jesuitical cardinals of the most ultra Catholic party; Lutzof, ambassador of Austria, Ludolf, that of Naples, Del Carretto, minister of war at Naples; and to complete the list of these assassins, comes that of Maria Louisa, the unworthy widow of Napoleon, and duchess of Parma and Piacenza, the shame and scandal of Europe.

There is no doubt that the conspiracy at Rome, and the intervention at the same time of the Austrians in Ferrara, was a contrivance of Metternich, in league with certain of the Italian princes. In Faenza, the *gensd'armes* murdered many persons in the same manner as was attempted in Rome. But these *gensd'armes* have been arrested, and will be punished, together with a number of Austrian emissaries. In Rome, one of these spies was murdered by the people, and the Friar Ventura, a most eloquent, popular, and liberal man, was created cardinal by the people and the Pope. The saviour of Rome, Cicerovachia, a tavern-keeper and a genuine philanthropist, was presented, by the nobility of Rome, with a snuff-box of great value, and carried in triumph to the capitol by the Roman people.

In Parma, the intention of the government against the liberals, has been executed in all its severities. The soldiers were attacked by armed men, who cried, "Liberty, and down with the government." They began exciting the population against the soldiers; but they were the secret emissaries of Austria and Maria Louisa. More than a hundred innocent persons perished in this mysterious insurrection: and the next day, ten thousand Austrians entered Parma. The same butchery was perpetrated in Lucca, where many persons were murdered by the soldiers of the Duke.

In Naples and in Sicily the population demanded political reforms, and their ancient liberty. The king of Naples was hissed and abused by the people of Messina, and left there for fear of being murdered. In all that kingdom, there was great agitation. In Calabria, armed guerrillas attacked the soldiers, and incited the people to revolt. The armed bands increased day by day. They attacked the city Cosenza, and made prisoner the man who three years ago condemned to death the brothers Bandiera and their companions.

Such is the political situation of Italy. If Austria interferes farther than Ferrara, there is no doubt that the Pope will oppose his army to that of Austria. The south of Italy would rise at once; and the Austrians would find it a hard undertaking to

subdue a whole people. If the Pope awakens all Italy for the cause of liberty and independence, the whole peninsula will become one field of battle, every house a castle for defence. Let the Pope preach a crusade against the enemies of Italy, and you will see the barbarians cross the Alps, and bid a long farewell to the beautiful plains of Italy. Austria knows that she must lose that kingdom. The hatred of the Italians against the Teutons is eternal and terrible.

But suppose that Austria should violate the treaties of intervention, what would France, or Louis Philippe and company do? The French government would be obliged to protest against this violation; to send an army into Italy, and that army would never fight against Italians, notwithstanding the orders of the ministry. The liberal party in France is more powerful than that of the king. The French people would not suffer all Italy to be subjected to Austria. Such intervention would be dangerous for Austria and for the French government, or it would be the signal for a general war, or for a revolution in Europe. But for Austria there is no more a *juste milieu*. The mask has now fallen off; she must act openly, and perhaps we may hear that the barbarians have marched against the prince of Christianity and against the Catholic Church.

What, now, shall we say of Switzerland, the noble and happy land of Tell, which has again become the theatre of civil war, giving to all the world a horrible example of civil discord? The children of Tell divided and fighting each other—not for a just cause, but for fanaticism—in defence of the Jesuits, the curse of Europe, the plague of the world.

We were in Switzerland in 1844, during the civil war between the *Bas* and *Haut Valois*, both parties Catholics, and of the same canton; the former, for liberal and moderate principles, the latter, for ultra Catholicism. There we saw Jesuit, priest, and monk, with cross and sword in hand, preaching a crusade against the opposing party. We saw prisoners murdered by the ultra-Catholic party; women and children butchered, and their bodies thrown into the water. And now a war of equal, or of more terrible violence, is to be expected. The Diet, in the session of 22d July, abolished the league of the seven Catholic cantons, and threaten war if they refuse to dissolve the league. The cause of this civil war has been fully recognised. The Jesuits are prohibited Switzerland, as a sect dangerous to the peace of the country. The Catholic cantons protest against the Diet—they will defend the Jesuits, and these reverend persons will have the honor of spilling a deluge of blood in another war of their

own making in Switzerland. Austria protected the Jesuits and the league, but if Austria interferes, it may be that her friends will turn against her; and what will France do then? Protect the liberals against Austria, or attempt the invasion of a country defended by nature and the love of liberty. There every man is a soldier; the enemy must contend for every inch of ground. And in France, what have they done, and what do they mean to do? Louis Philippe, who set his subjects, for the first time, the shameful example of begging an annual pecuniary dowry for his children, saw his ministers and courtiers condemned to prison and dishonor for their peculations. If the king begs, the ministers may steal. Another charge, not less disgraceful, has been brought before the public, against Soult and others, by the *Courrier Francais*. In Spain, Louis Philippe, Guizot and company, have adroitly married the queen to a stupid and ignorant prince, and by this miserable intrigue, they have offered to the world a disgusting scandal. Isabelle justly asks for a divorce; Louis Philippe eagerly opposes her wish, hoping, one day, to look down out of heaven and see his son, the Duke of Montpensier, on the throne of Spain. It would be, indeed, a pleasant anticipation for the King of the French, if there was no danger of an eminent revolution in Europe. If a revolution springs up in France, and the liberal party are conquerors, the republic would probably be preferred to the limited monarchy; and there is then no doubt that Philippe, like Santa Anna, would become the chief of the republic, adopting the maxim of Machiavelli:—*Necesse est, tempori ad novos rerum casus inservire*.

In Germany, people seem to be quiet and content, excepting that part of the population who are dying of starvation. For Prussia, after the *nulla fecit* of the Berlin Diet, the government is engaged in the trial of those connected with the revolution of Cracovia. In Bavaria, Lola Montes has been named by the king mistress of all the kingdom. She dances the Polka, makes the king dance, and Bavaria is, at present, called the dancing kingdom. Lola Montes composed a new ballet, called *The Last Dance of the Jesuits*. She went further—she dedicated her ballet to the chief of the Jesuits in Munich. In Wirtemberg, people are seriously engaged in drinking beer from morning till evening, by order of his majesty. In Saxony, they smoke royal tobacco, while from other parts of Germany, the people go off by hundreds and thousands to the United States. In Spain, the Carlist bands are on the increase, and continue to ravage and to plunder, while Mistress Isabelle, the queen, travels madly about over her terri-

tory. *Apropos* of this lady—when she left Madrid for San Idelfonso, she gave orders that the prince, her husband, should not be let into her palace while she was at her country-seat. The poor prince came to Madrid on a rainy night, and presented himself at the Escorial gate; said he was the royal husband. Cordova, the cruel Cerberus at the door, was inexorable. Think of it! on a stormy night—perhaps with but *un jizzo* in his pocket! what a cruel wife that Isabelle—what a stupid

husband the prince! In Portugal quiet is restored—the country is *pacified*. The bones of the liberals lie under the ruins of Oporto and in the waters of the Tagus. The queen has granted a general amnesty and the necessary reform. England (let it be noted) interfered *again* in a foreign country, and helped to destroy a large population. *Et nunc populi, intelligite, erudimini, qui judicatis.*

SECCHI DE CASALI.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

The History of Rome. By THOMAS ARNOLD, D.D., late Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford. Three volumes in two. Reprinted entire from the last London edition. New York: Appleton & Co., Broadway. Philadelphia: George S. Appleton. 1846.

The publication of this work was an event of the greatest importance, not only to its author—for the reputation of it secured to him the professorship of history at Oxford—but to the reading public of both countries, who were enabled by means of it, to use with ease and pleasure to themselves that great harvest of historical learning collected by the erudite Niebuhr. It is hardly within the limits of probability that any important additions should be made after this to Roman history. All that learning, speculation, and the most accurate and comparative criticism can accomplish has been done, and in these volumes of Arnold's they are presented in an elegant dress and simple order. The first part of the work contains the early legends and traditional history of Rome. The author then passes gradually on to the periods of greater certainty, accompanying his history with conjecture and learned criticism, so managed as not to overload the narrative.

"Long before Niebuhr's death," says our author, "I had formed the design of writing the history of Rome; not, it may well be believed, with the foolish notion of rivalling so great a man, but because it appeared to me that his work was not likely to become popular in England, and that its discoveries and remarkable wisdom might best be made known to English readers by putting them in a form more adapted to our common taste. It should be remem-

bered that only the two first volumes of Niebuhr were published in his life-time; and although careful readers might have anticipated his powers of narration from these, yet they were actually, by the necessity of the case, more full of dissertations than of narrative; and for that reason it seemed desirable to re-mould them for the English public, by assuming as proved many of those results which Niebuhr found himself under the necessity of demonstrating step by step. But when Niebuhr died, and there was now no hope of seeing his great work completed in a manner worthy of its beginning, I was more desirous than ever of executing my original plan, of presenting, in a more popular form, what he had lived to finish, and of continuing it afterwards with such advantages as I had derived by a long study and an intense admiration of his example and model."

In a word, this is doubtless the best and most trust-worthy history of the Roman Republic. Those who will read it in conjunction with Michelet will probably have learned all that is needed for the general reader of this department of history.

There is one point better developed in Michelet than in any other historian, but which we neglected to mention in our notice of his work, that is, his exposition of domestic slavery as the true cause of the ruin of the Roman people, and of their final subjugation by the barbarians.

The Shakspeare Novels.—Re-published by Burgess, Stringer & Co., have the merit—somewhat rare amongst modern works of fiction—of being entirely peculiar. Their merits and their defects are at least their own. The great difficulty in their execution was adequately to represent Shakspeare himself, as one of the characters. From him we should naturally ex-

pect all bright fancy, eagle-winged imagination, inexhaustible wit, and an evident, subtil, ever-active perception of character. For a writer to achieve such a presentation, and at the same time worthily depict the marvellously rich, quaint, and varied age of Elizabeth, he must of course be a Shakspeare himself. It will not be wondered, therefore, if the author should be found to have fallen, in many respects, quite short of entire success. It is the case—more, however, by over-drawn than lack of feeling. The peculiarities of the times and their characters were too keenly felt by the writer. They are, therefore, often over-wrought—sometimes to the rendering extended passages disagreeably sentimental and strained in expression. Yet the volumes are very pleasant reading—there is in them a great deal of kindly wit and humor, and a most pervading spirit of humanity. Shakspeare and the other favorite characters are represented in a warm and genial light, and the mind of the reader really gets through them a broader and sweeter view of that wonderful age. If they had been condensed into half their length, they would have had double the merit.

—
The Life of Mrs. Godolphin. By JOHN EVELYN, of Worton, Esq.: now first published, and edited by SAMUEL LORD, Bishop of Oxford, Chancellor of the most noble order of the garter. New York: Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: Geo S. Appleton. 1847.

The memoirs of a lady, who, in the most dissolute age of England, and amid the courtiers of Charles II., not only practiced the virtues, but indulged the exalted enthusiasm of a saint. A woman, too, of a refined and cultivated genius, turned to the appreciation of all that is beautiful in imagination, full of heavenly visions and beatitudes. Such was Mrs. Godolphin, to whom this memoir, by observant and contemplative Evelyn, is devoted. To understand the spirit of the age to which it belongs, it is necessary to know the extremes of character in that age—the most enthusiastic and the most dissolute.

“I can never forget,” says Evelyn, “the inexpressible luxury and profaneness, gaming, and all dissoluteness, and, as it were, total forgetfulness of God, (it being Sunday evening,) which this day se’nnight I was witness of, the king (Charles II.) sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleaveland, Mazarine, &c. A French boy singing love songs in that glorious gallery, whilst about twenty of the great courtiers and other dissolute persons, were at basset, round a large table, a bank of at least 2000 francs in gold be-

fore them, upon which two gentlemen who were with me, made reflections with astonishment.”

Evelyn's Diary, Feb. 1654-5.

Compare with this, the following portrait:—“Never was there a more unspotted virgin, a more loyal wife, a more sincere friend, a more consummate Christian, than Mrs. Godolphin; add to this a florid youth, an exquisite and natural beauty, and gracefulness the most becoming. Nor was she to be deceived; there was nothing more quick and piercing than her apprehension; nothing more faithful than her memory, more solid and mature than her judgment; inasmuch, as I have often heard her husband affirm to me, that even in the greatest difficulties and occasions, he has both asked and preferred her advice with continued success, and with those solid parts, she had all the advantages of a most sparkling wit, a natural eloquence, a gentle and agreeable tone of voice, and a charming accent when she spoke, whilst the charms of her countenance were made up of the greatest innocence, beauty, and goodness imaginable, agreeable to the composure (form) of her thoughts, and the union of a thousand perfections. Add to this, she was just, invincible, secret, ingeniously sincere, faithful in her promises, and to a miracle temperate, and mistress of her passions and resolutions, and so well had she employed the span of time, that as oft as I consider how much she knew, and wrote, and did, I am plainly astonished, and blush even for myself.”

Life of Mrs. Godolphin, p. 121.

So far the religious and admiring Evelyn. As for the style of the book, it has the merits and defects of its class, being of the same order with Walton's Lives, though inferior in spirit to that work. Evelyn is a king of moral diletanti, inclining to the eulogistic kind.

—
Louis the Fourteenth, and the Court of France in the fourteenth century. By Miss PARDOE. With engravings on wood. New York: Harper & Brothers.

We have not seen, for a long period, a work by a lady, of so excellent and charming qualities, as are exhibited in this book. The author, by her “City of the Sultan,” and some other light productions, became, some years ago, most favorably known. But in the present volume she has very greatly surpassed herself. The extraordinary characters and incidents, the brilliancy and magnificence, and dark intrigues of the age and reign of the Fourteenth Louis, have never been more felicitously and clearly set forth. It was an age peculiar for the domination of splendid and strong-minded women; and a woman, like Miss

Pardoe is peculiarly fitted to treat of it, in all its variety of light and shade. What might naturally be wanting in depth of knowledge, she would easily supply to herself, for the sources of information respecting that age are very ample, and full of interest. Superadding to this her womanly tact and perception, with many and delightful graces of style, she has written a book which every one will read with profit and pleasure.

Elements of Geometry and Conic Sections. By ELIAS LOOMIS, A. M., Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in the University of the city of New York, and author of "A Treatise on Algebra."

The study of geometry is every where admitted to form an indispensable part of a thorough education. With regard to almost every other branch of knowledge, some difference of opinion has existed. Some systems of education undervalue, or entirely reject the ancient languages, others the modern: some proscribe the natural sciences, and others mental philosophy. Among the few subjects of study which no reformer has ventured to discard, geometry stands pre-eminent. We do not know of a college in the United States, or of a single seminary of learning which professes to give a thorough education to either sex, which does not include geometry in its scheme of studies. This unanimity of opinion, in a country where the wildest notions of education as well as government find their advocates, can only be ascribed to a deep-seated conviction of the importance of this study.

But why is the study of geometry deemed indispensable to every system of thorough education? Is it because of its direct *practical* applications? (we use the term "practical," in accordance with the current literature of the day.) What theologian in the controversy between truth and error—what physician in prescribing for his confiding patient—what lawyer in the defence of his client—what politician in caucus or on the stump—ever yet found it necessary to quote a proposition in geometry? yet all pursue this study, or suffer palpably from its neglect. And why? Because the ability to reason clearly—to trace principles to their consequences, is needed in every pursuit of life; and because no branch of study has yet been found better fitted to procure these ends, than geometry. Geometry then has found

its place in every system of thorough education, because of the universal conviction of its fitness for this purpose—to train the mind to habits of exact and cautious reasoning.

In the preparation of a text-book designed for general use, it is indispensable that this object be kept steadily in view. This is the great merit of the elements of Euclid, which has enabled it to retain its place in the schools for two thousand years. It is not that Euclid embodies *all* the principles of geometry which are now known. Euclid does not furnish one half of the propositions which are found in some modern treatises on elementary geometry. It is not that Euclid has in every case selected the most important propositions—some propositions, which he has omitted, are more important than others that he has retained. It is not that the arrangement of the propositions of Euclid is the best which can be devised—it is conceded that this arrangement may be improved. But the great merit of Euclid consists in this: that every proposition affords an admirable (we had almost said faultless) specimen of reasoning. The principles assumed, are distinctly stated; every step in the argument is supplied; and the conclusion is seen to follow irresistibly from the premises. The student who becomes familiar with such models, learns to distinguish between sophistry and truth. Treatises on geometry have appeared, containing a more judicious solution of propositions, and arranged in a more natural order; but for the quality above named, Euclid has hitherto stood unequalled. To combine all the improvements of modern geometers with the admirable style of demonstration which is characteristic of Euclid, has hitherto remained a desideratum. To supply this deficiency, has been the aim of Professor Loomis, in the work whose title we have given above. In this attempt we believe he has been successful. Every page of his book bears marks of careful preparation. Only those propositions are selected which are most important in themselves, or which are indispensable in the demonstration of others. The propositions are all enunciated with studied precision and brevity. The demonstrations are complete without being incumbered with verbiage; and unlike many works we could mention, the diagrams are good representations of the objects intended. We believe this book will take its place among the best elementary works which our country has produced.

AMERICAN REVIEW.

 Contents for October.

THE WHIGS AND THE WAR,	331
CATHOLIC REACTION AGAINST THE GREAT REFORMATION, . . .	347
NIGHT IN THE BRAZILS,	361
THE PRINCIPLE OF LIFE,	362
OPINIONS OF THE COUNCIL OF THREE,	370
KATE RUSSELL,	376
INDUCTIVE THEORY OF CIVILIZATION,	381
MEN, WOMEN, AND BOOKS; (Leigh Hunt's New Work,) . . .	399
MAY,	405
THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF PHILIP YORICK, ESQ.,	406
LORD CAMPBELL'S LIVES OF THE LORD CHANCELLORS, . . .	415
OUR RECENT CORN TRADE. Redwood Fisher,	430
MISCELLANY OF THE MONTH,	436
CRITICAL NOTICES,	439

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IN the next No. (for November) will be commenced a series of European Portraits of the leading rulers and political characters of Christendom, with ample sketches of their lives and characters, which shall be thorough exhibitions, not only of the men themselves, but of the political events of their times, and especially of the aspects and condition of the nations of Europe at the present day. The first portrait and sketch will be those of the new Pope, whose late actions are making Italy the centre of European politics, and himself, in some respects, the chief personage of Christendom. This series of portraits is designed to alternate with those of American public men. They will be executed in etching—except that of the Pope, which, from the great beauty of the original, will be done in the complete style, like the head of Clay.

N. B.—*Agents and dealers in periodicals, wishing extra copies of that (November) No., containing the head of the Pope, must send in their orders by the 12th of October.*

AMERICAN REVIEW:

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NO. IV.

THE WHIGS AND THE WAR.

THERE is very little difference of opinion, we believe, among Whigs—very little certainly among all intelligent and impartial observers of events—in regard to the origin of our war upon Mexico. There are, perhaps, a few who choose to go no further than insist that the war was wholly unnecessary, however begun, and that it might have been, and ought to have been avoided. The responsibility of the President and his administration in permitting the country to become involved in a war which could and should have been avoided, is fearfully great. Among a virtuous and wise people, this condemnation alone should be enough to overwhelm those who have been guilty of so great a crime. A civilized and Christian people engaged in an unnecessary war, in the middle of the nineteenth century, is a spectacle of backsliding and crime over which angels may weep. So far, at least, the Administration at Washington is guilty, in the deliberate estimation, we do not doubt, of four-fifths of the whole body of intelligent persons throughout the country. With a portion of these, however, party partialities are strong enough to lead them to cover even this enormity with a patchwork mantle of charitable excuses. Some others there are, who are dazzled with visions of glory in the success of the American arms, and in the probable or possible extension of our territorial possessions through the dismemberment of Mexico; and who do not, therefore, and will not, give themselves any trouble about those moral as-

pects of the case which darken around both the beginning and the end of these successes and acquisitions. But the host of the Whig party in the country, in formidable array, and with sentiments and feelings approaching to entire unanimity, stand out by themselves on the clear, open ground of principle and patriotism, deprecating all wars, and unhesitatingly condemning this war with Mexico as having been begun without necessity, and prosecuted for a principal object to which they can accord neither their sanction nor their toleration. Almost universally they hold that the Administration is responsible for much more than merely allowing a war to be brought upon the country when it might have been avoided; they think it is responsible for having itself precipitated the war, and commenced hostilities. And, what is more, they think this high-handed measure was adopted, not for any necessary object of national defence, or really and truly for the vindication of the national rights or the national honor; but mainly for the unhallowed and wicked purpose of wringing from the distractions and weakness of our neighbor republic, by the strong hand of our superior military power—by conquest, or a forced cession—her ancient and rightful possessions, essential to her dignity and importance as a leading power among the republics of the New World, to add them to the vast domain already under the dominion of the United States.

Looking at the war in this aspect—as

a war of conquest and spoliation—we are well assured that there is one predominant sentiment among the Whigs of the United States, in whatever quarter of the Union they are found, and that is a sentiment of disgust and unqualified condemnation. We do not say that there may not be those among us, and of our number, and some of them persons of consideration, who are not averse to extending still further the limits of the republic, provided it can be done by fair and just means, and an honest purchase, and in a way to comport with our own honor and magnanimity, as a powerful nation dealing with another, all of whose rights are as sacred as our own, while it has less ability to maintain and defend them. But we are sure we are safe in saying that there is not a Whig in the United States who does not, with all honest and ingenuous minds, reject with scorn the very thought that his country should be engaged in war with a sister republic far below ourselves in every element of strength and greatness, for the real purpose, however sought to be disguised by plausible pretences, of effecting a forcible dismemberment of that republic, and of profiting ourselves by the spoils. It is quite probable, also, we suppose, that there may be those among us—very few we are sure—accustomed to exercise so liberal and unreflecting a patriotism as to be unable or unwilling to believe that, in a controversy with a foreign power, there may be faults on both sides; who hold, that after we got into the conflict, it was better to stand upon the declaration, put forth by the highest official authority, that the “war existed by the act of Mexico.”

We have, on former occasions, given to the readers of this Review our opinions as to the causes and origin of this war, and how hostilities were begun, and where the responsibility lies; and it is not our purpose at present to repeat this history, or our convictions on the subject. What we desire to say at this time, and to set forth prominently and strongly, is, that guilty as we deem the Administration to have been in this regard, and about which some others may entertain a different or modified opinion, there is that in the objects with which the war has been manifestly prosecuted, whether it was begun for this special purpose or not, which makes the Administration as deeply criminal in the matter as its strongest opponent has ever charged it to

have been. Nothing is plainer to us than that the war has not been prosecuted—as it should have been if at all—solely for the redress of grievances; but also, and mainly we believe, for the purpose of conquering Mexico, and subduing her to that point of forced submission and abjectness, which should make her coveted provinces an easy prey to the conqueror. And we feel certain that the Whigs of the United States, once convinced of the truth of this serious imputation, will be found united as one man, in a common sentiment of abhorrence at a spectacle so shocking and degrading; and, what is more, we trust they will be found also united as one man, in the political action and policy so obvious, and so appropriate on their part to meet the case. What this action and policy are likely to be, and what they ought to be, according to our humble judgment in the case, we shall indicate very clearly in the progress of this article. This is about to become, in the progress of events—if, indeed, it has not become already—a practical question, which must be met and decided by the Whig party, and upon which the Whigs in Congress will be called on to act, in meeting a responsibility which they cannot escape. If the Whigs, as we suppose, shall be found to have the House of Representatives in their control, at the meeting of Congress in December next, and no peace shall then have been concluded, or only a mock peace, got up for a purpose, or a peace on the basis of successful spoliation, they will have an important part to play in the drama of this Mexican business, and the country will hold them to the performance of all their duty in the case. For ourselves, we do not doubt how, and in what manner, and with what decisive and united action, they will meet the case.

But we turn to consider, first of all, the great leading question in our Mexican relations. What have we been fighting for in this Mexican war? Or rather, the question is, What has the Administration proposed to accomplish by sending a conquering army to the heart of the Mexican empire, and holding one half of the entire country under military subjection? And why has it been, after all our battles and victories, long ago fought and won, and so vast a country overrun, that peace was not long ago obtained? What terms and conditions has the Administration persisted in its purpose of exacting, that have

put a peace between the two countries, and even a negotiation for peace, notwithstanding our successive and overwhelming triumphs, all the while, or for so long a period, out of the question?

In our view, but one general answer can be given to all this significant interrogation. The Administration has looked from the beginning for a vast accession of foreign territory to the United States, as the result of this onslaught upon Mexico. This war has been quite an anomalous proceeding from the beginning. The Constitution constitutes Congress the war-making power of this government; but in this case, as we have read events and transactions, the President made the war. The Constitution contemplates that before deliberate hostilities shall be undertaken in any case, a declaration of war shall be made; but in this case, a hostile aggressive movement was made under the personal orders of the President, resulting in a conflict of arms and in actual war, as must have been calculated on with entire certainty. No declaration of war has ever been made. The war has been *recognized* by Congress—that is all. Congress has made a confession—namely—that the country is in a state of war, without having been placed in that state by itself. An important confession this, since regularly, though there may be a collision of arms, there can be no war, that is, no state of war, in this country, without a constitutional act of Congress making a declaration, in solemn form, to that effect. It is one of the consequences of this anomalous proceeding, or rather it forms a part of it, that to this day, there has been no distinct official manifesto announcing to the enemy, and the world, the causes which have impelled to this appeal to arms, and defining the objects proposed to be secured by it. It is true, we have had Messages of the President to Congress, since hostilities were begun—one of them, and the principal one, put forth after the war had been raging for six months—commenting, in terms both extravagant and false, on the relations between the two countries, and designed to operate as a personal justification of the President before his own countrymen, for the policy pursued by him in that regard. Still we have had no regular manifesto of the war—no public document apprising the enemy and all mankind, of the specific grievances endured at the hand of that enemy, and of the

redress sought to be obtained by the war, and clearly defining, by express avowal, or by necessary implication, the objects for which alone the war would be prosecuted on our part. If such a document had been put forth, either before hostilities were begun, or even when the war was “recognized,” conceived in the spirit of truth, justice, moderation and magnanimity, how different would our position be, at this moment, in the face of the civilized world! If, before hostilities had been commenced, Mexico had been told by the public proclamation of the Government, that in regard to the Annexation of Texas, which had been so much complained of, and which Mexico had avowed her determination to consider as a declaration of war, we stood, and should stand always, merely on the defensive, considering the act itself as past all diplomacy, and holding ourselves bound to protect Texas, as a State of this Union, from all invasion and injury, to the extent to which her limits had indisputably run, and her jurisdiction been clearly exercised and acknowledged—leaving the question of a definitive boundary to be amicably settled by negotiation, unless, indeed, driven by the obstinate persistence of our adversary in refusing all terms and all negotiation, to assume and defend such a boundary for ourselves; and if Mexico had then been told also, that we had one, and only one, general cause of complaint against her, which was that she had incurred a large amount of indebtedness to large numbers of our citizens, by spoiliations of their property and by personal injuries, which thus far she had failed to adjust and pay; that war on our part, if forced into it, would have no object but to compel and secure from her the justice which was due to us on account of these claims; and that we should cease to prosecute it the moment such justice was secured; and if, at the same time, Mexico had been told that we wanted none of her provinces or territories, and would take none of them on any terms, nor consent to receive a rood of her lands in any quarter of her dominions unless it might be, *at her own request*, to allow her to cede to us a convenient commercial port and station in the Pacific, and something perhaps in the adjustment of a liberal boundary for Texas, as a mode of making compensation for her indebtedness, instead of paying in coin; if a document of this sort had been put forth in the beginning, or if

in any way, Mexico had been informed, in good faith, of such purposes of undoubted justice and generous moderation on our part as we have here expressed, nobody can hesitate to believe, either that hostilities would never have been commenced at all, or, if commenced, the war would have ended almost as soon as it was begun. In truth, the war on our part, if it had come to that, to consist with the justice and moderation of our pretensions and demands, would then have been wholly defensive, so far as the Annexation of Texas was concerned; and in reference to our unsatisfied claims, it need have been, at the worst, no farther aggressive than to seize and hold, for our indemnity, the port of San Francisco on the Pacific, subject, of course, to a definitive arrangement of all differences between the two countries by treaty, whenever Mexico should see fit to come to an amicable settlement with us. This measure, with a rigorous blockade of her ports, if found necessary, would have brought her to terms. It would have shown at once, equal respect for her and for ourselves. It would have shown that we were resolved to redress the wrongs that had been done us, while in doing so, we should abstain from offering her any needless indignity, or inflicting upon her any unnecessary injury. It would have saved us the deep mortification of having, for sixteen months, prosecuted a "vigorous war" upon Mexico, (for such has been the constant boast of the Administration)—of having put forth the mighty military energies of this great nation upon a people wholly unworthy of our prowess—of having sacrificed as many lives and expended nearly as much money in sixteen months, in this war on a weak and distracted country, as it cost us to carry on a war of nearly three years with the most powerful nation on the earth—and, after all, leaving our imbecile enemy apparently so far from being conquered, that it was deemed necessary to hold up before the eyes of her principal leader, or leaders, a sort of prize purse of three millions of dollars, as a gentle persuader, to induce them to commit their country to an ignominious peace, which we had failed to compel her to make with us, at our dictation, by the power of our arms. The course of proceeding which we have suggested above, so dignified and efficient, and at the same time so generous, would have met with approval all the world over. It

would have united all parties at home, and all nations abroad, in commendation of our national policy and character. It would have saved many thousands of lives, and untold millions of money, to the United States, and it would have saved Mexico from a sense of degradation and injury at our hands, through the invasion and ravage of her country, which has made her our mortal enemy for all time to come. The utmost, in any event, that would have been required at our hands, if the Government had taken the attitude we have named, besides seizing and holding a port on the Pacific, as an indemnity for our claims, would have been to assume a boundary for Texas, and maintain it by our arms, so long as Mexico should hold out against a treaty. In doing this, if so compelled by the obstinacy of our adversary, we might have taken our stand on the Rio Grande, taking that river and the Rio Puerco for our western limits, not as a boundary to which we were indisputably entitled to go, but as a convenient international line, since the boundary was in dispute, and for which, so far as we might be found beyond our undoubted jurisdiction, we should have been ready to allow a just consideration, when our final accounts with Mexico should come to be settled.

But very widely different from all this have been the policy and conduct of the Administration, in its management of our relations and controversy with Mexico. And the course it has pursued admits of but one explanation. The President thought to glorify his reign by pushing the limits of the Progressive Republic in one direction or another, far beyond any serious dream of any Anglo-American land-robber of preceding times. He first tried his hand with England, by protesting that he would have the whole of Oregon, every minute of it, up to "fifty-four forty." He would not submit to take anything less; and but for the unwearied and sleepless efforts of men quite as patriotic as himself, and, under favor, we believe, a good deal wiser, this folly of his would have cost us a war with England. Disappointed in not being able to carry the nominal line of our national jurisdiction quite as far into the hyperborean regions as his unmeaning ambition had prompted him to desire, he turned his regards to the opposite quarter of North America, and there, stretching away in the sunny south, and towards the placid west, he saw New Mexico and the Californias,

and how much more of the goodly possessions of the Republic of Mexico Heaven only knows, which he thought he would be the happiest man alive if he could clutch, and dedicate, as his official offering, to the progressive spirit of his country. It is to the influence of this motive on his mind, that we attribute the daring resolution which he took originally to precipitate this war. He counted on a weak enemy, an easy conquest, and a speedy accomplishment of his purpose. Just as before he had claimed that our Oregon ran up to "fifty-four forty," so now he claimed that our Texas ran down to the Rio Grande; and, in this case, seeing nothing in the character of Mexico to make him pause, he ordered Taylor to march upon that river, and occupy it as our rightful boundary.

As he began, so he went on. Battle after battle was fought, and victory after victory won, and still the Mexican seemed as much unconquered as before. He showed a disposition to defend his fields and firesides on this side the Rio Grande; whereupon the President asked for a great army, and a well-filled military chest, believing, as he declared, that "the immediate appearance in arms of a large and overpowering force" would be "the most certain means of bringing the existing collision with Mexico to a speedy and successful termination." Everything he asked for was accorded to him, and his first campaign presented truly a magnificent plan of operations. The forces of the United States were to enter Mexico in three grand divisions. Kearney in the west was to invade and subdue New Mexico, and then push for the Californias, where he should be met and aided by a naval force, and by a regiment sent round by sea. Wool, with the army of the centre, was to penetrate to Chihuahua; and Taylor, with the main army, moving by the Rio Grande, and passing through the States of Tamaulipas and New Leon, and into Coahuila, taking the only practicable route in this direction, from the coast to the table-lands of Mexico, was to make a demonstration towards the capital. Napoleon never undertook the invasion of a foreign country with a more manifest purpose of making a thorough conquest of his enemy, dictating his own terms of peace, and bearing off the spoils of victory. And the campaign, in one sense, appeared to be an eminently successful one; in every quarter our arms were victorious; and, in the end, we had overrun, and held in nominal subjection,

states and territories of the enemy equal to one half of the entire Mexican empire. The President, in his annual Message of December, 1846, congratulated Congress on the progress of the country, "in the vast extension of our territorial limits."

In all this, the secret purpose of the war was manifest to all beholders. There was nothing in the nature of the grievance of which we complained, or in the redress properly adapted to the case, or in the temper and prowess of the enemy we were dealing with, which required that the war on our part should be undertaken on so grand a scale, and as if it had become necessary to put the Mexican nation to the ban, and completely subjugate her. When two nations are at war, and it becomes a struggle on either side for existence, there is reason enough for straining every energy, and putting forth the whole strength. It was so when Napoleon made his grand preparations for invading England, and when he led his mighty hosts to the frozen capital of Russia. But what was there in our political relations with Mexico which made it necessary to project such a formidable invasion of her territory as we have described—or which made it necessary, in the new campaign of the present year, to strike, by the shortest route, directly for the capital of the country, just as the Grand Emperor struck for Moscow? Certainly the President was not afraid that Mexico was going to invade us, if we did not get the start and invade her. She complained of our taking Texas, but we know very well, and the President knew, that there was not the slightest chance of her undertaking to reconquer that province, and take it out of our hands. It was not necessary that we should send an army to her capital on that account. Mexico owed our citizens some three or four millions, more or less, for spoliations and injuries, just as nearly every maritime nation in Christendom had been indebted to us before her, on the like account, and for greater or less amounts; and she had very much delayed and neglected their adjustment, as the other nations had done. But redress in the case, if necessary to be taken into our own hand, might have been found very far short of the operations of a grand war, prosecuted on a grand plan of invasion, and conquest, and subjugation. It was not necessary that we should insist on having the dead body of our debtor in satisfaction of our demand; we could

easily have helped ourselves to better and much more agreeable securities, and allowed Mexico, in her own good time, to determine whether we should keep them in full acquittance of the debt, or whether she would redeem them by payment in another form.

But the deliberate purpose of a permanent conquest and acquisition of territory has not been left to be inferred from the magnitude and character of the President's plans for carrying on the war. A man by the name of Stevenson, of some notoriety in his way, was authorized to raise a regiment of volunteers in New York, to be dispatched to California by the way of Cape Horn. Stevenson was directed by the Secretary of War to have his regiment composed of "suitable persons," "as far as practicable of various pursuits." "The condition of the acceptance in this case must be a tender of services during the war, and it must be explicitly understood that they are to be discharged without a claim for returning home, wherever they may be serving at the termination of the war, provided it is then the territory of the United States." Here was a military colony of about a thousand men to be sent out to make a permanent settlement and find a permanent home in California, as a territory of the United States. They were to be of "various pursuits"—farmers, mechanics of many trades, engineers, printers, and editors; they were to be supplied with the requisite materials and implements for beginning life in their new home; and it was understood that they would receive grants of land there from the Government of the United States. Of course, it was an act of the worst faith towards these men, unless the Government was then pursuing a settled purpose of taking possession of California, never to let go its hold upon it—a settled purpose to force Mexico, by the power of the sword, to yield it up to us, with or without a consideration.

And if anything is wanting to settle all doubts about the fact of such a purpose, we have it in the disclosures which were made in a document submitted to Congress in December, 1846, upon a call from the House of Representatives. In the original instructions of the Secretary of War, of the 3d of June, 1846, to General Kearney, appointed to command the forces for the conquest and occupation of New Mexico and Upper California, that officer was explicitly directed to "estab-

lish temporary civil governments" in those countries, administering to such existing officers as should be retained in their places, *an oath of allegiance to the United States*. And he was told to "assure the people of those provinces that it was the wish and *design* of the United States to provide for them a free government, with the least possible delay, similar to that which exists in our territories." Kearney acted up to his instructions, and to that extent his conduct was fully approved at Washington. On the 22d of August, having taken possession of Santa Fé, the capital of New Mexico, he issued his proclamation to the inhabitants, announcing his "intention to hold the department, with its original boundaries, on both sides of the Del Norte, as part of the United States, and under the name of the Territory of New Mexico." He proclaimed that "the United States hereby absolves all persons residing within the boundaries of New Mexico from any further allegiance to the Republic of Mexico, and claims them as citizens of the United States;" and he declared that all persons who should be found in arms, or instigating others, against the United States, would be "considered as traitors, and treated accordingly." Kearney proceeded to organize a regular government, with a constitution or organic law, and an elaborate systematic code for the rule and conduct of all civil affairs in the territory. And the government thus established and proclaimed, was approved by the President, so far as it purported to be, and was in fact, a temporary government. The task of establishing a *permanent* government for that people, "similar to that which exists in our territories," was reserved for the powers at Washington.

Long before General Kearney arrived in California, another governor had established civil sway, in the name of the United States, in that remote country. Instructions from the Secretary of the Navy, of the 12th of July, informed the commander of the naval forces in the Pacific, very explicitly, that "*the object of the United States is, under its rights as a belligerent nation, to possess itself entirely of Upper California.*" In other words, the object was, to seize and hold California by conquest, and as an acquiescent of war. "This will bring with it," says this letter, "the necessity of a civil administration;" and instructions are given for establishing such a government, for the appointment of officers, and taking

from them *an oath of allegiance* to the United States. In another letter from the Secretary of the Navy, to the officer commanding our naval forces in the Pacific, we have this significant declaration and avowal: "Without being animated by any ambitious spirit of conquest! our naval and military forces must *hold* the ports and territory of the enemy, of which possession has been obtained by their arms. You will, therefore, *under no circumstances, voluntarily lower the flag of the United States, or relinquish the actual possession of Upper California.* Of other points of the Mexican territory, which the forces under your command may occupy, you may maintain the possession, or withdraw, as in your judgment may be most advantageous in prosecuting the war."

Commodore Sloat was the first naval commander who found himself, under instructions from Washington, bearing military and civil sway in California. He issued his proclamation to the people of that country, declaring that, "henceforward California will be a portion of the United States, and its peaceable inhabitants will enjoy the same rights and privileges they now enjoy, together with the privilege of choosing their own magistrates and other officers, for the administration of justice among themselves; and the same protection will be extended to them as to any other State in the Union." His successor in authority in this region, Commodore Stockton, did not, to say the least of it, in his exercise of power, lower the pretensions of the United States. He promptly declared to the people, on arriving at the city of the Angels, that "the territory of California now belongs to the United States, and will be governed, as soon as circumstances will permit, by officers and laws similar to those by which the other territories of the United States are regulated and protected." And he proceeded at once to give to the people a foretaste of the good that was in store for them, by authorizing and requesting them "to meet in their several towns and departments, at such time and place as they may see fit, to elect civil officers to fill the places of those who decline to continue in office;" informing them at the same time, that where they should fail to elect, "the Commander-in-chief and Governor will make the appointments himself." It was not long after this that he issued his proclamation, declaring the *whole country* of Upper and Lower Cali-

fornia, "to be a territory of the United States, under the name of the Territory of California," and establishing a regular form and administration of civil government, with a Governor, and a Secretary, who should be the Governor's Lieutenant, both to hold office for four years, "unless sooner removed by the President of the United States," and a Legislative Council of seven persons, to be appointed by the Governor for two years, and after that to be annually elected by the people. The Commodore's "Address to the People of California" is spoken of in a subsequent communication to him from the department at Washington, and with evident gratification. Nor are we aware that any proceeding of his, or of any other Governor, in the Californias, has ever been disavowed by the President. Perhaps the Commodore's plan of government may have been deemed, in some of its features, to have had too "permanent" an aspect to be quite approved by him.

Nothing, certainly, could be plainer than what appears by the showing of these documents: that it was, from the beginning, a settled purpose of the Administration, to make this war the means of forcibly dismembering the Mexican empire, and bringing large portions of that country into permanent connection and incorporation with the United States. Nothing short of the Rio Grande as a boundary for Texas, the whole of New Mexico "on both sides of the Del Norte," and the whole of Upper California, was thought of, for a moment, as sufficient to satisfy the pestilent craving of the President for "the vast extension of our territorial limits." New Mexico and Upper California, alone, comprise one third of the entire territorial possessions of Mexico, since Texas was cut off from her dominion. With Texas and these two provinces together, we should about divide equally with Mexico, leaving her one half of her original empire, and appropriating the other half to ourselves. We do not suppose that this would fully satisfy the Administration. So much they were resolved to have, and beyond this they would take all they could get. Mr. Sevier, chairman of the Committee of Foreign Affairs in the Senate of the United States, when advocating the Three Million Bill, said in debate: "He was not authorized to state *precisely what territory this Government would require*, but he supposed no Senator would think they ought to get less than New Mexico and

Upper California." They would take up with these two provinces if they could not get more; but they had a decided hankering after more. Any one who will read attentively the correspondence of the Department of War with General Taylor, will not fail to discover that the Administration, at one time at least, entertained strong hopes of some of the northern States of Mexico—those bordering on the Rio Grande. The General was instructed "to encourage the separate Departments, or States, and especially those which you may invade and occupy, to declare their independence of the Central Government of Mexico." And, "in such Departments as may be conquered, or assume a neutral attitude, you may, at your discretion, observe the same course of conduct as that presented in the instructions given to General Kearney, by the Department, on the 3d of June, 1846." If he thought there was a chance anywhere to set up a civil government in the track of his conquering march, he was to do so. And wherever a civil government could be set up and maintained in a conquered province, the Administration calculated, with a good deal of confidence, upon seeing that province permanently annexed to the United States.

The country is not ignorant that the more thorough-paced friends of the Administration, the progressives, in speeches and newspapers, have for some time been accustomed to speak, with high gratification and delight, of "a good time coming," and not far off, when all Mexico shall be absorbed in our own progressive Republic. They call it our "manifest destiny." We are not sure that this "manifest destiny" of our Republic stops short—in their imaginings—of absorbing the whole of North America. We are not sure that even South America is to escape. Their notion is that the Spanish race on this continent, and all others, must fade away before the face of the Anglo-Saxons, or rather of the Yankees, as shadows fly before the coming light. The Indians have receded and wasted at our approach, and so must all the rest of the dwellers on this side of the globe, except, perhaps, so far as we may see fit to embrace them and inoculate them with our blood. It is evident that this idea of our "manifest destiny," is not an unpleasing one to the Administration, and they are not unwilling to be the instrument of furnishing to the world the first substantial proof of its reality. They are willing to show the

faith they have in the sublimities of Progressive Democracy, by employing the awful agency of war, at least by using the occasion of the present war, to dismember and despoil Mexico, if they can, of one third of her empire, and annex so much at once to the United States, as a kind of first fruits offered up to the present god of democratic worship—our Manifest Destiny. We had observed lately that an English newspaper, *The London News*, had deemed it a cunning stroke of policy to talk as if they had themselves, on that side of the water, discovered this "manifest destiny" of ours, and were prepared to yield gracefully to what they could not prevent. Considering what England is doing in the East, she might well afford to look with some degree of complacency on any career of conquest upon which we might seem disposed to enter in this quarter of the world—provided, of course, we did not touch any peculiar interest of her own. But in this instance, it is evident, the liberality expressed towards us, has such good ground to go upon, in the peculiar interests and policy of that kingdom, and her characteristic jealousy of us, that there really is no reason for our making dunces of ourselves, by lauding her sincerity and generosity in the matter. If England wants Cuba, she knows very well that all excuse for consistent opposition on our part to her having it, will be taken away when we have fairly entered on our career of conquest and acquisition. And England is wise enough to know also, whether we know it or not, that the shortest possible way of bringing down our power and our pride, is to allow us to outgrow our strength—to become long-limbed and loose-jointed—to go on with our plan of ingrafting innumerable new shoots from strange stocks, not on the stem of the tree, but away off on the ends of the distant branches, to be fed with its vital sap, until the heart, and root, and trunk, robbed of their proper nutriment and support, fall into premature decay, and the brave old oak, under whose broad shadow successive and growing generations might have reposed and flourished, crushed by its own weight, comes suddenly down in one wide-spread ruin to the ground.

It was, undoubtedly, in the temper and spirit here referred to, that *The London News* indulged in the following piece of mock complacency, in reference to the progress of our victorious arms in Mexico:

"Mexico, half occupied, and even that half not peopled, by a race to which no European counsel or aid can communicate political wisdom, honesty, or courage, has fallen, by the natural current of human events, under Anglo-American influence, if not sway. We have not thought fit to interfere. England did not consider the preservation of the balance of power in the New World worthy of calling forth the display of her strength, or the risk of war."

"Having come to this resolution—and we think wisely—and, in fact, acquiescing in the immense extension of the power and empire of the United States southwestward, it would be most foolish in us to preserve ill humor at the same time that we forswear hostility, and to display in those prints and speeches which represent public opinion, a jealousy and hatred towards that people for conquests—as impossible for them to avoid as us to prevent."

Now this was exactly the kind of bait to catch the "Union" with—the organ of the Administration at Washington—which of course greedily swallowed it, and the hook along with it. The approval of the policy of the Administration from such a quarter was quite overpowering. The article was immediately seized and transferred to the columns of the Union, and announced with the significant declaration, at once an expression of high gratification, and a confession of the policy and purpose of conquest and subjugation in the war upon Mexico—"IT IS RIGHT IN SPIRIT, AND WE RESPOND TO IT CORDIALLY!" It is right in spirit, exclaims the Union, in behalf of the Administration, that England should acquiesce "in the immense extension of the power and empire of the United States southwestward." That is then at last the undisguised, if not boasted policy and design of the Administration—"the immense extension of the power and empire of the United States southwestward!" It is right in spirit, exclaims the Union, in behalf of the Administration, that England should forbear to express any jealousy or hatred towards the United States, on account of "conquests impossible for them to avoid." In the judgment of the Administration, then, we are engaged in making conquests in Mexico, which it is impossible for us to avoid. It is admitted that the design is to make these conquests, and the excuse for it is, that it is impossible to avoid making them—it is our "manifest destiny." It is right in spirit, that even England should bend before this

"manifest destiny;" should forswear hostility to it, and even any ill humor at it, and learn to think and speak of our conquests under it—at least, of our conquests *southwestward*—as something impossible for us to avoid, or for her to prevent. In our view of the matter, no more complete manifestation could well be made, of the temper and determination with which the Administration entered into this war, and with which it has, all along, been prosecuted, than is here exhibited—albeit very unconsciously exhibited, perhaps. We do not know, indeed, that the powers at Washington care any longer seriously to disguise the fact, that their main purpose in this war has been to draw to the United States, in some way, and in any way they could, large and extensive portions of the Mexican territory. Certainly, it is very useless any longer, after all that has transpired, to set up any pretence to the contrary. One thing is indisputable, and that is, that they do desire their own party and partisans in the country so to understand their policy, and they count the more confidently—and no doubt justly—on their support, because they so understand it.

To us, therefore, it seems clear—and this approaches the point to which this article is mainly intended to direct attention—that the Whigs in the next Congress will have no difficulty in settling it definitively in their own minds, and with perfect unanimity, with what principal intent it has been from the beginning, that the Administration has been for sixteen months prosecuting what it calls a "vigorous war" in Mexico, and has made such a vast sacrifice of the lives of our citizens, and such an immense waste of the national treasures. They will believe, what every active, intelligent friend and supporter of the Administration undoubtedly believes, that the grand object has been the acquisition of territory. The fact has become too plain and palpable to be doubted by anybody. It may be, and probably is true, and events transpiring, perhaps, while we are writing, may show, that the Administration is willing to pay very liberally and largely for any territory that Mexico will agree to yield up to us. It has not, we believe, always been so disposed. Its first disposition, and vain purpose, was, by "the immediate appearance in arms of a large and overpowering force," to strike terror to the heart of the Mexican people, and so to compel them to a cession of extensive

provinces, in the name of payment or indemnity for our unsatisfied claims, and for the expenses of the war, and with little or no money consideration from us for such cession. It is natural that the President should be more than ever unwilling, after all the sacrifices that have been made, and the responsibilities he has incurred before the American people, to give up the provinces he has coveted. He counts on these—this offering to what he deems the marauding spirit of land-robbery in his countrymen—to turn off the edge of their wrath, when they shall come to reckon with him, on the return of peace, for the discredit and the miseries of this war. He doubtless thinks that a few more millions, used to bribe Mexicans to part with those lands which he has in vain endeavored to force from them by the sword, will nearly be lost sight of, when they come to be added to and mixed up with the scores of millions which the war has cost; at any rate, in this case, he thinks he would have something to show for the blood and treasure expended, and otherwise nothing at all. In short, we believe events will show that the President, after having expended a hundred millions, to say nothing of the many thousand lives he has sacrificed, in a war which was at first intended, as far as possible, to be one of clear conquest, and to an extent to which it is difficult to set bounds, to add to the hundred millions of expenditure three or four millions to pay our own citizens what Mexico owes them, and ten or twenty millions more to be paid to Mexico, if required, to secure a couple of provinces to the United States, if by any means Mexico, or anybody in Mexico, can be made to consent to make peace with us on such terms. He has been willing to turn his war of absolute conquest, into a *belligerent* purchase. He has been unwilling to give up his coveted provinces, and unwilling to make peace without them. He has seen very well that his naked sword would not fetch them, yet he has been resolved not to return his sword to the scabbard till he has secured them. He has, therefore, been holding his weapon flaming over the head of his enemy in one hand—whose property he was resolved to have at some rate—while he presented a purse with the other, and asked his enemy to name his own price for submission to his demands!

This having been the position of the President and his cabinet in reference to

the war, it is plain enough why we have not had peace long ago. Mexico has had no wish to part with any portion of her territory, and, above all, she has been resolved never to do so, on any terms, while the sword of war was suspended over her head. If she would sell at all, she would not sell on compulsion. A Mexican is traveling on the highway, with his own company of retainers, bearing certain valuables towards his hacienda in the country, when he is met by a band of *industrious* fellows, living on the road, whose chevalier chief claims to be his creditor for a certain amount, but means, in fact, by force of arms, to compel him to part with his property on the spot. The onset is made, and such resistance is offered, that the chevalier and his men are brought to a pause. At this point a parley ensues, and an armed truce, and the chevalier, still with pistol and sabre in hand, informs the Mexican gentleman that he has a particular fancy for his valuables, and cannot think of parting from him without them; that he may name his price if he will, and there is his purse, but have the valuables he must and shall, and if this offer does not suit him, the fight must go on. The Mexican gentleman has his own fancy for his own valuables, and feeling his case to be far from desperate, the fight *does* go on—especially as he thinks he perceives that he has some advantage in his defensive position, and that every moment of exertion and effort may weaken his adversary, and increase his own chances of escape. We think the case of Mexico, at least as she has understood it, is well enough parabled in this brief narration; and we can have no difficulty in discovering from it what it is that has so long stood in the way of peace between her and us. For ourselves, we do not believe that we shall ever have peace with Mexico—at least, a peace that will last much longer than the time we take in making it—until we have ceased to insist on carrying with us, out of the conflict, a heavy slice of her territory. We may have a truce, and call it peace, but it will be no peace. Though we should pay her the most liberal and even extravagant price for her provinces, the Mexican people will still weigh the land, as a part of the country of their affections, against the money, and put their honor also into the scale, as having been bought up with the same price. We may depend upon it, that we shall never have their free consent to the cession of their land—the

provinces of New Mexico and California—at whatever price; and certainly not to a cession dictated by us at the head of our victorious columns, at the proud capital of their country, and while holding, or claiming to hold, these very provinces under our control and government, as having been conquered in war. We may give what price we please for them in money, Mexicans will never cease to think that the real price offered was that coined from their own blood, shed in battle at Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, and Monterey and Buena Vista, and Vera Cruz and Cerro Gordo, and under the walls of Mexico. We believe a great mistake is made in supposing, that the Mexican people are willing, or can be made willing, to part with any considerable portion of their country for any money consideration whatever. No nation on the earth has a stronger sense of the value of extended territorial possessions, as giving some claim to an elevated place and rank in the scale of nations. No nation indulges a higher ambition to take rank among powers of the first class. She is, in fact, the second power among the republics of the New World; and it is idle to suppose that her people will ever consent, short of the very last extremity, especially since they have lost Texas, voluntarily to lop off two provinces more, fully equal to one third of all the territory that remains to them, and thus at once and forever to cut down that nation to an inferior grade.

Another act has now opened in the elaboration of the bloody drama of this war, the rumor of which has just reached us, while this article is passing through our hands. As usual, according to this rumor, our brave soldiers repose once more in the arms of victory; and the great captain of our time and country—as generous and humane as he is bold, skilful, prudent, and profound in the science of war—stands with his impatient and conquering legions under the walls and before the gates of the magnificent capital of the Mexican empire, where he has arrested their triumphant march, to give the stricken enemy an opportunity to entertain and consider such terms of peace as it may have pleased the Administration to offer. What may happen next, or what the final result of all our victories may be, of course we have no means of knowing; and before our prediction, if we should venture to utter one, would be seen by our readers,

the country may have the problem solved, which has been so long a matter of uneasy conjecture and speculation—whether Mexico will be conquered when her capital has fallen. Undoubtedly, we think there is now a chance for a treaty, and a cession of extensive provinces. We are prepared to see Santa Anna, or whoever may be in the ascendant at the time, quite ready to receive three millions of dollars in hand, and, as if yielding to a fate that could no longer be resisted, submitting to almost any terms which the conqueror may think proper to impose; perhaps, the more exacting and exorbitant they may be, the better they will suit their purposes. We hardly know what the accidental authorities of that wretched country might not agree to submit to, on condition of receiving three millions of dollars in hand, and having the army of Gen. Scott withdrawn to the coast, or out of the country. Santa Anna is up to making treaties which he knows his country will never ratify. He made such a treaty with Texas once, when a prisoner of war, and thus escaped from a condition of imminent peril. He, or somebody else, may make a treaty with another conqueror now; or the Mexican Congress may do so, under his or some other chief's dictation; but what will the Mexican people say to it all? Are we quite sure that the same set of men who may agree on the terms of a treaty of peace with us, degrading to that nation, will remain in power long enough to ratify it? Nothing is easier than to make a revolution in Mexico; and nothing is plainer to our minds than that no chief or party in that country, who shall enter into a provisional treaty to cede away to us New Mexico and California, can hold the reins of government long enough to consummate so wicked a purpose. We do not hesitate to put it forth, as our firm and thorough conviction, even now, when so many among us feel sure that the next fresh breeze from the South will bring to their glad ears the shouts of peace, that we shall have no firm and lasting peace with Mexico, nothing that can establish real relations of amity between her and us, until we shall utterly abandon all purpose of dismembering that country, and enriching ourselves with a large portion of her territory.

There are, as we understand it, six specific restrictions imposed on the executive government of the republic, under its present organization; and, with these

exceptions, it is virtually a dictatorship. Everything else may be done without the co-operation of the Congress. One of these restrictions forbids the executive government "to alienate the territory of the republic." Whether it could do so, or would dare to make such an attempt, even with the co-operation of the Congress, remains to be seen. At any rate, it is not long since the Congress declared it would hold Santa Anna guilty of treason, if he even entertained propositions for peace.

Such an event as the occupation of their capital by the Anglo-Americans, and the possible submission of the authorities there to a treaty of our dictation, has been anticipated by the Mexicans, and, in a measure, already provided for. In the month of June last, a solemn coalition was formed between the States of Jalisco, San Luis Potosi, Zacatecas, Mexico, Queratero, and Aguascalientes—several of them the most powerful States of the republic, "free, sovereign, and independent States," as they all call themselves—having for its object the preservation of the federative system, and the support of the central government, in its unequal conflict with the United States. We quote, from the address which they published to the nation, a single sentence: "They protest that never will they consent to, nor be bound by, any convention or treaty of peace with the North American enemy, as long as he threatens or occupies the capital, or any other point of the Mexican republic. They also will not recognize any general suspension of arms which should comprise all the belligerent forces of the nation." But, in the face of all this, and much more, we are quite prepared to hear that somebody at the Mexican capital has proposed, or will propose, to submit to the demands of the Administration, and make them the basis of a treaty; and still, we repeat our conviction, that no treaty which cedes to us extensive provinces in Mexico, even if ratified by the constitutional authorities of our own country, can ever receive the sanction of the Mexican nation, or ever result in amicable relations and a permanent peace.

But suppose—and we think it a very supposable case—that the occupation of the Mexican capital by Gen. Scott and his army does not result in a treaty at all, or the establishment of peace; what then is to be done? We have conquered Mexico, but we have not "conquered a peace."

What shall be done? We believe the alternative will be between an interminable war, more or less vigorously prosecuted—a war offensive or defensive—and an unconditional surrender of every pretension, or wish, on our part, to dismember the Mexican empire. We have every reason for saying, that if Mexico could understand, from reliable authority, that the United States would not only not demand, but would and will positively refuse to receive, on any terms whatever, even a single province from her, a just and permanent peace might be made with that country without difficulty and without delay. Mexico would have no reason in that case for prolonging the contest. She would know very well that she must submit to the loss of Texas, and that somehow or other she must make us good for the indebtedness she is under to our citizens. The cession of a liberal boundary for Texas, and of a port on the Pacific, for the uses of commerce—if she chose to adopt that mode of payment—or satisfactory payment in any other mode, would immediately bring the two nations into amicable relations. And if, contrary to all expectation, and all reason, she should still keep aloof from a treaty with us, our course would be a plain one. We might do ourselves exact justice, in our own way, and assuming a defensive attitude, leave her to seek our friendship when she should get ready to do so. But we have no fears for the result, if the one grand obstacle to a peace, to which we have referred, shall be removed. The question is, can and shall that obstacle be removed?

We are well aware that the Administration has entertained only one idea, and has seemed incapable of entertaining any other, about the way we are to deal with Mexico, till she shall consent to make peace with us. That idea is summed up in the phrase, a thousand times repeated from Administration sources—a vigorous prosecution of the war. They have conducted what they call a vigorous war from the beginning, and very likely they will be for conducting just *such* a vigorous war to the end. We shall not be surprised to find the President announcing to Congress, at the opening of the next session in December, not only that such is still the policy of his Administration, but that now, since Mexico refuses to make peace with us, after her capital has fallen, we must occupy the whole country, if need be, with our military

forces, and bring the whole nation under complete subjugation. Possibly he may so far yield to Mexican obstinacy as to conclude that the military occupation and subjugation of one half, or one third, of the country, may, after all, answer every useful purpose of the war. In either case, we shall find the President calling on Congress, at its next session, by every appeal which can be made to the passions or the pride of his countrymen, to furnish him with large supplies of men and money for the war; heartily hoping, as we believe it is very likely he may, at the same time, if that branch of the National Legislature which more immediately holds the purse strings, shall be in the hands of the Whigs, that his demands may be met, in that quarter, by a flat refusal. He would expect to make some good party profits out of the withholding of the supplies by the Whigs in the American House of Commons. He would like well enough to have the burden and yoke of the war lifted off from his neck by their interference, on almost any terms, but especially if done in a way to enable him to make a plausible case of shifting the disgrace which is sure to follow its termination, from his own shoulders to theirs. The bare hope of some advantage of this sort, in the desperate condition to which the war has reduced his Administration, would, we dare say, make him seize with avidity any plausible excuse for throwing up the contest. But we think the Whigs in Congress will find a way of doing their own duty in the premises, without affording much "aid and comfort" to the President.

The President has undertaken to conduct this war from the beginning, in his own way, without any other reliance upon Congress, or reference to it, than to ask that body, first to recognize the war after it was begun, and next to supply him with the men and money he required, as necessary to his plan of operations. He has, all the while, thus far, had his own party in majority, in both Houses, and everything has been accorded to him as he desired. And so long as Congress is content to leave the whole conduct of the war in his hands, we do not see how it could well refuse to continue to meet his wishes in the matter of the supplies. Certainly it would never refuse to grant anything and everything necessary or proper for the support and succor of our brave troops, placed, without any fault

of theirs, in the heart of a distant country, and struggling with every peril, discomfort and difficulty. And though we are of the number of those who believe that Congress, as the war-making power, has a right, and it may be its imperative duty, to prescribe and limit the operations and general mode of conducting any war—as, for example, to limit its operations to defence merely, or, in its discretion, to fit out expeditions for the invasion of a foreign country, and for offensive war—yet, in the present instance, and especially if the two Houses in the next Congress could not be brought to agree on any measure or plan, either for conducting the war, or for bringing it to an immediate close, we do not see that the Whigs, being in a majority in one House only, will be in any condition, if they were so disposed, to take the management of the war out of the President's hands. It will be time enough for them to dispose of the war when the people shall give them the full power of the Government. They may yet have that high service to perform for the country.

Still the Whigs in the next Congress will have their own duty to perform; and they will do everything that lies in their power towards bringing this war, if not sooner ended, to a just and honorable conclusion. If they shall have a working majority in the House of Representatives, the original jurisdiction over the Ways and Means will belong to them, with the right and the duty to institute the most rigid inquiries into the expenditures of the Government, its revenue measures, its financial plans and financial operations, and into the whole conduct of the Administration, especially in relation to the Mexican war. And no doubt they will feel it to be their particular duty, when they shall be called on to furnish supplies for the farther prosecution of this war, to accompany their appropriations with a solemn declaration, in some appropriate and authoritative form, as to the objects for which alone the war is to be pursued, and with a special prohibition to the Executive to employ the means placed in his hands with any view to the dismemberment of the Mexican Republic, or the acquisition, by conquest or a forced sale, of her territories. It is easy to express the legitimate objects of the war on our part, and for which alone the money of the nation ought to be granted: First, the security of our frontier State of Texas, by the establishment of a definite boundary between it

and Mexico, and in the adjustment of which the whole question of annexation, and all its incidentals, should be quieted forever; and next, a proper and secure provision for the payment of the just claims of our citizens on Mexico. These objects attained, the war ought to cease; and if the President were authoritatively restricted to these objects, in its prosecution, it is quite probable that he would think it best to change his plan of belligerent operations—if, indeed, it should be found necessary to carry them on at all, which we greatly doubt, for another day. At least we Whigs know very well, that if such a restriction had been imposed on him from the beginning, no war of invasion would ever have been undertaken—just as we know that no war at all would have been undertaken, if he had known before it was begun, that he was to be limited to the naked justice of our own cause, and would not be permitted to go farther and perpetrate a great wrong on Mexico.

We are aware, of course, of the difficulty which will have to be encountered in the attempt to incorporate with an appropriation bill, so as to make it a part of the enactment, such a restriction on the President as we have here indicated. The Senate may stand out in obstinate resistance to such an enactment. But we look to see an attempt of this sort, in some form or other, made by the Whigs, and steadily and firmly carried out to a successful result. The point of difference between the two Houses in such a case, would be explicitly, whether or not the war with Mexico shall be farther prosecuted, or any military operations whatever carried on, with any view to the dismemberment of that republic, or to the acquisition, by conquest, or by forcing her to a sale, of her territories. This would be the precise issue. It would be a single issue, and need not be complicated with any other question whatever. And it is an issue upon which the Whig party can stand before the country, and before the world. It is an issue, if made between the House of Representatives and the Senate, by the resistance of the Senate to such a restriction upon the President in prosecuting hostilities against Mexico, which will bring distinctly before Congress and the country, the answer to the great question, so often and so anxiously asked everywhere—What has the Government been fighting for in Mexico? The answer will then be given by the

voice of the President's party in the Senate.—The Government has been fighting for the conquest and acquisition of Mexican territory. If the President and his party in Congress shall be found unwilling to take appropriations and supplies of men and money, as they may be called for, for the purposes of the war, simply with an inhibition against prosecuting it for the purpose of dismembering Mexico, and taking from her her territory, it will be a clear confession that the design is, and has been all along, to effect such dismemberment and acquisition. Such an inhibition would not, of course, touch the legitimate objects of the war—those very objects on which, and on which alone, according to the repeated and elaborate declarations of the President, officially made, the necessity of the war, if necessary at all, rests and has rested from the beginning. If hostilities were commenced “by the act of Mexico,” in invading our State of Texas, as has been insisted on, then one object of the war has been to defend Texas, and secure that frontier of the United States by compelling Mexico to recognize a just and definite boundary between her territory and ours in that quarter. And, as Mexico was indebted to our citizens in a considerable amount for spoiliations and injuries, the neglect of which was deemed by the President just and ample cause of war, then another object of the war has been to obtain satisfaction for this indebtedness. Now we suppose the House of Representatives may propose to make appropriations for the war, if they shall be called on to do so, leaving the President to conduct it as he has done heretofore, on any plan of operations he may think best calculated to secure *these* objects, and any other legitimate object, if such there be; and what if the Senate shall resist and refuse to sanction appropriations for *these* objects, because the President is not left at liberty at the same time to carry on the war for another and a distinct purpose, namely, the conquest and acquisition of Mexican territory? Let the Senate carry out its opposition, on this ground, to the extent of endangering or actually involving the loss of the appropriation bills for the war, and the appeal will go to the people. What their verdict would be cannot be doubtful. But we have no fears that the courage of the Senate could be brought to stand up to such a point in the issue.

We believe, if there is any one proposition on which the people of this country

would rise in their might to sustain their faithful representatives, it is this—"That the war now existing with Mexico ought not to be prosecuted for the acquisition of territory, to form new States to be added to this Union."* We have not a doubt that the time has come when the people, in all sections of the Union, are ready to unite on such a sentiment as this, with a strength which has not been exhibited on any other great public question in the last quarter of a century. We want no more territory; we want no more accessions of new States from newly-acquired territory; the country is ample enough; the people have room enough. There can be no mistake, or danger of mistake, in asserting that this is becoming the common and prevalent sentiment of the reflecting portion of our people. Especially, and above all things, they are against acquiring more territory by war and conquest.

Every man, at least every Whig, who loves his country, and his whole country, will rejoice, too, that this noble sentiment, which turns resolutely away from all plans and projects of further territorial extension and aggrandizement, and touches interests affecting this Union in the most vital regard, is one on which there may be, and will be, the most cordial agreement between the North and the South. Standing on this common ground, Northern Whigs and Southern Whigs will have but one opinion and one feeling between them. This unanimity has shown itself already, on an important occasion. When the Senate was asked, at the last session, to appropriate three millions of dollars, in addition to other appropriations, to enable the President to bring the war with Mexico to a close, Mr. Berrien, of Georgia, introduced an amendment, which the country has not forgotten, and is not likely to forget. It was as follows:

"Provided, always, and it is hereby declared to be the true intent and meaning of Congress, in making this appropriation, that the war with Mexico ought not to be prosecuted by this government with any view to the dismemberment of that republic, or to the acquisition by conquest of any portion of her territory; that this government, ever desirous to maintain and preserve peaceful and friendly relations with all nations, and particularly with the neighboring Republic of Mexico, will always be ready to enter upon negotiations with a view to terminate the present unhappy

conflict on terms which shall secure the just rights, and preserve inviolate the national honor, of the United States and of Mexico; that it is especially desirable, in order to maintain and preserve those amicable relations which ought always to exist between neighboring republics, that the boundary of the State of Texas should be definitively settled, and that provision be made by the Republic of Mexico for the prompt and equitable adjustment of the just claims of our citizens on that republic."

On this proposition—so significant and so just—the Whigs of the Senate rallied with singular unanimity. Twenty-four senators voted for it, and of these, *eleven* were from slave States. It was defeated by the votes of the President's friends holding the majority, among whom were some of the Northern Democracy, who professed to be strenuous advocates for the "Wilmot Proviso." Clamorous to withstand the farther accession of slave territory or slave states, alarmed at the possibility of such a thing, these consistent gentlemen could yet heartily unite in the project of bringing in new territory into the United States, even by the power of the sword, from which slavery could not be excluded, if at all, without a struggle which might bring down the pillars of the Union in ruins. The amendment of Mr. Berrien was rejected; and then, the same twenty-four Whigs, who had stood by this proposition, voted in solid column to reject the Appropriation Bill. A reference to this example shows very plainly what may be expected from the unanimity and firmness of the Whigs, at the approaching session of Congress, when, holding the power of the popular branch of the National Legislature, they shall be called on to adopt a measure to bring back to the country the smiles and the blessings of peace, and to save our Union from destruction.

We are too near the end of the space that can be afforded to this article, to enter now into the reasons and considerations which have operated to convince us of the wisdom and the necessity of making it a cardinal point in the faith and policy of the Whig party—that we want, and will have, no Mexican provinces as the fruits of our conquests in that country, annexed to the United States, to form hereafter States of this Union. Happily, we have good indications that this sentiment has sprung up simultaneously

* Resolution submitted by Mr. Webster to the Senate at the last session of Congress.

in the voluntary minds of the Whigs in various quarters of the country, without any concert, and has been adopted by them, with a thorough conviction at once of its necessity and its eminent propriety, as a rule of political action.

But we have not forgotten that before the meeting of the next Congress, the war may have been ended, and a treaty of peace prepared, to be laid before the Senate for its ratification. By no stretch of our imagination can we fancy the Administration, after all its bold pretensions, concluding a treaty with Mexico, dictated by itself from the Mexican capital, which shall not cede to the United States at least a couple of provinces—New Mexico and California. Of course, this would only be done, if at all, on condition of the direct payment by us of a very large sum of money as a consideration for the cession. The question arises—What would the Senate do with such a treaty? We answer, in our opinion, it would be rejected; and for ourselves we say, we should rejoice to see it rejected by Whig votes. The difficulties and the dangers to arise from such a treaty, were significantly pointed to by Mr. Webster in the course of a few remarks, freighted with his accustomed wisdom, which he submitted to the Senate when the Three Million Bill was under consideration. “Before we obtain a perfect right to conquered territory,” said Mr. Webster, “there must be a cession. A cession can only be made by treaty. No treaty can pass the Senate, till the Constitution is overthrown, without the consent of two thirds of its members. Now, who can shut his eyes to the great probability of a successful resistance to any treaty of cession, from one quarter of the Senate or another? Will the North consent to a treaty bringing in territory subject to slavery? Will the South consent to a treaty bringing in territory from which slavery is excluded? Sir, the future is full of difficulties and full of dangers. We are suffering to pass the golden op-

portunity for securing harmony and the stability of the Constitution.” Nor did Mr. Webster leave the subject without indicating clearly the course of policy, of wisdom, and of duty in the case. It was, to let Mexican territory alone. Speaking of the united and firm action of the Whigs of the Senate in voting for Mr. Berrien’s amendment to the Three Million Bill, he said:—

“In their judgment, [the Whigs] it is due to the best interests of the country, to its safety, to peace and harmony, and to the well-being of the Constitution, to declare at once, to proclaim now, that we desire no new States, nor territory to form new States out of, as the end of conquest. For one, I enter into this declaration with all my heart. We want no accession of territory; we want no accession of new States. The country is already large enough. I do not speak of any cession that may be made in the establishment of boundaries, or of the acquisition of a port or two on the Pacific, for the benefit of navigation and commerce. But I speak of large territories, obtained by conquest, to form States to be annexed to the Union; and I say I am opposed to such acquisition altogether. I am opposed to the prosecution of the war for any such purposes.”

This doctrine, and these sentiments, not belonging to Mr. Webster alone, but to the whole body of Whigs in the Senate, deliberately adopted and acted upon at the last session of Congress, are not likely to be forgotten, or laid aside, at the next session. And, in our judgment, they stand equally in the way of appropriations being made by a Whig House of Representatives for the purpose of making or securing extended conquests of territory in Mexico, and of the ratification of any treaty ceding large territories to the United States, as the end of conquest. The refusal to ratify such a treaty of cession would not lead to the renewal of the war. It would only lay a broad and sure foundation for a just and enduring peace.

D. D. B.

CATHOLIC REACTION AGAINST THE GREAT REFORMATION.*

No portion of modern history is fraught with intenser interest in itself, or more important bearings on our own times, than that of the religious state of Europe during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In the Roman Catholic Church was begun, soon after the commencement of the Protestant Reformation, a change of manners and discipline apparently as complete as that preached by Luther to the multitudes who were forsaking her communion.

The whole policy of the Church, thitherto, was adapted to maintain, by appeals to superstition and veneration, an already acquired influence. The merciless barbarity with which the Albigensian faith was crushed, must be attributed to a spirit rather of self-defence than of aggression. When the arms of Christendom were directed against the Saracens, it was in the spirit of Joshua rather than that of Mahomet. No converts were made or expected. As Gibbon says of the Jews, it seems probable that the number of proselytes hardly exceeded that of the apostates; indeed, there were hardly any of either.

The duties of the ecclesiastical orders, too, were mainly confined to study and meditation. Their reputation for superior sanctity might indeed impress the unbelieving with veneration. But even such influence was rather adventitious than designed. We shall see that the orders established after the Great Reformation had a far different work assigned them.

In the character of the Supreme Pontiffs, too, appeared anything but an ambition to extend their *spiritual* sway. The increasing extent of their temporal jurisdiction rendered them blind to all other interests than its still farther extension. The remark of Tacitus upon the Roman people, is peculiarly applicable to them: "Vetus ac jam pridem insita mortalibus potentia cupido cum Imperii magnitudine adolevit erupitque." Leo X., even after the commencement of a spiritual revolution which forced him back upon upholding, even in his own states,

the precarious authority of the chair of St. Peter, was busily intriguing with the Emperor, and fighting his Most Christian Majesty of France, for the possession of some of the Italian provinces. Even when the progress of the Reformation forced him to regard the danger, his efforts were expended in combining the secular princes of Europe against the opinions of the Reformers. The martial spirit of the Popes of that period is finely set forth in a poem of the time of Clement VII., who assumed the pontifical chair but a few years after the death of Leo:

—sed nunc summus parat arma sacerdos,
Clemens, Martinum cupiens abolere Lutherum,
Atque ideo Hispanas retinet metritque cohortes.
Non disceptando, aut subtilibus argumentis
Vincere, sed ferro mavult sua jura tueri.
Pontifices nunc bella juvant, sunt cætera nugæ:
Nec præcepta patrûm, nec Christi dogmata curant.

But it was not with carnal weapons that a spiritual battle could be fought. The heresies of Brother Martin ran like wild-fire through Europe, and the bungling efforts of his Holiness to suppress them remind one of the eagerness of Virgil's hero to try his trusty sword upon the shadowy monsters about him at the gate of Tartarus.

The time had now arrived for a close and desperate engagement with the reformed opinions. First, however, it was determined to make an effort at reconciliation. Such a measure, though it may in our day seem perfectly chimerical, appeared in the earlier part of the sixteenth century to promise good success. Much free discussion had arisen in Italy, which tended to render somewhat less offensive the apparent paradoxes of the Reformers. In many of the small literary coteries, which about this time made their appearance, Luther's great doctrine of "justification by faith alone" had been freely de-

* I. Ranke's History of the Popes. Translated by Sarah Austin. 2 vols. 8vo. London.
II. Fra Paoli Sarpi, Istoria del Concilio Tridentino.

bated. It had been maintained by a Spaniard, in a little work under the patronage of the house of Colonna, and printed by the express order of the bishop of Modena. It had even been defended in a published tract by Gasper Contarini, the chief confidant of his Holiness.*

It was not without reasonable hope of success, therefore, that Paul III. favored the design of a general reconciliation. To Contarini this scheme appears to have been the delight of his soul. It was to him what the scenes of the New Atlantis were to Lord Bacon—what a republic was to Algernon Sydney—what Utopia was to Sir Thomas More.

Less visionary, but no less sanguine than the first General of the Jesuits, it was his misfortune to prosecute a promising scheme with no ultimate success. He was aware of the extent to which opinions similar to those of Luther had prevailed in Italy. He knew that a sincere conscientiousness urged the great Reformer to his work. He felt sure that God would not suffer the breach in the distracted Church to widen irreparably. But he had, it should seem, but little studied the signs of his times. He had, perhaps, judged the unbending spirit of the Apostle of the Reformation, by the mild and compliant disposition of his own. He failed in his benevolent undertaking, and might have been forgiven, though not justified, had he indulged in the complaint of the amiable Leighton upon a somewhat similar occasion: "I have done my utmost to repair the temple of the Lord; and my sorrow will not be embittered by compunction should a flood of misfortune hereafter rush in through the gap you have refused to assist me in closing." Contarini returned from Germany, where he had been laboring for the reconciliation, to endure a bitterness worse than the bitterness of death—the calumnious aspersions of his countrymen upon a noble enterprise for their good.

The rupture with the Protestants was now continually widening. Their opinions and influence were spreading with alarming rapidity. Fifteen years before, they had been strong enough to obtain an official recognition at the diet of Spires. Subsequently the powerful Landgrave of Hesse had determined to slight all complaints about the confiscated estates of the Church. The German provinces, the March of Brandenburg, the

second branch of Saxony, one branch of Brunswick and the Palatinate, seceded from the Church soon after. In a few years the Reformation was triumphant in Lower Germany, and firmly established in Upper Germany.†

Among the second causes of the unprecedented facility with which the Reformation pervaded the centre of Europe, perhaps the chief was the previous policy of the Church with regard to the common people.

She had been aiming at the hearts of princes and nobles, and her conquests had been mainly over temporal powers. She had sought to enlist in her cause those feelings of the higher classes which are most faithful and enduring—veneration for, and enthusiastic devotion to, established forms.

Hence the magnificence of her ritual ceremonies, and the presumptuous titles assumed by her Supreme Pontiffs. The haughty nobles, who would not have listened to the simple story of the Cross, willingly attended, with the insignia of their rank, upon imposing cathedrals where mitted prelates pedantically declaimed in the cant of scholastic theology, and in an unknown tongue were chanted the praises of the mysterious attributes of the Deity.

Meanwhile the common people were left as sheep without a shepherd. They could not engage in the pompous ceremonies of the cathedrals, and no Bethels were served by the humble ministers of the Cross for them.

The Reformation broke out in the heart of Europe, and, when the populace deserted the Church in throngs, she perceived, though too late entirely to remedy it, her error in neglecting them.

Luther was aware of the important truth that, though the light of civilization and science always shines first upon the privileged classes, yet great moral and religious reforms generally work upward from the populace. The readers of Spenser will remember the story of "fayre Una." In a lonely wild she was assaulted by the fierce and licentious Sansloy. Her shrieks and struggles were vain, till their echoes through the neighboring forest brought to her rescue the woodland deities. Forth they came, trooping wildly along, fauns and satyrs of all imaginable shapes—

* Ranke, i. p. 138.

† Ranke, i. 124.

"Whom when the raging Sarazin espied—
A rude, misshapen, monstrous rabblement,
Whose like he never saw—he durst not
bide,
But got his ready steed and fast away 'gan
ride."

A hideous rout of monsters doubtless—
but they saved the honor of the lady. So
has the purity of the gentle spirit of
Christianity been more than once rescued
from pollution by the awkward but faith-
ful devotion of the common populace.

This Luther had the sagacity to per-
ceive, and hence had acted upon the
same wise principle with that which
Pascal tells us guided him in the compo-
sition of those famous letters which gave
its death-blow to the order of Jesuits.
"J'ai cru," says he, "qu'il falloit écrire
d'une manière propre à faire lire mes
lettres par les femmes et les gens du
monde, afin qu'ils connussent le danger
de toutes les maximes et de toutes ces
propositions qui se repandoient alors, et
dont on se laissoit facilement persuader."

Paul III. was not long in perceiving
this to be one cause of the success of
Luther. To counteract the Protestants
by the same measure had now become a
point of the last importance.

But while the Reformation had pro-
ceeded, the Church had become-distracted
by differences in belief, some of which
concerned the fundamental dogmas of her
faith. It was indispensable that some
general unanimity should be established,
in order to any effectual action against
the Reformation. To attain such uni-
nimity, an œcumenical council seemed
necessary. This was the main motive
prompting the Supreme Pontiffs to a
measure against which they had many
objections.

We shall relate somewhat at length,
the circumstances which led to the Coun-
cil of Trent, as upon these, to a consid-
erable extent, depended its subsequent
movements.

The German princes had long urged a
council upon the Popes. With them the
great object was the correction of the scan-
dalous abuses which prevailed among the
clergy. As early as the year 1521 this
measure of a council was pressed upon
the attention of Leo X.* But Leo was
little inclined to a reformation which
must necessarily have commenced in the
chair of St. Peter. Such a reformation

would involve a clear definition of the
powers and duties of the Supreme Pon-
tiff. His Holiness hated it for a reason
similar to that which, according to Vol-
taire, restrained Cromwell from accepting
a crown: "parceque les Anglais savaient
jusqu'on les droits de leur rois de-
vaient s'étendre, et ne connaissaient pas
quelles étaient les bornes de l'autorité
d'un protecteur."

Again, two years after, a council was
urged upon Adrian VI. by the diet of
Nuremberg, as the best method of set-
tling all difficulties. The abuses in the
Church had now attained a shameful
notoriety. The Pope sent his nuncio to
the diet, reproaching them for their toler-
ation of the heresies of Luther. He in-
sisted on their coöperating with him in
rooting out error from the Church.

But the diet, in return, insisted, as ob-
stinately as Charles the First's later par-
liaments, upon a redress of grievances,
before they would favor any measures for
the relief of the Church. They made a
respectful reply to the nuncio, that they
could not punish the Reformers for com-
plaining of abuses which had become
matter of common scandal, and which
even his Holiness had confessed in his
message by the nuncio.

So far from complying with the de-
mands of the Pope, they threatened, in
case a general council were not soon con-
voked, to prefer a formal complaint of
abuses; a menace which they soon after
fulfilled by the presentation of the famous
Centum Gravamina.† This list of a
hundred grievances is valuable as show-
ing the state of the Church at that period,
and the forms which its corruptions had
assumed. The diet complains, among
other impositions, of exactions for dis-
pensations, absolutions and indulgences;
of the burdensome expenses arising from
the removal of law-suits to Rome, a prac-
tice which the monopolizing disposition
of the Pope had of late rendered quite
common; of the exemption of the clergy
from the civil jurisdiction; of enormous
expenses in consecrating churches and
church-yards; and exactions for the
sacraments and burial.

Soon after the presentation of the
Hundred Grievances, a recess occurred
in the diet.

To all the charges specified, his Holiness
was forced to plead guilty—very much to

* Sarpi, l. i. pp. 13, 17.

† Sarpi, l. i. p. 27.

the chagrin of the cardinals, who considered him raw and inexperienced in the ways of the world. They plainly told him, if we may believe Father Sarpi,* the Venetian historian of the Council, that the authority of the Papal court is founded upon its reputation, which his Holiness was unwise to throw away.

On the other hand, in Germany, the confession of Adrian was stigmatized as a lure for the more effectually entrapping the Protestants. Thus, between the two parties, the Pope shared the fate of conciliators in general—to be blamed on the one side for going too far, and on the other for not going far enough.

The amiable and tender spirit of Adrian was ill adapted to such troublous times. He was delivered from them by death, only about seven months after the recess of the diet.

Nothing had thus far been accomplished towards the general council, of which good men were earnestly desirous, but of which wise men began to despair. The diet had published a regulation, that the preachers on both sides should abstain from all subjects likely to occasion popular tumults, and should preach the gospel sincerely and purely; a regulation about as definite as a response of the Pythia at Delphi.

Of course the clergy on both sides put their own construction on the decree of the diet, and public opinion was forthwith reduced to its former confusion.

Julio de Medicis, who now assumed the Papal crown under the title of Clement VII., was a pontiff of far different temperament from Adrian. Firm, indefatigable and sagacious, he looked with a pitying smile upon the timid management of his predecessor, and determined to present to the world a Supreme Pontiff who should be respected and feared. He was convinced that Adrian had drawn upon himself the demand for a council by making too great concessions to the Germans, with regard to the corruptions of his own court. When the diet again assembled, therefore, he dispatched his legate with instructions to shuffle off upon the bishops and inferior clergy of Germany, the charges which were lying against the Papal court. His plan was to work, at least, a partial reformation

among the German clergy, and thus escape, for a time, from the dreaded council.

But it was not to be expected that the scrutinizing suspicion which had refused faith in the humiliating confessions of Adrian, could be hoodwinked by the cunning policy of Clement.

The Germans referred the legate to the Hundred Grievances, and demanded a council. He replied that his Holiness was willing to reform the German clergy, from whom so many abuses had been endured. The diet again demanded a council. The legate promised to refer the matter to the Pope, and published, with the concurrence of several Catholic princes, thirty-seven items of reformation, all which were mere regulations of external rites and forms.

Clement's grand objection to a council was the same which, as we have before observed, influenced Leo X. He feared an assembly where the assumed authority of the Holy See might be called in question, and its province clearly defined. His miserable shifts to evade summoning a council strikingly remind us of Charles I. of England, anticipating his revenue, raising forced loans, exacting ship-money, resorting to any and every measure, rather than call a parliament.

But the Emperor Charles V. was now directing his attention to the same object with the diet. At the diet of Spires his commissioners announced his intention of treating with the Pope for a general council.

Clement was now reduced to a sad dilemma. The battle of Pavia had been fought the year before, and the French king had fallen into the hands of Charles. The Emperor was at the acme of his fame and power, and he was too well acquainted with the court of Rome to be moved by its menaces, though armed with all the terrors of a Divine sanction.

Fearful visions of the future filled the mind of Clement. He manifested on this occasion the perturbation which usually fills the mind of a cowardly despot, in danger of meeting with justice. A fierce letter was dispatched to the Emperor, which was followed the next day by one of a far different tone. The Emperor, in reply, insisted upon a council, as the diet

* ——— parendo che fosse con troppo ignominia, e che dovesse renderli piu odiosi al secolo, e potesse esser causa anco di farli sprezzare da popoli, anzi dovesse far e Laterani piu audaci, e petulanti. ——— e quelli che scusavano piu e Pontefice, attribuivano cio alla poca cognizione sua dell'arti, con le quali si mantiene la potenza Pontificia, e l'autorita della Corto, fondate sopra la riputazione."

had done before. The shuffling management of Clement deferred, but could not avert the object of his dread. Five years after, for the sake of a *ruse*, he issued an intimation that a council should soon be called; but as neither time nor place was mentioned, though princes were exhorted to assist him on the occasion, in person or by ambassadors, this bungling attempt at evasion was no sooner made than detected.

The remaining years of the pontificate of Clement were spent in negotiations—of course abortive—about the time and place of the council. He died, September, 1534. On the twelfth of the succeeding month Cardinal Farnese, the oldest member of the sacred college, was raised to the chair of St. Peter, under the title, at first, of Honorius V., and, subsequently, of Paul III.

The pontificate had at last commenced in which the long expected council was to be convoked. Though averse from such an assembly, Paul looked upon it with views far different from those of Clement.

It had become customary for each cardinal, during a vacancy in the Holy See, to bind himself to the prosecution of certain measures, in case he received the vacant chair. One of those proposed upon the death of Clement was the convocation of a council within a year. Paul, however, owing to his hasty election, (the same day on which the conclave assembled,) escaped these engagements. Yet so far was he from opposing the one touching the council, that he voluntarily assumed it after entering upon his office. He evidently believed, not only that the measures of Clement for evading a council had been extremely impolitic, but that his uncompromising hatred of it had been unfounded in reason. By a council, he judged that peace and harmony, which had become indispensable, might be maintained in Italy; and that the popularity gained by calling it would enable him to postpone any genuine and radical reformation. It was plain that Clement, by his wretched shifts, had but increased the general odium against himself, while he increased the necessity and the demand for a council.

It was owing to these opinions that Paul had so promptly professed a desire for such an assembly. Only three months after his election, in a long and vehe-

ment discourse in the consistory, he urged this measure upon the cardinals. Mantua was mentioned as the place of meeting, both because the proposal of that location would divide the opinions of the European princes, and thus postpone the council, and because that, if the meeting actually took place, it would, in Mantua, be under the direct influence of the court of Rome.

The confederacy of Smalkalde,* which had been formed five years before, among the German princes and free cities, would hear nothing of Mantua: they fell back upon the repeated decrees of the German diet, and the promises of successive Popes, that the council should be held within the limits of the empire. Paul still persisting, and summoning all Christian princes to send their deputies to Mantua, the Smalkaldic league supported their objections in a long manifesto. The Duke of Mantua, moreover, on the ground that the throng of all characters which the council would draw with it could not be easily controlled, recalled the permit which he had given for meeting at his capital.

It was clear that the council could never be held in Mantua. It was soon prorogued, and then summoned at Vicenza, in the Venitian territories. But, besides many other obstacles, the Senate of Venice were as much opposed to a meeting in their territories, as the Duke of Mantua had been before them.

The Council, driven from city to city, at last took refuge in Trent. This was a city subject to the king of the Romans, and on the border between Germany and Italy. It was hoped, therefore, that no objection to the locality would be started. The Protestants refused, as they had from the first, to acknowledge the authority of a council called by the Pope, without the concurrence of the Emperor, and not within the precincts of the German empire.

The Emperor was indignant, as he detected the design of Paul in summoning the council at that juncture. One of those fierce wars which occupied the greater part of the reigns of the Emperor and Francis the First, of France, was now raging. Paul, therefore, was confident that the Emperor, busied with his great rival, would leave the entire control of the council to himself. Whatever authority could be acquired by means of

* Robertson's Hist. of Chas. V, Albany Ed., 1822. Vol. ii. p. 274.

such a congress, had become a point of the highest importance to the Supreme Pontiff.

The Reformation had exerted an enormous political influence upon even those countries of Europe which still retained their attachment to Catholicism. The weight of authority which the superstition of the fifteenth century had maintained for the Supreme Pontiff, had vanished before the light of the sixteenth. The Emperor himself, though a zealous Catholic, paid little more respect to his Holiness than was due to his temporal power and resources. Francis of France had invited an infidel Sultan to assist his arms. Henry VIII. of England had thrown off all allegiance to the Pope. Thus the princes of Europe had learned the important truth, that there is no more intrinsic virtue in a papal bull than in any other parchment; and they were beginning to smile alike at the harmless threats and the worthless promises of the Supreme Pontiff. Like the Red-cross knight in Spenser, they had been blindly serving a hateful sorceress; but the spell was now broken. It was, then, all important for Paul III. to shore up his tottering authority, by whatever assistance could be drawn from a council.

The time specified was, however, the least favorable which could have been selected. The wars of Charles and Francis rendered all traveling so unsafe, that not a prelate would undergo the hazard of a journey to Trent. The papal legates therefore were left to maintain their dignity alone, at Trent, until his Holiness chose to prorogue a council which had not yet convened.

After the acting of this wretched farce, a year and a half was suffered to pass before Paul ventured again upon a summons for a council, November 19th, 1544.

The Emperor was embarrassed by the relations which he sustained to the Protestants, and by the menacing attitude of the Turkish Sultan. He therefore at first demurred against sustaining the Council, but soon fell in with the project, and sent his legates to Trent, where the first session was held, December 13th, 1545.

The Protestants had rapidly risen in influence and importance. Three years before, Henry, Duke of Brunswick, had been deservedly stripped of his territories by the confederates of Smalkalde. Having lately endeavored to regain them,

with troops fraudulently obtained from the King of France, the Landgrave of Hesse, one of the confederates, had completely defeated, and taken him prisoner. Soon after, the Palatinate* had seceded to the Protestants, as before mentioned. These two events had raised their reputation to a formidable height.

It was plainly absurd to think, at least for the present, of coercing them into conformity with the Church. The eyes of all good men were turned towards the council, in the hope that it might at least somewhat alleviate the bitter animosity which, as they said, was "rending the seamless coat."

The Emperor was desirous that a reformation of abuses should be decreed before the discussion of matters of faith. Paul took the alarm at once. Reformation was to him what vultures are to lambs, or light to darkness. He carried the point, that matters of reform and of faith should be treated simultaneously; but, in fact, the latter were discussed first.

This point settled, the council proceeded to consider the sources of our knowledge in faith and doctrine. The authority of traditions was decided, after some opposition, to be equal to that of the Scriptures. The books of the Apocrypha were declared canonical. Of the Scriptures themselves, the Latin Vulgate was the authorized copy.

Then came the grand distinguishing doctrine of the Protestants, justification by faith alone. The controversy on this was long and earnest. At least one archbishop, three bishops, and five divines, agreed with the view of Luther;† but to the greater number of prelates present the doctrine appeared intolerable. It was enough for them that it came from Luther. That hateful name connected with it spoiled all. Their hatred of the great reformer was like that of Shylock for the Christians—so bitter, that even their music was to him but "the vile squeaking of the wry-necked fife."

The general of the Augustines (of which order Luther had been a member) endeavored to present the doctrine in a less offensive light. He affirmed that justification is two-fold: the one, inherent in us, through which, though without merit of our own, we are renewed from the state of sin to that of grace, but insufficient for the salvation of the soul;

* Hist. of Charles V., vol iii, p. 47.

† Ranke, vol. i. p. 204.

the other, the imputed merits of Christ, which alone are adequate to salvation.

The plan of the Augustine, evidently, was to concede all that might be demanded for works, except to rest justification upon them. But the efficacy of works was the Shibboleth of the Papists. Heresy-hunters were as numerous and as vigilant then as they are in our time. Salmeron, a Jesuit, and Laynez, the successor of Loyola as general of that order, maintained that we must depend upon the merits of Christ; not that they render our own efficacious, but that they promote them.

Thus the two great doctrines of justification by faith, and justification by works, were first brought out into clear contradistinction at the Council of Trent. Each stood in bold relief against the other. They have nothing in common, and as surely as the former triumphs, the latter must fall.

By the rejection of the cardinal doctrine of the Protestants, all connection with them was cut off. The principal upholders of that doctrine soon left the council. Thenceforward no measures tending to a reconciliation were ever contemplated.

All the distinguishing tenets of the Church of Rome were now established by the decrees of the council, in rapid succession. One after another those principles were laid down, to the propagation of which were, in future, to be directed all the energies of Catholicism—principles which were proclaimed alike by mitred prelates, under the domes of magnificent cathedrals, and by begging friars, in the cabins of the peasantry.

When the council had advanced thus far in its deliberations, it was unexpectedly interrupted by the apprehensions of the Pope. A civil war had broken out between the Emperor and the Smalkaldic league, and the former had been completely victorious. Paul began to fear that he should find a master, where he had been accustomed to look for a faithful ally. It was necessary to bring so important an engine of influence as the council under his own immediate control. He therefore sent a special nuncio to transfer the council to Bologna, a town under his absolute jurisdiction.

But while the Church was battling with the Reformation abroad, heresy had prevailed to an alarming extent in Italy. It is a fact, well authenticated, though not sufficiently presented by most historians of those times, that the great cardinal

doctrine of Luther was, to some extent, recognized in Italy, even before his time.

As early as the year 1180 the Vaudois had passed the Alps, and established themselves within no great distance from Rome itself. For nearly half a century, protected by their harmless and unobtrusive character, they were the destined victims of as ferocious a persecution as that which exterminated their brethren in Provence and Languedoc.

Gregory IX., in the year 1321, fulminated a furious bull against them; but as the Catholic princes could not be made to apprehend danger to the Church from so feeble a people, his Holiness failed in his bloody purpose.

In the year 1370 numbers of the Vaudois emigrated from the valleys of Pragela, to a district which they purchased in Calabria. The little tract which they cultivated was, to the region about, as Goshen to the rest of Egypt. The conveniences of life abounded; the arts flourished; learning was encouraged. The brethren of the Calabrian Christians came flocking across the Alps, from the fierce persecutions which raged in Piedmont. Thus strengthened in numbers, the Vaudois maintained, with almost vestal constancy, amid the darkness which surrounded them, the light of learning and religion, till, after the great Reformation, it was put out in blood.

It was in that district of the Vaudois that the light of letters first dawned upon Europe. From their teachers Petrarch acquired, directly, and Boccaccio indirectly, their knowledge of Greek. For years the neighbors of that enlightened people were as heedless of literary pursuits, as the stone inhabitants of the city where the young man in the Arabian tale labored at his studies. But at last the love of letters began gradually to diffuse itself throughout Italy. The learned languages were extensively studied. A literary curiosity was excited, which was soon naturally directed towards the Holy Scriptures.

We have mentioned the advantage which Luther drew from the error of the Romish Church, in neglecting the common people. The natural results of the same blind policy were now rapidly developed in Italy. The Scriptures had been a sealed book to the Italians. A few chapters used in the Church service, a few formulas mechanically repeated, constituted nearly all that was known of

that mysterious volume, so indispensable to every Christian.

With the revival of letters, however, came a demand for the Scriptures in the vernacular tongue—a demand to which the learned readily responded. Wretched translations from the Vulgate passed through edition after edition. New light broke in upon the minds of the people as they searched the sacred books. The simple peasant, as he perused the wonderful story of redemption, freed from the mummeries which the priests had thrown about it, was filled with a rapture not unlike that of the converted centurion, in Mrs. Baillie's drama:

“One day and two blest nights, spent in acquiring
Your heavenly lore, so powerful and sublime—

Oh! what an altered creature they have made me!”

The pure and rigid morality inculcated in the Scriptures stood in bold relief against the debasing sensuality of the priesthood. The vices of the clergy became a mark for the satire of the learned, and the derision of the populace. Petrarch and Boccaccio employed their genius in lashing the sacred orders, which had writhed under the keen irony of the great Dante, nearly two centuries before. Indeed, the shameless profligacy of the clergy must be considered one of the leading causes of the Reformation in Italy. The Supreme Pontiff, investing with high places in the Church his sons, whom he acknowledged without shame; the cardinals, dividing their time between intrigues for the chair of St. Peter, and intrigues with beautiful women; the bishops, preferring the reputation of a clever connoisseur, or a refined voluptuary, to the praise of faithfulness in their ghostly duties; the begging friars, fumbling in the pockets, instead of laboring with the souls of their people; all preached, with the clear and persuasive voice of example, the necessity of a reform in the Church. The corruption of the clergy, then, and the increase of general information after the revival of letters, must, next to the inherent power of truth itself, be regarded as the two great second causes of the Reformation in Italy.*

The study of the Old Testament Scriptures received a new impulse from the immigration of the Jews, expelled from Spain by Ferdinand and Isabella. The learned, who read the original text, from

yielding it the respect of the understanding, came gradually to render it the homage of the heart. From among these arose many of the noblest champions of the truth.

Another great cause of the Reformation in Italy was the intimate relations which it sustained to Germany, in respect of its literature. Italy, as we have seen, took the lead in the revival of letters. Germany soon followed. For years these two nations enjoyed between themselves a monopoly of nearly all that was known in Europe of the sciences and polite literature. Having little in common with the ignorance which surrounded them, mutual sympathy led the learned of both countries to an intimate communion. A channel was thus formed, along which the opinions of the German reformers ran freely into Italy. So dangerous to the Church was this communication judged to be, that many zealous Papists were clamorous for a suspension of all intercourse between the two countries.

Another, and the last cause of the Italian reformation we shall here present, was the influence exerted by the German soldiery of the Emperor, and the Swiss auxiliaries of Francis, during their campaigns in Italy.† With fearless freedom, those hardy foreigners commented upon the corruptions of the Church. Accustomed to see in the ministers of religion the rigid morality of Luther and Zwingle, they were disgusted by the shameless sensuality of the Italian clergy. They sneered at the lofty pretensions of the Supreme Pontiff; they derided the miraculous powers claimed by the priests; they made game of the mysterious rites of the Church service. The Holy Office was not at that time in very vigorous operation; yet such frightful impiety as this would, if exhibited in Italians, have been speedily and rigorously suppressed. But it would not have been advisable to administer the torture to grim ranks of armed veterans, whose backs their enemies had never seen. The soldiers therefore railed on, unmolested. But not content with railing, they did what was infinitely more mischievous to the Church. They instituted comparisons of the Italian clergy with the Reformers, thus setting the piety and pure morality of the latter in a yet clearer light. Gradually the bitter prejudices which had prevailed against Luther and his coadjutors wore off from the minds of the Italians. They had

* M'Crie's History of the Italian Reformation, p. 3.

† M'Crie, p. 58.

been taught by the priests to regard the Reformers as frightful monsters, emissaries from the world below, of whom they had about as definite an idea as children have of the goblins which they apprehend in the dark.

But the illusion now vanished. These rude foreigners had torn open the scenes, and exposed to view the mysteries behind the stage. The masks had been stripped from the actors, and instead of righteous and venerable fathers in God, appeared shameless rakes or grinning buffoons. It was no longer possible for the clergy to conceal from the people their own private contempt for the dogmas which they diligently inculcated in public. The sincerity of the clergy once suspected, all respect for the Church, which had remained after beholding the sensuality of the preceding pontiffs, vanished from the minds of the Italians.

It was one thing, however, to despise their ancient faith, but it was quite another to discard it and adopt a new one. The great national motive which opposed the Reformation, in the minds of the Italians, has been so frequently mentioned by historical writers, that we shall merely mention it in passing. They were enriched by the extortions of which the northern nations of Europe complained. The ecclesiastical revenues of all other countries were poured out before the chair of St. Peter, and thence distributed through Italy. The Hundred Grievances of the Germans were so many special privileges to the Italians. The exactions of the Church in England and France, and the German states, were, to the people of Italy, what the ruinous tributes, wrested by the Roman emperors from the distant provinces, were to the populace which crowded the amphitheatre, maintained by the imperial bounty, at the metropolis.

There was, then, much to oppose as well as much to advance the Reformation in Italy. The active agents, as we have before observed, in its promotion, were a few learned men. Even before the Reformation had commenced in Germany, Savonarola had proclaimed its cardinal truths in Italy. Subsequently Renée, Duchess of Ferrara, and daughter of Louis XII. of France, protected the persons and defended the opinions of the Italian Reformers. Paolo Ricci in Modena; Mollio in Bologna; Carnesecchi, Lupetino and Altieri in Venice; Curio in the Milanese; Valdez in Naples and

Sicily; Martyr in Lucca; Palerario in the Siennese; and Fontana in Locarno, were the leaders in the Reformation.

So great progress was made as ere long to attract the notice of the court at Rome. Protestantism was subjected to a terrible ordeal. The flight of three leading Reformers, Ochino, Martyr, and Curio, gave the first intimation of the impending storm. The chagrin produced by their escape, together with the fear of further defection, led to more stringent measures against heresy. Then came the Inquisition. The establishment of that terrible tribunal crushed the last hope of religious freedom in Italy. When the sword and the faggot had done their work, they left bigotry and superstition completely triumphant,

*Et la triste Italie encore toute fumante
Des feux qu'a rallumés sa liberté mourante.*

A general horror prevailed at the erection of the Inquisition, like that of the Parisians, when the guillotine came under the direction of the revolutionary tribunal. The Protestants fled in all directions.

In the province of Ferrara the Inquisitors were especially vigilant. It was suspected that there was the stronghold of heresy, the Duchess Renée being its known supporter. It was in this province that the most odious feature of the most odious of tribunals was displayed in its full enormity. Spies, termed Corycæans, were put in commission for scrutinizing the lives of the suspected. Adapting themselves to all occasions, no circle could escape being infested with these vermin. If an entertainment was given at the palace of a noble of questionable orthodoxy, a Corycæan, as gay as the gayest, was sure to be of the company. If a literary coterie met for an hour's conversation, a demure Corycæan took note of every word spoken. If a group of peasantry collected for an idle gossip, a garment as coarse as any among them concealed a Corycæan. In the council chambers of princes, and in the cloisters of recluses, they were alike to be found, and the least whisper of heresy was repeated in the ears of the Inquisitors. On the reports of these emissaries, multitudes were arrested, and the dungeons of the Holy Office were rapidly crowded with terror-stricken victims.

The modes of execution of the incorrigible varied with the barbarity of the

Inquisitors. At Venice, where some trace of humanity seems to have remained, drowning was the usual mode. All the terrible influence of mystery was thrown about the fate of the victim. At midnight he was taken from his cell and put into a gondola, attended by a single priest. Without knowledge of his fate, he was rowed out beyond the two castles at the entrance of the harbor, where another gondola was stationed in waiting. A plank was then laid from one boat to the other, upon which the victim was placed, chained, and having a heavy stone attached to his feet. At a preconcerted signal the boats moved apart, and he was plunged into the sea.*

In Locarno was adopted a method of crushing the Reformation, less novel than it was base. Reports were industriously spread, that the meetings of the Protestants were scenes of the most shameful licentiousness and debauchery. When we compare these with similar reports, disseminated by the enemies of the early Christians in Rome, it will not appear that there was much gained by the faithful, in the exchange of heathen for professedly Christian enemies.

But it was in Calabria that the Inquisition exhibited its ferocious character to full advantage. We have mentioned before the settlement of the Vaudois in this province. At first they maintained in its purity, the faith of the ancient Waldenses. But it was not in human nature, that so feeble a people, cut off from all communication with their brethren, and obliged to hold daily intercourse with Romanists, should walk, without swerving, in the straight and narrow path of orthodoxy. Gradually becoming accustomed to attend upon the ceremonies of the cathedrals, they lost somewhat of the simplicity of their ancient faith. Subsequently, however, having received definite accounts of the religious tenets of their brethren in the valleys of Pragela, they sent deputies thither, and to Geneva, requesting Protestant pastors and teachers. This movement instantly attracted towards them the vigilant eye of the Holy Office. Two monks were sent to warn them against heresy. Two considerable towns had been settled by the Vaudois—Santo Xisto and La Guardia. The monks, assembling the inhabitants of the former, in the strange guise of gentleness, advised them, as their spiritual fa-

thers, to attend upon the mass. Instead of complying, they departed in a body for the woods. Stifling their resentment, the monks passed on to La Guardia, and employed a base expedient well known to the emissaries of the Holy Office. Assuring the inhabitants that their brethren of Santo Xisto had renounced heresy and embraced the Church, they exhorted them to follow so praiseworthy an example. At first, being unaccustomed to deceit, they complied; but soon learning the treachery of the friars, they resolved to maintain their faith to the last. Two companies of foot were soon sent into the woods, where the refugees were mercilessly hunted down. A part of their number, driven to desperation, seized upon a strong position in the mountains, and repulsed their assailants. The result of this resistance was as disastrous to the Vaudois, as was that of the rising of Pentland to the Scottish Covenanters. Santo Xisto was given up to fire and sword. Outlaws were pardoned, that they might be let loose upon the heretics. The inhabitants of La Guardia having been allured, by promises of safety, to a distance from their city, seventy of them were seized and put to the torture.

It was thus that the learning, the refinement, and the piety which had maintained themselves amidst ignorance and superstition, were swept from the earth at last, after the great Reformation had enlightened Europe.

At Montalto was perpetrated the most revolting crime of that century. Eighty-eight men were led, one after another, from the house in which they had been confined, to a field in the neighborhood. An executioner bandaging the eyes of each and ordering him to kneel, cut his throat with a knife. In this manner the whole number were deliberately butchered.†

By means like these, the Inquisition crushed the Reformation in Italy. The ferocious barbarity of its measures made manifest the spirit by which it was actuated. Heresy was not to be endured at home, while the Church was struggling to suppress it abroad.

It was when the Inquisition was rapidly rooting out the opinions of the Reformers from Italy, that Pius IV. turned his earnest attention to the Council of Trent.

The Emperor had never signified the least approbation of the transfer of the

* M'Crie, p. 232.

† M'Crie, p. 264.

Council to Bologna. His own prelates and ambassadors had been commanded to remain in Trent. This continual opposition, nullifying all the authority of the Council, had, together with other motives, induced Julius III. to return it to Trent in the year 1550.

There were now few hindrances to restrain it from the work for which it was originally called together. The Pope had nothing to fear from the Emperor Ferdinand, who had succeeded Charles V. Its complete separation from the Protestants bound the Church in a more intimate and unbroken unanimity. The only work left to the Council was the establishment of a few disputed dogmas, and of the principles and measures necessary for harmonious and vigorous action against the Protestants.

The Spaniards caused some confusion by obstinately maintaining that the authority of bishops is derived directly from God, independently of the Pope. The debate on this question was interrupted by the arrival of the Imperial ambassadors. Ferdinand demanded a reformation in discipline, such as might almost have satisfied the Smalkaldic league. He repeatedly insisted upon the cup for the laity, the marriage of priests, remission of fasts for a portion of his subjects, schools for the poor, a purification of the legends and homilies, simpler catechisms, the substitution of German for Latin in the Church service, and a general reformation in the convents. The first two, and most important of these demands, were so vigorously opposed by the Spaniards, that there was no danger of their becoming decrees of the Council. The undue authority claimed by the Pope, however, excited the indignation of all the ambassadors from Germany, France, and Spain. The Italians, as usual, when the supreme authority of Rome was called in question, maintained the cause of his Holiness.

It was evident that if any reconciliation were brought about, it must be at the courts of the princes of Christendom. Cardinal Malone wheedled the Emperor into a good understanding with the court of Rome. Philip II., whose power was dependent upon his ecclesiastics, soon found it his interest to submit to the Pope. The influence of the Guises in France, brought that nation to a like compliance.*

Unanimity having been thus established with the great Catholic princes, the Council completed its work rapidly and harmoniously. In the last six months of its existence, it accomplished more than during the whole thirteen years since its translation from Bologna. Reforms were introduced into every rank of the clergy, and into every department of the operations of the Church. The last session of the Council took place December 4th, 1563.

It will not be necessary to speak at great length of the object of the Council of Trent. This has been suggested in the preceding pages. The German princes contemplated nothing more than the delivery of their states from the hundred grievances. The Emperor was influenced partly by the same motive, but much more, probably, by his eager desire to obtain the mastery of some spiritual power, which he might oppose to that of the Pope.

The authority of councils was generally acknowledged to be above that of the Supreme Pontiff. The power of the Pope, as a mere temporal prince, was not superior to that of some of the German princes. If Charles, therefore, could but establish the Council under his own auspices, he might be as superior to the Pope in spiritual, as he already was in temporal authority. His Holiness might behold something more than a rival Pontiff at Avignon, returning the thunders of Rome upon itself; Charles might have assumed in Europe the same position in the Church, which Henry VIII. had acquired in England.

He was not sufficiently guarded in concealing his designs. It was noticed at the diet of Ratisbon, in 1541, where he announced the plan of a general council, that he did not refer the summons of it exclusively to the Pope. The purpose of the Emperor could not escape the jealous vigilance of the French king. But, instead of defeating his design, it was the policy of Francis to favor the Council, but to put the Pope at its head, and thus to counterbalance the temporal power of the Emperor, by the spiritual authority of both Pope and Council.

Thus the interests of the leading Catholic sovereigns coincided in favor of the same object.

The design of the clergy, and the great

* Ranke, vol i. p. 353.

body of Christendom at large, was evidently that assigned by Father Sarpi—a restriction of the powers of the Popes.

With the Supreme Pontiffs themselves, under whom the Council was summoned and continued, the great object was a concentration of the energies of the Church, that an unbroken front might be presented to the advancing forces of the Reformation. This design, together with the negative one of preventing any limitation of their own jurisdiction, may be observed in all their conduct up to the dissolution of the Council.

When this dissolution took place, in 1563, many countries of Europe had been irretrievably lost to the Papal Church. She was shorn of much that had been hers of the learning, the wealth, and the enterprise of Europe. But for her loss in numbers and in territory, she was compensated by the increased devotion and enthusiasm of those who remained firm to her cause. The news of the defection of province after province produced among the Romans a determination of spirit as invincible as that awakened in their sturdy ancestors by the tremendous tidings of the daily desertion of their allies to the advancing legions of Hannibal. The peril of the Church kindled new life in every member of it. The Popes found their authority strengthened rather than weakened. They became as absolute as a General of the Jesuits.

With such a rigorous discipline established, the Church of Rome was prepared for a desperate conflict with the Reformation. We must defer to another occasion any consideration of this conflict, which mainly devolved upon the religious orders, and especially upon the Jesuits.

We cannot, however, conclude without some notice of an error which generally prevails with regard to the Church of Rome, and which the preceding pages may do somewhat to correct.

We frequently hear it maintained that the persecuting policy of the Roman Catholic Church in former centuries was owing to the "spirit of the times," and that with those times it has passed away, in common with a thousand other abuses. Before this assertion is credited, at least three points should be made clear: first, that the same violent means of persuasion have been universally employed by the other professedly Christian sects, when possessing the requisite power; second, that their intolerance has borne the same ratio to their power as has that of the

Romish Church; and third, that no such spirit of intolerance is now exhibited by that Church peculiarly, wherever policy and power would dictate it.

But, waiving these objections, we shall devote the remainder of this article to a few considerations in favor of what we believe to be the truth in this matter. We believe, then, that what is styled a "change in the spirit of the age," as regards charity among religious sects, arises in fact from the diffusion of Protestant sentiments; that the "spirit of the age" which encouraged intolerance, mainly consisted of the spirit of Romanism; and that there is nothing in the mere fact that the world is some hundred years older, which offers any solution to the question, why is not religion maintained now, as formerly, by the faggot and the sword?

We have, we confess, no faith in the notion that any human institution can bind to the same maxims, and the same standards of thought and action, men of different ages and countries. Still less do we believe that self-interest can always be made to yield to any principles, moral or religious. It is ridiculous to suppose that a "Catholic is a Catholic the world over;" that he has rooted out of his soul the passions and prejudices which govern other men. We remember that one Catholic King of France foully abused the sacred person of a Supreme Pontiff; that another called in the Moslems to mingle in the wars of Christendom; that for century after century the German Emperors quarreled with the Popes; that the subjects of John of England refused to ratify his servile submission to the Holy See; that the English Catholics took no notice of the bull of Pius V., absolving them from all allegiance to Elizabeth; that the Catholics throughout Europe joined with the Protestants in deriding the ridiculous present of Clement XIII. to the Empress-Queen.

It may be, therefore, that although the immutable principles of the Church would lead every priest who comes to our shores in the nineteenth century to treat heretics as he would have done in the eleventh, and at Rome, yet common sense and a prudent regard for his neck may seduce him to violate those principles by a most ungodly charity. But it by no means follows, because a religious sect has *absolutely* advanced in the course of centuries, that it is not *relatively* as far behind its age as ever. The same rule is univer-

sally applied in judging of private character. We should not severely blame Erasmus for his cowardly, vacillating spirit, had he lived in the time of John Huss and Jerome of Prague. But at the Reformation light was abundant, and it is quite clear that he was conscious on which side the truth lay. We blame the great English philosopher, not so much for using the rack upon a prisoner, as for using it when others, far less enlightened than he, had abandoned it as a cruel and barbarous resort. In like manner the Romish Church is censurable, not for having never outstripped her age, (though her professions would warrant us to expect that,) but for having been invariably in the rear of it; not that in the seventeenth century she cherished none of the more enlightened views of the eighteenth, but that she was struggling to drag Europe back to the darkness of the eighth.

The Romish Church has not remained stationary in regard to tolerance for other religious sects. She has undoubtedly advanced and improved. But the advancement has been reluctant and forced by external causes. The chief of these causes is Protestantism, which, like Seneca's Hercules,* has been dragging the unwilling monster to the light, though sometimes, like the hero, it has been momentarily stayed in its progress.

Look at the Church of Rome before the rise of Protestantism. In the year 755, Pepin le Gros, by laying the keys of the Lombard towns upon St. Peter's altar, founded the temporal power of the Popes.† When the Papal legate instigated Louis VIII. to the extermination of the Albigenses, nearly five centuries had passed, during which the Supreme Pontiffs had held almost undisputed sway in Europe. Was there any advance in the "spirit of the age" during those five centuries? Were the lives of heretics any safer at the latter period than at the former? When we turn from his Holiness Stephen II. appropriating to himself the Emperor's towns in the eighth century, to his Holiness Innocent III. instigating such massacres as that of Beziers in the thirteenth, we are at a loss to perceive

the refining and exalting influence of the Roman Catholic Church.

Since the sixteenth century some three hundred years have passed, during which Protestantism has maintained its ascendancy in the north of Europe, and powerfully influenced even the strongholds of Papacy in the south. During any ten years of these three centuries, more progress has been made in Christian charity and general toleration than during any two centuries of the thousand years of Papal rule.

It is idle to say that at the Reformation the time had come for a great delivery of the human reason from the darkness and error of the middle ages, and that, had Luther never left his cell at Erfurt, we should have had the same diffusion of light and love within the pale of the Church which we now enjoy out of it. The revival of letters did, we confess, partially precede the Great Reformation. But what reason have we for supposing that the light of letters would not, had there been no Reformation, have gone out and left the world as dark as ever? Learning was no such new or terrible enemy that the Papal Church had reason to view it with special dread. She had met it and crushed it before.

In the twelfth century, the beautiful district of Provence, in the south of France, was the seat of nearly all the learning of Europe. Mild, peaceable and refined, its inhabitants enjoyed among themselves the most cultivated language and the finest productions in verse and prose which those barbarous times could boast. The light which had not yet dawned upon the rest of Europe had been long shining upon them, and seemed rapidly approaching its meridian. But they had learned withal to smile at the ridiculous dogmas of the Church, and to loathe the worthless profligates who filled the offices of its clergy.

Here was signally manifested the congeniality of the spirit of Catholicism with the spirit of progress in arts and science. The Provençals were learned and polite, enlightened and refined. But they would not believe in the real presence; they

* Postquam est ad oras Tænari ventum et nitor

Percussit oculos lucis ignotæ novos

Resumit animos vincetus et vastas furens

Quassat catenas: pæne victorem abstulit,

Pronunq̄ue retro vexit et movit gradu.—HERC. FUR. 813-817.

† Bower's Hist. of the Popes, vol. iii. p. 503.

would not invoke the saints; they made a laughing stock of relics; they bought no indulgences. No intellectual refinement could atone for such abominable impiety. For this, the free spirit of the heretical provinces was humbled in the dust, the light of letters was put out in blood, and Europe was thrust back for four centuries more of the gloom of ignorance and superstition.*

Such, we cannot doubt, had been the fate of letters at their revival in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, but for their connection with religious truth which the Papacy could not crush. The spirit of the Roman hierarchy was in no wise more enlightened then, than at the Albigensian crusade. Nor could even the light of the Reformation immediately shame it into charity. It was in the sixteenth century that Copernicus, fearing for his life, concealed for thirty years the true theory of the heavens. But it was in the seventeenth that Grotius spent two years in a prison—that Galileo spent four years in the dungeons of the Inquisition—that genius and learning were driven from the cloisters of Port Royal.

The Inquisitors of the Holy Office, with a barbarity which makes Nero and Tiberius seem ministers of mercy, exterminated the Reformation from Italy. And if these things were done in the green tree, what should have been done in the dry? If the truth of the Holy Scriptures, inspiring the soul with the most cheering hopes and the highest aspirations, sustaining its believers in the cells of the Inquisition and amid the flames at the stake, was utterly crushed and rooted out, what must have become of philosophy and learning, which take so little hold upon the soul, had the disciples of Luther, throughout Europe, shared the

fate of the Albigeois and the Italian Reformers?

Well was it for the world that the arm of the Inquisition could never reach the sturdy Saxon. The time had at last come for Giant Pope to sit, as Bunyan represented him a century later, harmless at the mouth of his cavern, and vent in words alone his malice at the passers-by: "You will never mend till more of you be burned."

No thoughtful man can study the history of the Romish Church without feelings of the deepest regret for so much influence prostituted, so much power abused. For more than a thousand years she held the first place in Christendom. More perfectly constructed and adapted to reach the human heart than any other institution ever known among men, she spoke to the world from her seven hills in a voice less terrible only than that of Jehovah from Sinai. Repeating the story of the cross, her words were less charming only than the still small voice that was heard on Horeb. She might have advanced mankind for centuries in their search for the highest good. Instead of all this, she has ever withheld the light, and dashed it out when presented by others. We must rejoice now, not that for age after age she ruled the world, but that at last it has been partially delivered from her power, that truth "crushed to earth" has risen again. "Still," said Galileo, when thrust into the Inquisition for daring to believe that the world revolves, "still it moves." It is with something of the same feeling that we contemplate the cause of truth crushed for a season by the power of Rome. And it is with good hope for the future, that we turn away for a season even from so sad a spectacle of the infatuation of men.

J. F. H.

* See Sismondi's *Histoire des Français*, vols. v. and vi.

NIGHT IN THE BRAZILS.

THE winds have breathed themselves asleep on land,
 And over the broad sea, that southward spreads,
 From boldest headlands of the Empire's coast,
 Unbroken to the icebound pallid Pole
 Washed by the wild Pacific. On this beach,
 Gracefully curved between two rocky points,
 A long-drawn reach, I stand at evening's close—
 Her loneliest, loveliest hour. Behind are reared,
 Expanding, sombre mountains—solemn piles
 Lost in the distant darkness—while before,
 The Bay of Rio, all unrivaled spread,
 Sways its hushed waters. Close beside my feet
 The tide steals in; and, as th' intruding wave
 Slips back, it leaves a line of delicate foam
 That sparkles like stray jewels. The dry sand,
 Stirred by my tread, scatters a sudden light,
 Blue, phosphorescent, as the spot were charmed
 And felt polluted by these human steps.
 There is a spell upon the scene which doth
 Compel deep reverence; and there are sublime
 Enchantments—fascinations fairy-like—
 To hold the senses captive—that at once
 The heart and mind catch the same influence
 From the delicious magic of the night.

Lo! there the luminous Magellan clouds
 Look down on Corcovada,* and by them
 Steadily burns the sacred Southern Cross,
 Prophetic emblem on the Pagan sky.†

The moon drops leisurely along the west
 Over yon height, whose palm trees seem to lift
 Their boughs to break her fall. The thick-sown stars,
 Illumining the soft wide firmament,
 So countless shine, so prodigal of beams,
 That their reflection lays a tremulous veil
 Of light along the waters—save where one
 Fair envied planet, touching a brown wave,
 With wand of diamond ray, charms it to bear
 Her floating image for a moment's space.
 In their bright volume, ever the same page
 Of happiness, or sorrow, finding still
 The common truth—whatever scenes arise,
 The heart's wish colors the wide universe!

Sweet stealing music! from afar it comes,
 Swept from Eolian strings:—again it seems
 A tremulous roundelay of passionate love
 Sung to a mandolin. When the still cool dew
 Falls like a blessing on the sultriness

* Corcovada, the "sugar-loaf," a promontory of rock at the entrance of the harbor of Rio de Janeiro.

† The greater part of the southern hemisphere of the world is in a state of savagery and heathenism.

Of brazen day, and the flushed cheeks of maids
 Are shadowed in the twilight, softly brown—
 When night comes on with all its slumbrous charms,
 Gay swift feluccas glance along the waves,
 Bearing the dark-eyed, beautiful and young,
 That think to hush beneath the beating stars
 Their beating hearts;—vainly! for as they steal
 Their slow return, the circling cadenced song,
 Melting from boat to boat along the deep,
 Stirs in its depths some girlish heart, that throbs
 To the fond measure, wildly as it dares!
 I hear the measured dipping of the oars;
 The laughing voyagers are drawing near,
 Sent timely homeward by the setting moon.

No more I linger in my reverie!
 On the dark mountains gather clouds of storm,
 And the strong winds will drive them in a mass
 Over the waters. Heavy mutterings roll
 Of thunder just begun—the stars go out
 With the first flash of lightning. It is strange
 How soon the swift-paced tempest shall destroy
 The soft enchantments of so sweet a time,
 And the rain trample with a torrent's might
 On the vexed billows of a brimming tide!

So runs the world to change! The mildest hour
 Hath ever, sleeping in its tranquil heart,
 The moods of madness.

R. P. R.

THE PRINCIPLE OF LIFE.

BY A SOUTHERN PHYSICIAN.

THE subject of the present discussion, intricate, entangled, mysterious, incomprehensible, is one of the very last which I should have selected as a theme. Like the pearl seeker, however, I plunge headlong, though hesitating, into the profound and turbid inquiry, with very little hope of bringing up a pearl, however certain I may be of losing my breath in the vasty deep, and lacerating my fingers with the rough shells that contain the treasures sought by the diver.

"If," says Aristotle, quoted by Barclay, "the knowledge of things becoming and honorable be held deservedly in high estimation, and if there be any species of knowledge more exquisite than another, either on account of its accuracy or of the objects to which it relates being more excellent or more wonderful, we should not hesitate to pronounce the history of the animating principle justly entitled to hold the first

rank." The belief in a definite "principle of life," thus announced, was in some form or other universal until of late days. Whether material, ethereal, or spiritual, it was assumed as a *necessary fact*; and, indeed, interwove itself with the current religious opinions so completely, that when Lawrence, the popular lecturer of the London College, first denied it, he was denounced as an infidel and an Atheist, and his work laid under absolute sentence of outlawry. Now we can scarcely find any one among the more recent authorities who does not fully agree with him, and his prohibited book is mercilessly plundered without a syllable of acknowledgment.

What is meant by the phrase, Principle of Life? I will give you a few of the definitions offered in modern times, premising that this "term Principle," as Mayo remarks, "has been generally employed, as the letters of the alphabet

are by algebraists, to denote an unknown element, which, when thus expressed, is more conveniently analyzed," or, as I should prefer to say, examined in its several relations.

Willis attributes all living actions to the "callidum innatum," as he phrases it, "a material element of an igneous nature," and fortifies his opinion by quoting in its favor some of the highest names of antiquity—Hippocrates, Democritus, Epicurus, and Pythagoras.

Scaliger and Fernel have imagined a superior callidum innatum as the principle of life; not the material igneous element of Willis, but "a more divine heat, spiritual, ærial, ethereal, or composed of something elementary or ethereal." Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation, bluntly maintains that "the blood is the animating principle, or the substance, of which the anima, or life, is only the act." John Hunter, the most eminent example of "patient labor," after examining this subject with the most painstaking and persevering attention, arrives at the conclusion that "there is a principle of life connected with all the parts of a living body, solid as well as fluid, a *materia vite diffusa*." Abernethy endorses this view. "My mind," he says, "rests at peace in thinking on the subject of life, as Mr. Hunter has taught;" but he dwells with no little emphasis on what he calls the correspondence between "the phenomena of electricity and of life," a hint caught at and labored much by Wilson Philip, and recently mumbled in the most mysterious and significant way by the Mesmerists. Still more transcendently is it shadowed forth in the recent lucubrations of the profound and vapory Baron Von Reichenbach. Cuvier tells us, "Life consists in the sum total of the functions." Bichat affirms it to be "*Pensemble des fonctions qui résistent à la mort*." In the same spirit an old writer points it out as "*illud putredini contrarium*." And Carlyle, speaking ironically of "some small soul," has the same idea—"it saves salt." Lawrence maintains it to be "merely the active state of the animal structure." Carpenter defines it, "the state of action peculiar to an organized body or organism." He intends, he says, "to designate rather the state or condition of the being exhibiting those actions, than the actions themselves." He saw that his predecessor,

Lawrence, whom he follows slavishly but ungratefully, had left unprovided for, the condition of "dormant vitality," in which living *action* is suspended. Sir Humphrey Davy taught that "life consisted in a series of corpuscular changes." Observe, I pray you, before we proceed any further, the extreme confusion made by these philosophers in mass, between the vital actions and the vital principle, between the phenomena of life and the cause of those phenomena. "Life is a forced state," cries Brown. "Life," echoes Rush, "is the effect of certain stimuli, acting upon the excitability and sensibility." The elephant is thus placed firmly enough on the back of the tortoise, but when we ask what is the *force* of Brown, and whence the "excitability and sensibility" of Rush, we are scarcely satisfied with a reference to "stimuli," which are incapable of affecting any form of matter, unless previously endowed with the very properties which manifest the living condition.

Some of the confusion on which I am commenting, resides doubtless in the minds of the authors quoted; some of it is to be attributed to the imperfection of the French and English languages, in both of which the same word life, *la vie*, is used to express both the cause and the effect. The Greeks used the term $\psi\chi\eta$ to denote the cause of the vital phenomena— $\zeta\omega\eta$, to express the effect of that cause. We need this distinction.

"Life," argues Lawrence, "presupposes organization, as the movements of a watch presuppose the wheels, levers, and other mechanism of the instrument." It is indeed true that the *movements* of a watch presuppose mechanism, and the phenomena of life presuppose a specified organization through which they must be manifested; but it is equally true that without the principle of elasticity in the mainspring of the former, and the "vital principle" in the tissues of the latter, there would be no "movement," no "phenomena." Reil, and after him Rudolphi, treat of it as a "subtle material superadded to the organism, making an original and essential difference in the form and composition of organic bodies." Yet Reil speaks of life as depending upon this specific difference of composition and form.

Broussais, regarding contractility as "the fundamental property of the organic tissues," speaks of "the vital

power or force as a first cause, which creates that property, and then employs it as an instrument."

Prout, going back to the very Archæus of Stahl, announces it as "an ultimate principle," an "organic agent," endowed by the Creator with a faculty little short of intelligence, by means of which it constructs the organism with which it is connected.

Müller describes it as "a principle, or imponderable matter, which is in action in the substance of the germ, enters into the composition of the matter of this germ, and imparts to organic combinations, properties which cease at death." He denies that there is any more obscurity in the physiological views of this subject than in the philosophical doctrines concerning light, heat and electricity.

I know not how better to "define my own position," to express my own views as to this controversy, than thus: Life, vitality, the vital principle, the cause of living action, is a primary and peculiar property of certain forms of matter—a property with which they are originally endowed. It is not, as Aristotle taught, and Harvey and Willis believed, a distinct internal element superadded to the structure of the body; nor a new substance, as Girtanner suggests, perhaps oxygen; nor a subtle something diffused through the solids and fluids, *materia vite diffusa*, as Hunter and Abernethy have argued; nor electricity, as the latter hints, and Wilson Philip thinks not improbable; nor a presiding genius, an Archæus, an almost or quite intelligent agent, as Stahl and Prout believe; nor a mere pre-established harmony, as Aristoxenus, Leibnitz, and Lussac maintain; nor the product of organization, as Lawrence, Pritchard, Holland, Mayo, and so many others contend; nor is it to be found, as Cuvier, Richeraud and Carpenter intimate, rather darkly, I think, in the tout ensemble of the functions, or anything else—to borrow the Parliamentary phrase of Joseph Hume, "the *sum totle of the whole*."

I find a Supreme Being absolutely necessary in philosophy, as Robespierre did in social life, however philosophers and politicians may be annoyed by the idea.* I cannot imagine vitality to be the result of any constitution, or arrangement, or composition of the structures to

which it is found to belong. It is a property with which they are gifted by the great Source of all powers, and it is so far independent of such composition or organization, that it not only connects itself with conditions of structure or constitution, infinitely varied—nay, absolutely contrasted—but may be withdrawn, leaving all those conditions, so far as we are aware, unaltered. Let us humbly acknowledge that of this principle, in the abstract, we know nothing, and in all likelihood shall remain forever ignorant. He only who possesses within himself this mysterious attribute, and who, of his infinite power and benevolence, has communicated it to a part of his creation, can fully comprehend its nature and essence.

The very simplest of its manifestations are inexpressibly difficult to understand or account for; and, as we proceed in the inquiry, we are filled with a deep conviction that there is nothing in the vast store-house of nature more calculated to awaken intense curiosity, to invite close investigation, and to give rise to solemn contemplation, than the construction and movements of a living body, fearfully indeed and wonderfully made, but still more fearfully and wonderfully endowed with almost infinite capacities for action, for enjoyment, and for suffering.

There are two qualities or properties which seem to be essentially and invariably connected with the presence of the vital principle, and infallible proofs of its active condition. These are motion or rather motivity, the power of motion—contractility, the "only original organic force" of Broussais—and the capacity of self-protection by positive resistance to, or re-action against, the influence of agents applied *externally*. I say externally, for I deny the correctness of Carpenter's view of this matter, when he declares that "the changes exhibited by any living being have one manifest tendency—the preservation of its existence as a perfect structure." Quite the reverse! However it may resist external agencies, all its *internal* movements and changes tend ultimately and with unerring certainty to its own destruction—it must inevitably wear out and die.

Inanimate masses of matter, unless impelled by some extrinsic force, must remain forever at rest. They possess

*"Tu commences m'embater avec ton Etre Supreme," said one of his cotemporaries to the Man of Terror.

within themselves no energy which can enable them to change their place, or even give rise to any alteration in the relative position of the atoms which compose them. Every particle, on the other hand, which is by any means endowed with vitality, or is made a constituent portion of a living body, becomes at once a centre of motion, as it were, an impelling agent—*impetum faciens*—restless, active, and incessantly employed. The monad, the minute animalcule, which among millions of his fellows finds abundant space in a single drop of water; Ehrenberg's points of life, of which mineral masses are compounded; these, when brought by the microscope within the reach of our vision, are known to be alive by their motions alone, or chiefly. The first vivification of the larger germ is perceived in the *punctum saliens*, the organ of circulation, which continues to throb and beat until its last pulsation is lost in the tranquil stillness of death. The thrusting forth of the coraculum or sprout is our only test of the living condition of the vegetable seed; and difficult as it is to explain how plants propel their sap, we know that their juices are in constant agitation, absorbed by the roots, exposed in the leaves to the influences of air and light, and depositing everywhere in their course the materials of growth and increase.

The second of the essential living properties mentioned above—the capacity, namely, to resist the influence of external agents—is shown in a great variety of modes. All living bodies enjoy a definite and regulated temperature of their own, independent of the diffused caloric of the atmosphere. The blood of the mammalia is about 98° of Fahrenheit. Birds are warmer than man—reptiles colder. The nose of a dog is always cold. The sap of a tree, throughout the severest cold of winter, not only does not freeze, but retains its own proper degree of heat. The heat of a man's body does not rise a degree in an oven where meats are baked, nor fall a degree in a cellar of ice. A tenia will live in boiling veal broth. Such facts are very numerous.

The play of chemical affinities, as shown in the ordinary processes of decay and decomposition, are efficiently resisted by the vital principle. This is indeed so definite a rule, that there is no certain proof of death except the re-es-

tablishment of those chemical laws in their operation upon the materials of which living bodies are composed, and their consequent putrefaction. How strangely interesting, in this point of view, the condition of dormant vitality, suspended animation! Seeds kept in the herbarium of Tournefort more than one hundred years, were found fertile. Professor Lindley says that raspberries were raised from seeds taken from the stomach of a man whose skeleton was found thirty feet under ground, buried with some coins of the Emperor Hadrian; whence it is probable that the seeds were 1600 or 1700 years old. Nay, not only seeds, but bulbous roots, found inclosed with mummies in their Egyptian envelopes, perhaps in a seclusion of 3000 years, produced fac similes of their parent plants. Similar stories are told us of the ova of many animals. The infusory animalculæ seem to be capable of an indefinite protraction of dormant life. The rotifer, for example, may be dried so completely as to splinter when touched with the point of a needle, and in this state would remain perhaps for 1000 years, but revives readily when moistened again. Every one knows Dr. Franklin's experiments on the drowning and revival of flies. Lister and Bonnet have seen caterpillars revive that had been so frozen, that when dropped into a glass they chinked like stones; and fish in Northern Europe are transported great distances frozen alive. Not to speak of the hybernation of the higher orders, which is not a state of entirely suspended animation, the same tenacity is strangely shown in certain well authenticated recoveries from drowning; but most fearfully in what is called "trance," a state in which many persons apparently dead have been buried alive. Pliny mentions a young man of rank, who, falling into this condition, was placed upon the funeral pile; the heat of the flames revived him, but he perished before his friends could rescue him. The great anatomist, Vesalius, had the inexpressible misfortune to commence the dissection of a living body, apparently dead. Less unhappy was the fate of the Abbé Prevost, who fell apoplectic, but recovered his consciousness too late, alas! under the scalpel.

Cardinal Somaglia being apparently dead, preparations were made to embalm his body; but the operator had scarcely penetrated into his chest, when

the heart was seen to beat. The unfortunate patient, returning to his senses, had still sufficient strength to push away the knife of the surgeon, but too late, for the lung had been mortally wounded, and the patient died in a most lamentable manner.

The industrious Bruhier collected no less than fifty-two cases of persons buried alive; four dissected prematurely; fifty-three who recovered after being coffined, and seventy-two falsely considered dead. The Rev. Wm. Tennent, of New-Jersey, lay three days in his shroud, and was saved from interment almost by miracle.

Shakspeare makes Ceremonin Pericles say:

“Death may usurp on Nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again
The overpressed spirits. I have heard
Of an Egyptian had nine hours lien dead,
By good appliance was recovered.”

The individual intrusted by the French Government with the removal of the dead from the Cemetery of Innocents, at Paris, reported that he found many of the skeletons in postures that demonstrated their resuscitation and partial turning in their coffins.

Carpenter denies strenuously that there is any necessity for supposing a new force, principle, or law, to account for vital phenomena, and ascribes them all to the known properties of matter, and the familiar laws of mechanical and chemical affinity—attraction and repulsion, action material and passive, reciprocal and catalytic. Such, doubtless, is the current tendency of the prevailing philosophy. Everything is explained by changes of composition. The brain, according to Liebig, is altered chemically by every atom of opium taken into the stomach, and a new train of vital actions must follow this change in chemical composition and minute organization. Danberry also favors this chemical view of life and its actions.

But how are we to understand the arrest of action here? The elements, with all their affinities and repulsions, are present or in contact: what suspends their influence upon each other? The favoring contingencies of the presence of air and heat, nay, all the ordinary and extraordinary agents of decomposition, are thus defied.

There is not a little weight in the well-known fact, that none of the products of

organic action (vital chemistry, as some have chosen to call it) have been successfully imitated in the laboratory. I say *none*. I am aware that urea is affirmed to have been formed by the processes of inorganic action out of the body; but besides the chances of error in the statement of experiments so new and so seldom repeated, we must remember, with Müller, that this substance is a pure excretion, and does not in any manner enter into the composition of a living body; it can hence scarcely, with any propriety, be regarded as organic. Carpenter himself says, that though “it may be possible for a chemist to produce the gum or sugar which he finds in the ascending sap of plants, he can never hope to imitate the latex or elaborated sap, which already shows traces of organization, and of vital properties.” Why not, if their composition results from the same familiar processes and laws?

I have hitherto been considering, as my readers doubtless have remarked, the very lowest of the vital principles—those which may be specially indicated as distinguishing living from inanimate matter. These properties constitute indeed the only bases for such distinction; and the most carefully drawn definitions founded on any other, fail of accuracy and clearness. Thus, when Kant tells us, “that the cause of the particular mode of existence of each part of a living body resides in the whole, while in dead masses each part contains this cause within itself,” he forgets the beautiful series of crystals, each portion of which constitutes, as much as in a living creature, a necessary part of the whole. Others speak of organized bodies as exhibiting a symmetry consisting in the correspondence of curved lines or outlines, while inorganic symmetry is always rectilinear.

There is, indeed—define it as you will—a wide chasm separating the animated from the inanimate portion of created things. To all animated nature belong the powers of increase or growth. So prominently indeed is this last function placed among the vital offices, that Virey contends that “Life is never the property of the individual, but belongs to the species;” and indeed the act of transmitting it is often, both in plants and animals, the first, last, and only notable purpose of existence.

Inanimate masses, on the contrary, form no species; each individual exists

separately; increases or diminishes, or changes its form, under the control of external causes exclusively; grows and changes by external accretion only, and by juxtaposition of particles, whether regularly or irregularly, whether shapeless lumps or exact crystals.

It is the melancholy privilege of living beings to die; and the very pabulum and stimulant influences which elicit life and develop the highest functions of vitality, conduct most rapidly and certainly to death.

Balnea, Vina, Venus, corrumpunt corpora sana;

Corpora sana dabunt Balnea, Vina, Venus.

Baths, Woman, Wine, our life sustain;
Baths, Woman, Wine, our vigor drain.

Inanimate masses, on the other hand, require no sustenance, and if unassisted by violence from without, would, so far as we know, endure to all eternity.

But from the lowest class of organized beings up to man, who is himself "but a little lower than the angels" of heaven, the gradation in the scale of existence is so regular, and the steps so slight, that we are even unable to draw with clearness and precision the line which separates the animal from the vegetable kingdom, or point out satisfactorily the distinction, if any there be, between animal and vegetable life. Many of the zoophytes, or plant animals, were arranged first as minerals by Woodward and Beaumont, then received by Ray and Lister as vegetables, and are now classed among animals, rather on account of their chemical properties than for any other reason. The Algæ, indeed, are refused admission here—chemistry notwithstanding—by no less authority than Ehrenberg. Strangest of all, Nitzsch tells us that of the same genus, Infusoria, some species, as for example the *Bacillana Pectinalis*, have the characteristics of plants, while others are clearly enough animals. The uncertainty of the chemical tests, and their inapplicability here, are best shown by the fact, that there are at least two vegetables as incombustible as minerals—the *Fontinella Antipyretica*, used in northernmost Europe for lining chimnies, and the *Byssus*, (asbestos,) a moss found in the Swedish copper mines, which vitrifies when exposed to a red heat. Mirbel, Smith, and Richeraud offer the following distinction: "That plants derive nourishment from inorganic matter—earths, salts, or airs; animals

live upon matter already organized." "Plants," says Richeraud prettily enough, "may therefore be considered the laboratories in which nature prepares aliments for animals." This striking harmony of relation is undoubtedly the rule; but there are many exceptions. The earth-worm, and numerous other tribes, it is said, live upon the mineral kingdom; and Humboldt tells us of some of the wretched nations of Southern America, that subsist, at least for considerable portions of time, upon clay. Contractility is evidently common to both orders; and of obvious locomotion—the sensitive plant, the *Hedysarum Gyranis*, the *Orchis*, the *Scabiosa*, and the *Valisneria*, are affirmed not only to exhibit spontaneous motion of leaf and stem, but the three latter move from one place to another; while several instances of animal species are known to which nature has denied both locomotion, and every mark of consciousness or sensation. The ingenious author of "the Philosophy of Nature," observes that "Vegetables have the *consciousness* or *sensation* of actual and present existence; animals unite to this sense the memory of the past; but it belongs to man alone to combine these two sentiments with that of the future." This view of the matter, however, is more poetical than philosophical. Our imagination delights in the idea that all nature is full of glad or tranquil consciousness of pleasurable existence.

"It is my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes,"

says the contemplative Wordsworth; and our own Bryant sings not less melodiously:

"Even the green trees
Partake the deep contentment, as they bend
To the soft winds; the sun from the blue sky
Looks in and sheds a blessing on the scene.
Scarce less the cleft-born wild-flower seems
to enjoy
Existence, than the winged plunderer
That sucks its sweets."

We know little of the extension of the sentiments through the very lowest of the animal orders, although we have it on the authority of the universal Shakespeare, that "an oyster may be crossed in love." But the doctrine which ascribes to man exclusively the feeling of hope or anticipation, must be abandoned when we reflect that all domestic animals expect their habitual feeding-time with impatience, and press homeward with

eagerness from abroad; not to dwell upon the promptings of instinct, which lead to the building of nests and the migrations of the feathered tribes, and the hoardings of food, and the conversion by peculiar feeding of the immature insect into a queen bee.

By thus regarding the principle of life as expansive, the speculatists have come to confound it, as developed in the higher orders of creation, with the reasoning and moral faculties—a confusion displayed in the very terms and phrases universally employed in discussion.

The word $\psi\upsilon\chi\eta$, which, as I have said, denoted among the Greeks the cause of the phenomena of life, meant indiscriminately the soul or the vital principle. In Latin, "Anima," and in English, "Soul," are often used in the same way. Thus the philosophical poet:

"Spiritus intus alit; totamque infusa per
artus
Mens agitat Molem."

And our translators of the Bible: "He breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul;" and "The first man Adam was made a living soul."* Aristotle, aware of the necessity of nice distinctions here, though he does not attempt to make them, asks, "Under which of the categories does the vital principle fall to be arranged? Is it a substance, a quality, or a quantity? Are all souls of the same, or are there different species? Men, when they speak of the soul, mean the human soul; but will the same language and description apply in all cases? or would not rather every species require a separate and specific definition—as the soul of a horse or dog, the soul of a plant or of a wild beast?" A modern writer, Grew, proceeding upon this train of thought, suggests that "the several species of life seem to be reducible unto these three—vegetable life, sense, and thought." Rush falls headlong into the same confusion, and regards Grew's and Aristotle's "several species" of life as only differences of degree of development or perfection. "Perfect life," he says, "is composed by the union of motion, heat, sensation, and thought;" and then goes on—"it," life doubtless, "it may exist without thought, sensation, or heat, but none of these can exist without motion."

Among the physiologists who admit of

a separate principle of life, Abernethy and Dermot alone exhibit any anxiety to distinguish from each other the vital merely and the intelligent principle; the first to be found in vegetables and the lower order of animals, the latter met with in man and the creatures which approach him nearly. "If," says A., "philosophers would once admit that life was something of an invisible and active nature, superadded to organization, they would then see equal reason to believe that mind might be superadded to life, as life is to structure." Dermot, if I understand him properly, goes farther, and supposes three great orders of animated nature: 1. The vegetable, and perhaps the zoophyte, endowed with mere life; 2. A rank of animals above these, gifted with intelligence, sentient, and capable of thought; 3. And, lastly, man, in whom a third principle is paramount—the true soul, the moral agent, responsible, capable of wrong and right, of vice and virtue.

During the prevalence of the opinion that life and soul were the same, that the source of animation and intelligence was a unit, some well-meaning philosophers, in their zeal "to vindicate the ways of God to man," were fain to take refuge in a hypothesis proposed by Des Cartes, with regard to the phenomena of life in the lower animals, viz., "That they have no souls at all, and that all the appearances which they exhibit of sense and vitality, are only deceptions—like the motions of a puppet, the mere effects of mechanism; that being thus mere automata, they are utterly indifferent to the hardships and cruelties inflicted on them by our notice and neglect, and by the nature of circumstances which they can neither foresee nor control."

The received doctrine of the present day, counting among its supporters Cuvier, Lawrence, Richeraud, Holland, Pritchard, Mayo, and Carpenter, as I have already said, is, that life is a mere quality, the result of organization. Vitality is declared to be "invariably found connected with some of the modes or forms of organization; showing itself when these are first developed; coming to perfection as they are perfected; modified by their various changes; decaying as they decay; and finally ceasing when they are destroyed." Hence it is inferred to be nothing more than a series of effects,

* Genesis ii. 7; 1 Cor. xv. 45; Esdras xvi. 61; Ecclesiastes iii. 18-21

of which organization is the origin and cause—a deduction which I have maintained to be erroneous and untenable. Indeed it seems to me far more reasonable to believe, on the contrary, that organization is the product, the result of the active condition of a principle of vitality, the *fons et origo* of all the movements which constitute outward or visible life.

“La vie,” says Cuvier, somewhat inconsistently, (*pace tanti viri*), “ne naît que de la vie.” Hence the germination of a seed; hence the miraculous creation of the bird within the egg; hence the pullulation of a cutting, or bud, or shoot of a plant, its thrusting forth roots and tendrils, its obvious search for support, for light, and for water; hence the healing of wounds, the restoration of lost parts, as of the claws of the lobster and crab, and of the whole head of the snail when decapitated, and the annual renewal of the horns of the stag. In the polypus, however mutilated and severed into fragments, this active, I might almost say creative principle, remodels in each part, and completes the deranged and mangled organization. These wonderful phenomena seem to me to exhibit in their obvious analogy—may I not say in their ultimate simplicity?—a common cause identically the same in all living creatures, from the mammoth down to the minutest animalcule—from man, the very image of his Maker, down to the worm that builds the coral reef, the medusa that sparkles on the midnight surface of the glowing ocean, the scarcely visible lichen that covers with its velvet growth the time-worn masses of rugged rock. The principle of vitality is in all the same, through both the animal and vegetable kingdoms; but so vastly numerous and diversified are the manifestations of its presence and power, that time would fail me were I to attempt to recount the thousandth part. It feels in the sentient extremity of the nerve, it contracts in the muscle, and flows in the blood. It beams forth in the sweetest smiles of health, cheerfulness, and beauty; it produces the distortions of deformity, disease, and despair.

How difficult to understand or grasp the notion that the vitality of every living atom—whether fluid, as in the blood of animals and the sap of vegetables—semi-fluid and gelatinous, as in the polypus and most infusories—or solid, as in wood, bone, and muscle—merely results from

its composition, arrangement, and relative position in the structure of which it forms a part! When instantaneous death has followed the application of a drop of strong prussic acid to the eye or tongue, what change has taken place in this composition, arrangement, and relative position? What, when a man has fallen dead from a sudden blow on the pit of the stomach?

Two persons are drowned at the same time—at the same time rescued, and subjected at once to the same processes of restoration. In one case your efforts are crowned with success, in the other they fail. Of the first you say truly, that animation was only suspended; of the latter, that the subject was absolutely dead. Yet both were alike cold, motionless, insensible. What, then, constituted the infinite difference between them? You can show nothing. The most minute dissection discloses no lesion or destruction of any part in him who was insusceptible of restoration. No portion of the anatomical structure is perceptibly deranged. In the language of John Hunter, “the dead body has all the composition it ever had;” its organization is, to all appearance, as perfect as ever, but “the effect of this cause” has ceased, and life has left it, never to return. Carpenter pronounces dogmatically that Hunter is wrong here, and that the minute structure or intricate condition of the organism must have undergone a change in death. He reasons in a vicious circle, however, and makes no effort to sustain the burden of proof, which fairly lies upon him. He is bound to prove that such change has taken place, and the mere assumption cannot be admitted. *De non existentibus et non apparentibus eadem est ratio.*

As among the most remarkable of the phenomena of the living condition, sleep and death demand from us a brief notice. “Half of our days,” says Sir Thomas Browne, “we pass in the shadow of the earth, and the *brother of death* extracteth a third part of our lives.” There is no analogy in truth between these two states, which both poets and philosophers have loved to confound. The pious More was so struck with the resemblance—surely but a slight one—that, as he tells us, he dared not trust himself to sleep without a solemn prayer. Shakespeare writes of “the sleep of death.” Bichat says that sleep is a partial death, and death the sleep of all the organs.

Sleep is, in fact, nothing more than a

partial, periodical arrest of the expenditure of vital power. The functions of organic life never sleep. Circulation, respiration, assimilation, go on perfectly, while "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," closes up the avenues of our animal or external relations, through and out of which our lives, while we are awake, pour from us in a constant stream. Many vegetables sleep, it is said, and probably all animals. At any rate, it is certain that none of the higher orders could exist long without this alternation of repose, and rest from actions that weary and exhaust them. Sir John Sinclair, in his researches into the history of longevity, found that there was but one point of agreement among his old people—they had all slept much and soundly!

Of death we must not understand a mere negation of life: it implies previous animation; it is the result of certain changes to which all living nature is inevitably subject, and which inanimate masses cannot undergo. Euthanasia commences with a loss of the power of motion, the genial warmth diminishes, the circulation of the fluids becomes languid, and gradually ceases, and the vital spark is finally extinguished. This cessation of action, however—this apparent loss of power—this insensibility and

awful stillness, though invariable attendants upon the king of terrors, and manifest tokens of his presence, do not philosophically or physiologically constitute death; for, as before stated, we meet with them all concurring in certain cases of suspended animation or dormant vitality, when the subject is still capable of being resuscitated.

Hence, then, regarding excitability as the chief constituent or essential characteristic of life, if indeed it be not merely another name for the very principle of vitality, so I would define death to consist in the loss of susceptibility to the impression of stimuli or agents of excitement.

Death is thus the counterpart of life, yet a necessary termination, an unavoidable result of its restless action within and upon an organism composed of such frail and destructible materials. In a future state of existence, we trust "this corruptible shall put on incorruption," and "death shall be swallowed up;" and this mortal shall be clothed with immortality.

Then the renewed principle of vitality, deriving exhaustless energy directly from the great Fountain of Life, shall continue in eternal activity in "that spiritual body" of which we read—doubtless an ineffable mode of organization, ennobled and purified.

OPINIONS OF THE COUNCIL OF THREE.

THE NATURE OF THIS GOVERNMENT.

As we have declared ourselves in favor of a conservation of all the principles of the Constitution, it is very naturally asked of us: What are these principles? or, What do you mean by principles of the Constitution?

It will hardly be denied that the founders of this Government were thoroughly acquainted with its nature, and knew well upon what it must rest. The Constitution has a tone, not of empiricism, nor of experiment, but of settled wisdom. It assumes the final conclusions of philosophy concerning human freedom, to be the principles on which it reposes; principles, indeed, which need no defenders, nor to be strengthened by ar-

gument; they are their own great argument, and have only to be seen to be revered. They are established in the moral nature of man, upon the immutable foundations of necessity.

The signers and supporters of that Declaration, which is the corner-stone of our liberties, must have relied upon their knowledge of the principles of human freedom; for they begin with an abstract statement of them, as of self-evident truths, and then deduce from them the reasons of revolution.

It is not argued in the Declaration that one form of government is preferable to another; but that as liberty and self-government are characteristic of man,

and their desire implanted in his nature, a government which violated or overlooked the liberty of individuals, and of whole States, was no longer to be endured.

The signers and supporters of the Declaration were also, mainly, the fathers of the Constitution. In view, therefore, of the character of its parents, who were not the ministers of kings, nor had learned compromise from the practice of corruption, we must believe that the principles of the government which they framed, were also those for which they periled their fortunes and their lives; and that they relied, as well for the stability of that government, as for the justification of their own deeds, upon their adherence in both to the most profound and rational principles.

That these were superior to those which uphold a despotism, we are forced to believe; for they compelled the nation to throw off the allegiance of the mildest and best of despotisms, whose autocracy carried with it the air of paternity, and fenced itself within the plausibilities of law. The two nations were children of the same ancestry—an elder and a younger; but the younger discovered for itself a principle of freedom and of self-respect superior to that allegiance which it owed the elder.

The colonists believed that governments were for the people, and were to be valued and maintained as they promoted the general good. They considered that mature men knew best what was for their own good, and that of right their own opinion must originate the rules by which they were to be governed. They put in practice a conclusion hitherto known only to philosophers—that there is a principle greater than allegiance, a principle of *moral necessity*; and they thought that in a nation where it was understood, a state might be founded upon such a principle.

Men differ in their views of what is morally necessary; and that is necessary to one which is not so to another. The signers and supporters of the Declaration felt that liberty and political equality were morally necessary to themselves.

When men deliberately peril their lives in defence of any right or privilege, such right or privilege may be said to have become “morally necessary” to them; just as food and air, though not absolutely, are yet *vital* necessary. Tyrants consider nothing as necessary but

the obedience of the multitude; the slavish multitude in their turn see no necessity but to obey. With our fathers it was otherwise: the necessity which actuated them extended to perfect freedom and the exactest justice, nor were they able to endure a condition which barred the possibility of their fulfilment.

There may be those even in this nation to whom liberty and political equality are not *morally* necessary; and it is by *their* condition that the superiority of our Constitution is made most apparent; for here they find themselves as perfectly protected, and as thoroughly controlled, as under despotism. They are able to satisfy in its entire demands the moral necessity for obedience which impels them; while the class of those who feel themselves actuated by a superior necessity, as well as by that of obedience, enjoy all that their freer nature demands. In the republic, *both* classes are protected and satisfied; in the monarchy, *only one*.

If there is any moral necessity—any political *principle*—superior to Individual Liberty, statesmen have not yet discovered it. But a government founded in this principle, it appears, provides for the happiness of a greater number than does any other. It leaves equal verge for the exercise both of allegiance and independence, and, as it satisfies the highest, so, also, it meets the lowest demands of our nature. It insures obedience, gives scope to freedom, and room to ambition. If there is any natural aristocratic power in the individual, those who dislike it may avoid, or break over it with equal power; it is not protected by the laws, and cannot perpetuate itself in property or in office; yet is the natural worth and moral power of each person, suffered to act freely upon all.

If that be true, which has been asserted, that our Constitution originated in a “moral necessity for freedom,” and that this necessity is higher and more peremptory than any other—nay, that it is the chief actuating principle of a complete human nature—of a complete man—then it follows that the constitution of our government is not only superior in principle to all others, but is the best which can be established by man. *It is, therefore, morally necessary for us to hold a conservative ground in regard to the spirit and principles of our government.*

In all ages of the world a knowledge of the constitution of government has been regarded as the greatest accomplish-

ment, as well as the most necessary qualification of the citizen. The feudal baron knew his privileges; the Athenian understood his democracy, and the Roman his twelve tables. There is no nation but prides itself more upon this species of knowledge than upon any other; but with us it is not so much a matter of pride as of necessity: the citizen *must* be a statesman; and if corruptions creep in, and the state suffers, it is because of our own ignorance. It is for the perversions, neglect, and misinterpretations of the principles of our government, that we have to fear. Conservatism strives to cherish and strengthen the knowledge of these principles; to square all public measures by them; and to fill the offices of the government with those who will secure their observance.

Government is a system derived from the inmost and superior energies of the human mind. It is the offspring of invariable reason; but as there are degrees in all things, so are there degrees even in the products of reason; they evince less or more of the favor of Divinity. Hence it happens that there is a ceaseless endeavor after the best forms of government. And to that end statesmen in this and previous ages have advanced many different principles on which to establish them. These the more judicious have taken care to deduce from the spirit of the people whom they have to govern; while the more speculative have taken them from their own conceptions. An English philosopher, the champion of liberty in England, invented an aristocratic constitution, with a titled peerage, for one of our southern States, while it was still a colony. This ideal constitution failed for want of a foundation in the minds of the colonists. They had tasted freedom, and would no longer endure an aristocracy. But we do not find that any such difficulty opposed our Norman ancestors when they established their feudal system in England, for the idea of lord and vassal was as familiar to the Saxon as to the Frankish nations.

The history of the rise and decline of all constitutions is a continued proof, that government, so far as it is a permanent and established thing, rests in the common ideas of the people. Expel from the minds of the commonalty of England the idea of a certain sacredness in aristocracy and royalty, it needs no prophet to assure us that those institutions would quickly disappear from among

them. Expel from the minds of American citizens a certain conviction that the equal rights of individuals are the cornerstone of the State, and we know that life and property would no longer be secure, until some military despot, erecting over us a severe justice, should, perforce, restrain us.

Yet in discussing questions of public policy, there are some who entirely lose sight of the true nature and constitution of our government. These persons talk of it as of an experiment, "a thing of the day," "a thing of compromises," "an affair of interest," "a contract," "a firm." They would fain persuade us that, by its very nature, it is in perpetual danger of dissolution, "should it ever be discovered that any of the partners in the concern have not realized all they imagined from their share of its capital."

These apprehensions, be they real or feigned, suppose a total ignorance of the nature of our government; and it is from this very ignorance, appearing sometimes in unexpected quarters, that the Constitution itself, if it fears at all, has to fear for its stability.

For, let it only be supposed that the majority have learned the true nature of liberty, and are persuaded that it alone can insure happiness and self-respect, then, as the man who has lived upon wholesome food finds it a *vital* necessity to continue to subsist upon it, so will the people find it *morally* necessary to maintain the Constitution. Not only is this equality and absoluteness of individual rights, the principle of our common and municipal law, but it extends throughout every member of our government, even to the Union itself; nay, it originates and maintains each member of the confederacy, and binds them together in a necessary union—at once originating the system and depending upon it for existence. It may therefore be said of this principle, that it is the *final cause* of the government—the purpose which at once originates it and is accomplished by it.

Being the end or purpose, it becomes also the criterion and life of the system, as well in its whole as in its parts. The State must maintain itself in its foreign relations, upon the same principles which guide the individual. This is the necessary result of its origin; our Constitution does not admit "reasons of State," as distinguished from other reasons. Those who manage for the time the public affairs of the nation, must be men who

will act upon principles of integrity and justice, or they will not be constitutional. They must regard the rights of all nations as sacred; or they are ready to violate the first principle of the Union which they represent, and are become essentially unconstitutional.

Our government contains, then, within itself, three complete individualities—that of the Citizen, that of the *State*, and that of the *Nation*. That the first is the model of the two last, may easily be shown by the similarity of the principles which control them. They differ not as to their principles, but as to their sphere and territory; these are of course least in the individual and greatest in the nation, or, as we say, in the Union.

The action of a moral agent is limited in its sphere by the *moral* necessity of justice. That of the State and of the nation is of course limited by the same necessity. The *liberty*, also, as well as the right conduct, of all, rests upon a *moral* necessity.

The limits of the sphere of each individual are ascertained by the laws of the States; but those of the States themselves by the laws of the Nation.

The States, at their origin, did not assume to *grant* any man his liberty. On the contrary, they admitted and presupposed the equality and personality of all; nor could the States have sprung into existence but through pre-existent rights in the individuals who composed them.

The spirit of our government, having its germ in the common law of England, derives from that law a wonderful peculiarity, that public justice can neither grant or concede, nor take away or annul, any ascertained rights or properties. But with us, public justice became the sole end of the State, and from a maxim of the courts, became a principle of the Constitution. To this, too, was added, that nothing should be conceded to one individual or State above another. The common law grew up as a secondary power under the feudal constitution, out of the natural sense of justice. It served as a check and a controlling power, and by the gradual prevalence of its principles, undermined, and is finally destroying, the ancient abuses.

But the natural sense of justice in which the common law originated was biased and thwarted by customs, habits, and conventionalities, adverse to equity, and creating injurious differences which

hindered and turned aside its decrees. It was the peculiar merit of the founders of our government, that they seized and maintained the whole spirit of the law, and, from a partial and ineffectual, gave it an universal force. They began by declaring all men peers, and all rights sacred. They inspired the Constitution with principles of the purest equity. As long as it was necessary to refer all to the monarch, as the source of properties and rights, the common law could only struggle against abuses, forcing slowly into notice its principles of Equality and Freedom. But when the free States arose, they cut off their fictitious dependence upon a king, and each citizen became a sovereign in his own right and over his own territory, with the full prerogatives of liberty and property; imitating therein the conduct of all the kings and feudal lords that have ever become strong enough to shake off allegiance to their sovereign; but not with the usual consequences of such feudal disobedience. On the contrary, they instantly confirmed over their own heads a government no way differing in spirit from the laws of their ancestors; excluding only the aristocratic and monarchic element; and instead of a royal proclamation, issued a Declaration of Individual Sovereignty. It would be easy to show that ours was the first government ever founded on such a principle.

It may not be unprofitable to observe in this connection, that this principle, the most absolute which the human mind is able to conceive, was by no means an invention of one or of many persons, but gradually led out into light by the repeated discussions and conflicts of right with wrong, in the courts of the common law, through a long course of ages; that it ripened into a political idea in the minds of the Puritans, and was first made the principle of a government, by the signers and supporters of the Declaration.

Tacitly admitting that the limits of the individual sovereignties were to be *ascertained*, not constituted, by public equity, the signers and supporters of the Declaration began by declaring that they held it a self-evident truth that men were free and equal; an equality not of body or of mind, of public influence or private worth, but simply of *rights*.

This equality of rights they made the corner-stone of the whole system. *They deduced from it, as from a first principle,*

every law, and every lineament of our immense and complicated State.

Ascending from the individual to the State, we find in this sovereignty the same power which was lodged in that of the individual—the absolute, indefeasible power over all that lies within its sphere. The individual's sovereignty terminates at the limit of his personal sphere—of his property and liberty. Within those limits the state sovereignty enters not, nor can enter, without violating the first principle of the Declaration, that all men are born free and equal.

It becomes a mere matter of investigation, with this principle established, to determine the duty and authority of the sovereign State. It is limited, like personal sovereignty, by its jurisdiction and territory. It has all the rights of the individual in its proper sphere, and must preserve those rights inviolate. But as the individual has no authority over what is common to himself and others, so the state sovereignty acts only within its own proper limits, and not as it stands in relation to other sovereign States.

It is most evident that the idea of state sovereignty is derived from that of individual liberty, and is perfectly analogous with it.

The individual is sovereign over his sphere, because, in the nature of things, he alone can legitimately govern himself; but as soon as the interests of two individuals clash, through ignorance or malice on either side, and one begins to encroach upon and consume the other, it becomes apparent that another sovereignty must be erected over the relations of persons, that shall have supreme cognizance and decision in all that is common to the whole. Such a sovereignty can be constituted in no other way than by the body of the free individualities. These, by discussion, ascertaining what is needed by the whole, appoint a few to perform the duties of a State. These, being regularly chosen, become the authorities, representing a sovereignty.

At the establishment of each state sovereignty, it is known to be agreed by the whole people, or by all competent persons, not outlaws, that there must be a government. A government founded in the recognition of the principle of individual liberty, cannot be opposed by any person under any plea, at the instant of its formation; for its whole object is to protect him and others in their individual

rights. The particular form of this government, being a matter, not of necessity, but of opinion, is a question of majority; the best knowledge being agreed to lie in the majority of voices fairly given.

It was not therefore an assumption of any new power by the founders of our state sovereignties to declare them free and independent; but only a recognition of the necessity, that each citizen should be protected in his individuality. The formation of such governments could not be protested against by any single citizen; for any one so protesting would meddle beyond his limit. Only as to the form could he protest, in questions tried by the majority.

There can be but three regular and permanent sources of authority, and these are superstition, personal influence, and individual liberty. The first gives rise to all kinds of hierarchy and sacred despotism; the second, to every species of monarchy, and aristocracy, and mobocracy; and the third, to republics like our own, which are, as yet, the only species of their kind.

When it is considered that the signers and supporters of the Declaration advanced as the basis of all their proceedings the doctrine of equality and freedom, the form which the government afterwards assumed in their hands may be readily accounted for. The Congress which put forth the Declaration were invested with no express powers, but were only "to consult and advise on the best means of obtaining redress of grievances from Great Britain, and restoring harmony with the mother country." Yet they assumed to conduct the war, and acted as the re^head of the nation. Their first act was to recognize in individuals a certain equality, and to declare for them certain inalienable rights, among which were life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Having thus constituted the individual, they next constituted the States; but the time had not yet arrived for constituting the Nation—at least by a formal instrument; yet by their own conduct, in petitioning the crown, conducting the war, and issuing the Declaration, they had effectually made the States one nation—more completely one than any in the world. By unity of territory, language, religion, and interests, the colonies were one nation; the acts of the Congress only confirmed this unity, and made it indissoluble. It remained, then,

only to give it a Constitution, by which its powers should be ascertained and confirmed.

The powers and limits of the first and second individualities of the government had been well ascertained; that of the citizen by the common law, that of the States by the experience of each within its limits. In *acting* for the whole nation, Congress had also practically shown what was necessary to constitute the third great individuality, that of the nation. The powers necessary for the unimpeded action of the general government had been *assumed* by them, at the first breaking out of the war; but the first confederation did not sufficiently confirm and sustain these powers; they did not acknowledge the presence of the *nation* in Congress, but only, in effect, of a council of the several States.

But soon necessity and reason, which had led to the recognition of Individual sovereignty and State sovereignty—this same necessity and reason led to the recognition of the National Sovereignty; and the system was complete.

As it had been found that, for the liberty and equality of individuals among themselves, there must be a sovereign state, so for the freedom and equality of states there must be a sovereign nation.

Without the first, there would ensue a loss to men of their private freedom and rights, the stronger individual overpowering the weak. Without the second, there would ensue a loss to the States of their independent power, the stronger swallowing up the weaker, in the rivalry of interest and pride.

It appears, therefore, that in the system of our government, the liberty of the individual is first considered, and is the model of that of the States—that one is necessary to the other, and the national authority is necessary to both.

The power of the Nation is limited in its sphere by the same principles which limit those of the Individual and the State. It must preserve its own existence; this is its first law, as it is that of the individual and the state. It must preserve inviolate its prerogatives, as must the individual and the state. It must execute promptly, and with an absolute authority, its proper duties; it must regard itself as the great power of the nation, and not as an assemblage of an-

tagonist principles, jarred together until the strongest rules.

Many catastrophes are recorded in history, of anarchic unions, as of the Greek republics and commonwealths of Italy. Their fall has been attributed to various causes, but chiefly to the want of a central power. Had such a power existed to unite the Greek republics, they would not, in all probability, have fallen before the Macedonian and Roman power. But it was impossible in the nature of things that a national unity should arise among governments disagreeing in principle. The aristocratic could not harmonize with the democratic; for the one rested in the will of an irregular mob, and the other in that of a select society of despots. Neither limited themselves by any principle, but their own will, which was supreme. The individual had no rights, and claimed none but such as were given him by the law. He was the slave of the law.

But when, in the course of events, a law rose in England which claimed to have no authority in itself, but only to be the asserter and defender of natural equity, it began to dawn upon men's minds that freedom must lie in the individual, and private rights be made paramount to all wills, whether of a number or of a few. To the jealous wisdom of our ancestors, erecting the common law between the people and the crown, we must attribute the first recognition of private liberty, and to the framers of our Constitution its employment in the construction of our government.

Let us not, then, with mere economists and calculators of petty gains, speak of this union as of a contract that may be dissolved, whenever it shall please the blind selfishness of a few. It is a partnership, indeed, but of no gross or transient character. "As its ends cannot be obtained in many generations, it becomes a partnership, not only between those who are living, but between those who are living, those who are dead, and those who are yet to be born." It is a firm whose confirmation rests in eternal laws; whose capital is the virtue and energy of the most virtuous and energetic of nations; whose enterprise is to lead through future ages a tenth part of the human race to the greatest virtue and felicity that humanity can hope to attain.

KATE RUSSELL;

OR, A CHAPTER FROM THE FIRST PART OF MY LIFE.

It was strange that Kate Russell and I should quarrel. Strange that, after weeks of fondness—after our daily wanderings in wood and meadow—after we had christened every green bank that the brooks baptized, and consecrated every shaded knoll with some memory of love—after all glad influences of earth and sky had bound our hearts together—a little word of jealous anger should have had power to burst the bonds and free us from our sweet slavery.

But so it was. Long we sat together in the twilight, one October evening, whispering bright dreams of the future, promising never to be parted, and vowing that doubt, and change, and coldness, should never enter our true hearts; and, some twelve short hours thereafter, a banished lover, with an empty stomach, and, as I fancied, an empty heart, I was packed close in a corner of the Old Colony stage, and hastening towards the new Athens.

It was a dreary day, the dimmest since the deluge. One of winter's Texan Rangers, a New England north-easter, had got the better of "brave old autumn," and was fast banishing bird and flower—everything that dared to wear a look of cheerfulness—from his master's new dominion. It was not a day for reflecting on deeds that need repentance. The rain trickled down the closed windows, and hid the world from my sight. The passengers were gloomy and silent, as at a funeral. If one spoke, it was with a sigh and a shudder. The wind howled through the gaping crannies of the stage, like a disembodied spirit. The mud fell on the roof, with the dull sound of clods upon a coffin, and, long before we reached Quincy bridge, I had repented most bitterly of my hasty and foolish anger.

It was not for pride that I did not turn back. Men may be proud when the sun shines, but an east wind brings humility. On that day Lucifer himself might have been dragged about like a whipped dog. No, pride was not in my thoughts, but I felt that we could never more renew our old sympathy. The bitter words we had

spoken must always remain a barrier between our hearts. The raggedest remnant of common sense would have taught me that we had quarreled only because we were "a little lower than the angels;" that Kate was under the same cloud that shrouded me, and that a quick return, one kiss, one word of love, would heal the wound forever.

But it is not permitted that love and common sense shall dwell together in men's brains, and so I held my course, gloomily thinking of all that had chanced since I traveled that road before; of the new wishes, and pleasures, and hopes, that, since then, had sprung up in my heart, and of the sudden storm that had blasted them all.

Turn back, dear reader, with those thoughts of mine, I pray thee.

Just before the Indian Summer, my good friend, Frank Russell, had promised me a fortnight's shooting in the Old Colony—for thus fondly do the good people of Plymouth name their weather-worn county. We were to visit his uncle, the Colonel, and much he boasted to my willing ear of the old gentleman's hospitality. Something there was, too, in praise of his cousin Kate's beauty, but that I minded less. We were nearly ready for our journey, when suddenly Satan or Momus, or some other of the subterraneans, crazed Frank's governor with a vain hope that his son might make something in the world if cut loose from his old associations. Speedily to coin this into reality, he shipped poor Frank, unwarned, without one farewell call, or parting supper, to New York, there, from the bad eminence of a stool in Front street, to wing his flight to usefulness, distinction, and a plum.

I was not to be balked of my sport, and, a day or two after Frank's disappearance, I mounted the Plymouth stage, beside Ben Stebbins, the driver, and started down the road at the decent rate of six miles an hour.

Speed is reckoned by miles and minutes on that route, now-a-days; but the "way of life" was then a pleasant walk

—not the steeple chase that steam has made it since. Sensible people were laughing at the vagaries of a mad-cap fellow, named Fulton, who pretended to have made a boat move without oar or sail. Old sea-dogs wagged their heads, and reckoned that she went down the stream.

We pay dearly for these new inventions that men find out, and, for steam, we have bartered away a race of great-souled men, yclept stage-drivers; universal philanthropists, different in mark and number from those of our bad days; men whose hearts had no opportunity to close, whose daily business it was to ride chatting and laughing, stealing secret-kisses, leaving kind messages, and dropping love-letters and presents of game and city finery through miles of sunny woodland.

But, alas, for the noble craft! The men of the long whip and the many coats, the oracles of the way-side inn, the rulers of the world—if “all the world’s a stage”—are fast passing away. Yet are they booked for a glorious immortality. “Their lines have fallen in pleasant places.” Tony Weller will keep the road till “the last pike” is paid, and the last man set down in Paradise.

Of this race, so full of the milk of human kindness, Ben Stebbins was, like Sir John, the very butter. Still more like Sir John, he was “five fingers thick upon the ribs,” and, in all that goodly frame, there was not nerve or muscle that did not vibrate with good humor. Well was it for me, that I soon appropriated a niche in his heart to myself.

The Colonel’s house was but a few miles from Plymouth. Ben pointed it out to me as we approached, and, peering through the rows of lofty elms that hid it from the road, my eyes fell on a lovely girl, who was hastening towards us; her long dark curls blown back from her flushed cheeks, and her eyes sparkling, and of that deep dark brown that has no counterpart in nature, no raven’s wing, or summer sky, to help the poets to a simile, and so has passed unsung by the passionate tribe.

“That are’s the Colonel’s darter,” said Ben, a fact which I had guessed many a second before. It was the first time that ever woman’s beauty had quickened my heart, and, in a moment, I had wished Frank’s father a life-time of afflictions for having separated me from so bewitching a companion. She had a basket to

be taken to Plymouth, and, as I sat on the side of the coach nearest her, she reached it to me. My eyes were fixed on her beautiful face, and I groped about for the charge like a blind man; of course I missed it, and it fell, strewing the ground with needle-books, thimbles, scissors, and all the infinite armor of a lady’s work-box. She looked half vexed, half amused, at my awkwardness, and, abashed for the first time in my life, I leaped to the ground to repair the fault. The articles were gathered too quickly for me to summon enough of my scattered wits to say anything pretty to her bright eyes, but one little spool was so considerate as to roll apart from the rest, and, it being the last of the group, our hands met upon it. Thrilled by the touch, I looked up into her eyes, as, for a moment, they were turned towards mine. Kind thoughts travel quick between young hearts, and, though she turned hastily away, I saw a smile dimple her flushed cheek. The next instant she was gone. The victor had fled, and the vanquished held the field.

The next morning the wind was in the south, and, sportsman like, I rose before the day. But clouded skies had lost their charm. There had been anarchy in my dreams, and a revolution in my brain. King Nimrod had abdicated, and Cupid, the *sans-culotte*, had assumed the directorate. I picked a flint, and then my teeth. I snooded a hook, and caught my thumb. I put on my hunting toggery, and put it off again, and went back to my bed, and lay, half dreaming, half thinking of cottages in the green wood and Kate Russells in muslin, of palaces in the city and Kate Russells in satin, of altars and flames, and arrows and rings; till, at sound of bell, I rose up, determined to leave birds to their boughs and fishes to their brooks, and to look on Kate Russell again with all speed.

Now there would have been nothing improper in my walking over to the Colonel’s, and introducing myself like a gentleman. But round-about ways are natural to lovers, and a round-about way I naturally took. I knew that Frank had warned the Colonel of our coming, and I trusted that his friendship had painted me in winning colors. I had brought with me, for evening reading, the first edition of the “Lady of the Lake,” then fresh from the press; and, having inscribed on the blank page, “Kate Russell, from her cousin Frank,” in Frank’s

own sprawling hand, I made a dash for the camp. Fortune was in love with me, and I met Kate where we had parted. I introduced myself, saying that I came with better auspices than before, for I brought with me a gift from her cousin, which he had charged me to deliver immediately.

"He could not have sent a letter of introduction more fairly writ," said she, "and I have been longing for this book for weeks. But how did Frank ever dream of doing so pretty a thing?"

I blushed at my poor trick.

"Perhaps Frank's friends are blessed with a better taste," continued she. "But pardon me for detaining you here. The minstrel makes me forget all courtesy. You must let me lead you to the house. My father will be most happy to welcome a friend of our dear cousin to the Old Colony."

At the house I found Colonel Russell, who greeted me with that warm, yet stately courtesy which has so poor a substitute, either in the prim coldness, or the blunt familiarity of our parvenus—a courtesy in whose presence neither rudeness nor diffidence could exist—a courtesy which both conferred and commanded respect. The old lady was one of those who never lose the kindness and vivacity of youth; one of Coleridge's "dear old souls;" and, to all, that I was the friend of their relative, seemed sufficient reason for the warmest kindness.

The Colonel reproached me for not coming directly to his house, and nothing would atone for the fault but that my trunks should forthwith be brought, and I become one of the household.

Thus, kind reader, thou hast the beginning and the end of my wooing. How it sped, and how much the tale of Malcolm and Ellen had to do with opening Kate's heart, and how, when, or where, the sweet confession was tempted from her ripe lips, are secrets not to be told, even to thee. Yet let me warn thee, fair one, if thou wouldst not easily be won, to beware how, at twilight, in the listening woods, thou hearest that tale from a young man's lips, or flee, ere "with deep and low and pleading tone," he reads—

"His chain of gold the king unstrung—
The links o'er Malcolm's neck he flung;
Then gently drew the glittering band,
And laid the clasp on Ellen's hand."

If he be of mortal mould, he cannot but

press thy hand somewhat meaningly, as he closes the book, and the same thoughts will be in both your hearts, and thou wilt find it hard to say him "Nay."

Two months had passed over me miserable, and I had heard no word of Kate. I had tried to write to her, but my heart had failed me, and, at length, I had taken philosophy to my bosom, and comforted myself with wise saws, and laid an embargo on all thoughts of love. It was the day before Christmas, and I sat drowning my sorrows in the bowl—of my meerschaum, when Frank Russell burst into my room.

"What makest thou here from Gotham, Francisco?"

"Much good it does, Harry, to send you to a pretty girl—that yellow amber pleases you more than the reddest lips in the Bay State. I meant for you to marry Kate Russell, and here you sit, puffing at your confounded Turk's head; and, because you are a laggard at wooing, Kate must be sacrificed to a noodle."

"Not to be married!" said I, with a vigorous puff.

"Something very like it, or there's no meaning in white ribbons—and to-morrow night, too. But what are you blushing at, man? That's a new trick you've learned. Zounds, but you *are* in love with her. Why didn't you tell her so? A girl that would marry Bill Jones at a fortnight's notice, would jump like a trout at a comely fellow like you. Was your modesty your bane, or didn't the old gentleman take to you, or did you shoot her chickens? Come, confess."

But confess I would not. Much as I needed counsel, I knew that Frank was to be trusted with nothing less secret than an advertisement. He urged me to go to Plymouth with him in the morning, and, willing to give up anything that I might be left alone, I consented.

Little pleasure was there in my lonely thoughts. I tried to find comfort in reflecting, how unworthy Kate must be of my love, if, so soon, she could take another to her heart. But it was all in vain; that sweet face would still come back before me, laden with love as of old; those large eyes, dim with unshed tears, as at our cruel parting, haunted my memory; and then I thought, how strangely anger moves a proud woman—how willingly she gives up all hope of happiness, rather than seem to yield to one who has slighted her love. I could not but suspect that it was for my sorrow,

not for her own joy, that Kate had sought these new bonds.

Perplexed and bewildered, I hastened into the street. Led by instinct rather than reason, my steps turned towards the stage office. The evening coach was about starting, and my old acquaintance, Ben, was on the box. With no purpose, except to be near her I loved, I jumped up beside him. He saw that I was in trouble, and, with the tact of true kindness, said not a word. For an hour we rode in silence. At length Ben's patience began to totter on its throne, and he turned to me with the polite inquiry, "Lost your grandmother, squire?" The cold winter air, and the sensation of motion had somewhat aroused me, and I tried to talk as usual. Ben, doubtless, suspected the cause of my trouble, and, in a moment, he remarked:

"We've got the chap inside, 'at's going to hev the colonel's darter—likely looking feller, he is, tu."

He had led up to my trumps. A lawyer could not more cunningly have caught the train of a witness's thoughts. The confidence I had refused to my best friend, I gave, without reserve, to one whom I had seen but once before in my life. In a few words, I told him my whole story.

"Wall, that's bad," said Ben, "tu devilish bad. The feller isn't much, arter all. If you'd stuck to the road, you'd a come in fust, but you're distanced now, any way. What d'ye mean to do? I'm too heavy for a capsiz, you know. I'll try to leave the chap on the road, if that'll accommodate."

"Do it, Ben," said I, vainly endeavoring to grasp his immense hand, "and I'll make your fortune."

"Wall, I must du my dooty; but, if Jones does git out, my stage won't be kept waiting all day for him, that's sartin."

The possibility of anticipating my rival, made me as delirious with hope, as, before, I had been stupid with despair. A thousand wild plans rushed to my thoughts, and each seemed certain of success. A thousand moving phrases of love and repentance seemed written in light before my eyes. But they fled as suddenly as they came, when I reflected how little promise there was, that Kate, angered, slighted, and apparently forgotten, would take me back to her heart, would abandon her new love for my angry jealousy. I had just enough

reason within my control, to enable me to suspect, that I was making a fool of myself.

But, even in my despondency, I could not resist being amused at the pertinacity with which Ben drove up to every tavern within miles of his route, and, by his "five minutes here, gentlemen," and, now and then, a "best o' liquor," tried to bribe Mr. Jones to rest his foot once more on solid earth. But Mr. Jones was not to be moved. He was a fixture. An old traveler would sometimes put out his head to suggest that we were in a new road, but Ben's answer was ready: "We always goes round here, a Wednesdays," checked the remonstrance.

Little impression as these endeavors made on Mr. Jones, Ben was, at last, overcome by them. Every descent added to our load at least one glass of brandy, not much affected by the few drops of water, which, "for the looks of the thing," as he said, he scornfully dashed at it. The frequency of his libations would have been a statistic to the Washingtonians, if Washingtonians there had been in those days. He afterwards informed me, that he meant to get drunk, and leave me to do as I pleased with the stage, as he knew that his "bosses" would sooner pardon that, than any apparently intentional neglect of duty. I somewhat suspect that Ben was, at all times, easy of conviction, as to the propriety of taking another glass; but, if it was really his purpose to get eminently fuddled, seldom have human plans met with so perfect a success. After fortune had saved us from many an imminent danger, sleep "wrapped him about like a cloak," and I assumed his office, with a determination to carry out his plans that might have been an example to Mr. Tyler.

Our delays had consumed some hours, and it was now quite dark. I knew that Mr. Jones could see nothing from his position, and I made up my mind that he should go to Plymouth. Once, only, he gave signs of vigilance, by putting out his head and bidding the driver stop at Colonel Russell's. "Indeed will I, quo' Findlay."

From my rides and walks with Kate, I knew every inch of the road for miles. In a Christian spirit, I drove slowly and steadily, in order that Mr. Jones might be able to indulge any inclination he might feel for repose. It was eight o'clock when we reached the house. Through the bare branches of the elms,

I could see the lighted windows, and especially I noticed one candle burning above the hall, where it had doubtless been placed at sunset, to marshal Mr. Jones the way that he was not going, with my permission. After some tugging I aroused Ben's hands to their accustomed office, and whispering, "Go ahead," in his drowsy ear, I jumped to the ground.

The blood rushed to my heart with a thrill of delight, as I heard the horses' hoofs clatter over the frozen road. The prize was before me, and considering the situation of my rival's neck, the odds were scarcely against me. I hastened to the house and into the room where I saw the lights. I had thought to speak quickly and to the purpose, but Kate, who had doubtless risen to welcome her other lover, met me at the door, and her look changed so suddenly to cold, surprised anger, that my heart fell and my hopes fled in an instant. I could not utter a word—not a stammer came to my relief.

Through piles of silks and laces, and garments known and unknown, I discerned Mrs. Russell. Her favor I had early won by a new recipe for jam, and she had the grace to offer me a seat and inquire about my health. On my replying that I was much fatigued by my stage ride, she asked:

"Was not Mr. Jones with you, in the stage? We have been expecting him for hours."

A martyr to truth, I answered that he was, but had gone to Plymouth.

I glanced at Kate, who was busily striving to hide a crimson ribbon in white roses. I could see that her hands trembled, and her cheek was thin and pale. Gladly would I have argued that our separation had preyed upon her health, as it had upon mine, but that chilling look of hers forbade. At length I ventured to ask if she was well.

"Yes, sir, thank you."

Her pets all in good condition?

"All well, sir, thank you."

Nothing but the requisite monosyllables.

After an awkward silence, I came nearer to my point, by asking,

"May I hope that Miss Russell has forgiven my petulance?"

For a moment, she fixed upon me her brown eyes, as if to measure how much my words meant, then quietly looked down and held her peace.

My courage, that had ebbed so quickly, began to flow again.

"May I speak a word with you in private, Kate?" I said.

Her mother rose. The good old lady evidently meditated a sally through the outward adornments, behind which she was as closely beleaguered, as a garrison behind General Pillow's intrenchments.

"Sit still, ma," said Kate, and then, with a demure voice, but a twinkle of exquisite womanly malice in her eye:

"I have so much to think of now, that you must excuse me. Perhaps tomorrow or the next day, I shall be more capable of holding council with you."

This was too much—I was angry myself now, and I rose to go. As I opened the door, the same voice saluted me that had bid me stop at the colonel's. I felt the absurdity of going off so manifestly shorn, and looking again at Kate, I saw a tear nestling in her eyelid.

Clearing two dresses at a jump, I kissed her as of old, and whispered, "I love you dearly, Kate—will you forgive me?"

For a moment, she hid her face upon my breast; then turned it towards mine—"and our spirits rushed together at the meeting of the lips."

Mr. Jones, who had entered the room in time to be a spectator of this pleasing scene, made a desperate attempt at a look of lofty scorn—an attempt which would, doubtless, have been more successful, had the ice been stronger, or the water shallower, of the brook into which Ben had upset him, and then departed to his ledger and his money-making.

Frank attired me in his Broadway garments. The wedding was not deferred, and Kate and I have not quarreled since.

My tale has its moral: a man should go early to his own wedding.

INDUCTIVE THEORY OF CIVILIZATION.

THE SOCIAL SYSTEM AND ITS MODERN REFORMERS.

*Is it not ominous in all countries,
When crows and ravens croak upon trees?*

Hudibras.

Undoubtedly. And with no less, but perhaps more reason, at the dawn of science; in the darkness of superstition; in the days of hauruspical, than of humanitarian croaking. It should not be dissembled, therefore, that what is called *social reform* is becoming the great subject of interest, as well as declamation, especially in our age, and day, and country. Attention indeed it must have engaged, more or less explicitly, in all times, in virtue of the contact, almost universal, of the social system, both with practical life by its immediate consequences, and with speculative inquiry by its organical principles. Hitherto, however, it has confined itself, in the former of these aspects, to merely remedial and expediatory purposes, and in the latter has been little better, from Pythagoras or Plato downwards, than a species of intellectual exertion, characterized accordingly (after one of the most notable of those ingenious essays) by the jeering designation of Utopianism.

Not that these systems have had no other foundation than fancy, as is vulgarly supposed. On the contrary, fidelity to fact was their fundamental fault; or rather it was their necessity, the necessity of their situation, of their day and its place on the scale of human development. Accordingly, they are empirical essentially, every one, from the Republic of Plato to the Phalanx of Fourier; only they are effectually so less and less as extending experience has gained a wider range of induction, and approximated to the position of scientific conception. And here we have a simple and the sole means, not only of explaining the errors of these systems, now so palpable and almost puerile, but of also reconciling the commission of oversights so gross with the possession of intellects so gigantic: a contrast which we should wonder (were they much in the habit of reflecting) how those philosophers can settle with themselves who, amongst us, are in the flippant habit of triumphing

over such "absurdities," with something of the little insolence of Esop's wren popping forth from the plumage of the exhausted eagle. Thus Aristotle, for example, the first of the political philosophers of antiquity and the father of the best of the modern, we find unable even to conceive the existence of a state—a *free* state—not based on the institution of slavery. Such an ingredient would on the contrary be deemed fatal, in the republic of Sidney or of Harrington. To Hobbes both such states were no better than chimeras, and a single despot the sole security for social existence. Next comes Rousseau, who, instead of having all slaves with Hobbes, would have all sovereigns, or at least fractional parts of the sovereign unit. Further still, the Communists of our own day, can see no salvation for society, short of abolishing not only all servitude, even the voluntary, but all subordination, even the domestic! So too, were an American Plato to imagine a new Atlantis, we may be sure he would not bethink him of expelling the poets from the *city*—if indeed he would deem *ours* of importance enough to rank, with the pickpockets and *pave*-nymphs, amongst the "dangerous classes" of society. Yet, erroneous or even absurd as these several systems appear—most of them progressively absurd if you will—history, sufficiently known, would prove them to have emanated from the special facts, to have reflected the social situation, of their respective periods. And that they could not do otherwise, will be evident, we think, to demonstration in the sequel. In fact the human mind, even in the wildest of its visions, cannot wander indefinitely from the reality of things; such a condition of intellectual vagrancy would have effectually precluded all coherence, and all community, of opinion in the world. Its utmost flight perhaps consists in generalizing from a simpler order of phenomena, and this of course is limited by the degree of complexity of the new subject. So that in the matter of society,

which is the most complicate of all, the prevalence of theorizing should be regarded as indicative not merely of a social want, but also of the imminence, and perhaps the extent, of the requisite political remedy. And the significance, it may be added, will in each of these respects be multiplied proportionally as the theories themselves come to coincide with the practical objects of the contemporary agitation. For this is a convergence which belongs but to the advent of science.

We should beware then of disregarding theories; thus necessarily more or less correspondent, in even their most fantastic forms, with living, moving realities. But if the cant against speculation is not yet quite obsolete in politics—a prejudice ignorantly contracted from the infant, the Utopian efforts alluded to, which were but the poetical phase, so to speak, through which social philosophy has had to pass, like every other, before reaching the historical and scientific—if theories, we say, are still to be set aside by a sneer, let us turn to the realities themselves, let us observe them as they have taken consistency and shape progressively in the Practical order of reform. For they it is, beyond doubt, that have furnished the facts and even the evidence, which the philosopher comes, periodically, to sum up, as it were, and perhaps round with an occasional generalization, into a system. If then we look back to the history of social or popular agitation, it will be found, as above remarked, to have commenced with questions of a merely practical and material nature, and to have ascended but by the gradation of ages to conceptions of any really organical compass. The reform cry principally was Agrarian, Financial, Commercial, Constitutional in fine; which appears to have been the order, as well as the extent, of the progression down to our own times. Now, however, the watchword is *Social* reform. It is no more merely measures concerning person or property; no longer modification even fundamental of particular institutions. Nothing less is proposed distinctly than the reconstruction of the social system itself. Spirit of the age—march of intellect—progress of civilization—reorganization in short of society, are phrases becoming familiar to even the multitude of our day; though assuredly they would have been incomprehensible to a philosopher of antiquity, as they have

been unknown even to one so late and great as Bacon. Much of this may, no doubt, be attributed to the propagation of the press, propense, we know, to the mystical in language, which gives the appearance of learning to those who mean seriously, and to those who affect to banter, the self-importance of superior sagacity. Still, when it is considered that the clamor, either for blame or praise, is almost universal from the highest organs to the lowest—which are commonly indeed but echoes—from the philosophical romance of Europe to the scrannel reed of our country newspapers, there can be no rational doubt of a certain general sympathy with this extraordinary spirit. And the significance would moreover seem augmented by the comparative absence of the ordinary provocations, in a country like ours, as yet less ripe in misery, as well as mind, for excitement. But more than phrases, forms too, imported in all their paraphernalia of plan, are actually applied, we see, no less seriously than systematically, to the reorganization aforesaid.

Now what does all this import? It may well be allowed that the public have no very distinct meaning. Even the active propagators of the *movement* (to borrow their favorite phrase) are, perhaps, most of them, not greatly better informed in the premises. But does this establish the nullity of the fact; according to the vulgar logic, that who fails to assign a reason can have none? And should it not rather admonish of danger from such unconscious ignorance? For our part, we are not only convinced that this great social phenomenon must have a commensurate significance, as every effect must have an adequate cause; but should, moreover, deem this circumstance of unassignableness symptomatic, on the contrary, of more than ordinary magnitude or importance. All ideas—truth or illusion—seem to be naturally vague in proportion as they are large or new; whence perhaps the grandiloquence habitual to poetic diction and to juvenile composition. Definiteness of design is oftener, because easier, the cold quality of what is old or unimportant; and precision, whether of conception or expression, belongs but to a subject, or to an intellect, already clarified by analysis, or cooled by age.

There is, indeed, amongst us, an affection of “common sense”—that *caput mortuum* of mind—which disposes of all

such manifestations as a species of moral mania or epidemic, and, moreover, produced (through some remnant of witchcraft, we suppose) by the ambition of knaves or the fanaticism of fools. These, it were sufficient to remark, are not characters historically famous for having operated, and especially originated, great social or intellectual movements. It is a task for which the enthusiasm of genius and virtue combined has been always found too feeble, unless favored by the spontaneous concurrence of one of those periodical predispositions, observed in the public, to become dupes or disciples. No more misleading error has resulted from the utterly unphilosophical spirit in which history has hitherto been written, than this over-estimating the influence of individual will, whether through power or persuasion, upon the general current of human opinions and affairs. Supposing that human volitions are determined arbitrarily, and seeing how easily, in most men, they are in fact divertible to this or that particular purpose, it is apt to be thought that the career of a nation, or of the race, might, by the interposition of a single man, have taken any of a thousand different courses. Which is as if, perceiving how freely we may displace a handful of the waters, one were to imagine himself or another capable not only, with the royal barbarian, of checking the flow, but even of changing the channel, of the ocean. Those men even who are commonly held to have altered the face and the destinies of the world—a Cæsar, a Mahomet, a Napoleon—have been, in truth, but ripples on the surface of the stream, symptoms or rather symbols of its course, only because slaves to the current. If you would see them reduced to their proper powers, contemplate the one as muleteer, the other in the hands of the pirates, and the third, after having pledged his sword for a dinner, strolling along the Seine to drown himself. You will after better discern that the force, which they merely represented, belonged really to the state of transition of their respective civilizations, political, religious, social.

May it not, then, be some under-current of this nature which gives the agitation in question, too, that growing efficiency which the very persons who thus labor to vilify its origin, are forced to recognize, in warning us that it will end with subverting the social system? But whatever be the cause of the matter, its

consequence is thus admitted, and this is surely of a kind to demand a serious consideration of its character and its claims. To this end it is best, preliminarily, to present a succinct analysis of the positions respectively of the friends and the adversaries of the tendency. If not from their doctrines, we may derive information from their errors.

With the destructive features imputed to Socialism the reader, no doubt, is sufficiently familiar—of course, we mean for the present purpose. We shall merely, then, seek to give saliency to its fundamental principle; noting hereafter a few consequences, whereby the better to estimate its logical consistency with the aggregate system of human ideas and institutions. The same shall be our procedure with the antagonist doctrine. The condition of all innovation, all reform, is change. The reason for change can be but one of two: that it is a good in itself, or that it is the necessary means of an effectual amelioration. The Reformer the most visionary must put his justification (for justification he owes) upon either of these grounds. If he pleads the latter, he puts himself upon the circumstances of the case. But this he rarely dares, for it would be admitting in part the position of his conservative foe. The other, then, that is to say, change absolutely, must be the actuating motive. Moreover, what is evidently so imperfect, he vaguely thinks must profit at all events by alteration. In short, he adopts the thing in principle: for such is the import of his habitual denunciation of the past as but a long waste of error, imposture and crime, from which it would be desirable to cut completely loose, and to separate, were it possible, by a species of social quarantine, the hopes and the destinies of the future.

The Opponent of Reform, on the other hand, who would keep all things fixed as in a frost, can have no other reason than either, simply, because they exist, or because they are the best, on the whole, which can be had in the circumstances. But he is quite as careful as the Reformer of intrusting himself to the circumstances. And not only for the reciprocal reason, that this must terminate the antagonism of principle by reducing it to a question of fact, well known to be one of the worst ailments of political controversy. The Anti-reformer, moreover, has perhaps still a stronger instinct of his general incapacity to enter the large field of

relative and rational investigation. Thus shrinking, both alike, from the intermediate ground, where their positions mostly meet in a common and practicable plane, they intrench themselves aloft, at vituperation distance, in the easy absoluteness of the contradictory extremes.

Convergencies, indeed, of this nature there occasionally are in practice; and this is what dissembles the absurdity of the abstract positions as just exhibited. But in general they are compulsory effects of the course of things, which we have before alluded to, and shall after explain at large. And were it otherwise, were these accommodations to circumstance really voluntary, they would so far be inconsistent with the respective *credos*. An admission, in fact, so naively betrayed in the protestations, with which these compromises are habitually accompanied, that they are *concessions* to the "obstinate bigotry," or to the "deplorable radicalism, of the times."

Such are the characteristic principles of the adverse acts of our political or social teachers: *Innovation for the chance of improvement; Establishment for the accident of existence*. Now a word of the consequences. Of the former maxim, the strict incompatibility with the existence of the social state is evident enough; most people can tolerably appreciate the fanaticism of anarchy. But has not fanaticism, like the ancient Janus, a face towards the past as well as the future? That absolute, abusive conservatism is in fact a tendency similarly fatal, though demonstrably certain, we think, is not equally obvious. The effect is here disguised by two very plausible illusions: the one supposing it more *natural* that what actually is should continue to be, than that something should commence which as yet is not; the other conceiving it *prudent* to prefer the known and tried to the unknown and the unimagined—man remaining always child enough to dread the dark. The mere statement exposes sufficiently the fallacy of these sentiments, though they lead thousands of your most respectable people (politicians especially) by the ears, through life. Not only, then, is the mischief of Conservative bigotry as real, but—however paradoxical—the danger appears more imminent. For, besides by the prejudices just noted, which are incident more or less to the mass of mankind, innovation is farther repressed spontaneously by the inertia, at once moral and physical, of our

nature, which is to be overcome but by a positive, and necessarily a powerful, force; as is attested by the extreme endurance both of nations and individuals. And, in fact, history, we think, would tell of more states having expired by the atrophy of despotism than by the ague of democracy.

In support of this policy, we are frequently reminded of the sentiment of Burke, that "there is a presumption in favor of establishment." But, with unaffected deference to his great authority, the maxim is fallacious; like most others of an abstract nature when applied without due restriction to practical and especially political affairs. It disregards the element of *time*, or rather it computes it, but in its own favor; whereas the fact is essentially otherwise. Such presumption, no doubt, there does exist at the moment of adopting an institution; but it is because the fact is decisive evidence of superior suitability to the actual situation both of sentiments and circumstances. Now with reasons so constantly fluctuating as these, the dependent presumption must be supposed soon to pass away; according to another maxim far more ancient, and no less authoritative than Burke's: *cessat ratio, cessatur et ipsa lex*. It passes, then, to the opposite side. A doctrine, for the rest, which also might, we doubt not, claim the sanction of the same profound writer. For he was, be it remembered, charged with radicalism in his earlier career, as well as with royalism at the later period when the sentiment in question was written, and when the conservative element of his thoughtful nature became, according to a common observation, predominant with his closing years. The truth, however, seems to be that he was at no time either the one or the other exclusively. No statesman, no philosopher of his day, perhaps even of ours, has been more sensible, in fact, to the equal mischievousness of both the spirits. None did more to inculcate the necessity of viewing all political questions relatively, of having constant regard to the special circumstances of the case. But this perception of the course of things—instinctively signalized in the *golden mean* of the ancients—was in Burke, too, rather the constitutional, than the cultivated, wisdom of genius. His political philosophy is throughout empirical—which made it, indeed, the fitter for British con-

sumption, and accounts, accordingly, for its eminent success at the same time *there*, and there *only*.* An empiricism however so comprehensive as to be very far, it seems, in advance of his country, as of course of ours. But unguided by principles sufficiently fundamental, he was led by this very maxim to follow too widely the oscillations of circumstances. Hence the apparent inconsistency imputed by each of the factions in turn, who, high and dry on the stepping-stones of their little partisan formulas, sought to grapple him to either side. And in fine, the self-contradiction, were it real, would so far annul his authority for the sanction of either tenet; but being substantially rational, is the heavy condemnation of both.

We may then conclude the Ultra-conservative doctrine to be no better than the Radical: indeed it would seem in theory to be the less conformable to a world where all is, and subsists, perhaps, by change. From the logical consequences of the principles severally, which happily are impossible, let us now glance to the practical effects of their contention, upon the Morality and Intellect of the community they unhappily divide and distract. In the first place they oblige—and are but too faithful to the logical obligation—to hold and to denounce each other's votaries, reciprocally, as either hypocrites or dupes. This for the present generation, supposed to be governed through opinion, that is to say by fraud. As to the past—reputed to be the reign of force—it is represented by the one side as but a lengthened lazaret-house of slavery and superstition, of tyranny and priestcraft; while the other must contemplate the race as devoted, on the contrary, since the fall of Adam, to progressive degeneration into profligacy in morals, infidelity in religion, and democracy in politics. Are we to wonder then at the intellectual anarchy almost universal, the dispersive incoherence of doctrines not only moral and religious, but at last even industrial, which are carrying dissolution into those social bonds the last perhaps to sever—the material interests? Should we not rather expect to find the spirit of “uncharitableness,” reign supreme? And so we do in fact, if it be the opposite of the *charity* of the Gospel—that word, so un-

fathomably full of political import, and which, with its equally profound comment or criterion of application: Do unto others as you would be done unto, epitomizes the social system in all its scientific perfection both of theory and practice!

In fine, from denying either sense or sincerity to one another, they end with discarding their own; which in fact they have reason to discredit, seeing how constantly they have been contravened by the course of social affairs, describing from the first a species of diagonal between them. For we speak of course of these two doctrines as they have divided political speculation from its infancy, and not especially of the parties before us, except as they seem to present the malady we examine, in its state of crisis. A symptom of such state is this general hollowness and hypocrisy, and as its polemical correlative, exaggeration and abuse. Another is the intolerance of individual dissent from maxims which the parties have probably themselves not the least faith in. This is an exigence profoundly reasonable. For the less men believe or know (which comes to the same) of the substance, the more faithful can they be to the forms; which makes the present the great age of parties of all sorts. Whereas men of any thought can hardly escape the brand of apostasy and inconsistency, except at the sacrifice of truth. And this odious ban upon honesty and inquiry, this extinction of the rational lights of society beneath the little bushel of party, we conceive to be one of the severest afflictions it has suffered from the spirit in question. This was the inconsistency for which we have seen Burke pronounced a renegade from *his* principles (meaning of course *theirs*;) by both the contemporary factions. And how full of melancholy instruction, to see this great man laboring to defend himself, with the weapons of their own petty warfare, against the double line of barking curs, as in his “Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs!” Why should I blush—was the frequent exclamation of O’Connell to the like imputations that beset him through life—“why should I blush to own that I am capable of profiting by experience, that I grow wiser with years?” Surely the blush ought to belong to the objector, if such could have,

* As writer, Burke is scarce known on the Continent. As orator even, Thiers dares to speak of him as an intemperate declaimer!

ordinarily, reflection enough to excite it! But was it really only thus that O'Connell too had still the knowledge to justify his obedience to the most fundamental law of society? Or did the practiced advocate understand his tribunal too well not to employ a vulgar saw rather than a philosophical demonstration? So with Webster, and every other man truly great who has been long enough in public life. Because great men reflect spontaneously the aggregate of the situation with its inconsistencies of circumstance and view, that is to say its misapprehended consistency. It is only the small who make your nicely consistent partisans; who are radical or conservative, Whig or Democrat, to order, without respect to circumstance or season, and who never had ideas enough of their own fabric to furnish the second term of an inconsistency. Yet, being the large majority, especially among the politicians, they have succeeded in perverting into a reproach what the true principles of social philosophy would, on the contrary, vindicate as the evidence of greatness and a title to glory. So preposterous have been, without its light, the judgments even of history, upon men and institutions! What else in fact than this radical distortion or obfuscation of the general mind and morals could (if we reflect upon it) have reduced, or long reconciled, a civilized community, in the determination of their gravest interests, to the habitual computation of reason by the head, like cattle!

This is surely not the normal or a permanent state of society. Nor can the doctrines just described avail, we see, to guide us. From the dawn of their conflict they have proclaimed the established *form* and the proposed *reform* to be final, as they do now. But there is, moreover, a formidable objection which none of their theories ever attempt to resolve, though it seems to compromise not only the reality of the social science which they dogmatize upon, but even the existence of truth itself. Are we to hold, as the Reformers teach, (and as would seem in fact to follow from the preceding exposition,) that the human race have been abandoned the sport of all imposture and oppression, down at least to the

present enlightened age; offered up a species of holocaust for the coming social millennium? Or can we receive the adverse system of a primitive perfection and a progressive degradation—which is but the same notion, merely inverted in characteristic conformity (remark) with the antagonism of the points of view? Can either of these be adopted, we say, even in the least of their degrees, consistently with the belief in a Providence—save indeed of malevolence and cruelty? The suppositions, for our part, we think humbly to be impious in religion, we know certainly to be absurd in philosophy. The latter, however, has the merit of superior consistency of theory, as it has no doubt the sanction of inspired truth in theology. But the effects of original sin are not we believe recognized in temporal matters; and in truth, however obvious its connection with damnation, it would not be easy to trace democracy among its penitential consequences. Any system of social speculation proceeding in principle upon such a conception of the past or the future of mankind, can evidently have no pretensions to philosophy or science. Any which should offer, on the contrary, a complete harmony with both, whether viewed in the order of natural religion or of natural reason, would present the most conclusive proof of its scientific genuineness.

Here is then a grand negative indication, as well as test, to the inquiry. There is also a positive one equally fundamental. Society, an aggregate of certain relations among organized beings, must itself be, *à fortiori*, a system, an organism—its parts therefore all concordant, and its movements concurrent, and any apparent conflict between them but the mode of operating the machine. For such is the mechanical principle of all animal action or locomotion, the same, no doubt, in the body social as the body physical. Might not this be but the regular function of the two parties we have been characterizing; and whose contention should thus turn out to have been analogous exactly (to borrow Hudibras's happy simile*) to the legs in locomotion, similar in utility of result, though equally unconscious of the destination

* For as, in running, every pace
Is but between two legs a race,
In which both do their utmost

Precisely such will be the happy termination of the social antagonism too, if there be faith in science.

To get before and win the post;
Yet when they're at their race's end,
They're still as kind and constant friends.

of the traveler? They would thus be necessary instruments, not, as they are ordinarily reputed, necessary evils: an explanation admirably within the requisites of the philosophical condition just stated. The evil would in this view have always proceeded from mistaking them for the *head*, whose authority they naturally usurp alternately.

Now this simple and quaint illustration seems to suggest the true solution of what is termed, in the magniloquent language of your reformers, the great problem of the age, but which is in truth the problem of all ages—a solution satisfactorily accounting for the social fermentation and general anarchy of opinion peculiar to our day—supplying a gauge whereby directly to disarm the theoretical vagaries proposed to rescue us from this chaos, but which can only serve to perpetuate and to propagate the mischief—designating the organical destination of society, pointing out the true mode of extricating it from the present disorder, and reconciling the history of its errors and sufferings with the established principles of truth and justice—a solution in fine which serves to vindicate, not only the ways of God to man, a task already performed by philosopher as by poet; but, what is much more needed and new, because hitherto more difficult, the ways of man to man, of sect to sect, of nation to nation, and above all, of age to age. If our conception of the social system be correct, one or two principles would suffice to work the magic of all this explanation. To develop these principles, to state the social problem, with (if space permit) the method appropriate to its practical solution, is the immediate purpose of the remaining pages.

There are, as intimated precedently, two general heads of inquiry, to one or other of which every question respecting the social system is ultimately resolvable. What are the conditions, the normal mode of its existence? What is the end or the leading tendency of its action or operation?—these are always, under whatever variety of form or of fraction, effectually the objects of all speculative politics and of all popular agitation. And they exhaust, it may be remarked, the subjects of debate; omitting but the question of existence, which in this case can never, it is obvious, arise, and, at all events, would be a matter for evidence, not for analysis.

The scientific reality of this division of the subject may be demonstrated by general reasoning. And this, besides preparing at once a basis and a test of the subsequent historical evidence, offers the advantage of aiding the reader's adequate conception of a matter in its nature the most complex, and the most confused perhaps in its actual condition, that can task the grasp of the human mind. We will be therefore pardoned being indispensably abstract, or what would be termed transcendental; though it will not, we trust, be exactly after the manner of the Transcendentalists. It is an axiom of that inductive philosophy which is the boast of modern times and the scientific hope of the future, that every subject of speculation may be considered in either of two aspects: first, as it is in itself or in respect to the relations between the constituent parts or elements; secondly, with reference to its relations towards other objects, or towards itself at other times and in different circumstances. In less explicit but more familiar phrase, the one relates to the laws of co-existence, of harmony; the other to the laws of successive existence, of sequential modification. The one asks, what *is* it? the other, what *does* it? We have said that this is applicable to any subject, the unorganized as well as organic. Objection may, however, be made as to the former: we know but little, it may be said, of the relations between the parts of inert matter. It were sufficient perhaps to reply that this division, now old, and essentially empirical, has long been shifting its demarcation with the advancement of science and the improvement of methods. For example, the inorganic side at first comprised chemistry and mineralogy—both which would in great part now belong to the organic order. This tendency then would perhaps be philosophical warrant enough for the complete extension of the axiom. But we have proof of fact, and founded upon the absolutely universal relation of gravity, in Dalton's celebrated Law of Definite Proportions.

But however it be with the inorganic, so called, this great duality of view has never been questioned in respect to organized existences, at the head of which stands our subject in the characteristic complexity of the class. We might then have dispensed with noticing this distinction at all. But it involves a question of theoretical logic, fundamental in its bearing on the sciences

generally, and especially the social, and to which we attribute the puerile confusion that still continues to disgrace the writings of British philosophers on these subjects. For this reason it was well to signalize it at its source, with the design, if possible, of saying a word of it when we should come to sketch the method of our social problem. Let us now see how the axiom in this, its full generality, is borne out by the history and language of the corresponding sciences.

Throughout the entire encyclopedic series then, this duplicity of aspect is recognized spontaneously, is distinctly denominated, even constitutes independent sciences in the more concrete or complex subjects. And not only so in the fundamental sections, but even down almost to the minutest of our two minute subdivisions—so indefeasible is the principle! For instance, mathematics generally, conversant about the simplest of all phenomena, divides itself into relations of number and relations of quantity; so these again, the former into arithmetic and algebra, the other into geometry and mechanics—which are each subdivided further into descriptive and analytic, &c. Here, it is to be remarked, the departments are no longer independent; and even the separation is disappearing, save in name, with the progress of theory; an infallible assurance of the like amicable issue to their conflict in the social system too, under the same conditions of scientific maturity. As might be expected, the sciences called “physical” present the phenomenon still more palpably, as in chemistry—descriptive and analytic; in botany, zoology, &c.—classification and natural history, and more specifically anatomy and physiology, running down through the several subordinate divisions. Even in the subjects of mind or metaphysics—though scarce advanced as yet sufficiently for even the primary correlation to be generally recognized—yet the partition exists in effect and full form. Thus language, or the general subject of signs, presents this double department in grammar and logic. In jurisprudence likewise, the *political* is divided into the provinces of constitution and of legislation; the *civil* into codification and interpretation in a larger sense of the term. In short, we find the subject of Faith itself set distinctively above if not against

all human science and reason, yet bow all unconsciously to the universal condition of mental conception; for such is the nature of the well-known distinction of theology, into moral and dogmatic. Literature, in fine, reflects it in its two great forms of descriptive and dramatic; the relative predominance of which it is that constitutes the various species of composition.*

This grand binary law then is universal absolutely thus far. It pervades, we see, the whole group of the “physical” systems, and even those termed the mental and moral, as far at least as they have assumed any consistency of shape. Why not be equally applicable to the social phenomena, with only a like reservation of development? Nay, why not *à fortiori* to this system, which is a complication, or species of congeries, of all the others? This, indeed, is a simple deduction from a truth now become popularly trite in principle—the strict universality of the laws of nature. But the inference would be directly realized by the positive criterion we have applied to the other subjects, the spontaneous and decisive attestation of language. It is to be remarked that to all, the terms *organization* and *function* respectively are applicable in the scientific sense, as well as to biology; to which it remains technically appropriate only because the subjects of animal life are those in which the dualism in question exhibits itself the most characteristically, and therefore was earliest established philosophically: whence, by a law of logic, and which is instinctively followed by language, the division, and after it, the denomination, have been reflected back upon the anterior sciences, where the partition already existed, though in the concrete condition, with its specific diversity of crude forms and accidental designations. In the same way, these general terms might no doubt be extended forward to the social science, composing the subsequent sections of the scale. But are there any already in the special vocabulary of this subject, bearing analogy to the compound and correlative notion of state and change, structure and property, organ and function? Have we not their equivalents, exact and expressive—though still in a degree of imprecision corresponding to the infancy of the science—in the

* It is a curious confirmation of the text, that the two earliest poets on record furnish a most characteristic type—Homer, in the Iliad especially, of the dramatic, and Hesiod, of the other, in the “Days and Works.”

terms become of late the respective rallying cries of the combatants above described—we mean, of course, ORDER and PROGRESS?

Here then we have a fundamental bipartition of all the theories past, present and even possible, of society, as indeed of all subjects whatever; established upon the facts, and certified by the phraseology of each, the social in fine, inclusive. We might accumulate the proof by a demonstration from the still more elementary source of the mind itself; of which the necessary and sole procedure is correspondently twofold—by *composition* and *decomposition alternately*.

This would alone be sufficient to persons duly prepared and constituted to receive conviction from abstract reasoning. But the historical induction will not be found, we fear, too explicit for the general reader, and perhaps the state of the subject. It may, moreover, serve collaterally to shed along the chaos of Encyclopedias, Atlases, Porphyrion trees, &c. &c., which infests our age of *scientific* quackery, a line of simple, comprehensive, and perhaps new light, into the true philosophy and the philosophic co-ordination of the aggregate system of human knowledge. However, it seems now clear that our theories respecting society, partial as well as total, *must* all relate to one or the other of these correlative aspects of the subject. Whence then arises their immemorial strife and antagonism; since of any object the whole of the phenomena, the aggregate of its laws, that is to say, its *science*, must not be merely self-consistent, but intimately correlative? Apparently, because our socialist theories, and the political systems they would supplant, have been, neither of them, political or social science. Nor is it possible that they should ever become so, both, until their rivalry ceases, and they be merged in the *scientific* sage, (perhaps the future senator of society;) even as their lineal predecessors, the mountebank and the alchemist, have both disappeared into the modern chemist.

For the same reason the degree of vehemence of the conflict should measure their natural divergence, and might thus lead to the conclusion that they are now farther wrong than ever. But this would be directly contrary to the main principle of our problem, which we are now prepared to develop, and upon which we have engaged to construct a universal scale for the specific estimation,

both absolute and comparative, of the whole historical succession of these systems, not only as to their scientific perfection, but also their practical value.

For these are things widely and importantly different. The one is relative to a particular situation; the other, independent of all. The one consists in the harmony of the percipient mind, with the aggregate of the facts conceived, however partial; the other, in the most comprehensive view of the whole. Thus we see, a system founded upon the former may be perfect in point of utility, though utterly without science. For the same reason may it not be *true* also? The denial of this involves the monstrous presumption above noted, of condemning the past of mankind as but a succession of degrading errors and oppressive cruelties. This nonsense, which however is the common sentiment on the subject, even among those who have too much good sense to avow it, is avoided by explaining that *truth is not science*—though science must be true—but simply the general *opinion*; as is accordingly well indicated in its old Saxon etymology. It is this puerile habit of making the present the criterion in our judgments respecting the past, which is the “error” indeed. It is also sometimes the occasion of real “cruelty.” For example, we ourselves employ it to justify slavery, on the plea that the victims must be “better off” in a civilized community than in the wilds of Africa; also to palliate the massacre, and probably the plunder, of the Mexicans, on the ground that they must be utterly miserable without the “blessings” of our exemplary religions and social institutions! In fine, to borrow a mathematical illustration, truth is an equation with a double variable. The terms, or functions, both change, but in such an order as to leave the relation, in general, the same. In this relation consists the real “eternity” of truth, so much and ignorantly chanted, as also the quality of political or social utility, and the condition of human happiness. If we suppose the terms too, by this joint operation of their laws, to pass finally to the same side, the equation is solved, and takes the stability which characterizes the *sort* of truth we call science. Now, these terms are the Human mind and the External world. The variation takes place in each by a single and peculiar law, at first opposite, convergent progressively, coincident ultimately; the one a law of

progress, the other of order—thus spontaneously furnishing a last confirmation of the universality of our scientific dualism. To constitute these two fundamental laws, and determine their relative operation, so as to explain the present condition and the past career, intellectual and social, of mankind, is what we mean by the *Inductive Theory of Civilization*.

In a passage pregnant of meditation upon the force and the feebleness of the human intellect, Lord Bacon, in one of his sublime aphorisms, observes: *Omnēs perceptiones, tum sensūs, quam mentis, sunt ex analogia hominis, non ex analogia universi, &c.* That this propensity of man to conceive all things in analogy to himself, has been (as Bacon goes on to specify) a principal cause of his speculative errors, was, perhaps, the grandest generalization of that day. But that such was not the normal or final state of things, it was not given to the age, or even the intellect, of Bacon to comprehend; and this, although, led by his philosophic instinct, he was at the moment systematizing the basis of the opposite point of view, the mundane type of conception. He did not see that both were equally natural to different epochs, alike necessary provisionally. Still less could he have perceived that without due regard to this element of time—termed however by himself so profoundly the “greatest of innovators”—the latter of the types is not less illusory than the personal. And to this double unconscientiousness might be traced, we think, directly, the necessary imperfection of Bacon’s logical system, and the less excusable errors both of method and doctrine—the empiricism and materialism—which continue to infect his followers, especially British, to this day. In this great benefactor of mankind, himself, the oversight was, we repeat, psychologically unavoidable. Time had not yet innovated enough to reveal the observation. Short as it is ago, the main motion of humanity was not sufficiently considerable to show that it was a planet and not a fixed star. Hitherto philosophers had occupied themselves with taking its parallax. Not dreaming the existence of an orbit, they could not have explored its laws.

This was reserved for a philosopher of our own day; the full equal perhaps of Bacon, even with all allowance for the immense advantage of the interval of time: we scarcely need name *M. Auguste Comte*. Not, however, the discovery of a motion of progression, long before announced by the illustrious Vico, and which Comte has merely modified, from Vico’s notion of a circle, into a species of cycloid (as we conceive him)—that is, a combination, it is worth remarking, of the double motion—rotatory and revolutionary—which maintains the order of our world itself, and presumably of the universe. What we owe the French philosopher, is the laws by which the evolution takes place. According to this eminent thinker, then, man, impelled by necessity as by nature to *know*, begins with apprehending the phenomena around him after the type of his self-consciousness, whether of sensation or volition; which he, accordingly, transfers at first to the physical objects themselves thus literally animated, and, after, impersonates into certain presiding agents then supposed to produce the corresponding changes; and in all their diversity, by simply proportioning the *degree* of power to the magnitude of the effects. These imaginary beings would in this way become numerous* ultimately, however limited the range of objects of principal interest, in that infantine state. But the phenomena proceeding, with experience and mental exercise, to disclose various traits of resemblance amongst them, a new divinity or fetch was necessarily superadded to take charge of the class or group; the natural effect of which was to supplant the inferior agents and diminish the actual number successively until it should terminate, for example, in a dozen of *dii majores*, secondary themselves to Jove. For along with this spontaneous generalization of *objects* by uniformities of *Resemblance*, proceeded a correlative generalization of *effects* by uniformities of *Recurrence*; and as the former diminished the *number* of divinities, so the effect of the latter was to discredit their *power*. Both the tendencies, however, would manifestly be dissembled until the progression came to unity. But when the supreme of these powers

* As late as Varro, the Roman alone could be recollected to the number of thirty thousand. The Greek quota was about the same, according to Hesiod, (Theog. :) whom Varro probably in part follows. A number exceeding the entire vocabulary of our English idiom—thus leading one to think seriously on the idea of Vico: That the appellations of these popular gods were the origin of the vocabularies of all languages.

was observed to be disregarded by the uniformities alluded to—which are no other than the laws of nature—this primitive resource of man for her interpretation (as Bacon would say) was evidently exhausted. Finding no analogy to it in himself, he can only conceive the resistance negatively, and under the character of *inflexibility*. Yet the very negation his concrete imagination is under the necessity of immediately personifying, and so makes it a sort of ambiguous existence, half person, half power. This is the idea and the origin of Fate—to which old Homer, so characteristically, subordinates the gods as well as men.*

Now this idea of inflexibility, which it was important to specify the generation of, is the germ of a new order of conception. It gives man a principle of explication out of himself; a point of reference fixed in the reality of external things. It supplies the *πῶς ἔγω* which Archimides sighed for; not however, like him, to move the physical world mechanically, but *from* which to effect, and *upon* which to reconstruct, an *intellectual* transformation of it, according to the model no longer of his little fragmental self, but upon the broad basis of that universe of which he is but an important atom. Such is, philosophically, the point of view of Science, as the former was of Faith—respectively the *analogia Hominis* and *analogia Universi* of Bacon.

But between these extremes, or rather coincident with, as correlative to, the gradual decline of the one and the progression of the other, there is a third system of conception or causation, which our author distinguishes as an aspect of the evolution, and denominates the metaphysical. This is, however, no principle. Its idea is negative, like the destiny whence it took rise. Phenomena seen to contravene the will of the gods came to be attributed to *something* in the objects—a nature, an essence, a cause. This expedient ran a round of generalization, necessarily analogous to the preceding, through species, genera, “universals,” &c., determining in the collective cause or essence termed “Nature.” This is simply to modify (as our author expresses it) the “Divinities” of the former period in to “Entities” equally chimerical, but calculated, from their character, still more indefinite and vague, to pass around

the mind, as upon a succession of pulleys, to the final conception of Scientific Laws.

Such is the great principle of the intellectual development of mankind, in its threefold aspect. Some of our readers will find it difficult to credit it, from this necessarily slight indication, and because really difficult of conception, from our present point of view—especially the first period. Even of this, however, there are surviving examples in abundance, to mention here but the mythologies and languages of all the countries and savage tribes of the globe. Indeed, to any one capable of reflection, the thing must appear absolutely necessary, in the natural order of the law of which alone we speak: for where was there another possible principle of explication? The whole law is already received unanimously by the leading minds of Europe, and is daily applied with admirable effect to the exploration of antiquity and the reformation of history. Even in England—concrete England, still lingering by half its intellect, in the penumbra of this primitive period—the theory has been lately employed, and with eminent success, by Grote, in his excellent *History of Greece*. In fine, the evolution may be observed in the individual, as well as the species, and upon the same principle; the difference being, that in the one it is extended through centuries, as in the other through only months or days. Each may remark or remember it in himself, who has really undergone it, that is, to any considerable degree; especially if he be of those who are deemed to be self-educated.

The period of “Entities” is much more familiar to us, as it is also more important to the purpose of this exposition. It is for the most part the present position of the most enlightened part of the human race; the immense majority of which still wallows in the superstitions of the preceding section. Accordingly, though our philosophers cannot now see an enraged hamadryad in the tossing arms of an oak, yet nothing seems more easy to them than to see what is called *cause*—a thing, in reality, not a whit more visible, or rational, while much less intelligible, than the dryad! This notion of cause or entity is in fact the staple of our actual philosophy; especially in the mental and political depart-

* It is affirmed much later, in the celebrated reply of the Delphic oracle to the reproach of Cræsus, the Lydian king.

ments, where, in consequence of their superior complexity, the conception of a general law has not yet obtained a footing, except in borrowed name. The advantage of this third and final form of conception, and the assurance of its finality, consist in a certain point of view wherein man is objectivized, so to say, to himself, and enabled to submit the logical laws of the intellect itself to the universal criterion of evidence. In this way are suppressed forever those providential, but now obsolete, expedients for its spiritual development—both the infantine vagaries of imagination and his ripper illusions of metaphysical self-inspection. But the mention of superior complexity reminds us to pass hastily from this great law of the Mind, which is the progressive principle of Civilization, to the consideration of its complementary element, the law of Order in the constitution of the External world.

The relative complexity of a phenomenon or subject, may be simply shown by a familiar example. A stone has gravity, with the other properties called primary. A piece of spar has, in addition, a degree of organization. To both these attributes, a plant adds vascularity, &c. To all these are superadded, in the animal, sensation, locomotion. In man, in fine, the aggregate whole is farther complicated by the moral, and still farther by the intellectual faculties. Hence man is said to be the most complex subject of this series. He contains the distinctive qualities of all the others—weight, organization, irritability, &c. He is, therefore, subject to the compound effects of their several laws; which must, of course, all be considered and computed in the appreciation (strictly speaking) of the least phenomenon of the individual series! But the *social* system is more complex still, incalculably; not only in virtue of the evident numerical multiplication, but principally because of the progressive tendency of the most abstract attributes of the individual—the intellectual—to predominate in the phenomena of society. Now, an effect or property is more or less complex or simple, according to the natural place of its subject in such a scale. The same consideration determines it to be more or less general or special; also, more or less abstract or concrete; for they are all strictly coincident in this sense. The latter pair, especially, is indeed employed differently in popular use,

and even in English books of philosophy, too generally *popular* in point of precision. But it is a vicious, however natural, application of the term “abstract,” to designate, not the *separation* of the quality from its subject, so much as the *effort* of the mind in making it: thus leading to measure the abstractness of the conception by the energy of the intellect, instead of by the nature of the subject.

Now here arises, from this simple statement, the philosophic principle of encyclopedic classification. The striking test of its genuineness is, that it combines the double advantage of exhibiting at once the scale of *Knowledge* and the scale of *Power*; the order in which alone we can come to know the laws of nature, and in which alone we can turn them to our use. What we mean by the gradation of power will be clear by recurring to our example of gravitation; which, as it is the simplest, so is it the most fundamental law of physical nature. Now for this reason, it has a direct influence upon all other objects and effects, without their affecting it, in the least degree essentially. Thus it may effect even the destruction of organization, of life, and of course intellection, &c., along our scale. But these can, none of them, nor all together, suspend it for a moment. They can only *modify* it, and *in successively diminishing degrees*.

The reflecting reader will perceive at a glance the immense advantages of such a scale, (and which are so many evidences of its philosophical soundness) to the practical respect in question. In the examination of facts, not only natural but also judicial, it supplies a ready approximation, by at once eliminating all ascription to a more complex class of a phenomenon manifestly contravening a more simple. Thus, in the judicial application, had there been an inkling of science in the days of witchcraft (to take a plain example,) the subversion of the law of relative gravity could not have become a principle of evidence, a proof of innocence; nor hundreds of human beings have been tortured for irresistibly obeying it—‘hanged,’ as the philosophic wit expresses it, “for *not* being drowned.” So, a glimmering of the inevitable subordination in the constitution of things must have prevented the disgraceful credit given in our own day, and country especially, even by dabblers in philosophy, to those mesmeric and other mounte-

banks, who still pretend to work miracles, not only in the as yet misty recesses of mind by what they term "moral suasion," but in annihilating the laws of matter itself and space by dint of a dark eye! Nothing, in fine, can be more characteristic of this mental confusion in the last degree, than the fact that, amongst us, whoever would be taken for philosophers are sure to own to you that, for their part, they are not prepared to think "anything impossible to modern science." Very assuredly, however, they are rather to be taken for blockheads.

The aspect of Knowledge is not less evident or instructive. From its nature, the mind, in its acquisitions, must always proceed from the more to the less simple, from unity to plurality, and whether the unit be really such, or only relatively to the percipient, be an element or a system. Such is the course we find it to have taken spontaneously in the species. The law of gravitation, first observed among the most fundamentally *controlling*, was also, and for the same reason, one of the earliest to be practically *known*: whence the shrewd remark of Adam Smith, (in instinctive anticipation of Comte's theory,) that men never bethought them of inventing a god to account for the fall of heavy bodies. So, with the priority of the mathematical sciences, because of this superior simplicity or generality. This admirable generality is the result of the coincidence which we contend for as the condition of all science, between man and the external world, in one and the same point of view. Men have never imagined the dignity of human nature compromised by recognizing their community with brute matter, in the laws of number, figure or motion. The same admitted throughout as in the constitution of the following scale, supplies that entire homogeneity, in default of which have necessarily failed the thousand classifications of this kind, Bacon's inclusive, with the later improvements of d'Alembert, Bentham and others. They either gave the tree two trunks, or made mind the sole one, thus setting the pyramid upon its apex. They built upon causes, "entities, &c." Whereas—by regarding but effects, facts, and conceiving each ascending accession of complexity, not as a new property, not as something *sui generis* stuck into the subject, but simply as a modification or result of the preceding laws,—we obtain a co-ordination of all phenomena, we erect a pyramid more

durable assuredly than that of Cheops, because founded upon the real laws of things, and good for what it explains, beyond the vicissitudes of time and theory.

And as this we have said was the order followed instinctively, or rather necessarily, by the march of science, so does the old partition of mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms offer a remarkable coincidence with the tri-section which may now be proposed, more authoritatively, of the field of knowledge, into Mathematics, Physics, and Sociology—as the science of Society is termed by Comte, of whom this is substantially the division. These departments—conversant respectively with the phenomena of motion and figure; of structure and change, whether transient or continued; and of mind, individual and social—are subdivided each into a fundamental pair of sciences, to which again all others whatever may be severally subordinated: the first into Astronomy and Geometry; the second, into Chemistry and Physiology; the third, into Mental Philosophy (as we vaguely term it) and Social Science. We should mention that Comte classes mental science as a branch of physiology. But, if only to spare the lingering prejudice against this speculative amalgamation, we should rather rank the phenomena of mind, as far as *distinctively mental*, with those of society; by which, in fact, they are always more or less influenced inevitably.

We have thus explained not only what is meant scientifically by complexity and simplicity in a subject, but also the law of order which reigns in this respect among all the subjects of the universe; after having previously sketched the law of evolution of the mind. The reader is then in possession (however imperfect necessarily) of both the factors which have produced every system of opinion and the whole series of operation, from the dawn of the intelligence up to the present not only, but on to the end of its career, in that mysterious perfection we are told it is destined to attain. The same means would of course explain them historically, even down to the minutest, could man but command the necessary documents now, or the inconceivable power of abstraction, to prosecute such an exploration beyond a few of the more fundamental or prominent of the manifestations. On the principal of those systems the student would do well

to make the trial,—bearing in mind the criteria of the two principles in the successive aspects: of the one, divinities, entities, laws; of the other, the relative complexity of the subject. The examples would be conveniently found in any of the histories of philosophy, German or French. Or, for the English reader, Whewell's *History of the Inductive Sciences* may serve: it is sufficiently intelligent statistically, we believe, though worthless or worse for any philosophical use.

For us, who have here to do but with the social systems, our remaining verifications will better view the conflicting elements in their characters, specifically social, of Order and Progress. And then, instead of Comte's, our characteristics would be: That the tendency of mankind is, with respect to order, in the first period, to *maintain* it; in the second, to *make* it; in the third, to *find* it: and with reference to progress, in the first, to *practice* it; in the second, to *preach* it; in the third, to *understand* and enjoy it. And to familiarize the thing farther, we may add, of this triple aspect of the species, that it exactly corresponds, in effect as in principle, with the successive pre-eminence in the individual, of the Appetites, the Affections and the Intellect.

Intelligently to trace this strife in the career of society, as well as to multiply the means of verification, the reader should here recall the division of it prepared at the outset, into Speculative and Practical. Though necessarily correspondent (as we intended) not only in object but means, yet the correspondence is variable, in point of time and proportion of intensity, so widely, that whereas at first it was the latter of these, popular *agitation*, that led the slow way to *controversy*, the case is come now, we see, to be already reversed. Without this precaution, our application might still perplex, though the principle of the variation has been indirectly indicated, viz., that reforms have moved upon the realities of the physical world; systems upon the idealities of the human mind. The one a point nearly fixed, the other revolving "at airy distance:" which accounts very obviously for the ultimate

transposition of the point of view. With this observation, essential to the due adjustment of their mutual bearings, we shall choose, our space being spent, the more short and solid tract; discussing the current of theory, with, however, a general indication of its historical correspondence to the threefold phase of the law of mental development.

The speculative faculty, it seems evident, would, during the first period, occupy itself with systems of Order alone—having no possible notion even of Progress. It would seek, not to explain, but to authorize whatever happened to exist. Such theories would be theologues. In fact, it would be impious, were it not impossible, to speculate not merely *against*, but even *aside* from the *will* of Apollo, Minerva,* or Jove; to which all phenomena, the social especially, were then directly attributed, as they still were indirectly, in a more advanced but analogous system, to the *ministry* of the angel Gabriel or the *intercession* of the Virgin: an advance which exposed, we see, a *medius terminus*, the occasion, accordingly, of many a hard-fought field.† There could, in short, arise no dispute where each phenomenon had its causative divinity at hand, where every event was special providence, even the "fall of a sparrow."

Not that the spirit of Progress had not been awake and moving during those ages of slumbering infancy, which still roll on for seven-eighths of mankind. But it would long be latent, among the populace, slave and then serf, where its manifestations, under the name of turbulence, passion, sin, &c., would be regarded a pest, to be quelled by physical tyranny, after theology had failed. It would be but after tyranny had at length to yield, that the remonstrant tone of *theory* would be condescended to: for the spirit of domination—unlike the old man in Esop, who would bring the urchin from the apple tree—never tries the milder virtue of grass, until after words and stones have proved successively insufficient. Having at last obtained the ascendant, Progress would set itself, on the contrary, to demolish as indiscriminately; naturally, however erroneously, ascribing all

* Apparently deemed no impiety in our day, in the sense at least of the Roman proverb—*invita Minerva*.

† Does the reader care to know (among other things) why the heathens were distracted with none of the theological controversy of the Christians, a contrast which Voltaire so ignorantly makes a reproach to the latter? Let him meditate the text. It will, perhaps, at the same time, suggest to him the reason why there is so much *political* wrangling under the *constitutional* monarchies of England and France, while there is so little under the Pacha's administration of Turkey and Algiers.

its suffering to the established state of things. To the divine authority alleged against it, under various modifications of disguise and delegation, it would come to oppose a something in the things themselves, a virtue by which that power might now be resisted in detail, as already in the gross, by reacting in its primary and pessimist character. As to the type of this something or *quiddity*, we have ventured to differ from the discoverer of the law; who (if we remember) is not quite explicit upon the origin of his Entities. We think it was supplied by the most energetic of the moral faculties now largely developed, the Will, and which man must have been led to transfer to the exterior world, precisely as he before did *life*, the corresponding principle in his earlier animal development. This is the fundamental reason of the analytic and finally anarchical character of this period. The will is essentially negative, dissentious. Content and credulity never will. This source of the reformative spirit seems also best to show, both why it has commenced with the dawn of social suffering, and gone on irrepressibly with the progressive predominance of the moral over the material in man; until after dissolving the fabric of the previous civilization, it will as certainly expire itself amid the ruins it shall have made—of skepticism in the intellectual, and anarchy in the political order. It must die, not alone because it has nothing in it organic—though pretending (as we have characterized it) to make an order of its own; but especially because it destroys the very foundations of the primitive system; secondly, because necessarily laid in nature. But whatever the source, such are the effects and character of the Progressive Spirit, which makes our second period. Its providential purpose is, to furnish the grand Analysis of the universe, as the former period did the Synthesis; both indispensable to introduce the third and final state, wherein “entities”—whether under the name of essences, causes, or *rights*—shall in their turn give way to laws: even as the type, itself proposed—so long in the enjoyment of what has been termed its “vagabond,” more decently its democratic, independence—is coming at last, we see, quite characteristically, to take the yoke of *motive*, and thus effectually to fall into the ranks of Universal causation.

Upon the social condition of the Inductive period we shall not dwell in advance,

though here perhaps prophesy were pardonable. The reader may infer it generally from the actual state of those simpler sciences, not long since as quack-ridden as the social is at present. We are no longer, for instance, under the necessity of supposing legions of angels to wheel the heavenly bodies around our globe, to give us light by day and entertainment by night, (pyrotechny not being then known.) No; nor even so much as the entity of the *vis viva*. Nor does any one now set up his “right of conscience” against the heliocentric theory, &c. What! (exclaims some sturdy republican,) would you insinuate that the “rights of man” and the “sovereignty of the people” shall pass away like the Onion-worship of ancient Egypt and the Innate ideas of Descartes? We have told you, sir, we do not pretend to prophesy. We rather invite you to examine whether you have not before you, in a page or two, a philosophical abstract of social man from the earliest record to the present hour. Keep well to our demarkations; and to enable you the better, we plant a few lights additional along the dreary way. Mark that the principle of government, the *sanction*, was, in the first of those periods, *Force*, (divine or human,) administered by the military and the priestly class; in the second, *Right*, (divine or human,) administered by the legislative and executive bodies of our actual systems; in the third period, *Duty*, (to laws merely natural,) administered or expounded, we do not choose to guess by whom: only it will evidently be neither by priests or politicians—unless they greatly change. Corresponding admirably, you see, with the successive predominance in the species as the individual, of Sensation, Volition, intelligence or Reason.

From this, the speculative basis of society, let us now glance rapidly over the Positive and real. This must have been either *man* or *matter*, or *both*. Might not these alternatives have been severally coincident with the preceding division? In fact, man, we have seen, began by systematizing the universe after his own image. How should he have done otherwise by the social system? So, when this plan was reversed, upon the analytic or metaphysical mode of conception, society should have rested upon the external world—upon *property*, strictly speaking, as formerly upon *person*, to speak our present language. We

have seen it equally necessary that from the conflict of the two principles, which have presented themselves throughout these pages under such a variety of aspects, society should finally settle down upon both person and property conjointly and correlatively. Should history be found to confirm these deductions too, never, we dare affirm, has philosophical theory been established by so copious and compact an accumulation of evidence. Let us look to history. That is, reader, look *you* to it! for (be it mentioned as some claim to needed indulgence) there is not a history, or anything so instructive, to his knowledge, within several miles of the writer.

We recollect, however, that it presents us society reposing during the primitive aspects, upon the *personal* basis of a military and a slave class; helots and heraclides or descendants of the gods; plebs and quirites or bearers of arms. So the world over, as well as Greece and Rome. War, in fact, offered the only object at once sufficiently simple and exciting to aggregate the nomad tribes of the early world into any general concert of action. The prisoners at first were either devoured or massacred. With the dawn of agriculture, however, it would be perceived that they might be disposed of more productively. Hence slavery, of which the origin we see was merciful, and itself, moreover, the cradle of industry. Nothing in fact, short of the alternative of death, (a motive often found insufficient,) could ever have reduced the roving savage to habits of steady toil. In like manner, subordination could be taught the conquerors only by the rigor of military discipline. Demonstrably then, as well as historically, the soldier and the slave are the founders of society, by their mutual action and reaction; the *heroes* subduing the surrounding savages to the wholesome yoke of obedience, the slaves subsisting the heroes in the exclusive pursuit of this "mission," while at the same time, and by the fact, training themselves and the gradual accessions to their class, in the arts of productive labor. Here is a combination bearing the stamp of providence and truth. Yet—by one of those illusions of chronological perspective (so to term it) which we have been exposing in every page of this article—both

the institutions are daily denounced to infamy, by persons of course as ignorant of their having once been a necessity and a blessing, as they are incapable, because of their ignorance, to show how they have come to be now a curse as well as a crime! However, so really was man the social basis, that as such he became property; and so effectually property, that he passed through its commercial conditions. Thus, among several other Romans, Crassus is known to have let his multitudes of slaves, educated of all trades and professions for the purpose, to hire, as he would, and did probably, his money. And, by a higher refinement, was it not Xenophon who proposed the establishment of a bank—yes, a *bank*, at Athens, of which the capital should be slaves?

As to Land, it would then be but an accessory, a tool, to the laborer. Nor could it possibly be conceived as *property* until long later than man and the other animals; probably because its utility was not directly or visibly the result of *force*, and that from its mass and immobility, the possession (control) of it would appear obscure and uncertain.* This peculiarity of land, gives us the philosophic reason why territorial property during this period remained fundamentally common, that is, rested really, not as since fictitiously, in the state. Hence the spectacle of the entire population, under this phase of humanity, clinging to the soil for its sustenance, as to the dugs of a huge cow. A consequence of both is the universal distribution of the land, and the agrarian disturbances that forced and followed it; and which are supposed to have been peculiar to ancient Greece and Rome, only because we have few other recorded accounts of the corresponding stages of civilization. But the thing has been universal, because it is necessary. It should be found in Mexico and Peru,† for instance, before their conquest, where the corresponding institutions, military, religious and servile, were duly found established. It should not, of course, be found among our Northern Indians, who had not ripened as yet to either of these correlative classes, and were still deep in the social infancy of democratic government and devouring their prisoners. The final effect of this competition would be

* Both Homer and Hesiod, speaking of the Greek laws of *succession* to property, make no mention of *Land*; which was still, and long after, held in common, and not considered as *property*.

† This conjecture is striking supported by Mr. Prescott's late History of Peru.—Ed.

to enhance the consideration attached to land, which would thus become insensibly the principal basis of the social economy. The "eminent domain" would pass from the state into the hands of a despot who held by the grace of "God and his sword;" a title doubtless characteristic of his lineal predecessors, of the polytheistic regime. From this source the distribution would proceed anew, in the inverse order, by progressive subdivision. Land would here be the principal, because it was really a means of governing men through their *wants*, after they had outgrown a little their *weakness*, of mind and of body successively. Men would then be a mere appendage—*adstricti glebæ*. Here is the famous feudal system: and which is no more peculiar to modern Europe, we repeat, than old age or any of the other climacterics of humanity.

Now, it is evident from the foregoing statement, among a multitude of important consequences, that the earliest field upon which the Reform spirit embodied itself, must have been *agrarianism*. One would think it should be emancipation rather, especially, according to our conception, that man had been for a long time prior the principal article of property. But some twenty or thirty centuries of self-meditation were requisite still, we see, to reveal to him the precious abstraction of the "Rights of Man;" which, however, all unconscious, as the toad of its "jewel," he has been carrying about with him, it seems, all the while. The next subject of agitation appears, and ought, to have been *financial*. The usurers oppressed; as there was little or no currency, there being no commerce.* And no commerce could arise as long as the *direct* produce of the earth would be found at all sufficient. We now think the idea of commerce a simple thing. But Adam Smith was too profound to find it so, when he defined man, an animal that makes exchanges. And who, therefore, could have made no exchanges until much beyond the mere animal. From the concrete to the abstract is, in fact, his uniform course in the *practical* order, though exactly the reverse, we have seen, in the *theo-*

retical—a most important observation, which we had expected to develop in the sequel, but must now adjourn. The primary materials being thus prepared, the human mind would now be susceptible of proceeding to the productive *modifications* of them. These were only of two kinds—by change of *place*, and change of *form*, or Commerce and Manufacture. It is needless to urge that these were, successively, the ensuing theatres of "Reform," in its numberless encounters with capital, monopoly, and machinery. Some of the latest of its feats are still before us, in the triumph of free-trade, and the abolishment of the New York bar!

It is to be remarked that throughout this long series the *present* grievance was always deemed the sole cause of human misery. After man with his economic conditions, and matter with its modifications, had thus been tried, and suffering still returned, like the rock of Sisyphus, it then remained to ascribe it to the form itself of the government. Hence the Constitutional revolutions of the last and present century; for any ancient agitations, of a character really organical, were aristocratic. But we speak of the people, the *practical* reformers, and the real anarchists of all times. Certain countries† having tried this too, having unmade and remade constitutions, and finding the *amari aliquid* of humanity still arise, the progressive spirit betakes it to assail the very elements of all society. Here it becomes *retrogressive*. Hitherto it was useful in eliminating piece-meal both the material basis, animate and inanimate, upon which society had been unavoidably laid, and then the political system, which shared, of course, correspondently, the erroneousness of the foundation. But the spiritual and rectified residue it was utterly unfit to manage; we mean *Intellect* and *Labor*, the twin-hope of social reorganization: intellect to *order*, to direct; labor to *progress*, to execute.

This has been felt instinctively in respect to labor, of whose "organization" so much is chattered, without a notion of

* This was the main grievance from which Solon came to rescue his countrymen. At that time, in the words of one of the most enlightened as well as elegant of British Historians, "The rich tyrannized over the poor. The rapacity of the creditors knew no bounds. They compelled the insolvent debtors to cultivate their lands like cattle; to perform the service of beasts of burthen, and to transfer to them their sons and daughters, which they exported as slaves to foreign countries."—*Gillie's Hist. Greece*, ch. xiii.

† France and the United States; where Socialism, we see, has arisen and is agitated chiefly.

the organizing correlative. The attempt seems abandoned by political economy. It were instructive, had we space, to note the characteristic fidelity with which this science (so called) has blundered through the principal phases of social illusion. Springing amid the feudal system, it could not well go farther back than the land-basis of society. We accordingly find its founders, (the sect known as the French Economists,) place the source of wealth in land, of which they formed a sort of mystical or fetchic conception. After, came Adam Smith, who, after admirably demolishing them, placed it in land, capital, and labor. Later and still better came Say, who insisted upon labor alone; the others being at least but accessories. Finally, De Stutt de Tracy carried the doctrine to the last term of absoluteness, regarding land as but an implement or machine of manufacture. But in this metaphysical absoluteness we recognize the often admirable chief of the "*Idealogues*." In truth, labor, in this fragmental sense, (that is, muscular action,) is as utterly valueless *of itself*, as land of itself. The error, up to this hour, lies in not perceiving that it is neither a *property* nor entity of man or of matter; but a correlation of energy (so to say) between them both.

Succeeding the political economists, (by the *nexus* of Sismondi, perhaps,) we have now a sect of hard-featured semi-mystics, with quite as little science and infinitely less sense than the economists, busy as bees at the organization of labor. They begin the round of error not so low as the economists, having no similar check; they mount to the main basis of Man, the only difference being the characteristic advance from his muscular to the moral or "pas-

sional" system. These philosophers propose to organize society by effectually disorganizing its two essential nuclei, the matrimonial union and the family discipline. They propose to organize labor upon the principle of making it "attractive," instead of productive, and which contravenes, in fact, directly the great law of Division, to which labor owes its perfectibility, and society its progress!

Reader, have we kept word with you—all pretentious as it might have seemed? At all events, we are truly tired of huddling you truths and views by the handful; most of them, we believe, were new to you, (our philosophers of course do not read the Magazines,) and upon each of which it would cost us, we assure you, less mental toil to write an article, nay, a volume, separately, than to condense and generalize the whole, with systematic explicitness, in these few pages. Many things, however, have been left untouched. We spoke of discussing the proper *method* of political science. It might also have been desired that our principles were applied with more detail to the principal aspects and institutions political, social, and even æsthetical, under which we actually live; of which they have appeared, we trust, evidently and alluringly susceptible. For instance, the position and the prospects in the career of civilization, of our Constitutional governments, the Representative system, the Liberty of the press, the general doctrine of Rights, the character and duty of our two political Parties, &c. Whether we may not resume these subjects severally (the logical problem of social logic Method inclusive) in this, or some other shape, it is, we suppose, a matter of no great concern for the present to determine.

O.

MEN, WOMEN, AND BOOKS.*

It is a pleasant circumstance that we have so great a variety of books. For the same kind of reading not only does not suit all readers, but affects the same individual variously at different times, and in diverse places. Our stomachs, like Stephano's, in a slightly altered sense, are "not constant," and hence we are pleased to be "turned about," and to pass from volume to volume, sipping the pure honey of poetry from some, or laboriously lading ourselves with learned wax from others. We can all sympathize with the saying of the great writer of convenient quotations:

"As drives the storm, at any door I knock,
And house with Montaigne now, or now
with Locke."

In this couplet the figure was probably suggested by unconscious association of image with the names mentioned; the idea of Montaigne and Locke must have naturally suggested to Pope, as they do to us, an abstract impression of stormy evenings and solid in-door comfort. This may be an accidental fancy on our part, resulting from the circumstances under which we ourselves happened to enjoy those writers; the poet may have only intended a forcible simile. But we cannot allow ourselves to think of poring over the suggestive pages of the glorious old essayist who made the world his father confessor, and has been absolved and received the indulgence of immortality therefor, in pleasant weather, or when the summer is yet smiling around us. No: shut the door; stir the fire; let us have our own old chamber, our gown, chair, desk—the same that for so many years have been companions of our evenings; let the east wind drive a cold rain pattering against the window; let no immediate heavy care or passion weigh upon us; then, if it be a venerable yellow-leaved edition, we can enjoy "old Montaigne," or relish the simply-dressed logic of Locke, (though we prefer Berkeley,) far into the night.

These are good, cheerful, meditative books, that do not take hold of the mind with a strong grasp, yet are not to be taken up or put down at a moment; they are healthy vigorous reading; hence they

are suited to those times when the mind is free and does not need soothing opiates or exhilarating draughts. But when the resolution faints, when we are weary of the world and would gladly be out of it, when we are disappointed in hope or affection, or poverty stares us in the face, (we should beg the reader's pardon for supposing him ever to have been in such unpleasant circumstances,) then we require stronger food. The plain common sense of Locke will not hold us; if we read philosophy, we must embark with our load of woes on no shallow stream; the swelling current of Coleridge, with its eddies and its mystic and sometimes unfathomable depth, will alone sustain us. Instead of placid essays, we must have the fire and strength of the poets; nothing else will lift the burden of personal sorrow, and leave the soul free to recreate itself in other channels of thought than those hated ones which would absorb it. A well-written novel may do this, but it must be also well begun, or we shall throw it away before we get into the story; and after all, there is no story so exciting and refreshing to the jaded spirits as the godlike power of poetry. How ever new and ever attractive are our Shakspeare and Milton! In the saddest moments of life—and most persons in this world experience many such—we have found nothing so reviving as one of those divine plays. The stories of them are always interesting, though the scenery never changes, and as we read, the same landscapes and groups are before us that were fixed in the mind's eye in boyhood; though the words are so familiar that we read ever anticipatively, still there is nothing that will so cheat and disarm the vexations that assail us as the passing through one of those phases of high being. They affect us like pieces of music, great symphonies or choruses, that one may know by heart, and yet that take him out of himself, and "dissolve him into ecstasies" at the hearing.

But there have been times with every one when he often could not bear the contact of these master spirits, when it seemed a task to take them up. Indeed, we think it one of the most striking

* MEN, WOMEN, AND BOOKS: A Selection of Sketches, Essays, and Critical Memoirs from his uncollected Prose Writings. By LEIGH HUNT. New York: Harper & Brothers.

proofs of the excellence of Shakspeare, that his deep pathos becomes more and more intelligible as we advance in life and experience its usual calamities. In youth it is the wit and the sweet melody of the verse; but a few years pass by, and we find our eyes moistening over passages that did not use to move us. Nay, although in general we have outgrown the taste for the lighter sort of reading, so far as seldom to take up any of the numerous "brilliant publications" of the day for a premeditated *perlection*, (of course it is part of a reviewer's profession to be always running through a vast quantity of them at odd moments,) still, there are times and seasons when a lively essay or a neatly-told tale we feel would suit the appetite of the moment better than anything else. We can still dip into our Tattler, still cull choice morsels from the letters of the Citizen of the World. Boswell lies within convenient reach, and a few pages before sleeping will frequently drive out unquiet thoughts. In short, except in the way of novels, we have no reason yet to complain of a dyspeptic stomach. We can still devour books in season and out of season.

Here, for example, is this new selection from Hunt's delightful essays, which we have been able to discuss with pleasure, without the zest of congruity or accordance with the place or our own feelings, in all the heat and din of the city, and distracted by many anxieties. This does not go against our theory of the appropriateness of certain books to certain conditions internal and external, for we all know that we can, by the force of the will, bring ourselves to be independent of everything: we hope, for our own part, we should have fortitude enough, were it tried, to read a few lines from one or two old favorites, even though we were certain that the next morning we must, like Master Barnardine, "rise and be hanged." If, however, we could have had our way in the present instance, this book of essays and sketches is just one which we should have liked to put into our carpet-bag, when we started on that brief journey to the country which we had serious hopes of being able to make about the first of September. Not for its landscape painting, for there is very little in it. (We have, by the way, a theory also respecting reading of ideal country scenes amidst actual ones: in such circumstances Nature should be left to herself; we could never read Thomson under an apple-tree.)

But we would take it with us for its adaptedness to the temper, and degree, and kind of thinking we should like to attain to in a visit to the country in summer.

Or, if it please the reader better, (to show exactly under what circumstances this book would be most peculiarly appropriate,) and if his imagination admits the possibility of the supposition, let him fancy himself married—newly married—to the most charming, lively young lady he can think of; let him suppose themselves (himself and his wife) living in a beautiful cottage on Staten Island, or anywhere he pleases, near the city, with friends about them; a fixed income, payable in dividends of the bank of New York; a horse, if he wants one—we grant him everything, in short, necessary to make him comfortable and put him in good humor with himself and the universe—then let him some sunshiny morning, after breakfast, when he has nothing else in the blessed world to do, desire to amuse his wife, this said charming, lively young lady, with reading;—*here is the very book he ought to have*. And should there be any of our readers thus pleasantly circumstanced, or even many degrees less happily, they will, if they try it, be obliged to us for the suggestion. It would appear that some of the essays in the collection were written when the author was situated very much as we have recommended the reader to be:—

"There is a flock of pigeons in the neighborhood where we are writing, whom we might suppose to be enjoying a sort of heaven on earth. The place is fit to be their paradise. There is plenty of food for them, the dove-cots are excellent, the scene full of vines in summer-time, and of olives all the year round. It happens, in short, to be the very spot where Boccaccio is said to have laid the scene of his Decameron. He lived there himself. Fiesole is on the height; the Valley of Ladies in the hollow; the brooks are all poetical and celebrated. As we behold this flock of doves careering about the hamlet, and whitening in and out of the green trees, we cannot help fancying that they are the souls of the gentle company in the Decameron, come to enjoy in peace their old neighborhood. We think, as we look at them, that they are now as free from intrusion and scandal as they are innocent; and that no falcon will touch them, for the sake of the story they told of him."

A note informs us that the place here described was the village of Maiano, near Florence. How many of the essays were

written there we are not told; they are all in admirable keeping with such scenery. But before presuming to offer a brief general estimate of their character, let us dip into them and extract here and there a paragraph; not choice ones, for in such a variety comparison is impossible, but just enough to remind the reader, who may not have refreshed his memory by these volumes, of the familiar Huntian flavor. The first essay is entitled "Fiction and Matter of Fact." Two sentences will show the author's view:—

"Mechanical knowledge is a great and glorious tool in the hands of man, and will change the globe. But it will still leave untouched the invisible sphere above and about us; still leave us all the great and all the gentle objects of poetry,—the heavens and the human heart, the regions of genii and fairies, the fanciful or passionate images that come to us from the seas, and from the flowers, and all that we behold."

Alas! it needs all the lively fancy of such men as Hunt, and a more mighty strength than theirs, to keep men from becoming the slaves of their own engines. But it seems to be designed by the providence of Heaven, that for every Watt there shall come a Burns, and that the honest heart and the love of beauty shall ever manifest itself under every variety of pressure, and so man's nature remain ever the same through all his inventions.

This delightfully simple, yet acute and suggestive essay, seems now almost too plain and obvious; fitted rather to direct and improve the taste of young readers than for the matured and cultivated. But we must consider the range and activity of thought and the peculiar level of the style; so near to conversation, so inimitably artistic, so irregular, wayward, capricious, contemplated minutely, yet so true to itself and so full of character in the whole—a kind of Dutch landscape, where one sees so much to enjoy in the details that he almost, but never quite, overlooks the general effect. Besides, the plain truths in essays like this were more novel when they were written than now, and they are such as can never be attractively presented too often. Such as the following characteristic testimony, for instance, it always affords one pleasure to read:—

"There are two worlds; the world that we can measure with line and rule, and the world that we feel with our hearts and imaginations. To be sensible of the truth

of only one of these, is to know truth but by halves. Milton said, that he "dared be known to think Spenser a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas." * * * But it is not necessary to be great, in order to possess a reasonable variety of perception. That nobody may despair of being able to indulge the two passions together, I can answer for them by my own experience. I can pass, with as much pleasure as ever, from the reading of one of Hume's Essays to that of the Arabian Nights, and vice versa; and I think, the longer I live, the closer, if possible, will the union grow. The roads are found to approach nearer, in proportion as we advance upon either; and they both terminate in the same prospect."

And he adds, in the note referred to by the asterisk:—

"It has done so. This Essay was written in the year 1824; and within the last few years I have had the pleasure of reading (besides poets) three different histories of Philosophy, histories of Rome and England, some of the philosophy of Hume himself, much of Abraham Tucker's, all the novels of Fielding and Smollett, (including Gil Blas,) Mr. Lane's Arabian Nights, Don Quixote, a heap of English Memoirs, and the whole of the romances of Mrs. Radcliffe."

We have not the means of knowing the poet's age precisely; a portrait at the beginning of the book represents him as he was at thirty-six, a period which he says "corresponds with the greater part of the volume;" if he was thirty-six in 1824, he must now be verging upon three-score; but his having written an "Ode for the Spring of 1814," makes it probable that he is older. The evidence of so long a life is certainly of some value. But Hunt is an enthusiast in reading, and will probably continue as omnivorous as ever, should he live to be Methuselah *secundus*. His love of books is so genuine it is catching, and hence the tendency of his essays is to kindle a taste in others for the elegancies and refinements of literature. How pleasant it is, for example, to hear him describing what he entitles "A Novel Party," i. e. one made up of the characters of English fiction. It is but fooling to be sure, but then "the fool has an excellent breast," and it is evident has moved in good society. He knows all our old acquaintances, and it does one good even to hear their names, in these degenerate days:—

"But I anticipate the order of the arrivals. The Primroses were followed by

Sir Launcelot Greaves and his lady, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Jones, Mr. and Miss Western, and my Lady Bellaston. Then came Miss Monimia, (I forget her name,) who married out of the old Manor House; then Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey Clinker, (I believe I should rather say Bramble,) with old Matthew himself, and Mrs. Lismahago; and then a whole world of Aunt Selbys, and Grandmamma Selbys, and Miss Howes, and Mr. Harlowes, though I observed neither Clarissa nor Lovelace. I made some inquiries about them afterwards, which the reader shall hear.

“Enter Mr. John Bunce, escorting five ladies, whom he had been taking to an evening lecture. Tom Gollogher was behind them, very merry.

“Then came my Lord and Lady Orville, (Evelina,) Mr. and Mrs. Delville, (Cecilia,) Camilla, (I forget her surname,) with a large party of Mandleberts, Clarendels, Arberys, Orkbornes, Marglands, and Dubsters, not omitting the eternal Mrs. Mitten. Mrs. Booby and husband came last, accompanied by my Lady Booby, Mr. Joseph Andrews and bride, and the Rev. Mr. Adams, for whom Mrs. B. made a sort of apology, by informing us that there was no necessity to make any—Mr. Adams being an honor to the cloth. Fanny seated herself by Sophia Western (that was) with whom I found she was intimate; and a lovelier pair of blooming, unaffected creatures, whose good-nature stood them instead of wit, I never beheld. But I must discuss the beauties of the ladies by-and-by.”

We have only room for a few sentences, but the reader will guess from these what a delightful sketch it is. Surely, a writer who has written so many things like this ought to be pardoned for some errors of opinion and a little harmless affectation. He has kept his temper very well through the world, and there is little in all the purely literary essays he has published that does not discover a kind purpose as well as a lively fancy. He might say, in the words of his own *About Ben Adhem*,

“Write me as one who loves his fellow-men.”

One of the best and most characteristic pieces in this collection is the account of a visit to the Zoological Gardens. It is exquisitely playful, thoughtful, descriptive, elegant—a medley of our author's best qualities as an essayist, presented to us in an undress. We must extract a few passages to show its variety. Near the beginning the writer is meditative:—

“We have life enough, daily, round about us—amazing, if we did but think of

it; but our indifference is part of our health. The blood spins in part too quickly to let us think too much. This sudden exhibition of life, in shapes to which we are unaccustomed, reminds us of the wonderful and ever-renewing vitality of all things. Those animals look as fresh, and strong, and beautiful, as if they were born in a new beginning of the world. Men in cities hardly look as much!—and horses dragging hackney coaches are not happy specimens. But the horse in the new carriage is one, if we considered it. The leaves and flowers in the nursery gardens exhibit the same untiring renewal of life. The sunbeam, in the thick of St. Giles's, comes as straight and young as ever from the godlike orb that looks at us from a distance of millions of miles, out of the depths of millions of ages. But the sun is a visitor as good-natured as it is great, and therefore we do not think too much even of the sunbeam. This bounding creature in its cage is not a common sight; so it comes freshly and wonderfully upon us.”

He presently gives us a few anecdotes of the bear:—

“In one of Molière's exquisite extravaganzas between his acts, is a scene betwixt a man and a bear, who has caught him in his arms. The man tries every expedient he can think of to make the bear considerate; and, among others, flatters him in the most excessive manner, calling him, at last, his Royal Highness. The bear, however, whom we are to fancy all this while on its hind legs, looking the man with horrible indifference in the face, and dancing him from side to side in its heavy shuffle, is not at all to be diverted from his dining purposes; and he is about to act accordingly, when hunters come up and take off his attention. Up springs the man into a tree; and with the cruelty of mortified vanity (to think of all the base adulation he has been pouring forth) the first words he utters respecting his Royal Highness are, ‘Shoot him.’

“Not without its drollery, though real, is a story of a bear in one of the northern expeditions. Two men, a mate and a carpenter, had landed somewhere to cut wood, or look for provisions; and one of them was stooping down, when he thought some shipmate had followed him, who was getting, boy-like, on his shoulders. ‘Be quiet,’ said he; ‘get down.’ The unknown did not get down; and the man, looking up as he stooped, saw the carpenter staring at him in horror.

“‘Oh, mate!’ exclaimed the carpenter, ‘it's a bear!’ Think what the man must have felt, when he heard this explanation of the weight on his shoulders. No tragedy, however, ensued.”

Next, a morsel of description, rivaling, for vividness of effect, a work of some famous painter of wild beasts. The sentence of comparisons is peculiarly *Huntish* :—

“The white bear in these Gardens has a horrible mixed look of innocence and cruelty. A Roman tyrant kept a bear as one of his executioners, and called it ‘Innocence.’ We could imagine it to have had just such a face. From that smooth, unimpressible aspect there is no appeal. He has no ill-will to you ; only he is fond of your flesh, and would eat you up as meekly as you would sup milk or swallow a custard. Imagine his arms around you, and your fate depending upon what you could say to him, like the man in Molière. You feel that you might as well talk to a devouring statue, or to the sign of the Bear in Piccadilly, or to a guillotine, or to the cloak of Nessus, or to your own great coat, (to ask it to be not so heavy,) or to the smooth-faced wife of an ogre, hungry and deaf, and one that did not understand your language.”

A page or two on, after some delicious drawings of elephants and giraffes, he becomes metaphysical :—

“The sight of new creatures like these throws one upon conjectures as to the reasons why nature calls them into existence. The conjectures are not very likely to discover anything ; but nature allows their indulgence. All one can suppose is, that, besides helping to keep down the mutual superfluity of animal or vegetable life, and enabling the great conditions of death and reproduction to be fulfilled, their own portion of life is a variety of the pleasurable, which could exist only under that particular form.”

His love of books breaks out so naturally :—

“We forgot to mention the porcupine. It is very curious, and realizes a dream, yet not the most romantic part of it. The real porcupine is not so good a thing as it is in an old book ; for it *doesn't shoot*. Oh, books ! you are truly a world by yourselves, and a ‘real world’ too, as the poet has called you, for you make us feel ; and what can any reality do more ? Heaven made you, as it did the other world. Books were contemplated by Providence, as well as other matters of fact.”

Nothing can be finer than his apes and eagles ; the pictures, however, should be transferred entire, which would exceed our limits :—

“But the monkeys—what a curious interest *they* create,—half-amusing, half-painful ! The reflection forced upon one’s vanity is inevitable—‘They are very like men.’ Oh, *quam simillima turpissima bestia nobis!*

Oh, how like us is that most vile of brutes !

“The way in which they receive a nut in their *hands*, compose themselves with a sort of bustling *nonchalance* to crack it, and then look about for more with that little, withered, winking, half-human face, is startling. * * *

“It is monstrous to see any creature in a cage, far more any winged creature, and, most of all, such as are accustomed to soar through the vault of heaven, and have the world under their eye. Look at the eyes of these birds here, these eagles and vultures ! How strangely clouded *now* seems that grand and stormy depression of the eyelid, drawn with that sidelong air of tightness, fierceness, and threat, as if by the brush of some mighty painter. That is an eye for the clouds and the subject-earth, not for a miserable hen-coop. And see, poor flagging wretches ! how they stand on their perches, each at a little distance from one another, in poor stationary exhibition, eagles *all of a row!*—quiet, impaired, *scrubby* ; almost motionless ! Are these the sovereign creatures described by the Buffons and Mudies, by the Wilsons of ornithology and poetry, by Spenser, by Homer ?”

We might go on thus culling extracts from the good things in this essay, but only the whole piece itself can give the full idea of its diversity. The same might be said of almost any other in the collection : each sentence is a *bonbon*, and each whole is therefore a heap of delicious sweetmeats of all conceivable flavors. Or each essay might be better compared to a string of variously colored beads, of which the number should be so great and the contrasts so striking, that it would not be possible to decide which portion of the string was brightest in general effect. Not that there should be no connection in each string, but the beads should follow each other in harmonious contrasts, and the effect of the whole should depend, not on their color, but on the direction the string was taking. The illustration presents to us a perfect picture of Hunt’s manner in these essays. He takes a subject, it hardly matters what, generally one pertaining to literary history, such as “The Life of Mad. De Sévigné,” “Pepys’ Diary,” “Cowley and Thomson,” “Suckling and Ben Jon-

son," or more frequently one suited to his mind, such as those we have quoted from, "The Month of May," "Beds and Bed-rooms," "Female Beauty," and strings thereon a thousand dainty fancies and little subtleties, whose only connection is that they have a general tendency in one direction. His thoughts fly over like the migration of swallows; when we look at them at any particular moment, they seem darting up and down, hither and thither, each without respect to the motions of his fellows; yet if we regard them awhile, we see that the whole company of little arrowy air-piercers tends constantly towards the south. This makes these essays rather brilliant conversations than regular compositions; and more attractive for that very peculiarity which, in less sparkling writers, would be an unpardonable defect. We can open them anywhere, read as long as we please, and lay the book aside.

Yet they are not without substance; though light and palatable, they are nourishing. They bring us in contact with a mind of singular acuteness and delicacy, and with a cheerful temper and a kind heart. Whatever may have been Hunt's (we should prefix the Mr., but it is a greater courtesy to a British poet to leave it off,) errors of opinion, or his faults of character in his intercourse of life, we find no traces of them in these essays. We can forget his politics, and we have no opinion respecting the justice of Moore's epigram. From those who were acquainted with him many years ago, we have heard that he was a fop; we only know that, excepting a little affectation, which as one reads on appears nature, he is not so in his writings. But it is possible that his foppery is only of that sort he has described in the very piece from which we have already culled so much variety:—

"You may call every man who dresses well a coxcomb—but it is possible he is not so. He may do it for the same reason that he dresses his room well with pictures, or loves to see his wife well-dressed. He may be such an admirer of the beautiful in all things, that he cannot omit a sense of it even in his own attire. Raphael is understood to have been an elegant dresser; and it has been conjectured from a sonnet of Shakspeare's (No. 146) that he was one. Yet who could suppose Shakspeare a coxcomb? much less *proud*!* He had too much to be proud of in petty

eyes, to be so in his own—standing, as he did, a wise and kind atom, but still an atom, in the midst of the overwhelming magnificence of nature and the mysteries of worlds."

We have heard, too, that he was insufferably conceited—an obtrusive talker. This is a defect of manners, but it may not necessarily arise from a man's having too high an opinion of himself, or too low a one of his company; it may grow out of a habit of conversing with his own mind, which he may have been forced into by original modesty; or it may be born with him and be a constitutional mal-organization. Every one's experience can furnish instances of warm-hearted men who make a rule of always taking up the conversation and carrying it off, without saying so much as "by your leave, sir." It is possible Hunt may be one of this sort. If he had been really conceited, he would have written inflated sentences. True, there is an *egoism* manifested in his writing, as there is and must be in all writings of the kind. None of the best authors in this way have been persons whose hearts were clouded over by such dark purposes as render aspiring men unable to look into *their* hearts, and careless of being true to them. From Montaigne down to Elia, and now to Hunt, the most popular essays have always been full of character: who, for instance, is more individually before the reader than Addison or Goldsmith? It is impossible for a writer to address the affections and sympathies of his readers without in some way unbosoming his own; and a reader who knows him only through his writings cannot but judge of him as he appears on his printed pages: he is behind a lattice-work of lines, and talks with us through the bars.

In this sense Hunt is a most agreeable acquaintance. His delicacy of apprehension, his resolute persistence in enjoying rationally the bright side of life, his epicurism in matters of taste and fancy, may have rendered him less pleasant to his actual cotemporaries; but as these qualities appear in these essays, they do not affect the reader at all disagreeably. He is a cheerful companion—not one for all times and moods, but for our seasons of relaxation and enjoyment. He has done much through a long literary life to amuse and refine the youth of his native land and ours, and he deserves in his old

* Observe the characteristic transition from coxcomby to Shakspeare.

age the warm sympathy of the public that is growing up around him.

We should have been glad to have written of his merits as a poet as well as essayist, but our limits have obliged us to confine our remarks to the particular matter in hand. We are glad that the

Harpers have found it for their interest to republish volumes so admirably suited to foster the love of elegance, and encourage a taste for studying our English literature and philosophy.

G. W. P.

September, 1847.

M A Y.

CHEEKS, warmly tinged ;
 Eyes, darkly fringed,
 Flashing liquid light ;
 Hair in tendril curls ;
 Lips, half hiding pearls,
 Charm me to-night.
 Fire me with thy glances,
 Lay thy cheek to mine :
 Thrill me with thy kisses,
 Let those locks of thine,
 In their careless twine,
 O'er me play :—
 Love me, May !

In a spirit-dance
 The snow-flakes glance,
 Trembling and pale ;
 While the wintry furies
 Play their wild bravuras,
 Riding the gale.
 List ! the sleeted branches
 Groan with every gust,
 Shaking down in anger
 Clouds of pearly dust.
 Can our love and trust
 Be blown away ?
 Never, May !

Spring soon will come
 And bring their bloom
 To bursting flowers ;—
 Many a silver beam
 Crescent moons will stream
 On dewy bowers.
 Shall they light a sweeter,
 Wildlier-happy, scene,
 Than where, mute with passion,
 On this breast you lean
 Bathed with moonlight sheen,—
 And I pray,
 “ Love me, May ?”

ELLESMERE.

THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF PHILIP YORICK, Esq.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

CHAPTER XXX.

CONTINUATION OF EGERIA'S ADVENTURES, RELATED BY HERSELF.

ONE day while sitting at the window of my lodgings, in conversation with several gay persons, I noticed some one watching us from between the curtains of the house opposite, and to escape observation, withdrew further into the room. Presently a face appeared at the window, which I knew at once to be the Captain's, though there had been an evident attempt on the part of that respectable character to vary his appearance, so that none who had known him a month previously, should be able to recognize him then. From that day for a week or after, I saw no more of him, and had almost forgotten the circumstance, until going one evening to draw the curtains, when several persons were with me, and the room lighted by a chandelier, I saw what seemed to be the figures of Madame and the Englishman, entering the archway of the opposite house. They were followed by a porter, bearing a heavy trunk upon his back, and at the same moment, a cabriolet drove away from the entrance.

I was now assured that our enemies were posted over against us; and felt soon satisfied that they had done so with some evil design. Observing them through the following week, I saw that they went out only at dusk, and took particular care to avoid observation. The face of Madame, very much disguised, appeared occasionally at the window, and in one instance I saw the Englishman walking up and down the street about daybreak, casting an occasional glance toward the windows of my bedroom.

Expecting mischief, I proposed to Clementine that we should change our lodgings, describing to him, at the same time, what I had observed. At first he refused; but soon after, at my repeated solicitations, he consented.

It was not long after this change, that I observed among the crowds of persons who moved before the windows of our new lodgings the figures of the three companions; Madame having assumed

the dress of a Parisian widow, and the Captain that of a Prussian officer. On passing, they invariably looked up, and sometimes even stood in consultation a little way down the street.

I was now thoroughly alarmed, and thinking it hopeless in Paris to escape the presence of these tormentors, where if anything should happen to my friend I should be left destitute and without a protector, I urged him, with every argument in my power, to return home; stating always such reasons as concerned myself only, though my anxiety for his safety was at least as great as for my own.

At length, having learned some particulars touching the Englishman and his companions, which he did not choose to communicate to me, he consented to our secret departure. We left Paris early in the morning, without taking leave of any person, or letting our intentions be known, and sailed from Cherbourg on the evening of the next day.

The sickness and solitude of a month's tempestuous voyage, had entirely expelled from my imagination all fears of the Englishman and his accomplices; and as we approached the city of our birth, a delicious satisfaction, a feeling of security and boundless hope, took possession of our souls.

My friend had intimated to me his desire that we should be soon united; and on my consenting to his wish, and naming a period not far distant, he purchased a beautiful villa near the city, began to recollect old friendships, and prepared himself in every way to resume the place which belonged to him in society. Three months passed away in these preparations; the day appointed was near at hand; I had received the congratulations of many who seemed proud of my acquaintance for the sake of him to whom I was engaged; when an event happened which had nearly put a fatal period to our hopes.

Being one evening in a narrow street,

on the outskirts of the city, I perceived myself in the neighborhood of the house from which I had been abducted by the Englishman and his accomplices. Seized by an injudicious curiosity, though the place was solitary, and of bad repute, I advanced to the house, and looked up at the windows of the first story. They were open, and the faces of my three enemies appeared, in consultation as usual. They started on observing me, and spoke to each other. Conscious of my own imprudence, I hurried away, but in an instant the door of the house flew open, and two persons approaching me from behind, I was instantly enveloped in a large cloak, which they threw over my head, and carried, notwithstanding all the resistance I could make, into the house. They dragged me into the back parlor, and to silence my violent outcries, Madame appeared with a huge knife in her hand, and with a face expressing resolution and the most horrible passions, threatened if I made the least noise to bury it in my throat.

No sooner was this piece of wickedness accomplished, than the Englishman began to apologize for the violence he had done me. He bade the others leave the room, which they did to my regret; for taking the opportunity of the occasion, he attempted such testimonies of affection as filled me with disgust and terror. I repulsed him, as you may well believe, with the utmost scorn and violence of which I was mistress, exhibiting a degree of rage and desperation which fairly terrified him. "I shall be compelled, my lady," said he, in a tone betwixt shame and rage, "to use other means, if fair will not do." Then recollecting himself, he turned and begged my pardon upon his knees, complaining bitterly of my coldness and cruelty, asserting the worthiness of his own intentions, and promising, in case I would not accede to his wishes after three hours' reflection, to carry me to my home in his own carriage. After this he retreated, and locked the door behind him.

Finding myself alone in the room, I looked about me to find means of escape. The windows overlooking the yard were nailed fast and guarded with strong bars. Beyond, were gardens and commons; no house appeared within sound of my voice. Seeing a negro woman in the yard below, I called and offered her money if she would go and bring in the watch, for it was about dusk of evening. She only

laughed, and said, "it was none of her business." I saw that I had fallen into a place from which escape, except by miracle, was impossible; and revolving the matter in my mind, I resolved to counterfeit composure and pretend a degree of acquiescence.

No sooner were the three hours elapsed, than my persecutor made his appearance. He again begged to know whether I would favor his suit. I replied quietly that I expected the fulfilment of his promise, upon which he bade me follow him, and going to the door, we got into a carriage and drove off. It was now pretty late in the evening, and the lamps were lighted in the streets. After riding some distance in silence, I observed that the driver selected of preference the by-streets and narrow lanes, and the suspicion crossed my mind that our direction was not that which would have led us to my lodgings. I besought the Englishman to keep his word with me as a gentleman, and drive instantly to my lodgings; but finding him obstinately resolved against it, I attempted to leap out of the carriage. He took his seat beside me, and being possessed of great strength, easily prevented me from accomplishing this design, and when I attempted to cry out he held his hand over my mouth, with such force I was nearly stifled.

At length, turning short into a narrow lane, the vehicle stopped, and I was taken out by the Englishman and the driver, and put into a stage coach, in which I found Madame and the Captain. My persecutor got in after, and the coach drove off.

We traveled through the greater part of the night in a silence interrupted only by the snores of Madame and the Captain, who occupied the front seat. Occasionally they waked up and solaced themselves with a bottle which Madame carried in her pocket, on which occasions, though the night was dark, I could not avoid seeing the little endearments which passed between them, and which satisfied me that whatever modesty they might use towards others, they thought it by no means necessary to be scrupulous before myself and my companion. Indeed, he on his part would have willingly made one of the party could he have brought me to his way of thinking.

Imagine the despair which possessed me, when I perceived by the first light of the morning that we had entered a wild and mountainous region, thinly in-

habited. A thousand times I blamed the foolish curiosity which had put me in the power of these wretches. I thought of the agony my friend would suffer at my loss; but soon the reflection that my safety depended entirely upon my own prudence and ingenuity, brought me to a reasonably calm condition of mind, and by sunrise I had so far recovered my natural resolution, as to pretend to admire the rugged scenery of the valleys through which we passed.

My companion informed me that all attempts to escape, or to interest strangers in my favor, would be idle, for that the driver of the coach was persuaded that I was insane, and that the object of the journey was to conduct me to a private asylum; that he was instructed to communicate this to the people of the taverns at which we should stop; and that if I offered any violence, or cried out, or attempted to escape, all would assist in restraining me.

Notwithstanding all his threats, solicitations and assurances, I seized the first opportunity, at the tavern where we stopped for breakfast, to interest the wife of the landlord in my behalf; but she only looked upon me with a countenance of mingled pity and horror, and I perceived that no representations of mine would produce the least effect. Shut out by this wicked contrivance from all sympathy with strangers, I was again thrown back upon my own resources.

I immediately began inventing a thousand schemes of escape; and after plotting in my head the whole day, and the succeeding night, I fell upon an expedient. Pretending on a sudden to repent of my obstinacy, and childish neglect of so worthy a person, I forced a gay and pleasant behavior, which gave my companion a world of satisfaction. As I had an assured mastery over his heart, which my long absence and anxiety had only heightened, I easily led his vanity to believe that he had actually a place in my regard. He again offered some tendernesses, which I endured with the best grace possible, though the touch of his hand inspired me with a disgust and terror which it was difficult to conceal. Madame, however, was not to be deceived, and watched my conduct so carefully, I was in constant fear of her discovering the cheat, and accordingly exerted every art of deception and complaisance. Recalling the days we had spent together in France, I seemed to regret with tears

the unkindness which my faithful lover had suffered at my hands. I reminded him of the proverbial inconstancy of the sex, and assured him, though conscience rose against the lie, that his superior courage and generosity demanded admiration; that I was not so utterly ungrateful as he imagined; with other fictions, all calculated to satisfy his pride, and put his suspicions at rest.

This plan so far succeeded, that on the fourth day of our journey, my companions neglected their usual precaution of forewarning the people of the tavern where we stopped at night. My lover handed me from the coach with an air of gallantry which was observed by the people of the village, and by the coachman, who remarked with a grin, that Miss seemed to be much benefited by the fresh air of the mountains.

Taking careful note of these symptoms, I concluded that now was the proper time for an effort at escape; but, on considering my resources, I found that I had not money enough about me to procure the proper assistance. This consideration drove me to another expedient. Observing a smart young countryman in the inn yard, I took an opportunity to slip a piece of money into his hand, and asked him whether he had horses at his command. He replied that he had charge of post-horses, and could supply a pair, and relays to the city, if they were wanted. Here was a fortunate accident. I immediately put a letter into his hand, which I had written in the night with a pencil, and giving him all the money I had about me, and a gold pencil case, bade him ride night and day to the city, not stopping till he had delivered it to the person to whom it was directed. This was no other than Clementine, whom, by this stratagem, I thought to inform of the particulars of our route. In the conversations of the day previous I had learned the direction we were going, and nothing then remained but, by every possible contrivance, to delay our progress.

I found the young postman very apt, and eager to serve me. He even swore he would go to the world's end for me; and mounting a swift horse without a word to any person, he galloped away like mad, in the direction of the city.

You may imagine my heart beat violently with joy, as I saw the dust of his horses' hoofs at a great distance on the road; but on turning to enter the house

I met Madame who inquired, with a penetrating look, the reason of my evident agitation. For an instant fear held me mute, and her suspicions were effectually roused. She hastened to the keeper of the tavern and related the usual history, requesting him to be ready with his assistance, in case I attempted to escape. The inn-keeper, an unusually timid person, seemed to be in fear of me, when informed of my condition, and went about whispering with his children and servants, as though possessed of some horrible secret. They crowded into the room to gaze at me, and my sorrow was not lessened by perceiving that I was regarded even by the children with a look of unmitigated horror, so effectual had been the representations of Madame and her ingenious friend the Captain.

While this observation increased my sorrows, an incident occurred which had no less effect upon my fears. The tavern keeper soon discovered the unwarrantable absence of his postman, and on learning that he had been seen galloping toward the city as if running for a wager, concluded he had committed a robbery, and had gone off with horse and booty. The fellow made a great noise on this discovery, and raised the whole village to ride after the postman, who, he was ready to swear, though he had not made the least search or inquiry to know the truth, had gone off with all the valuables in the house. Every one believed him but Madame, who, observing my agitation at the disturbance, which I found it impossible to conceal, instantly informed the Englishman of her suspicions, and advised that they should change their intentions and proceed immediately by a different route.

Her representation had the effect intended, and without an hour's delay we were hurried off through the forest by a by-road, and after a variety of intricate turns, and crossing several fields, came upon a highway which led off the north-west, in a direction the opposite of that which I had described in the letter.

During the following day of our journey, the Englishman maintained a sullen silence, which was far from disagreeable to me, who desired nothing but the company of my own thoughts. My affairs had become desperate, and I lost all hope, or rather seemed to lose it, for indeed I never ceased an instant from revolving plans for my escape. All seemed to be defeated by my utter want of means; and

finding myself not a little fatigued and weakened by anxiety, I resolved to feign sickness, and refused all nourishment. This, however, did not retard our progress; for Madame as usual saw through the design, and only urged on the faster. But the road was uneven, and what with the delay of our crossings and several times losing our direction, we did not get that day more than twenty miles from the tavern which we left in the morning.

Toward evening the sky was overcast, and the country grew dark about us. The rain began to fall, with lightning and continued thunder. Ascending a steep and narrow road against the driving storm, the coach struck against a projecting rock and broke one of its wheels. We could neither advance nor recede. The darkness increased. The horses became restive, broke away with the shaft and traces, and the driver running after them, in a moment both were out of sight and hearing. I blessed Heaven for the accident, and hope revived in my breast. My companions, on the other hand, were made completely miserable by their mishap; and I confess to you, I had so little kindness for the Englishman, it gave me a gratification, which was difficult to hide, to see him drenched with rain and shuddering with cold; especially as by that accident, his thoughts were turned wholly upon himself, which was always the case with him if he suffered the slightest bodily inconvenience. But the most remarkable features of the group were Madame and the Captain, who, from a great deal of insolent exultation, were suddenly visited with extreme fear, occasioned by the incessant lightning, every flash of which seemed to pierce through their guilty souls.

Notwithstanding my own wretched predicament, I could not resist being amused by the conduct of these worthies. The Captain, wrapped in a great watch coat, with his hands stuffed in his pockets, discovered so unseamanlike a face, I could not but believe his maritime professions to be wholly theoretical. He shuddered at every flash, and muttered a horrible mixture of curses and prayers betwixt his teeth; swore he had never met such a storm in his life, that the devil himself certainly lived in these mountains. His fears made him restless, and he would frequently leap out of the carriage into the road, which ran floods of water, and after running here and

there in the rain, he would get in again ; at each expedition soaking a larger quantity of water into his clothes, which made his teeth chatter and broke up his incessant curses into a blasphemous sputtering. Madame, on her part, did not suffer less. The coach leaned very much forward, so that her seat was converted into a kind of couch. She lay back in a hysterical condition, making repeated applications to her favorite bottle, and sustaining a dialogue with herself, the very counterpart of the Captain's. She cursed the rain, then herself, then each of the party by turns ; varying the matter with an occasional scream, when the thunder burst heavily over us. She and her maritime friend would then revile and reproach each other in choice terms ; until a sudden fit of tenderness brought about a reconciliation and a transfer of the bottle to the Captain, who did not fail on his part to do it justice. This would be followed by another storm, heightened by the confusion of the elements ; so that, what with the demons without letting down their horrible pleasure, and the demons within brewing their ridiculous frenzy, all was fury and confusion.

It was no trifling consolation to me, to have made this discovery of the weakness of my enemies, and gave me an additional strength of resolution to escape their power. In place of fear, the most sovereign contempt succeeded ; and I seemed now only to be contending with an annoyance, though previously I seemed to myself the victim of an irresistible fate.

About midnight the storm abated, and the moon shone out in full splendor. We were lying in a deep hollow, worked away by the torrents of rain, and before us, for the space of a hundred yards, the road was entirely carried away, and nothing left but an impassable heap of stones. I got out of the coach, where I had sat quite dry and comfortable, and walked, attended by the Englishman, to the top of the hill. In any other mood I should have been struck with the magnificence and beauty of the scenery, for we were in a deep valley among wooded mountains ; but now my thoughts were wholly occupied with the hopes of escape. While the nature of our situation among almost impassable forests, rendered my own escape hopeless for the time, at the same time it increased the chances of our being found by Clementine, this being the only pass-

able road of the region, and having no connection with any other for a distance of several days' journey. We had been advancing towards the frontier, by unusual routes, and had now come upon an extensive region of forest, which separated two countries. These particulars were freely communicated by my companion, who now made no secret of his intention of taking me with him to a region where we should be in no danger of disturbance from pursuers.

This communication depressed my spirits to that degree, my informant could not help observing it ; but he abided by the instructions of Madame, who had advised him to enter into no explanations, and by no means to allow his heart to get the better of his wit, which it was sure to do if he permitted me to draw him into serious conversation.

On returning to the coach, we found all things ready for our departure. The driver had returned with the horses ; and with the assistance of a blacksmith, whom he had brought with him, he had mended the broken wheel. More dead than alive, I suffered myself to be lifted into the vehicle, and falling back in the seat, gave myself up to an agony of despair. Meanwhile the rest of the party walked up hill afoot to enjoy the air of the morning, which had begun to dawn. The coach proceeded slowly, owing to the inequalities of the broken road ; and before many minutes I perceived that it was stuck so fast between two rocks, that all the force of the horses, assisted by the driver and blacksmith, each taking hold upon a wheel, were insufficient to move it forward. The party meanwhile had disappeared over the hill, and the coachman ran forward to bring them back to his assistance. The blacksmith went aside into the wood to look for a lever to raise the wheel, and, for a moment, seeing the coast clear, I resolved upon escaping into the wood. The reflections that passed through my mind at the instant, were of the most appalling kind : I remembered all the stories I had ever heard of miserable fugitives lost in trackless forests, starved gradually, or devoured by wolves, which I knew abounded in these parts. In the moment of agony I observed that Madame had left her reticule upon the seat. It might perhaps contain means enough to convey me to the city. I seized it and found nothing within but a handkerchief and

two flat bottles, both of which seemed to contain a strong liquor. Without stopping an instant to consider, and feeling myself about to faint in the uncertainty of the moment, I put one of the bottles to my lips and took a mouthful: it was bitter, but revived my spirits instantly. I knew that Madame was in the habit of using drinks of a bitter and disagreeable taste. Putting the bottle in my pocket, I opened the door of the coach, and seeing no one near, got out and ran quickly to the road-side. Seeing a path, I followed it for a few moments with flying steps. It led to the foot of a low precipice, up which I climbed, and reaching the summit, sat down on the root of a tree. By a most fortunate coincidence, I found myself in the midst of a cloud of snow-white blossoms, which agreed with the color of my dress, while at the same time I was able to see from the height all that passed in the road. My strength now began to give out entirely, and finding a gradual weakness creeping over me, I gave way to it and lay perfectly still, observing what would happen when my absence was discovered.

After a little time the driver returned with the Englishman, and just behind them Madame and the Captain. The distance was such that I could distinctly hear their voices, and now and then distinguish a word. The party came toward the coach, talking and laughing very loud. Madame presently saw her reticule lying in the road, where I had dropped it in my haste. She took it up, and opened it with a look of evident surprise, and finding the bottle gone, uttered an exclamation which I distinctly heard. They ran to the coach, and looking in, exclaimed again, and stood awhile looking at each other. Presently Madame laughed, and showing the remaining bottle to the Englishman, said something which threw him into the greatest consternation. He ran here and there looking about him, and calling my name in piteous accents. He sent each one of the party in a different direction to search for me, bidding the blacksmith stay by the coach. Presently they were all dispersed—some here, some there; and soon the blacksmith caught the infection, and left his post. The whole party were now fairly out of sight, though I heard their voices calling at various distances all about me; when, turning my eyes in the opposite direction, I saw a horseman galloping up the road.

Behind him followed another, whom, from his wild way of riding, I knew to be my friend the post-boy. The forward horseman was mounted on a strong, shaggy horse, covered with dust, blood, and foam; and by the long locks of the rider, I recognized my friend. He reined up his horse at the coach, and looked about him in evident surprise at hearing the voices call my name. With a violent exertion I got upon my feet, though they seemed to cling to the earth; and falling rather than running along the briary path, I gained the road. The recognition was brief—instantaneous. I will not attempt to describe the mingled joy and terror that oppressed me; suffice it to say, that his conduct on the occasion wanted neither in gallantry or prudence, for after the first words of explanation, in which I conjured him to carry me instantly to a place of safety, he without farther parley placed me before him on the horse, and in good time we were out of sight of our dear friends of the coach, who may have continued their search an age for aught I know. On reaching the tavern to which he made it his first duty to convey me, Clementine would have gone instantly in pursuit of the abductors. But my condition would not suffer him; for now the poison which I swallowed from the bottle began to overpower me, and resisted every remedy. By noon-time I had sunk into a stupor, and lost all consciousness. And here my story ends. To you, Frank, said the fair narrator, turning to her brother, I owe my rescue from the danger of being buried alive.

When the lady had concluded her narrative, one of the party, who listened with a particular interest, said to Clementine, "It now remains for you, sir, to satisfy us in one particular, which is very material to the completeness of the adventure. We wish to know by what supernatural means you accomplished your journey from the city to the place where you found the lady, in the short space of two days and a night. We know that a swift horseman could not have passed over that distance in less time than four days."

Clementine replied, That on the day of her abduction, he had followed Egeria, expecting to meet her on her return home; that he knew she had gone into a remote part of the city, and had wandered up and down the street by which he thought she might return, until it was dusk;

that on the coming on of evening, he passed by the very same house from which she had just been taken; and seeing the house servant closing the door, and locking it on the outside, he inquired of her whether her mistress had returned from Europe. The woman, thereupon, after looking up and down the street, as if to observe whether any person saw them, replied by communicating all the particulars of the lady's abduction, out of revenge, as it appeared, for the loss of her wages, which her mistress had forgotten to pay before she left the house; and believing that she would not return, her interest did not require any farther concealment of the plot. She could not furnish information as to their direction, but referred him to the coachman who took the lady into the country in company with the Englishman. Clementine immediately found the driver of the carriage, and from him discovered the direction of the fugitives. Guided by this timely information, he set out on horseback without an instant's delay, and by a fortunate accident met the postman at an inn where both had stopped to change horses—both making the same inquiries, and telling the same story. They rode night and day, and arrived at a fortunate moment.

The curiosity of all parties being thus fully satisfied, there ensued a lively conversation among the guests, touching the nature of the adventure which had just

been related, some affirming it to be of a purely romantic character, others denying that it had the least quality of romance. I for my part, supported by Steiner, inclined to the opinion of these latter; but we were in danger of being overwhelmed by a majority of voices, had not my supporter, not without an approving nod from the lady herself, taken up the argument in the following manner:—

"In romantic adventure," said our critic, "I imagine it is necessary that the events should turn wholly upon a series of fortunate and unfortunate causes, over which the principal characters exert no control, but by which they are swayed and hurried hither and thither, floating upon the billows of accident and impulse. The world appears to them a turbulent dream, of sorrow, joy, and passion; they are, subject to their passion, and make no wise endeavor to resist the influences that impel them. But in the story which we have just heard, as in the whole life and character of Egeria, I observe only the conflict of character with circumstance; and though the circumstances of her life seem singular, she has met and overcome them in an epical spirit, and by no means in a romantic one."

Here observing that no person present, except the lady and myself, was attending to him, Steiner suddenly dropped the topic, and proposed to relate a dream. The company were immediately attentive, and he began as follows.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE DREAM.

THE dream which I am about to relate to you, happened to me many years ago at Leghorn, where I was living in the employ of an Italian merchant, whose trade was chiefly in rags, of which he annually sent several ship-loads to foreign nations. The name of this merchant was Goffredi: he was reputed rich, and known to be excessively avaricious. Signor Goffredi boasted a noble descent; but though his blood was aristocratic, his disposition was plebeian, nor did he take the least pleasure in deeds of charity, or in those courtesies and civilities which diffuse cheerfulness through society. He lived chiefly in his counting-room, surrounded with bales of rags piled up to the ceiling, and was seldom elsewhere to be seen, unless one of his ships lay at

the wharf; when he would stand all day upon the dock, counting his bales, and watching against thieves; and if he saw a miserable rag-picker pulling a loose rag from one of them, he would raise as loud an outcry, and curse the poor wretch as fiercely, as though he had just robbed him of some precious jewel. This merchant had a daughter named Bertha, a young lady of singular beauty and rare talents, and in every particular as perfect a contrast with her father as it is possible to conceive. She made it the duty of her life to serve, and make others happy; but she bore herself in a serious and elevated manner, and seemed rather to do her kindnesses through a secret and lofty pride, well becoming a princess, but not at all agreeable to the drones and vixens

of the neighborhood, who circulated reports to her disadvantage, and often abused her so successfully as to waken the suspicions even of her confessor.

Indeed I have observed, and do firmly believe, that it is impossible for the least grain of pride, however elegant and princely it may be, to keep a lodgment in the human breast, without exposing its subjects to the observations of all the malicious and sharp-sighted critics whom they meet: let them strive never so industriously to hide it, the secret insolence will tincture all their conduct, and affect the tone of their voice: the very beggars will discover it, and appeal to it. Beware then, ye proud ones, lest your assumed humility prove too short a garment behind to hide your nakedness.

You may imagine that Bertha's beauty made a deep impression upon me, and I confess to you I was perfectly enamored; a disposition which she soon discovered, though we seldom saw each other, yet which seemed to have no other effect than to produce in her a more serious and reserved demeanor.

My employment through the day confined me to the counting-room, but in the evening I could go where I pleased, and seldom failed to pass by the mansion where she lived with the miser her father; and when decency or the slightest pretence permitted, I would present myself with a bouquet of flowers, or some other trifling present, such as my ill-furnished purse would allow.

It happened, however, that for several months I could never find her alone, for either the old miser himself was present, or some one of the neighboring gossips, or relations visiting from a distance; and this continued so long, I was driven to invent some project to see her in private, and set about contriving means to introduce myself into the garden about noon-tide, when it was her custom to walk alone.

To assist this design, I found a coadjutor in a cunning nurse-maid named Juletta, who, observing me often at the house, and conceiving a liking for my purse or my person, or both, thought she might serve her own ends, and not much offend her mistress, if by her contrivance I should be secretly let into the garden. As it happened by the merest coincidence, Juletta sought an opportunity and broke her mind to me, just as I was about to do the same thing to herself; and accordingly on a feast day, an hour before the time

appointed, I came to the gate of the garden and found it ajar. Entering quickly, I closed and locked it on the inside, with the least possible noise, and finding a convenient place, concealed myself in a clump of currant bushes, so near the arbor where Bertha was accustomed to sit, that I could easily overhear all that might be said by two persons conversing there in a tone moderately loud.

Anxiety for the result, and the effects of two nights' watching, conspired with the influences of the place, to induce an irresistible drowsiness. Having placed myself in an easy position, I was soon overcome by the aroma of the flowers, and lulled by the sound of bees humming in the blossoms, and the murmur of a fountain near by, into a light slumber. The sun stood at the meridian, the day was hot, the shade under which I lay of the most delicious coolness; and by a most gradual and insensible transition, I passed from the real into the imaginary world. I seemed to arise, and going out by the gate of the garden, it shut itself after me. Instead of filthy streets and brick walls, I saw about me a magnificent park, varied with hill and champaign, with copses and flowery thickets. Trees loaded with rich blossoms and aromatic fruitage, waved in the warm and spicy wind. An air of luxury and languor breathed over the landscape. The streams glided dreamily through the meadows, the birds slept upon the branches, or fluttered lazily about the blossoms. I walked forward, until reaching the summit of a mound, the bend of a river turning about a long tongue of green meadow edged with yellow sand, invited to its shore. On the edge of the river, passing slowly over the sand, appeared the figure of a cavalier, seemingly absorbed in contemplation. I approached and saluted him. His aspect was grave, but haughty and repulsive. Nevertheless, he replied courteously to my remarks. "The region," said he, "is indeed beautiful, but unworthy of the Lady Bertha, who is its mistress." By this remark I was moved to a sudden jealousy. "Sir," said I, "are you an admirer of that lady, that you are so ready with her praises?" The cavalier cast upon me a look of contempt, and made no reply. We walked on to the edge of the meadows. The stranger assumed a bantering tone. "Pray," said he, "observe the beauty of these fish." I replied, that I saw no fish. "Do you not observe," said he, "the flashes of

gold and silver which they throw up?"

answered in the negative. "Not see the flashes of *gold and silver!*" cried the cavalier, contemptuously, emphasizing the names of those precious metals; "I thought that your eye would have caught them sooner than mine. In truth, master clerk, the lady whose name I will not desecrate again in such a conversation, is no more to you than a gold and silver trout, which you wish to catch." Incensed at the unmerited insult, and the haughty laugh which followed it, I drew my rapier and struck the stranger with the blade. Turning quickly, he drew on his side, and after a brief but violent fence, I thrust him through the shoulder. He fell upon the grass with a light sound, like a bundle of cloth thrown down, and his face seemed to shrivel in a remarkable manner; but what surprised me most was, that no blood followed the wound. Tearing open his vest, I found a stuffing of rags underneath it; a farther examination discovered more rags; and presently, to my utter amazement, I discovered that the body of the cavalier was composed entirely of rags—that I had, in fact, been conversing and fighting with a mere stuffed man of rags.

After meditating awhile on this phenomenon, I kicked the bundle into the river, and taking only the sword, returned along the meadow, with a mind full of wonder and inquiry.

In the distance appeared the walls of a city, over which towered the defences of an immense castle. The walls of it extended on either hand as far as the eye could reach. Outside of these stood a multitude of palaces, in the midst of magnificent gardens. It was evening as I approached the nearest of these palaces. A thousand lamps gleamed in the shrubbery, and among the trees of the garden; and in the midst appeared a great hall blazing with light, and crowded, as one could see through the windows, with an assemblage of gaily-dressed ladies and cavaliers.

The light from the windows, and from the lamps that hung in the shrubbery, made everything clearly visible, as I approached the stairs that led up to the hall. Impelled by an irresistible impulse, if it was only to meet a human face, that might break the disagreeable feeling of my strange adventure, I ascended the steps, carrying the sword in my left hand, and passing through a crowd of servitors, advanced into the hall. Six

chandeliers, in two rows, suspended from the gilt and frescoed roof, gave a light like noon-day. Between the columns of alternate white and green marble, festoons of flowers were suspended, and pyramids flaming with the most brilliant blossoms rose in several places nearly to the roof. It was a civic feast of flowers, and persons of all conditions, in robes of office, or the gayest dresses, were mingled in dances, or sat in groups, or walked under the arcades, engaged in agreeable converse. The floor of black marble, polished like a mirror, reflected the lights and colors, so that in passing, one seemed to be treading on clear ice.

Seeing no acquaintances in the throng, I moved about almost unobserved for a time. I had forgotten to lay by the sword, and still carried it in my left hand. Passing among a party of cavaliers who stood jesting together about a wine table, one of them noticed the sword, and seemed very much disturbed at the sight of it.

"Sir," said he, approaching and bowing respectfully, "if you have any commands from the Duke, I am ready to execute them."

The remark excited instant attention, and a whisper ran through the hall: a crowd of ladies and cavaliers came about us, standing however at a respectful distance.

"Pray, sir," said I, addressing the gentleman in turn, and showing the rapier, "can you tell me whose sword this is which I carry in my hand?"

"That," said he, "is the sword of his Highness; did he not send you hither?"

After considering a moment, I replied:

"Tell me, if you please, of what substance his Highness's body is composed?"

This remark produced a stare of surprise, followed by a general laugh. This person, said several, is mad, and has stolen his Highness's sword; and instantly two or three, and among them the first who had spoken, advanced to lay hands upon me. I drew the weapon, and stepping backward to one of the pyramids of flowers, stood upon the defensive. The ladies screamed and cried treason; the cavaliers drew their weapons, and my questioner attacked me very briskly. After one or two lunges, I ran him through the body, and down he dropped upon the floor, making a sound like a bundle of cloth. Suspecting instantly the truth, I stepped forward, and snatching a knife from the table, while the others

looked on in amaze, I ripped up his waistcoat, and drew out a heap of rags. You see, said I, gentlemen, this creature is a mere rag-bag, and no man at all; and with that, kicking away the carcass, I stood back again upon the defensive, and begged a parley. Meanwhile, there was a general uproar; some ran here and some there; the ladies hurried about, pale and agitated; the cavaliers and citizens gathered around me in a dense crowd, standing with weapons drawn: all seemed to be intimidated, all hesitating. Presently three stepped forward at once, and presented their points; but observing that these were of the same kind, and seemed to have no force, I beat down their weapons, and advancing seized and ripped them up with the knife—some in front, some in the rear. All proved to be rag-men, and fell upon the floor like dolls. Being now in the humor for this sort of butchery, and thinking I could distinguish the rag-men, I advanced upon the crowd, which stood horror-struck and paralyzed with the scene, and selecting here one and there another, I gave each a slash or two, and saw them fall with the slightest wound. Citizens, said I, addressing those who seemed to be real, you are deceived in these creatures: let every man pull out his knife, and try his neighbor. At the word, their eyes seemed to be opened. The real people fell upon the

false, and made a general havoc. The floor was presently strewn with rag carcasses of both sexes; and when the massacre was complete, the whole party gave a shout so loud I was suddenly awakened, and found myself in Bertha's garden. Vexed and mortified beyond measure at having fallen asleep in such a situation, and on the eve of such an adventure, I crept away from my hiding-place, and was about to leap over the wall of the garden, when I heard a pleasant voice calling from the arbor. It was Bertha's, and at the same instant she came out and beckoned to me, just as I had gained the top of the wall. I descended, and approached her more in the condition of a criminal than of a lover. She met me with a laugh.

"I was unwilling," said she, "to disturb your slumbers, you uttered so many amusing things. Pray, what connection have I in your thoughts with rag-men and his Highness the Duke?"

To satisfy her curiosity, and to profit by the agreeable opportunity, I drew her to the arbor, and there related my extraordinary dream. At the conclusion, she complimented my ingenuity; and though she confessed that it was the most surprising fiction she had ever heard, she would by no means be persuaded that it was anything but an invention of the moment.

LORD CAMPBELL'S LIVES OF THE LORD CHANCELLORS.

THIS work treats of an interesting subject, in an interesting way. The history of the holders of the British great seal is not only a history of a long line of distinguished individuals, but it is also, as the author has himself remarked, the history of the British Constitution as well as of British jurisprudence.

Few persons in this country—except lawyers and, of course, reviewers—have any clear idea how the Court of Chancery originated. In early times all power was in reality, as it now is in theory, deposited with the King. To him, therefore, all looked for justice, as to its fountain. To him complaints were made, and from him the redress or the punishment proceeded. Since he

was *parens patrie*, the distribution of order among his unruly children was a task not at all easy. In fact, it was too much for him, and he was compelled to select from among the most knowing and best behaved, to assist him. Seated with these in his great hall, (*Aula Regis*;) he administered such justice as the ignorance and barbarism of the age could afford. But as civilization advances, the knowledge of rights always increases, and the sensibility to wrongs grows more tender; and, of course, the administration of justice becomes more laborious. So his Majesty found it. He accordingly broke up the *Aula Regis*, and organized his assistants into three separate tribunals, each for the redress of

particular kinds of grievances. To one of these he sent the most common inquiries; all mere money demands between subject and subject, and all questions of property not growing directly out of torts. This was naturally called the Court of *Common Pleas*. Another had cognizance of all cases affecting the public revenue—thence named the Court of *Exchequer*. And to the third was given jurisdiction of trespasses and crimes. In this his Majesty, at first, condescended still occasionally to sit, and therefore it was styled the King's Bench. These names, and this theoretical partition of duties, are still in a measure preserved.

But in all this we find no mention of Chancery or of the Lord Chancellor. In truth, both were of an exceedingly humble origin. Like other persons of business, the King found it worth his while to keep a clerk. It was the duty of this functionary to reduce into proper form such documents as the royal exigencies made it necessary for the sovereign to execute. This was the first duty, but there was another. For many centuries, the august predecessors of Queen Victoria were unskillful in the higher departments of literature and science. It is indeed not without concern that we feel compelled to state, that the illustrious founders of that "power, which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts—whose morning drum-beat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, encircles the earth daily with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England," couldn't read, and, *à fortiori*, couldn't write. But necessity is the parent of invention, and the royal signature was affixed by means of a peculiarly graven stamp. As the King was more eminent than other persons, so his seal was larger than other seals, and was therefore called, by way of distinction, the GREAT seal, and the KEEPER of it was the aforesaid clerk, who, to the sore perplexity alike of etymologists and antiquarians, was styled the CHANCELLOR.

In those remote times none, save the clergy, could write—hence the Chancellor was always of the sacred order. Moreover, auricular confession being then a duty incumbent no less upon monarchs than upon subjects, and the clerk being always at hand in discharging his office, it became *handier* for the King to confess to him than to any other. Hence the

Chancellor naturally became (and so he has always been styled) the keeper also of the King's conscience—generally a hard sort of conscience to keep, which, we presume, in charity to those ghostly fathers, was the reason why it was generally kept so poorly.

Still, it is to be observed that, in all these various duties, there was nothing judicial. How this important function came to be superadded to the other three—of writing down legibly the royal will, guarding the royal seal, and keeping tenderly the royal conscience—a few words will explain. Although, as we have just stated, the business of administering justice was divided among three courts, yet those tribunals had no authority to take cognizance in any particular case, until thereunto especially authorized by the King. Consequently, the suitors went to the fountain, as they had always done before, though they were compelled afterwards to travel the stream a considerable way down before they could completely slake their thirst. If, on application, the King considered the case worthy of inquiry, he directed his clerk to address to the appropriate tribunal a note, naming the parties, and briefly describing the complaint, with instructions to do in the premises what should appear to be right. These notes (*brevia writs*, from being WRITTEN) were, of course, authenticated by the royal signature, that is, by the great seal. The court to which they were sent, immediately on receiving them, acquired jurisdiction of the cause, and, after having duly summoned, or caused to be brought in, the defendant, proceeded with the inquiry.

The issuing of these original writs, by which actions were commenced, though it was not strictly a judicial act, nevertheless brought the clerk or Chancellor into close contact with judicial proceedings. He grew familiar with them, and with the extent and limits of the jurisdiction enjoyed by the courts already established. After a while the King relieved his royal shoulders of the whole burden of these original complaints, and transferred it upon those of the keeper of his seal and conscience. This, however, extended only to the cases of ordinary occurrence, in which the form of the writ was settled by the ordinary precedents. But when extraordinary cases arose, as they were sure to do among an advancing people, then the King, from having given

up the business, would not, and the Chancellor, for want of authorized forms, could not act. In all such cases, therefore, there was a denial of justice. The grievance, for a while, patiently endured. At length, on the petition of the Parliament, which then, and for centuries after, possessed no power but that of importunity and advice, the King graciously directed the clerk to frame new writs for new cases, provided they were confined to the same general principle (*in consimili casu*) as the old. Under this general power, every grievance which the organization of the courts, as already established, could redress, was provided for.

But some cases there were, which those courts were utterly unable to manage. These were fraud, accident, mistake and trusts—all giving rise to questions of conscience, and therefore not unfit for the cognizance of those whose profession it was to enlighten, guide, and purify all consciences, from the King's downward. To the Chancellor, therefore, these cases not inappropriately fell. Accordingly, in the complaints addressed to him, there were always two allegations: that for the grievance stated there was no *adequate redress* in the other courts, and that the defendant's conduct was contrary good *conscience*. The defendant was summoned under a penalty (*sub pena*, and thence the name of the writ) to appear and abide what should be decreed. When he came in, the Chancellor went to work right ecclesiastically, and compelled a cleansing of the conscience by confession under oath. Contumacy in executing the decree was contempt, and punished by imprisonment. If there was danger that the defendant might escape beyond seas, to a sheriff command was given that he should not depart, (*ne exeat*, thence the name of another writ;) and the command was obeyed by seizing and putting him snugly within some safe four walls. If, at the time of presenting the complaint, he was still doing or threatening the wrong, a command (*injunction*) went forth enjoining him to desist; and, on disobedience, the same snug four walls awaited him, to say nothing of fines and penalties.

This high jurisdiction, in process of time, was extended not only to cases where the ordinary courts could not grant redress at all, but also to those in which the redress they granted, was not quite so full or satisfactory as might

have been desired. Thus matters of account, foreclosure of mortgages, specific performance of engagements, partition of lands, infringements of copy-rights or patents, divorces for cruelty or infidelity—these and an infinity of others were, as each Chancellor went on enlarging upon the jurisdiction of his predecessor, drawn within the pale of Chancery. In fine, we see that the meek ecclesiastic, whose humble duty it was to write out the King's behests, to keep the stamp that represented his royal, unlettered fingers, to hear him tell over his sins, and to give him ghostly advice, has become a personage of no inconsiderable importance—in fact, bearing no slight resemblance to Lord Thurlow or Lord Eldon.

Perhaps, however, nothing eventually added so much to his importance as his custody of the great seal. An impression from this mysterious bauble, indicated the most solemn acts of majesty. It was absolutely conclusive upon all men, nay, even upon the King himself, though affixed without his authority. It was open to no question, and to be countervailed by no proof. This was the mystic emblem by which the royal lands were conveyed, and royal franchises granted—by which statutes were authenticated, by which criminals were pardoned from all crimes they had then committed, or should thereafter commit. To counterfeit the King's seal was an offence equal to that of compassing the King's death; and the offender was subjected to all the pains and penalties of high treason. "The great seal," says Mr. Hallam, "in the eyes of English lawyers, has a sort of mysterious efficacy, and passes for the depositary of royal authority in a higher degree than the person of the King." The Parliament were sufficiently firm and sufficiently cool in marshaling armies against Charles; but they found it an occasion of trepidation and paleness, when they commanded a new great seal to be engraved, in place of that which he carried away with him, in his flight from London. And James II., when he fled for life towards the Continent, thought to confound his enemies, and to render impossible the lawful administration of the kingdom, by casting his great seal into the Thames.

Yet this wonderful instrument of authority, with all the power which the lawful or unlawful use of it could be-

stow, was always intrusted to the Chancellor. In the earliest times, however, the magnitude of this trust seems not to have rendered the depositary so marvellous in English eyes, as, in the lapse of years, he became. But it made the possessor the confidant of the King's most secret plans, the sharer of his most important counsels, and the sole authenticator of his most solemn acts. And it was not in the nature of things, that a dignity so exalted should long remain without its due share of reverence. Accordingly, in Parliament the Chancellor was to preside over the House of Lords; and on all occasions of state, to have precedence over all the peerage, and stand next to royalty itself. And in point of expectation, of show and parade, of wonder-making and wonder-seeing, the installation of a Chancellor became an event second only to that of the installation of a King.

Of course, to win this lofty eminence, was the aim of the highest ambition. No mere subject could ascend higher—nor was there much need; for, in more than one reign, the Chancellor was the power behind the throne, greater than the throne itself.

Now, it is the history of every individual, great or small, who has held this exalted station, for the last twelve hundred years, which Lord Campbell has undertaken to furnish. No King, for any considerable time within that period, has been without a keeper of his conscience and seal. Of course, such a work will not only acquaint the reader with this long succession of eminent personages, but will, at the same time, introduce him to the most secret counsels and purposes of the English monarchs, during the only period of English history which it is of much use to know. While he is ostensibly gathering up the anecdotes and the little events, which by themselves make up the biography of each successive individual, he is really, though perhaps unconsciously, tracing the course and watching the growth of a nation. He will see how petty aims and schemes, having no object beyond mere personal ends, have yet, in the course of centuries, shaped and moulded a kingdom, from one of the most despotic and barbarous that sprang from the ruins of the Roman Empire, into one that now stands among the great European family, the first in wealth, the first in power,

and beyond all comparison, the first in freedom.

On some other occasion, perhaps, we may attempt to trace out the manner in which such results proceeded from such causes. But now we shall probably best discharge our duty by confining our attention to the author and his work.

That Lord Campbell has not entirely failed in the manner of treating his subject, may be inferred from the fact that the edition, of which a copy lies before us, has already had an extensive sale in this country, and is, moreover, itself a reprint from a second English edition, the first having appeared only about a year ago. In the fullness of delight at his success, the author in the preface exclaims: "I may truly say, that within a few weeks of its publication, it 'was on every table, almost on every toilette.' Though founded on historical records, and having solid instruction for its object, it has been as generally read as popular works of fiction, aiming at nothing beyond amusement."

No doubt those who read these volumes for the faults they can find, instead of the entertainment and instruction they can derive, will not spend their labor wholly in vain. In the midst of what is nearly always just in opinion, candid in judgment and felicitous in expression, there occasionally occurs a phrase less dignified than would have suited the pen of Gibbon, or a figure that would have "made Quintillian stare and gasp." Such things, however, are of rare occurrence. He has an easy, quiet, racy style, that always keeps alive the reader's interest. He loves anecdote, and he loves fun; and between the anecdote and the fun, many of the earlier pages, which, owing to the obscurity of the personages and the scantiness of the materials, would have been about as interesting as Ingersoll's History of the Late War, have grown into what is really delightful reading. Whatever might naturally have been expected from the stiffness of professional habits, Lord Campbell is, aside from the interest which belongs to his subject, a most entertaining as well as instructive writer. Not only is he, every inch of him, a lawyer, but he is also, to the extent of an equal number of inches, a man of the world. He has seen much, reflected much, read much, and really entered into the spirit of what he has read. His classical learning, al-

though it would not be likely to have put Porson or Parr out of countenance, is certainly highly respectable; while his acquaintance with the English literature, in all its departments and in every stage of its growth, is, considering the number of *other* acquaintances which in the course of his life he has been compelled to form, very extraordinary. He is, moreover, imbued, through and through, with his subject, while his enthusiasm about it raises his own blood to a temperature that does not allow that of his reader to grow chilly. Although he never wanders from his subject, still he manages, by throwing in a Latin or an English verse here, an anecdote there, and a jibe yonder, sometimes declaiming, sometimes chatting, always narrating—and when other arts of style or even materials were likely to fail, then bringing up, as a last resort, something good and nice about himself—to carry the reader over the period of a thousand years occupied by these volumes, not only unwearyed, but perfectly delighted with his journey.

As we have already intimated, and as the extract from his preface given above goes to show, Lord Campbell has no objection upon occasion to say a good thing about himself. Still, his vanity, if it amount to that, is never offensive. It is undoubtedly owing to a virtuous degree of self-respect, that he touches his hat so often and so gracefully to himself. It is, however, certain that in his mind there is a most intimate relation between the general idea of great men, and the particular idea of Lord Campbell. Consequently, any person at all curious about his history, may easily obtain a pretty full account of him from these volumes. Among other interesting particulars, he could ascertain that the author is of Scotch extraction, and a descendant of that respectable clan of whom it was long ago said that they were “coming”—that he took his bachelor’s degree in Aberdeen—that he studied law in Gray’s, Lincoln’s, or some other equally learned Inn of Court—that he contrived to sustain a purse, miserably lean and unsubstantial, by contributions to the periodical press—that when called to the bar, he betook himself to the Oxford circuit—that for want of enough cases of his own, he reported those of others—that for this purpose he took notes—that once in a while he had the good luck to obtain a brief, and then for payment he took notes

of another kind—that at one time he successfully defended a criminal who, in the ardor of his gratitude, relieved his counsel from the inconvenience of a pocket-book, whereupon the grave judge who held the circuit instituted the judicial inquiry, “whether Brother Campbell thought nobody had a right to take notes but himself?”—that he afterwards acquired a most lucrative practice, became the leader on his circuit, was elected to Parliament, was made first Solicitor and then Attorney General, and in the fullness of time was translated to that heaven of English adoration, the House of Peers—that he subsequently held a commission addressed by her Majesty, then a lovely girl in her teens, “to our right trusty and well-beloved counsellor John, Baron Campbell, our Chancellor of that part of our United Kingdom called Ireland,”—that his name was not to be illustrated by long official career—that on leaving his office in the great political revolution of 1841, he had abundant leisure, and reveled for a while in the resumption of his classical studies, and in the miscellaneous perusal of ancient authors—that his aspiration after literary fame, checked in a measure by the worldly-mindedness of professional engagements, had what, without any religious allusion, may be called a revival—that he amused himself with revising for the press a selection of his “speeches at the bar and in the House of Commons,” which are often quoted in these volumes, among cotemporaneous authorities, for events happening five or eight hundred years ago—and finally, that he resolved to undertake the *Lives of the Chancellors*, first of England, and then of Ireland, dedicating so much of the work as is already completed to a son, who, like most sons of other people, has been the object of much rejoicing, of some solicitude, and of unbounded hope.

Such, and so qualified for his work, is Lord Campbell.

Ethelbert, the first Christian Saxon King, A.D. 605, had for his Chancellor AUGMENTUS, who received petitions and supplications addressed to the sovereign, and made out writs and mandates as *Custos Legis*. He accompanied Augustine in his holy mission from Rome, and assisted in drawing up a code of laws, which is said to have materially softened and improved many of the customs which had prevailed while the Scandinavian divinities were still worshiped in England.

Such is the honorable mention which history makes of the first English Chancellor whom it names. With whom the long line commenced, must now remain forever unknown. But as there were heroes before Agamemnon, so undoubtedly there were Lord Chancellors before Augmentus. Of the three who succeeded him, nothing authentic or legendary is known beyond their names.

After these comes Swithin. He possessed all the learning of his age, was a devoted friend of the church, procured a law for the universal and compulsory payment of tithes, and first established in England, for the benefit of the Pope, the famous contribution called "Peter's Pence." He was Chancellor under two sovereigns, the latter of whom was the Great Alfred, whose education he had superintended, whose virtues he encouraged, and whose counsels he always guided. He died in 802, having directed his body to be buried, not in the cathedral, but in the church-yard, among the poor. About fifty years afterwards, he was canonized, and became a saint of much celebrity, particularly for his influence on the weather; according to a rule, that as the 15th of July is fair or foul, it will be fair or foul for forty days thereafter. The author adds, with professional gravity:—

"Most of Lord Chancellor Swithin's decisions have perished, but I find one case reported which was brought judicially before him, and in which he gave specific relief. An old woman came to complain to him that the eggs in her basket which she was carrying to market had all been wantonly broken. 'Is ante se adductæ mulierculæ, annis et pannis squalidæ querelam auscultat, damnum suspirat, misericordia mentis cunctantem miraculum excitat, statimque porrecto crucis signo, fracturam omnium ovorum consolidat.'"—*Wm. of Malm.* 242.

The Ex-chancellor of Ireland suggests that this may have been an excess of jurisdiction, intimating that the remedy was at common law by an action of trespass. Still, with submission, it may be doubted whether that remedy would have been completely *adequate*, inasmuch as the damages recovered after a protracted litigation might not have prevented the old lady's customers from being disappointed of their breakfast. At all events, the point taken by Lord Campbell does not appear to have been suggested at the hearing. It is certainly to be regretted

that the reporter, though generally so accurate, should have said nothing about the final disposition of the costs, whether they went to the plaintiff or—to the court.

Lord Chancellor Turketel had a different method of administering justice. When King Athelstan had to fight for his crown against five confederated nations, Norwegians, Danes, Scots, Irish and Britons, the keeper of the royal-conscience, himself a grandson of the Great Alfred, unfurled his banner over the citizens of London, and at the famous battle of Brunenburgh, charged with the headlong fury of Murat, right upon the hostile line, hewed his way into the midst of the Scots, killed the son of the King, and compelled Constantine himself to hunt after safety in flight. It is gratifying that the keen professional eye of our noble and learned author, detects no irregularity in this practice.

Little is known of the Chancellors before the Norman conquest, and less of their official duties. As yet English monarchs had not adopted the seal. This, among other Norman fashions, was introduced by Edward the Confessor. Before 1043, public documents were generally verified by the signature of the Chancellor, or by the King affixing to them the sign of the cross, as a sort of oath to the truth of the attestation he made. This mode of signature, still retained among the ignorant, has lost the solemn allusion it was originally intended to convey. A large state seal was now made upon the mode which has been followed ever since. It bore the representation of the King in his imperial robes, sitting on his throne, holding a sceptre in his right hand and a sword in his left, with the inscription, "Sigillum Edwardi Anglorum Basilei." Such was the origin and the form of the bauble, the custody of which marks the most eminent trust of the most eminent person near the English throne.

Among all the lives in these volumes, or any volumes, none are better written or possess a deeper or more touching interest than that of Thomas à Becket, the Chancellor, Archbishop, Martyr and Saint; a proficient in philosophy and divinity, in all military exercises and all polite acquirements—the handsomest and most accomplished man in the kingdom—his reasonings subtle, his elocution polished, his gaiety facetious, winning the heart—proud and ceremonious on most occasions with the great, but affable,

gentle and liberal towards inferiors—ambitious of popularity, and knowing that the condescensions of greatness have still greater influence than its power—the first who gave the office of Chancellor the pre-eminence and splendor it has since possessed—perfect in the dialect and accomplishments of the dominant Normans, but too noble-minded to be ashamed of his Saxon origin, proclaiming his lineage and professing himself a protector of the rights and liberties of all his countrymen—a steadfast patriot, yet a gay and fastidious courtier, a skilful diplomatist, a wise counsellor and an upright judge. Such was his character before his elevation to the Primacy.

A graphic passage from a life of him written by Fitzstephen, his secretary, will show his manners and those of the time:—

“The Chancellor’s house and table were open to all of every degree about the court who wished to partake of his hospitality, and who were, or appeared to be, respectable. He hardly ever sat down to dinner without earls and barons whom he had invited. He ordered the rooms in which he entertained company to be daily covered during winter with clean straw and hay, and in summer with clean rushes and boughs, for the gentlefolks to lie down upon, who, on account of their numbers, could not be accommodated at the tables, so that their fine clothes might not be soiled by a dirty floor. His house was splendidly furnished with gold and silver vessels, and was plentifully supplied with the most costly meats and wines.

“The prime nobility of England and the neighboring kingdoms sent their sons to be servants of the Chancellor. He gave these young men handsome entertainment and a liberal education, and when he had seen them duly admitted into the order of knighthood, he returned them back to their fathers and relations. Some he retained near his own person. The King himself intrusted his own son, the heir apparent of the kingdom, to be brought up by him, and the Chancellor maintained the prince with all suitable honor, together with many sons of the nobility of the same age, and all their train, instructors, and servants.

“When he was going beyond sea, he had a fleet of six or more vessels to his own use; and he carried over, free of expense, all who wished to cross at the same time. When he was landed, he recompensed the masters of his ships and the sailors to their hearts’ content. Hardly a day passed in which he did not give away magnificent presents, such as horses, hawks, apparel, gold or silver furniture, or sums of money.

He was an example of the sacred proverb—*Some bountifully give away what belongs to them, and still always abound; while others seize what does not belong to them, and are always in want.* So gracefully did the Chancellor confer his gifts, that he was reckoned the charm and delight of the whole Latin world.

“The Chancellor was in high favor with the King, the clergy, the army, and the people, on account of his eminent virtues, his greatness of mind, and his good deeds, which seemed to spring spontaneously from his heart. Serious business being finished, the King and he consorted as young comrades of the same station, whether in the palace, in church, in private society, or in excursions on horseback.

“One cold, wintry day, they were riding together through the streets of London, when they observed an old beggar-man coming towards them, wearing a worn-out, tattered garment. Said the King to the Chancellor, ‘Do you see that man?’—*Chancellor.* ‘I see him.’—*King.* ‘How poor! how wretched! how naked he is! Would it not be a great charity to give him a thick, warm cloak?’—*Chancellor.* ‘Great indeed; and you, as King, ought to have a disposition and eye for such things.’—Meanwhile the beggar comes up, the King stops, and the Chancellor along with him. The King, in a mild tone, addresses the beggar, and asks him, ‘if he would like to have a good cloak?’ The beggar, not knowing who they were, thought it was all a joke. *The King to the Chancellor.* ‘You indeed shall have the grace of this great charity;’ and putting his hands on a very fine new cloak of scarlet and ermine, which the Chancellor then wore, he struggled to pull it off, while the Chancellor did his best to retain it. A great scuffle and tumult arising, the rich men and knights who formed their train, in astonishment, hastened to find out what sudden cause of contest had sprung up, but could gain no information—both the contending parties were eagerly engaged with their hands, and seemed as if about to tumble to the ground. After a certain resistance, the Chancellor allowed the King to be victorious, to pull off his cloak, and to give it to the beggar. The King then told the whole story to his attendants, who were all convulsed with laughter. There was no want of offers from them of cloaks and coats to the Chancellor. The old beggar-man walked off with the Chancellor’s valuable cloak, enriched beyond his hopes, rejoicing and giving thanks to God.”

But when he became Archbishop of Canterbury, never was transformation so wonderful. He became, in every respect, an altered man, an humble and squalid penitent, wearing hair-cloth next his skin,

drinking water, living upon roots, frequently inflicting stripes on his own naked back—daily on bended knees washing the feet of thirteen beggars, wandering alone in his cloister, shedding many tears for his past sins, praying and reading the Scriptures—planting himself like a rock against the encroachments of the King on the Church—steadfast for a time, then yielding and swearing to support “the Constitutions of Clarendon”—then seized with remorse for his weakness, casting off his Archi-episcopal functions till forgiven by the Pope—at length breaking outright with the King, tried for high treason, convicted, but saved by his orders from death—his lands and goods confiscated, flying from assassins, wandering under the borrowed name of “Brother Christian” and in the guise of a pilgrim—at length escaping across the Channel, his servants and dependants all banished—after long years of vicissitude, wheedled by the false King to return, marching back to Canterbury in a triumphal procession, received there with boquets of unexampled splendor, his cathedral hung with silks and precious vestments,—while walking up to take possession once more of its throne, the peals of the organ drowned by the sound of trumpets, the ringing of bells, and the shouts of the delighted multitude—thence progressing to London, the metropolis emptied of its inhabitants, the clergy, the laity, men and women of all ranks and ages pouring forth to meet him, and celebrating with hymns his triumphal entrance—thence ordered, by government, back through solitary and uninhabited paths to Canterbury, sure now of his impending fate, telling his people that one of their Archbishops had been a martyr, and that they now might have another—soon beset in his cathedral by ruffians probably spirited on by Henry, slightly wounded by a blow aimed at his head, but warded off by his faithful cross-bearer, whose arm was broken by its force, saying as the blood trickled down his face, and as he joined his hands and bowed his head, “In the name of Christ and for the defence of his Church, I am ready to die,”—refusing to be removed from the altar where he stood, urging his assailants to execute their intentions or their orders, uttering his last words, “To God who gave it, I humbly commend my spirit”—brought quickly to his knee by a second stroke, that little prayer yet hardly spoken, prostrated at the foot of the altar by a third, where receiving many blows from

each of the conspirators, his brains were strewed on the pavement. “Thus,” says Lord Campbell, of whose words we have been making liberal use, “Thus perished, in the fifty-third year of his age, the man, who, of all English Chancellors since the foundation of the monarchy, was of the loftiest ambition, of the greatest firmness of purpose, and the most capable of making every sacrifice to a sense of duty, or for the acquisition of renown.”

Lord Chancellor de Gray, like many who preceded him and many who followed him, used his office to aid him in climbing into a bishopric. The Chapter, however, long refused to elect him Arch-bishop of York, because he was “*minus sufficiens in literatura.*” His election being at length carried, all his labor had almost proved fruitless because the Pope refused consecration on the ground of his “*crassa ignorantia.*” But when he had made his Holiness a present of £10,000, his ignorance grew less thick, and his literature more sufficient, and he was worthily set apart for the Archi-episcopal function.

Lord Campbell throws no light upon the question, how far the loquacity of certain Chancellors may have been influenced by an incident which we are about to mention. It is, however, well worth attention from the curious about professional idiosyncrasies. Henry III., in the prospect of his going to Gascony in 1233, intrusted the custody of the Great Seal to Queen Eleanor, who was left in the full exercise of her authority as Lady Chancellor. She sat as judge in the *Aula Regia*, beginning her sittings on the morrow of the nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary. These sittings, says the author, were interrupted by the *accouchement* of the Judge. All modern solicitude about the event, is kindly relieved by the information that she had a favorable recovery, and being churched, resumed her place in the *Aula Regia*.

Richard De Bury gained little celebrity as Chancellor; having held the office only from the 28th September, 1334, to 5th June, 1335. Lord Campbell says, “I am rather surprised that a ‘De Bury Club’ has not yet been established by Philobiblists, as he was undoubtedly the founder of the order in England.” His library was said to “contain more volumes than those of all the Bishops in England put together.” In his latter days, he wrote “Philobiblion,” in praise of books. From this we select some characteristic extracts:—

“While we performed the duties of Chancellor of the most invincible and ever magnificently triumphant King of England, Edward III., it was reported not only that we had a longing desire of books, and especially of old ones, but that anybody could more easily obtain our favor by quartos than money. Wherefore, we were enabled to oppose or advance, to appoint or discharge; crazy quartos and tottering folios, precious in our sight as well as in our affections, flowed in most rapidly from the great and the small, instead of New-Years’ gifts and remunerations, and instead of presents and jewels.” (Oh, shade of Lord Bacon!) “Then the cabinets of monasteries were opened; cases were unlocked; caskets were unclasped, and astonished volumes, which had slumbered for ages in their sepulchres, were roused up, and those that lay hid in dark places were overwhelmed with the rays of new light. Books heretofore most delicate, now corrupted and nauseous, lay lifeless, covered indeed with the excrements of mice and pierced through with the gnawing of worms; and those that were formerly clothed with purple and fine linen, were now seen reposing in dust and ashes, given over to oblivion, the abodes of moths. Amongst these, however, we sat down more voluptuously than the delicate physician could do amidst his stores of aromatics; and where we found an object of love, we found also full enjoyment. Thus the sacred vessels of science came into our power,—some being given, some sold, and not a few lent for a time.

“Without doubt, many who perceived us to be contented with gifts of this kind, studied to contribute those things freely to our use. We took care, however, to conduct the business of such so favorably, that the profit might accrue to them.” (See the two-fold purity of the Ermine united to the Lawn!)

“Moreover, we could have amassed cups of gold and silver, excellent horses or no mean sums of money, but indeed we wished for books, not bags; we delighted more in folios than florins, and preferred paltry pamphlets to pampered palfreys.

“In addition to this, we were charged with frequent embassies of the said Prince, of everlasting memory, and were sent first to the Roman Chair, then to the Court of France, then to various other kingdoms of the world, carrying about with us, however, that fondness for books, which many waters could not extinguish. O, blessed God of gods in Zion! what a rush of the flood of pleasure rejoiced our heart as often as we visited Paris, the paradise of the world! In that city are delightful libraries in cells redolent of aromatics; there flourishing greenhouses of all sorts of volumes; there academic meads trembling with the

earthquake of Athenian peripatetics, pacing up and down; there the promontories of Parnassus, and the porticos of the Stoics.”

Lord Chancellor De Bury died in 1345, full of years and honors, but was buried without much parade or distinction, before the altar in his own cathedral of Durham. “The exalted situation,” adds Lord Campbell, “he occupied in the opinion and esteem of Petrarch and other eminent literary men of the fourteenth century, sheds brighter lustre on his memory, than it could have derived from funeral processions, or from monuments and epitaphs.”

Hitherto all the successors of Augmentus have been selected from the clergy; but now, in 1340, came Sir Robert Burchier, knight, and a distinguished soldier; who was the next year succeeded by Sir Robert Parnynge, “the first regularly bred common lawyer, who was ever appointed to the office of Chancellor in England.”

We must not omit to mention John Searle, in the reign of Henry IV., of whom Lord Campbell says that he may enjoy the celebrity of being the most inconsiderable man who ever held the office of Chancellor in England.

It was the practice of the clerical Chancellors to open Parliament by a sermon. This discourse then occupied the place now filled by the speech from the throne. We have a specimen in the life of Lord Chancellor John Stafford, Bishop of Bath and Wells:—

“In 1435, the King sitting in his chair in the Painted Chamber, the Chancellor delivered a most violent invective against the defection of the Duke of Burgundy, his text being “*Soliciti sitis servare unitatem spiritus in vinculo pacis.*” This performance is plain, forcible and eloquent. But he probably piqued himself much more on his speech the next year, from the words *Corona Regni in manu Dei*: ‘On which he demonstrated that three sorts of men are crowned, viz. all Christians, in their baptism, in token whereof they are anointed; all clerks in their orders, in token whereof they are shaven; and all kings in their coronation, who in token thereof wear a crown of gold set about with flowers and precious stones. The erecting and standing of the flowers in the upper part of the crown denoteth the King’s pre-eminency over his subjects, which ought to be garnished with four cardinal virtues; that is to say, in the fore-part ought to be wisdom, adorned with three precious

stones, viz. memory of things past, circumspection of things present, and prudence in things to come. On the right hand ought to be fortitude—accompanied with courage in attempting, patience in suffering, and perseverance in well-meaning. On the left side ought to be justice distributing her arms three ways, to the best, mean, and lowest. On the hinder part ought to be temperance, with her trinity, viz. restraint of sensuality in fear, silence in speech, and mortification in will; all which proceeding from God, fully prove that the crown of the King was in the hand of God.”

We now approach a period of history in which the actors are well known. The following sketch of Cardinal Wolsey not only shows the character of that ambitious prelate, but throws no dim light upon the state of English jurisprudence in the reign of Henry VIII. :—

“His body was immediately laid in a coffin, dressed in his pontificals, with mitre, crosses, ring, and pall; and, lying there all day open, and barefaced, was viewed by the Mayor of Leicester and the surrounding gentry, that there might be no suspicion as to the manner of his death. It was then carried into the Lady Chapel, and watched, with many torches, all night; whilst the monks sung dirges and other devout orisons. At six in the morning mass was celebrated for his soul; and as they committed the body of the proud Cardinal to its last abode, the words were chaunted, ‘Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust! No stone was erected to his memory; and the spot of his interment is unknown.

‘Here is the end and fall of pride and arrogance.’

“I shall not attempt to draw any general character of this eminent man. His good and bad qualities may best be understood from the details of his actions, and are immortalized by the dialogue between Queen Catherine and Griffith, her secretary, which is familiar to every reader.

“But the nature of this work requires that I should more deliberately consider him as a Judge; for, although he held the Great Seal uninterruptedly for a period of fourteen years, and greatly extended its jurisdiction, and permanently influenced our juridical institutions, not only historians, but his own biographers, in describing the politician and the churchman, almost forget that he ever was Lord Chancellor.

“From his conference with Justice Shelley respecting York Place, we know exactly his notions of the powers and duties of the Chancellor as an Equity Judge. When pressed by the legal opinion upon the question, he took the distinction between law and conscience, and said, ‘It is proper to have a respect to conscience before the rigor of the common law, for *laus est facere quod deest non quod licet*. The King ought of his royal dignity and prerogative to mitigate the rigor of the law where conscience has the most force;

therefore, in his royal place of equal justice he hath constituted a Chancellor, an officer to execute justice with clemency, where conscience is opposed to the rigor of the law. And therefore the Court of Chancery hath been heretofore commonly called the Court of Conscience, because it hath jurisdiction to command the high ministers of the Common Law to spare execution and judgment, where conscience hath most effect.’ With such notions he must have been considerably more arbitrary than a Turkish Kadi, who considers himself bound by a text of the Koran in point, and we are not to be surprised when we are told that he chose to exercise his equitable authority over everything which could be a matter of judicial inquiry.

“In consequence, bills and petitions multiplied to an unprecedented degree, and notwithstanding his dispatch there was a great arrear of business. To this grievance he applied a very vigorous remedy, without any application to parliament to appoint Vice-chancellors;—for of his own authority he at once established four new Courts of Equity by commission in the King’s name. One of these was held at Whitehall before his own deputy; another before the King’s almoner, Dr. Stoberby, afterwards Bishop of London; a third at the Treasury Chamber, before certain members of the Council; and a fourth at the Rolls, before Cuthbert Tunstall, Master of the Rolls, who, in consequence of this appointment, used to hear causes there in the afternoon. The Master of the Rolls has continued ever since to sit separately for hearing causes in Chancery. The other three courts fell with their founder.

“Wolsey himself used still to attend pretty regularly in the Court of Chancery during term, and he maintained his equitable jurisdiction with a very high hand, deciding without the assistance of common law judges, and with very little regard to the common law.

“If he was sneered at for his ignorance of the doctrines and practice of the Court, he had his revenge by openly complaining that the lawyers who practiced before him were grossly ignorant of the civil law and the principles of general jurisprudence; and he has been described as often interrupting their pleadings, and bitterly animadverting on their narrow notions and limited arguments. To remedy an evil which troubled the stream of justice at the fountain-head, he, with his usual magnificence of conception, projected an institution to be founded in London, for the systematic study of all branches of the law. He even furnished an architectural model for the building, which was considered a master-piece, and remained long after his death as a curiosity in the palace at Greenwich. Such an institution is still a desideratum in England; for, with splendid exceptions, it must be admitted that English barristers, though very clever practitioners, are not such able jurists as are to be found in other countries where law is systematically studied as a science.

“On Wolsey’s fall his administration of justice was strictly overhauled; but no complaint was made against him of bribery or corruption, and the charges were merely that he had examined many matters in Chancery after judgment given at common law; that

he had unduly granted injunctions; and that when his injunctions were disregarded by the Judges, he had sent for those venerable magistrates and sharply reprimanded them for their obstinacy. He is celebrated for the vigor with which he repressed perjury and chicanery in his Court, and he certainly enjoyed the reputation of having conducted himself as Chancellor with fidelity and ability—although it was not till a later age that the foundation was laid of that well-defined system of equity now established, which is so well adapted to all the wants of a wealthy and refined society, and, leaving little discretion to the Judge, disposes satisfactorily of all the varying cases within the wide scope of its jurisdiction.

“I am afraid I cannot properly conclude this sketch of the Life of Wolsey without mentioning that ‘of his own body he was ill, and gave the clergy ill example.’ He had a natural son, named Winter, who was promoted to be Dean of Wells, and for whom he procured a grant of ‘arms’ from the Herald’s College. The 33th article of his impeachment shows that he had for his mistress a lady of the name of Lark, by whom he had two other children; there were various amours in which he was suspected of having indulged, and his health had suffered from his dissolute life. But we must not suppose that the scandal arising from such irregularities was such as would be occasioned by them at the present day. A very different standard of morality then prevailed: churchmen, debarred from marriage, were often licensed to keep concubines, and as the Popes themselves were in this respect by no means infallible, the frailties of a Cardinal were not considered any insuperable bar either to secular or spiritual preferment.

“In judging him we must remember his deep contrition for his backslidings; and the memorable lesson which he taught with his dying breath, that, to insure true comfort and happiness, a man must addict himself to the service of God, instead of being misled by the lures of pleasure and ambition.

“The subsequent part of Henry’s reign is the best panegyric on Wolsey; for, during twenty years, he had kept free from the stain of blood or violence, the sovereign, who now, following the natural bent of his character, cut off the heads of his wives and his most virtuous ministers, and proved himself the most arbitrary tyrant that ever disgraced the throne of England.”

Among all the celebrated men whose lives Lord Campbell has undertaken to record, he finds none about which he lingers with more delight than that of Sir Thomas More. The second and third paragraphs of his life will assign the reasons. After the disgrace of Wolsey,

“Considerable difficulty arose about the appointment of a new Chancellor. Some were for restoring the Great Seal to Ex-chancellor Archbishop Warham; and Erasmus states that he refused it: but there is reason to think that a positive resolution had been before taken

by Henry, and his present advisers, that it should not be again intrusted to any churchman.

“There was an individual designated to the office by the public voice. To give credit to the new administration, there was a strong desire to appoint him, for he was celebrated as a scholar in every part of Europe; he had long practiced with applause as a lawyer; being called to Court, he had gained the highest credit there for his abilities and his manners; and he had been employed in several embassies abroad, which he had conducted with dexterity and success. The difficulty was that he had only the rank of a simple knight; and there had been no instance hitherto of conferring the Great Seal on a layman who was not of noble birth, or had not previously gained reputation by high judicial office. In consequence, there was a struggle in favor of the selection of one of the chiefs of the Common Law Courts at Westminster. But the hope that the person first proposed was the best fitted to manage the still pending negotiation for the divorce, came powerfully in aid of his claims on the score of genius, learning, and virtue; and, on the 25th of October, in a Council held at Greenwich, the King delivered the Great Seal to Sir Thomas More, and constituted him Lord Chancellor of England.”

In assigning the difficulties in the way of a proper Life of Lord Bacon, the author thus sketches his character:—

“It will easily be believed that I enter with fear and trembling on the arduous undertaking of attempting to narrate the history, and to delineate the character, of ‘The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind.’

I must say, that I consider a life of Lord Bacon still a desideratum in English literature. He has often been eulogized and vituperated; there have been admirable expositions of his philosophy and criticisms on his writings; we have very lively sketches of some of his more striking actions; and we are dazzled by brilliant contrasts between his good and bad qualities, and between the vicissitudes of prosperous and adverse fortune which he experienced. But no writer has yet presented him to us familiarly and naturally, from boyhood to old age—shown us how his character was formed and developed—explained his motives and feelings at the different stages of his eventful career—or made us acquainted with him as if we had lived with him, and had actually seen him taught his alphabet by his mother—patted on the head by Queen Elizabeth—mocking the worshippers of Aristotle at Cambridge—catching the first glimpses of his great discoveries, and yet uncertain wheth-

er the light was from heaven—associating with the learned and the gay at the Court of France—devoting himself to Bracton and the Year Books in Gray's Inn—throwing aside the dusty folios of the law to write a moral essay, to make an experiment in natural philosophy, or to detect the fallacies which had hitherto obstructed the progress of useful truth—contented for a time with taking 'all knowledge for his province'—roused from these speculations by the stings of vulgar ambition—plying all the arts of flattery to gain official advancement by royal and courtly favor—entering the House of Commons, and displaying powers of oratory of which he had been unconscious—being seduced by the love of popular applause, for a brief space becoming a patriot—making amends, by defending all the worst excesses of prerogative—publishing to the world lucubrations on morals which show the nicest perception of what is honorable and beautiful, as well as prudent, in the conduct of life—yet the son of a Lord Keeper, the nephew of the prime minister, a Queen's counsel, with the first practice at the bar, arrested for debt, and languishing in a spunging-house—tired with vain solicitations to his own kindred for promotion, joining the party of their opponent, and, after experiencing the most generous kindness from the young and chivalrous head of it, assisting to bring him to the scaffold, and to blacken his memory—seeking, by a mercenary marriage, to repair his broken fortunes—on the accession of a new Sovereign offering up the most servile adulation to a pedant whom he utterly despised—infinitely gratified by being permitted to kneel down, with 300 others, to receive the honor of knighthood—truckling to a worthless favorite with the most slavish subserviency, that he might be appointed a law-officer of the Crown—then giving the most admirable advice for the compilation and emendation of the laws of England, and helping to inflict torture on a poor parson whom he wished to hang as a traitor for writing an unpublished and unpreached sermon—attracting the notice of all Europe by his philosophical works, which established a new era in the mode of investigating the phenomena both of matter and mind—basely intriguing in the meanwhile for further promotion, and writing secret letters to his Sovereign to disparage his rivals—riding proudly between the Lord High Treasurer and Lord Privy Seal, preceded by his mace-bearer and purse-bearer, and followed by a long line of nobles and Judges, to be installed in the office of Lord High Chancellor—by-and-by, settling with his servants the account of the bribes they had received for him—a little embarrassed by being obliged, out of decency, the case being so clear, to decide against the party

whose money he had pocketed, but stifling the misgivings of conscience by the splendor and flattery which he now commanded—struck to the earth by the discovery of his corruption—taking to his bed, and refusing sustenance—confessing the truth of the charges brought against him, and abjectly imploring mercy—nobly rallying from his disgrace, and engaging in new literary undertakings, which have added to the splendor of his name—still exhibiting a touch of his ancient vanity, and in the midst of pecuniary embarrassment refusing to 'be stripped of his feathers'—inspired, nevertheless, with all his youthful zeal for science in conducting his last experiment of 'stuffing a fowl with snow to preserve it,' which succeeded 'excellently well,' but brought him to his grave,—and, as the closing act of a life so checkered, making his will, whereby, conscious of the shame he had incurred among his contemporaries, but impressed with a swelling conviction of what he had achieved for mankind, he bequeathed his 'name and memory to men's charitable speeches, to foreign nations, and the next ages.'"

Lord Commissioner Whitlock, in the time of the Parliamentary Great Seal, thus takes the occasion of a new call of sergeants to the bar, to give the profession some wholesome advice. It is needless to remark that the advice was immediately adopted, and has ever since been followed:—

"For your duty to particular clients you may consider that some are rich; yet with such there must be no endeavor to lengthen causes to continue fees. Some are poor; yet their business must not be neglected if their cause be honest. Some are peaceable; stir them not to strife. Some are contentious; advise them to reconciliation with their adversary. Amongst your clients, and all others, endeavor to gain and preserve that estimation and respect which is just to your degree, and to an honest and discreet person. Among your neighbors in the country, never foment, but pacify contentions. The French proverb is—

'Bonne terre, mauvais chemin;
Bon avocat, mauvais voisin.'

I hope this will never be turned by any here into English."

The life of Lord Shaftesbury is one of the most graphic in these volumes. We have neither the space nor the ability to give an adequate sketch of this most restless and perhaps most unprincipled of men. Omitting, therefore, all mention of his most stirring career, we come to the following summary which concludes his life:—

“Shaftesbury seems to have been a most delightful companion, and the following anecdote is handed down to us to show his tact in society. While yet a young man, he was invited to dine with Sir John Denham, an aged widower (as was supposed,) at Chelsea, who, when the guests had assembled, said to them that he had made choice of the company on account of their known abilities and particular friendship to him, for their advice in a matter of the greatest moment to him. He had been, he said, a widower for many years, and began to want somebody that might ease him of the trouble of housekeeping, and take some care of him under the growing infirmities of old age; and to that purpose had pitched upon a woman well known to him by the experience of many years, in fine, his housekeeper. A gentleman present, to dissuade him from this step, out of regard to his grown-up children, was beginning a very unflattering description of the object of his choice,—when Shaftesbury begged permission to interrupt the debate by a question to their host,—“whether he was not already married to her?” Sir John, after a little demur, answered, “Yes, truly, I was married to her yesterday.” “Well, then,” exclaimed Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, “there is no more need of our advice; pray let us have the honor to see my lady and wish her joy, and so to dinner.” He afterwards said privately, in returning home, to the gentleman whose speech he had cut short, “the man and the manner gave me a suspicion that having done a foolish thing he was desirous to cover himself with the authority of our advice. I thought it good to be sure before you went any farther, and you see what came of it.” Another instance of his sagacity was his discovery of Miss Hyde’s marriage to the Duke of York, long before it was made public, from the deference with which she was treated by her mother.

“He lived in great splendor, and entertained the King sumptuously at Wimborne, St. Giles’s. Like his principles, he changed his style of cookery. In 1669, when there was a coolness with the French court, he received a visit from Cosmo de Medici, Duke of Tuscany. Regulating his table entirely in the English manner, he declared that ‘he was neither an admirer of the French taste nor friend to French interests, while some with the servile maxims of that country had imbibed its luxury. Others might treat him like a Frenchman; his desire was to entertain him like an Englishman.’ The Prince politely answered, ‘It was the greatest compliment he could make him;’ and on his return to Italy sent him every year presents of wine as a testimony of his regard.

“Complying fully with the Court fash-

ion, he seems to have aimed at distinction in licentiousness as much as in any other pursuit. Even when he was Lord Chancellor, he sought to rival the King by the variety and notoriety of his amours. This is quaintly intimated to us by Roger North ‘Whether out of inclination, custom, or policy, I will not determine, it is certain he was not behindhand with the Court in the modish pleasures of the time. There was a deformed old gentleman, called Sir P. Neale, who, they say, sat for the picture of Sydrophel in Hudibras, and about town was called the *Lord Shaftesbury’s groom*, because he watered his mares in Hyde Park with Rhenish wine and sugar, and not seldom a bait of cheesecakes.”

“Otway most indecently brought his vices on the stage in the character of ANTONIO in *VENICE PRESERVED*,—which, that it might not be mistaken, was thus boastfully announced in the prologue:

‘Here is a traitor too, that’s very old,
Turbulent, subtle, mischievous, and bold,
Bloody, revengeful, and, to crown his part,
Loves ——— with all his heart.’

“But though eager for reputation as a man of gallantry, he modestly yielded the palm to his master. Charles having said to him one day, ‘Shaftesbury, you are the most profligate man in my dominions;’ he coolly replied, ‘Of a subject, sir, I believe I am.’

“Yet he was not altogether negligent of domestic duties. He was thrice married, and behaved to his wives with courtesy. The first, as we have related, was the daughter of Lord Keeper Coventry. By her he had no issue. Nor had he any by his third wife, who survived him,—a daughter of William Lord Spencer of Wormlington. But by his second wife, the daughter of the Earl of Exeter, he had a son, Anthony, who was not at all remarkable for genius, but who was the father of the third Earl, the pupil of Locke, and the author of “*The Characteristics*.” In the education of this grandson, amidst all his distractions, he took the most unceasing and tender interest.

“Shaftesbury in his person was short and slender, but well made, and when young, strong and active; but from the life he led, he early showed symptoms of premature old age.

‘A fiery soul which working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
And o’er-inform’d the tenement of clay.’”

We must conclude by some passages from the life of Lord Chancellor Jeffreys. Some idea may be formed of the character of this miscreant, from the following scenes ‘which occurred while he was Chief Justice of the Court of King’s Bench:—

“The Chief Justice having had the satisfaction of pronouncing with his own lips the sentence upon Sydney, of death and mutilation, instead of leaving the task as usual to the senior puisne Judge,—a scene followed which is familiar to every one.—*Sydney*. ‘Then, O God! O God! I beseech thee to sanctify these sufferings unto me, and impute not my blood to the country; let no inquisition be made for it,—but if any,—and the shedding of blood that is innocent must be revenged,—let the weight of it fall only upon those that maliciously persecute me for righteousness’ sake.’—*Lord C. J. Jeffreys*. ‘I pray God work in you a temper fit to go unto the other world, for I see you are not fit for this.’—*Sydney*. ‘My Lord, feel my pulse [holding out his hand,] and see if I am disordered. I bless God I never was in better temper than I now am.’—By order of the Chief Justice, the lieutenant of the Tower immediately removed the prisoner.

“A very few days after, and while this illustrious patriot was still lying under sentence of death, the Lord Chief Justice Jeffreys and Mr. Justice Withins, who sat as his brother Judge on the trial, went to a gay city wedding, where the Lord Mayor and other grandees were present. Evelyn, who was of the party, tells us that the Chief and the puisne both ‘danced with the bride, and were exceeding merry.’ He adds, ‘These great men spent the rest of the afternoon until eleven at night in drinking healths, taking tobacco, and talking much beneath the gravity of Judges, who had but a day or two before condemned Mr. Algernon Sydney.’

“The next exhibition in the Court of King’s Bench which particularly pleased Jeffreys and horrified the public, was the condemnation of Sir Thomas Armstrong. It will be recollected that this gentleman was outlawed while beyond the seas, and being sent from Holland within the year, sought, according to his clear right in law, to reverse the outlawry. I have had occasion to reprobate the conduct of Lord Keeper North in refusing him his writ of error, and suffering his execution; but Jeffreys may be considered the executioner. When brought up to the King’s Bench bar, Armstrong was attended by his daughter, a most beautiful and interesting young woman, who, when the Chief Justice had illegally overruled the plea, and pronounced judgment of death under the outlawry, exclaimed, ‘My Lord, I hope you will not murder my father.’—*Chief Justice Jeffreys*. ‘Who is this woman? Marshal, take her into custody. Why, how now? Because your relative is attainted for high treason, must you take upon you to tax the Courts of justice for murder when we grant execution according to law? Take her away.’—*Daughter*. ‘God Almighty’s

judgments light upon you.’—*Chief Justice Jeffreys*. ‘God Almighty’s judgments will light upon those that are guilty of high treason.’—*Daughter*. ‘Amen. I pray God.’—*Chief Justice Jeffreys*. ‘So say I. I thank God I am clamor proof.’ [The daughter is committed to prison, and carried off in custody.]—*Sir Thomas Armstrong*. ‘I ought to have the benefit of the law, and I demand no more.’—*Chief Justice Jeffreys*. ‘That you shall have, by the grace of God. See that execution be done on Friday next, according to law. You shall have the full benefit of the law!!!’ Armstrong was hanged, disemboweled, beheaded, and quartered accordingly.”

Take another from his “Campaign” on the Western Circuit, to which he chiefly is indebted for his celebrity.

“I desire at once to save my readers from the apprehension that I am about to shock their humane feelings by a detailed statement of the atrocities of this bloody campaign in the West, the character of which is familiar to every Englishman. But, as a specimen of it, I must present a short account of the treatment experienced by Lady Lisle, with whose murder it commenced.

“She was the widow of Major Lisle, who had sat in judgment on Charles I., had been a Lord Commissioner of the Great Seal under Cromwell, and, flying on the restoration, had been assassinated at Lausanne. She remained in England, and was remarkable for her loyalty as well as piety. Jeffreys’s malignant spite against her is wholly inexplicable; for he had never had any personal quarrel with her, she did not stand in the way of his promotion, and the circumstance of her being the widow of a regicide cannot account for his vindictiveness. Perhaps, without any personal dislike to the individual, he merely wished to strike terror into the West by his first operation.”

“It is said by almost all the contemporary authorities, that thrice did the Jury refuse to find a verdict of *guilty*, and thrice did Lord Chief Justice Jeffreys send them back to reconsider their verdict. In the account of the proceeding in the STATE TRIALS, which has the appearance of having been taken in short-hand, and of being authentic, the repeated sending back of the Jury is not mentioned; but enough appears to stamp eternal infamy on Jeffreys, if there were nothing more extant against him. After a most furious summing up, ‘the Jury withdrew, and staying out awhile, the Lord Jeffreys expressed a great deal of impatience, and said he wondered that in so plain a case they would go from the bar, and would have sent for them, with an intimation that, if they did not

come quickly, he would adjourn, and let them lie by it all night; but, after about half an hour's stay, the Jury returned, and the foreman addressed himself to the Court thus: 'My Lord, we have one thing to beg of your Lordship some directions in before we can give our verdict: we have some doubt whether there be sufficient evidence that she knew Hickes to have been in the army.'—*L. C. J.* 'There is as full proof as proof can be; but you are judges of the proof; for my part I thought there was no difficulty in it.'—*Foreman.* 'My Lord, we are in some doubt of it.'—*L. C. J.* 'I cannot help your doubts: was there not proved a discourse of the battle and the army at supper time?'—*Foreman.* 'But, my Lord, we are not satisfied that she had notice that Hickes was in the army.'—*L. C. J.* 'I cannot tell what would satisfy you. Did she not inquire of Dunne whether Hickes had been in the army? and when he told her he did not know, she did not say she would refuse him if he had been there, but ordered him to come by night, by which it is evident she suspected it. . . . But if there were no such proof, the circumstances and management of the thing is as full a proof as can be. I wonder what it is you doubt of.'—*Lady Lisle.* 'My Lord, I hope——'—*L. C. J.* 'You must not speak now.'—The Jury laid their heads together near a quarter of an hour, and then pronounced a verdict of *Guilty*.—*L.*

C. J. 'Gentlemen, I did not think I should have had any occasion to speak after your verdict; but, finding some hesitancy and doubt among you, I cannot but say I wonder it should come about; for I think in my conscience the evidence was as full and plain as could be, and if I had been among you, and she had been my own mother, I should have found her guilty.'

The author not unnaturally concludes the volumes before us with the following allusions to the lives he has already written, and to those which then still awaited his pen:—

"It is consoling to me to think that, after the irksome task of relating the actions of so many men devoid of political principle, and ready to suggest or to support any measures, however arbitrary or mischievous, for the purpose of procuring their own advancement,—a brighter prospect now opens, and I see rising before me Chancellors distinguished for their virtues as well as for their talents. To preserve the essential distinctions between right and wrong, to consult the best interests of mankind, I am obliged to expose to reprobation such characters as Shaftesbury, Guilford, and Jeffreys; but it will be far more congenial to my feelings to present for applause and imitation a Somers, a Cowper, a King, and a Hardwicke."

SONNET TO ———.

SWEET girl, thy nobleness has touched my heart,
 A heart that always yields to that rare grace
 Of womanhood, which all untaught by art,
 Swells in thy form, and mantles in thy face!
 Orphaned in earliest life, 'tis thine to show
 What thy lost mother was; and that she lived,
 Though briefly, not in vain,—for we may know
 The giver, from the gift we have received.
 What gentle spirits o'erwatched those lonely years,
 That thou should'st grow so fair, we may not tell—
 But it may be, that the rich germ did swell
 More bounteously from those sweet, human tears,
 Which fell around its birth, as we do know
 The weeping skies make loveliest flowers to grow!

Deal, N. J., 1847.

OUR RECENT CORN TRADE:

ITS ORIGIN AND PROBABLE RESULTS.

In the June number of this work, *at page 642, under the title of "The European Grain Market," we gave an account of the extreme fluctuation of prices, from 1816 to the commencement of the month of April of this year, and called the attention of those concerned to the great risk that had always attended shipments of grain and bread-stuffs from the United States to Great Britain.

It is now our purpose to lay before our readers, the best statistical account we have been enabled to prepare of our recent trade in flour, wheat, and Indian corn; premising that it is generally taken from official returns from the custom houses; but these not being completed, it may not prove precisely accurate, though it is sufficiently so to give a general account of its nature and extent.

But before doing this, though some of our readers may consider it a work of supererogation, we think it best to place upon record, for future reference, the most ample proof, that this trade has had no connection whatever with any measure of the present Administration; but has arisen wholly from the disease in the potato, and the great failure of the grain crops in England and in some parts of Germany.

We do this, because it is a part of the political tactics of the Locofoco party to arrogate to itself whatever has inured to the benefit of the country; and their party presses have accordingly not hesitated, in open violation of the facts in the case, to attribute our recent large trade in grain and bread-stuffs to the measures of the present Administration.

Particularly have they falsely appealed to the tariff of 1846, as giving a freedom to this trade, which did not exist under the tariff of 1842.

The broad policy laid down by the present Administration, is, that we are to depend upon foreign nations for a very large portion of manufactured goods, for which we are to pay in raw materials. With this view they passed the present tariff, the Secretary of the Treasury avowing that if it did not produce this

effect, the duties must be lowered to what he calls a revenue standard, until such quantities of foreign goods shall be imported as will yield sufficient revenue.

This is the avowed policy of the party in power. They advocate, in the broadest manner, a dependence on foreign markets, for our grain and bread-stuffs; and we now propose to show, from facts transpiring while we write, that no dependence whatever is to be placed upon such a market as a permanent source of prosperity to our farming interest.

That Europe is the great wheat country of the world, and that a continental supply is ever ready to meet any deficiency in England, except in cases like the recent famine, we have fully proved in our June number; and we now appeal to the statistics of our recent and present foreign grain trade, to show that not even the unparalleled state of destitution, under which Europe has recently labored, has been sufficient to sustain, up to this time, remunerating prices, or to offer any prospect of a favorable trade in bread-stuffs for the coming year.

But first, let us forever put at rest the absurd claim of the party in power to any of the good effects of the recent demand abroad for our bread-stuffs.

The tariff of 1846 was passed in August of that year, to take effect in the ensuing December. At the time of its passage the price of flour in the New York market was about five dollars per barrel, and its passage so far interfered with the general trade of the country, as to produce the most gloomy prospects for the future.

It paralyzed the general industry of the country; flour declined in price, and it was very much feared that the immense supply of every species of grain would further reduce its value—that from this cause, the farmers would not be enabled to pay the country store-keepers, who consequently would be largely deficient in their payments to the merchants, and that thence would result great mercantile embarrassments in our Atlantic cities.

The money market had already felt the depression caused by the passage of the new tariff, and money was gradually becoming more and more scarce, when accounts reached us of the general scarcity of grain in England, and throughout a large part of Europe, together with the almost total failure of their potato crop.

The effects of these accounts are too well known to need repetition here; all kinds of grain and bread-stuffs advanced in price, and large shipments were made, at freights which yielded handsome profits to the owners of ships. Foreign exchange began to fall, and soon reached a price which made the importation of specie profitable: accordingly the precious metals flowed in upon us, until, it is stated, upwards of twenty millions of dollars were imported.

All this occurred while the tendency of every measure of the present party in power, so far as trade was concerned, was of precisely an opposite character. The lessening of the duties, by the tariff of 1846, increased importations of foreign manufactures, and would, undoubtedly, have raised the price of foreign exchange; the sub-treasury created an additional demand for specie, and the Mexican war kept up a constant drain of it; so that but for the accidental supply, occasioned by the large shipments of grain and bread-stuffs, it is not easy to form an estimate of the embarrassment which would have resulted from the enactment of the new tariff, the sub-treasury, and of the wicked and unrighteous war, in which the country was involved by the ill-advised measures of the President, not to give them the really unconstitutional character they so richly merit.

This is a plain statement of the facts of the case, and we have no hesitation in reiterating what we declared as our opinion, as early as in the March number of this work; namely, that "had there been an abundant crop of grain in Europe, a full crop of cotton in this country, and no disease of the potato, we should have seen a very different state of things; and something very different from past experience must occur, if this unnatural course of trade shall pass off, and business again find its level, without proving how little the permanent prosperity of a country is promoted by extraordinary prices in a foreign market, creating an unnatural demand for its staple productions."

These remarks have been already ver-

ified to a certain extent, and we have not yet seen the end of the matter. It is not, we think, difficult to form some judgment of what will most probably occur ere very long, should the flattering prospects held out, by last advices from Europe, of abundant crops of grain, and little or no disease in the potato, be realized. Doubtless a much increased quantity of grain has been raised throughout the wheat countries of continental Europe. We know that such is the case in the United States; and if the English harvest shall be abundant, as there is every reason to believe it will be, no man living can tell to what price the coming crop may be reduced.

One fact should be borne in mind, which may not occur to those not conversant in the affairs of trade, and that is, that the immense shipments made from this country, to which we shall presently advert, were made from the crop raised in the United States, without expectation of any extraordinary demand—proving what the writer has often urged, namely, that there requires nothing more than the gradual and regular increase of the crop of this country, to supply any demand that may arise from abroad.

Indeed, there can be little doubt, that the same number of persons employed in agriculture, will produce the coming year a much greater quantity than was grown the past season, and that the policy of the present Administration, of curtailing other pursuits to increase our agricultural population, with a view to a foreign market for their produce, is about as wise as it would be to increase the quantity of coal we now raise from our mines, with a view to ship it to Newcastle.

The grain trade of this year offers so striking a proof of what the advocates of the home industry have always insisted upon, and what the "*soi-disant*" free-traders have always denied, that we cannot forbear, in a few words, to advert to it. We allude to the *balance of trade*. What could have caused the fall in exchange on Europe, and the consequent recent influx of specie into this country, but the temporary balance of trade against England, caused by the large shipments of grain and provisions?

We should really like some unbeliever in the *theory*, as it has been called, of any such thing as a balance of trade, to favor us with his mode of accounting for the large quantity of the precious metals which have found their way across the Atlantic for the last nine or twelve months,

upon any other principle than that of the balance of trade.

But leaving all discussions upon subjects foreign to the one immediately before us, we now ask the attention of our readers to the following statistics of our recent grain trade, showing the immense amount of funds thus furnished over and above any calculations that could have been made, by those in power, when they plunged the country into an unnecessary and expensive war, and when, by the passage of the tariff of 1846, and the Sub-Treasury Act, they adopted measures well calculated to create a moneyed crisis, and to embarrass the whole trade and business of the Union.

Let any man at all acquainted with monetary affairs, enter into a fair and candid examination of these statements, to the accuracy of which, so far as they go, we solemnly pledge ourselves, and we cannot doubt he will come to the conclusion, that had there been plentiful crops in Europe, instead of the famine which has prevailed, the new tariff, the sub-treasury, and the Mexican War, would have plunged this country into a moneyed crisis as severe as that prevailing in England, by last accounts, or as any similar crisis we have ever heretofore experienced.

We would further ask a careful attention to the state of prices for our bread-stuffs and grain in England, as they are well known to have governed, and the immense fall that has taken place in them, with a view of settling the question at issue between the Locofoco party and the Whigs; the former adopting measures to force us into a dependence upon a foreign market, for our raw produce, at the sacrifice of the mechanical and industrial arts, while the latter maintain, with Adam Smith, "that the home market is the best of all markets for the rude produce of the soil."

Let it be distinctly understood that the Whig party, in common with all the friends of the home policy, rejoice as much in good foreign markets for our agricultural products, as they do in the success of manufactures or any other portion of our general industry; and therefore is it always a matter of congratulation with them, when the balance of trade is kept in our favor, as in the late demand for our bread-stuffs. What they contend against, is what the writer fears may, and probably will occur, sooner or later, under Locofoco misrule, namely, that over importations, under the present tariff, will turn the balance against us, and cause a sudden return of specie to Europe for manufactured goods, creating a disturbance of the currency highly injurious to the trading community, when such goods could have been made at home with the greatest advantage to every American interest.

In truth, nothing is more injurious to trade than these sudden importations and exportations of specie; and nothing can prevent them in our case but such a tariff as shall limit our importations to our capacity to pay for them by our usual exportations. Had the tariff of 1842 been in operation, in place of that of 1846, we should have permanently kept in the country the specie gained by our recent grain trade, which, under the present tariff, will most probably soon return to Europe.

Let us now present for the inspection of the reader the following tables: No. 1, showing the exports of Flour, Indian Corn and Meal to all foreign countries, for the year ending Sept. 1, 1847; No. 2, Exports to Great Britain and Ireland from Sept. 1846, to 20th Aug. 1847; No. 3, Comparative view of the Exports of the same to foreign countries; for the last ten years; No. 4, The export prices of Indian Corn, Wheat and Flour, from 1828 to 1847.

TABLE No. 1.

Exports of Flour, Wheat, Indian Corn and Meal, from the United States to Foreign Countries, for the year ending September 1st, 1847.

			Estimated Value.
Flour,	4,712,588	bbls. at \$6,	\$28,275,528
Wheat,	5,144,551	bushels,	1,25, 6,430,689
Indian Corn,	17,551,432	"	,80, 13,641,145
Indian Meal,	1,012,579	bbls.	3,25, 3,291,881

Total, \$51,639,243

By changing the Flour and Meal into bushels, allowing 5 bushels of Wheat to a barrel of Flour, and 4 bushels of Corn to a barrel of Meal, and adding the same to the Wheat and Indian Corn, we have the following results:

Wheat,	28,701,491	bushels,	equal to 3,587,686	quarters.
Indian Corn,	21,601,748	"	"	3,700,218

TABLE No. 2.

The exports from the United States to *Great Britain and Ireland*, from September 1st, 1846, to an average time from the various American ports, of about the 20th of August, 1847, were as follows:

			Estimated Value.
Flour,	3,099,176	bbls. at \$6,	\$18,595,056
Wheat,	3,667,119	bushels, 1,25,	4,583,898
Indian Corn,	16,261,591	" ,80,	13,009,272
Indian Meal,	836,847	bbls. 3,25,	2,719,852
Total to Great Britain and Ireland,			\$38,908,078
Total to all other Foreign Countries,			12,731,165

Total Exports, \$51,639,243

TABLE No. 3.

Comparative view of the exports from the United States to Foreign Countries of the above articles of Bread-stuffs, for the previous ten years.

Year ending	Flour, bbls.	Wheat, bushels.	Indian Corn, bushels.	Indian Meal, bbls.	Total Value.
Sept. 30, 1837,	318,719	17,303	151,276	159,435	\$3,926,109
" 1838	448,161	6,291	172,321	171,843	4,475,815
" 1839	923,151	96,325	162,306	165,672	7,868,877
" 1840	1,897,501	1,720,860	574,279	206,063	12,822,614
" 1841	1,515,817	868,585	535,727	232,284	9,577,938
" 1842	1,283,602	817,958	600,308	209,199	9,254,939
June 30, 1843 (9 mos.)	841,474	311,685	281,749	174,354	4,763,097
" 1844 (12 mos.)	1,438,574	558,917	825,282	247,882	8,304,925
" 1845	1,195,230	389,716	840,184	269,030	6,788,665
" 1846	2,289,476	1,613,795	1,826,068	298,790	15,482,388

Total, 9 yrs. and 9 mos., 12,151,705 6,401,435 5,969,500 2,134,552 \$83,265,367

If we call the above period a term of ten years, which is near enough for a comparison, the annual average of these exports, compared with the year ending Sept. 1, 1847, is as follows:

	Annual Average.	Year ending Sept. 1, 1847.
Flour, (bbls.)	1,215,170	4,712,588
Wheat, (bushels.)	640,143	5,144,551
Indian Corn, (bushels.)	596,950	17,551,432
Indian Meal, (bbls.)	213,455	1,012,579

Total value of flour, wheat, corn and meal, \$8,326,536 \$51,639,243

Increase of the year ending Sept. 1, 1847, over the annual average for a period of ten years, \$43,312,707

Increase of the year ending Sept. 1, 1847, over the year ending June 30, 1846, \$36,156,855

TABLE No. 3.

Export prices of Indian Corn, Wheat and Flour, from 1828 to 1847, inclusive.	Years.	Indian Corn per bushel.	Wheat per bushel.	Flour per bbl.
[All but the last year from "Seaman's Progress of Nations."]	1835	\$0,78	\$1,07	\$5,60
	1836	,83	0,10	7,13
	1837	,97	1,56	9,37
	1838	,81	1,30	8,04
	1839	,87	1,48	7,50
	1840	,71	,96	5,34
1828	1841	,59	,94	5,15
1829	1842	,57	1,12	5,68
1830	1843	,42	,87	4,46
1831	1844	,49	,89	4,70
1832	1845	,49	,86	4,45
1833	1846	,65	1,04	5,95
1834	1847 (estimated)	,80	1,25	6,00

To show the comparative value of the home market, over that of the foreign market, we present the following calculations on the crops of Indian Corn and Wheat for the year 1846.

The crops of these grains in the United States for 1839, as ascertained by the census taken in 1840, were as follows:

Indian Corn, 377,531,865 bushels.

Wheat, 84,823,272 "

The Commissioner of Patents estimated the crops of 1845, thus:

Indian Corn, 417,899,000 bushels.

Wheat, 106,548,000 "

The crop of Indian Corn in 1843 was estimated by the Commissioner at 494,618,000 bushels. In the absence of any returns for the year 1846, we may safely estimate it at 425,000,000 of bushels—the disposition of which may be stated as follows, it being generally calculated that over one fourth of the crop is annually sold to non-producers, in the markets of the United States, and for export to foreign countries:—

Quantity used on the farms and plantations in the U. S., for food for man and animals, seed, &c.,	bushels.
Sold to non-producers in the U. S.,	300,000,000
Exported to foreign countries,	103,000,000
	22,000,000
Total crop,	425,000,000

It thus appears that about five per cent. only of the crop of Indian Corn has been exported during the past year, while the domestic consumption, by non-producers, is nearly 25 per cent. of the crop.

With regard to the crop of wheat in 1846, we may estimate it at about 112 millions of bushels—the last having been a very abundant year—and over 25 per cent. of the crop has been exported to foreign countries. We make the following calculation of the disposition of the crop of 1846, based on a similar estimate with regard to the crop of 1840, in the Philadelphia Price Current and Commercial List, published in January, 1842:

	Bushels.
Estimated crop in 1846,	112,000,000.
Used for seed, starch, &c.,	* 8,000,000.
Exported to foreign countries,	28,750,000.
Consumed for human food in the United States,	75,250,000
Total,	112,000,000

We have no data respecting the consumption of wheat by the growers of that grain, similar to that by which we have formed our estimate on Indian corn; but such a calculation is not important, as the superiority of our home market over foreign ones for the consumption of wheat, as well as Indian corn, is sufficiently shown by the above. It is further shown by the great difference between the quantity of produce received at our principal ports, and the exports thereof from the same ports to foreign countries. Thus at Boston the receipts of flour for the year ending Sept. 1, 1847, were 862,523 barrels, while the exports to foreign countries were only 160,565 barrels from the same port; and the receipts of Indian corn at Boston were 2,199,994 bushels—exports to foreign countries, 583,743 bushels.

To these tables, the remarks accompanying them, and the present state of the foreign grain market, we appeal with great confidence fully to show the superior importance of the home market over a foreign one; for though we freely admit the temporary advantage to be derived from large exports, such as those here exhibited, yet when they arise from the distress of our best customers for our great southern staples, there are many deductions to be made from the nominal amount of wealth which they appear to have brought into the country; and especially do we urge that this wealth generally goes into the hands of a few speculators, and is not diffused throughout the industrious classes of our citizens.

Seasons of excessive demand for our products for foreign consumption invariably give rise to a speculative spirit, and unsettle wholesome industry, which is the real wealth of a nation, and is never thus disturbed without great injury to the mass of the people. What the agriculturist most desires is a steady demand for his products at remunerating prices. He can then make his calculations, apportion his expenditures to his receipts, and, by a prudent economy, permanently improve his condition. Whereas, in times of a speculative demand, nothing is certain; wages are suddenly raised; he is induced to till more ground, and, in all probability, as in the present case, by the time his increased crop comes to market, prices greatly recede, so as to leave him with a loss exceeding the profits realized on the pre-

vious one. Another consideration, and a very important one, resulting from an extraordinary rise in price, to supply a foreign demand in bread-stuffs, is, that the whole quantity used throughout the country, commands an equally advanced price; and thus, while a few profit by it, the many are sorely taxed in that essential article. So in the case before us: flour rose from \$4.50 per barrel—to which the abundant crop, and the tariff of 1846, reduced it—as high as \$9; thus doubling the price upon every individual throughout the land; and even among those who speculate in the article for the foreign demand, it inevitably happens that not a few are ruined, when prices recede as they have now receded, nearly, if not quite, one half. These are but a very few of the more prominent disadvantages which result from a speculative trade; but there are many others, not so obvious, such as the extravagant ideas it engenders, drawing off the minds of the people from those industrial pursuits by which alone a permanent prosperity is secured.

We may also always reckon upon one great disadvantage we are sure to experience in a moneyed crisis, that is, when England is under the necessity of making large exports of specie to pay for a foreign supply of grain and bread-stuffs, which invariably reduces the price of our great southern staples, cotton most particularly. Nor can we always be sure that such a crisis will not react upon us, either in the derangement of our own currency, or, as in the present case, in heavy failures.

We feel confident we have not overrated the disadvantages incident to the state of things on which we comment—as a drawback to the advantages which appear in the large amount supposed to be realized in the immense exports shown by our tables.

But admitting that we have gained much money in this trade, is it not obvious that it would be much more profitable, if our tariff were such as to enable us to retain it?

We are among those who do not believe this will be the case, under the present tariff. We cannot shut our eyes to the prospects for the future. The newspapers are constantly boasting of the immense amount of our imports, which are not likely to decrease. Should the present depression in the English money market increase or even continue, British manufactures will fall in price, and our large importations go on, until a balance will be created against us; exchange will consequently rise, for already has it risen from five to nine per cent., and we may look for large exportations of specie. The goods thus increasingly imported will be forced upon our market, to the injury of our home manufactures; and we may in the end find, that what we have considered a most prosperous state of things, may turn out quite the reverse.

We are no croakers, no propheciers of evil, and do not look for any very severe crisis in our affairs. Thanks to the protective policy, we have succeeded in building up, until it has reached a basis not to be overthrown, an internal industry, amounting to some two or three hundred millions of dollars; and this encourages us to believe we stand upon ground so solid, that the improvidence of our present rulers cannot undermine or destroy our present indomitable perseverance and industry.

We are willing to anticipate better things for the future. The recent elections show a conservative feeling to be gaining ground. The schoolmaster has left traces of his labors, which must open the eyes of the people, and teach them what is their true interest. Loco-foco philosophy does not flourish in the broad light of education and knowledge. The sophistry of demagogues will not avail to satisfy the country, that it is our true policy to spend countless millions in an unrighteous war, and deny to Congress the right to improve our rivers and harbors, or enact laws to foster and sustain the arts of peace.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

THE last European news were of the greatest interest. Europe is thrown into a general ferment, and we believe that war will soon begin at some points of the old world. Italy is approaching the crisis of her struggle for independence; Switzerland is threatened with a civil and religious war; while Spain shows herself the scandal of the age. But upon Italy the eyes of the world are chiefly directed. All free spirits sympathize with that nation of martyrs—all are anxious to witness her liberation—to behold her united and independent. After thirty long years of slavery and chains, the voice of Italian emancipation was heard from Rome—from the “city of the soul,” calling the Italians to liberty. Faithful to their principles, they answered that they were ready for battle—to drive the barbarians of the north from their fair peninsula. What did Austria, France, and England do, in such a critical moment? Austria used all the most degrading means to subdue the Pope and his people, but all were useless. War is unavoidable. Austria must no longer be mistress of that country: she must withdraw beyond the Alps, and give her last adieu to Italy. France has done little or nothing for Italian liberty. Guizot, with his hypocritical and mysterious policy, endeavors to intervene between Austria and the Pope; he wishes Pius IX. to follow the politics of Gregory XVI., and be reconciled with Austria, the eternal enemy of Italy. England, on the contrary, intervenes as a friend to Italy and the Pope. She eagerly declares herself against the Austrian intervention, and sends a strong navy to protect the coasts of Romagna. The occupation of Ferrara by an Austrian army has excited the just indignation, not only of the Italians, but of many other nations. In France, although the government is opposed to war, and Louis Philippe and his ministry would sacrifice all to keep things where they are, the people are ready to fight for the good cause, as well as to break off the present governmental system. France and Italy have common feelings—have old remembrances that unite them. This is not the year 1831, when the Italians were betrayed by the Citizen King and his *soi-disant* liberal ministers.

Cardinal Ciacchi, the Governor of Ferrara, sent a second protestation to Austria, against the violation of the Roman territory, and advised all the population to leave the city to the enemy, and march off to Bologna. Such a patriotic and noble proclamation reminds us of the old Greeks,

when, attacked and pursued by the barbarians of Asia, they retired into a far country, leaving their native homes, rather than serve as slaves to their enemies. With such a man as Cardinal Ciacchi, the new Pope is sure of being supported in this national struggle, and will have the sympathy of all Italy. Notwithstanding these demonstratious, additional regiments of soldiery have joined the garrison of Ferrara, and Austria seems not to retrocede from her infamous design. On the 15th of August, in the city of Ferrara and neighboring places, the excited population were armed and waiting for an order of the Cardinal to attack the Austrian garrison. It is cheering to see the ardor of the people for enlistment. They say continually that they are ready to fight and die for their country. Never before did Italy offer so great a spectacle of union and nationality. From the Roman papers we learn that the government is disposed to defend to the last the independence of the country. By order of Pius IX., a camp for military exercise and observation met near Forli. Every day new troops cross the Apennines for Bologna and the Austrian frontiers. The Papal government have thought it best until now to be inactive. The Romans have no hope of help on the side of France; they remember well the infamous treachery of 1831, and know that Louis Philippe will not dare to declare war against any power. At a large meeting of citizens in Rome, the nephew of the present Pope and brother of Cardinal Ferretti, Secretary of State, expressed himself with his habitual freedom and boldness concerning the intentions of the government—“that he is ready to defend his rights, by all possible and necessary means, even to the last drop of his blood.” The Pope himself, in a consistory of cardinals, said that he trusted in God and his people to compel the enemy to withdraw. “I shall excommunicate the Austrians,” said he, “and if that is not enough, I will go on horseback to the field of battle; I will rouse all Italians and Catholics, and in less than a month two millions of men will be under my banner.” “Let it be your endeavor,” he added, “to keep the people quiet; tell them to be prudent and faithful,—that I will never yield, and Italy must at length be free and united.” This was the language and policy of the great Hildebrand, of Alexander III., and of Julius II., the greatest and most patriotic Popes. On the 18th of August the young national guard assembled at the Villa Bor-

guese to parade, and Cardinal Ferretti exclaimed that he would feel happy to direct such a troop against the Austrians. In Ferrara a patrol of citizens were attacked by Austrian soldiers, and cruelly butchered. Thus were murdered by Austria the ambassadors of the French Republic at the Congress of Rastad, and in the same manner a great number of Poles were destroyed by the bloody Szeckler, chargé of Prince Metternich, and the terror of Galicia. In every part of Italy there is commotion, and a general insurrection might be excited at any moment. Maria Louisa, the Duke of Lucca, and the King of Naples have joined Austria against the Pope; but all their plots will be useless, as the Italians are united, and weary of despotic governments. The Duke of Lucca fled to Venice, and left the government in the hands of his ministry. In Parma and Piacenza there are daily riots between the people and the soldiers. Such a horrible condition of things must end in a revolution.

The Calabrians are in full insurrection against their king. Many cities of that kingdom are already in the power of the insurgents. A priest is the commander-in-chief, and he refuses to make any amnesty with the government. In Livorno an Austrian plot against the citizens has been discovered. It was to attack the Austrian consul, in order that Austria might have a pretence for interfering in Tuscany. On the 22d of August, a great number of armed citizens met on the *Piazza del Gran Duca*, and asked the Governor to be sent to Ferrara to fight against the Austrians. To sum up all in a word, Italy is a volcano of insurrection, a nation irritated and aroused. The Duke of Tuscany has changed his ministry, selecting wise and liberal men. The King of Naples has left the city for Sicily. He fears an insurrection and the punishment of his crimes. In Lombardy, the country most exposed to Austrian invasion, and now occupied by the troops of the Emperor, there is great anxiety for war, and all the Lombards are in favor of Pius IX. Although the circulation of the Roman papers is prohibited, you see in every house and store the portrait of the new Pope, and in the evening they sing liberal songs to his honor in the streets. If Pius IX. finds enemies in some princes of Italy, he is now assured of the friendship and support of the powerful King of Sardinia. Charles Albert sent a strong and indignant protestation to Austria against the violation of Ferrara. He requires that the Austrian troops should return to their quarters in Lombardy, and give full satisfaction to the Pope and the people. His consul at Milan has been recalled, and there is no doubt that Charles Albert will be the first prince to attack Austria with a strong army. He has offered the Pope the use of his artil-

lery and navy. England follows the same policy. A large squadron left Malta for the Archipelago, to watch the movements of Austria. More than that—we are assured by a private letter that English soldiers have landed at Ancona, and joined the Papal troops. An English ambassador will be sent to Rome, as a counsellor to Pius IX. Thus a Protestant nation has shown herself solicitous to defend the rights of the head of the Catholic Church. What a disgrace for the French nation to be the last in this cause, to be anticipated by England! The King of Sardinia will be able to stand alone against Austria, and his army is better disciplined than the Emperor's. He can raise two hundred thousand men. He himself is an Italian prince, and his army is wholly composed of Italians—all enemies to Austria.

The *Gazetta Piemontese*, the true organ of the Sardinian government, condemns the intervention at Ferrara in the most indignant and hostile expressions. It seems that the King dares Metternich, with the most imperious threats, to keep his barbarians in Ferrara. The Pope lately sent an emissary to France, Signor Lopez, captain of artillery, with a commission to purchase ten thousand muskets and other arms. The number of the volunteers has risen to nearly twelve thousand men. In Romagna great numbers of priests and monks exercise themselves daily in arms, and offer the government their monasteries and revenues to sustain the war. Signor Azeglio, author of many excellent literary works, has left Rome for Bologna, with an order from Pius IX. to raise troops for defence of the frontiers. The language of the Pope is full of patriotic feelings, and indignation against Austria. He knows that he is again the greatest moral power of the world. Sixteen years ago Austria intervened in the Roman States against the population—now she intervenes against the Pope himself. If the Pope declares war against Austria, no one can tell where and when he will stop his holy war. All the petty tyrants of Italy are in danger, as well as the despotic governments of other countries.

By the German papers we see that the prudent and liberal King of Prussia is on the point of making a journey in Italy, and to pay a visit to the greatest man of our day, Pius IX. Certainly such a friendly and respectful visit will procure the Prussian States the liberty of worship, and liberty of worship to the Protestants in Italy. The King of Prussia seems to have placed himself in opposition to Austria, and in favor of the Pope. The Princes of Bavaria, Wirtemberg, and Baden, have taken the same ground with England and Sardinia, respecting the encroachments of Austria, and have joined in an alliance to resist Austrian aggressions. France will

be compelled to ally herself with these powers; their liberal institutions, the universal enthusiasm of the French people for Italy, the great republican and opposition party, all must force the government to take part with Pius IX.

In Switzerland the Catholic cantons begin to think more seriously about their dangerous situation. The Swiss Diet have decided by the *vorort* that all the officers who belong to the army of the league shall be expelled from the federal army, as against the orders of the Diet and of the federal treaty. A singular event happened to show these people that they are driven into a civil war by the great enemy of their country. All the guns which were distributed to the soldiers of the *Sunderbund* had etched on them the Austrian mark; they were sent into Switzerland by Austria, and bought by the Jesuits. What honor and glory for the Swiss, could they return to their ancient alliance, and unite themselves against the enemies of their land! It would be a greater victory than any that Switzerland ever gained.

In Germany there is nothing new.

In Poland, Metternich has sent to the scaffold three noble Polish young men. They die for liberty! More victims to join the Polish martyrology!! In Galicia, the bloody Szeckler, the assassin in chief of that country, the same one who carried fire and destruction over all Galicia, the chargé of Metternich, after a long and secret process—where every one believed that he would have expiated all his crimes with death—was found not guilty, and decorated by the Emperor with a golden medal! It is but just. He served the Emperor, and had to be rewarded; his gold medal will be the sign by which the Polish mothers may point out to their children the murderer of their fathers. Worthy, indeed, to be made a knight of Austria!

The King of Holland finds his crown too heavy for his head, or rather, himself unworthy to be the head of that kingdom. On the 15th of August, early in the morning, he went to La Haye, and had a private conference with his ministers, which lasted three hours. It was to direct the different branches of the administration of the country during his absence. His intention was to create a regency while he remains at a distance from his state; but the Prince of Orange declined the royal offer, and the King will be obliged to trust some one of his ministers with this great and difficult charge.

Spain is in a condition perfectly anarchic. The Queen asks for a divorce. The fatuous King declares that he is not the father of the child born of Queen Isabella. The ministry is changed, Catalonia in insurrection, and the Carlist guerillas rise everywhere. What will be the end of such a disorder and scandal, God knows! Isa-

bella has been sacrificed by her infamous mother, and by the intrigues of Louis Philippe and Guizot. She married her cousin Ferdinando against her wishes, and it is said that this Prince is an impotent man. All this was known by Philippe and Guizot. By such a human sacrifice France has broken the treaty of Utrecht, and by the marriage of Montpensier, a Prince of the royal family of France, to the sister of the Queen of Spain. Austria may say to Louis Philippe, "You have violated the treaties of Utrecht, I violate those of the Congress of Vienna." Louis Philippe, uniting Queen Isabella to an impotent man, thereby cuts off the succession. He was aware that by old rights of the crown of Spain, the son of the Duke of Montpensier would be the legitimate King of that country. General Narvaez, the faithful minister of Cristina, it is said, has returned to Spain to pronounce the child of the Queen illegitimate. There is no doubt a secret conspiracy against the reputation of the young Queen.

In Portugal, Maria Della Gloria is not yet assured of her throne—her power is doubtful. She has not fulfilled her promise to the Junta and the English ministry. Portugal and Spain will be engaged in a civil war. Foreign intervention will be necessary again, new victims will fall again, more blood be spilled!

In France at present, the execrable policy of Charles X. seems to be imitated—to prosecute the public press, and to charge the people with exorbitant duties. Six newspapers have been stopped in Paris, because they dared to expose the intrigues of the government, and the crimes of its employees. It is a new thing in history that royal ministers, chief officers of the army, princes and dukes, are accused and condemned as robbers, rogues, and assassins! Every day new discoveries of robberies in the administration of the government, teach the people by what men they are governed, and what are the higher agents of Louis Philippe. To complete the series of crimes and intrigues, came out the horrible murder of the Duchess of Praslin, and the robberies and sharpings of Monsieur Delasalle, chief of the cabinet of M. de Martineau Deschenetz, under secretary of state and war. We need add nothing to what the papers have said about the murderer Praslin. In the darkness and solitude of night, a husband, reputed a gentleman, and a noble, assassinates his faithful and amiable wife!

England has been accused of making an alliance with the Pope as the only means to keep Ireland quiet. We wish to think differently of her, and are willing to believe that her intervention in Italy is only to emancipate that country, and complete the good work which she began in 1813. The English press is daily reproaching France with her neutrality toward Austria,

and her scandalous intrigues in the affair of the Spanish marriage. The Morning Advertiser affirms that government proposes to revise the system of monetary circulation for the next year. It is supposed that Sir Robert Peel will support this project; but it is not yet known when this proposition will be carried into effect. The commercial news from England are painful—so many commercial houses have failed. The loss sustained by different banks in England, Scotland, and Ireland, is supposed to be not less than twelve millions of dollars.

The news received at Marseilles from the East Indies are of the 19th July last, but

with very little interest. The Punjaub-Lahore was quiet, and an insurrection had arisen at the palace of Goulab-Sing, the ancient rajah of Lahore, whom the English had created King of Cachemire.

War continues to desolate Circassia, and the Russians have been severely beaten. Since the battle of Guerquibil in the Daghestan, the Circassians have gathered courage, and are pressing the Russian army on all sides. The soldiers of Chamyl, and those of his viceroy, Nour-Ali, attacked the Russians with the greatest vigor and ferocity. The Russians suffered great loss, and were compelled to retreat before the enemy. S. de C.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

The Power of the Soul over the Body, considered in relation to Health and Morals. By GEORGE MOORE, M.D., Member of the Royal College of Physicians, London, etc. etc. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Considerations of the kind presented in this little volume are characteristic of the present age. Philosophy, or rather metaphysical science, tends to two extremes—to confound soul with body, which is materialism—or body with soul, which is idealism. Philosophy and science of course make no such confusion.

“Creation,” says our author, “is graduated, and every creature has its proper place. The totality of an animal’s framework indicates its position in the scale of being. The superiority of man in this respect is at once evident.” A varied intelligence requires a varied organism. “The mind reigns in the body. The will controls matter. It is the point at which the higher laws of Divinity work upon matter and govern it according to reason. The body is the kingdom of the soul.”

Materialism declares the mind is only a more complex result of mechanism; idealism, that the world itself is no more than a dream of the human soul—the “I.” Both opinions emanate from the same source—a vitiated, or one-sided understanding. We may conclude, that since the mind is capable of entertaining either view with indifference, one to-day, and the other to-morrow, that neither is true. Our author seems to be aware of this, and refuses to commit himself on either extreme: he philosophizes in the old fashion—he gives soul and body each its due. He even Platonicizes, affirming that reason is a more certain guide to knowledge than sense,—else why do not the animals whose senses are more acute than ours, attain to a rational knowledge superior to our own?

To the modern materialism of the phrenologists, who cannot distinguish soul from body, because they have observed that the actions of the soul are straightened and cramped by a deficiency of organs—just as they would be by a defect in the limbs, or by being wholly devoid of a body, or by a body impaired by disease or insanity—our author opposes sensible arguments and illustrative anecdotes. This book is well supported by argument and illustration, and is composed in a copious and elegant style. It is learned and well arranged.

The tenth chapter is entitled “Illustrations of the Power of the Mind in Dreaming and Somnambulism, etc.,” in which he endeavors to show an independent action of the mind in the somnolent state of the body, tending to prove a perfect unity in the mind, contrary to that opinion which gives it a multitude of independent functions. To conceive this doctrine we confess to be very difficult—as difficult as to conceive how all the distinct and separate qualities of a metal or other substance do yet together make one integral substance. His arguments under this head do not seem to us satisfactory; yet they are interesting, and stimulate thoughts in an agreeable manner.

Several chapters succeed on injudicious education, misemployment of the mind, and kindred subjects on the confines of physiology and psychology.

“The following history, abbreviated from Dr. Abercrombie’s statement, will further illustrate the fact, that memory, as well as other faculties, may exist to a greater extent than ordinary use of recollection would warrant us to suppose. A girl, seven years of age, employed in tending cattle, was accustomed to sleep in an apartment occupied by an itinerant fiddler, who was a musician of considerable skill,

and who often spent the night in performing pieces of a refined description. These performances were noticed by the child only as disagreeable noises. After residing in this house six months, she fell into bad health, and was removed by a benevolent lady to her own home; where on her recovery she was employed as a servant. Some years after she came to reside with this lady, the wonder of the family was strongly excited by hearing the most beautiful music during the night, especially as they spent many waking hours in vain endeavors to discover the invisible minstrel. At length the sound was traced to the sleeping room of the girl, who was fast asleep, but uttering from her lips sounds exactly resembling those of a small violin. On further observation it was found, that after being about two hours in bed, she became restless, and began to mutter to herself; she then uttered tones precisely like the tuning of a violin, and at length, after some prelude, dashed off into elaborate pieces of music, which she performed in a clear and accurate manner, and with a sound not to be distinguished from the most delicate modulations of that instrument. During the performance she sometimes stopped, imitated the re-tuning her instrument, and then began exactly where she had stopped, in the most correct manner. These paroxysms occurred at irregular intervals, varying from one to fourteen or even twenty nights, and they were generally followed by a degree of fever.

"After a year or two her music was not confined to the imitation of the violin, but was often exchanged for that of the piano, which she was accustomed to hear in the house where she now lived; and she then also began to sing, imitating exactly the voices of several ladies of the family. In another year from this time she began to talk a great deal in her sleep, in which she seemed to fancy herself instructing a younger companion. She often descanted with the utmost fluency and correctness on a great variety of topics, both political and religious; the news of the day, the historical parts of Scripture, of public characters, of members of the family and of their visitors. In these discussions she showed the most wonderful discrimination, often combined with sarcasm, and astonishing powers of memory. Her language on the whole was fluent and correct, and her illustrations often forcible and eloquent. She was fond of illustrating her subjects by what she called a fable, and in these imageries was both appropriate and elegant. She was by no means limited in her range. Bonaparte, Wellington, Blucher, and all the kings of the earth, figured among the phantasmagoria of her brain, and all were animadverted upon with such freedom as often made me think poor Nancy had been transported into Madame Genlis' Palace of

Truth. She has been known to conjugate Latin verbs, which she had probably heard in the school-room of the family, and she was even heard to speak several sentences very correctly in French, and at the same time stating that she heard them from a foreign gentleman. Being questioned on this subject when awake, she remembered having seen this gentleman, but could not repeat a word of what he said. During her paroxysms it was almost impossible to awake her; and when her eyelids were raised, and a candle brought near her eye, the pupil seemed insensible to the light."

This case may serve to explain many others supposed to be of a miraculous nature, through the intervention of spirits, as they are explained by the followers of Swedenborg and Mesmer.

Discourse on the Uses and Importance of History, illustrated by a Comparison of the American and French Revolutions. By HON. WM. C. RIVES.

This address was delivered the last summer, before the historical department of the Society of Alumni of the University of Virginia. It is a noble and eloquent discourse, full of impressive historical illustrations and references, and informed throughout with an elevated spirit, suited to the nature of the subject. It forms a just companion to the oration delivered by Mr. Rives two years ago, on the "Character and Services of John Hampden"—both of them worthy of an eminent public man, who also, to his greater honor, finds time to maintain his place among the accomplished scholars of the country. Of all addresses, we conceive that those of a high and solemn historic cast are the most valuable for our country and times; for we are in especial need of the lessons of the past to guide us in the future. It is, we would add, a matter of deep gratification to us, when public men, joining the practical knowledge of the statesman to the erudition of the man of letters, come forward to instruct the people on important themes. There have been other excellent examples of late, of which we shall take due notice.

ERRATA.—In the sketch of Hon. THOS. CORWIN, published last month, the following mistakes occurred from the badness of the MS., and the impossibility of sending the proof to the author:—

310 p. 2d col. 15 line from top,	constant for consistent.
" " 21 "	constantly for instantly.
311 1st 17 "	strike out the word same.
" " 23 "	as for is.
" " 43 "	effect for effort.
315 p. 2d col. 26 line from top,	hence for however.
" " 38 "	hence for however.
" " 9 "	bot., ornate for erratic.
316 1st 5 "	top, higher for mixed.
" " 7 "	great for grand.
" " 25 "	graver for grave.

Also, note p. 144, for "the leading Cato, that conspirator," read, "the leading Cato-street conspirator."





Eng'd by T Doney

POPE PIUS IX.

Painted by Anselmo Buguerrecioped by Haas

Engraved for the American Review

Printed by Powell & Co

AMERICAN REVIEW.

 Contents for November.

THE LATE NEGOTIATIONS FOR PEACE,	441
A WORD TO THE WISE,	453
AVELINE,	454
FOREIGN IMMIGRATION,	455
VALLEY OF THE LAKES. By R. W. Haskins, A.M.,	466
OCTOBER WOODS,	475
LETTERS ON THE IROQUOIS. By Skenandoah,	477
OUR FINNY TRIBES.—AMERICAN RIVERS AND SEA-COASTS. By Charles Lanman.	490
GERMAN VIEWS OF ENGLISH CRITICISM,	497
HON. JOHN MINOR BOTTS, AND THE POLITICS OF VIRGINIA,	504
CHILDREN IN HEAVEN,	511
A NIGHT WITH THE DEAD,	512
THE UNION OF THE WHIGS OF THE WHOLE UNION. By a Southern Whig,	514
HOWITT'S "HOMES AND HAUNTS OF BRITISH POETS,"	516
ACTORS, ;	519
SOME NEW POETS,	524
ITALY AND PIUS IX.,	529
CRITICAL NOTICES,	547

 NEW YORK:


GEORGE H. COLTON, 118 NASSAU STREET.

LONDON: WILEY & PUTNAM,

6 WATERLOO PLACE, REGENT STREET.

THE portrait of Pius IX., the present Pope, was painted by Signor Anelli, an Italian Artist in New-York, from a miniature sent from Rome. To the politeness of that Artist we owe the privilege of a Daguerreotype from his valuable picture.

During the next year, other portraits and sketches of characters eminent in the politics of Europe will appear in the Review. The likenesses are designed to be in etching.

 We request all dues to the *American Review*, to be transmitted to the office without delay. Our past expenses and still greater ones in prospect, which we feel called upon to incur for the improvement of the work, render this request necessary.

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NOVEMBER, 1847.

NO. V.

THE LATE NEGOTIATIONS FOR PEACE.

Just and honest men in America—those whose principles have sustained its liberties and made it the refuge and hope of humanity—are now witness to a new phasis in its affairs. Until of late, their fears and efforts had been limited to the causes of internal decay and dissolution in the nation; they dreaded lest the contending interests and passions of the parts, might endanger the safety of the whole: but they never imagined that at any time the evil influences which lay in the members of the State might, on a sudden, draw to a head and direct their malignant energies upon a foreign object; they did not suspect—as suspicion is least in the honest and sincere—that the worst passions of the least worthy part of the nation, would find an Executive fitted to be the head and organ of their mischievous energies. They did not believe that this nation could ever so far forget itself and the righteous spirit of its founders, as to become on a sudden the most terrible, because the strongest—the least appeasable because the most selfish—and the most hopeless because the most numerous and many-headed of tyrants. Would the fathers of the Constitution have believed that this nation, which they struggled with their lives to found upon the purest principles of equity, could permit its rulers to make it, in less than a century from its establishment, a shameless and greedy conqueror? Would they have endured the reproach? would they have raised an arm in that cause, with a

prophetic knowledge of this terrible secret of futurity which has just dawned upon the minds of men?

“The Anglo-Saxon race are destined”—destined to what?—to re-assert that maxim of tyrants that might is right—that conquest is right—that there are “rights” of conquest—that the booty belongs to the slayer—that the land is his who can seize and hold it.

Yet such is certainly the fact. The party in power, acting through an Administration every way fitted for the task, are renewing the war upon Mexico, in consequence of her refusal to cede her territory, the property of her citizens. The people of the United States have a territory of their own, immense, sufficient for a population ten times larger than that which now possesses it. The people of Mexico, their neighbors, have also a territory, bordering on their own; they therefore, under a pretext, fall upon their neighbors, and after a bloody war, marching to their very capital, dictate terms of peace, conditioning for an immense and valuable tract of their neighbor's territory; and on a just and bold refusal on the part of Mexico, they renew the war, heaping injury upon injury.

After the insult offered by our government in the mission of Mr. Slidell, an insult apparently intended to exasperate the Mexicans, it was very naturally expected that the mission of Mr. Trist would partake of the same spirit and lead to the same result, the continuance of the war.

Nor has public expectation on this point fallen short of the truth. The conditions offered by our government, though softened in their effect by the commissioner, have served no other purpose than to exasperate our neighbors. In reply to the propositions of Mr. Trist, they remark: "The fourth article of the project which your Excellency was pleased to deliver to us on the 27th of August last, and which has been the subject of our latter conferences, relates to the cession, on the part of Mexico, 1st, of the State of Texas; 2d, of the territory this side the limits of that State, extending to the left bank of the Bravo and the southern frontier of New Mexico; 3d, of all New Mexico; 4th, of the Californias."

"The existing war was undertaken solely on account of the territory of Texas, respecting which the North American Republic presents, as its title, the act of said State by which it was annexed to the North American Confederation, after having proclaimed its independence of Mexico. The Mexican Republic offering, (as we have informed your Excellency) to consent, for a proper indemnification, to the pretension of the government of Washington to the territory of Texas, the cause of the war has disappeared, and the war itself ought to cease, since there is no warrant for its continuance. In the other territories mentioned in the 4th article in your Excellency's draft, no right has heretofore been asserted by the Republic of North America, nor do we believe it possible for it to assert any. Consequently it could not acquire them except by the right of conquest, or by the title which will result from the cession, or sale, which Mexico might now make. But as we are persuaded that the Republic of Washington will not only absolutely repel, but will hold in abhorrence, the first of these titles; and as on the other hand it would be a new thing, and contrary to every idea of justice, to make war upon a people for refusing to sell territory which its neighbor sought to buy; we hope from the justice of the government and the people of North America, that the ample modifications which we have to propose to the cession of territory, contemplated by the said article 4th, will not be a motive to persist in a war which the worthy general of the North American troops has styled as unnatural.

"In our conferences, we have informed your Excellency that Mexico cannot cede the tract which lies between the left bank

of the Bravo and the right of the Nueces. The reason entertained for this is not alone the full certainty that such territory never belonged to the State of Texas, nor is it founded upon the great value in the abstract which is placed upon it. It is because that tract together with the Bravo, forms the natural frontier of Mexico, both in a military and commercial sense; and the frontier of no State ought to be sought, and no State should consent to abandon its frontier. But in order to remove all cause of trouble hereafter, the Government of Mexico engages not to found new settlements nor establish colonies in the space between the two rivers; so that remaining in its present uninhabited condition, it may serve as an equal security to both Republics."

The Mexican commissioners then argue very properly, that they cannot cede the Californian Peninsula, because of its position opposite to their coasts of Sonora; and that if the Peninsula is retained, enough of Upper California must be held, to connect the Peninsula with the rest of the Mexican territory, that power being unable to keep up an efficient communication by sea, being not a maritime power. They offer, however, to treat for the cession and sale of that region, from the thirty-seventh degree upwards to Oregon; a valuable tract, containing mines, and including the much desired port of St. Francisco.

The grant of a free passage from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific, across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, having been made to a private company, and by them transferred to a European power, with the consent of Mexico, the commissioners very justly declare their inability to concede it to the United States.

To the objection of the Mexican commissioners against the cession of the Californian Peninsula, Mr. Trist seems to have turned a reasonable ear; but the cession of New Mexico was a point, it appears, so fully resolved upon by the Government of the United States, he would not refer it to his government for reconsideration. Our Executive, having violently occupied this territory, makes a point of not yielding it. "Not only sentiments of honor and delicacy," say the Mexican commissioners, "but also a calculation of interests, prevent our government from the dismemberment of New Mexico." With these reservations, the Mexican commissioners leave

open to negotiation the cession of parts of their territory by purchase, refusing at all events to acknowledge in the Government of the United States, any authority or power over any part of the territory occupied or in dispute, and showing a full sense of the unjust and barbarous character of this war between two Republics, in which the stronger means to force the weaker into a sale and sacrifice of its territorial rights.

To exhibit in a clear and unquestionable light the true character of this war, and the kind of treaty into which the Government of the United States is endeavoring to force the Mexicans, we have only to compare the above arguments and objections of the Mexican commissioners, with the conditions of peace offered by our government, through Mr. Trist.

“Article 1, of the Project of a Treaty presented by the American commissioner,” is, “That there be a firm and lasting peace between the United States of America and the United Mexican States.”

The only possible conditions of a firm and lasting peace, are the acknowledgment, at the outset, of all absolute rights on both sides. An unjust treaty, like that for the division of Poland, the assumption of the liberties of Cracow, the cession of territory wrested by force from a neighboring power, the compulsory sale of such a territory, on the assumption of a false principle or fictitious right, on either side, cannot, in the nature of things, become the basis of “a firm and lasting peace.” The admission of bad faith into its provisions is a confession of bad faith on both sides; nor can either of the high contracting parties reproach the other, when this admitted falseness of principle appears again in the violation of the conditions: a convention to do or suffer injustice, is an irresponsible convention; a temporizing agreement between conquering robbers, or between the strong oppressor and the weak oppressed, is no moral or obligatory agreement, and will be violated, as it was conceived, on a pretence.

In establishing a firm and lasting peace with a conquered nation, it is, therefore, absolutely necessary for the conquerors to know the moral as well as the physical relations of the contracting powers; unless it is the intention of the stronger to crush and enslave the weaker.

The violation of such treaties excites no surprise, and must be looked for as a natural consequence. A treaty of the kind in question, will bear upon its face the character and principles of the stronger party, either of the immediate executive, or of the nation as a political body. If the political principles of the conquering nation be accurately represented in the powers which ratify the treaty, they will appear in the just or unjust conditions on which it is established. A barbarous and despotic polity, the fruit of an oppressive, despotic constitution, can produce only unjust and arbitrary treaties, to be violated on the first pretence. A free and liberal government, founded in equity and the equal rights of man, must originate only just and equitable treaties, accordant with the spirit which originates them. The legislature of such a government cannot authorize a treaty which violates the very essence of its constitution. The polity of these United States identifies national with individual virtue, and will not admit a double system of right and wrong, one to guide the individual, and another to guide the nation.

The fourth article of the “Project for a Treaty” relates to the boundaries, and is the most important. It is as follows:

“ART. 4. The civilizing line between the two republics shall commence at the Gulf of Mexico, three leagues from land, in front of the mouth of the Rio Grande, thence along the middle of said river to the line of New Mexico; thence westward, along the southern limit of New Mexico, to the south-west angle of the same; thence northward along the western line of New Mexico, to where the same is cut by the first branch of the river Gila, if it be not cut by any branch of said river; then to a point in said line nearest the said branch; and thence in a direct line to the same, and downward by the middle of said branch and of the river Gila, until it empties into the Rio Colorado; thence downwards by the middle of the Gulf of California, to the Pacific Ocean.

“ART. 5. Proposes remuneration, in consideration of this extension of the limits of the United States, and on conditions expressed in Article 8th, for the free passage over the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. The United States agree not only to abandon all reclamation of the costs of the war, but agree also to pay Mexico a sum of money, (amount not named,) and to assume and pay all reclamations of citizens of the United States, provided they do not exceed

three millions of dollars, which, according to a convention between the two republics held in the city of Mexico, on the 30th of January, 1843, were to have been paid by the Mexican Republic.

“ART. 8. Gives to the United States a free passage for its citizens across the isthmus, which divides the Gulf of Mexico from the Pacific, and grants them the right against all other nations except Mexico herself, of the transportation of every species of merchandise produced by or belonging to the government or citizens of the United States, by whatever means of communication may exist, free of all tolls and charges whatsoever. And if any railroad or canal shall hereafter be constructed, such tolls only shall be levied on citizens and merchandise of the United States as are levied on the same of the United Mexican States.”

By this project of a treaty Mexico is invited, on penalty of a continuance of the war, to yield up all her territory north of the Rio Grande del Norte, together with the province of Santa Fé, the two Californias, and the free use of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec; and the United States, in return, offer to pay the claims of her own citizens against Mexico, provided they do not exceed three millions, to pay in addition a certain sum, to be hereafter determined, and to demand nothing for the costs of war.

The United States, by this project, admits the right of Mexico over the territories mentioned, including the strip of land between the Nueces and Bravo rivers; and offers in compensation the payment of the claim, and of a sum of money not specified. In case this is not agreed to by Mexico, the war is to be continued. Mexico on her part is willing, for the proper equivalent, to cede the territory between Oregon and the 37th deg., which includes the port of St. Francisco, a mining district, and a long line of coast, of little value to Mexico, but which might be turned to great advantage by the colonists and traders of the United States. The province of New Mexico being a part of the great table land of Anahuac, on which the capital of Mexico is itself situated, belongs naturally to the Mexican Republic. The commissioners refuse to give it up, from reasons of policy and interest as well as of honor; they cannot sacrifice their own citizens by making them over to a foreign power, nor impair their territory by yielding up an immense and valuable portion of it, connected by nature with the rest.

Though it does not lie within the limits of our present inquiry to reconsider the causes of the war, whether the government consider the acquisition of territory, at all risks, and at the sacrifice of every principle of justice, to be a measure dictated by the feeling of the nation, or of a great part of the nation; or whether the whole is an affair got up by a few Mexican and American intriguers, aiming at private advantage; or whether it be the destiny of the famous Anglo-Saxon race to be always knowing in the theory and ignorant in the practice of morals; whether with Texas we unavoidably annexed the war, or whether a just and prudent Administration would not have easily escaped it—it is nevertheless necessary to an understanding of the grounds and conditions of this treaty, to know perfectly the moral and economical relations in which we stand to Mexico, pending the present negotiations. Without such knowledge it will be clearly impossible for this nation ever to establish a “sure and lasting peace” between the two Republics.

What, then, are the conditions to be known before establishing this sure and lasting peace?

As it is difficult to conceive that such a government as ours should have undertaken a war of robbery and spoliation under the name of conquest, people amuse their imaginations with magnificent generalizations on the destiny of the Anglo-Saxon race; or they talk, perhaps, of a balance of power to be maintained betwixt the North and South, as the real causes of the war. That the more immediate cause was the hasty annexation of Texas, previous to the acknowledgment of that State by Mexico, and before any just efforts had been made to satisfy her by compensation for the loss of her territory, few will be disposed to deny. It was the obvious duty of our government to have endeavored to pacify Mexico by every honorable means, before annexing the revolted State. We were not appointed umpires between Mexico and Texas, nor had any right over either; common justice, therefore, demanded a conciliatory course on our part. But now we are heaping wrong upon wrong. A forced sale is a robbery: we are forcing Mexico to a sale of such of her territory as please ourselves. The conduct of Texas in revolting admits of discussion; but our own is so much worse, the merest tyro in morality must see at once the injustice

of it. It was not suspected by scrupulous persons in the United States, when they condemned Texas for throwing off her allegiance, that our own government was ready to commit a wrong to which that of Texas bears no comparison, if indeed she is to be held guilty at all.

The claims of certain of our citizens against Mexico, afforded a happy opportunity for settling all disputes about territory. The poverty of the Mexicans, and a conciliatory course on the side of our government, would have led sooner or later to a sufficient acquisition of territory, if territory was needed; and now, after all the expense and losses of the war, our government offers remuneration withheld before the war. It begins by conquering the territory, and then offers to buy it; it first asserts its right, and then wishes to have it ratified by a sale; finally, by this very offer of remuneration to Mexico, it destroys all the pretexts of the war, and proves itself to have committed an immense and deliberate wrong. If the territory is ours, it is ours, and Mexico cannot sell it to us; if it belongs to Mexico, we cannot force her to a sale of it without committing a wrong greater than robbery, as it adds insult to deprivation.

Among the immediate causes of the war, the most obvious was the occupation of the land between the Nueces and the Rio Bravo. It was not known that this territory belonged to Texas; on the contrary the whole world understood it to be Mexican territory; it was so understood in Texas: nor does our government rest its claim to this territory upon any special ground; it has offered remuneration for all the territory within the proposed boundary line, without claiming one part above another. If we had a right to the territory between the rivers, we should not have offered remuneration for it: the making such an offer proves that there was no right. But even admitting, what we shall not admit, that this territory had been a part of Texas, it was at least in dispute, and by first occupying, and then offering to force a sale of the disputed tract, we commit a wrong of no less magnitude, than in the naked occupation of a country not pretended to be our own.

The view taken by the Administration seems to have been, that having annexed a State with uncertain limits, which had been endeavoring to enlarge its own limits, and which was also in a condition of latent or open war, it needed but a pretext,

to escape the necessity of consulting Mexico as to the boundary, and might take advantage of the war to add as much territory as was convenient. It is not our intention to add any new, to many irresistible arguments, for believing that there was an intention, on the part of the instigators of the precipitate annexation of Texas, to carry out the war. Contending for the right of annexation in the abstract, which was a disputable point, they skillfully hid their designs under a veil of patriotism: the people could not understand why the free State of Texas, inhabited by men of their own race and language, in fact by citizens of the United States, who had fought bravely for their liberties, should not enjoy the protection of the Union. Meanwhile, the party opposed to annexation suffered themselves to be driven into an abstraction, into the denial of an abstract right, the right of annexation, while they lost sight of the real, vital point, namely, the annexation of a war of conquest and spoliation. Thus, as in other instances, the cunning of the dishonest contrivers, took advantage of the simplicity of the honest opposers of the scheme—the people were deceived—good men and just throughout the country were miserably deceived into a support of the war. Our country's honor and good faith, freemen of America!—our own reputation for sagacity, and the station which we held in the foremost rank of the great reform party of the world, has been totally lost, sacrificed—because you, in your simplicity, suffered yourselves to be driven to the abstract question, which none but lawyers were able to solve, and none but lawyers to understand when solved! You opposed annexation in the abstract—you lost your cause, necessarily; for it was not the annexation of a free State inhabited by American citizens, which could be opposed, but the annexation of a wicked war of robbery and spoliation, that should have fixed your attention, to the total exclusion of all other considerations. The Administration should have been forced to pacify Mexico and fix the boundary by all honorable means, even by the sacrifice of a large sum of money and the trouble of a tedious negotiation, before it was permitted so much as to talk of annexation: when the boundary was determined, there would have been time enough for the discussion of the abstract question. But, said the partisans of the war, with a smile of scorn and self-

satisfied cunning, you would not suffer your poor unfortunate brothers and fellow citizens in Texas, to fall before the exterminating hosts of Mexico; perhaps you will consider the question—perhaps it was your duty, as people of the same home and race, as brothers, for better or worse, to save them. If you do not adopt them and their war, some other power will do so. England or France would gladly seize the occasion to add a viceroyalty to their dominions; and could the blood of the Anglo-Saxons endure that?

What then should have been the course of those whose hearts were patriotically affected toward Texas, when they saw the citizens of that State in danger of extermination? Granting the existence of such a danger, was that a time to hatch schemes of conquest, and greedily clutch at new territory? Was not our duty simple and obvious—to pacify Mexico by a judicious negotiation, with a show of military force along the Texan limits, and a commissioner to settle a new boundary; to purchase, by the resignation of claims, the land between the Nueces and Bravo; and if the coast of California and the province of New Mexico were wanted, to purchase them too? The war promises to cost \$100,000,000: would they have cost more than that? “But Mexico was in a bad humor, fretted and exasperated by the loss of Texas.” Admit her bad humor so excessive that not even 100,000,000 to an exhausted treasury, nor the handsomest treatment in the world, could pacify her, which no man in his senses will believe, did it show any admirable quality in ourselves, that we seized the occasion of her bad humor to be in a worse? and because she would not give up a part of her territory, to go about to seize the whole of it?

We seem to understand too well the feelings of the real movers and contrivers of this war, to address any remonstrance to them. They have the glory with their fellow citizens and with posterity, of committing this country to the hugest piece of folly and injustice of modern times—a piece of injustice and absurdity which will bear no comparison with any others of its kind.

In comparing the movements of European sovereigns against the liberties of Poland, Italy and Greece, or in considering wars of conquest in general, from those of Sesostris and Alexander down to those of Napoleon and the Autocrat of Russia, we

find in them no violation of any great principle of state: the constitutions of these conquered countries, and those of the conquerors, rested either upon guarantees, compromises, or the will of a sovereign; and never on the acknowledged rights of man, and justice of God. A war of conquest undertaken by Russia, violates no principle known or acknowledged by Russia. The sole principle of that land is a declaration of the will of the Autocrat. A conquest undertaken by Napoleon, was not inconsistent with any principle supported by Napoleon or his party: the glory and the power of France lay in his breast; he acknowledged no power out of himself; he claimed for his own, every life and property in his dominions; he acknowledged no right but might, and no moral but policy.

But how is it with ourselves? is might our right, and policy our moral? or may we turn to our declaration of freedom, for a principle, that human liberty, and if possible, a divine equity, must actuate every movement of our State, and pervade its body and its conduct like an inspiring soul? How grossly, then, and for the first time in our glorious history, have we abused this sacred principle—departed from this holy usage of our fathers, to degrade ourselves among despotisms!

The States of this Union, as they are founded in principles the most elevated that human nature can attain, as they are an union of private and State liberties with equality of rights, are bound in their treatment of foreign nations to observe a conduct dictated by the principles to which they owe their existence. If the properties and liberties of our own, then the properties and liberties of the citizens of other nations, must be held also inviolable. If the States of this Union claim a perfect independence and equality, each in their own limits, the States of other Republics must be admitted to the same equality. If the nation claim the public domain by an indefeasible right, they must accord the same right to other nations, especially Republics, over their domain.

If, on the contrary, each citizen of the Union considers himself as holding his property from his State on sufferance, and at the will of the government,—if he regards his life as subject to the will of a superior power,—if the States of the Union look upon themselves as enduring but a little while, like a disreputable chartered company, liable to dissolution,—

if the citizens of the nation look upon themselves as subject to the autocracy of the States, and liable to be severed from the protection of the whole by the will of a part,—and no wrong done,—why, then, it were difficult indeed—with no private or public rights, no liberty, no nationality, no State—all floating in a godless chaos of accident and policy—it were then hard indeed, for even the true man to find a reason, and say why wars of robbery and conquest should not be pursued by this Union. But, thanks to God and our fathers, it is not so; we have light to guide us—a greater than the light of experience—namely, the light of principle—by whose rays if we abide, the Power from which they emanate will make us fortunate and powerful.

An argument is set up by the defenders and instigators of this war, which betrays more clearly than any other, the nature of their designs. They tell us that we must claim a territory from Mexico as indemnity for the costs of war—for the costs of this war, which we ourselves have carried into Mexico. It cannot be forgotten, however, that the first steps of the war, on the part of our government, were the seizure of the territory between the two rivers, and the occupation of California. These territories, and as much else as can be acquired, are claimed by our government as indemnity for “costs of war;” we must be paid with the booty we have seized, for the expense and trouble of seizing it!

A strong man enters your house, lays hands upon your furniture, and carries it away; you claim it as your own; he admits it was yours, but insists upon retaining it for the trouble of seizing and bearing it off.

Desiring to possess a piece of territory, you enter with an armed troop, and take possession. The true owner puts in his claim. “Sir,” you reply, “if I had not known the value of this territory, I should not have been at all this expense and vexation in seizing it; its value is a little less than the costs and trouble; I must retain it in part payment.” The argument is like that from rights of conquest.

On this foundation rest all “rights of conquest,” that the stronger has ejected the weaker. The line that divides these rights from all others acknowledged by civilized nations, is deeply and clearly

drawn; it is the line which divides truth from falsehood, right from wrong, security from insecurity, prosperity from ruin, the life and power of a nation, from its rapid corruption and decay. There is no need now for an appeal to history for testimony to the evil fruits of these rights of conquest: we *know* to what ends they look in the present instance—what vicious influences they are meant to foster and sustain—what ulcers in the body of the State they are invented to enlarge and stimulate.

The West, composed in part of a raw, undisciplined population, ignorant of the rights and duties of the citizen—ignorant of the true grounds of liberty—sustain in that population a party and a doctrine that subverts the Constitution, and with it the freedom of the citizen.

The South, burthened with the care and discipline of slaves, contracts despotic notions from the business to which it has been educated. Hence is produced in its society, a party who either proclaim the doctrine of conquest, or incline to it in a suspected silence.

Northern Radicalism, knowing no law but the will of the many, joins with that party in the South which repels constitutional control, in support of their common doctrine that power confers right—that there are rights of conquest.

Nor is that other pretext of tyranny less congenial to the restless spirit of this “League against principles,”—that the present inability of a State to govern its subjects, authorizes a stronger power, better organized, to step in and seize upon the government. It was but lately that Austria, the model despotism of Europe, threatened intervention between the Pope of Rome and his subjects, if the least inability appeared in him to control their revolutionary movements.

The words of Austria were, that she would “consider Pius IX. as incompetent,” should he fail to restore order in his dominions.” In the same meddling spirit the Jacobins of the Revolution interfered in the affairs of every adjoining nation, and either by intrigue, treachery, or force, “annexed” them to their transient republic.

But why, if we believe in rights of conquest, and have the arms and power in our hands, need we resort to this miserable pretext? Would it not discover in us a wiser, not to say a more generous and heroic spirit, openly to seize upon

such territory and such states as lie convenient, grounding all upon the sure foundation of a conquest, rather than exposing ourselves to the necessity of resigning these same provinces or other provinces, when that fast-approaching day shall have arrived which is to discover our own incompetence to govern justly and efficiently? Dare we put this terrible argument from incompetency into the mouths of those disorganizers, who are ready to believe in our incompetency as a nation to do justice to our own citizens—glad to believe that already a disruptive line is forming between the North and South—a line to divide brother from brother, friend from friend—which, if it deepens so far as to break the strong bands of the Constitution, must throw the southern half of this continent upon its own resources? Let us beware of this argument from incompetency; it admits a breadth of construction to which no limits can be found. Suppose it advances that a State unable to protect the lives of its citizens and the sanctity of its courts, is incompetent: who can say to what constructions the growing power of the nation, lodged in the hands of an autocratic Executive, might choose to stop? To advance this argument, were to strike at the existence of the commonwealth.

The right of self-government has been established in these United States as a sacred, inviolable right. To detach the towns and provinces of a neighboring nation, by any but the most regular and legitimate agreements, in which the inhabitants of such towns and provinces must at least seem to bear a part, would be an act not only unconstitutional, but in violation of the spirit and polity of the nation. Yet we are told of conquests in Mexico, and of future annexations of the conquered people. Ideas of glory and prosperity are thrown forward as a veil over the system that pursues these conquests; founded, though they be, on principles which must render the system of this government as rotten and insecure as the worst of those which have been set up against the honor and liberties of mankind. People are industriously instructed in a doctrine of conquest, and led to imagine that a country conquered is a country possessed.

That a powerful League against principles, which calls itself by names of liberty usurped,—that the party within a

party that has been so long industriously undermining all virtue and good government; that this party, distinguished for a self-perpetuating power as active and procreative as the motives to which it appeals—by which it lives—motives drawn from the subtlest errors of the breast, and grounded in that socially salutary, but in the state corrupting, influence, the despotism of the many; that this party, or that elder brother of it, whose error, the fear of the few, breeds in the close circles of a state-autocracy;—should support and propagate a doctrine of rights of conquest against rights of man, will excite no surprise in the minds of close observers of events, much less of those who trace the changes of the age to no extrinsic or accidental causes, but to such as lie in the spirit of man.

It has been remarked by some statesmen, that the liberty of the citizen is much more difficult to defend than the liberty of the State. It is easier for a power organized, and in few hands, to defend itself, than for the unprotected citizen, who trusts in the justice of his cause and the respect of his equals. It is, therefore, the peculiar excellence of the system of our government, that it begins with recognizing the rights and freedom of the citizen; and upon this, as upon a model, constructs the State and the Nation. Thus, in the first law and vital center of our polity, we exclude all “rights” derived from violence.

Nor are our notions so contracted that we cannot recognize the true foundation of this principle in the moral necessities of man. The wish is continually expressed by liberal parties in the nation, that the privileges we enjoy may be extended to all mankind; the fall of despotism is predicted, to be followed by an extension of freedom to all nations sufficiently enlightened to enjoy it. Those who predict these things would scorn to be thought robbers or barbarians; they are grieved to the soul to find the Republic engaged in a war every way unworthy of its spirit, a war fit only to be instigated and defended by the followers of a conquering despot, who holds the lives, the property and government of men at the disposal of the strongest: the friends of the nation and its constitution dare not set up this unnatural and barbarous claim of conquest, lest their institutions be cast in their teeth, and the weakness of inconsistency become a reproach to

them. They believe that our international must agree with our political principles, and that the seizure of the property of a neighboring State, is no less a wrong, if done by the nation, than the seizure of a private estate would be, if done by an individual. They do not believe that organization, premeditation and pretexs, diminish in the least the injustice of a conquest, or confer the shadow of a right where none existed before the conquest.

Nor can they admit the use of that other favorite phrase of inequity, that there are "reasons of State;" for this nation, by the foundation of its government in absolute rights, has denied the existence of all reasons not consonant with those rights.

Our government is an organ for the expression and execution of justice, and for the defence of the liberties of the whole; and the political education of a true citizen compels him to regard right and wrong as the same in all transactions, whether public or private; as he regards the light of the sun as the same in species and effect with the light of any private fire.

The advocates and instigators of the war represent to the people, that through their government and armies, they have conquered an immense territory; and then, without farther comment, they talk of this territory as having been added to the public domain; as if the word "conquest" implied this addition, and the establishment of a title. Now, as right to possess is one thing, and right to govern is another, it will be necessary to consider, whether either of these rights can be acquired by conquest, under our constitution and polity.

No man will pretend to discover in the constitution, any clause which gives the government of this nation the power of seizing and possessing the property of individuals in neighboring states. War overleaps all bounds, and sacrifices everything to its immediate purpose, the defeat or destruction of the enemy. But the property of the citizen of a state at war with us, cannot be retained after the conclusion of a peace, unless it be specially included in a treaty, and by the acquiescence of all the parties; but property seized upon by violence, or made over by a forced agreement, remains essentially in the original owner, and by the laws of nature and of nations, he may recover his rights by force.

The same law applies to the seizure of public domain: it remains vested essentially in the nation which has lost the immediate possession of it by conquest or a forced agreement, and may be lawfully recovered by violence at the first opportunity. But, if private property or public domain be regularly ceded by the consent of both parties, and for a fair equivalent, not forced, then it would be an offence demanding chastisement, for the party ceding the territory to reclaim it, or occupy it by a force. There are, therefore, no rights of conquest under the polity of this nation, nor is possession by a forced ceding, after conquest, other than a holding by violence, against all law and all rights.

But if neither public nor private *property* can be acquired by conquest, can the *right to govern* be so acquired? Can that precious privilege of the citizen, the choice of his rulers, be wrested from him under such a polity as ours? Can we, without a suicidal desertion of our principles, permit a neighboring State to be wrested from the political body to which it has united itself in free suffrage, and be affixed to our own, without consideration of the will of its citizens?

It is impossible to admit, under any form, this title by conquest, either to property, or to the right to govern, since property is not acquired by force, and the right to govern flows from the will of the citizen.

Men may agree to consider things as right which are not right, as in the division of a spoil; and claims may be set up of a merely relative character, as when it is agreed that persons engaged in a piratical expedition shall divide equally. The members of the expedition have established a law among themselves which constitutes relative rights, though none of them have any absolute rights; but our government is professedly founded upon absolute rights, and not upon the conventions of a band of conquering robbers.

To recapitulate in brief the moral conditions that must be known before it will be possible to establish a firm and lasting peace:

1. It cannot be forgotten that Mexico should have been pacified by every honorable means, before the annexation. We insulted her while smarting under a fresh wound, and cannot prefer against her the charge of pertinacity and surliness, with-

out blaming, at the same time our own rashness and injustice.

2. The claims of our citizens against Mexico gave an opportunity for a favorable settlement of the boundary; that opportunity was lost by neglect, or passed over by intention; in either case, the unwillingness of Mexico to pay these claims, may be well accounted for, not only by her absolute poverty and wretched anarchy at the time, but by the just suspicion which she entertained of our designs.

3. To insist upon the tract of country between the Nueces and the Bravo would show a pertinacity on our part not at all consonant with dignity. It was the occupation of this territory which gave occasion to the war; it therefore argues no desire on the part of our government for a "firm and lasting peace," to insist upon this territory to the dishonor of our neighbor. The country on the northern bank of the Bravo is not naturally a part of Texas, and the river Bravo would be a movable boundary of encroachment, and not a line for the establishment of a sound and lasting peace.

As for California, our deliberate occupation of that territory by an armed force does not establish the least right or title to it on our part. We are bound to satisfy Mexico in the purchase of it. Her voluntary offer, made without fear or favor, is to negotiate for that part of it which includes the port of St. Francisco, the head waters of the Colorado, and a part of New Mexico; a boundary which brings the line of territory of the United States down to the 37th parallel. Though we might look forward in a long order of events to the future purchase and cession of other portions of territory from Mexico, we cannot at this juncture take advantage of our enemy to drive an unjust bargain. The spirited conduct of Mexico in refusing Mr. Trist's conditions, at her peril, might teach us better to respect her rights, since it shows that she perfectly understands them. Nor will she forget, even in the event of her yielding to a superior force, that rights on both sides remain just where they were before the war.

5. We cannot exact anything from Mexico under the name of costs of war; we cannot therefore make a merit in our conditions of peace of not making reclamations for such costs.

6. That her government is tumultuary and irregular is no more an argument for

the subjugation of Mexico, than for the establishment of a territorial government in a State of the Union, because such a State has shown an inability to protect its own citizens against assassination. The inability of Mexico is no more to be considered, than the inability of Italy or the Sublime Porte, or of any other nation in any part of the globe.

Such are at least the moral conditions of the looked-for Treaty. It is not to be denied that other conditions and arguments of a power equal to their vagueness and apparent wisdom, are advanced by the instigators of this war. We have been warned that the increasing power of the West already endangers the balance of the Compromise. The Constitution, established by the nation when slavery was suffering a rapid extinction in the North, left to each State the sacred privilege of establishing in its own good time, the best order for society. It was believed that the interests of the South would soon induce her to adopt the course pursued by the North. But it has happened differently. The immense increase of manufactures, and the depression of production in other parts of the world, has continued to make the labor of slaves in the production of the three great staples of slavery, sufficiently profitable to insure its continuance. The cultivators of cotton, sugar and rice, have thought it impossible to change their system and conform to the genius and polity of the nation, without ruin to their private interests. Against an opposition, violent and often fanatical, they think they have no alternative, but to support themselves by maintaining a balance of power in the legislature.

But, admitting the foresight and prudence of such legislators, would it not put a better face upon their cause, would it not have been a surer and more judicious enterprise on their part, to have moved for the purchase of the territory for which they are now contending?

Those of their statesmen who opposed the war on principle, notwithstanding their anxiety to add territory, will much more refuse to ratify an injurious treaty founded upon the war.

In the North and West, on the other hand, a species of argument unusual if not new in the history of political motives, has sustained the party in favor of the war, and given it a certain spurious dignity. It may raise a blush upon the face of an honest patriot, to hear that

“the inevitable destiny of our race and nation” is referred to by unthinking persons, as a reflection able to give dignity and credit to this war of robbery and extortion. We are to believe that it is the inevitable destiny of the Anglo-Saxon race to overrun and ruin its neighbors, without reason and without need. If this be our destiny, may Heaven avert it! The accurate historian, commenting upon this remarkable argument, will have to class it among the worst of those speculative delusions which have infested modern nations. The crime of our ambition finds an argument in destiny; the sorcerers of the press have foretold it, and like the mad Macbeth we hasten to realize a dream of glory, by the perpetration of a crime. Our conscience is seared by prosperity; we have forgotten, or never learned, the modes in which that power “whose law executes itself,” must visit us; when by the desertion of *principle* in the great affairs of this nation, we have taken away the palladium of our freedom; wrested from its place and thrown overboard the helm that guided us; obscured by reversed prayers and conjurations the star of our course, and committed ourselves to the mercy of a maelstrom: should this iniquitous war go on unreprieved by the voice of the nation. Should a treaty, violating the laws of God and man, of nature and of nations, be concluded with our neighbor, it needs no inspired prophet to predict the ruin of this nation—be it far or near, it matters not—it must come.

Is it not certain, that if this war continues to be popular with so large a body of the nation as now sustain it, a new direction will be given in future to the efforts of the Executive; that the spirit of conquest, which, once planted in a nation and connected with the national glory, urges it constantly onward toward glory and corruption, can never be extinguished but by the united and early efforts of all true patriots; and that if now they slacken their exertions, to foster and gratify this spirit, so potent in a fierce and brave people, will become in future the only road to popularity; that the direction so given will not limit itself to the continent or the islands, but being in its nature boundless and overflowing, will reach out into all climates and mix itself in the affairs of the world?

The polity of the nation, that system of principles and aims which continues to guide and urge it from the first moment

of its existence to its final subsidence and decay—which shapes its constitutions and its laws—must lie, if it have any origin or seat, in the moral temper of the people, as they are marked by nature. Admitting the power of education, there is behind and above that power, a something superior, call it what we will, which appears not so much in the present tone and behavior, as in the ultimate aims of men, which rough-hews the purposes that are shaped by circumstance, and marks the whole of life with a character of good or ill. If there is any destiny to be known, then, for this nation, it must be by a clear perception of its moral aims, judging these by its history in the past. Both the Norman and the Saxon nations, from which we are the mixed descendants, discovered always a generosity and courage of the most heroic stamp; but our Norman ancestors were of a more adventurous spirit, unscrupulous and lovers of power: if from either, then, from them we should inherit an unlimited ambition; yet never irreligious or tyrannical; carefully sheltering itself under the sanctions of religion and law. The Saxons, on the contrary, neither in Germany nor England, ever discovered an aspiring and ambitious spirit. Their virtues, though manly, were yet domestic; their institutions rested on liberty and a natural instinct of justice, superior to that of any nation that has yet existed. The lesson of their laws and maxims changed the constitution of the Norman feudality. Thus, the history of England presents the phenomenon of a nation divided between two powers of the most opposite character, the love of liberty and justice, and the love of foreign dominion. The native virtue of the people required a legal or religious sanction for every effort toward aggrandizement; so that, in the history of British aggrandizement, we see the conscience of the people following and covering up the foot-marks of its ambition.

The manly virtues of the Saxons, their justice, their prudence, and their love of liberty, have established our laws and freedom; but of what race or origin are these instigators of unjust wars? They carry out a destiny not Saxon, surely. Or, what blood is this in our veins which maintains among us institutions and principles at variance with liberty—which converts our Executive into a despot—which corrupts the nation by patronage—which, by hindering education, perpetuates the worst of manners—

which casts contempt upon sacred things, fills the heart with vanity, and the imagination with lies—which, in a word, for the voice of God in history and the law, substitutes a shout of a multitude or a vote of a corrupted election? Is this the Anglo-Saxon blood? or is it a taint—a fever—a corruption, instigated, flattered, and controlled by that still living, still active ambition, that, in the bosom of a few, inflames and deludes the multitude?

The polity of this nation, derived from a generous and liberal ancestry, should incline to no barbarous system of conquest, violating the laws of nature and of nations. England, in her most ambitious days, never discovered such a polity; she sheltered her worst designs behind pretexes of religion or of honor: but with us this polity of conquest threatens to burst into actions the most flagrant; we are already rivaling the nations of antiquity, to whom the words “stranger” and “enemy” were the same in meaning.

Hitherto, our foreign relations have been defensive; our polity has not endured the test of prosperity; its final and most important traits are not thoroughly developed: yet, as it must grow out of the past and present of our existence, and our institutions are still of a mixed character, admitting in one part liberty and even license among all classes, and in the other, depressing and despotically governing a servile class, it is impossible to predict or even to guess at the future. The political principles of men are formed by their domestic education. If the North shall hereafter produce an inferior population of operatives, in whom liberty is a thing endured, and not a power exercised—if the South, to defend herself against the growing power of the West, introduces into the councils of the nation principles and practices adverse to liberty and justice—if men of virtue in all parts sink into apathy, and neglect that indispensable party organization which alone can keep alive a patriotic enthusiasm,—the day will go by, the opportunity be lost, and the evil principle remain triumphant.

How far, if we adopt it and pursue it, will this principle conduct us? The great interests of the nation—slave-holding, agriculture, fisheries, commerce and manufactures—each have their claims to be extended. The South must add Texas and New Mexico; the West is hardly

satisfied with California; the North could turn Canada to good account; the fisheries would be more profitable were they exclusively ours. The ships of France and England limit, in a sensible manner, the enterprises of our merchants. We want the market of China and Java for our cotton goods. Cuba and Jamaica lie convenient for slave products. Gold and silver would be much more abundant were the mines of Mexico ours. All the great interests must be extended for your sakes, ye liberal traders and most honest farmers! We must violate all laws, human and divine; we must become a rapacious, a warlike, a conquering nation.

Contemplating this future, we behold all seas covered by our fleets; our garrisons hold the most important stations of commerce; an immense standing army maintains our possessions; our traders have become the richest, our demagogues the most powerful, and our people the most corrupt and flexible in the world.

It cannot be forgotten that the whole of this system of ruinous aggrandizement which we are entering upon—the whole of this system of extension by conquest, is based upon a denial of the fundamental principle of the Republic, the principle of equality and liberty—of equal rights and State rights: not only men, but nations, by virtue of our Declaration, are free and equal; rights are inviolable. By adopting a system which violates rights in regard to other nations, we destroy the obligations of our rulers to observe them in regard to ourselves.

If the Senate of the Union ratifies treaties which violate the principles upon which the whole system of the government is established, they create a precedent which can never be set aside; they plant a disease in that unwritten but more real Constitution—the “Polity of the Nation,”—which no act of posterity can ever heal.

It cannot be overlooked by those who are accustomed to observe the working of precedents and principles in the affairs of life, that a principle conceded in one point, is practically conceded in all. If we concede a right of conquest over other nations, we concede it over our own; if over nations, then also over individuals; if between our rulers and a foreign people, then between our rulers and ourselves. We have based our rights upon violence—destroyed their authenticity—pushed aside the Constitution—and put

the sword and the purse in the hands of an irresponsible Executive.

What then follows? An immense national debt—deep taxation—a steady augmentation and extension of the central power—corrupt elections—the rapid

waste of the public funds—neglect of all improvements—moral fanaticism roused and irritated to action—civil war—and that last and greatest of evils, the disunion of the States.

A WORD TO THE WISE.

To reduce any art to a perfect system of rules, it is necessary to have a clear and certain experience of that art: as, for example, in the art of Painting, we cannot lay down rules for the production of any species of work, until we are first familiar with the work itself, and have either produced it ourselves, or seen others produce it. No man is wise before his time, or without experience.

Nations would seem to be placed in a fearful predicament if the above is true; for if State affairs are to be learned by experience in State affairs, unhappy are the people: the State must be played upon, and practiced over and over, till it is thoroughly out of tune, in order that rulers may gain wisdom.

To escape this terrible consequence, have those then who aspire to guide the nation no resource?

The principles of things, says Lord Bacon, are best studied in the minuter parts of nature. The study of a single plant gives us a knowledge of the whole species, including an infinite number of individuals. The study of a few crystals unfolds the total science of crystallography. The composition of one perfect picture develops all the rules of art. In the common practice of morality, we learn all the virtues, faults and prejudices of men. The economy of a private property teaches the value and use of property in general. The economy of the State, according to the author already quoted, is only a private economy expanded; the same principles obtain in both: there is, in fine, a quality of human reason, which, in trifling affairs and minute matters, discovers principles by which it is afterward able to comprehend and control the greatest that imagination can conceive.

If the principles of legislation vary with the numbers of the people, legisla-

tion would become impossible: such, however, is not the fact; he who can legislate for five, under given circumstances, can legislate for five millions under the same circumstances. He who knows the moral effects of poverty or wealth on a few, knows its effects on the nation. He who can observe the effects of manufacture, agriculture, commerce, or mining, in a village of a hundred persons, can predict its influence on a hundred thousand such villages.

It seems certain, from these considerations, that the principles and practice of the legislative art may and must be learned in a great measure from private experience and observation, at least so far as the present condition of the age and nation can teach it.

However plain or common-place these remarks may seem to some persons, it is certain that in most ages and nations, two different kinds of morality and economy have been in use, one adapted to State affairs, and another to the duties and business of private life.

It seems to have been very commonly understood among politicians and legislators, that in public matters they were bound to consult expediency, and in private, only justice; which seems to render it very doubtful whether legislation has been usually learned as an art by the method, just described, of private observation. The philosophic Hobbes considered that virtues were not natural to men at all, but in a manner forced upon them by the Church and the laws; a theory which accounts very well, if it be true, for the neglect of morality in public affairs, there being no universal Church or Court of Nations sufficiently authoritative to regulate legislators and prime ministers, who therefore remain in the original savage state.

Since, however, it has come to be be-

lieved that the laws of nature are universal, that light, heat and gravitation differ not from themselves in the earth or moon, or even in the sun or fixed stars, it is to be hoped that this science and art of legislation and politics will feel the beneficial influence of the modern philosophy, and the fact be at length admitted that moral laws are as universal as those of an inferior nature, and that honesty does not differ from honesty, or falsehood from falsehood in any sphere of human action, or in the conduct of affairs of any magnitude, though they be those of the nation itself. In such an event it may perhaps follow, that political knowledge will become attainable by private citizens, and that subtle and ingenious fabrication of a State morality be done away, like the Ptolemaic system.

Those who have observed the posture of affairs in this country, might find a useful exercise of mind, in comparing

their present state with the condition they might have attained, if conducted by a more modern theory and art. Of the skill and courage of our rulers and legislators there can be no doubt: it is not these, but their philosophy, which seems to be at fault. Involved in a complicated system of interests, balance of power, weight of opinion, compromises, necessities of State, "cycle in epicycle, orb in orb," they move at once pity and terror: their task is not merely, like Atlas, to support the world, but to support it at a point removed from its centre of gravity; with all their toil and striving, it rushes prone, and brings ruin in the fall. Let us hope, meanwhile, that the day is not far distant when the private character of this nation shall really and effectually sway its public councils, and private morality and economy be identified in popular opinion with the morality and economy of the State.

A V E L I N E .

Love me dearly—love me dearly with your heart and with your eyes :
 Whisper all your sweet emotions, as they blushing, gushing rise.
 Throw your soft white arms about me, say you cannot live without me ;
 Say you are my Aveline,—say that you are only mine :
 That you cannot live without me, young and rosy Aveline,

Love me dearly, dearly, dearly, speak your love-words silver-clearly,
 So I may not doubt thus early of your fondness, of your truth.
 Press, oh ! press your throbbing bosom, warmly, closely to my own.
 Fix your kindling eyes on mine, say you live for me alone,
 While I fix my eyes on thine,
 My lovely, trusting, artless, plighted—plighted, trusting Aveline.

Love me dearly, love me dearly, radiant dawn upon my gloom ;
 Like a young star shining clearly, my benighted heart illumine.
 Tell me ' Life has yet a glory, 'tis not all an idle story :'
 As a gladden'd vale in moonlight, as a wearied lake in moonlight,
 Let me in thy love recline.
 Show me life has yet a splendor in my tender Aveline.

Love me dearly, dearly, dearly, with your heart and with your eyes ;
 Whisper all your sweet emotions, as they gushing, blushing rise.
 Throw your soft white arms around me, say you *liv'd not* till you found me—
 Say it, say it Aveline ; whisper you are only mine ;
 That you cannot live without me, as you throw your arms about me,
 As I press my lips to thine,—
 That you cannot live without me, young and rosy Aveline.

FOREIGN IMMIGRATION:

ITS NATURAL AND EXTRAORDINARY CAUSES; ITS CONNECTION WITH THE FAMINE IN IRELAND, AND SCARCITY IN OTHER COUNTRIES.

SINCE the first day of January, 1846, nearly two hundred and seventy-five thousand immigrants have landed in the city of New-York. This may seem a startling announcement; especially to those, who, remote from this great emporium, rarely lay aside the engrossing labors of a profession or of business, or the more quiet pursuits of the scholar, to inquire into the causes of the social and political evils which disturb society. But whenever the ordinary channels of business or commerce are suddenly and greatly swollen, all inquire the cause. It must in some way relate to the first wants of our physical condition. This cause has been recently brought into existence, or it has existed unperceived, and its force has gradually accumulated, till felt in every direction in which these channels thread the country. It is so with some classes of evil; and if the one, or the other, is made the subject of national and police legislation, it is matter of deep interest, to know to what extent the natural or permanent order of things has caused it.

The transportation of emigrants has become an important branch of business in the merchant vessels of our Atlantic cities. Large shipping houses are each season employing from twenty to thirty first-class vessels, and the tide of emigration is this year setting towards the United States, in a degree unparalleled in the history of the country. The causes of this are both natural and extraordinary. We use the term natural, not in its primitive sense, but as expressive of the ordinary and permanent condition of things which causes emigration. The first is always apparent; the latter will sometimes be seen and felt with terrible force, and again it will exist unseen, and only as the offspring of the keen and sharp-eyed rapacity of man. Never have these causes been as active as now; for while famine and disease have well nigh decimated one nation, and scarcity and want have pressed hard on others; there are those who, under the mask of mercy, use the facilities which these calamities afford them, to add to their gains.

We consider first the natural or perma-

nent causes, and secondly the extraordinary; the evidences of the combined forces of which are to be seen in the increasing and almost alarming demand upon our legal and other systems of public charity.

Two natural or permanent causes have long existed.

The first of these, is the depressed normal condition of the poorer classes throughout Europe. Their normal, or organic social state, moral and physical, is, and has been, low in the scale of human existence. One of the cardinal principles of that immortal instrument which declared us a free people, is, that all men have equal, inalienable rights in personal liberty, and in the acquisition and use of property. Every definition of property with us, therefore, must of necessity imply the idea of free agency. But with *these classes* in Europe, the possession of what is called property leaves no man free to act. The very nature and policy of government forbid it. The exactions upon him are too great, unchanging and constant. That liberty which our own Magna Charta holds sacred the subject of every nation will desire. This desire and its enjoyment have a higher paternity than the law which controls him; and any inequality in its exercise under the same government must become, in every sense, oppressive and destructive to those in whom it is abridged.

We have but to look into the conditions under which the lower classes of most of the nations of the old world hold land and other property, and to become familiar with the operation of their poor-laws, to discover a fearful amount of physical and moral degradation. It will sicken the heart of even the coldest philanthropy. There is no longer wanting a reason for the iron rule of monarchy. It proves its necessity, as no logic can do it, to prevent this depression from breaking out into open disorder and revolution. In many of the northern nations—Russia, Denmark, Norway and Sweden—there has been less of failure in the operation of poor-laws, nor has their administration produced enormous frauds and vast expense, as in Great Britain, simply because

their lowest subjects have been kept secure in a more perfect state of servitude. Those who receive aid from government, lose all right to property; cannot contract marriage while receiving relief, nor marry until they have given security that their future family shall not become chargeable. If married, they lose the control of their children, and can neither choose their residence or occupation. In most of these countries it is the abiding policy to impose upon the marriage contract such pre-requisites as will effectually prevent a redundant population. In all of them there is depression, but in none does the condition of the lower classes so fully illustrate it, as in the history of the English poor-laws. We examine them in this aspect. No subject of greater moment, viewed in its length and breadth, has ever occupied the British Parliament. It has embraced an important part of its deliberations during a period of five centuries. From laws of mere convenience to protect gentlemen and noblemen in their power to hold and control domestic and menial labor, they had grown to a colossal structure, whose advance, at the time of their modification in 1834, all the wisdom and strength of the government could scarcely check.

The history of these laws is naturally divided into four periods, in each of which they were marked by some distinct change, and the entire history by a gradual change from the most cruel tyranny to a much abused but humane form of aid to the poor. The first extended through two centuries and a half, from the 23d of Edward III., 1349, to the 43d of Elizabeth, 1601; the second, nearly a century and a quarter—from Elizabeth to the 9th George I., 1722; the third, a little more than a century, from George I. to the Poor Law Amendment Act of 1834; and the fourth, from this noted Act to the present time.

There was a period in the history of the British nation, in the early part of the 13th century, when its laboring population began to assert their birthright of freedom. From this there grew up an amount of change in service and competition for higher wages, which was exceedingly inconvenient to the nobility and gentry of the country. The object of the first act—in the 23d year of the reign of Henry III.—the origin of the poor-law, was to control all domestic and agricultural labor by the iron hand of the law. It fixed the rate of wages; it forbade a

change of abode, and all attempts to seek a new place of service, under the severest penalties.

A few years elapsed, and it branded the laborer for every offence, and imposed a fine of \$50 upon the sheriff who neglected to deliver up the offender. In 1388, the 12th of Richard II., was passed the first act which contained any element of the present poor-law of England. It was the first which distinguished between the impotent and able-bodied poor. The old and infirm poor were confined to the places they occupied on the passage of the act. If not there provided for, they were in forty days to be carried to the places of their birth to dwell during life. This act, however, simply assumed their support; it gave no legal claim to charity. It confirmed previous acts, and to the penalty of branding added imprisonment. Agricultural laborers then formed four-fifths of the population of England, and had the provisions of the law been strictly enforced, they would have become as truly the *ascripti glebæ* of the land, as the most degraded among Polish serfs. These acts continued for a half-century, to 1405. In the 7th year of Henry IV. the iron chains which had bound the poor became still more galling. No man could now apprentice his son to a trade, whose income as a landholder did not exceed a given amount. For more than a century and a half onward the most cruel penalties deformed the English Statute Book. He, as a laborer, who asserted his free agency, by changing his abode, by bargaining his services, or by refusing to labor for the mere sustenance of life, was whipped and sent to the local authorities of his birth-place. For the second attempt he was, by them, forced into the hardest service, if not otherwise, by chaining and beating; he was fed on bread and water and refuse meat; and for the third attempt he was made to suffer death as a felon. For more than a century these were the conditions of the laborers of England. But the casual alms of Richard II., and the task-work of Henry, were found insufficient to carry on the system, and in 1536, the 27th of Henry VIII., was the first attempt to make charity legal and systematic. The parishes were then made responsible; they were to collect alms for the impotent and to provide employment for the able-bodied poor, while the terms of the law against change of abode and the freedom of labor were still held over the laborer. In this barbarous subjection

there was little change, till the reign of the King-Queen Elizabeth. Then came the vagrant laws; and in these justices were impowered to tax at discretion all who refused to contribute to the relief of the impotent and the employment of the able-bodied. But with this important change were only added more fearful terrors for the violation of the law, and with it came a more degrading slavery. Shortly afterwards alms were dispensed with; the vagrant and the poor fund was raised by assessment; every male between 12 and 60, not a gentleman, not a student in the schools, not employed on the sea or in mines, must labor on the land if required, wheresoever and by whomsoever. Wages were fixed by justices. For the first refusal of these rates was inflicted *whipping* and *burning*; for the second, *death*. But so great was the rigor of these laws, that from the first act of Edward to the close of this period, they could never be rigidly enforced. Not even the stern and unrelenting Elizabeth, whose policy was to surround every interest by the strong arm of the law, could do it.

The second period commenced with the noted act of the 43d of Elizabeth. The policy was now changed; for what cruelty could not do, shrewdness must. This act was an advance from savage barbarity to treatment comparatively humane and enlightened. As before, it provided a poor and vagrant fund by assessment. But such as previous acts made criminals to suffer burning and death, were now sent to the house of correction, or to the common jail. With slight alterations in the reign of William and Mary, to check the profusion of overseers of the poor and the waste of funds, this act remained unchanged to the beginning of the 17th century. It was one of the great acts of her reign; the fame of its benevolence has been co-extensive with English history. But the mercy of the act had not its origin in the hearts of its framers. It grew out of the policy of a shrewd and strong monarch, forced upon her as the better alternative. It was but a link in that heavy chain which had long bound the millions of a people nominally free. It was but the better part of a great scheme to control those millions of English laborers, and in defiance of reason, justice and humanity, to dictate their employments. This scheme had grown stronger and stronger during centuries, with only its *stern* visage revealed to the eye of those whom it degraded and en-

slaved. To give it a milder aspect, was but to give it greater vitality and power.

In 1722, with George I., begins the third period. He introduced into the poor-law a new and important principle. The wisest and ablest statesmen of England have deemed it the only successful mode of publicly aiding the poor. Certainly it was the foundation of her most successful poor-laws. It is the principle upon which the county poor-houses of New-England and the Middle States of America have been established. The overseers of two or more parishes were to unite, and, with the consent of the inhabitants, to purchase or rent a house for the poor. All who refused to be lodged and kept there could receive no other public aid. This act continued till near the close of the eighteenth century. Until then there was no provision for the industrious poor. This provision was ingrafted upon the law under George III. It was the most humane which had ever been made by Parliament, but was rendered inoperative by the suffering condition to which the lower classes had been brought by the whole course of its legislation. Yet so weak was the framework of their social condition, that even its humanity produced in the end the most appalling results. It created habits and prejudices, which to this day are seen and felt in every part of Great Britain, and which a century of wiser legislation cannot wipe out. There were 15,000 overseers, 15,000 vestrymen, and 2000 justices. They had power to order relief at discretion, without limit and without appeal. When this principle became an element of the law which was to provide in part the sustenance of the laboring classes of twelve millions of people, it was an evil of fearful magnitude. There soon grew into existence five forms of relief *in money*. The first was relief without labor—a payment of 2s. or 3s. per week; the second was *head money*, to laborers employed by private individuals in aid of wages; the third the ticket system, by which the unemployed services of the poor were sold weekly at auction, and the deficit paid out of the public fund. This surplus was often divided among the overseers, and their wages paid wholly out of the public treasury! The fourth form was the labor-rate system, by which an amount, equal to the wages of several men, was paid by rectors or others having no need of labor; and the fifth, par-

ish employment—capable of the least abuse, but least adopted. So enormous were the frauds perpetrated by these officers and their friends, that in the year 1842 this poor-law cost England \$35,184,840, not one-twentieth of which was paid as a fair equivalent for labor.

Such was the operation of this mighty machinery. It originated in a principle radically wrong, and instead of elevating and making the poor wiser and happier, it was actually producing successive generations of paupers. If continued in this form, it would ere long have brought with it calamities such as few nations have ever endured. It was not only destroying every vestige of freedom, but the morals of four-fifths of the nation. The object was to avert this terrible evil, to throw off this incubus which was crippling all its energies, to give to the laborer his birthright of freedom, and, if possible, to regenerate his character.

In 1834, which commences the fourth period in the history of these laws, Parliament appointed one of the ablest commissions which has ever emanated from that body, to investigate the enormous abuses which they had produced, and to propose a remedy in some measure equal to the emergency. Their labors were embodied in fourteen folio volumes. The Poor-Law Amendment Act was brought to the rescue. The germ of its power was found in a Central Board of Control. In it was vested the power to make all rules and regulations for the management of the poor, the erection of workhouses, the control of guardians, vestries and officers. To reach the 15,000 parishes, assistant commissioners were appointed, each itinerant in local districts, to direct the operations of guardians, and to assist in carrying out the details of the law. They were the medium between the guardians and this Board, while the guardians were brought into direct contact with the poor. Such were the provisions of this celebrated act. Its first object was to strike at the root of the old system, and to abolish all moneyed forms of relief. But habits and prejudices of giant growth could not quickly or easily be removed. The new system was beautiful in theory, but yet to be proved whether sound in practice. The able-bodied of the old system must, as before, be relieved. Still there was no true test of his representations of want. Where should it be found? Evidently in the conditions of labor; and these could ex-

ist only in the workhouse. The workhouse, therefore, was made the heart of the system. Its first operation, then, began in the division of the country into unions, and in the erection of these houses. They were extended to the number of 600 within the territory of England, and a method of treatment was also begun, which, it was hoped, would extirpate all past abuses. But, Phoenix-like, they were reproduced in another form, as, with this new system built on the ruins of the old, there sprang into existence an army of expensive and irresponsible officers, covering the whole kingdom.

Let us look a moment on a map of the world, and trace out the possessions of the British empire, and then estimate both the vast expense of her government over this territory, and of her naval and military power in protecting it. How important an element of the great aggregate is derived from her subjects who rent, at a high premium, their five, ten, fifteen or twenty acres of land, and how large a fraction of this sum has the administration of these poor-laws annually absorbed? Originating in the exclusive right to control the labor of the poor, they have invited and created pauperism, till the increasing cost of the system has reduced the small farmer to the mere day-laborer for wages; until it has driven multitudes into the workhouse, and still more into the large cities of the kingdom to beg and gather up a scanty subsistence, and to dwell in the miserable abodes of dark and filthy alleys. In this hopeless depression and misery we find a permanent cause of emigration, which, if its origin and true nature were understood by those depressed, would swell the current of population westward to a degree unknown in the history of the emigration of the nations of the earth. As it now exists, it becomes a motive power to thousands who annually cross the Atlantic to settle within our borders.

If we bring together these vast and widely scattered possessions, and if in adding up their yearly expense, we take out the sum total of those local burdens which the legislation of centuries has gradually increased till they press down the poorer classes to the lowest point of subsistence; if in analyzing this latter sum, we compare the conditions of the social state to which some of their elements reduce them, with the corresponding conditions of life on our own soil,

this depression stands out with a boldness of relief, with a blackness of physical and moral mien, of which otherwise we can have no conception. The very terms of the misnamed poor-law, whose history we have traced, shows depression which could never exist in a truly free and enlightened nation; but the operation of the law as a part of the internal machinery of government, reveals it, as in open day, in all its naked and dark deformity.

Embracing home and tributary possessions, the British empire has a population of 156,000,000 of souls, and a territory of 3,000,000 of square miles. It includes England, Scotland and Ireland, her islands in the British seas, her colonies in Europe and in Asia, her East India territory containing 90,000,000 of inhabitants, her possessions in Africa, in Australasia, in the West Indies, and in North and South America. The annual expense of this territory amounts (as in the year 1846) to the vast sum of \$270,000,000; that of the army and navy alone to \$80,000,000. It is not our purpose, nor need we dissect this aggregate. We have only to examine one important interest to see its enormous annual expense, and how it has involved almost every other in the internal affairs of the kingdom. Like the century-grown tree of the forest, of never-ceasing progress, and around which thousands of varied species are rising, not upon the surface, but deep in the heart and life-blood of the nation, the strong roots and grasping fibres of this interest are intertwining and drawing her upon every other. It is, the sustenance and elevation of her lower classes. For this her unwise and misused poor-law is now made dangerous.

The operation and the burden of English poor-rates of necessity brings into view all the local taxes of the empire. It is this burden which gives greater weight to others, and these in turn to this. Of all of these the poor-rate is the largest, and with all it is inseparably interwoven. In this view the most important points are, the number of these taxes, the purposes for which they are raised, the principles on which they are based, and the property on which they are incident.

The taxes of the empire are of two kinds—general and local. The latter annually amount to \$75,000,000. It is laid exclusively on *real* property, and is a tax on the net annual tithing value of

the property occupied. It is not an income tax, because it bears no relation to a person's income; nor is it a property tax, because not levied on money invested or property funded; but it is imposed on every description of real property, in proportion to what it would annually rent for in the market, and is, therefore, a tax measured by rent. These rates are divided into four classes:—

1st. The county and borough rates, for the erection, repair and management of county prisons, and to maintain a county police and municipal government.

2d. The poor-rate, to support the poor, and the administration of the poor-law; to aid emigration; to register all births, marriages and deaths.

3d. The highway-rate, for the construction and repair of all roads and bridges.

4th. The church-rate, to enlarge and repair churches; to provide for the church service—its bread and wine for the communion, its bibles and prayer-books.

Besides these, there are turnpike tolls and borough tolls; port dues and church dues; marriage fees and justice fees, levied on particular localities.

The basis of these rates is most unequal and unjust. Their greatest weight falls on the small property-holders and laborers of the nation. By what just or sound principle is \$75,000,000 annually levied on the holders of real property for the relief of the poor, the repression of crime, and all other objects enumerated in these four classes of rates, while the personal property employed in banking, commerce, shipping and professional services is exempt? The banker, the merchant, the shipper and the professional man, who hold no other than exempt property, are alike under obligation to aid the poor and to protect that society of which they all form a part. They alike share the benefit of safe roads and bridges, and even more than others the blessings of a strong municipal government. The question of a national rate—that is, a tax imposed equally on the community at large, for all these purposes, has already been mooted, and with it the abolition of the law of settlement. An inquiry into the latter has been promised at the next session of Parliament. But these changes must bring with them a radical change in legislation, for the power which imposes should control the expenditure of a tax. If, for every pur-

pose, taxes assume the form of a *national rate*, they must be levied by the central government, and the details of their disbursement must be arranged by its agents. This would open the door to evils of the greatest magnitude; it would superadd to the abuses of the present poor-law system, by destroying all local interest in the poor, and by giving the control of the poor and other funds into the hands of those who would have no special interest in their economy. But, levy, collect and expend rates as they may, the government must change their basis and lessen their amount, ere the burdens of its laboring millions can be made light. On the contrary, they are every year growing larger. In England and Wales alone they have doubled in the last eight years. Since 1813 their united expense for the relief and support of the poor has amounted annually (in the falling ratio, it is true,) to \$3.25 to \$1.50 on each head of their population. Apply these conditions to every city, village and rural district in the United States, and what a picture would it present! New-York city is the great entrepôt of the country for foreign immigrants, and never in its history were its poor-law burdens as heavy as in the last year; yet the cost was less than \$1 for each inhabitant. But add to this 50 or 75 per cent., and then impose the like burden on every city, village and town in the Union, and we are taxed for the poor precisely as England has been for nearly forty years, while millions of her subjects have struggled, not for luxuries, but for life. Such has been the normal state of the poorer class of British subjects—subjects of a nation of vast wealth, whose bounds and whose commerce, in all points of the compass, alike girdle the globe. The moral has a mine of truth, impressive to all her statesmen.

A bird's-eye view of Ireland previous to the famine, gives still stronger proof of this depression, if stronger be needed.

She has an area of 33,000 square miles. It is chiefly a plain, intersected with low hills, and with mountain ranges on its coast. She has fourteen bays, which will safely hold and navigate the largest men-of-war, and from thirty to forty for other vessels. Her rivers, to the number of near 200, water almost every district. She has large and beautiful lakes—one, her famed Lough Neagh, has a surface of 98,000 acres. She is rich in her mines of coal, iron and copper. In

1845, though yet in their infancy, they employed near 4000 men, and yielded more than 80,000 tons of the best ore. Some of her coal strata equal, both in quality and quantity, any in the British empire. Nor need her 3,000,000 acres of turf-bog be a waste; for by its judicious use alone, says Sir Robert Kane, she may make as fine a quality of iron as England has ever produced. Her centre, for nearly 150 miles square, is a soil of the best limestone. The residue of her soil has the finest basis—granite, clay, basalt and trap. "Some parts of the island," said Wakefield, "exhibit the richest loam I ever saw turned up by a plough;" and "the rich pastures and the heavy crops," says McCulloch, "that are everywhere raised, even with the most wretched culture, attest its extraordinary fertility." Thirteen out of its twenty millions of acres are arable land, and of its eight and a half millions of people, five and a half are engaged in agriculture. Its natural resources of every kind, its climate, the variety and beauty of its scenery, are all unsurpassed by any other part of central Europe.

She is not wanting in means of education. She has a public Board, at the head of which is Bishop Whately, one of the most learned and practical men in the kingdom. This Commission has corporate powers, holds a capital of \$200,000, builds and repairs all school-houses, and controls all the interests of education supported by the public funds. She already has free model agricultural schools; five more are in progress, and seven of the ordinary national schools give instruction in this branch. In 1846, her Board expended \$450,000 for common schools; the Church expended one-half and the Sunday School Society one-fourth that sum, to which if we add the expense of twenty endowed grammar schools, the annual amount was not less than \$800,000. Add to this all other provisions, and her means in *proportion to her population* are at least one-third of those of New-York—a State we may safely assume as a model and as one of the best endowed and best organized in our Union. New-York has a population of two millions, and she expends for her common schools and academies \$1,000,000 per annum, or \$2 for every five of her people, while Ireland expends that sum for every fifteen.

Let us look now at the counterpart of this picture. With all this natural wealth,

with these means of education, nearly three millions of the people of Ireland are constantly bordering on starvation, and of seven millions above five years of age, three and a half millions can neither read nor write.

The island is divided into four provinces, thirty-two counties, and into 2422 parishes. Her soil is chiefly in the hands of large resident and non-resident holders. Besides these, her population is divided into four classes: 1st. The middle-men or agents of the holders, who rent large tracts to be again let and re-let; 2d. The tenant, who rents his small lot of one, two, five or ten acres, from the owner or the agent; 3d. The day laborer for wages. The middle-men are among the most exacting and oppressive class. Their large lease is often so minutely divided and subdivided, and re-let at rates so exorbitant, that the poor tenant can scarcely drain from it a meagre subsistence. The cottiers and con-acre men are the most degraded class. A cottier is one who receives the use of a small patch of land in payment for labor; con-acres are those who rent and use land in common. The rent to the latter is often \$25 per annum for each acre, but more commonly near towns and villages \$15. This upon a farm of 100 acres worth \$100 per acre, in the more fertile parts of the United States, would be \$2,500 and \$1,500 per annum—25 and 15 per cent. of its value for a yearly rent. Yet of this class, and living from year to year under similar or precisely these con-acre exactions, Ireland has more than three millions of inhabitants. It is these small holdings which have so impoverished her. It is these and their burdens, added to her wide game forests, which from her earliest history have been the source of idleness and prodigality, that have ruined her agricultural skill, her industry and her morals.

As in England her local taxes are levied upon the annual letting value of the property held. Her rates are, the grand jury, the poor and the parish rates: they are levied as in England, and for like purposes. The effects of pauperism have been more terrible here than in England; for while the leading features of her poor-law and the principles of taxation are the same, there are other causes which run far back in her history, and which make these burdens lie with crushing weight upon her people. These belong to her primitive condition. They are among the antecedent causes which made her

normal condition what it is. They existed in the character of her original race, and in the incompleteness of her conquest. The invasion and partial conquest of Ireland, under the Anglo-Norman king, Henry II., under Elizabeth, and again under William III., have finally produced two owners to every estate in her territory. A contest therefore has been kept up during four centuries, until her primitive inhabitants, by legislation and the growth of habits incident to their position, are brought into hopeless servitude.

Her poor-law went into operation in 1838. One hundred and thirty unions have been formed and workhouses opened. These cost, for their erection, \$5,725,750—a per centage of more than 8 cents on the dollar, for her entire valuation. In 1845 she had upwards of 50,000 paupers. Their support and the direction of these houses during that year cost \$1,580,130. During that year also she had 12,000 lunatics, 6000 of whom were wandering as outcasts; and for crimes against person or property there were 17,000 commitments. What a moral spectacle is this unfortunate country! so depressed and so nearly destroyed by the systems of political tyranny and of corrupt social economy which govern it; by the prodigality and exactions of the chief owners and agents of the soil on the one hand, and by the ignorance and improvidence of its cultivators and laborers on the other. But the injustice and depression growing out of the poor-laws of England and Ireland, the principles and the burdens of their taxes, must in some measure be the condition of every nation where the few control the labor of the many, and where equality of right is not an element of the social compact.

The love of liberty and justice is as quenchless in the heart of the miserable serf of Russia, the degraded tenant and the squalid laborer of Ireland, the vagrant of Germany and the lazaroni of Italy, as in the poor freeman. The difference is, the latter knows its value by sweet experience; he has tasted its peaceful enjoyment; while the former are nurtured in ignorance of its blessings, and scarcely hope for it in the future. Still the love of it is a part of their being, and whenever and wherever science has annihilated space and brought nations into the frequent intercourse of neighbors, and has thus placed the means in their power, they will seek a home where these rights and this liberty are recognized.

Five nations form the great mass of our foreign immigrants: they are English, Scotch, Irish, French and German. The Irish and German make the largest fraction; for Great Britain colonizes her English and Scotch, but never her Irish subjects. The former create new branches of her government, and build up new institutions; while her Irish subjects are left to emigrate at will, or to go, like wandering tribes, where they can best gain a subsistence. But for this she has a reason. It is, to make both the colony and the institutions thoroughly English. She desires no turbulent provinces, which cannot be made, root and branch, after the model of the parent government, and into which she cannot most fully infuse its spirit. They may cultivate with neighbors intimate relations of both amity and commerce, but they must be so governed, and so hedged around, that they shall at all times preserve perfect loyalty. The voice of parental affection or authority, whether it be heard across the Atlantic or Pacific ocean, at the north or south pole, must be alike supreme. Great as have been her commercial conquests, and great as are her resources and power, the first and highest object of all her legislation seems to be still to augment this power, and still to extend her fame and glory. Through her entire history it has been the alpha and the omega of her policy; and in this respect, stands in strange contrast with the aim and career of many of her greatest statesmen. History gives us no record of nobler men or of purer philanthropists than her Howards, her Wilberforces, or her Romillys. These results she has sought as an end never to be lost sight of, whatever her internal struggles or conflicting interests. It has become her cloud by day and her pillar of fire by night, to lead her on to that millennium of nations when all others shall be assimilated to her likeness and spirit. This end all her theories of legislation, and the entire network of civil, social, and religious interests that stretch over her dominions, are made to subserve. Hence her vast wealth and wretched poverty; her ranks of kingly nobility and degraded paupers; her princely endowed universities and her destitution of common schools; her wide gaming forests and her stunted cottier rentals.

The second cause of immigration is the extent, fertility, and easy tenure of our public lands yet unoccupied. It affords the widest scope for new settlements, and

even cities and villages, which may equal, if not rival, those which now dot the Atlantic table-lands of our country.

Nine-tenths of all immigrants who land on our coast go into the interior of the Middle States, to the Far West, or become the builders of our railroads and canals; the residue become the domestics and the menial laborers of our cities. As true literally as proverbially, they are our hewers of wood and drawers of water. But they have become our paupers too, and in this relation are so rapidly increasing upon us, that, unless all changes in our own poor-laws are made with a wise forethought of the evils that threaten us, we shall soon have filled our poor-houses with the inmates of the prisons and poor-houses of Europe.

The estimated quantity of our public lands yet to be sold in the several States and territories, including the unceded territories east and west of the Rocky Mountains, and south of 49°, is 1084,065,000 acres. To the present time there have been sold 107,000,000 of acres; and for the purposes of internal improvement, education, grants for military services, and reservations made for the benefit of Indians, upwards of thirty-three millions; making an aggregate of lands sold and to be sold, of near thirteen hundred millions of acres, which have constituted the public domain of the United States. We cannot here enter into an estimate of the amount in each of the States and territories. Oregon and Missouri Territory comprise nearly half the whole amount. Not enough is yet known of the amount of arable land they contain, and of its fertility, to compare them with other parts of the Union. Of the gross aggregate to be sold, more than two hundred and seventy millions have been surveyed, and during the last three years the sales have amounted to nearly two millions of acres per annum. Land offices have been open in twelve States. During 1846 there were proclaimed for sale in all the States, about twelve and a half millions of acres.

The valley of the Mississippi contains upwards of 500,000 square miles. It is nearly five times the area of the British islands, and three times that of France. Were it as densely populated as the former, it would contain one hundred and thirty millions of souls, or even as densely as the latter, more than one hundred millions. But this valley cannot

justly be compared with the soils of Europe in respect to the population it can eventually sustain. The effect of climate on all its products, and on the amount required to sustain each inhabitant in comfort under its temperature, the intelligence of its cultivators, and the protection given to property and labor, must each have its estimate. If now peopled in the ratio of our own State, its population would amount to twenty-six millions of souls. If we deduct the five millions, or nearly that number, which at present people this valley, the 150,000 immigrants which will annually pour into it, with the increase of its present population, will, in the next half century, fully or more than amount to the twenty-one millions yet wanting to make its density equal to that of New-York.

Beginning with the head of the valley, Wisconsin and Iowa, which exceed in extent, by nearly one-third, the whole kingdom of France, we find them a part of the table-land of the continent, and at an elevation of between 800 and 1200 feet above the level of the sea. The beauty of their scenery is unequalled by any other States of the west. The extreme north is less fertile, but in other parts they are rich beyond any other territory. They have the general characteristics of the northern half of the valley: the rich bottom lands or the alluvials of the river; forests of gigantic trees and a thick undergrowth of shrubs; prairies richly covered with grasses and the most gorgeous-colored flowers.

Illinois is distinguished for its extensive prairies and its heavily wooded tracts along the borders of its streams; the entire length of its western line is washed by the Mississippi; on the south and east by the Ohio and Wabash; while the Illinois extends from the centre of its western limit north-east to within a short distance of Chicago on Lake Michigan.

Missouri, along its entire eastern line, is also washed by the Mississippi, while diagonally from near the centre of this line, the Missouri runs across it, with his numerous arms extending north and south. From the extreme north to the Osage, and along the Mississippi to the extreme south-east, the alluvials of the streams as well as the uplands are exuberantly fertile.

The plains of Kentucky and Tennessee, originally covered with forests of majestic trees, are unsurpassed in fertility.

Through Arkansas, Mississippi and

Louisiana, there are more swamps and marshes, but for the staples adapted to their soils and climate, they are characterized by the same fertility. The bluff zone of Mississippi, commencing in Louisiana and stretching through the State into Tennessee, is equal in value to any soil of the Union. We speak particularly of the rivers of this territory, because, extending from the Alleghanies to the Rocky Mountains, they constitute its grandest natural features. The greatest of these, the Missouri and Mississippi, stretch their giant arms in every direction, gathering up the waters of all the most fertile valleys. The former has its source in the Oregon Mountains, and courses its way through this great central valley of the American Continent 4,500 miles; nearly 4,000 of which is navigable. We refer to them, also, because along their banks are found the finest timber lands and the richest soils.

No part of America is equaled by this valley in its physical and natural resources. It will eventually become the garden of the New World. Into it the tide of foreign immigration is already chiefly flowing.

On the extent of its resources and its extraordinary fertility, we quote from the Hon. Thomas H. Benton, and one of our most distinguished writers on climatology:—

“The river navigation of the great west,” says Mr. Benton, “is the most wonderful on the globe; and since the application of steam power to the propulsion of vessels, possesses the essential qualities of open navigation. Speed, distance, cheapness, magnitude of cargoes, are all there, and without the perils of the sea from storms and enemies. The steamboat is the ship of the river, and finds in the Mississippi and its tributaries the amplest theatre for the diffusion of its use, and the display of its power. Wonderful river, connected with seas by the head and by the mouth, stretching its arms towards the Atlantic and the Pacific, lying in a valley, which is a valley from the Gulf of Mexico to Hudson’s Bay, drawing its first waters, not from rugged mountains, but from the plateau of the lakes in the centre of the continent, and in communication with the sources of the St. Lawrence and the streams which take their course north to Hudson’s Bay, draining the largest extent of the richest land, collecting the products of every clime, even the frigid, to bear the whole to a genial market in the sunny south, and there to meet the products of the entire world. Such is the Mississippi! And who can calculate the

aggregate of its advantages, and the magnitude of its future commercial results?

"Many years ago, the late Gov Clark and myself undertook to calculate the extent of the boatable water in the valley of the Mississippi; we made it about 50,000 miles! of which 30,000 were computed to unite above St. Louis, and 20,000 below. Of course, we counted all the infant streams on which a flat, a keel, or a batteau could be floated, and justly; for every tributary of the humblest boatable character, helps to swell, not only the volume of the central waters, but of the commerce upon them. Of this immense extent of river navigation, all combined into one system of waters, St. Louis is the centre! and the entrepôt of its trade! presenting even now, in its infancy, an astonishing and almost incredible amount of commerce, destined to increase forever."

"The great and magnificent central basin of North America," says Dr. Forry, "which spreads from the Alleghanies to the Rocky Mountains, and from the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic Sea, is comprised only in part within the United States; but this section constitutes the most fertile and valuable portion of this vast central plain, which, including the valley of the St. Lawrence, embraces an area estimated at 3,250,000 square miles. On its northern borders, where winter holds perpetual sway, vegetable life expires, or survives only in some species of mosses and lichens. South of these dreary wastes, stunted trees begin to appear, forming gloomy and desolate forests; and it is not until we reach the fiftieth parallel, that the eye is cheered with the vegetation known in the temperate zone. Proceeding still farther south, we ultimately discover in the valley of the Mississippi, the palms and splendid foliage of the tropics—a land peopled by millions, and one destined, as a necessary consequence, springing from natural adaptation, to nourish upon its fertile bosom multitudes as countless as on the teeming plains of India and China. A characteristic feature of this immense basin of the Mississippi and Missouri, is the vastness of its level surface, covered with primeval forests or spreading in vast savannas, unless where encroached upon by the rapidly advancing tide of human colonization. Its tracts of fertile lands, with its great and navigable rivers terminating in one main trunk, open to it prospects of opulence and populousness to an extent incalculable. In this region man is everywhere occupied in opening new lands, in building houses, in founding cities, and in subjugating nature.

"That this immense plain is destined to become the seat of a mighty empire, is a result that will inevitably follow, unless some convulsion of nature, as has been

suggested, may cause the ocean lakes on our Canadian boundary to overwhelm it with a catastrophe more formidable than the deluge of Deucalion. The possibility of this event is sufficiently obvious, when we consider that Lakes Superior, Huron and Michigan have a mean depth of 1000 feet, and that the surface of these interior seas, comprising an area of 94,000 square miles, is elevated more than 300 feet above the level of the Mississippi basin. Now, should this intervening barrier suffer disruption from volcanic agency, (of which force there are not unfrequent indications in the valley of the Mississippi,) the devastation that would sweep these plains would find no parallel in the history of our globe since the Noachian deluge."

The easy and secure tenure by which our public domain is held, is one of the great inducements to immigration. Our government has pursued a most liberal policy towards the actual settler. The pre-emption laws invest him with the right of soil from the time he occupies it, provided he pays into the local land office the *minimum* price of the government, within one year or before a public sale shall have been made within the district. This law has been continued notwithstanding the numerous frauds connected with its operation. In 1843 there were in one office not less than two thousand cases of declaration of settlement, in which the lands were despoiled of their timber and then forfeited or sold on speculation. It has been modified only to prevent these frauds, while its beneficial provisions are still operating on the honest settler. So easy of acquisition are these lands, and from the first organization of the government so equitable have been its laws in regard to landed property, that the cultivators of the soil over the entire Union are universally its proprietors.

There is much depression, it is true, existing among the small farmers of the New-England and Middle States, from the vast amount of land held under mortgage. In some of the States nearly one-fourth of the land is held in this condition. We cannot, nor would we deny the evils growing out of single tenures to the amount of from one-half to two and a half millions of dollars. There are capitalists of this class in several of our large cities. But between the tenure of these lands by the farmer, of 50 or 100 acres, and a rental in the old world, there is no analogy; for with Puritan enterprise and prudence, he will pay the legal interest, and with a small yearly surplus eventu-

ally redeem his farm; and although not really the proprietor, his being fully so in the eye of the public at least, and really so in part, secures that pride and independence of character which is the germ of American enterprise.

The United States, therefore, are a signal illustration of the lasting blessings which, in any age or part of the world, flow from such proprietorship in the soil. In no part of the civilized globe have the laboring classes so generally acquired it. And, whatever the predictions of monarchists or theorists, so long as this and the self-respect and pride of character that such a condition inspires shall continue; so long as the light of public education shall be diffused, and from both causes the mass of the people shall feel that individually, as well as collectively, they have a common interest at stake in a free government and free institutions, we have little to fear from demagogues or the rage of party spirit. As our population becomes more dense, science and the domestic arts will correspondingly increase the capacity of each acre of arable soil for production. With such a proprietorship, with general intelligence and peace within our borders, the production of the fruits of the earth will always be in advance of the tide of population. It is their towering mountains of wealth and their abysses of pauperism which have created a redundant, starving population in central Europe. Their soil is divided among the few, while the many sustain burdens from which there is no release, and which destroy all pride of rising to a better state. What stronger check upon the indulgence of the lowest passions of a people, and upon a consequent rapid and improvident increase in population, than this universal *proprietorship* in the soil, and these equitable rights as to the *tenure* and *control* of all other property, which will of necessity *occupy the mind* in efforts to rise higher and higher in the scale of society?

But against these fair hopes and prospects, must be put the evident perils which this enormous immigration is spreading before us.

With such a territory and such conditions offered them, emigrants of every class from all parts of Europe are pouring in upon us. After a few years' toil and privation—always far greater and more severe than they had anticipated on leaving their fatherland—they gain a

comfortable livelihood. In the majority of cases two or three families, or branches of families, form a *nucleus* of interest. The ties of kindred which stretch across the Atlantic draw their friends and their kindred around them, till these interests swell into communities. Thus are these ties multiplying in a geometrical ratio, and every year swelling that vast tide of population which flows into the great central valley of our continent. The extent of our domain, its extraordinary fertility, and more than all, the easy and secure tenure by which every man may hold enough of it for himself and his children, are inviting alike the honest, the industrious and the robust, the vagrant and the criminal of Europe. A quarter of a century ago, a few thousands only were annually landed on our shores; now thousands come, we had almost said, in a day.

If the hordes of pauper-house inmates and the thousands of the famishing laborers of Europe shall continue to increase the stream of immigration in the next ten years as they have in the five closing with the current year, the graphic picture of Alison the historian, though now it much exaggerates the truth, will prove but a simple, unvarnished account:—

“There is,” says he, “something solemn and almost awful in the incessant advance of the great stream of civilization, which in America is continually rolling down from the summit of the Alleghany mountains, and overspreading the boundless forests of the Far West. Nothing similar ever was witnessed in the world before. Vast as were the savage multitudes which ambition or love of plunder in Gengis Khan or Timour brought down from the plains of Tartary to overwhelm the opulent regions of the earth, they are as nothing compared to the ceaseless flood of human beings which is now, in its turn, sent forth from the abodes of civilized man into the desert parts of the world. Not less than three hundred thousand persons, almost all in the prime of life, now yearly cross the Alleghany mountains, and settle on the banks of the Ohio or its tributary streams. They do not merely pass through like a devastating fire or a raging torrent; they settle where they take up their abode, never to return. Their war is with the forest and the marsh—not against the corrupted cities of long-established man. Spreading themselves out over an extent of nearly twelve hundred miles in length, these advanced posts of civilization commence the incessant war with the plough and the hatchet; and at the sound of their strokes resounding

through the solitude of the forest, the wild animals and the Indians retire to more undisturbed retreats. Along a tract of nearly twelve hundred miles in length, the average advance of cultivation is about seventeen miles a year. The ground is imperfectly cleared, indeed, by these pioneers of humanity; but still the forest has disappeared under their strokes; the green field, the wooden cottage, the signs of infant improvement, have appeared; and behind them another wave of more wealthy and refined settlers appear, who complete the work of agricultural advancement.

“The effect of this wonderful immigration and settling of civilized man in the fertile but hitherto desert regions of the western world, must ere long, if it continues, as it apparently will, uninterrupted, produce the most important effects on the

prospects and situation of mankind on the globe.”

But with all these results of comfort and happiness to thousands of the emigrants' families thronging into our country, besides many benefits to ourselves, the dangers to the ultimate state and nation, from this vast influx of all countries upon us, are immense and imminent.

In a subsequent article we shall speak of the extraordinary causes of immigration, and the evidences of its rapid increase from these combined causes to be found in the history of our almshouse and other forms of charity; as also of the perils in prospect, at which we have merely hinted.

To be continued.

VALLEY OF THE LAKES.*

BY R. W. HASKINS, A.M.

In the exploration of the New World, as our Continent has been called, after its discovery by Columbus, nothing so much astonished the European as the vastness of all with which Nature had surrounded him. The towering mountain ranges, losing themselves, on either hand, in the shadowy distance; the forests of giant trees, seemingly boundless in extent, on every side; the mighty rivers; the still more mighty Inland Seas; the prairies, surpassing some European kingdoms, in extent, covered, in every part, with flowers that, playing to the fanning of the winds, seem to roll, like ocean waves, upon their surface, and yet still and desolate, in their beauty, like those vast oceans they so much resemble; the eternal cataracts, thundering in their everlasting solitudes: all these conspired to fill the new beholder with the most solemn awe, while they awakened his soul to more vast, and consequently more just, conceptions of that creation of which he realized himself a part.

To these first impressions, which nothing can obliterate from the mind of which they have once taken possession, others have subsequently been joined, arising from farther, and less general investigations; and with these superadded, per-

haps no one section of the American Continent has either commanded, or deserves to command, more pointed attention to its character and importance, than the great Valley of the Lakes. To the solemn grandeur of this region, in a state of nature, we have referred; and the gorgeous splendor of its autumnal sunsets we may not entirely overlook. Italian sunsets are world-renowned for their splendor and their beauty; yet these are really tame in comparison with those witnessed in the region of the great American Lakes; and they are so adjudged by the deliberate opinions of those whose perfect familiarity with both leaves no room to doubt the correctness of the decision. But, Italian scenery and Italian sunsets were in the enjoyment of long established reputation before the vast American Lakes, or the region surrounding them, had been, for the first time, gazed upon, by the astonished white man. Fashion in this, as in all else, has its central, and hence, notwithstanding the stupendous sublimity of American landscapes, with their giant mountains, we still talk and write imitatingly of “Alpine scenery,” even when we would describe, for instance, one of the most wild and elevated regions of that vast, and ever

* Portions of both the evidences and the deductions embraced by this paper, the author has before employed, in illustration of some features of the same subject.

snow-capped range which divides our own valley of "the Father of Waters" from our Pacific coast, upon its west.

But, enough, here, of Nature's majestic rudeness—our immediate business is with the practical, the humanizing; in short, the useful, rather than the poetic.

The early French explorers, with Charlevoix, Hennepin, and the Baron Lahontau at their head, who penetrated the region under consideration, by way of the St. Lawrence, saw, with quick eye, its importance, at least in a political point of view, and were not long in convincing their government that this was by far the most important portion of New France. Other American colonists, too, passing from the Atlantic coast, over the Alleghany mountains and the Blue Ridge, in due time penetrated the same region, and were no less struck with its importance, as a means of securing possession of other, and adjacent territory. Both parties found the country filled with savages; and among these were some of the most powerful tribes and confederacies that this portion of our continent has been known to produce. These possessed the country as their own; and within its waters they fished, while upon its lands they alternately hunted and fought. But, while our Colonist Fathers only looked upon this land of future promise, and then withdrew, the French authorities lost no time in the adoption of measures for securing its possession. A vast chain of military posts was quickly established along these Inland Seas, and their adjacent rivers; placed, no doubt, chiefly with reference to their importance, in a military point of view, but the sites of which have most of them since become no less important to the pursuits of peace. In the ensuing wars between France and England, Quebec having fallen, in 1759, the English, pursuing their conquests west, soon found themselves in conflict with the natives, throughout the entire valley of the lakes, since their attachment to the French was at that time universal. Many were the warlike feats that had been enacted in these realms, before, between native bands; but now strife was to arise between the white invaders and the dark-skinned and wily native warriors who dwelt in the unbroken forests which still cumbered the soil. From that day to the termination of the Black Hawk war, in 1833, with scarcely an intermission, the Lake Valley was a scene of fierce strife and conten-

tion. Bright and glowing names adorn the records of these struggles, throughout every period of their history. Some of the most justly renowned Aborigines whose fame has reached us had their birth and their burial place in this Valley. Pontiac, Tecumseh, Little Turtle, Corn Planter, Red Jacket, Farmer's Brother, Black Hawk—these, and their numerous native associates, made this the scene of their daring exploits, and their stirring eloquence, whereby they have left a name that will never be forgotten. The first and the last of these has each imparted his individual name to a war which he here waged against the whites; and the former was very near clearing of all white men the entire region in which his operations were conducted. In fifteen days from the time of striking his first blow, this Napoleon of the wilderness was in quiet possession of every garrison in the west, but three. In that brief space Le Bœuf, Venango, Presq' Isle, La Baie, St. Joseph's, Miamis, Ouachitanon, Sandusky and Mackina had submitted to his power; while Detroit escaped only through the treachery of a squaw, who disclosed the plans of her chief to his enemy. These were the days of Colonial strife; the American Revolution ensued, and the savages everywhere, throughout the Valley, fought as the ally of Britain, and in her pay. The close of this long conflict brought neither peace nor security to our western frontier: on the contrary, still stimulated and paid by agents of the British government, the savage warriors continued the strife; and often with success, too, as the bloody defeats of Generals Harmer and St. Clair bear witness; and when subsequently so ruinously defeated by Wayne, they were fighting under the very guns of a fort in possession of a British garrison, which had promised them shelter in case of defeat! Their defeat again, by Harrison, at the battle of Tippecanoe, in 1811, but just preceded our second war with England—an event which again enlisted the western Indians with their old allies, against us. The power of these was finally crushed at the battle of the Thames, where Tecumseh fell, heading the same tribes which had so often followed Pontiac to victory.

But it is not savage warriors, alone, whose deeds, in the Valley of the Lakes, have given their names for good or for evil to posterity. It was here that our General Hull disgraced himself and his

country's flag; and here Harrison and his companions in arms retrieved that disgrace, and restored the confidence of brave men. It was here that one British Major-General fell, while in command against us; another was led captive from the field of his disaster, and a third, the Governor of a province, was saved from the like fate by the fleetness of his horse, upon the day of his most signal defeat and total discomfiture. Here, too, Perry carried our flag in triumph through the fight, and brought to port the entire fleet of his enemy, as the fruit of his well-earned victory. And of how many other American heroes has this Valley been witness of the deeds of prowess and of fame? Here the lamented Harrison, victorious alike over savage and European foes, won immortal renown: here Capt. Z. Taylor, the great commander, rather than the mere General, at Buena Vista, to adopt his own words, on the occasion of his defence of Fort Harrison, amid "the raging of the fire, the yelling and howling of several hundred Indians, the cries of nine women and children, who had taken shelter in the fort, and the desponding of so many of the men," gave early proof of the possession of those qualities which have since filled both continents with admiration. Here Governor Shelby, at the age of sixty-six, exhibited all the sagacity in planning and coolness in execution which distinguished him at King's Mountain, in our war for independence. Here the brave Croghan wrested victory from fearful odds; and here Gaines, Brown, Scott, Porter, Ripley, McNeil, Towson, Worth, Morgan, Miller, Cass, and a host of others, no less deserving personal mention, won for themselves applause and enduring fame, and for their country the respect of her contemners.

Thus far, then, we have seen that, although the Valley of the Lakes has constantly been conspicuous in the annals of our country, and has been the scene of many a noble deed, of high national importance, yet it has only been conspicuous in connection with dominion—with sovereignty—and nothing more. It seemed, all this while, too distant and isolated from established settlements to be thought of, in any other sense; and the fact that it really was so, is well verified by the protracted and wasting march of General Sullivan, who, with his utmost efforts, and with all his toil, crossed but a portion of the single State of New-York, and was deemed to have accomplished won-

ders in penetrating even as far west as the Genesee River. But, with the war of 1812, this state of things may be said to have terminated. No farther struggles—at least no doubtful ones—were remaining in prospect, for either sovereignty within this realm, or protection to those who should become its permanent inhabitants. In short, war and its desolations having disappeared, the whole region seemed silently inviting to peaceful occupancy; and this, too, before the difficulties which interrupted intercourse were in any considerable degree removed.

There is yet but a small portion of any community, in all probability, which fully appreciates how extensive and irresistible a control geological characteristics exercise over the population, wealth, and character of the people—the destiny, in short, of the various habitable portions of our globe. Yet, not only are the producing capabilities of the soil of any given region, controlled by its geology, but its topographical conformation, and consequently its climate, to a wide extent, are no less dependent upon this. This control, both for the purposes of peace and of war, we shall find more pointedly manifest as we proceed with our subject. The redundantly silicious character of a large portion of the soil of New-England—the region from which the early occupants of the west were to come—fixes, for this soil, a low average capability of production. This is most prominently true in regard to some of the leading products of human consumption, and particularly wheat. When our forefathers first opened the soil of New-England to tillage, encouraging crops of wheat were, for a short time, produced from it; but some of the components of a legitimate wheat soil—of which lime is one—being present there in but minute quantity, were soon exhausted; and in the absence of these, the capability of the soil, for this crop, was destroyed; while for others, almost equally important, such capability was materially lessened. The direct and inevitable consequence of this, of course, is to keep down the agricultural population of the region in question to a comparatively low average. True, the geological characteristics to which reference has been made, while they deprive the soil of New-England of the power of high productiveness, are precisely those which have given to the topography of the region a conformation by no means unimportant, in other re-

spects. The elevated ranges of primary mountains, with the numerous spurs thrown off by these in all directions, throughout New-England, so break up the surface of the country into a multitude of limited rainsheds, as to give rise to a vast number of streams; while the altitude of these ranges, above the level of the sea, is such as to repeat, at short intervals, upon every stream, cascades and water-falls, whose easy convertibility to the purposes of motive power, for machinery, was too palpable to be overlooked. This source of employment and of wealth has been by no means neglected, but still it did not prevent a numerous emigration of the hardy children of New-England to the unreclaimed regions of the west.

When the great Erie Canal, for uniting the tide waters of the Hudson with the chain of Western Lakes, was first proposed, and even when, at the close of the war to which we have referred, the undertaking of its construction had been entered upon, few thought of consequences from it so momentous as even those already realized. To such minds as that of CLINTON, and a few others, those consequences were, indeed, present; but by those who saw thus clearly, these visions were revealed only in whispers, and then but to chosen ears; for they were so far in advance of the age as to be deemed too wild for society to entertain; and it was felt that there was great danger, therefore, that all would be lost, by claiming too much, whereby general confidence would be withdrawn from the undertaking, and its prosecution thereby abandoned. Prior to the construction of this work, the counties along the shores of the Hudson and Mohawk were deemed the essential agricultural portions of the State of New-York; which in truth they then really were. But it began to be realized that there lay a region beyond this, upon the west, and within the great chain of Western Lakes, which, could communication be had with it, would become one of great productiveness. From the date of Sullivan's Expedition this was familiarly called the Genesee Country, and in New-England, forty years ago, it was known as "the Genesees," to which an occasional adventurer, even then, wended his lonely way. This wild and distant region was "the west"—the utmost west of that day; and to open this indefinite realm to population and to culture, by connecting it with

a market, was one, and, in the opinion of the many, the only result to be looked for, or desired, from the construction of the Erie Canal. At this day none need be told how successful was that great work in this, its first intent: for the forest-clothed "Genesee Country" has been converted, by it, into the present rich and populous garden of Western New-York.

Here the primary rocks of New-England, with the sterile soil they produce, nowhere prevail, but the whole geology is changed. Stratified rocks, namely, limestones, sandstones, and argillaceous shales predominate, bearing upon them, of course, a soil partaking largely of these materials. From their position, in the geological series of rocks, these formations, here, constitute the coal floor; and the soil resting upon them is compounded of those identical earths which are inseparable from great productiveness in the leading crops of the husbandman, and particularly that most essential one, wheat. Had the opening of this new realm, so prolific in the staff of life, to an Atlantic market, begun and ended the advantages of the Erie Canal, as the many supposed it must, much would have been accomplished, even then, abstractly; but, comparatively speaking, all this is really diminutive. At the completion of that canal, in 1825, little was either said or thought of any expected wheat crop west of the State of New-York: much less was it supposed that a few brief years would suffice, as they already have, to convert Buffalo into the first inland wheat mart in the world. The vast wilds, as they then were, of forest and prairie, which bordered the western chain of the Inland Seas, were as little counted upon as are, at this moment, the forest regions of our coast upon the Pacific. Thus distant and neglected, it is not strange that the general nature of the Valley of the Lakes should have been unknown. Its geology was almost wholly so; and consequently its agricultural capabilities could not be anticipated. The Erie Canal, fulfilling the high destiny assigned to it by its authors, by opening an easy route to the lakes, soon covered these hitherto solitary seas, with vast fleets of mercantile marine, and thus, at once, removed all difficulties in the way of reaching, at pleasure, either in person or with property, the comparatively unbroken solitude lying adjacent to, and beyond, the great Western Lakes. These facili-

ties soon produced a current of emigration, from New-England and elsewhere, to the west, which has grown broader and deeper, in each succeeding year, and which is yet to reach its maximum at some period still far distant in the future. Geological investigations, stimulated by the sudden growth of powerful states, within the wilds in question, have now shown us that the new wheat-field, thus opened to the market of the Atlantic coast, extends from the limits of the State of New-York, across the Mississippi, to the base of the Rocky Mountains, on the west; and north, to the regions of primary rocks, beyond the boundary line of the United States. Throughout all this vast territory, the general constituents of the soil are the same; and these of the kinds, and in the proportionate quantities best adapted to the richest productions of agriculture, generally, and particularly, wheat. Of all this extended realm, which in Europe would constitute the surface of a large kingdom, only here and there a spot has yet been occupied. By far the greater part is even now an unbroken wild; there being, at this moment, for every acre that has been subjected to tillage, hundreds whose surface has never yet been disturbed. The capabilities, then, of the realm in question, to receive and sustain population, are still incalculably great; and so of necessity are both the quantity of its future production of raw material, and its consumption of manufactured products.

The topography of the realm in question is, of course, like that of all others, controlled and modified by its geology. The rainshed which casts its waters into the great chain of western lakes, is one of great extent, and of so gentle a slope as to admit, in many parts, of the construction of canals from the lakes to great distances inland, wherever rivers, for the transit of property, are either not available, or do not exist. When the Erie Canal had connected our Inland Seas with the ocean, the full importance of opening communications between these seas and the interior regions adjacent, was promptly, and for the first time, realized. Accordingly, in July of the very year in which New-York completed her "Pioneer work," the Ohio Canal was begun. This crosses the State of Ohio, from Cleveland, upon Lake Erie, to the Ohio river, at Portsmouth, a distance of three hundred and ten miles—the whole of which was early completed. Then fol-

lowed the Wabash and Erie Canal, a gigantic work, extending from the mouth of the Maumee river, upon Lake Erie, across part of Ohio, and penetrating Indiana almost to its western border, and there connecting the Wabash river with Lake Erie. No less important than either of these is the Michigan and Illinois canal, which unites the waters of Lake Michigan with those of the Illinois river. This canal commences at Chicago, upon Lake Michigan, and terminates in the Illinois river, at the distance of one hundred and two miles from the lake, and from which termination that river is navigable to the Mississippi. Aside from these, there is a cross-cut canal connecting the Ohio canal with the Ohio river, near Beaver; the Miami Extension, which, branching from the Wabash canal, and passing through one of the richest portions of the State of Ohio, terminates upon the Ohio river, at the Queen City of the valley of that stream; also a canal from the Ohio, which, after traversing extended regions of both coal and iron, comes to Lake Erie at the harbor of Erie, Pa.; while around the Falls, at the outlet of Lake Superior, a ship canal is now in progress of construction, which is to add that lake, the largest body of fresh water upon the globe, to the number of those which now concentrate their commerce at Buffalo, upon the western frontier of New-York. To these must be added the various railroads, both completed and in progress, that traverse sections of this region. The Central Railroad extends over a wide and fertile section of the State of Michigan, and connects this with Detroit: the Pontiac road in like manner connects another equally important section of the State with the same city: the Southern Michigan road, passing through the southern tier of counties of that State, comes to the lake at Monroe: the Erie and Kalamazoo road, passing into the interior, nearly in the direction of the Michigan Southern road; the two roads that leave the lake at Sandusky City, and extend, one to Cincinnati, and the other to Mansfield, Richland county, and both passing over some of the finest and most productive soil of the State of Ohio. The chain of lakes in question is navigated by steamboats, ships and other mercantile marine, from Buffalo to Chicago, a distance embracing an inland sea-coast of some fifteen hundred miles in extent, upon the American shore, exclusive of the shores

of Lake Superior, which lake, alone, is seventeen hundred miles in circuit. To this extent of natural navigation is added that of the artificial works enumerated, and all which works operate as but so many prolongations of the Erie Canal. A region as favored by soil and climate as the one under consideration, lacked but an opening to market to begin its course of greatness. This, through the Erie and other canals which have been mentioned, aided by the numerous railroads and rivers, as well as by the great lakes themselves, has been effected; and henceforth the course of this portion of the Union is onward, to the completion of its high destiny.

It seems proper, here, to advert to the position in regard to the low limit of population of the "country of the lakes," that it has been assumed will necessarily be fixed by the extent of its prairies and the consequent want of fuel. This assumption is conceived wholly in error—as not only do the prairies produce timber in profusion and with great rapidity when planted, but the very region under consideration contains the largest fossil coal-field, or rather collection of coal-fields, in the known world. The extent of this is, in length, one thousand five hundred miles, and in breadth six hundred miles, constituting an area of nine hundred thousand square miles. Throughout all this vast realm, at short intervals, coal is found in profusion. It occurs, indeed, in exhaustless quantity, and is, in general, of excellent quality, being bituminous, and in many of the beds so pure as to be fit for use, both in furnaces and smitheries, without coking. The average thickness of the principal beds of this coal is from two to six feet; while, in some situations, they are ten feet, or more: the beds are free from the dislocations and faults which so much impede the operations of the miners in other coal districts, and particularly those of England. The great and practically important peculiarity of the structure of the coal strata in this region is, that they are, in general, nearly horizontal, having only sufficient inclination to drain off the water. Many of the beds are situated above the level of the rivers, and may be traced round the sides of the hills, at the same elevation, or nearly so, upon every side. "This circumstance gives an amazing advantage in working the mines, as no perpendicular shafts are necessary to

reach the coal, but passages can be cut through it, from one side of the hill to the other; and the expense of lifting the coal from the depth of seven and eight hundred feet, as well as that of pumping all the accumulating water from that distance beneath the surface, as is most frequently required in the best English coal mines, is altogether avoided. Besides this advantage, the proprietors can ascertain accurately, without boring, and with scarcely any expense, the exact thickness of each bed of coal before they commence mining operations." Few of the beds have yet been much worked, as their products have not been largely demanded; but the supply is equal to the wants of any population which the country can receive. Beds of this fossil were cut through in excavating both the Ohio and the Erie, Pa., canals; and the route of the Michigan and Illinois Canal, in the midst of the rich prairie region, back from Chicago, lies directly through vast supplies of this; while geological researches are daily disclosing other localities still, where chance or ordinary domestic arrangements had not before detected its presence. From these ancient fossil, vegetable deposits, so indispensably important to a country dependent on steam navigation for much of its prosperity, not only will the millions that are one day to people the soil which covers them be supplied with fuel, but the immense demand for firing, created by the fleets of steamboats that now are, and will ever be, in active employment, in ministering to the wants of the population, will in like manner be answered; and when all this shall have continued for generations—for centuries—there will still be no want of supply.

In a given geographical position, as already shown, the nature and conformation of the soil, which result mainly from geological causes, settle and determine the principal questions of the existence of a people, with their measures and their habits, no less than the rank which the section of the globe that these occupy is to enjoy, upon the theatre of the world. It is not, therefore, a nearly uniform climate which constitutes Upper India, Persia, Asia Minor, Syria, Greece, Italy, the south of Germany and of France, and all the Iberic Peninsula, a distinct physical region; but it is, rather, the uniformity of their geological constitution, now well understood, from Lisbon to Libanus, and from the eastern slopes of the Imaus to

the points where the chains of the Pyrenees, the Spanish and Portuguese mountains, are lost in the Atlantic. It was for this reason that, in the migrations of human tribes, within the realms in question, after crossing the elevated ranges which presented in their course, these tribes again found the same climate, the same qualities of soil, the same forms and aspects, the same productions, and all the physical circumstances which they had left behind, and which exercise so powerful an influence over a people, in the infancy of civilization. But, if these causes direct, within certain limits, seminomadic tribes in their wanderings, and determine them in their final settlements, their control is still more direct and imperious wherever the business of the husbandman is pursued. Nor is the agency of geological causes less apparent in the founding and building up of cities, within a country, than in determining its regions of greatest agricultural production. From the combined agency of these last is drawn the elements of a nation's wealth; and the topography of the country adjacent to them is ever decisive of the question with whom, and through what channels, the commerce of these is to be carried on. It is in this view, only, that the cities of the Valley of the Lakes—since they form no exception to the general rule—are to be considered, if just and valid conclusions, in regard to the future, are either sought, or hoped for. The application of steam to the purposes of navigation, has hastened, by perhaps one hundred years, the settlement of the valley of the Mississippi: it has also had its agency in the peopling of that of the Lakes. But in this last something more than steamboats was required. This chain of Inland Seas was not in navigable connection with the less favored soils of the East. The shores of these waters, therefore, though covered with a soil of giant strength, remained, for the most part, a solitude; while the waters themselves were sparingly traversed, except by the canoe of the savage. The topography of the adjacent region pointed out the route of the Erie Canal; and that great work was completed. This connected the Lakes and their Valley with tide water; but still, such connection was, alone, insufficient to call into existence cities and towns. The West was still unpeopled; but it was now open to settlement: steam and sails both usurped the place of the canoe, and through their agency the eastern emi-

grant could reach the West; and its soil would promptly sustain him, when once there. A current of immigration, therefore, though weak and contracted at first, now began to set in upon the West, through the Erie Canal and the Lakes; and as, through those thus planted there, the capabilities of the realm became gradually disclosed, this current both deepened and widened, from year to year, until it swelled from a rivulet to a river, and from a river to a broad sweeping ocean, bearing, upon its laboring tide, the thousands who daily cast themselves upon its waters, that these might waft them to the haven of their hopes—the wild, but luxuriant and teeming West. The over rapid augmentation of this suddenly created colony—since such, for all the purposes of political economy, the new settlement had become—at a period so soon after its commencement, produced the inevitable result in this, as in all similar instances: namely, the demand for subsistence outran the supply; and provisions, so far from being produced in profusion, for export, were, for a time, required to be furnished from older settled portions of the country, to sustain this rapid accumulation, until the occupants had time so far to cultivate the soil as to make it yield a quantity of food more than sufficient for their own support, and which, consequently, they could divide with those whose more recent arrival left them still dependent upon extraneous supplies.

The reader has already seen that the agency of geological causes is no less apparent in the founding and building up of cities within a given country, than in determining the region of that country's greatest agricultural production. Of these there are already several of much importance, within the realm we are considering; and while they shall long continue to increase in magnitude and wealth, others, which have yet scarcely attracted notice, are no less destined to rise to future eminence. Yet, among all these, it of necessity happens that one, only, can exhibit, in a concentrated form, the commerce of the Valley; or show, collectively, what that commerce is. This one, from its position, is Buffalo: and the history of its rise and progress may therefore be taken as a just type of all the rest. During the entire progress, then, of the events last enumerated, and with all it had been able to accomplish before, Buffalo, by its utmost

efforts, had only struggled its way upward, in the scale of being, to the character of a scattered and unthrifty hamlet. In both population and business, it was then exceeded by numerous inland villages which have since dwindled away and been forgotten, as their short-lived energies have been gradually absorbed by the spreading and overshadowing efficiencies of more commanding positions. And all this, of necessity, was so; for the West, as yet, yielded nothing for Buffalo—and without that West she was already all she ever could be. In other words, had the soil of the Valley of the Lakes been identical with that of New-England, for instance, even could it have retained the same topography it now presents, the site of Buffalo must have remained without pavements, or even streets in which to lay them; while such of its surface as is now covered with buildings, or thronged with busy thousands, each eager in his vocation, would have been still, and through an indefinite future must have continued, either the lounge of the vagrant Indian, or, at best, but the pasturage of his Caucasian supplanter. While the West, then, consumed all, or more than all that she produced, and hence yielded nothing for market or exchange, Buffalo lacked that creative principle that was to give her being; but her development could not be delayed beyond the period when the energies of that West began to be manifested. The proofs of all this we find in the annals of the past, and they are valuable, as affording data for comparisons with the present and the future.

The following table exhibits the commerce of Buffalo from 1815 to 1827, inclusive, being for thirteen consecutive years:—

Years.	No. of arrivals and departures.	Years.	No. of arrivals and departures.
1815,	64	1822,	200
1816,	80	1823,	236
1817,	100	1824,	286
1818,	100	1825,	355
1819,	96	1826,	418
1820,	120	1827,	572
1821,	150		

At the close of this period the total number of American vessels, of all descriptions, constituting the mercantile marine of Erie and the upper Lakes, was but fifty-three, with an aggregate burden of 3611 tons.

This meagre exhibit is in perfect keeping with the population, which, in 1825,

consisted of but 2412 souls. This last, it will be observed, is the year of the completion of the Erie Canal; and the above table of lake commerce extends through the first two years of the canal business.

Without troubling the reader with the yearly details, to the present moment, this whole question will be as fully satisfied by contrasting these meagre results with the same items of the business of a few subsequent years. Not to cumber our pages with protracted tables, we will confine ourselves to exhibiting simply the actual quantity of wheat and flour imported, via the Lakes, into Buffalo, in each of the following years, together with the estimated value of the entire Lake importations, so far as known, for each of these years:—

Year.	Bbls. Flour.	Bush. Wheat.	Estimated value of all imports via the Lakes.
1841,	730,040	1,635,000	\$10,000,000
1842,	734,308	1,555,439	Unknown.
1843,	917,517	1,827,241	\$10,000,000
1844,	915,000	2,177,500	8,000,000
1845,	746,750	1,770,740	Unknown.
1846,	1,324,529	4,744,184	\$20,000,000

The number of arrivals at the port of Buffalo, in 1846, was three thousand eight hundred and fifty-seven—a number contrasting very strongly with the thirteen different years of our earlier history, that we have detailed above. As bearing upon the intercourse with, and emigration to, the region in question, we may state that the number of passengers up and down the Lakes, whose route lay through Buffalo, was estimated, from the best available data, at 200,000 for the year 1845; and for the ensuing year, namely, 1846, at 250,000; of whom, particularly in the last of these years, a very large portion were emigrants, seeking new homes in the west. In connection with this, too, we must advert to the tolls received at Buffalo, upon the Erie Canal. These, of course, are mostly paid upon property which arrives by way of the Lakes, in search of an eastern market; and the amount so paid in each of the last two years is as follows: 1845, \$538,221; 1846, \$847,613; while the receipts of the current year will very greatly exceed this last. But these sums, enormous as they really are, are far from showing, as they would seem to do, the total revenue of the State, arising from property from other States, entering the Erie Canal at Buffalo. For instance, wheat is pur-

chased at Buffalo, say, for the Rochester mills. The tolls on this are paid at Buffalo as far as Rochester, only. Then the wheat is ground, its flour shipped to Albany, and the tolls from Rochester to Albany are paid at Rochester—thus swelling the receipts of that office, and, *apparently*, too, upon the products of the State of New-York, when, in fact, all this is paid on property brought from beyond the limits of that State, and the tolls so paid, at Rochester, are so much actually deducted from the true Buffalo amount, and added to the just sum belonging to Rochester. This is equally true of all places upon the canal, where milling is done. Not unfrequently, too, boats are loaded at Buffalo for Albany or Troy, whose tolls, for reasons of business convenience, are paid at Buffalo for only a small portion of the distance—in all which cases the result is the same as in those above. The amount of these operations is annually very great; and the errors they create of course are of proportionate magnitude. One other item, namely, that of population, remains for comparison. We have seen that in 1825, with the same canal, and the same extent of coast, and of navigable water, upon the chain of Western Lakes that is now possessed, Buffalo contained a population of 2412; in 1840 the United States' Census made that population 18,213, while at the present moment it is between thirty-five and forty thousand.

Local results so gigantic as these, and of which the history of the world probably furnishes no parallel, could not be produced without extending their influences far beyond the immediate scene of their origin. That identical Valley of the Lakes, which, in its wilderness state, was so long the field of martial contest between France and England, for sovereignty only, has, within the past year, under the dominion and tillage of republican freemen, furnished that bread to both these countries, on which, alone, they found themselves dependent to stay the ravages of death from starvation! How essentially, then, have these results influenced the condition of the civilized world! All the northern Atlantic cities of our Union have been powerfully influenced, too, in their growth and prosperity, through the agencies in question; though probably none other so directly, and to the same extent, as that of New-York. Through all the period of that city's existence, down to 1817, when the construction of the Erie Canal

was commenced, being a period of near two hundred years, with all the foreign trade she could command, from every sea, she had only reached a population of 125,000—being less than four times the present size of Buffalo. Up to that period, the internal trade of our country had scarcely been felt, in aid of her prosperity, for the Erie Canal had not then opened to the Atlantic coast the great Valley of the Lakes. The present population of New-York, including the settlements upon its immediate borders, and which in fact belong to that city, is half a million. In 1817, the valuation of property, in New-York, was less than \$58,000,000; and during the ensuing eight years, up to the completion of the Erie Canal, in 1825, with all the trade the city could command, the increase of this valuation was less than one million of dollars. From 1825, when the Erie Canal first connected the city with the great Valley of the Lakes, to 1828, a period of only *three years*, that valuation was augmented within a mere trifle of nineteen millions of dollars. The same cause continuing to operate, but with increased momentum, in 1833 this valuation had risen to upwards of \$114,000,000; and in 1841 it had reached \$186,000,000! And yet it was against the most untiring efforts of the city thus augmented in population and in wealth, that the Valley of the Lakes was ever connected with the Atlantic coast, through the Erie Canal.

There remains but a single feature more of our subject for consideration; and that is, the future political importance of this Valley, in the counsels of our Republic. We have abundantly shown, by the agricultural capabilities of the realm in question, the high limit of population which it is destined to support; and the reader must needs add to these the very large numbers which the great riches of the same region in coal, iron, copper, zinc, lead, salt springs, &c., will call for and sustain; and to both of which he must still farther add a very numerous body which will ever be employed in the commerce of the Lakes, including both the mariners who navigate there, and all those who devote themselves to the duties of that commerce, at all its numerous points, on shore. In 1840, the United States' census gave to the region under consideration a population of 2,967,940; and to the six New-England States, at the same period, 2,234,822. Here was a fraction of difference, in favor of the West, even

then, when the greater part of that West was, and, in truth, still is, a native wild, but whose territory greatly exceeds that of all New-England, in extent. The increase since 1840, we have not the means to fix; though we know it to have been overwhelming, compared to what was there before; and probably the census of 1850 will astonish, in this particular, even those who suppose they have kept pace with the progress of western growth. But still, little, even then, will have been done towards peopling this West, as it is one day to be peopled; and certainly many generations must yet pass away ere this local accumulation of human life shall have reached its ultimate limit. All now see that the seat of empire of our Republic is departing, and forever, from the Atlantic coast, where it has been constantly fixed, from the day we became a nation. The western portion of the Valley of the Lakes, with that of the Ohio, and the northern division of the Mississippi Valley, constitute the foreshadowed seat of this future power. The very next census will, in all probability, fix it there, in numerical strength. That day

is at hand; and may it not rationally be looked forward to as one big with eventful fate? What changes of policy will such transfer of power bring? What fostering of new interests, and repudiation or neglect of old ones, may not this event introduce into our national policy; and how are these likely to influence the fate of our Republic, and the well-being of its present and future millions? Alas! these several questions, and numerous others, flowing all naturally from these, though they may be said to belong, in some sort, to our subject, would, if pursued, manifestly lead us quite too far for the present occasion: and better may it be, too, after all, for us to wait their slow but certain development, without attempting more than barely to remind the reader of their proximate certainty, rather than here strive to delineate consequences which now are, and must indefinitely remain, open to powerfully modifying contingents, to a degree that may, ere long, set at naught the ablest deductions which can now be drawn from present existing data.

OCTOBER WOODS.

AN AUTUMN PIECE.

WHAT soul, save one of imitative mould,
Whose home is in the funeral vaults of Time,
Would not in reverie roam thine Autumn woods,
America! or from the uplands see
The quiet glory of their solemn depths,
And find in these a virgin realm for thought?

I have been walking all the golden day
Over the leaves, beneath the colored trees,
By many-murmuring streams or silent mountains,
And saw a cloudless Heaven bend o'er the world,
A deep eternity of calm; and Earth,
So soberly she took the glorious time,
Seemed meditating some great birth of thought,
Should flush the universe.

The Norland-wind
Was very low amid the withered leaves,
And full of pity as she gently laid them
Within the small, deep hollows of the wood,
Like children in their little graves: the streams,

Those ancient sagas of the wilderness,
 Were chanting of the mighty change—the air
 Was eloquent of the hour.

And it was well :
 The year was in his beautiful masking time,
 And on his shoulders wore a purple robe,
 And on his thoughtful brow a golden plume,—
 Not of the Seraphim unworthy, when
 Assembled to behold the Imperial Thought
 Take form in a new star.

'Tis thus the year,
 Where I was born, in sweet October wears
 The brilliant guise which men of other climes
 Find only in the continents that lift
 Their far-off shores in Fancy's silver sea,
 To the wild power of some great Poet's verse.
 But here, star-eyed Imagination drops
 Her useless wand upon the tinted leaves,
 Finding a world in bright Reality,
 Where Poetry is enthroned by his own right.
 I heard his cadences in every breeze :
 I saw his presence fill a thousand glens
 Like music on the waters, and I knew
 He was a living and immortal form.
 No matter where he lifts his passionate voice,
 All men shall crown him as a radiant power,
 Who, wandering through his heritage of Earth,
 Makes pleasant music in the pastoral vales,
 Where poor men ply their rugged toil : who smiles
 Within the mellow sunshine when it paints
 The swelling upland where October sits,
 Pressing her lip upon the ripened fruit :
 Who stands upon the dim-browed mountain-top,
 Beautiful as the light : who, solemn, chants
 Full many a rune above the coral hills
 Down in the deep, deep sea—and sways all hearts :—
 The angel of the world !—who soars at will
 Into the ample air, and walks the wind ;
 Or waves his wand upon the splendid stars,
 Orion, Mazzaroth and the Pleiades,
 Ruling their people by a gentle law ;
 Or stands majestic in the round, red sun,
 And charms the sky until its passion finds
 A language in the rainbow and the cloud,
 And in the splendors of th' Autumnal moon
 Throned on her Venice in a sea of air—
 Or, swelling to a larger vehemence,
 Shouts in the glorious thunder.

Ye who seek
 For Poetry in cunning rhythm alone,
 Come out with me into the pictured woods
 When Autumn owns the world : and thou, too, come,
 Whose heart is shadowed by the ills of life,
 The bitterness and the wo,—the agony
 That higher natures feel in selfish crowds,
 Whose eyes glare at each other o'er the prey,
 Silver and gold, for which they madly strive—
 Come out into these lovely Autumn haunts,

And with a pitying smile we shall behold
 The unheroic aims and deeds of men,
 And nurture in our souls a nobler life—
 And on the cold-faced Alps of icy Fact,
 Crown us with fadeless flowers of holy song,
 And in the distance of the abyss beyond,
 Though full of stormy cloud and swathing mist,
 Behold God burning like a moveless star.

LETTERS ON THE IROQUOIS.

BY SKENANDOAH.

ADDRESSED TO ALBERT GALLATIN, LL.D., PRESIDENT NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

LETTER XII.

Grandeur of our Forest Scenery in the days of Aboriginal Dominion—Territory of the Hodenosaunee—Their Home Country—Indian Trails—Eastern and Western: Southern—Boundaries between the Nations—Longitudinal Lines substituted for Natural Boundaries: Their Courses—Generosity of the Oneidas to Expatriated Nations—The Seasons, and their Employments—Hunter Spirit—Freedom from Restraint—Contentment of the Red Man with his Destiny.

As we recede from the aboriginal or poetic period of our territorial history, each gliding year both deepens the obscurity upon the Indian's footsteps, and diminishes the power of the imagination to recall the stupendous scenery by which he was surrounded. To obtain a glance at the face of nature during the era of Indian occupation, the wave of improvement which has rolled over it, and effaced its primitive lineaments, must be turned backward; displacing in its recession, not only the city and the village which were planted in the wilderness, the works of art, and the productions of industry, but restoring also, by a simultaneous effort, the original drapery in which nature was enveloped while under the dominion of the laws of vegetation.

Our Indian geography, excluding lines of latitude, descriptions of soil and climate, and precise territorial limits, confines itself to the external features of the country, and to the period when the hemlock and the maple, the pine and the oak, in endless alternation, interlocked their branches from river to river, from lake to

lake—spreading out in one vast, continuous, interminable forest.

In those days of wild and majestic scenery, the graceful swan* folded her wings in unmolested seclusion upon our inland lakes; and, perchance, with "failing tongue," sung her own requiem upon the noiseless wave.

"*Dulcìa defectâ modulatur carmina lingua*

Cantatur Cygnus funeris ipse sui."

The deer also, and the more stealthy bear, descended, in careless security, to taste their limpid waters; while the fiercer animals of prey, and the reptile "startlingly beautiful," appeared upon their banks. The deep recesses of the wood were enlivened by the feathered tribes; and all unmarked by the eye of man—

"Their various ways of life,
 Their feuds, their fondnesses, their social flocks."

Surrounded by all the grandeur of this forest scenery, the Indian constructed his Gā-no-sote of bark upon the winding stream or on the margin of the lake; and,

* The American swan, (*Cygnus Americanus*), called by the Senecas Ah-weh-ah-a, was common upon our lakes in the days of Indian sovereignty; but on the departure of the red man, she spread her wings, and followed him. They sat upon the lakes in pairs and not in flocks; and it is said they still frequent the small sheets in the wild regions of northern New-York.

one of the multitudinous inhabitants of the forest, rather than a distinct and higher being, he spent his days and years in sylvan pursuits, unless he went forth upon the war-path in quest of adventure or renown. Of all the developments of the human intellect, and of the inclinations and passions of the human heart, the hunter state is the most remarkable. It is a more profound enigma than a state of the highest civilization, and a greater subject of wonder and astonishment.

Between the Hudson and Lake Erie, our broad territory was occupied by the Hodénosaunee, scattered far and wide in small encampments, in solitary wigwams, or in disconnected villages; and their council-fires, emblematical of civil jurisdiction, burned continuously from I-can-de-rā-go, on the Mohawk, to Tā-nā-wan-deh in the country of the Senecas.

A central trail or thoroughfare passed through it from east to west, intersected at numerous points by cross trails, which passed along the banks of the lakes, rivers, and smaller streams. This great trail of the Iroquois not only connected the principal villages of the nations of the League, but established the route of travel into Canada on the west, and over the Hudson on the east.

Upon the banks of the Susquehanna and its branches, the sources of which are near the Mohawk, and upon the banks of the Chemung and its branches, the sources of which are near the Genesee, were other trails; all of which uniting at Tioga Point, and descending the Susquehanna, formed the great Southern Trail. The established route into Pennsylvania and Virginia was upon this trail. For unnumbered centuries, and by race after race, these old, deeply-worn trails had been trod by the red man. From the Atlantic (O-jik-ha-dā-ge-ga*) to the Mississippi, (Gā-no-we-yo-ga, †) and from the northern lakes to the Mexican gulf, the main Indian routes through the country were as accurately and judiciously traced, and as familiar as our own. On many of these distant foot-paths the Hodénosaunee had conducted warlike expeditions, and had thus become practically versed in the geography of the country. Within their immediate territories they were quite as familiar with its geographical features, its routes of travel, its lakes, and hills, and streams, as we ourselves.

Concerning the original country of the Iroquois, it is not necessary to the present purpose to make any inquiry. Subsequent to the era of Dutch discovery, (1609,) they held under their dominion our entire State west of the Hudson; with the exception of certain tracts on this river below the junction of the Mohawk, which were occupied by the "River Indians," and some settlements upon the Gā-no-wo-geh‡ or St. Lawrence. In the valley of the Mohawk, and between this valley and the Genesee, along the chain of inland lakes, the substance of the confederacy was seated. This particular territory, embracing the most valuable portion of our State, constituted the Home Country of the Hodénosaunee, as distinguished from other territories upon the north, south, and west, which they held in subjection by conquest, and occupied only in the season of the hunt. Their singular position upon the head waters of the Hudson, the Delaware, the Susquehanna, and the Ohio, gave to them advantages in a military point of view, over those nations whose territories were watered by these streams, which have frequently been remarked. From their centres of population they could put themselves upon these rivers, and descend in their warlike enterprises upon any part of the country.

The boundaries between the nations of the League are worthy of attention, that the hereditary territory of each may be understood. Upon this subject it is a singular peculiarity of our predecessors, that they rejected natural boundaries, and substituted longitudinal lines. This appears to have resulted, in part, from the custom of establishing their settlements upon both banks of the streams on which they resided. Having no knowledge of the use of wells, it became an established custom to fix their habitations upon creeks or easily-forded rivers. With regard to the inland lakes, they were never divided by a boundary line; but the entire circuit of each was possessed by a single nation. The natural limits which rivers and lakes might furnish having thus been disregarded, and straight lines, as near as might be, having been substituted, the inquiry is divested of much of its difficulty; and additional certainty is given to the boundaries, if any points upon them can be ascertained.

After the expulsion of the Neuter Na-

* Salt-Water.

† Smooth-Water.

‡ The Rapid River.

tion from the banks of the Niagara river in 1643,* and of the Eries from the country between the Genesee and Lake Erie in 1655,† the Senecas, who before that time resided chiefly in the valley of the Genesee, thus extended their jurisdiction over the whole area of western New-York. On the east their territory joined that of the Cayugas; and the line between them is well authenticated, and easily traced. It commenced at the head of the Si-o-dougs, sometimes written So-dous, or Great Sodus Bay, on Lake Ontario, and running south on the longitude of Washington, it crossed the Gā-nāre-gweh, or Clyde river, near the village of Clyde on the west, and the Ska-yis-kā-yā,‡ or Seneca river, about four miles east of its outlet from the Seneca lake. The name of the Seneca river is given in the Onondaga dialect, and signifies *Long Wing*. Following nearly the direction of the lake, the line bore a little to the east; and having passed nearer the head than it did the foot of the lake, it continued south; and crossing the Gā-hā-to, or Chemung river, east of Elmira, it passed on south into Pennsylvania. Gā-hā-to signifies *A log in the Water*. The Chemung river is formed by the junction of the Tioga and I-car-nase-te-o, or Canisteo, with the Gā-hā-to, or Couhocton. Among the Iroquois the Couhocton, from its source to the junction of the Chemung with the Susquehanna, was regarded as one river under the name of Gā-hā-to.

Between the Cayugas and Onondagas, the limital line is not as well defined. It commenced on Lake Ontario, near the mouth of the Swa-geh, or Oswego river, on the west side, as averred by the Senecas. The name of this river, O-swa-go in Onondaga, Os-wage-ga in Oneida, and Os-we-go in Mohawk, is rendered in each dialect *The Rib*s. How this singular designation originated, is unknown. From the mouth of the river, the line of boundary, leaving its banks, passed in a southerly direction, running between the Yu-noon-do, (Onondaga,) rendered *Hemlock-tops lying on the Water*, or Cross Lake, and the Squā-yen-nā, (On.) signifying *A good way up*, or Otter lake. Continuing south, it crossed the Seneca river near the junction of the Ha-nan-to, (On.) translated *Small hemlock-tops lying on the Water*, or outlet of the Skeneateles; and

bearing a little to to the east, it passed between the Dwas-co, rendered *Floating Bridge*, or Owasco Lake, and the Skeneateles. The name of this lake in the Seneca dialect is Skā-ne-o-dice; in Onondaga Skan-e-at-dice; in Tuscarora; Skon-yat-e-las; and in Oneida, Ski-ne-ā-dā-yes; it signifies *Long Lake*. Continuing south, the line of boundary passed through the eastern towns of the counties of Cayuga and Tompkins, and crossing the Susquehanna west of Owego, it proceeded south into Pennsylvania.

On the boundary line between the Onondagas and Oneidas, the most prominent point was the Deep Spring near Manlius in the county of Onondaga. This spring not only marked the limital line between the nations, but it was a well-known stopping place on the central trail of the Iroquois, which took this spring in its route. The boundary line run from thence due south into Pennsylvania, nearly on the first degree of east longitude from Washington. It passed near the lines of boundary between the counties of Onondaga and Madison, Cortland and Chenango; and crossed the Susquehanna near its junction with the Chu-de-nan-ge, (On.) rendered *In the head*, or Chenango river, near the site of Binghampton. From the Deep Spring north, the boundary line turned out of its course to the north-west, leaving in the Oneida territory both banks of the Jo-do-nan-go, (On., signification lost,) or Chittenango creek. It crossed the Tā-gune-dā, or Oneida river, near the Fishing Ground, about three miles west of its outlet from the Kā-no-ā-lo-hā (Onei.) signifying, *A head on a pole*, or Oneida lake; and from thence run north to lake Ontario. The Oneidas possessed a favorite fishing ground upon the Oneida river; and in the treaty of Fort Schuyler, in September, 1788, in which they ceded "all their lands to the people of the State of New-York forever," they reserved this fishing ground in connection with their original reservation. It is expressed in the treaty as follows: "A convenient piece of ground at the fishing place in the Oneida river, about three miles from where it issues from the Oneida lake, to remain as well for the Oneidas and their posterity, as for the inhabitants of the State to encamp upon." The name of this river, Tā-gune-dā, signifies *Between*

* Charlevoix, y. I., p. 377.

† Ib. v. II., p. 62.

‡ ā as in *art*, ä as in *at*, ī as in *in*, ō as in *tone*.

All aboriginal names will be in the dialect of the Senecas, unless the particular dialect is mentioned.

the fish. In addition to the testimony of the Iroquois concerning the direction of this line of boundary, some further confirmation may be derived from existing treaties. It appears that the western boundary of the Oneida reservation was on the line of the national boundary, and that the Deep Spring was also upon it. From the south-western corner it ran "due north to the Deep Spring; thence the nearest course to the Canaseruga creek."* The limital line between the Oneidas and Onandagas, as above stated, crossed the Susquehanna near its confluence with the Chenango. That the Oneida territory included the land east of, and at the mouth of this river, appears by the treaty of Fort Herkimer in June, 1785. It embraced a part of the tract assigned by this Nation to the Tuscaroras on their expulsion from Carolina in 1713; and as the Oneidas were the original owners, they were made a party with the Tuscaroras to the treaty in question, by which this tract was ceded to the State. It was bounded as follows: "beginning at the mouth of the Unadilla river, where the same empties into the Susquehanna, thence up the said Unadilla ten miles in a straight line; thence due west to the Chenango; thence southerly down the said Chenango, to where it empties into the Susquehanna, and to the line of property, and thence along the said line of property to the place of beginning."

Of the national boundaries, that between the Oneidas and the Mohawks is the most uncertain and difficult to trace; there being a disagreement between the line of boundary given by the Hodéno-saunee, and that indicated, although imperfectly, by existing treaties. From the best evidence that can be gathered, it came down from the north between the East and the West Canada creeks; and crossing the Mohawk between St. Johnsville and Herkimer, it continued south on a line west of the Ote-sa-ga, (Oneida dialect,) signifying *A bladder*, or Otsego lake; and from thence ran south into Pennsylvania, crossing the Susquehanna below its confluence with the Charlotte river, and the Delaware in the county of Sullivan.

It appears from numerous treaties with the Oneidas, that they sold lands to the State on both sides of the Mohawk as low down as Herkimer, at the mouth of the Te-uge-tā-ra-ron or West Canada

creek; and also on the Mohawk branch of the Delaware as far east as Delhi.

The generosity of the Oneidas in sharing their territory with expatriated and discomfited nations is worthy of remembrance and commendation. In addition to the Tuscaroras, who shared largely in their bounty and in their friendship, they also bestowed upon the Mohekunnucks, or Stockbridge Indians, a valuable tract a few miles south of Oneida Castle, out of which the Mohekunnucks subsequently secured a reservation six miles square. And in the same manner they gave a small district to the New-England Indians, south of Clinton, in Oneida county. To the two bands the possession of these lands was subsequently recognized, and secured by treaty. "The New-England Indians, (now settled at Brothertown,) and their posterity forever, and the Stockbridge Indians, and their posterity forever, are to enjoy their settlements on the lands heretofore given to them by the Oneidas."

The territory of the Mohawks extended to the Hudson on the east, embraced the sources of the Susquehanna and Delaware on the south, and reached as far into the wild regions of the north as the country itself was valuable for the hunt.

Such were the divisions of Ho-dé-nosau-nee-geh, or, *The Territory of the People of the Long House*, as accurately as they can now be traced. By thus marking the territorial limits of the several nations, the political nationality of each was continued in view. In hunting and fishing excursions, it was their custom to confine themselves within their respective domains; which to a people who subsisted chiefly by the chase, was a matter of the highest importance. Upon their foreign hunting grounds, which were numerous, either nation was at liberty to encamp.

In connection with their territorial divisions, and foreign conquests, are revealed some of the peculiarities of the hunter life. The Senecas, for example, at the season of the fall hunt, would leave their larger settlements in small hunting parties, and depart on distant expeditions. Some, turning to the south, would encamp on the Gā-hā-to or Chemung, and traverse the whole adjacent country. Other parties, turning to the west, and descending the O-hee-yo or Allegany, penetrated the inland regions of Ohio; which

* Treaty of September 22, 1788, between the Oneida Nation and New-York.

was a favorite hunting ground, not only of the Senecas, but also of the Iroquois. Still others encamped on the Niagara peninsula, which was formerly a great resort for the beaver hunt. The Cayugas, leaving the inlet of the Cayuga and their settlements down the lake, turned towards the Susquehanna, which furnished them an inexhaustible store. They also ranged Pennsylvania; and with parties from the other nations of the Long House, not unfrequently encamped on the Cohou-go-ron-ton or Potomack. In like manner parties of the Onondagas descended the Chenango to the Susquehanna; while others turned northward, and, perchance, crossed the lake into Canada. The Oneidas also, for the fall hunt, either turned south down the Unadilla, or moving in an opposite direction, penetrated the regions watered by the Kā-yune-hāgo* or Black river. Lastly, the Mohawks leaving their valley, found ever-stocked hunting grounds upon the head waters of the Delaware and the Susquehanna, and also in the wild and rugged regions of the north.

About mid-winter these widely scattered parties began to find their way back to their villages, and usual places of abode; where for a season they surrendered themselves to idleness and apathy. When spring appeared, another movement, nearly as general, was made for favorite fishing encampments, throughout these vast territories. In this occupation, and upon this subsistence, a few weeks were spent. When at length planting time came, they all returned once more to their summer homes to cultivate the maize, the great staple of the red man, and a few other simple plants to which their wants were limited. The summer again was a season of idleness, unless enlivened by councils, and games, and amusements.

In this round of occupations, and in this manner of life, the Hodénošannee glided through the year. Unmindful of the past, and careless of the future, he was a hunter in spirit and in deed, and sought not to control that frenzy for the

chase, which was his inheritance and his birthright. Aspiring to a freedom as boundless as the forest, and as unshackled as his imagination, he dreamed away his life, without seeking to comprehend the mysteries of nature before him; and pursued his spontaneous inclinations, without troubling himself to search out the end and object of his existence. The progress of the seasons suggested to him their appropriate employments; if not marked, in the exuberance of unsubdued nature, by the same attractive changes which pursue each other in regions beautified by cultivation.

“Frigora mitescunt Zephyris: ver proterit æstas

Interitura. Siml

Pomifer autumnus fruges effuderit, et mox Bruma recurrit iners.” †

The colds of winter, indeed, were softened by the vernal breezes: spring came forth with its opulence of foliage, and of flowers, followed quickly by the animated, living summer; but “fruit-bearing autumn” had no ripened stores to pour forth for the Indian’s sustenance, before “sluggish winter” again closed in upon him. While with the keenest appreciation he enjoyed the solema grandeur of nature in her wild attire, and surrendered himself to her fullest inspiration, he knew nothing of her inexhaustible fruitfulness, and of her more delicate features of beauty, which are revealed only by the hand of industry, and the touch of refinement.

In the midst of such scenery, and in the pursuit of such employments, the Iroquois passed through the successive seasons, from planting time to planting time, from hunt to hunt; unless drawn together around the council fire of the Nation, or of the Confederacy, or led forth upon the war-path to resist an invader, or make a conquest. Conscious of no higher occupation, and satisfied with the present, the people of the Long House thus measured out their days; with all the happiness which self-satisfaction could secure, and all the contentment which could result from knowing no higher destiny.

* Oneida dialect. It signifies *A great river.*

† Horace, Lib. iv., Ode 7.

LETTER XIII.

Geography of the Hodenosaunee—Features of Nature first Christened by the Red Man—Names of Ancient Localities transferred by our Predecessors to the Cities and Villages since reared upon them—The Great Central Trail of the Iroquois—Leaves the Hudson at Albany—South Trail of the Mohawks—Indian Villages—North Branch, Ko-la-ne-ka, or Johnstown—Trails uniting at Rome, proceed to Oneida Castle—Thence to the Valley of Onondaga—Villages in this Valley—O-was-go, or Auburn—Cayuga Ford—Indian Village near Geneva—Trail continues west to Ga-nun-da-gwa, thence by two routes to the Valley of Genesee—Genesee, Avon Springs—Passing over the sites of Le Roy and Batavia, it leads to the Indian Village of Ta-na-wan-deh—Branch Trail to Niagara—Main Trail continues west and comes out upon Lake Erie at the site of Buffalo—Termini of this Trail now marked by flourishing Cities—The Route judiciously selected—Turnpike laid on the line of this Trail—Cities and Villages located upon it—Indian Trails indicate Natural Lines of Migration—The Main Trail of the Iroquois one of the Natural Highways of the Continent.

Our Indian geography is a subject of inquiry peculiar in its interest, and in its character. Many of the names bestowed by our predecessors having been incorporated into our language, will be transmitted to distant generations, and be familiar after their race, and perhaps ours, have passed away. The features of nature were first christened by the Red Man: the record of their baptism, and the legacy of a former age, it were prodigality to cast away. There is still attainable a large amount of geographical information pertaining to our predecessors, which, estimated at its value, would amply remunerate for its collection; and which, if neglected, must fade, ere many years, from remembrance. To the future scholar this subject will commend itself with an abiding interest, when, perchance, the mists of time have obscured the avenues of inquiry, and the muse of Research has sat down in silence and despondency, among the ruined and deserted fragments of the Long House of the Iroquois.

In an antiquarian aspect, it may be considered fortunate, that as the villages and settlements of the Hodénoosaunee disappeared, and the cities and villages of another race were reared upon their sites, all of these ancient names were transferred to the substituted habitations of the White Man. Yielding step by step, and contracting their possessions from year to year, the Iroquois yet continued in the constant use of their original names, although the localities themselves had been surrendered. If a Seneca were to refer to Geneva, he would still say Gā-nun-dā-sa-ga; the Onondaga would call Syracuse Nah-tā-dunk; and the Oneida, in like manner, would call Utica Nun-dā-dasis. All of these localities, as well as our rivers, lakes and streams, still live among the Hodénoosaunee by their ancient names; and such places as have sprung

up on nameless sites have been christened as they appeared. These names, likewise, are significant, and are either descriptive of features of the country, the record of some historical event, or interwoven with some tradition. From these causes, their geography has been preserved with remarkable accuracy.

The principal villages of the Hodénoosaunee, in the days of aboriginal dominion, were connected by well-beaten trails. These villages were so situated, that the Central Trail, which started from the Hudson, at the site of Albany, passed through those of the Mohawks and Oneidas; and crossing the Onondaga Valley, and the Cayuga country, a few miles north of their chief settlements, it passed through the main villages of the Senecas, in its route to the Valley of the Genesee. After crossing this celebrated valley, it proceeded westward to Lake Erie, coming out upon it at the mouth of Buffalo creek, on the present site of Buffalo.

Since this great Indian thoroughfare passed through the centre of the Long House, as well as through the fairest portions of New-York, it is desirable to commence with this trail on the Hudson, and trace it through the State. It will furnish the most convenient method of noticing such stopping places as were marked with appropriate names in the dialects of the Hodénoosaunee, and also the numerous Indian villages which dotted this extended route.

Albany, at which point the trail started from the Hudson, owes its Iroquois name to the pineries or openings, which lay between this river and the Mohawk, at Schenectady. Long anterior to the foundation of the city, this site was well known to our predecessors. It was called in Seneca and Cayuga Skā-neh-tā-de, in Tuscarora Skaw-na-taw-te, and in Onondaga and Oneida Skā-nā-tā-de. In

the several dialects it has the same signification: *Beyond the Pineries*, or more correctly, *Beyond the Openings*.* The Iroquois name of the Hudson originated from the name of this site: Skā-neh-tā-de Gā-hone-dā, *The River beyond the Openings*.

The trail, leaving the Hudson at Skā-neh-tā-de or Albany, took the direction of the old Albany road north of the Capitol, and proceeded mostly on the line of this road to a spring which issued from a ravine about five miles west on the route. From this spring it continued towards Schenectady; and descending the ravine through which the railway passes, it came upon the Mohawk at the site of this city, and crossed the river at the fording place, where the toll-bridge has since been constructed.

Schenectady has not only appropriated the aboriginal name of Albany, but has by inheritance one of the most euphonious names in the dialects of the Iroquois, as given by the Oneidas: O-no-al-i-gōne,† signifying, *In the head*. In Onondaga it is less musical: Noo-nā-gun-nā; in Seneca: Ho-no-ā-go-neh; the same word in both cases under dialectical changes. The Senecas have preserved the signification of this name more fully—*The place where a man is pained in the head*; a somewhat fanciful origin of a geographical designation.

From O-no-al-i-gōne or Schenectady, two trails passed up the Mohawk, one upon each side. The one upon the south was most traveled, as the three Mohawk castles, as they were termed, or principal villages, were upon that side. Following the valley, and pursuing the windings of the river, the first stopping place was at I-can-de-rā-go, sometimes written Ti-en-on-de-ro-go, the lower castle of the Mohawks. This Indian village was situated upon the site of Fort Hunter, at the confluence of the Mohawk and the Ose-ko-har-lā, (Oneida dialect,) Ye-sko-hā-ou, (Onondaga,) or Schoharie Creek. The former names are in Mohawk, and their meaning has not been ascertained. Of the names of the creek the signification is the same in both dialects: *A dam made by flood-wood*. Leaving I-can-de-rā-go, the trail crossed the Ose-ko-har-lā

creek, and proceeding up the valley nearly on the line of the Erie Canal, it crossed the Ot-squā-go (Mohawk) creek, near its mouth, and led up to the Canajoharie or Middle Mohawk Castle, which was situated at the junction of this stream with the Mohawk. This favorite and populous village occupied a little eminence near the present site of Fort Plain, which they called Car-rag-jo-res, (Mohawk,) or *The Hill of Health*. The name of the village, in the Oneida dialect, Can-a-jo-har-ā-lā-ga, signifies *A kettle inverted on a pole*.‡ From Canajoharie the trail continued up the river to Gā-ne-ā-ga, the Upper Mohawk Castle, which was situated in the town of Danube, Herkimer county, nearly opposite the mouth of East Canada creek. It is put down upon some ancient maps under the name of Mo-hock. From this Indian village, the last in the territory of the Mohawks, going west, the trail followed up the bank of the river, without passing any other stopping place, until it reached the site of Utica, in the country of the Oneidas.

Near this city, on the west side, the trail passed around a hill in such a manner as to be noticeable for its singularity. Hence Nun-da-dā-sis in Oneida, Nun-da-dā-ses in Seneca, and Ot-none-tā-na-dā-sis in Onondaga, signifying, in each dialect, *Around the Hill*, was bestowed upon this locality, as a name descriptive of the winding of the trail around the base of the hill. When Utica, at a subsequent day, sprung up near this spot, the name was transferred, according to the custom of the Hodénosaunee, to the city itself. From Nun-da-dā-sis the trail proceeded on the line of the river, and crossing the Che-gā-queh creek at Whitesboro, which was also called Che-gā-queh, and the Ole-his-ka or Oriskany creek, near its confluence with the Mohawk, it came at once upon the site of Ole-his-ka, or Oriskany. This name is in the Oneida dialect, and is rendered *Nettles* or *Ustica*. Leaving the "region of nettles," it continued upon the bank of the Mohawk up to Rome, where this river turns to the north.

The site of Rome was an important point with the Iroquois, both as the terminus of the trails upon the Mohawk,

* In Seneca, it is derived or compounded from Ga-neh-ta-yeh, *Openings*, and Se-gwa, *Beyond*, and simply means, *Beyond the Openings*. In the same manner, Skai-da-de, *Beyond the Swamp*, is a compound of Gai-ta-yeh, *A Swamp*, and Se-gwa, *Beyond*.

† ō, as in tone.

‡ In Seneca it was called Ca-na-jo-hi-e, which literally means, *Washing a basin or kettle*; and it is said to have originated in some geographical peculiarity at this locality

and as a carrying place for canoes. A narrow ridge at this point forms a division between those waters which flow into the Atlantic through the Mohawk and Hudson, and those which flow through the St. Lawrence, having descended through the Oneida lake and the Oswego river into Lake Ontario. In the days of aboriginal sovereignty, the amount of navigation upon the northern and inland lakes, in birch-bark canoes, was much greater than we are apt to suppose. With these frail vessels, they descended from the upper lakes, and if their destination chanced to be the country of the Mohawk, they ascended the Oswego river from Lake Ontario; and having made their way into the Oneida lake, and from thence into the Ta-gā-socket (Oneida, *Between the Lips*) or Fish creek, and ascended from this into the Kā-ne-go-dik or Wood creek, they soon came upon the "carrying place," opposite Rome. In an hour after touching the shore, their light bark was launched into the Mohawk.* The aboriginal name of this locality, in Seneca De-yo-wās-tā, in Onondaga Te-ā-hun-quā-tā, and in Oneida, Te-yā-oo-wa-quā-ta, signifies in each dialect, *A place for carrying boats*. As usual, the name has been conferred upon Rome by the several nations.

Before tracing the main trail farther to the westward, it will be necessary to follow up the one upon the north side of the Mohawk. Crossing the river at Schenectady, as heretofore stated, the trail ascended this stream nearly on the line since pursued by the Mohawk turnpike; fording the Chuc-te-ron-de creek, (Mo.) sometimes written Juck-sa-ran-de, at Amsterdam, and from thence continuing up the valley to Tribes' Hill, nearly opposite I-can-de-rā-go. At this point the trail branched: one, turning back from the river, crossed the country to Ko-lā-ne-kā or Johnstown; the other continued up the valley to the small Indian village of Ga-nó-wau-ga, which signifies, *On the Rapids*, where the trail returning from Johnstown intersected.

Ko-lā-ne-kā in Oneida, Go-nā-na-ge-hā in Onondaga, signifying simply, *Indian Superintendent*, was the name bestowed upon Johnstown, the residence of Sir William Johnson. This remarkable personage, from the period of his settlement in the Mohawk Country in 1714, but more especially after the battle of Lake George, in the French War in 1757, which secured to him both his title and his superintendency, until his death in 1774, acquired, and constantly exercised, a greater personal influence over the Hódónosaunee than was ever possessed by any other individual or even government. His house or hall at Ko-lā-ne-kā was a favorite place of Indian resort; and the Mohawk and the Seneca, the Cayuga and the Oneida, felt as much at ease under the roof of the Baronet, as under the shelter of their own forests.

From Ga-nó-wau-ga, the trail continuing up the Mohawk mostly on the line of the turnpike, crossed the Ga-ro-ge creek, (Mo.) near Palatine; and passing over the site of St. Johnsville, it came upon the Car-ho-a-ron, (Mo.) or East Canada creek, at its confluence with the Mohawk. Forging this stream, and following up the bank of the river, it next came to De-yo-wās-tā, or Little Falls. This name, the same as that of Rome, was bestowed upon this locality in consequence of there being a "carrying place" around the falls. Continuing to ascend the river, the trail crossed the Ta-gā-yune-hā-na,† (Oneida,) rendered *Coming Across*, or West Canada creek, and came at once upon the site of Herkimer, at the confluence of this stream with the Mohawk. Herkimer, christened Da-yā-o-geh in Seneca, Te-ā-o-gā in Oneida, Ta-yo-geh in Cayuga, and Te-o-gun in Onondaga, has received a name descriptive of its situation at the junction of the two streams. It is rendered, in the first dialect given, *At the Forks*; in the second, *Between*; and in the third and fourth, *In the Middle*. Leaving Te-ā-o-gā, the trail followed up the bank of the river, and having crossed the Te-yā-

* For many years after the commencement of the rapid settlement of Western New-York, about the year 1790, the greater part of the supplies of merchandise from the East, as well as multitudes of immigrants, with their household furniture and farming implements, ascended the Mohawk in bateaux, or small river boats, as far as Rome. Here having drawn out their vessels and unladed them, they carried them over the ridge, and launched them into Wood creek. Descending this stream into the Oneida lake, and crossing the same, they still continued down its outlet into the Oswego River, which being formed by the united outlets of all the inland lakes of the State, the whole lake country was thus opened to them. Like the Iroquois before them, they used the natural highways of the country.

† It is written Te-ugh-tagh-ra-rou in an old Mohawk Treaty, on file at the State Department, Albany.

nun-soke, (Onei.) rendered *A Beech Tree standing up*, or Nine-mile creek, it continued along the Mohawk to a point opposite Rome; where it passed the river, and intersected the south trail at the "carrying place."

The Mohawk is known among the people of the Long House under so many appellations, that it is difficult to determine whether it had any general name running through the several dialects. Upon an old Mohawk treaty it is written *Mau-quas*. *Cusick*, the Tuscarora, wrote it *Yen-on-au-at-che*, and gave *Going round a mountain*, as its signification. With the Onondagas it has two names: *O-nā-wā-dā-ga*, rendered *White Ashes*; and *Te-yone-de-a-gā*, rendered *Twin Day*; while the Oneidas are unable to furnish one. Among the Senecas it is called the *De-yo-wās-ta*.

From *De-yo-wās-ta*, or Rome, the main trail, taking a south-west direction, passed through *Te-o-na-tā*, (Onei.) signifying *Pine Woods*, or *Veroua*, and finally came out at Oneida Castle. This was the principal village of the Oneidas, called in their dialect, *Kā-no-ā-lo-hā*; in Seneca, *Gā-no-ā-o-ā*, which has the same interpretation in each—*A Head on a pole*. In this beautifully situated Indian village burned the council fire of one of the nations of the League.

Another trail came from Utica to Oneida Castle by a more direct route, and was more traveled than the one leading through Rome. It passed through New-Hartford, and from thence continued west to the Oriskany creek, which was forded near Manchester. From this crossing-place it led direct to *Kā-no-ā-lo-hā*, passing through or over the site of Vernon, which at a subsequent day was christened *To-ha-ti-yon-ton* by the Oneidas. This word is rendered *A garter round the leg*; and was bestowed upon Mr. Knapp, one of the first settlers at Vernon, from this peculiarity of his dress. Many of our villages have in this manner received the name bestowed upon the first resident white man with whom the Hodénosaunee

became acquainted. At Vernon the trail crossed the *Skun-un-do-wā*, (Onei.) or *Skenandoah* creek. It signifies *A large hemlock*.

Fording the *Kā-no-ā-lo-hā* or Oneida creek, at the Indian Village, the trail, continuing west, passed near *Kā-ne-to-tā*, (Onei.) or *Canestota*, which is rendered *A pine tree standing alone*; and came next upon the *Kā-nose-swā-ga*, (On.) or *Canaseraga* creek, near the village of the same name. This word has an elaborate signification: *Several strings of beads lying beside each other, with one string placed across*. Passing this stream, and the *Jo-do-nan-go*, (On.) or *Chittenango* creek, near the village of *Jo-do-nan-go*, the trail proceeded direct to the Deep Spring, near *Manlius*, elsewhere referred to; a well-known and favorite stopping-place of the Iroquois, in their journeyings upon the great thoroughfare.*

From the Deep Spring the trail, continuing west, crossed the *Ka-che-ā*, (On.) *Gā-je-ā-lo*, (Onei.) or *Limestone* creek, at *Manlius*. This name, which has also been bestowed upon the village, is rendered *A finger nail in the water*. Proceeding mostly on the line since pursued by the turnpike, it crossed the *Kā-san-to*, (On.) rendered *Peeled bark lying on the water*, or *Butternut* creek, near the village of *Jamesville*, which has received the same designation; and from this fording-place continuing west, it descended into the Onondaga valley; and having crossed the *Kun-dā-quā*, it entered the Indian village of *Gis-twa-ah*, which occupied the site of the village of *Onondaga Hollow*.

The Onondagas made this picturesque and fertile valley their chief place of residence. Here was the council-brand of the Confederacy, which rendered it the sylvan seat of government of the League. In the estimation of the race, it was a consecrated vale. The eloquence of the Hodénosaunee, their legendary lore, and their civil history, are all interwoven, by association, with this favorite

* Extract from a letter written by Judge Jones, of Utica:—"Near the summit of what was formerly called the Canaseraga Hill, near where now runs the road from Chittenago to Manlius, is a large, singular, and well-known ever-living spring, familiarly known as the 'Big Spring.' The excavation, whether made by Omnipotence, or by human hands, may be fifteen feet in diameter, and several feet deep, with sloping sides easy of descent; and at the bottom is a reservoir ever full. What is quite singular is, that the water runs in at the lower, and disappears at the upper side of this reservoir. The spring, while the old woods were its shade, and the wild deer descended to taste its limpid waters, was long the favorite meeting place between the Onondagas and Oneidas. Here for ages had the old men of the two nations met to rehearse their deeds of war: here the young braves met in friendly conclave. * * * This was the boundary between the two nations."

valley; for here their sachems gathered together, in the days of aboriginal supremacy, to legislate for the welfare of their race. Here they strengthened and renewed the bonds of friendship and patriotism; indulged in exultation over their advancing prosperity; and counseled together to arrest impending dangers, or repair the mischances of the past.

It is watered by the Kun-dā-quā, signifying *Get it to me*, or Onondaga river, which rises near Kā-ne-ā-dā-he, rendered *A lake on a hill*, or Tully. Flowing through the valley to the north, this stream first passed the Indian village of Nan-ta-sā-sis, about eight miles above the point where the main trail crossed the valley. This village was upon the west side of the Kun-dā-quā, and its name signifies *Going partly round a hill*, in allusion to some geographical feature of the country. About four miles above the central trail, the stream flowed by Kā-nā-tā-go-us, rendered *A hemlock knot in the water*, or Onondaga Castle. It was situated upon the east side of the river, and was the principal village of the Onondagas: the place where the Hodénosaunee preserved the council-brand of the Confederacy. Descending the stream, the next village was Gis-twa-ah, rendered *Any little thing*, already mentioned. About three miles below the point where the trail crossed the valley, the stream passed by Nah-tā-dunk, the present site of Syracuse, signifying *A pine tree broken in the centre, with the broken part hanging down*; and having also flowed through Tā-tun-seh, rendered *Hide and seek*, or Salina, it discharged itself into the Gā-nun-tā-ah, signifying *Small sticks of wood*, or Onondaga lake. The preceding names connected with this valley are in the Onondaga dialect. There was another village of this nation of some consequence, named Tu-e-a-das, situated about four miles east of the castle.

After crossing the valley, the trail passed up a small ravine to the top of the hill, where it took a north-west direction, and came upon the Ūs-tu-kā, (On.) translated *Bitter hickory nut*, or Nine-mile-creek, near O-yā-han, (On.) rendered *Apples split open*, or Camillus. Forging this stream, it continued westward to a stopping place, where Carpenter's tavern was

subsequently erected, a short distance from Kā-no-nā-ye, or Elbridge. This name signifies *A head lying on the ground*. Crossing the Ha-nan-to, or outlet of the Skeneateles lake, near Elbridge, the trail turned south-west; and passing through the town of Sennett, Cayuga County, it came upon the Os-co creek, or outlet of the Owasco lake, at the site of Auburn; crossing at a point where the "Red Store" was subsequently erected, between the Auburn House and the Prison.

Owasco lake derives its name from O-was-go in Cayuga, Was-co in Oneida, Os-co in Onondaga, and Dwas-co in Seneca. The word signifies, in the several dialects, *A bridge*, or *A floating bridge*; but the circumstance in which it originated, is beyond discovery. It has been transferred to the outlet and to Auburn; which village is as well known under this appellation among the descendants of the ancient Hodénosaunee, as it is known among us by its English name.

Leaving Dwas-co or Auburn, the trail proceeded nearly on the line of the turnpike, half way to the lake, where it crossed to the south side, and came down upon the Cayuga, about half a mile above Was-gwās, rendered *Long Bridge*, or Cayuga bridge. Gwa-u-gueh in Cayuga, Gue-u-gweh in Seneca, Qua-u-gwā in Onondaga, the radix of the word Cayuga, signifies *Mucky land*; referring to the marsh at the foot of the lake, and the loamy or mucky soil contiguous.* At the precise point where the trail came down upon the shore, the original Cayuga ferry was established by Col. John Harris. The principal trail turned down the lake, and followed the bank down four miles, to the old fording place, near the lower bridge, where having crossed the foot of the lake, it came out upon the north bank of the Skā-yis-kā-yā, (On.) or Seneca river. Following up its north bank, it passed through Te-skā-si-ounsis, (On.) rendered *Rolling down*, or Seneca Falls; and Sā-yase, (Sen.) signifying *A long berry*, or Waterloo; and from thence continued along the river to the point of its outlet from the Seneca lake. The other route, from the east bank of the Cayuga, was to cross the lake in canoes, and from the west shore

* There is some disagreement concerning the derivation of this word. The Cayugas aver, that it signifies *A canoe drawn out of the water*; and is made from Ga-o-wa, *A canoe*, and U-gueh, *Taken out of the water*. The Senecas derive it from Gwa-o-geh, *Mucky land*. In the Seneca dialect, Ga-o-woh means *A canoe*; and Yo-gweh, *Taken out of the water*. Hence it would be compounded Ga-o-yo-gweh, if this was the origin of the name.

to proceed due west to the Seneca river. This trail came upon the river at the rapids a little above Seneca Falls; and following up the south bank, it passed through Skā-wā-yase, (Cayuga,) Sā-yāse,* (Sen.) or South Waterloo. This name the Senecas have transferred to Waterloo, although the inhabitants have retained it under the modified orthography of Seawas, and Skoies. From thence the trail continued up the river to its outlet from the lake, where it crossed and intersected the trail upon the north bank. Having run along the foot of the lake upon the beach to the present site of Geneva, it turned up the Geneva creek, which it ascended to the village of Gā-nun-dā-sa-ga,† one and a half miles north-west from Geneva, and the first of the Seneca villages.

Gā-nun-dā-sa-ga, which signifies *A new settlement village*, or *The place of a new settlement*, was also the aboriginal name of the lake, and of the creek upon which the Indian village was situated. The Iroquois method of bestowing names, as elsewhere illustrated, was peculiar to themselves. In Seneca the word T-car-ne-o-di means *A lake at*: hence Gā-nun-dā-sa-ga T-car-ne-o-di would be rendered *The lake at the new settlement village*, and under this name or description the lake would always be mentioned. In the Onondaga dialect this name is given Kā-nā-to-tā-sa-ga, and in Mohawk Kā-non-da-se-go. Geneva has been christened by the Senecas Gā-nun-dā-sa-ga, after their village in its vicinity; and it is always mentioned among them by this name exclusively. During the destructive inroad of Gen. Sullivan in September, 1779, into the Seneca territory, the Indian village was entirely destroyed, and no efforts were ever made subsequently to rebuild it. Many of the trees in the old orchard are still standing, and yield fruit, although girdled at the

time. The artificial burial mound,‡ about one hundred paces in circuit, still remains undisturbed; and also the trenches of a picket inclosure seventy by forty feet in dimensions, concerning the erection and uses of which but little can be ascertained.

From Gā-nun-dā-sa-ga the trail proceeded through the towns of Seneca and Hopewell, nearly on the line of the turnpike to the Indian village of Gā-nun-dā-gwa, situated at the foot of the lake of the same name. It signifies *A place selected for a settlement*; and Canandaigua, the fairest of all the villages which have sprung into life upon the central trail of the Iroquois, not only occupies the site of the Indian village, but has accepted and preserved its name with unusual correctness; the only legacy which the departing Seneca could bestow.

Leaving Gā-nun-dā-gwa there were two trails. One, turning southwest, passed through the town of Bristol; and crossing the Gā-naue-gweh (Sen.) Ger-nā-gweh, (Cay.) rendered *A village suddenly sprung up*,§ or Mud creek, it proceeded to the foot of the Hā-ne-ā-ya or Honeoye lake. This name signifies *A finger lying on the ground*. Crossing the outlet, it continued west through the town of Richmond; and going over the hill in sight of the O-neh-dā, rendered *Henlock*, or Hemlock lake, it came upon the shore of the Gā-ne-ā-sos, *Place of Nanny Berries*, or Conesus lake, near the north end. Following the shore to the foot of the lake, and crossing the outlet, it proceeded west, and passing over the site of Geneseo, it entered the valley of Genesee. The Seneca name of Geneseo is of modern origin, and clearly indicates the period and the circumstances under which it was bestowed. It is O-hā-di-e, and by some lengthening process is made to signify *The place where trees have been girdled, and the clinging leaves have*

* Ska-wa-yase is the Cayuga, Sa-yase the Seneca, and Ska-yis-ka-ya the Onondaga name of the Seneca river.

† All names hereafter given, will be in the Seneca dialect, unless the particular dialect is expressed.

‡ There is an interesting tradition connected with this mound. A Seneca of giant proportions, having wandered west to the Mississippi, and from thence east again to the sea-coast, about the period of the colonization of the country, received a fire-lock from a vessel, together with some ammunition, and an explanation of its use. Having returned to the Senecas at Gā-nun-da-sa-ga, he exhibited to them the wonderful implement of destruction, the first which they had ever beheld, and taught them how to use it. Soon afterwards, from some mysterious cause, he was found dead; and this mound was raised over him upon the place where he lay. It is averred by the Onondagas, that if the mound should be opened a skeleton of supernatural size would be found underneath.

§ This creek passes through Palmyra, and the name was bestowed upon the village, doubtless after some Seneca settlement. It is also the name of the creek.

turned brown. Having crossed the valley and the river, the trail led up to the Indian village of Ga-un-do-wā-neh, or *Big Tree*, situated upon the west bank nearly opposite Geneseo. It is worthy of remark that Gen-nis'-hee-yo, the original of Genesee, was the name of the valley and not of the river, which was made a secondary object, and among the Senecas borrowed its name from the valley through which it flowed. Gen-nis'-hee-yo is rendered *The beautiful valley*; and those who have passed through it regard the name as not inaptly bestowed.

The other trail, which was the main thoroughfare, leaving Gā-nun-dā-gwa, passed along the north road, and through Gā-nun-dā-ok, *A village on the top of a hill*, or West Bloomfield; and from thence continuing west, it crossed the Hā-ne-ā-ya creek, and proceeded to the Indian village of Skā-hase-gā-o, on the present site of Lima. This word is rendered *Place of a long creek now dry*. Anciently there was a large and populous Seneca village in this vicinity, situated on the Honeoye creek, a short distance west of Mendon, on a bend in the stream.* It is still remembered among the Senecas under the name of Gā-o-sai-ga-o, which is translated, *In a bass-wood country*.

From Skā-hase-gā-o or Lima, the trail proceeded in its westward course nearly on the line since pursued by the State road; and having passed over the site of Gā-no-wau-ges or Avon, and descended into the valley of Genesee, it forded the river a few rods above the present bridge, and followed up its bank to the Indian village of Gā-no-wau-ges, about a mile above the ford. This word signifies *Sulphur Water*, and was bestowed by the Senecas upon the sulphur spring at Avon, and indeed upon the whole adjacent country. It is said that the original village of Gā-no-wau-ges was upon the east bank of the river; but that it was destroyed in 1687 by the Senecas, to prevent its falling into the hands of the Marquis de Nonville, who had landed with a body of French troops at the head of Irondequoit bay near Rochester, to make an inroad into their fertile, well-

peopled valley. At a subsequent period another village sprung up upon the west bank, and upon it the same name Gā-no-wau-ges was conferred. It is also the present name of Avon among the Hodéno-saunee.

Departing from the valley of Genesee the trail, taking a north-west direction, led to De-o-na-gā-no, rendered *Cold Water*, or the Cold Spring near Caledonia village; a well-known stopping-place on the great trail of the Iroquois through the Long House. Leaving De-o-na-gā-no, it turned westward, and came upon the O-at-ka or Allen's creek at the rapids near the dam in the village of Le Roy. This fording was known under the formidable appellation of T-car-no-wān-ne-dā-ne-o, rendered *Many Falls*, which is accurately descriptive of the locality. It has been conferred upon Le Roy. After turning up the O-at-ka about a mile to avoid a marsh near the rapids, the trail again proceeded west, and crossing the Geh-ta-geh, signifying *Swampy Creek*, or Black creek near Stafford, it continued in a westerly direction, and finally came out upon the Tā-na-wan-deh', rendered *Swift Water*, or Tonawanda creek, about a mile above Batavia. The name of Batavia, Je-ne-an-da-sase-geh, *The place of the Musquito*, was originally bestowed upon Mr. Ellicott, and after him, upon the village.

Descending the Tonawanda creek, the trail passed over the site of Batavia; and at the point where the arsenal is situated it turned north-west to the oak openings, north of the Indian village of Tā-na-wan-deh'. This village (one of the present villages of the Senecas) is situated upon the south side of the creek, and on the borders of the great swamp. Having crossed the creek at the point called "Washington fording place" to the Indian village, the trail branched. One, taking a north-west direction, re-crossed this creek below the village; and passing through the swamp, out of which it emerged near Royalton, it proceeded direct to De-o-na-gā-no, or the Cold Spring, about two miles north-east of Lockport. Tā-gā-ote, the name be-

* In 1792 the vestiges of at least seventy houses, or Ga-no-so-do, were to be seen at the place designated. Although it had been deserted for a long period, rows of corn hills still indicated the places which had been subjected to cultivation. There was an opening of about two thousand acres upon the creek, in the midst of which the village was situated. Extensive burial grounds in the vicinity, from which gun barrels, tomahawks, beads, crosses, and other articles have been disinterred, tend to show a modern occupation, while the sitting posture in which some of the skeletons are found, indicates a very ancient occupation.

stowed upon Lockport, signifies *Out of the grove into the openings*. From the Cold Spring, the trail continuing north-west came out upon the Ridge Road, where it intersected the Ontario or ridge trail, which it followed through the Tuscarora country to the Tuscarora village on Lewiston Heights. The name of this village, Kau-ha-nau-ka in Tuscarora, Gā-a-no-geh in Seneca, is rendered *On the mountains*. Here was the termination of one branch of the main trail on the Niagara river, which was the principal route into Canada.* The other trail, leaving the village of Tonawanda, took a south-west direction; and having forded the De-oon-go-at, rendered *Place of hearing*, or Murder creek, at Akron, it came upon the Tā-nun-no-ga-o, or Eighteen-mile creek, at Clarence Hollow upon the "Buffalo road." This word signifies *Full of hickory bark*, and has become the name of the village. From this point the trail continued west nearly on the line of the Buffalo road to Gā-sko-sā-dā-ne-o, *Place of many falls*, or Williamsville, situated upon the Geh-dā-o-gā-deh, rendered *In the openings*, or Ellicott creek. Having crossed this stream it continued its westerly course to the Cold Spring near Buffalo; and finally entering the city at the head of what has since become Main street, it came upon the bank of Buffalo creek at the place of its entrance into Lake Erie within the city. Another, and perhaps the most traveled trail, turned at Clarence Hollow south-west, and came upon the Cayuga branch of the Buffalo creek at Ga-squen-dā-geh, rendered *Place of Lizards*, or Lancaster, and descended this stream to the site of Buffalo. Here was the western terminus of the central trail; and like its eastern terminus on the Hudson, it has become a point of great commercial importance, and the site of a

flourishing city. It is not a little remarkable that these two geographical points should have been as clearly indicated, as places of departure, by the migrations of the red race, as they have been at a subsequent day by the migrations of our own.

The Buffalo creek has three branches, of which the northern or Cayuga branch is called Gā-dā-geh, signifying *Through the oak openings*, and the Cazenovia or southern branch is called Gā-a-nun-deh-tā, rendered *By the mountain flattened down*. The central or Seneca branch is called Do-sho-weh, and also the Buffalo creek, which results from the junction of these three streams. Concerning the derivation of Do-sho-weh, which has become the Indian name of Buffalo, and also of Lake Erie, there is some disagreement among the Senecas. It may be derived from Da-gā-o-sho-weh, signifying *A bass-wood or linden tree split asunder*, or, which is more probable, from Da-yo-sho-co-weh, literally *Splitting the fork*. The central creek Do-sho-weh (in Cayuga De-o-sho-weh) passes between the northern and southern branches; and although it falls into the Cayuga creek a short distance above its junction with the Cazenovia, it yet appears to pass between the two streams, splitting them asunder at the fork.

We have thus followed the great Indian Trail through the State from Skā-neh'-tā-de on the Hudson to Do-sho-weh on Lake Erie; noticing, as far as ascertained, the principal stopping places on the route. To convey an adequate impression of the forest scenery which then overspread the land, is beyond the power of description. Nature was robbed by turns in beauty, in majesty, and in grandeur. In relation to the trail itself, there was nothing in it particularly remarkable. It was usual

* Table exhibiting the principal points on the trail of the Iroquois from Albany to Niagara which were known to the immigrants who flocked into western New-York between 1790 and 1800. At most of these places taverns were erected, which, it will be observed, were chiefly upon the ancient trail, then the only road opened through the forest. The distances from point to point are also given.

	Miles.		Miles.		Miles.
Albany		Whitestown	4	Cayuga Bridge	7
McKown's Tavern	5	Laird's Tavern	9	Seneca	3
Imax's	7	Oneida Castle	8	Geneva	11
Schenectady	4	Wemp's	5	Amsden's	6
Groat's	12	John Denna's	7	Wells'	8
John Fonda's	12	Foster's	5	Sandburn's (Canandaigua)	4
Conally's	7	Morehouse's	6	Sears's and Peck's	13
Roseboom's Ferry (Cana-		Keeler's or Danforth's	5	Genesee River	14
joharie)	3	Carpenter's	15	Tonawanda (Ind. village)	40
Hudson's (Indian Castle)	13	Buck's	3	Niagara	35
Aldridge's (Germ. Flats)	11	Goodrich's	8		—
Brayton's	13	Huggins'	4	Total Distance	310
Utica (Fort Schuyler)	3				

from one to two feet wide, and deeply worn in the ground; varying in this respect from three to six, and even twelve inches, depending upon the firmness of the soil. This well-beaten foot-path, which no runner or band of warriors could mistake, had doubtless been pursued by the Red Man for century upon century. It had, without question, been handed down from race to race, as well as from generation to generation, as the natural line of travel, geographically considered, between the Hudson and Lake Erie. While it is scarcely possible to ascertain a more direct route than the one pursued by this trail, the accuracy with which it was traced from point to point to save distance, is extremely surprising. It proved, on the survey of the country by the white man, to have been so judiciously selected, that the turnpike was laid mainly on the line of this trail from one extremity of the State to the other. In addition to this, all the larger cities and villages west of the Hudson, with one or two exceptions, have been located upon this ancient trail. As an independent cause, this trail, doubtless, determined the establishment of a number of settlements, which have since grown up into cities and villages.

There are many interesting considera-

tions connected with the routes of travel pursued by the aborigines; and if carefully considered, they will be found to indicate the natural lines of migration suggested by the topography of the country. The Central Trail of the Iroquois, which we have been tracing, after leaving the Mohawk valley, one of nature's highways, became essentially an artificial road; crossing valleys, fording rivers, and traversing dense forests: pursuing its course over hill and plain, through stream and thicket, as if in defiance of nature, without an aim and without a reason. Yet the establishment of this trail between two such points as the Hudson and Lake Erie exhibits not only the extent and accuracy of the geographical knowledge of our predecessors; but also indicates the active intercourse which must have been maintained between the various races east of the Mississippi. The tide of population which has poured upon the west, in our generation, mostly along the line of this old trail of the Hodenosaunee; and the extraordinary channel of trade and intercourse which it has become, between the north-western States and the Atlantic, sufficiently and forcibly illustrate the fact, that it was, and is, and ever must be, one of the great natural highways of the continent.

OUR FINNY TRIBES.—AMERICAN RIVERS AND SEA-COASTS.

BY CHARLES LANMAN.

PART FIRST.—THE SALMON.

If so be that the angler catch no fish, yet hath he wholesome walk and pleasant shade by the sweet silver streams.—*Burton*.

It is not our purpose, in the following essay, to enter into the poetry of the "gentle art," or to indite a scientific treatise, but merely to give the substance of all the practical information, on fish and fishing, which we have collected in our various journeyings in North America. Our remarks will probably be somewhat desultory, but as we intend them especially for the benefit of our brethren of the rod, we feel confident that they will not censure us for our wayward course. In a few paragraphs we may be

compelled to repeat what we have elsewhere published, but we trust we shall be excused for committing the harmless plagiarism. We now begin our discourse with the salmon.

Of the genuine salmon, we believe there is but one distinct species in the world; we are sure there is not in the United States. From its lithe beauty, its wonderful activity, and its value as an article of food, it unquestionably takes precedence of all the fish which swim in our waters. It is an ocean-born fish, but

so constituted that it has to perform an annual pilgrimage into our fresh-water rivers for the purpose of depositing its spawn. Their running time usually occupies about two months, and that is the period when they are in season, and of course the only period when they are taken in great numbers.

The variety of which we speak, is a slender fish, particularly solid in texture, and has a small head and delicate fins. The upper jaw is the larger, while the tip of the under jaw in the female has an upward turn. The back is usually of a bluish color, the sides of a silvery hue, and the belly pure white, while along the centre of its body runs a narrow black stripe. The scales are small, and the mouth is covered with small, but stout and pointed, teeth. A few dark spots are dispersed over that part of the body above the lateral line, and the females usually exhibit a larger number of these spots than the males. The tail of the young salmon is commonly forked, while in the adult fish it is quite square. To speak of the salmon as a hold biter and a handsome fish, or of his wonderful leaping powers, would be but to repeat a thrice-told tale.

And now for a few words on some of the habits of the salmon. He is unquestionably the most active of all the finny tribes, but the wonderful leaps which he is reported to have made are all moonshine. We have seen them perform some superb somersets, but we never yet saw one which could scale a perpendicular waterfall of ten feet. That they have been taken above waterfalls three or four times as high we do not deny; but the wonder may be dispensed with, when we remember that a waterfall seldom occurs, which does not contain a number of resting places for the salmon to take advantage of while on his upward journey.

Contrary to the prevailing opinion we contend that the salmon is possessed of a short memory. While fishing in a small river on a certain occasion, owing to the bad position in which we were placed, we lost a favorite fly, and it so happened that in about one hour afterwards a fish was taken by a brother angler, in whose mouth was found the identical fly that we had lost.

This fish is a voracious feeder, and an epicure in his tastes, for his food is composed principally of small and delicate fish, and the sea-sand eel; but it is a fact

that the *surest* bait to capture him with, is the common red worm.

The salmon is a shy fish, and as he invariably inhabits the clearest of water, it is always important that the angler's movements should be particularly cautious; and in throwing the fly, he should throw it clear across the stream if possible, and after letting it float down for a few yards he should gradually draw it back again, with an upward tendency.

Like all other fish that swim near the surface of the water, the salmon cannot be eaten in too fresh a condition; and judging from our own experience, they may be eaten three times a day, for a whole season, and at the end of their running time they will gratify the palate more effectually than when first brought upon the table.

The process of spawning has been described by various writers, and the general conclusion is as follows. On reaching a suitable spot for that purpose, the loving pair manage to dig a furrow some six feet long, in the sand or gravel, into which the male ejects his milt, and the female her spawn; this they cover with their tails, and leaving this deposit to the tender mercies of the liquid element, betake themselves to the sea whence they came. This spawning operation usually occupies about ten days, and takes place in the autumn; and when the spring-time comes, the salmon are born, and under "their Creator's protection" are swept into the sea, where they come to their natural estate by the following spring, and ascend their native rivers to revisit the haunts of their minnow-hood. And it is a singular fact, that the salmon leaves the sea in an emaciated condition, acquires his fatness while going up a river, and subsequently returns to the sea for the purpose of recruiting its wonted health and beauty.

The salmon is a restless fish, and seldom found a second time in exactly the same spot; but his principal traveling time is in the night, when the stars are shining brightly and all the world is wrapt in silence.

The salmon come up from the sea during a flood or a freshet, and in ascending a river, they invariably tarry for a short time in all the pools of the same. Their object in doing this has not been clearly defined, but is it unreasonable to suppose that they are influenced by the same motives which induce a human traveler

to tarry in a pleasant valley? The only difference is, that when the man would resume his journey he waits for a sunny day, while the salmon prefers a rainy day to start upon his pilgrimage. The best places to fish for salmon are the shallows above the deep pools; and it is a settled fact, that after you have killed a fish, you are always sure to find in the course of a few hours another individual in the same place. It would thus seem that they are partial to certain localities. Another thing that should be remembered is, that salmon never take the natural fly while it is in a stationary position, or when floating down stream; hence the great importance of carrying the artificial fly directly across the stream, or in an upward oblique direction. When you have hooked a salmon it is a bad plan to strain upon him in any degree, unless he is swimming towards a dangerous ground, and even then this is an unsafe experiment. The better plan is to throw a pebble in front of him, for the purpose of frightening him back, and you should manage to keep as near his royal person as practicable. Another peculiarity of the salmon is the fact that (excepting the shad) it is the only fish which seems to be perfectly at home in the salt sea, as well as in the fresh springs among the mountains. It is also singular in the color of its flesh, which is a deep pink, and the texture of its flesh is remarkably solid: the latter circumstance is proven by the fact that you cannot carry a salmon by the gills, as you can other fish, without tearing and mutilating him to an uncommon degree.

In olden times there was hardly a river on the eastern coast of the United States, north of Virginia, which was not annually visited by the salmon; but those days are forever departed, and it is but seldom that we now hear of their being taken in any river south of Boston. They frequented, in considerable numbers, the Susquehanna, the Delaware, and North rivers, but were eminently abundant in the Connecticut and the Thames. On the former stream it used to be stipulated by the day-laborer, that he should have salmon placed upon his table only four times in the week; and we have been told by an old man residing on the latter stream, that the value of three salmon, forty years ago, was equal to one shad—the former were so much more abundant than the latter. But steamboats, and the din of cities, have

long since frightened the salmon from their ancient haunts, and the beautiful aborigines of our rivers now seek for undisturbed homes in more northern waters. Once in a while, even at the present time, the shad fishermen of the Merrimack and Saco succeed in netting a small salmon; but in the Androscoggin, Kennebec, and Penobscot, they are yet somewhat abundant, and these are the rivers which chiefly supply our city markets with the fresh article.

As the ice melts away in the spring, says Dr. J. V. C. Smith, in his interesting little book on the Fishes of Massachusetts, they rush to the rivers from the ocean; and it is an undeniable fact, confirmed by successful experiments, that they visit, as far as possible, the very streams in which they were born. When undisturbed, they swim slowly in large schools near the surface; yet they are so timid, that if suddenly frightened, the whole column will turn directly back towards the sea. It has also been proven that a salmon can scud at the surprising velocity of thirty miles an hour. The young are about a foot long when they visit the rivers for the first time; and at the end of two years, according to Mr. Smith, they weigh five or six pounds, and attain their full growth in about six years. When running up the rivers they are in a fat condition; after that period, having deposited their spawn, they return to the sea, lean and emaciated. In extremely warm weather, and while yet in the salt water, they are often greatly annoyed by a black and flat-looking insect, which is apt to endanger their lives. As soon, however, as the salmon reaches the fresh water, this insect drops off, and the fish rapidly improves.

The streams which these fish ascend, are invariably distinguished for their rocky and gravelly bottoms, for the coldness and purity of their water, and for their rapid currents. Those which afford the angler the most sport, are rather small and shallow, and empty into tide-water rivers; while in these they are chiefly taken with the net. The tributaries of the Androscoggin, Kennebec, and Penobscot, having all been blocked up with mill-dams, the salmon is only found in the principal estuaries; and as these are large and deep, they are of no value to the angler, and will not be many years longer even to the fishermen who capture them for the purpose of making money. So far as our own ex-

perience goes, we only know of one river, within the limits of the Union, which affords the angler good salmon fishing, and that is the Aroostook, in Maine. We have been informed, however, that the regular salmon is taken in many of those rivers, in the northern part of New-York, which empty into Lake Ontario and the Upper St. Lawrence, but we are compelled to doubt the truth of the statement. Such may have been the case in former times, but we think it is not so now. Salmon are not taken at Montreal, and it is therefore unreasonable to suppose that they ever reach the fountain-head of the St. Lawrence; this portion of the great river is too far from the ocean, and too extensively navigated, and the water is not sufficiently clear. That they once ascended to the Ottawa river and Lake Ontario I have not a doubt, but those were in the times of the days of old. Another prevailing opinion with regard to salmon, we have it in our power decidedly to contradict. Mr. John J. Brown, in his useful little book entitled the "American Angler's Guide," makes the remark, that salmon are found in great abundance in the Mississippi and its magnificent tributaries. Such is not the fact, and we are sure that if "our brother" had ever caught a glimpse of the muddy Mississippi, he would have known by intuition that such *could* not be the case. Nor is the salmon partial to any of the rivers of the far South, as many people suppose; so that the conclusion of the whole matter is just this,—that the salmon fisheries of the United States proper, are of but little consequence when compared with many other countries on the globe. When we come to speak of our Territories, however, we have a very different story to relate, for a finer river for salmon does not water any country than the mighty Columbia—that same Columbia where a certain navigator once purchased a ton of salmon for a jack-knife. But that river is somewhat too far off to expect an introduction in our present essay, and we will therefore take our reader, by his permission, into the neighboring Provinces of Canada, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia.

Before proceeding another step, however, we must insert a paragraph about the various methods employed to capture the salmon. The Indians, and many white barbarians, spear them by torch-light; and the thousands sent to market

in a smoked condition, are taken in nets and seines of various kinds. But the only instruments used by the scientific angler, are a rod and reel, three hundred feet of hair or silk line, and an assortment of artificial flies. Our books tell us, that a gaudy fly is commonly the best killer, but our own experience inclines us to the belief, that a large brown or black hackle, or any neatly-made gray fly, is much preferable to the finest fancy specimens. As to bait-fishing for salmon, we have never tried it—we care less about it than we know, and we know but precious little. Next to a delicately made fly, the most important thing to consider is the leader of the line, which should be made of the best material, (a twisted gut,) and at least five feet in length. But if the angler is afraid of wading in a cold and even a deep stream, the very best of tackle will avail him nothing. It is but seldom that a large salmon can be taken, without costing the captor a good deal of hard labor, and a number of duckings. And when the character of the fish is remembered, this assertion will not appear strange. Not only is the salmon a large fish, but he is remarkable for his strength and lightning quickness. Owing to his extreme careflessness in meddling with matters that may injure him, it is necessary to use the most delicate tackle, in the most cautious and expert manner. To pull a salmon in shore, immediately after he has been hooked, will never do; the expert way is to give him all the line he wants, never forgetting in the meantime that it must be kept perfectly taut. And this must be done continually, in spite of every obstacle, not only when the fish performs his splendid leaps out of the water, but also when he is stemming the current of the stream, trying to break the naughty hook against a rock, or when he has made a sudden wheel, and is gliding down the stream with the swiftness of a falling star. The last effort to get away, which I have mentioned, is usually the last that the salmon makes, and it is therefore of the highest importance that the angler should manage him correctly when going down. Narrow rifts, and even waterfalls, do not stop the salmon; and bushes, deep holes, slippery bottoms, and rocky shores must not impede the course of the angler who would secure a prize. And though the salmon is a powerful fish, he is not long-winded, and by his great impatience is apt to drown

himself, much sooner than one would suppose. The times most favorable for taking this fish, are early in the morning and late in the afternoon; and when the angler reaches his fishing ground, and discovers the salmon leaping out of the water, as if too happy to remain quiet, he may then calculate upon rare sport. As to the pleasure of capturing a fine salmon, we conceive it to be more exquisite than any other sport in the world. We have killed a buffalo on the head waters of the St. Peter's river, but we had every advantage over the pursued, for we rode a well-trained horse, and carried a double-barreled gun. We have seen John Cheney bring to the earth a mighty bull moose, among the Adirondac mountains, but he was assisted by a pair of terrible dogs, and carried a heavy rifle. But neither of these exploits is to be compared with that of capturing a twenty-pound salmon, with a line almost as fine as the flowing hair of a beautiful woman. When we offer a fly to a salmon, we take no undue advantage of him, but allow him to follow his own free will; and when he has hooked himself, we give him permission to match his strength against our skill. Does not this fact prove that salmon fishing is distinguished for its humanity, if not for its *fishanity*? We have sat in a cariole and driven a Canadian pacer, at the rate of a mile in two minutes and a half, on the icy plains of Lake Erie, and as we held the reins, have thought we could not enjoy a more exquisite pleasure. That experience, however, was ours long before we had ever seen a genuine salmon; we are somewhat wiser now, for we have acquired the art of driving through the pure white foam even a superb salmon, and that, too, with only a silken line some hundred yards in length.

One of the most fruitful salmon regions for the angler to visit lies on the north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, between the Saguenay and the North-west river in Labrador. A few years ago, however, there was good fishing to be had in Mal Bay river, above the Saguenay, and also in the Jacques Cartier, above Quebec, but good sport is seldom found in either of those streams at the present time. But the principal tributaries of the Saguenay itself (particularly the River St. Margaret) afford the rarest of sport, even now. The streams of this coast are rather small, but very numerous, and without a single exception, we believe, are rapid, cold and clear. They

abound in waterfalls, and though exceedingly wild, are usually quite convenient to angle in, for the reason that the spring freshets are apt to leave a gravelly margin on either side. The conveniences for getting to this out-of-the-way region are somewhat rude, but quite comfortable and very romantic. The angler has to go in a Quebec fishing smack, or if he is in the habit of trusting to fortune when he gets into a scrape, he can always obtain a passage down the St. Lawrence in a brig or ship, which will land him at any stated point. If he goes in a smack, he can always make use of her tiny cabin for his temporary home; but if he takes a ship, after she has spread her sails for Europe, he will have to depend upon the hospitality of the Esquimaux Indians. At the mouths of a few of the streams alluded to, he may chance to find the newly-built cabin of a lumberman, who will treat him with marked politeness; but he must not lay the "flattering unction" to his soul, that he will receive any civilities from the agents of the Hudson's Bay Company, whom he may happen to meet in that northern wilderness.

A large proportion of these streams run through an unknown mountain land, and are yet nameless; so that we cannot designate the precise localities where we have been particularly successful; and we might add, that the few which have been named by the Jesuit Missionaries can never be remembered without a feeling of disgust. Not to attempt a pun, it can safely be remarked that those names are decidedly *beastly*; for they celebrate such creatures as the hog, the sheep and the cow. The salmon taken on this coast vary from ten to forty pounds, though the average weight is perhaps fifteen pounds. They constitute an important article of commerce, and it is sometimes the case that a single fisherman will secure at least four hundred at one tide, in a single net. The cities of Montreal and Quebec are supplied with fresh salmon from this portion of the St. Lawrence, and the entire valley of that river, as well as portions of the Union, are supplied with smoked salmon from the same region. The rivers on the southern coast of the Gulf of St. Lawrence are generally well supplied with salmon, but those streams are few and far between, and difficult of access. But a visit to any portion of this great northern valley, during the pleasant summer time, is attended with many interesting circum-

stances. Generally speaking, the scenery is mountainous, and though the people are not very numerous, they are somewhat unique in their manners and customs, and always take pleasure in lavishing their attentions upon the stranger. The weeks that we spent voyaging upon the St. Lawrence we always remember with unalloyed pleasure; and if we thought that fortune would never again permit us to revisit those delightful scenes, we should indeed be quite unhappy.

The most agreeable of our pilgrimages were performed in a small sail-boat, commanded by an experienced and very intelligent pilot of Tadousac, named Ovington, and our companions were Charles Pentland, Esq. of Lauceau Leau on the Saguenay, and George Price, jr., Esq., of Quebec. We had everything we wanted in the way of "creature comforts;" and we went everywhere, saw everybody, caught lots of salmon, killed an occasional seal, and tried to harpoon an occasional white porpoise; now enjoying a glorious sunset, and then watching the stars and the strange aurora, as we lay becalmed at midnight far out upon the deep; at one time gazing with wonder upon a terrible storm, and then again happy, fearless, and free, dashing over the billows before a stiff gale.

Some of the peculiar charms of fly-fishing in this region, are owing to the fact that you are not always sure of the genus of your fish even after you have hooked him, for it may be a forty or twenty-pound salmon, and then again it may be a salmon-trout or a four-pound specimen of the common trout. The consequence is, that the expectations of the angler are always particularly excited. Another pleasure which might be mentioned, is derived from queer antics and laughable yells of the Indians, who are always hanging about your skirts, for the express purpose of making themselves merry over any mishap which may befall you. The only drawback which we have found in fishing in these waters, is caused by the immense number of mosquitoes and sand-flies. Every new guest is received by them with particular and constant attention: their only desire, by night or day, seems to be, to gorge themselves to death with the life-blood of those who "happen among them." It actually makes our blood run cold, to think of the misery we endured from these winged tormentors.

Even with the Gulf of St. Lawrence

before our mind, we are disposed to consider the Bay of Chaleur the most interesting salmon region in the British Possessions. This estuary divides Lower Canada from New-Brunswick, and as the streams emptying into it are numerous and always clear, they are resorted to by the salmon in great numbers. The scenery of the bay is remarkably beautiful: the northern shore, being rugged and mountainous, presents an agreeable contrast to the southern shore, which is an extensive lowland, fertile and somewhat cultivated. The principal inhabitants of this region are Scotch farmers, and the simplicity of their lives is only equaled by their hospitality; and upon this bay, also, reside the few survivors of a once powerful aboriginal nation, the Micmac Indians. But of all the rivers which empty into the Bay of Chaleur, there is not one that can be compared to the Restigouche, which is its principal tributary. It is a winding stream, unequal in width, and after running through a hilly country, it forces its way through a superb mountain gorge, and then begins to expand in width until it falls into its parent bay. The scenery is beautiful beyond compare, and the eye is occasionally refreshed by the appearance of a neat farm, or a little Indian hamlet. The river is particularly famous for its salmon, which are very abundant and of a good size. But this is a region which the anglers of our country or the Provinces, with two or three exceptions, have not yet taken the trouble to visit, and many of the resident inhabitants are not even aware of the fact, that the salmon may be taken with the fly. The regular fishermen catch them altogether with the net, and the Indians with the spear; and it is a singular fact that the Indians are already complaining of the whites for destroying their fisheries, when it is known that a single individual will frequently capture, in a single day, a hundred splendid fellows, and that, too, with a spear of only one tine. It is reported of a Scotch clergyman who once angled in "these parts," that he killed three hundred salmon in one season, and with a single rod and reel. A pilgrimage to the Restigouche would afford the salmon fisher sufficient material to keep his thinkers busy for at least one year. The angler and lover of scenery who could spare a couple of months, would find it a glorious trip to go to the Bay of Chaleur in a vessel around Nova Scotia,

returning in a canoe by the Restigouche, and the Spring river, which empties into the St. John. His most tedious portage would be only about three miles long, (a mere nothing to the genuine angler,) and soon after touching the latter river, he could ship himself on board of a steamboat, and come home in less than a week, even if that home happened to be west of the Alleghany mountains.

Of all the large rivers of New-Brunswick, we know not a single one which will not afford the fly fisherman an abundance of sport. Foremost among our favorites, we would mention the St. John, with the numerous beautiful tributaries which come into it, below the Great Falls, not forgetting the magnificent pool below those falls, nor Salmon river and the Aroostook. The scenery of this valley is charming beyond compare, but the man who would spend a summer therein, must have a remarkably long purse, for the half-civilized Indians, and the less than half-civilized white people, of the region, have a particular passion for imposing upon travelers, and charging them the most exorbitant prices for the simple necessities they may need. The salmon of the St. John are numerous, but rather small, seldom weighing more than fifteen pounds. The fisheries of the Bay of Fundy, near the mouth of the St. John, constitute an important interest, in a commercial point of view. The fishermen here take the salmon with drag nets, just before high water: the nets are about sixty fathoms long, and require three or four boats to manage them. The fish are all purchased, at this particular point, by one man, at the rate of eighty cents apiece, large and small, during the entire season. The other New-Brunswick rivers to which we have alluded, are the Mirimichi and the St. Croix; but as we have never angled in either, we will leave them to their several reputations.

We now come to say a few words of Nova Scotia, which is not only famous for its salmon, but also for its scientific

anglers. In this province the old English feeling for the "gentle art" is kept up, and we know of fly fishermen there, a record of whose piscatorial exploits would have overwhelmed even the renowned Walton and Davy with astonishment. The rivers of Nova Scotia are quite numerous, and usually well supplied with salmon. The great favorite among the Halifax anglers is Gold river, a cold and beautiful stream, which is about sixty miles distant from that city, in a westerly direction. The valley of the stream is somewhat settled, and by a frugal and hard-working Swiss and German population, who pitched their tents there in 1760. It is fifteen years since it was discovered by a strolling angler, and at the present time there is hardly a man residing on its banks who does not consider himself a faithful disciple of Walton. Even among the Micmac Indians, who pay the river an annual visit, may be occasionally found an expert fly fisher. But after all, Nova Scotia is not exactly the province to which a Yankee angler would enjoy a visit, for cockney fishermen are a little too abundant, and the ways of the people in some ridiculous particulars smack too much of the mother country.

Having finished our geographical history of the salmon and his American haunts, we will take our leave of him by simply remarking, (for the benefit of those who like to preserve what they capture,) that there are three modes for preserving the salmon:—first, by putting them in salt for three days, and then smoking, which takes about twelve days; secondly, by regularly salting them down, as you would mackerel; and thirdly, by boiling and then pickling them in vinegar. The latter method is unquestionably the most troublesome, but at the same time the most expeditious; and what can tickle the palate more exquisitely than a choice bit of pickled salmon, with a bottle of Burgundy to float it to its legitimate home?

GERMAN VIEWS OF ENGLISH CRITICISM.

BY THEODORE A. TELLKAMPF.

It is often admitted in English publications, that little was known of German literature in that country until recently. Certainly, no one familiar with the languages and modern literary history of the two nations, will be disposed to question the truth of the admission. Indeed, it is only very lately that the English *public* can be said to have possessed any real knowledge of the poetry and scholarship of their Germanic neighbors across the Channel. Previous to the present century only a few individuals were acquainted with them, and they only to a very limited extent. Many of the old German epic songs and traditions, such as the Hildebrand song, Horny Siegfried, or Sigurd, Reynard the Fox, &c., were imported into England, and now rank, although very erroneously, with the antiquities of its literature. Besides these, comparatively few German works, chiefly on religious subjects, or on mathematics and astronomy, were known; and they, from the nature of their subjects, only to the learned few.

At first the progress of German literature in England within this century was slow. Many prejudices and much bigotry had to be overcome before it could gain favor and a firm footing among a nation whose natural distaste for what is foreign was heightened by appeals from various quarters, even from men of high reputation, and on various absurd grounds. German literature was at that time particularly proscribed as dangerous to the "classical taste" and to the "good morals" of the United Kingdom. Such views had a temporary retarding effect, but they soon gave place to more just opinions, as it began to be better and more generally understood.

Twenty years ago, independent readers of German poetry and scholars familiar with the state of the sciences in Germany, were rare in England; but since their number has rapidly increased, and many of the most distinguished writers, having directed their attention that way, have done much to eradicate that narrow nationality which prompts men to condemn

what is foreign merely because it is so, without the form of a trial. The former erroneous sentences passed on German literature, are now only quoted to show the ignorance of the critics who passed them, and who, in thus attacking what they had so little knowledge of, appear to have acted with the same disregard of reason and the same consequences that distinguish the adventure of Don Quixote and the windmill. Some writers, for instance, in the blindness of their prejudice, would go so far as to pronounce one German author an atheist, another a deist, or ascribe to one work an immoral, to another an irreligious tendency, with as little justice and real knowledge of the matter as they would exhibit, who should style Shakspeare immoral and atheistical. Some even asserted that "German theology" was akin to irreligion, because of a few works like those of Strauss; and they even seemed to fear that the study of it would endanger the Christian religion. Surely no one could seriously entertain such a fear, who knew the religious feeling or the religious views of the great mass of the German people, or who has an appreciation of what theology, as a science, means. What was sneered at as "German theology" has already been controverted and condemned by both English and German critics, theologians of the highest standing: it is no more the theology of Germany than the views of any sect or of Tom Paine are the theology of England. But the instance shows what difficulties, what ignorance and prejudice the literature of one nation has to contend with in its first introduction to another.

The natural desire of men of literary taste to read the imperishable productions of the great poets of other nations in the original, leads frequently to the study of other languages, but the active interest felt in the pursuit of the sciences leads perhaps more generally to it. At present, whoever is desirous of keeping pace with the rapid progress of the sciences, especially of the natural sciences, has to make himself familiar with the languages of

those countries in which those sciences are principally cultivated. The scholar can no more rely on his Greek and Latin. The time has passed when the latter was the universal language of the learned. Though many scientific works are yet written in Latin, by far the greater number are in the modern languages, all of which elucidate each other, and the student necessarily lags behind if he is obliged to wait for or trust to translations or compilations. He must therefore connect the study of the ancient with that of the modern tongues. The importance of this has been for some time generally recognized in Germany; and accordingly the study of the living languages has been very generally introduced there, into literary institutions. For some years also the study of the German has been made a part of education in the schools and colleges of England, France and the United States; and now, where a short time ago, owing to the national prejudice before alluded to, German literature was almost proscribed, the knowledge of the German language is considered not only as a source from which much enjoyment may be drawn, but as an essential acquirement of scientific men.

This change in literary public opinion in England has been brought about partly by the more frequent intercourse between Germans and Englishmen consequent upon the modern increased facilities for travel, but chiefly by the writings of some thorough students in particular departments of German literature, and their selections and translations from German authors. The efforts of these few scholars have done more than anything else to awaken that sympathy which belongs inherently to nations of the same family, but which lies dormant until a common language is found to express it. For two nations cannot through mere literal translations understand each other; the writings of each must not only be rendered, *but adjusted to the spirit* of the other. Thus the masterly translation of Homer by Voss marked an epoch in the history of German literature. The marvelous excellence of this epic song, admitted before on the authority of philologists, was now unveiled to every educated man in the nation. The excellent translation of Shakspeare by Schlegel and Tieck produced in a different sphere a similar effect. These plays were not novel in Germany; they had been translated before, and well translated; but the Promethean spark—

that which kindles in the reader a spirit kindred to the poet's—had been wanting. Schlegel and Tieck have raised the standard of translation, and since their labors there have appeared these translations of classic and modern poets from time to time of merit almost equal to theirs.

To these great modern translators in a great measure, and partly also to its central position in Europe and its various relations to surrounding countries upon which its historical development so much depends, it is mainly to be attributed that there is scarcely any people so free from national jealousy in matters of literature. Works of genius are ever alike welcome there, come from what source they may. Literary men are more catholic and cosmopolitan there than in any other country; and it is pleasant to reflect that no evil results have attended the prevalence of such a spirit; on the contrary, the rapid development of men of great genius has been aided by it, and its only effect on men of inferior talents is, that they are forced to imitate and soon sink back again into the insignificance from which some immature indications of genius had drawn them.

Of the English writers who have contributed to bring the study of German literature more into fashion, since Scott and Coleridge, Carlyle holds at present the most prominent position. He is eminently qualified for it by his intimate knowledge of the German mode of life, and of the language in all its niceties, such as the shades of meaning given to words by popular associations of ideas, as well as their strict scientific significations. All his writings evince a familiarity with the spirit of German poetry, and his criticisms and translations have produced a marked effect on subsequent reviews and translations of German authors. But he, though his writings have had more influence than those of any other author, is by no means the only one who has distinguished himself in this department, both in England and in this country. We need not enumerate them; it is perfectly evident, however, through their writings and from other facts, that a transfusion has been going on between England and Germany, and that the two countries understand each other now much better than they ever did before. Old prejudices have melted away on both sides, and especially in England the outcries, once fashionable, by those who were entirely ignorant of it, against Ger-

man literature, have been silenced by the progress of knowledge. For several years the greater number of articles on the subject in the leading Reviews have evinced a considerable, and many even a thorough knowledge of it.

But the English writers still occasionally fall into some errors, naturally enough, in treating of the different departments of a literature so various and universal as the German; and as these errors ought not to be passed over by students, or least of all by a lover of his native literature, who is, at the same time, an admirer of that of the land of his adoption, without notice, we have undertaken this article chiefly with the view of pointing out and correcting a few of the most obvious. An article on Lessing which appeared in the Edinburgh Review for October, 1845, contains samples of most of them, and we shall therefore refer to it for illustration, though it is not our purpose to reply to its false positions at any length.

One of the most common mistakes has arisen from confounding national prejudices with nationality. This leads to many others; for instance, to that of judging things not according to real merit, but according to what some who are misled by a narrow taste or conventional notions regard as the English standard of excellence. Thus some reviewers find fault with certain constructions of German sentences, not because they are so unlike *English*, but because they are unlike the modern flippant *review English* which they themselves write. They pay no regard to the different frame-work of the language nor to its distinguishing and by no means objectionable feature in deriving its words from the Latin and Celtic as well as pure German. English censure by those who write a vicious style in their mother tongue, of the grammatical peculiarities of a language they evidently do not well understand, is hardly worth a serious reply. They dislike the style of Schiller, or Goethe, or Von Humboldt, but can give, at least the author of the article on Lessing does not attempt, any better reason than *ipse dixit*. The reader must believe it. But this "*jurare in verba magistri*" has gone out of fashion since "the spirit of free inquiry" has become the order of the day. Such writers seem not to be aware that the development of the German has differed in many respects from that of any other modern European language; that

it has kept pace with the mental development of the German people, and was never considered fixed like a dead language, or as the French was at one time thought to be by a decree of the Academie Française. A language is the medium for the conveyance of impressions, images, emotions, passions and ideas; as these become more and more comprehensive, it has to conform. A clear and correct idea, if it cannot be expressed in a simple sentence, must be given in a compound one, as in music an idea which cannot be conveyed in a simple melody may be uttered through a full harmonic current. It is obviously a fault if a language does not permit an appropriate expression of ideas and their modifications, through a slavish deference to conventional rules.

Critics who sit down to compare German and English literature, with the notion that the style of the former is necessarily cloudy and inflated, will of course soon conclude that the former is "empty," while they speak of the latter as full of "inexhaustible energy and wealth:" after having thus "in broad outlines" established the superiority of their own over the German literature, to the satisfaction of themselves and their quasi constituents, they can easily delude themselves into a belief in their fairness, by saying something in praise of some individual German writers. The phrases in quotation marks are from the article on Lessing, the author of which would seem to have proceeded in his task of criticism in much the manner indicated. But we must refer to this article more particularly; and though its tone is sufficiently provoking to a lover of German literature, we do not think it necessary to disclaim any personal feeling in commenting upon some of its mis-statements.

A few sentences may show the spirit in which it is written, and with what confident dogmatism its erroneous views are put forth. After some general remarks, to the tenor of which we have already referred, the author says, "Their literature is of yesterday; and though its brief career has been prolific beyond example, it has not yet attained a title of the richness of ours, and will never attain its vigor." But he lets us know in another place, that he is far from believing German literature to be "of yesterday;" and it is evident he only says so here, because he is fond of "brief sentences." Unfortunately, this, like many others of his brief sentences, wants

the redeeming merit of the direct mode of writing—correctness as well as brilliancy. The “literature of yesterday” includes, by his own admissions, the works of Klopstock, and therefore dates back at least a century. The relative age of the two literatures he is speaking of, does not touch their comparative merit; but one who undertook to write on German literature, should have known the historical fact, that the old epic and popular songs of the Germans—the records of their early life—originated and were sung by the people before the Anglo-Saxons left the northern shores of Germany, and by conquest took possession of a part of England, and before another German tribe, the Franks, conquered the north-eastern portion of Gaul. Those old rudiments of literature, which the Anglo-Saxons took with them to their new home, must have been as old as any of the tribes of which they were the common property.

In another place our author states, that the “radical defects of German literature spring from want of distinct purpose.” That this is so, he argues, is shown by the disproportionate excellence the Germans exhibit “in those departments of intellectual activity, wherein only distinct purpose and proper culture can bestow any success.” What idea he attaches to the words “distinct purpose,” we do not distinctly gather from the manner in which he uses them. But surely, *à priori*, if the Germans excel in such “departments of intellectual activity” as he mentions, it is incredible that they should not have “written to the purpose” in others. The fact also supports this plain conclusion of logic. If the author means that German literature does not abound in clear, direct, and vigorous writers, he exhibits an ignorance of it which should have kept him silent. The idea that men of letters in Germany are thick-headed and slow-brained, is a remnant of the old bigotry that a reviewer ought to be ashamed of. It savors of the spirit of Mr. Lillywick, in Dickens’ story. What is “water” in French? he asks. *L'eau*, he is told. “I thought it was a low language?” That there are German works written to no purpose, and which had better never been written, is very true; there are such also in English, and in any language worth studying; but that the tendency of the mass of German writing is to indefiniteness or cumbersome pedantry, is a notion which but a

little study of it will clear from the mind of any unprejudiced reader.

The author’s predilection for pointed sentences misleads him in another place to say of German literature, “Klopstock had made it English, Wieland had made it French, Lessing made it German.” Again, “He (Lessing) was the first German who gave to it its natural tendencies and physiognomy.” It is more easy to write such fanciful expressions than to give a correct account of what Klopstock, Wieland and Lessing have actually done for the literature of their country. A reader not acquainted with the matter can form no true idea of this. The latter sentence quoted would give the impression that before Lessing’s time Germany had no national literature. But the truth is, at the utmost, all Lessing could possibly do in this respect would have been to re-establish its genuine character, to give new impulses for its farther development, and to enrich it by his various writings.

In another paragraph the author amuses us by saying, “His (Lessing’s) mind is of a quality eminently British.” This is another “brief sentence.” But it was not Lessing’s habit to jump at conclusions, nor to write sentences more remarkable for brevity than correctness. He was a man of singular modesty; indeed, it is scarcely possible to imagine a mind more opposite than his to that of the writer of this review, who is an Englishman. If Lessing had an “eminently British” mind, the reviewer is not a fair sample of his countrymen. By this mode of classifying minds according to countries, it is not possible to conceive *both* minds to be British. They have so little in common, that even the natural affinity and sympathy acknowledged to exist between two nations, branches of one family, seems in these individuals to have ceased.

The direction and culture of Lessing’s genius, or natural talents, owing to his education, the means afforded him in the pursuit of his studies, intercourse with the most distinguished literary men of his time, a thousand circumstances peculiar to the life of literary men in Germany, all, as well as his works, denote him most distinctly a German.

The reviewer would have his readers believe that Lessing stands first and alone among his countrymen, as a poet, prose writer and critic; but, in answer to this, it is enough to refer to the name of Winkelmann, well known in England as

one of his predecessors. A closer study of his subject would also have convinced the writer that the quality of Lessing's mind, which he pronounces eminently British, is as common in Germany as in England. The quality of writing directly and to the purpose, is the universal feature of the early German poetry; Lessing pointed it out, and contrasted it with the style of the imitators of the French. His criticisms apply as well to English as to German writers, who were governed by the then prevalent French taste. Since his time a style similar to his has been the most popular. There are among the vast number of German writers many who have written "lumbering sentences," and without a "distinct purpose," but they are as much exceptions to the general mass of writers as they would be in England.

Lessing's modesty, impartiality and independence are known the world over; it were well if the writer of this article upon him had studied to be like him, for as it is, he is neither modest in his opinions, independent in his reasoning, nor impartial in his deductions. He says very presumptuously of Goethe's style, that "though very beautiful, transparent and harmonious, it wants freshness and impetuosity." Schiller, again, "writes with considerable power, and with care, but he wants precision and vivacity." Lessing's style he prefers to theirs, because Lessing's sentences are "brief, pregnant, colloquial and direct," admitting of no doubt as to meaning, yet "eschewing all superfluous words." A German reader will readily see that if a writer who lays on his adjectives so indiscriminately, had imitated Lessing in this last particular, we should have been spared his entire article. He is satisfied with expressing vague ideas clearly, a mistake not unfrequently made by those who cannot comprehend the difference between ideas, clear, precise, simple or complex. He is too little acquainted with his subject to write fairly upon it, and is most especially unlike Lessing, in venturing to express confident opinions where his knowledge is only that of a smatterer.

But let us consider the "eminently British" mind again for a moment. The phrase, or others like it, is often used by flippant and superficial writers, but after all, what does it mean? Mind is admitted to be unlike matter; you cannot confine thoughts to any place or country. Different nations have different prevailing

notions, but the soul of man is one all over the earth, and as regards its vigor, it is the same everywhere. What is clear, strong, deep, vigorous thinking in England, is so in Germany. The cool assumption of English writers that their nation has a monopoly of all the mental wealth of the world, all the power and fire of the imagination, and all the majesty of the reason, is rather too much. If there is any one quality more "eminently British" than another, it is that rooted self-complacency which nothing can put to the blush.

The reviewer's remarks on Lessing's drama, "*Nathan der Weise*," are a specimen of the superficial views our "Anglo-Saxon minds," some of them, are frequently contented with. They tell us nothing new. Lessing in his modesty had said of himself that he was not a great poet, being too much a critic, and wanting the easy flow of poetic ideas which should characterize the genuine poet; the reviewer takes him at his word, and thence arrives by an easy leap to the conclusion, "*Nathan der Weise* is not a great drama." By the same rule he should consider the *Paradise Regained* Milton's greatest poem, for the poet himself thought so. He thinks the character of Nathan wanting in propriety, and reasons as follows:—"If Nathan has none of the bigotry of his race, he cannot be a perfect type of that race. If he can regard Christianity with forbearance, he is no longer a Jew. That which is great in Nathan is not Jewish; it has grown up in his large soul in spite of Judaism." Is this fair criticism? Have not tolerant men of large souls proceeded from intolerant monasteries? Must we have no Jews but Shylocks? A Jew has the same hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions, with other men—can they not have as large souls? We might as well ask if an Englishman would cease to be an Englishman, by abandoning the prejudices of certain of his countrymen. The greatest among great men were great both as men and as types of their race and people, and surely there is no offence to propriety in drawing a wise Israelite. Before the author can sustain his position on this point, he should first successfully controvert Lessing's *Laocoon*, than which there is no abler exposition of the universally recognized principles of the dramatic art.

This review affords also, as we will not take space to show at length, exam-

ples of another error English writers often fall into, viz., that of repeating the *dicta* of German or French critics upon German works. It should be remembered that since Lessing's time, and introduced chiefly by him, a most severe and logical criticism has been exercised in his native country, and that hence to rely on the decisions of German writers as to the merits of authors, is very unsafe for English readers. What at home is merely a strict examination of a work, becomes abroad condemnation, and it would, therefore, be hardly possible for an Englishman to obtain just opinions, even if he could survey the whole field of German review writing. There is surely nothing gained by comparing German writers, estimated thus at second hand, with English ones, whom our scholars are accustomed to reverence. Indeed, any one who reflects knows that there is nothing more idle than the classification of men of great genius of different countries; for supposing all the elements ascertainable, great men are still individuals, and each is great in an individual and peculiar manner. We ought to be able to study them as they are, without ranking them over one another.

But this article on Lessing stands by no means alone in the English periodicals for its confident ignorance. In another, on the rise and fall of the European Drama, in the Foreign Quarterly for July, 1845, (there are several of later date we might select,) we find the same dogmatic tone, and the same sufficient evidence, to those who know, that the writer does *not* know what he treats of. This way of writing only needs to be answered in one fashion: it is reply enough to mere naked assertions, to say they are not true. To every one familiar with the German drama, it will be clear that this reviewer was not familiar with it. For example, in one place he says, "Germany has been late in establishing a national drama, and in spite of the ability there occasionally bestowed upon it, we cannot on the whole regard it as at all equal to that of Greece, England, Spain and France." Now if the author had ever read the dramas of these five countries, he might have decided differently; but with regard to Germany, at least, it is plain that he has not read the plays whose titles he quotes. Further he says, "Goethe's is doubtless a great name, but its lustre does not come from the drama. Schiller was unquestionably

a man of rare talents, but both Goethe and Schiller contented themselves with being translators (!) and, in some sort, imitators of the plays of Greece, England and France." Yes, other writers had written dramas, and they wrote dramas; that is the only sense in which they can be said to be imitators. Again, "A national drama they did not attempt." In Germany it is thought that they attempted it, and succeeded. But, says he, "Lessing and Kotzebue in some measure attempted it. The 'Bürgerlich (he should have written 'Bürgerlichen') Trauerspiele,' the sentimental dramas, such as 'Minna von Barnhelm,' 'Menschenhas,' und Reue,' are, of course, miserably inferior to 'Tasso,' 'Clavigo,' 'Fiesco,' and 'Die Jungfrau von Orleans,' in point of poetic beauty and of literary interest; but we suspect that in this species lay the germ of a real national drama, for it was the expression of a national character." It would be just as fair to say, that Richardson, or Young, or Macpherson, were exponents of the English national character. By what witchcraft, these, writers discover that the German character tends so to sentimentality, is to Germans a perfect mystery. If they would read German history, and really *study* its literature, they would certainly think differently; or if they would reflect, they would see that false sentiment cannot possibly ever be a prominent and permanent feature of a national character, though it may be, as what may not, the fashion of a day. The author of the article on Lessing falls into the same error. Speaking of Minna von Barnhelm, by Lessing, (which the writer above thinks "miserably inferior to Tasso," &c.) he says, "Of all the German comedies it has our preference. In no other have we seen such pure dramatic presentation of character, and that character so unmistakably German." Now the truth is, this play is no more an index to the German character than "Werther's Leiden," "Götz von Berlichingen," "Egmont," "Tasso," or "Faust;" all these contain ideal portraits, which are at once German and universal. To insist that a peculiar cast of mind is essentially *German*, and that no other mental development is, and then to cull out of German literature those writings which show this cast of mind, and say that they are the most national, strikes us as a plain *petitio principii*, which learned reviewers ought avoid.

Goethe and Schiller, whom the author of the article referred to in the Foreign Quarterly regards as translators and imitators, and of course as not original dramatists, are by no means thus thought of in Germany. It is there considered that in regard to "harmonious completeness and finish," i. e. perfection of the dramatic form, they have surpassed even Sophocles, Shakspeare and Racine, and that in point of genius they have just claims to be ranked with those great poets. They were both familiar with the poetry of Homer, Sophocles, Shakspeare and Racine, and they looked upon the poetry of the Grecians as furnishing, in respect of perfection of form and finish of detail, the best models. They were not disciples of what in Germany is styled the school of "force-genius," (*Kraftgenies*,) which contends that genius stands above all rules of art, and should be left as though it were an instinct, to create its own laws; and hence they studied to be perfect in form as well as powerful in poetic effect. Lessing had already cautioned young poets against an indiscriminating admiration of Shakspeare's works, as leading to irregularity—and very justly too, for it is everywhere admitted that in respect of form, he would be a dangerous model, though he is by no means regardless of rules. He was less exact than the Greeks, yet the structure of his dramas is somewhat like theirs, as are those of cotemporaries and successors. He never made his plays hinge upon one idea, as fatality, dependence on the gods, and the like. Lessing, Schiller, Goethe and others who regarded the portraying an ideal harmony of human actions as the highest aim of the dramatic art, have done so, following so far a principle derived from the ancients. They made their art the study of their lives, as the Greek poets had done. Though they have not written dramas

exclusively, yet their mental occupations were all in unison with that department. They were classical scholars, students of history and science, and at the same time mingled much with men in active life. They did not lose their independence as men of genius, by cultivating and enriching their minds. Their genius was so free, that study could not fetter it. Their dramas, which the reviewer calls imitations, are so far from being such, that they have as little in common with those of Sophocles, Shakspeare and Racine, as the spirit of their time had with the separate times of those writers. And as certainly as there can never appear another Sophocles, so certainly will there never be again another Shakspeare, Racine or Goethe. These are universal men; they were colored by the tendencies of their times, but they wrote not for their country or for "an age," but for all times and all countries.

But we must here conclude this brief article, in which we have only intended to present some of the views with which English knowledge and criticism of German literature is generally regarded by the educated public of Germany. They fancy that though their literature is and has been of late years making rapid progress in England, still that much time must elapse before it will be fully appreciated. They do not believe the mass of their great writers to be mystical or wanting distinct purpose, and they look forward confidently to the time when the diseased sentimentality that was in vogue for a while shall not be considered by English scholars as a permanent element of their national character, and when English critics shall discover that the soil of Germany produces more minds like Lessing's, which was, according to our reviewer, "eminently British," than they have hitherto supposed.

HON. JOHN MINOR BOTTS, AND THE POLITICS OF VIRGINIA.

THE recent triumph of the HON. JOHN M. BOTTS in Virginia, under circumstances of marked peculiarity, over the Democracy of the metropolitan district not only, but over and in spite of overwhelming gerrymandering on the part of the Legislature of that State, justifies us in introducing him prominently to the readers of the REVIEW. It is the cause to be seen, however; it is the cause to be presented, and not the man. His triumph gives evidence of a returning sense of justice; it is the crowning proof that honest opinions, fearlessly avowed, faithfully maintained, adhered to amid disaster and defeat, without shadow of turning, constitute the certain groundwork of ultimate success and reduplicating honor. In this point of view, in this moral point of view, the example presented in his political history, is transcendantly more valuable than the merely personal success of any man, however cherished. It is the prestige of better days, and gives cheering hope to the hearts of those who prefer truth to expediency, honest privacy to inglorious notoriety. Amid the too frequent surrender of principles for place and power—amid the repeated compromises of constitutional opinions for popular applause—amid the sometime delinquency of those upon whom the Whig party relied in times gone by—amid the general confusion of the public mind as to what is constitutional, since the numerous and successful assaults made of late upon that sacred instrument—it is cheering, it is refreshing, to behold the successful progress of one who, scorning to “bend the pregnant hinges of the knee, that thrift may follow fawning,” undisturbed by detraction, unseduced by bribery, unintimidated by defeat, unawed by the oppressive power of a whole legislative assembly, still moved forward, clinging to the Constitution, imbibing its spirit, expounding, in effective practical speeches, its principles, until at last an overwhelming majority-vote of his fellow-citizens crowns the summit of years of toil.

This late struggle in the “Old Dominion” presents a moral picture, and a moral result, worthy of being contemplated. It deserves a limner. Mr. B. will merely stand for the canvas upon which we sketch it.

Mr. Botts entered public life in the year 1833, as the delegate from the county of Henrico to the General Assembly of Virginia. He very early distinguished himself as a ready and powerful debater, as an original and independent thinker, and an ardent and uncompromising Whig. He may be said to have leaped at a bound to a high position in a body usually containing a goodly number of able men. There was no precursor to this distinction, nothing in his past history known to the public which justified the hope of his most sanguine friends, of so much success in legislative life. Though admitted in early youth to the practice of the legal profession, it is pretty well admitted that he never studied, *con amore*, Coke or Blackstone; and it is quite certain that he never made, as a lawyer, any practical use of their lore.

There was nothing in his pursuits, so far as the public saw, calculated to develop a mind which evinced such masculine proportions. There was certainly nothing cognate or kindred to the labor of legislation in his previous occupations. It is not a matter of surprise, therefore, that a murmur of satisfaction trembled on the lips of the Whig party, in the State, at finding unexpectedly so valuable an auxiliary to their force—a force bearing, then, but a small ratio to that of the opposite party. Nor is it matter of surprise, that the county which had furnished so faithful a representative, should have looked upon itself as deriving a reflective honor from the tenacious fidelity with which it has clung to him, through every adversity, up to the present moment.

In the House of Delegates of Virginia, Mr. Botts was distinguished, as he has since been upon another theatre, for unwavering constancy to principle, by an impatient scorn of expediency, where it supplied the place of a less explicit course of proceeding, by a manly boldness of thought and action, which, while it must be confessed, sometimes caused timid and recusant Whigs to fear for his discretion, ultimately triumphed over doubts, and carried dismay into the opposite ranks. His sound and practical views of the Constitution, his forcible illustration of its bearings, his thorough Whig sentiments, above all, his sudden rise and successful

position as one of our eminent leading politicians, very speedily secured for him the cordial dislike and undying opposition of the Democratic party. It would have been a phenomenon indeed, if one so true to himself, and to the purity of the Constitution—one so truth-loving and truth-telling—one who had such a perverse habit of thinking aloud, and calling things by their right names—one who quoted at all times, and without mercy, upon the party of misrule, the acts and opinions of their ancient leaders, as precedents of authority against them—could have secured aught else than now damning faint praise, and then furious detraction.

The lingering remnant of the Richmond junto gave out the Jacobin signal, *à la lanterne*, and the henchmen of the party everywhere re-echoed, *à la lanterne*. There was one—we will not name him—who, distinguished for ever prophesying, and with success but once, when he predicted that the election of Jackson would prove a curse to the country, assumed the tripod, and oracularly gave out that the career of Mr. Botts would be both brief and inglorious:

“Thus have I seen a magpie in the street,
A chattering bird we often meet,
For curiosity well known,
With head awry and cunning eye,
Peep knowingly into a marrow-bone!”

We have said, the order for devoting Mr. B. to the nether gods had gone forth. The altar was prepared, the libation (of gall) had been poured out; the fire had been kindled, and the priest stood ready, mumbling the cabalistic words of the party: “Resolutions of '98 and '99;” “Shade of Jefferson;” “Glory to Old Hickory.” All this was profitless as the labor of the priests of Baal, when they strove with the prophet. There was no sacrifice. The voice of the metropolitan district had summoned Mr. Botts, after repeated services in the House of Delegates, to the National Legislature.

Mr. Botts entered Congress in the year 1839. His acts and doings while a member are before the nation. It is our purpose only to call before us in review some of his more prominent actions.

During the first session he sat in the House, the memorable New-Jersey election return came under consideration. The people of New-Jersey will long remember (as they have often with enthusiasm testified) how promptly Mr. Botts

came to their aid, and with what signal ability he vindicated the majesty of her broad seal. The train-bands of Loco-focoism were, nevertheless, too powerful, and the country witnessed a spectacle, from the sight of which it has been but too willing to avert its eyes, and which we are loth to revert to. We only do so to call back the recollection of the fact, that upon that first opportunity which offered, Mr. Botts stood forward to aid in protecting the honor of a sovereign State. His speech on that occasion elicited general applause, and fixed the eyes of the nation upon him, as a man of mark and promise. This speech was delivered January 9th, 1840. On the 10th of March, the minority report of the committee on that subject was presented to the House. Their address and report (then published) was from his pen, though, not being chairman of the committee, it was not accredited to him. During the same session, he made a speech in favor of retrenching the expenditures and stopping the official abuses of the Federal government, on the bill making appropriations for the support of the army, July 14th, 1840. It cannot have been forgotten that this happened at a time when the office-holders, under Mr. Van Buren, were reveling at will in a practical application of that most catholic doctrine, the enunciation of which, in so neat and compendious a form, viz., “to the victors belong the spoils,” secured a canonization to its author, and a life estate in the public domain. Those corruptions and profligacies Mr. Botts exhumed from their dark hiding-places, and, exposing them to the light of day, hurled upon the responsible persons of the government a torrent so powerful, that the officials, from high to low, both feared and dreaded him—the best commentary upon and evidence of the impression made by his effort. To no one more than to this gentleman, perhaps, was Mr. Van Buren indebted for that immense retinue of people who bowed him out of the gates of power to the peaceful sheep-walks of Lindenwald.

But a new administration came into office. In a month the nation beheld the reins of government drop from the trusty hands to which they had confided them: Mr. Tyler drives the chariot of state; but he swerves—he veers—and something like the fate of Jehu follows: certainly, he fell from the mid-heaven of

honor to—where we will not follow him. It suffices that he fell into the embrace of Locofocoism, which first debauched and then abandoned him.

Mr. Botts perceives the first aberration; he marks the point of departure from the acknowledged track, small though the deviation be at first. He cries out, he gives the alarm, like a faithful sentinel; he denounces him, and spurns him, more in sorrow than in anger, and more in disgust than either. He will make no compromise, he will submit to no half measures; he assumes the attitude of unqualified hostility. Neither entreaties nor threats, neither the blandishments of power nor brisk wit and ridicule, neither promises of place nor menaces of displacement, move him.* Like Luther before the Diet, he stands up in the rugged earnestness of native honesty, and proclaims, "*Hier stehe ich, ich kan nicht anders,*;" "Here I stand—I cannot do otherwise."

Mr. Botts has been by some blamed for his part in the proceedings of Congress during the period of which we speak; and it has been alleged that he, among others, by violence drove Mr. Tyler from the Whig party. Let us look a little more narrowly into this question. Let us recapitulate a few facts, some of them, perhaps, not generally known. Mr. Botts and Mr. Tyler had been at the same time members of the Legislature of Virginia. He had supported Mr. Tyler in that body as a candidate for the United States Senate, in opposition to Mr. Rives, upon the express ground that Mr. Tyler was in favor of a bank, while Mr. Rives, though opposed to the sub-treasury, had not yet taken that stand. They were friendly, intimate, confidential. They knew each other well. These relations subsisted up to the period of Mr. Tyler's accidental accession to the presidency—nay, more, up to the moment just prior to Mr. Tyler's veto of the bank bill. The sentiments of Mr. Tyler were known to Mr. Botts, fully and freely expressed to him, and it cannot be supposed that there was any one more ready to detect, or in a better situation to discover the first latent evidences of the leprous taint festering within. Upon whom could the discovery have fallen with more stunning surprise? Whose indignation

was it more likely to excite? He knew well the vulnerable part. He had seen the hand that inflicted what proved to be the immediate wound, and his position enabled him to see, before others saw it, that the canterly alone could promise relief. He did not scruple, he did not hesitate therefore to apply it. It failed, but he had done his duty.

The action of Mr. Tyler was in no sense influenced by the conduct of Mr. Botts, but Mr. Botts quickly perceived and promptly denounced the action of Mr. Tyler. He had already discovered that the gangrene was complete, the corruption total. It has been claimed for Mr. Tyler, that his conduct on that occasion was but consistent with his previous opinions. To say nothing here of the tortuous contradictions in which Mr. Tyler involved himself, while the matter was then in hand—his writing with his own hand the amendments which he desired to be inserted, which, when complied with to render the bill palatable to him, he nevertheless vetoed; to say nothing of all this well-known under-current of things—the bare fact that Mr. Tyler's friends in the Virginia House of Delegates had voted for him upon the emphatic position that he was a bank man, and that his most intimate friends so considered him, is pregnant evidence against him of deceit and duplicity then, or treachery afterwards.

It is well known that Mr. Botts was in favor of passing, and sending to Mr. Tyler for his approval, the scheme of a bank bill, presented in the report of Mr. Ewing, then Secretary of the Treasury, and that he was opposed to passing any other bill. He was *then* aware that Mr. Tyler would veto the bill proposed, even if amended according to his dictation. This he did do. To send him, therefore, the bill which he had already publicly recommended, was to place him in a position in which he would be compelled to sanction a bank bill, which would have defeated his proposed union with the Democrats. This was the latent meaning of the phrase "Head him," contained in a letter written about that time by Mr. Botts.

The suggestion that, by flattering the vanity and humoring the caprice of Mr. Tyler, he might still have been retained

* "*Justum et tenacem propositi virum,
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni
Mente quatit solida.*"

in relation with the Whig party, was a suggestion which could not for a moment find favor with one whose whole character and career evinced that no extrinsic motives could control him. The suggestion was untrue in fact and dishonorable in spirit. Well and nobly did the Whig party act, when it wheeled in solid column away from Mr. Tyler, and left him in the plenitude of solitary power, but still at the climax of disgrace.

It forms a unique instance in partisan history of noble sacrifice for principle! To no one, perhaps, was the personal sacrifice greater than to this gentleman.

Mr. Botts during the session made two speeches upon the subject of the bank, which we commend to the perusal of such as are desirous of reviewing these matters: the one, a "speech on the bill to incorporate subscribers to a fiscal bank of the United States," Aug. 4, 1841; the other, "on the objections of the President to the bill to establish a fiscal corporation," Sept. 10, 1841. As a brief statement of the origin of this latter, and evincing the character of this gentleman, we extract the following:

"Mr. Botts took the floor, and said: I should have been content, Mr. Speaker, to have permitted this second veto of President Tyler to pass without remark from me, but for the peculiar position I happen to occupy before the House and the country.

"Coming not only from the same State, but from the very district which gave birth to Mr. Tyler, and which he formerly represented in this House, and bearing to him the relations of personal and political friendship at the opening of Congress, I have, from a high sense of public duty, felt myself called upon to array myself in opposition to him, and have employed terms relative to his public course at once strong, harsh, and offensive. I have, in an address to the public, and in my representative character on this floor, charged him with perfidy and treachery to the party that elected him—with infidelity to the principles upon which he obtained his present lofty situation; and I feel that it becomes me to make good the charge, not by denunciation merely, but by proof, by facts that cannot be contradicted; and if I do not establish it conclusively and irresistibly to the mind of every disinterested man, I will not only take back what I have said, and make the most ample atonement in my power, but will consent to take upon myself all the odium that ought to attach to one who would bring a false and groundless charge against a high public functionary.

"It will be borne in mind, also, that when this charge was uttered on the floor, the honorable gentleman from Massachusetts, (Mr. Cushing,) like a gallant knight, at once came forth in defence of the President, and *challenged an argument* on the subject. The glove being thus thrown, I promptly took it up, and now come forward before the nation to repeat the charge, and vindicate my cause; and to an intelligent public I shall leave the decision."

We are under the impression that Mr. Cushing never did attempt any reply to this speech; we have certainly never seen or heard of it.

Among the other more prominent public acts of the gentleman under consideration, were his efforts and votes for the abolition of the 21st rule. For this he was severely censured by some of the members of his own party at the South, who did not understand his views and motives, and still more bitterly denounced by the opposite party, who did not desire to understand them.

Fortunately for Mr. Botts, he possesses an epidermis as little pervious to misrepresentation as it is to misconception. He has a copious faith in truth and the mellowing influence of time; once convinced that he is right, he embraces a view with all his conscience, and observes the apothegm of Burns:

"Its slightest touches instant pause,
And barring all pretences,
Resolutely keep its laws,
Uncaring consequences."

Perhaps this is putting it rather too strongly. It is not because he does not care for, but he does not apprehend any ill consequences from conscientious action.

The most striking illustration of this quality is to be found in his votes upon the twenty-first rule. Embracing from the first the notion that it was but the pretext and the occasion for the manufacture of an inordinate quantity of capital for domestic consumption on the part of both the extreme advocates and opponents of the institution which gave rise to it, he lent his influence at once and decidedly to its abrogation. His argument was, that it would give quiet to both parties, who had wandered from and lost sight of the main practical issue it involved, and were occupying unceasingly the time of the House in fruitless discussions of abstract themes; that if anything was to be gained by the North

which that rule impeded—anything to be dreaded by the South which that rule defended, it were far wiser and more economical to come to a plain, direct issue on the question it concerned. The result was, as the world knows, an eventual abrogation of the rule, (and that too by a Democratic Congress,) and a finale to petitions on that subject. It is undoubtedly true, and ought to be stated in this connection, that Mr. Botts admitted the right of petition, and used these memorable words:—

“The right of petition, as guaranteed by the Constitution, is absolute, unqualified and unlimited; and to impair that right, is to inflict a fatal wound upon popular freedom.”

Though well calculated to subject him to misapprehension and consequent animadversion among his own constituency, he boldly took that stand, and when fully aware of its import and after due reflection, his constituency sustained him. His views and feelings as a southern man were fully known and confided in, and it is not believed that he lost the confidence of any considerable portion of the Whig party of the South or North. As for certain of the Democracy who had been much indebted to him for editorial leaders and stump speeches, it is to be presumed in all humanity that he felt a sincere sympathy for them—that a *Democratic Congress* should have spiked all their cannon and hushed their thunder.

In this connection it may be profitable to recall the painful scene the lower House of Congress exhibited at the commencement of the extra session in 1841; when for three weeks the House was engaged in a painful struggle to organize itself for business. This twenty-first rule was the obstacle. The pros and cons kept the Congress in moral throes, during that period, in painful labor to reduce itself to dignity and order. It was well calculated to excite apprehension. Matters began to look alarming. Men of the North and of the South turned to Mr. Botts. He promptly drafted a resolution which (though presented by another to whose credit it enured) as soon as it was pronounced from the Speaker's chair, secured the assent of both the belligerents, and order once more reigned in the National Legislature.

Among some whose opinions are entitled to consideration, an impression has prevailed that Mr. Botts is, as the phrase

goes, a rash man. Now rashness is a term so purely relative, so dependent for its comprehension upon attendant circumstances, that it is difficult to understand, and still more difficult to meet such an objection. If by rashness haste is meant, nothing is plainer than that under fitting circumstances and for a proper object, haste, so far from being a vice, is on the other hand an essential virtue: some actions cannot be too quickly done—others cannot be too speedily abandoned. If it implies being sometimes in advance of those with whom one is acting in concert, then it is easily understood. A practical answer in this view of it would be, that so far as the subject of this brief sketch is concerned, the party with which he has acted has never failed sooner or later to occupy the very ground occupied by him, and to embrace the very opinions which he has expressed.

It will be remembered that we stated that Mr. Botts had scarcely entered upon public life before the sacrificial altar was prepared for him, or to change the figure, the gallows was erected, whereon Haman himself was destined to hang. He was then too bold, too frank, too able. He disturbed mightily, even then, the delicate nerves of the gentle Democracy of the meridian of Richmond. How much greater was the intensity of their dislike *now!*—*now* that he had achieved distinction where they had meditated only disgrace. It was too bad—too bitter: there was hereafter no truce to be made with him—no locus penitentiae for enormities like his. Something must be done. The legislature of the Old Dominion busied itself in the ignoble work of legislating him out of public life. It remodeled the congressional districts—changed the metropolitan district to smother the voice of the sterling Whig city of Richmond; and after giving Mr. Botts a dead majority of about six hundred Democratic votes to carry, finally, to make sure work, it added an additional county giving about two hundred majority of Democratic votes. Having buried him, as they supposed, they added the “two last as a ponderous cenotaph to keep him under ground.”

The district being thus organized, Mr. Jones, afterwards Speaker, was selected as the Democratic candidate to oppose Mr. Botts. After a labored canvass before the people in the old-fashioned Virginia way, this immense majority fell down to the paltry number of 32 votes. Mr. Botts contested the seat, but without

success. The House of Representatives decided against him, notwithstanding it remains to be told that the next House (both Democratic) decided principles that were involved in the former case precisely the contrary way.

Mr. Speaker Jones declined another canvass, and the Hon. James A. Seddon—a gentleman whose popularity with the Whigs entitled him to high hopes of success—was the competitor of Mr. Botts. Owing to the paralysis of the Whig party, consequent upon their recent Presidential defeat, Mr. Botts fell behind about 230 votes.

A third time, Mr. Botts, nothing daunted, took the field. He was opposed by Mr. W. D. Leake, a gentleman selected by a convention of Democrats, and after an animated struggle Mr. Botts closed the day with a majority of near 600. So that the overwhelming democratic majority was not only in two unsuccessful attempts overcome, but was nearly transferred to the other side.

During the temporary exile of Mr. Botts from Congress, he had never failed to speak out, in some emphatic manner, his opinions upon the great questions which were before the country.

He was prompt, in an able letter published in the Richmond Whig, Dec. 1844, to express his decided hostility to the annexation of Texas—a position which he never changed up to the moment of its final accomplishment. In that letter he predicted with accuracy many if not all of the disasters which have resulted from that measure.

Equally was he opposed to the war with Mexico—the manner of it, the matter of it, and the objects of it. In a letter published in the same journal, in Dec. 1846, reviewing the message of the President, he gave a searching commentary upon the whole Mexican war question.

He was no less explicit in his opposition to the party who claimed the line of 54° 40' as the boundary of our territory in Oregon, and who were willing to hazard a war with England to secure that line. His opinions on that subject were laid before the public with equal candor and ability, in an extended letter to the paper named above, in December, 1845.

Lastly, upon the Wilmot Proviso—a question upon which his old friends, the Democracy, hoped to have ensnared him—he manifested the same willingness to be understood by his friends, and lofty dis-

regard of his enemies. We quote some of his views on that topic. They occur in a letter in reply to some interrogatories propounded by the Richmond Enquirer during the recent canvass. That paper desired to embarrass him, by demanding to know if he would pledge himself not to vote for a candidate for the Presidency who was in favor of the Wilmot Proviso, &c., &c. Among other things he replies:—

“If popular error exists upon any question upon which I may be called to act, instead of encouraging and yielding to it, I choose rather, as far as I can, to correct it; and so I shall do in reference to this question.

“First, then, let us see what is the character of the Wilmot Proviso. Here it is:—

“Provided, That as an express and fundamental condition to the acquisition of any territory from the republic of Mexico by the United States, by virtue of any treaty which may be negotiated between them, and to the use by the Executive of the moneys herein appropriated, neither slavery nor involuntary servitude shall ever exist in any part of said territory, except for crime, whereof the party shall be first duly convicted.”

“And this proviso, which tells us no more than every intelligent man knew before, to wit: that the people of the free States, of all political parties, from the highest to the most humble, are opposed to the extension of slavery, is now, for political effect, attempted to be connected with the abolition of slavery. Where does this proviso propose to abolish slavery? In Mexico? Why, it don't exist there, and therefore cannot be abolished. The truth is, that this proviso, although of Democratic origin, was adopted by the Whig party of the North, for the purpose of furnishing a motive and an object to the South to put an end to this unbridled lust for acquisition, which, if not arrested, must put an end to our institutions, sooner or later. Substantially they have said this: ‘We have aided you in annexing Texas to your southern border, as a slave State; we want no more territory, and advise you not to take any part of Mexico; but if you will persist in carrying on this war, we caution you not to look to us for any aid in the farther extension of slavery. If you take it at all, you must take it as free territory.’

“Now I say, my answer to all this is, and the answer of the entire South should be, we don't want any more territory, and we won't have any part of Mexico, and it is not for the purpose of dismembering Mexico that we carry on this war. But notwithstanding the Wilmot proviso has passed the House of Representatives, and

would have passed the Senate, but for the apprehension that it would have defeated the \$3,000,000 bill, and notwithstanding its principles have been adopted by almost unanimous votes by the legislatures of New-York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Ohio, and several other of the smaller free States,—aye, notwithstanding *it is made manifest and clear*, that this is the sentiment of a large majority of the people and of the States, yet the Richmond Enquirer and its followers (and Mr. Leake also) insist upon taking this Mexican territory, even on these terms, (for they can get it on no other,) as an indemnity for the war! And now, I ask, which is the best friend to the South and Southern institutions? What I *will* pledge myself to, is this: *I will vote for no man, as President or Vice-President, who is justly liable to the suspicion even of a disposition to interfere with the institution of slavery in any manner whatever, as it exists under the Constitution.* That I am opposed to the principle of the Wilmot proviso, is certainly true. But why? Not because I think we have any right to ask the North to aid us in the extension of slavery—but because I *deny their right* to lend any such aid. If I acknowledge their right to aid in its extension by legislation, I cannot deny their right to *curtail it* by legislation. *I deny their right to legislate at all upon the subject.* My opinion has always been, that, after the territory has been admitted as a State, *it is for the State authorities alone to determine whether slavery shall exist or not*; and as Virginia has an undoubted right to *abolish slavery* within her limits, so has Ohio the same power to *admit it* within hers, without consultation with, or the consent of, the authorities of the United States, or any of the departments of the General Government.

“I expect to vote for the candidate of the Whig party, against any and all the candidates of the Locofoco party, and will give no pledge that will deprive me of this privilege. Suppose John M. Clayton, for example, who (like all other Northern men) is opposed equally to *interference with as to giving aid to the extension of slavery*, should be the candidate of the Whig party, and Mr. Polk the candidate of the other party—does the Enquirer expect me to pledge myself to vote for Mr. Polk? It is certainly a very modest request; but I would see them in—Abraham’s bosom first.

“But suppose Mr. Buchanan, Mr. Wright, Mr. Van Buren, or Governor Cass, all of whom we know to be in favor of the Wilmot Proviso, and dare not say they are opposed to it, should be the regular nominee of the Democratic National Convention, and General Taylor or Mr. Clay should be our candidate—*will the Enquirer pledge it-*

self to sustain the Whig candidate against the candidate of its own party?—When they make this pledge, it will be time enough for them to ask me to make pledges.”

Upon all or most of these questions he was, so far as we know, the first man—in the South at least—to express publicly while a candidate before the people the opinions which he held; perhaps only because more constantly opposed, and more zealously scrutinized by his opponents, in the vain hope of committing him to some unpopular doctrine.

Upon a review of his public course, the district in which he has passed his life, in April last, gave him accumulated testimony of confidence in his integrity and ability, by a majority unexpected by his friends and confounding to his foes.

We have before observed, that this gentleman throws his whole soul, his entire energies into whatever he undertakes. He goes straight to the point—all is explicit—everything is comprehensible. He leaves no room for misunderstanding. Disagree with him one may—differ with him some do; but the tribute of blunt, outright sincerity, we fancy none will withhold him. There is no watching the popular current—no drifting with the tide—no falling in with the flood as its impetuous wave is perceived to be inevitable. In the face of the multitude he forms his opinions—fearlessly to the multitude he utters them; and it is rare that the multitude do not follow him. Unlike the demagogue, he does not watch for public opinion—he forms it. He does not appeal to local or sectional views and prejudices, but embraces the Union, the whole Union, and *nothing but the Union*, in a comprehensive and ardent affection.

Who ever attained distinction that did not, as a price for it, endure detraction and slander? Mr. Botts has not escaped these. But these we leave to their own “manifest destiny.” Who ever attained distinction that did not display some faults or defects? No friend would claim for a friend exemption from these—they are the common property of man—a birthright he cannot sell, be the price what it may.

The permanency of our institutions, the solidity of our government, peace at home, dignity abroad, are not likely to be endangered by any want of able men. They depend rather upon our securing and elevating men of moral courage—men of

integrity to the Constitution—men who will guard that sacred instrument and keep it in unity of faith. The Constitution is a solemn compact made by our forefathers, and though they have ramparted it about with sacred pledges and made it a Gibraltar, it can have stability or strength no longer than we, their descendants, satisfy its claims upon us; it

can endure only so long as each generation cements it afresh. It must pass as a sacred heirloom from generation to generation, fondly revered and sedulously defended. Its legal custodiers must be men not only able but willing to defend it. To such men only may it be committed in all future time. C.

Richmond, July, 1847.

CHILDREN IN HEAVEN.

BY JAMES STAUNTON BABCOCK, (*deceased.*)

'Twas a wise faith, meet and touching,
Of the manly Northern Mind,
That, in Heaven, to little children
Is the fitting task assigned,

Still to scatter the young blossoms
Over earth, by everything,
As the spring's returning season
Came with beauteous visiting.

Stooping light from flowery pathways,
Strewed they hill and mead and plain—
Soft and guileless, as the sunclouds
Shed their offerings of rain.

And to all men toiling under
Welcome came their gifts of love ;
For like birds from sky-ward singing,
Brought they tidings from above—

Gladdening Earth with blessed foretaste,
As her mortal hours went by,
Of that Land where flowers, unfading,
Spring and bloom immortally.

A NIGHT WITH THE DEAD.

CLAR.—“O, I have passed a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That as I am a Christian, faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days;
So full of dismal terror was the time.”—RICHARD III.

MANY years ago, before the facilities for professional education were as great in this country as they are at present, I was pursuing my medical studies at one of the Universities on the Continent of Europe. Subjects for dissection were at that time obtained with considerable difficulty from the hospitals, on account of an excited state of public feeling on the subject, similar to that which has since frequently prevailed in different parts of this country; consequently, whenever after a world of trouble we had obtained any bodies for the amphitheatre, we were compelled to observe the strictest secrecy among ourselves, and to watch them with the greatest caution to prevent the discovery of the fact, or an attempt at rescue in case of such discovery.

The exhibitors of anatomy, who were usually young medical men who had received their diplomas, but who continued their connection with the institution for a further prosecution of their studies, were charged in turn with the duty of watching with the bodies. It happened one evening that one of these young gentlemen, with whom I was intimate at the time, was appointed to spend the night in the exercise of this unenviable prerogative. This was particularly annoying to him, as he had received an invitation to a ball for that same evening, and was anxious to attend it. I may here remark, “*en passant*,” that the most unaccountable prejudice which now prevails both in France and Italy against medical men, and which, particularly in the latter country, excludes them as a class from mingling otherwise than professionally with refined society, did not then maintain in the town where the institution to which I belonged was situated. The young physician enjoyed equal social privileges with the educated man of any other profession.

To return. My friend lamented his ill-luck in my presence with a free outpouring of his regret, that he had not been able to find a substitute to take his place

in the dissecting room, and remarked in a bantering way, that were it not for my youth and timidity, he should ask the favor of me. I must confess that I had no particular ambition in that way, but yet I felt still less disposed to be taunted with any unmanly weakness of nerve, real or supposed; and I accordingly volunteered with a most excellent grace to exchange my snug chambers and comfortable bed for a solitary watch with the dead.

About nine o'clock, my friend, after having dressed himself elaborately for the expected entertainment, called at my room to accompany me to the amphitheatre.

It was a cold, cheerless autumn evening. The atmosphere had all the asperity of winter, without its bracing elasticity. Such as it was, it had been for the last three or four days—a heavy, steady rain, interrupted from time to time with gusty showers—accompanied with occasional thunder, which cheated you into the belief that the storm was about to break up, but which gradually softened down into the same monotonous dripping. Of all possible weather, it was precisely that which requires the most cheerful associations to keep the spirits in tune. A good fire, a pipe, and a room full of jolly companions, were the only possible non-conductors to the gloomy influence of outdoor things. I must confess, that as I stepped into the carriage with my friend, my heart rather failed me, reflecting upon the unpromising auspices under which I had volunteered for so unenlivening an undertaking.

The dissecting amphitheatre, as is usually the case, was situated in the upper story of the building. It was only lighted by a skylight from above, there being no lateral windows. A cheerful wood-fire was burning on the hearth as we entered. The subjects, which were five in number, were lying on an ordinary dissecting table. Two placed side by side constituted the first stratum; two others were in like manner placed upon these,

and the fifth body upon the last, forming as it were the apex of the pyramid. Drawing up our chairs to the fire, we remained for some time chatting upon indifferent topics—I at least making an effort to keep up an animated conversation, in order to cheat my companion out of the longest possible time before he left me for the night.

At length a church clock in the neighborhood struck ten, and my friend springing up protested that he must be off immediately. I plead for another half-hour of his company, urging the impropriety of going to a large ball at so unseasonable an hour. It was of no use; he perceived easily enough that my real motive for wishing to detain him was of a more selfish character; and a sort of waggish maliciousness was a sufficient incentive on his part, if he had no other, to render him callous to my request. He accordingly seized his hat, and wishing me as agreeable a night as he expected to spend himself, left the room. Hardly had he closed the door, when he returned to tell me that he considered it necessary, in order to secure the fulfilment on my part of my promise, to lock me in, and before I had time to protest against the absurdity of the precaution, the key was turned upon me and the bolt barred. As much annoyed as alarmed at this summary and forcible confinement, I called to him at the top of my voice to return and unfasten the door; but the only answer I received was a whistle and a mocking laugh, which gradually died upon my ear as he descended the staircase.

Returning to my seat by the fire, I lighted my pipe, and endeavored to calm by its sedative influence the excited state of imagination produced by my hopeless imprisonment. Whiff after whiff rolled from my lips, but it was of no use. It was impossible for me, either by reflection or by any mechanical process, to divert my thoughts; and every few minutes, as if by a fascination beyond my control, my eye would steal round to the table behind me and its ghastly occupants. Every fresh gust of wind, every new noise in the street below, would cause me to start with instinctive terror under the fear of some supernatural apparition. At length, when all sounds had died away, except the monotonous patting of the rain upon the skylight above, and the throbbings of my own heart and arteries, which I could distinctly hear in the silence around me, I mastered my feelings sufficiently to rake the ashes over the

fire, wrap myself in my cloak, blow out the candle, and throw myself in front of the hearth to sleep.

It was long before I could compose myself sufficiently even to doze; and when at last I was able to do so, it was at best but a sort of feverish nightmare, in which confused visions of vampires, wehr-wolves and Frankensteins revolved through my brain in intricate confusion.

I had been in this intermediate state between sleep and wakefulness I know not how long, when I was suddenly called to consciousness by a severe blow on the forehead. Instinctively raising my hand to my head, a few drops of blood trickled on my fingers. Still under the influence of the horrible visions with which my imagination had been teeming, I sprang to my feet perfectly frantic with terror. I rushed to the door; it was locked! there was no other door to the room!—no other egress of any kind! Almost sinking under the intensity of my emotion, I groped along the wall to the side of the room opposite the fire. A brilliant flash of lightning, succeeded almost instantaneously by a roar of thunder, which broke over the building as if the elements were being shattered, passed over the skylight, and illuminated the room for a moment, sufficiently long for me to observe that there were but four bodies left upon the table! Had one of the bodies come to life to murder me for sacrilegious intentions? or had it never been dead, and was my murder equally inevitable? A host of dreadful conjectures overwhelmed me, and involuntarily sinking upon my knees, my consciousness for a few minutes was suspended.

When I came to myself all was quiet. The crisis was over. Beginning to reflect, I thought if the spirit, ghost, re-animated body, or whatever it might be, had had any terrible intentions towards me, it had had ample time to execute them. I began to feel ashamed of my panic, and to admit the possibility of the agency of natural causes. My blood began to flow a little more freely, and I gradually grew sufficiently master of myself to crawl back to the fire, uncover the ashes, and endeavor to light my candle, which, after a considerable waste of spermaceti, I was enabled to accomplish.

The first object which caught my eye was a grim corpse stretched on the floor between the fire and the table. The trunk alone touched the floor. The legs at one end, and the shoulders and head

at the other, were elevated at a considerable angle.

The explanation rushed upon my mind like a flash. After I had covered the fire, the room growing colder, the bodies had gradually stiffened. The table was an ordinary dissecting table, intended for a single body. The equilibrium of the five placed together on it was at least of very doubtful stability. As they had gradually stiffened, the lower corpse on the side towards the fire had been gradually pressed upon, and so forced out of its place, and in falling, an arm or a leg had struck me on the forehead! This explanation was as reasonable as it was satisfactory.

Taking hold of the innocent cause of

my terror, I dragged it under the table from which it had been so violently ejected; and reinstalling myself in my chair, I again lighted my pipe, and determined to pass the remainder of the night without again endeavoring to sleep.

Many were the whiffs which I puffed from my meerschaum before the gray light of morning lifted the "blanket of the dark." And I have still the confession to make, that more than once I stole a furtive glance to the table, and *under* the table, although the intensity of the fright I had endured, and the simplicity of its explanation, prevented me from again relapsing into a state of spasmodic excitability.

THESEUS.

THE UNION OF THE WHIGS OF THE WHOLE UNION.

BY A SOUTHERN WHIG.

WE would address a few words to the Whigs of the Union, less with the design of setting up our own opinions as a guide, than of inducing others to reflect.

The revolution which it is the object of this great national party to effect, is one of too great magnitude, and involves too important general interests, to be interfered with by personal or local considerations. Yet we apprehend that, for want of a principle of unity, the promoting of a general rally around the essential doctrines of the party, our efficiency, as such, is materially weakened.

The Whigs of the several parts of the United States are, of course, surrounded by local circumstances which, as men, ought, and must, to a certain extent, influence them. There is danger that this variety of condition may govern, to a prejudicial effect, the general interests of the party. To permit it to produce this result, is truly to abandon great national rights, in order to serve particular views. Now there is no probability that the Whigs of the United States will openly desert any great principle of the faith which has so often, even under very adverse circumstances, proved a bond of union. But it is possible, and we discover in the history of all parties proof of it, that designing opponents, taking advantage of that diversity of pursuits

and of climate under which we live, may, through local and personal influences, introduce insidiously elements of destruction which open contests never can achieve. The effect of such covert efforts upon *men* of the party, is an effect upon the *measures* of the party; and the want of a proper resistance to these treacherous attacks, arises more from a want of general knowledge respecting them, than from any indifference as to their consequences. The danger, too, becomes greater from the fact, that the grounds upon which these designs take root, being of local or personal character, existing in sections of the country remote from each other, and of a nature rather individual than political, they seem to concern men, rather than the party. The consequences are, however, the same, whether you reach the centre of the system by a direct attack upon it, or by first tearing away the several points of the circle of defence.

Let us bring more directly before the eye of the reader two of the measures thus generally traced. The one consists in throwing upon the great party contests in which we engage, in every section of the country, the shadows of minor engagements in which we are concerned as members of a particular community, joined to the interests of some

particular pursuit: the other relates to the views of personal character and manners, entertained by eminent members of the Whig party of each other.

I. When an election is held, we are accustomed to bring into it the discussion of matters having, generally, little to do with it. For instance, in State elections for members of the Legislature, we discuss largely all the national matters which divide the two parties; and for members of Congress, we enter into disputes with respect to questions of State policy. In communities where there happens to be a majority of our opponents, or where the parties are nearly equal, the mischievous tendency of this course has often been apparent. If there be a majority favoring a particular side of the questions mooted, however disconnected they may be with party politics, every discussion tends to strengthen and make it more powerful; because, where there is a majority, especially a large one, the leaning is in favor of the *fact* of majority rather than to truth. In case the parties are nearly equally divided, the personal or local preferences for men turn the scale often against that party which, on principle, might have the greater strength. Now the leaders of the Democratic party know that this disposition exists; and they are ever wise to take advantage of it. Their policy is, therefore, ever to produce it, and to effect the consequences. Where they possess majorities, they force upon the Whigs the discussion of every national measure which happens, by reference to local considerations, to be least popular. The Whigs are generally frank and ingenuous. It is the result of their lofty attachment to principle, that they are so. It is the distinguishing feature of all their debates, to be candid in meeting objections, and candidly to discuss them. With this spirit, they are led off into contests about measures which often have no relation whatever to the offices sought. In this way, in Democratic districts, men of the purest characters, acknowledged in private life to be everything desirable in society—men of great talents, and calculated to be eminently useful—are thrust out of public affairs, by keeping up a Democratic excitement. How is it, however, in Whig districts? There every effort is made to counteract the effects of political majorities. There we are told we must forget measures, and select men

abandon national politics, and foster talent and honesty in our rising young men. Often in this way, in districts where on party grounds a large Whig majority may be gained, we see Democratic candidates returned. We trust that the necessity of such organization as will counteract this evil, will be apparent to the Whigs of the whole Union; that there will be more unity, better arrangement, between members of the party; and that we may no longer have our strength affected by the policy of our opponents, who succeed less by their own power than by our distractions. How fully was this fact illustrated during the last presidential contest; when in districts in the South, where the tariff was unpopular, and where the entire strength of the Whig party was put out upon debates on that single measure, Mr. Polk's opinions were declared to be ultra anti-tariff; and in Pennsylvania he was perpetrating, in his Kane letter, the disgraceful fraud of asserting falsehoods in damning ambiguities of language.

II. With respect to the opinions of eminent Whigs of the sentiments of each other, we would say, that these opinions have been always too much affected by local prejudices. The southern Whigs have viewed the northern and western men of that party with too little allowance for the sectional interests which must in some measure affect their actions and thoughts; and so the same thing may be said of the views of southern men by western and northern Whigs. What is the result of a necessary attachment to the places of our birth, of our education, of our business, has often been thought to be the effect of envy and jealousy. The particular local considerations which color the opinions of members of the party, in various sections of the Union, ought not to interfere with the great national measures which we are endeavoring to carry out, nor with the confidence due to each other. Led away by these local considerations, and in enthusiastic desires for their promotion, we often, it is true, relax our exertions as a party, and indulge in harsh remarks as to each other. This will ever be, until a closer communication shall be found to exist between Whigs of different parts of the country. Let the prejudices growing out of an ignorance of each other's institutions and persons, be worn away by more frequent intercourse. Let the southern and northern

men visit each other more often. Let the sentiments peculiarly appropriate to each part of the nation, and the industrial pursuits of each, be more calmly and considerably observed, by men of other regions, personally; and there will grow up a confidence in the whole country, a great American sympathy for the prosperity of every part of it, that shall eminently contribute to the permanence of the Union, and to the popularity of those measures which, the Whig party believe, involve its highest and noblest interests.

With this view, we would invite, on

the part of the Whigs of the whole Union, attention to every measure which may induce more frequent intercourse with each other. Let every opportunity be sought, so that northern Whigs may be induced to visit, and share the hospitalities of the South; and let southern Whigs do the same. In this way, we feel assured, a more generous feeling towards each other will be generated, a better knowledge of the wants of each section of the country be obtained, and a firmer union of the Whigs of the Union, for the sake of the Union, be the consequence.

HOWITT'S "HOMES AND HAUNTS OF BRITISH POETS."*

WE are obliged, often, to accept the services of a guide, however disagreeable his appearance, or disgusting his manners. Those who visit remarkable places must consent to be conducted by the cicerone who happens to be attached to each, whether he be liked or not; and the penalty paid, in such cases, is the necessary consequence of that curiosity which either a literary pilgrimage or love of pleasure induces us to indulge. This is exactly the price we have paid for reading Howitt's book. Impelled by a desire to gather up reminiscences of the British Poets, we have wearily trodden through the pages of *Homes and Haunts*, without being able to trace anything new, or even to be gratified with what might have been with another writer pleasant and useful, because perplexed and aggravated at every step by the vanity and self-sufficiency, and palpable egotism of our conductor. We are told by Howitt, in his advertisement, pompously dated from "The Elms, Clapton," that "this subject is very extensive, and it was necessary to leave out the Dramatic Poets for separate treatment." The shades of the dramatic poets ought to be very greatly obliged to Howitt for this announcement. Any treatment, even ill treatment by shameful neglect, would be a blessing compared to that which the favored poets, already separately treated, have received. The indifference of the contemporaries of Chatterton and Goldsmith might be borne patiently; but who could tolerate the literary blasphemies, the poetic sacrileges, which this itinera t

literator peddler is committing upon the decayed firesides or mouldering monuments of great men of past ages. Now the study of the habits, sentiments, and even of the peculiarities of the giants of learning, and plain, graphic descriptions of their abodes, are worthy of pursuit, calculated, in an eminent degree, to encourage a veneration for antiquity, and to afford useful and agreeable instruction to mankind. But the writers to perform these offices are of entirely different species. He who would exhibit the one should be a critic of lofty, comprehensive genius, gifted with a spirit of liberal research, capable of displaying the faults of men without the affectation of the mere fault-finder, and of acknowledging their virtues without the flatteries of the sycophant. He will enter into the histories of the men whose talents have commended them to the regard of modern times, with a desire not merely to seek opportunities of lashing modern vices, but with that veneration for the dead, and that respect for the living, which belong appropriately to the subject. He will draw up, from the obscurity of ancient days, whatever may tend to the illustration of the manners and letters of those times, and indulge in no glosses and commentaries, which may be a vehicle in which to abuse the gentility of his country, or court its democratic sympathies.

The sort of man, however, to perform the second office, may be of wholly different qualifications. It would do no hurt to his subject to possess amiable

* *Homes and Haunts of the Most Eminent British Poets.* By William Howitt. New-York, Harper & Brothers.

sentiments, but the fewer his talents, so he possessed the right one, the better. He would be then unembarrassed by that disposition consequent upon vanity of accomplishments, which would lead him, in describing every old chair or picture of a dead poet, home or haunt, to step out of a plain tale of what he saw, into elaborate and not very handsome criticisms upon the domestic affairs of a family. For one, therefore, who undertakes merely to give us a picture of a man's house, no talent is requisite but a capacity to tell the truth, and relate things in a plain manner. Mr. Howitt had the right to take either of these positions, and either write critical biographies of the poets, or describe their homes and haunts. But the public has a right, also, to insist that, when an author undertakes a task, he shall bring to it the necessary qualifications. If not qualified for it, he cannot complain that he is the object of censure and complaint. A man who would be a faithful and correct writer upon the thoughts and actions of great men, might also be an excellent person to show us the curiosities of their houses; but it would not follow, that a good guide through the labyrinths of the pyramid, would be a proper person to comment upon its uses. So, it is not our purpose, in showing that Mr. Howitt is not a proper man to describe Homes and Haunts, to have it therefore inferred that he would make a good author of biographies. To take the example of the work before us as proof, he is fit for neither the one nor the other.

It may be said, he does this for his bread. But does it therefore follow, that he should be privileged to handle with indecent freedom the characters of the illustrious men who have preceded us? Every keeper of a toll-gate upon a turnpike makes his bread that way; but what right has he to stop every gentleman that passes, and force upon him elaborate commentaries upon his manners and dress? Mr. Howitt undertook to give the world a statement in regard to certain castles, inns and houses, in which certain illustrious poets and authors lived. That was his business, and that done, there he should have stopped. Why should he linger at every old door-post, to lecture the nobility about not associating as much now with poets as they did formerly? Why cannot he tell us when a poet was born, or when he died, without stepping aside to abuse

and vilify some contemporary? Why cannot he mention Milton, without indulging the spirit of laudation to sedition; or name Johnson, without slurs upon the race of the Stuarts? The truth is, Howitt has written this book, less with an honest desire to inform the world as to the Homes and Haunts of the Poets, than to excite prejudices against the aristocracy who will not associate with him, in favor of the rabble who buy his works.

The two volumes printed under this title, are the farthest removed possible from the subject of their title. Three-fourths of them consist of anecdotes, many of them pleasant enough, but for the most part selected with very little taste or skill—and from biographies often read, and wonderfully acute reflections of Mr. Howitt himself, about poets—what they should be, and how they should be treated, living and dead. The professed purpose of the work, a description of the homes of the poets, is completed in a way to make it but the very lean skeleton of a very great mass of bloated matter. The next time Mr. Howitt seeks to revive our recollection of the characters of antiquity, we trust he will furnish the skeleton as he finds it in the repose from which he drags it; that he will not throw around it that patchwork of drapery which his own fancy constructs, but leave us to contemplate the honored remains of these illustrious men, unembarrassed by the ridiculous and misplaced remarks of such a conductor as Howitt.

Howitt is evidently one of those self-confident individuals, whose favorable opinion of himself has out-travelled the world's knowledge of him. He therefore thinks it wonderfully strange, and a manifest evidence of a decline of gentility, that when to make up a book he rushes over England, and hastily announces at a gentleman's gate that Mr. Howitt has come to inspect his premises, that he is not at once taken into close communion with the family, and escorted from the cellar to the garret, with obsequious attention. He hears, for instance, that at Rosanna and Woodstock may be found memorials of Mrs. Tighe, the authoress of *Psyche*. He flies to the former place, which he finds in the occupancy of her nephew. Without the formality of letters, or the ordinary delicacy observable on such occasions, he rushes to the door. He sees a man handling bullocks in the meadow, and without accosting him, altercation with the footman

about entering the premises. He is told Mr. Tighe is out; and he insists then that he must communicate with the lady. She, to use his coarse term, is lying-in. He will have it that the man in the meadow, stroking bullocks, is Mr. Tighe; and he departs indulging bitter reflections as to the descendants of the angel Tighe, and the "fall out of the poetry of Psyche to the iron realities of Ireland!" Thence he indulges in a good page of sentimentalisms upon "the screwing system on the poor," as he calls it, and the inhumanity of the lord and gentry, who went three miles to church instead of going to one nearer home. To a plain-thinking man the reality of the case is this:—No gentleman in a country of highways and equivocal travelers, like England, likes upon all occasions to give the freedom of his house to every one who calls. No gentleman or lady, because they happen to be descended from a poet, or who occupies a house where one held his walks, likes to have their grounds inspected by every unknown strolling author, who chooses to write a book and place respectable people's names in it; or if they do, they like to be approached with some degree of that ceremony which is due from one stranger to another. That Mr. Howitt is either not used to good society or careless of the conventional graces of it, is apparent from the language he uses in relating the events we have referred to. What could be more gross than the remark with which he leaves the Tighes: "He was walking out, and she was lying-in?" Why, people upon whom Mr. Howitt was afterwards expected to call might well bolt their doors or feign absence, when such a rough, vulgar man as this intruded on their dwellings.

But Howitt is a wit; and believing it an element of wit to practice bluntness, assumes all of that bluff, surly deportment, so faithfully portrayed by Shakespeare, in his definition of an affected fellow. We have many instances of this, especially in one, in which he hopes to appropriate some fame, by a slur upon American character. In describing the house in which Robert Burns was born, and amidst memorials of a name which in no good man's bosom could excite other than mournful reflections, he tells his readers that, "conspicuous among the carved names in this room, was that of an ambitious Peter Jorns, of Great Bear Lake, North America." This piece of far-fetched wit is too childish for re-

buke, but for the evident falsehood which accompanies it. It is clear that such a name never was put upon the room in question by an American; and if not the work of some joker, was a fabrication by Howitt of a quaint cognomen, by which he hoped to minister to the mean prejudices of some of his countrymen towards America.

There are many instances of Howitt's unmeaning conceits of language, in sentences where, undertaking to tell a very plain fact, he strains most ridiculously after some grandiloquent expression. For example, in the article "Shenstone," he indulges an extensive critique upon the difference between the capacity for landscape gardening and poetry; and imagines that Shenstone ought not to rank with Milton, Shakspeare, Burns or Elliott, because of his taste in gardens. He discovers a remarkable similitude between poetry and the religion of Christ, to use his own irreverential language, and concludes with this singularly strange figure: "It," poetry, is destined to "pour love like a river over the earth, till it fill every house, and leave behind it a fertility like that which follows the inundations of the Nile." We never heard of poetry like this filling a house with anything but distraction; and we venture that no habitation, however populous, is likely to be inundated by trash like this, would long be full. This Humanitarian Quaker book-wright is of the straining, conceited school of all-the-world sympathizers, whose ideas and language are as indefinite as their objects, and as empty of good as all they have yet shown themselves able to accomplish.

But Howitt is exceedingly pleased to make appeals and thrusts at the gentry. At one moment, lauding Burns, he pays sickening tributes to the lower classes; at another he pines for the patronage of the nobles, and wonders why it is they do not encourage and associate with authors now-a-days, as in the time of Pope, Swift and Addison. Mr. Howitt need not ask a question, the answer to which is so ready. Where are there now Popes, Swifts or Addisons to associate with? Does Howitt suppose, that because he and Mrs. Howitt wander over Germany and take the names of poets in vain, that, therefore, he becomes *de jure* a fit companion for refined and educated people? The coarseness and vulgarity of his book would show at once that he is not the man for this.

The most perfect example, however, of Howitt's vanity, is found in his attack upon Dr. Johnson—a man whose "Lives of the Poets," as he informs us, "do him no credit;" whose Life of Milton "is a national insult of the grossest kind;" who was an "old bigoted lexicographer." This is emphatically barking at the dead lion. We are not altogether pleased with that critic's treatment of some of the poets, against whom his strong prejudices made him severe, but we wish that the shade of Johnson could rise and look upon this reviler of his fame. One glance would be sufficient to annihilate the poor trifler, who thus, secure on this side of eternity, takes a liberty with a name too venerable for his lips.

We cannot but add, that all these rare

qualities of Mr. Howitt are exhibited in a condensed and happy form, in the attempt he made to get the "People's Journal" into his hands, and his rancorous attack upon the original projector and proprietor of that popular monthly. Mr. Sanderson of the People's Journal set forth the whole matter, in a simple publishing of the correspondence between them; and assuredly, if we are any judges of such things—and we have had some opportunity of being—Mr. Howitt's own letters and statements utterly and forever convict him of under-hand designing, and a meanness and coarseness of spirit, remarkable in a person who takes it upon him to descant about the "Homes and Haunts of Poets."

A C T O R S .

IN considering the high station such actors as Kemble, Macready, Forrest and Cushman justly assume in the literary circles on either side of the Atlantic, it may not seem out of place to institute a brief comparison of the present with the former position of an actor, in social life; taking, of course, the term actor in its relative sense, as one who performs in a scenic representation, and not in its general signification, as one who is engaged in any transaction whatever. Very many treatises have been written upon the History of the Stage, and upon the History of the Drama, but we are not aware of any publication with the avowed object of setting forth in their true colors, the social positions of actors in different ages and nations. It is not our intention to enter into a learned disquisition upon the morality or immorality of "stage-plays," and the claims of "stage-players" to be admitted to a certain position in society. The days have, we trust, gone by, when such things were looked upon as "the gates of hell, and the demons, guardians thereof," as we have heard them characterized from the pulpit. Experience has taught the absurdity of this doctrine, and to dwell longer upon it would not be in accord-

ance with the legitimate object of these pages. To proceed, then, to what is known *now* of the ancient actors.

In Greece and in Rome their conditions were widely different. In the former country, actors not only enjoyed all the rights and privileges of citizens, but were even elected to fill the most honorable offices. We read that Aristodemus, a famous actor upon the Grecian stage, was sent by the Athenians as ambassador to Philip, King of Macedonia. In the latter State (Rome) they possessed no such immunities. Not only did the Roman who mounted upon the stage lose all his rights as a Roman citizen, (in those days no trifling loss, when the life of a Roman citizen was of more value than the liberty of a thousand foreigners,) but he was also expelled from his tribe, and deprived of the right of suffrage in the popular assembly. The odium which attached, at Rome, to actors, was equally applicable to their profession, and to those who exercised it.

In the early days of Christianity, the condemnation of the theatre and of actors was in perfect accordance, as has well been observed, with the spirit of the new religion, and fell in exactly with the views of its most zealous advocates and

propagators. The spectacles and scenic representations attached to the feasts of Bacchus and the other pagan divinities, were characterized by a revolting obscenity. The new sect were professed sustainers of public morals; and if such had not been one of their fundamental articles of belief, the votaries of Christianity might have in vain struggled to establish it. But to the severity of the Roman law we find a few honorable exceptions. A law of the Emperors Valentinian, Valentinus, and Gratian, permitted to the clergy to confer baptism upon a comedian in danger of death, *in periculo mortis*; and moreover provided, that if said baptized actor recovered his health, his profession, and consequent civil disabilities, were released to him, and he was a free man. Another statute constrained all actors who had not embraced Christianity, to dwell within the walls of the theatre. But the same law, revised some time after, provided that if women, who, in consequence of becoming Christians, had been exempted from the necessity of acting in public, did not seek some other mode of gaining an honest livelihood, they should be forced upon the stage. The Council of Trullo, holden in the year 692, by two hundred and eleven Christian bishops, in regulating the statutes relative to the marriages of the clergy, placed an actress in the same rank with a slave, a *divorcée*, or a courtesan.

In one part of Italy and of Germany, however, actors were not excommunicated. Pope Clement XIV. even permitted the "Theatre Albertini," in Rome, to be opened for public exhibitions, which Clement XIII. had caused to be closed. Having attained the pontifical throne, Innocent XI. forbade females only to act in public, in the theatres of Rome.

Many ancient councils, such as those of Elvire and of Arles, held in 305 and 314; those of Mayence, of Tours, of Rheims and of Châlons-sur-Saône, held at the commencement of the ninth century of the Christian era, fixed upon and established divers pains and penalties in regard to actors. In process of time, however, their situation was ameliorated, and in proportion as the pagan deities of Greece and Rome faded from popular remembrance, dramatic representations were revived by the clergy, as tending to produce a devout state of mind. In the dark ages, it was not thought amiss to exhibit, in the most holy places, within the walls of the churches and cathedrals

consecrated to the glorifying of the Deity, such stories and miracles of saints as were most calculated to impress and awe the vulgar mind. Frequently subjects of more sacred import were chosen; and it appears not to have been uncommon to display the Incarnation, the Passion, the Resurrection of our Saviour, by means of pantomimes and, perhaps, a few short dialogues, and movable scenes and stages. The description Philostrate gives (in "Midsummer Night's Dream, Act V., Sc. 1.) of

"A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,
And his love, Thisbe; very tragical mirth,"

will serve to convey some idea of the plot, &c., of an ancient drama. No apology is necessary for its introduction here:—

"A play there is, my lord, some ten words
long,

Which is as brief as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long;
Which makes it tedious: for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player
fitted.

And tragical, my noble lord, it is;
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself:
Which when I saw rehearsed, I must confess,

Made mine eyes water; but more merry
The passion of loud laughter never shed."

The play itself, owing to the many difficulties attending its representation, is less known to the theatre-goer, but better to the general reader, than any other of Shakspeare's comedies. Several of these ancient dramas, if they may be so styled, are given in Dodsley's *Old Plays*. In their first existence, they were called *Mysteries*, for a very evident reason; and the actors being probably monks, &c., and the whole affair being under the patronage of the church, it seems improbable that the actors, as a class, should not be regarded with favor by "the powers that were." At best, however, the *Mysteries* themselves were but trifling affairs, and unworthy of being considered in any other light than as the cradle of the present drama. To them succeeded the *Moralities*, a grade higher in the scale of literary invention, in which, however, the germs of real tragedy and comedy are plainly to be discovered. But it does not seem, that the actors in a *Morality* held the same rank as their predecessors in *Mysteries*. In one of the oldest of English satires, (Cock Lovell's *Bote.*, Sign. B. vi.) the

author, citing the most common trades of his day, speaks in the same breath of—

“ Players, purse-cutters, money batterers, Golde-washers, tomblerers, jogelers, Pardoners,” &c.

Still, as a class, the actors upon the English stage have no reason to complain of the treatment they have encountered from the public, when they glance at the situation of their continental brethren. In England they have been in all times treated as actors were in Greece. On the continent, and in France chiefly, at least before the Revolution, the condition of players resembled that of the Roman actors; the thunders of the church were hurled at them. In England, the corpse of Mrs. Oldfields was interred in Westminster Abbey, the burial place of kings; and the chief nobility of the land followed the remains of Garrick to his last resting place. In France, sepulture was refused to Adrienne Lecouvreur; and Molière himself, for more than one hundred years, was condemned to lie, the place of his slumber unknown, and almost forgotten, in the obscure corner of an obscure grave-yard. While the body of Mrs. Oldfields rests side by side with that of Sir Isaac Newton, those of Mesdemoiselles Raucourt and Chameroy, two of the first ornaments of the French stage, were, in our own days, refused funeral rites by the pastor of a Parisian church.

As in England, in the Mysteries, the first French actors of whom we have any record were moines. As they grew more common, theatrical representations became more debased, and actors were restrained by the most stringent enactments. Charlemagne declared them to be incapable of bearing witness against a freeman. He forbade all bishops, abbés and abesses to receive them in their houses, and declared it penal in any priest, curé, or member of any religious society, to exercise that disgraceful profession, as he esteemed it.

The era of the Troubadours, the sojourn of the popes at Avignon, the return of the Crusaders, rendered the stage and the players in that part of Europe less objectionable to law and to morality, and tended much to the civilization of France. Yet even in the fourteenth century, it would not seem that acting was permitted by law in France; for M. Saint-Edme cites an ordinance of the Provost of

Paris, dated the 3d of June, 1398, which prohibits the commonalty of Saint-Maur from exercising their dramatic representations. Henry III. of France caused a troupe of players to be sent him from Italy, and established them in the *Hôtel de Burgundy*; but the Parliament understanding they paid little regard in their rehearsals to order and decency, passed an act, on the 26th of June, 1577, by which all actors, players, &c., were forbade pursuing their profession, except under certain restrictions. The Cardinal de Richelieu, in establishing his theatre, at a later day, thought fit to cause an enactment to be prepared, by which all players who used unchaste or ambiguous language, calculated to corrupt or wound the public morality, were subjected to the most severe penalties; but actors who conducted themselves with a due regard to decorum were not to be amenable to the law. In 1696, the actors of France drew up and caused to be presented to Pope Innocent XII., a petition, begging exemption from the ecclesiastical censures still in force against all who exercised their profession. The Holy Father, without condemning them absolutely, returned answer to the Archbishop of Paris, that they should be treated with as much leniency as comported with the law, “*Ut provideat eis de jure.*” What the actors on the French stage in those days (1696) had to complain of, may be inferred from what we read in the History of Paris, by M. Dulaure. He says: “Among the actors most celebrated in this reign, (that of Louis XV.) were Bellecour, Armand, Préville, Auger, Brisard, Molé and Lekain; and among the actresses, Mesdemoiselles Gaussin, Dumensil, Dangerville and Clairon. These performers, though possessed of sublime talents, were humiliated, by being separated from their fellow-citizens by the most unjust statutes, the most unfounded prejudices. The French actors were excommunicated, whilst those of Italy, notorious for the obscenity of their conduct, were not. The fathers of the Church, the canons of the Councils, had prohibited, in ancient times, all dramatic representations; and rightly, for then the theatre was a scene of the most obscene and disgusting indecencies. But as the stage had undergone great improvements since those days, the motives for its denunciation could not longer exist. Sustained by the countenance of Monsieur de Saint-Florentine, the players

made a prodigious effort to shake off their fetters. In the month of April, 1766, M. de Saint-Florentine presented a memorial to the Council of State, and proceeding to read it aloud in the presence of Louis XV., the King interrupted him at the commencement with: "*Je vois où vous en voulez venir ; les comédiens ne seront jamais, sous mon règne, que ce qu'ils ont été sous ceux de mes prédécesseurs ; qu'on ne m'en parle plus !*"

But saving only during the usurpation of Cromwell, and in the unsettled period antecedent to the downfall of the Long Parliament, actors have ever been treated with distinguished consideration by the laws of England. True, they have met with the rebuffs and disappointments incident to genius, when unaided by rank or wealth ; but such treatment is incident to humanity. During the reigns of Elizabeth, of the first James and of the first Charles, the statute book bears upon its face nothing relating to the proscription of players. On the contrary, their company was sought by princes, and the noblest born in the land thought it no disgrace to claim their friendship. Every one knows the favorable reception which Shakspeare, the actor in Ben Jonson's play of "Every Man in his Humor," met with from Queen Elizabeth ; nor were players generally treated with less distinction by her successors. The Princes Henry and Charles Stuart, we learn, did take pleasure in performing and witnessing masques, in the royal palaces ; and even the tobacco-hating King James could find it in his heart to frequent the theatre, although (as Prynne informs us in his *Histriomastix*, published in 1633,) "tobacco, wine, and beer" were in those days the usual refreshments, not to say accompaniments, of the play-house. But Prynne's statements generally must be taken *cum grano salis*. Accordingly literature, science, and the fine arts flourished in the times, especially, of King Charles I., to an extent, for those days, almost miraculous ; and on the breaking out of the great rebellion, the players, to a man, stuck by their sovereign. A pathetic incident of the death of one of the players of that day, may be found in Sir Walter Scott's novel of "Woodstock." But during the fourteen years of King Charles II.'s exile, what privileges, what immunities, in that boasted time of liberty, did actors possess ? If any, they are utterly unknown to the writer of this article. Upon the restora-

tion, however, players were once more received into high favor ; and although the literature of his reign is generally characterized by the insipidity of French taste, yet the monarch who encouraged a Dryden, has naught to accuse himself of on that score. And with some few variations, from that time to the present, actors have been entitled to, and have received, the elevated rank in the republic of literature, their genius demanded. In one thing only does the stage of England yield to that of France, namely, the total absence of *females* from the stage until the restoration. "All female parts were performed by men, no actress being ever seen on the stage in public before the civil wars." And as for scenery, previous to the same days, "they had no other scenes nor decorations of the stage, but only old tapestry, and the stage strewed with rushes, with habits accordingly." This was written in the days when the theatrical performances commenced at three o'clock in the afternoon, as was the custom in the times of "the merry monarch." (See Flecknoe's "Love's Kingdom, to which is subjoined a short Discourse on the English Stage, London, 1674, 12mo.") Many very noble houses in England have not hesitated to unite themselves with professed actors, i. e. who gained their livelihood by their talents displayed upon the stage. The Duchess of St. Albans was not less honored for her munificence, her rank and her Christian virtues, than admired when, as a portionless girl, she sought her daily food by her nightly toil. In later times, also, many other names might be cited, were it the province of this article so to do, as indicative of the esteem all good men feel for those who, from temptation of every kind, come out unscathed, and who debase not their mental powers to the level of their passions. It is very easy for those who sit in high places to decry the stage and its upholders, and to thank God that they are not as that publican ; but it may be yet a matter of serious reflection to them, whether the lawyer who for lucre defends the murderer and procures his discharge by working upon the feelings of the jurymen, until perjury is committed ; whether the statesman who pollutes the halls of legislature with disgraceful and blasphemous phrases, with bribery and with infidelity ; whether the judge who stains his ermine with a vain desire for popularity ; whether the liar, the back-biter and the slanderer, and he whose

bread is the inheritance of the widow, and who devours the substance of the orphan; whether any of these is less guilty than the actor who honestly and honorably pursues a calling that no man need be ashamed of, for it is both honest and honorable.

In the earlier days of the colonization of America, play-going was very severely treated by the laws of the different colonies, and many of the States, more or less, retain traces of the prejudice once existing upon the subject. The reply of Judge Allen in Pennsylvania, to whom in 1759 application was made by the anti-theatre party of that day, to suppress a theatre then just coming into vogue in Philadelphia, is worthy of remembrance. It was to the effect, that "the theatre should stand, as he had got more moral virtue from plays than from sermons." Still the enactments against players were long in force in that State, as in most others of the present Union. Little did the early settlers of Massachusetts and of Pennsylvania contemplate the fact of their descendants not only encouraging, but actually participating in performances upon the stage. The American stage boasts to have numbered among its children, lineal or adopted, such names as Jefferson, Tree, Cooper, Forrest, and though last not least, the two Cushmans, Charlotte as well as Susan, to whose names every American can recur with pride, as an indication the day is not far distant when, in the prophetic language of Bishop Berkeley,

"Shall be sung another golden age,
The rise of empire and of arts,
The good and great inspiring epic page,
The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

"Not such as Europe breeds in her decay;
Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heavenly flame did animate the clay,
By future ages shall be sung."

And no department of literature, from the earliest ages, numbers so many glorious names as that of Dramatic Poetry; nothing has so survived the crash of empires, and the downfall and extirpation of nations, as their dramatic works. When one looks around and witnesses the hypocrisy and dissimulation of the world, he is almost ready to confess that "life is but an empty dream," and to quote in the declamation known to every school-boy, that "all men and women are but players;" but to consider actors under

such a general designation, as would embrace the whole human family, would never suit our purpose, so we will revert to our original channel.

In connection with the subjects of Mysteries, Moralities, etc., the following passage from the pen of Bishop Percy may serve to give an accurate idea of their nature, and at the same time to interest the general reader in American history. The introduction of it here may therefore be pardoned on these grounds.

"Towards the latter end of Henry the VIIIth's reign, Moralities were so common, that John Rastel, brother-in-law to Sir Thomas More, conceived the design of making them the vehicle of science and natural philosophy. With this view he published 'A new interlude and a mery, of the nature of the iiiii elements, declarynge many proper points of philosophy naturall, and of dyvers strange landys,' &c. In the table of contents are handled 'Certeyn conclusions prouvyng yt the yerthe must nedes be rounde, and that it hengyth in myddes of the fyrmament. . . . Of certeyne points of cosmography; of dyvers straunge regyons; and of the new founde landys and the maner of the people.' It is observable that the poet speaks of the discovery of America as then recent:—

'Within this xx yere
Westwarde be founde new landys
That we never hearde tell of before this,
&c.

"The West Indies were discovered by Columbus in 1492, which fixes the writing of this play to about 1510. The play of *Hick-Scorner* was probably somewhat more ancient, as he still more imperfectly alludes to the American discoveries, under the name of the 'newe founde ilonde.' Sign. A. vii."

Having wandered far enough from our original subject, we once more take this opportunity of expressing our astonishment at the prejudices some reasonable people, in other respects perfectly sane, entertain against actors, and at the same time to lift up our voice against such ill feelings, as absurd as ill founded. So long as the sun shines and grass grows, plays and play-actors will be countenanced, and will exist; and if such be the case, why not make the best of them, instead of looking upon them as infected with a fatal disease? Happy is the man, be he actor or not, who can say, as more than one player of our acquaintance can, even

at the bar of Heaven, unless we greatly err :

"I kiss not where I wish to kill,
I faine no love where most I hate,

I breake no sleep to win my will,
I wait not at the mighties' gate,
I scorn no poor, I fear no rich,
I feel no want, nor have too much."

C. DE V.

SOME NEW POETS.*

If we were to shut our eyes, and a friend at our elbow, dipping his hands at a venture into the farrago of books on our table, should cry out, according to the old play of boys with shelled corn, "Hull-gull,"—"whole handful,"—"parcel how many,"—"new poets, d'ye guess, great and small?"—we should not think of guessing less than fifteen! and these chiefly within six weeks. There would be this difference, indeed, to make the comparison somewhat unfair, that the most of them would not be worth a kernel of corn apiece.

What shall be done to cure this universality of rhyming? The flood of inspiration on a low level is alarming. The carrion of defunct ideas swim about on the surface; fancy is fly-blown; reason and wit make their appearance after the third sinking, soaked and floating; nearly everything that comes along has a greasy feel, as if warmed in dish-water, heated considerably below boiling. Productions especially intended to be "true poetry," are a weak union of maudlin sentiment, with a plentiful lack of imagination.

The fact is, we wish the American muses would stop supplying so much cider and root-beer. In every new volume, containing "— and other poems," we seem to hear the gurgling of *pop* from a small blue junk bottle. Young gentlemen, quite capable of vigorous digging or other useful employment, are discovered sitting at home, or in some "haunt of nature," wide as to their collar, with loose inspired hair and eyes rolling in such an exceedingly "fine phrensy" as to suggest the fear of their getting *sel* in the head. Young women, who ought to be mothers, are found in great labor of brain, imbodying the yearnings of their spirits in "bastard anapestic," instead of giving birth to something having a small chance

of being immortal; and in place of attending to the cakes and coffee for an early breakfast, sit up while their husbands snore, cooking weak sentiment till one o'clock at night, and lie abed till ten in the morning.

This for the subject in general—of sensitive spirits badly employed. We consider ourselves fortunate at this time, that plunging our arms into our miscellaneous pile of books, we should happen to light on three bundles of poetry, at which we are disposed to swear but little—indeed, in which we find so much that is really good. On due consideration, we have thought that they all possess in their nature a true vein of poetry, each differing in kind, and we propose to show this by a few moderate extracts.

And, "first we invite attention" to "Catawba River and Other Poems, by J. Steinfort Kidney."

"Catawba River" is on the whole quite a sweet poem, though marred with manifest weakness. The first verse is unfortunately one of the worst in the piece :

"With oaken pillars yonder height is
strong,

To which the bristling pines are clam-
bering.

Beneath—Catawba frets and sweeps along:
The softened roar is asking me to sing.
And, river! thou shalt move this day,
Through this, I think, thy virgin lay!"

The first three lines are good; the line italicized is thoroughly flat and preposterous; and the two following it are little better—as if the river ought to be greatly obliged to this divine bard, first singing her beauties. The second stanza, though something better, is not happy; the third is sweet and beautiful, and after that the piece, twenty-nine stanzas, has excellence in nearly every verse. He has be-

* Catawba River, and Other Poems. By J. Steinfort Kidney. New-York: Baker and Scribner. 1847.

The Months. By William H. C. Hosmer. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

Sketches of Life and Landscape, in Ten Poems. By Rev. R. Hoyt. New-York: Spalding and Shepard.

gun with describing the stream in winter. At the fourth verse, of a sudden, he declares that isn't the thing, and he would prefer showing her up, with her permission, in her summer dress:—

"For Fancy shivers *now* to seek
Thy birth-place in the snow-clad peak."

This is entirely inartistic. He should have given one full and finished picture in either one season or the other. These are good verses, descriptive of her solitary source in the mountains:—

"O, in that vest woven with gentle hues,
Thy trembling life all feebly is begun—
Child of the sunny showers and nightly
dews!
From such a home thy devious race thou'lt
run;
Like all things else upon the earth,
The purest at thy place of birth.

* * * *

Now sleeping half the time beneath the
grass,
Then rounded to a pool, gemming the
green;
Thus anxiously thy sober life doth pass;
Still sadly beautiful where thou art
seen:
As yet in many doubts immured,
Whether thy being is assured."

For a river to be "*immured in doubts*," is a little *dubious*—the stanzas, however, are fine. So are some others; especially that one descriptive of the dark motionless pools of the stream, in its lower course, among the cypress morasses:—

"There, in the gloomy swamps, the black
pools lie,
Studded with ranks of feathery cypress
trees;
Which thither wading from the cheerful
sky,
And from the uneasy presence of the
breeze,
Seem pillars in the halls of Death,
Where never stirs a living breath."

It is strange that Mr. K. should not have seen that he suffers the beginnings of the stanzas he uses to have fullness and force, and the endings pertness and inefficiency, by making the last two lines shorter than the first four. It is an error, which with a better ear he would never have committed. Such a combination should be used only for peculiar purposes. By the way, what sort of grammar does our poet call "thou seemest to *lay*," instead of *lie*, on page third?—also, "where 'mong islands calm *thou rolled*," on the seventh? Moreover, "arrowy force," p. 10, is a bit of borrow-

ing from Byron's "By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone." "Sunrise among the Mountains" is quite good: it would be better, if it did not in some lines remind us palpably, like Lord's "Worship" and "Hymn to Niagara," about which so much premonitory puffing was expended, of Coleridge's "Chamouny." We advise aspiring young poets to keep clear of that hymn. It is too remarkable and too familiar to the public mind, to allow any imitation, though in a small degree, to pass unnoticed. Two or three times, too, we perceive, he has evidently read the "Course of Time," a poem written we imagine on the backs of sermons, with a good deal of eloquence, elevation and power, but strained, awkward, the worst of all possible models. What is worse, he takes one of Pollock's worst faults, that form of eternal repetition which ruined his book. Thus, Mr. Kidney:—

"And then both wave, and foam, and spray
were *fixed*—
With frost omnipotent forever *fixed*—
Its fiercest life *fixed* in a solemn death!"

The following lines are good, as are many others in the piece:—

"I wait upon the mountain-tops, alone,
Amid the crags, and in the thin, gray air:—
Silence hath *lain* her finger on the earth,
Awhile, before the goings on of Heaven;
And motion sleeps upon the distance vast,
Now nothing but a wilderness of clouds
That weigh in countless masses on our
sight."

By the way, again, is "hath *lain* her finger" a printer's error? We are afraid not, from the two similar specimens quoted. The sonnets on the changes of some young maidens, are filled with infelicities—indeed, decided awkwardness. Take, in particular, the fifth and sixth lines of the fourth sonnet. We would suggest to Mr. K. for the next edition, a note, stating that they *don't* mean what they seem to. But we do not affect sonnets in any view. Not one in three hundred and fifty written is worth reading. They are not adaptable, at least in the Italian form, to the genius of our language. By far the best poem in the volume—one not free from the author's faults, but truly subtle and beautiful—capable of redeeming nearly all the bad verses injuriously made its companions, is that "On the Death of a Young Girl." It is sweet, elevated and tender. Our readers may see it entire in our first No. for this year. "Thalassion,"

imbodies a touching incident, and might have been wrought up to something exquisite. Our author takes care to stop short of that; still it is simple and affecting. "Love and Astronomy," a poetical dialogue, opens with this line:—

"MALFORT.—Come, tell your story, let
your fulness ooze !!!"

The Ode on the Fourth of July may be liked by some, disliked by others, precisely because it is, like almost everything in the book, of unequal qualities, being continually marred with feeble lines. It is just as well that the "Unfinished Poem" should not be finished. "Verses to a Lady in May," and "Phases of Love," have enough weak and flattish passages and expressions to spoil them, to say nothing of that wretched, mistaken recourse to half a dozen different measures. The lines on "Leaving the Catskills," and those "To L. L. N.," from the Blue Ridge in Carolina, are good blank verse, with a strong full tone: the author caught something of the spirit of the mountains over which he had wandered. "Come in the Moonlight," a small poem, in short lines, not rhyming, produces a very pleasant and peculiar effect.

The summing up is, that the author's thoughts, in nearly every piece, are better than his language; and, before he issues another volume, he would do well to pay a more severe attention to niceties of melody and expression than he appears ever to have expended.

"The Months," by Wm. H. C. Hosmer, is a small series of twelve poems, descriptive of the phases and influences of the twelve parts of the year. They are not very full or extended, the pictures presented being produced by a few particular objects and circumstances, enumerated one by one with little extra coloring. Some might deny to these verses the title of poetry, not only because the merely descriptive is of the lowest department of the art, but for the very reason, that Mr. Hosmer occupies his canvas with so few and detached particulars, not forming, in their view, a blended picture. It must be admitted that "The Months" are wanting in this respect. Like Street, whose manner—and one form of his verse—he has adopted, he dares not copy nature, but has by no means Street's completeness or continuity. We shall do him injustice, however, as we

should to any other writer, if we do not judge him by the effect as a whole, which his group of the Months produce upon the mind. To ourselves, at our first reading, the effect was to bring up to us the appearance, and, what is more, the *feeling* of each month, as we knew it in our boyhood. Nor are we conscious of having filled out the pictures by aid of our own imagination. We think the verses would have the same influence on any ordinarily observing person, whose early life was spent in the country. While they are not, therefore, what they might have been made, on so beautiful a field, they are a pleasing tribute to the seasons. An American "Georgics," or "Seasons," is yet to be written, and a noble achievement it will be, if done by a poet with the "vision and the faculty." Meanwhile, we accept this as a small beginning, with all its inadequacies.

The form of the verse, as we said, is one of those employed by Mr. Street. It is doubtful whether the same should have been used throughout, tending, as it does, to monotony; yet there are advantages on the other side. If Mr. Hosmer had employed more sentiment, or brought in what he does use more happily, we should have been better pleased. It is partly, however, by the introduction of something more than Mr. Street attempts, that with a less observing and delicate eye, he yet brings over us that decided *feeling* of the changes and contrasts of the Months.

"January" is by no means the best of the series. We do not like it, that the whole is imbodyed in an address of a "Friar of orders white" to the dead Year. It might better have been descriptive and picturesque, merely, like the others. Besides, the address is not particularly happy, though it has good verses.

"The Robin's hymn was wild and sweet
Where harshly croaks the raven dark,
And icy flails the meadow beat
Where woke, at dawn, the lyric lark.
Ah! frozen is the fount that gushed
In music from the rock, and hushed
The rannel's murmur low:
Pale forms along the mountain side—
Mad cavalry of Winter!—ride
Through whirling clouds of snow."

"February" is better.

"Where, girt by groves, a clearing spread,
The stubble, like a darkening beard
On the pale visage of the dead,
Above the level snow appeared.

While, breaking through the hazel brush,
 Quail rose, in coveys, with a rush
 Of short, quick-flapping wings ;
 And, resting on its "figure four,"
 I marked a trap, with straw roofed o'er,
 Set for the silly things.

"The forest, though disrobed and cold,
 And robbed of bird and singing rill,
 Is glorious with its columns old,
 And cheered by Beauty's presence still :
 Wild vines, to oak and elm that cling,
 Like cordage of a vessel swing,
 And rattle in the gale ;
 And moss, that gives Decay a grace,
 The roughest spot on Nature's face
 Hides with adorning veil."

"March" is vivid and picturesque. If
 the whole volume were as good, some-
 thing more had been made of it.

"First of the vernal Triad, March,
 Blows, with distended cheek, his horn ;
 Above, there is a clouded arch,
 Below, a landscape drear and lorn :
 Dull mists are creeping up the hill,
 Though the pale flag of Winter still
 Is on its top displayed ;
 As yet no leaflet braves the cold,
 Though, here and there, the watery mould
 Sends up a glassy blade.

"Inconstant month ! at times thy hand
 Parting the curtains of the storm,
 Gives promise that the dreary land
 Will bask again in sunlight warm ;
 Thy barbarous strain hath pauses brief,
 In which the heart derives relief
 From a low, gentle lay,
 Like the soft breathing of a flute,
 When harsher instruments are mute,
 Dying in air away.

"From many a sugar camp upcurls
 Blue smoke above the maple boughs,
 And shouting boys and laughing girls
 Wild Echo from her covert rouse ;
 The syrup, golden in its flow,
 Poured thickly on the hissing snow,
 Enchains their eager eyes—
 The month of March is dear to them,
 Though, nodding lightly on the stem,
 No violets arise."

"April" well recalls to us the capricious
 month of our boyhood.

"By April of the sunny tress
 The mighty spell of death is broke,
 As marble, with a fond caress,
 To life the son of Belus woke :
 His magic flute of many keys
 Gives to the soft, enamored breeze,
 Notes that recall the lost—

Plumed exiles far away that flew
 When brown the leaves of Autumn grew,
 Touched by a 'killing frost.'

"Buds of the maple, redly tinged,
 Are bursting in the naked wood,
 And passing clouds, with amber fringed,
 Drop diamonds on the dimpling flood :
 Moist mould, disturbed by spade or plough,
 A grateful smell is yielding now,
 In field and garden-close ;
 Bright trout are leaping in the brook,
 And craftily his baited hook
 The silent angler throws.

"Earth's Laureate Bard in other years,
 Warmed into being by thy breath,
 Drank from thy cup of sun-lit tears,
 And learned thy spell to conquer Death :
 The lights and shadows of thy face
 Upon his pictured leaves we trace,
 Thy humors quaint and wild :
 The Skeletons of Ruin heard
 His awful, vivifying word,
 And, like thy landscape, smiled."

"May" is not equal to the subject ; but
 "June" has pleasing stanzas. The last
 two, especially, are something above
 the descriptive :—

"When hushed the Robin's vesper song,
 By moonlight to the woods I hie,
 Then couch me down, and listen long
 To voices that go wandering by ;
 Wind, wave and leaf, in concert blend,
 And tones, by day unheard, ascend
 From glen and mossy floor ;
 That wondrous music, soft and low,
 Heard by the son of Prospero,
 Would not enchant me more.

"A yearning in the heart awakes
 From human neighborhood to flee, }
 And tread the shores of breezy lakes,
 Or climb the hills, a rover free ;
 'Away,' a voice upon me calls—
 'Thy cheek its color from the walls
 That hem thee in hath caught ;
 Go forth ! and on thy troubled brain
 Will, angel-like, descend again,
 The holy calm of thought.'

"Oh, June ! with thee return no more
 The feelings of my boyhood wild ;
 Earth then a brighter vesture wore,
 More graciously the morning smiled ;
 The ruddy strawberries of old
 Drew flavor from a richer mould
 Than those I gather now ;
 More kindly dew by night was showered,
 And swathed in deeper azure towered
 The mountain's piny brow.

"Man changes with the lapse of years.'
 A low, rebuking voice replies—

'He hears, at length, with other ears,
 And sees, alas! with other eyes.
 Back comes young Summer with the glow
 That flushed her features long ago,
 And Nature still is true; [dead—
 But hopes that charmed thy youth are
 The sunshine of thy heart is fled,
 Its innocency too.'

"July" and "August" are unequal; nor does he, except in the first verses of the latter, succeed as well as in others of the mouths, in making us feel the influence of the season. "September" has a more pleasing treatment:—

"On a few children of the shade
 That pale, fantastic painter, Frost,
 Warm colors with cold hand hath laid,
 Though not a leaf is lost:
 Blood-drops may, here and there, be seen
 On the low Sumach's vest of green,
 As if its heart had bled;
 And, where tall maples form a screen,
 The grove is growing red."

"October" is a failure; and "December" is infelicitously managed. Mr. Hosmer's attempt is a pleasant one, and it is for this reason that we have spoken at greater length than we otherwise should. Every such effort, though slight and defective, to exhibit the peculiarities of our American year, is worthy of notice.

We welcome Mr. Hoyt's few poems, in a collected form, with great pleasure. That they *are* so few is a decided merit. It is a mortal error which almost every poet in the language has committed, from several old poets down to Mr. Kidney, to publish bad or indifferent verse with that of unquestioned merit. If a man has five unquestionably good poems, why should he unite them with fifteen that are worthless, or that are *not* positively good? What does he gain by it? Nothing, but to give the impression that he writes well by chance—that where he has one poetical bump he has five of a very different order. Nothing, except the satisfaction, often, of not being read at all. But few as are Mr. Hoyt's pieces—ten only—he has found room for one that should have been left out. "Oualissa" is not well told, and produces not the least effect. Mr. Hoyt has in this wandered out of his true field, which is rural scenes and rural life. Here he is more at home, and has, perhaps, a more natural eye and heart than any of our writers. Nothing could be much finer than "Snow," the larger part of which we quoted in our Feb. No., three

years ago. It is the most perfect picture of a winter morning in the country, that has ever fallen under our eye. "Edward Bell," a "Rural Sketch of May," is equally delightful—in fact, by far the best American *Bucolic*. "Old" possesses a peculiar merit. It is exceedingly quaint, simple and touching, and of the picturesque-ness of an old Dutch landscape, with one old man and a flock of rosy children in the foreground. It has been a favorite with the public, as our exchange papers testify. "Rain," again, is delicious—a perfect representation of a brimming cloud broken over a hot and thirsty summer landscape. We do not know why Mr. Hoyt should have put "Julia, an Autumnal Tale," in the beginning of his book, unless for modesty's sake. It is not equal to the other rural sketches. There are melodious verses and pleasing pictures, but, as a whole, it is not well managed. There is a quaint kind of affectation, which Mr. Hoyt has carried to excess in some of his pieces. In "Old," the repetition of the first line of each stanza, at the end of the same stanza, has a pleasing effect. But, in "New," he repeats part of the first line twice, and the third also:—

"Still sighs the world for something new,
 For something new;
 Imploring me, imploring you,
 Some Will-o'-wisp to help pursue;
 Ah, hapless world, what will it do!
 Imploring me, imploring you,
 For something new!"

In this stanza, as in each of the piece, it will be found that leaving out the second line would decidedly improve it. "The World for Sale" is a very unique, vigorous and effective poem, entirely different from all the rest.

"There wandered from some mystic sphere
 A Youth, celestial, down to earth;
 So strangely fair seemed all things here,
 He e'en would crave a mortal birth:
 And soon, a rosy boy, he woke,
 A dweller in some stately dome;
 Soft sunbeams on his vision broke,
 And this low world became his home.

"Ah, cheated child! Could he but know,
 Sad soul of mine, what thou and I!—
 The bud would never wish to blow,
 The nestling never long to fly;
 Perfuming the regardless air,
 High soaring into empty space;
 A blossom ripening to despair,
 A flight—without a resting place!"

The celestial boy goes on, achieving and acquiring all the great things that men strive for in life—then, wearied, deluded, darkened, he determines to sell all and struggle homeward.

“The world for sale!—Hang out the sign;
Call every traveller here to me;
Who'll buy this brave estate of mine,
And set me from earth's bondage free!
'Tis going!—yes, I mean to fling
The bauble from my soul away;
I'll sell it, whatsoe'er it bring;
The World at auction here to-day!

“It is a glorious thing to see,—
Ah, it has cheated me so sore!
It is not what it seems to be:
For sale! It shall be mine no more.
Come, turn it o'er and view it well;
I would not have you purchase dear;
'Tis going—going! I must sell!
Who bids! who'll buy the splendid tear!

“Here's Wealth in glittering heaps of gold,
Who bids! but let me tell you fair,
A baser lot was never sold!
Who'll buy the heavy heaps of care!
And here, spread out in broad domain,
A goodly landscape all may trace;

Hall—cottage—tree—field—hill and plain:
Who'll buy himself a Burial Place!

“Here's Love, the dreamy, potent spell
That beauty flings around the heart!
I know its power, alas, too well!
'Tis going! Love and I must part!
Must part! What can I more with Love!
All over the enchanter's reign!
Who'll buy the plumeless, dying dove,
An hour of bliss,—an age of pain!

“And Friendship,—rarest gem of earth,
(Whoe'er hath found the jewel his?)
Frail, fickle, false and little worth,
Who bids for Friendship—as it is!
'Tis going—going!—Hear the call;
Once, twice, and thrice!—'Tis very low!
'Twas once my hope, my stay, my all,
But now the broken staff must go!

“Fame! bold the brilliant meteor high;
How dazzling every gilded name!
Ye millions, now's the time to buy!
How much for Fame!—How much for
Fame!
Hear how it thunders!—Would you stand
On high Olympus, far renowned,
Now purchase, and a world command!—
And be with a world's curses 'crown'd'!”

ITALY AND PIUS IX.

BY G. F. SECCHI DE CASALI.

O Rome! my country! city of the soul!
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee!—BYRON.

It is now nearly thirty-two years since a congress of sovereigns assembled in the Austrian city of Vienna, to decide upon the destinies of Europe and divide its people among themselves. The congress published their manifesto to the people, instructing them in the duties of obedience. The Alliance that formed itself in this congress was styled “Holy;” but it was—

An earthly trinity, that bears the shape
Of Heaven's; as man is mimicked by the
ape.

The discipline of religion teaches obedience, and it is holy; the Alliance also taught obedience, but it was accursed: it came armed, not with sacred testimonies and saintly examples, but with the sword, the halter and the bayonet; the

bloodhounds of the Revolution struggled with the wolves of despotism; the wolves triumphed, and this was their alliance, to be consecrated with the blood of myriads of freemen.

This league of the great powers against the liberties of mankind carried on, from the instant of its establishment, a plan for reducing all Europe to an absolute slavery: they meant, at all risks, and, if necessary, by the violation of every precedent of right, to tread out the fires of revolution, and extinguish forever the life of freedom in the old world.

Usurping the name and symbols of religion, like Belshazzar, they profaned the sacred things at their banquets; with ceremonies and pious talk preparing war against the image of God in man. By extending a military police, aided by a

system of espionage, they hoped to keep down the first risings of rebellion, and prevent the organization of the people.

The first to rise against the universal despotism was the Greek nation, which had been made over by the allies to the government of the Sultan. Then followed the Polish revolution, with its consequences; and now, in order, we have the revolution in Italy.

The Italian peninsula, formed by nature to sustain an independent people; separated by seas and mountains from her neighbors, with a fruitful soil, a serene and healthful climate; inhabited by a people whose ancestors gave laws and civilization to the world, and, in later ages, religion, literature and sacred art; a people themselves the most intelligent of Europeans—distinguished for ingenuity and capability; this country and nation, numbering twenty-two millions fit for freedom, were divided between Austria and her dependent princes. A series of conspiracies and partial revolutions had failed to rescue them from the domination of their masters; they had realized none of the rights and privileges of freemen until their annexation to the empire of Napoleon, who gave them their first taste of a just and salutary government.

The fall of Napoleon brought them under the power of Austria. The free institutions introduced by the French Emperor were abolished. Secret trials, arbitrary taxation, suppression of free literature and instruction, and a body of law derived immediately from the will of the prince, reduced them once more to a hopeless servitude. Their Pope, Gregory XVI., instituted no new forms in the government, but rather confirmed and aggravated the old oppressions; it became impossible to obtain justice in any cause or at any price. The feudal abuses continued to increase the poverty of the people; Austrian influence operated everywhere, and increased steadily;* the people despaired of freedom, and, though they continued to cherish a rebellious spirit, made no efforts to liberate themselves, when, by the unexpected election of Pope Pius IX., a new turn was given to their affairs, and the liberal spirits suddenly discovered in their pontiff a leader and an organizer, a sovereign and a statesman, fitted to be the reformer and regenerator of Italy.

Gregory XVI., the preceding Pope, a man well fitted to be the head of a religious order, but unequal to affairs of state and ignorant of the spirit and demands of his age and nation, suffered his government to rest in the hands of a ministry of the most retrograde and despotical character. He allowed the influence of Austria to predominate in his councils, and in every part of his government. Surrounded by a servile and tyrannical crowd of officials, his executive acts consisted chiefly in exiling, condemning, and oppressing his exhausted and irritated subjects.† Since the revolution of 1831, the Papal dominions were continually disturbed with conspiracies and partial insurrections, excited by the oppressions of the government. Secret political societies were always active, though frequent discoveries of their designs brought great numbers of their leaders, often nobles and men of influence, to the scaffold. A violent revolution seemed the only hope of deliverance from the persecutions of the religious oligarchy that wielded the Papal power. The taxes and public debts paralyzed the energies of the people; while the government continued to contract new loans and anticipate more taxes, to support the armaments and police which it used to keep down the risings of popular hatred. Freedom of opinion in an Italian was punished with death, and religious intolerance, especially against the Jews, carried to its height as in the worst days of superstition. Political leaders were seized, without lawful reason given, and judged with closed doors, their witnesses being spies and their counsel attorneys of the government. From the judge they were silently handed over to the executioner or the jailor, without liberty of reply or of self-defence. The punishment of death was frequently inflicted without the forms of trial or writ of condemnation, and under obsolete laws, raked out of records as old as the Popery itself. The judicial department had become a mere anarchy, and every ecclesiastic in power might inflict ruin or death under the lightest pretences.

The police, especially, illustrated the real nature and designs of the government. The commissioners and agents were generally men taken from among banditti, or from the prisons; and the inferior officers mostly men abandoned

* See article on Italy in 1841—*American Review* for April, 1847.

† See *History of the Roman States*, since the Congress of Vienna, 1815 to 1846, published in the *New-York Recorder* of 1846, (eight articles,) by Signor Secchi de Casali.

to the worst of vices and addicted to the commission of every crime.

The Papal army, recruited by men without country or family, formed a body of mercenaries ready to execute every command of the vilest of rulers: nor was the Pope himself ever without his guard, composed of the dregs of the populace, excluded by their vices from all situations of industry. In every department and function of government appeared an odious mixture of superstition and tyranny. The sacred office of the confessional was converted into an office of information for political purposes, and under the garb of the priest, the spy of Austria or of the ministry, was concealed. The religious orders triumphed over the people and lived sumptuously, while the laboring classes wandered about unemployed and starving. Everywhere prevailed the spirit of despotism and retrogradation. Every novelty was suspected, and every advance in art or knowledge suppressed. Economical enterprises were even absolutely prohibited.

The head and organ of this system was the Cardinal Lambruschini, who ruled the pontiff and the nation, and carried all affairs as it pleased him. The Pope himself, though often disposed, through the kindness of his temper, to grant reforms to the repeated solicitations and sorrowful petitions of his subjects, would do nothing in opposition to the Cardinal, who had acquired over him the mastery that a strong and unscrupulous, easily acquires over an easy and irresolute character.

Gregory XVI. belonged properly to the scholastic ages of the church. His education, his weak health, and his yielding temper fitted him to be the recipient of the narrowest prejudices, and deprived him of all real power: so dependent had he become, the Cardinal, his minister, had but to threaten a resignation of his office, to bring the Pope over to any measure that he chose to favor. Had Lambruschini been elected Pope, a general insurrection and revolution seemed inevitable, so great was the hatred with which he inspired all classes, excepting those who immediately sought his favor. There was a general understanding among the people that his election should be the signal for a change, and that they would have carried the revolution to an extremity, is almost certain, so intense and universal was the desire for freedom.

The guns of St. Angelo and the funeral

bell, announcing the death of Gregory XVI., struck with no sorrowful tone upon the hearts of the people. They could not lament the death of one who had been the weak and miserable instrument of their oppression. But the sounds awakened fears, lest his successor might be the tyrant who had employed him, and roused the bold spirits of Rome to prepare for one more effort for liberty, were it even their last. They knew that Austria, their hated enemy, had already prepared herself for intervention, and would seize the pretext of revolution to enslave them; that she eagerly awaited an opportunity to annex the Roman States to her dominions, and by that blow to extinguish forever the hopes of truth and freedom in Italy.

La Tudesca rabbia, the cruel, the eager Teuton, the enemy of Rome, who had watched her through centuries, eager for her blood, was at that moment listening for the first sounds of rebellion, to march in and silence her forever.

When the death of Gregory XVI. was at length announced to the people, a terrible silence reigned throughout the city. Fear and revenge sat upon every countenance. The party of the Gregorians hoped for a successor who should resemble their master. The liberals were eager to rise and proclaim a new government, even before the election of a new Pope, and the secret societies believed that the time had now come for throwing off the mask.

Secret political societies, it is thought, would be more injurious than useful to the Italian cause, and perhaps only check and discourage the efforts of government for reform. What generous Italian would not readily sacrifice his political connections, to a government really paternal and judicious? The societies were for the establishment of such a government. At its approach they must dissolve and cease to exist. The only society, now must be the society of the nation, and the only party the party of its great and liberal head. Not that any person familiar with the modern history of Italy, and an advocate of freedom, would blame these societies, or fail to acknowledge the good which they have accomplished. Among their members were the best and wisest men of Italy; and the secrecy which they practiced was a dictate of necessity—a policy to deceive a wakeful and remorseless enemy. Their former leaders are now the strongest sup-

porters of that new government, for which they had long been secretly preparing the people.

In the interim between the death of Gregory and the election of the present Pope, the government fell into the hands of Lambruschini, and the Cardinals assembled in conclave to choose a successor.

Un dì sceglieste
O Romani, il pontefice.

Anterior to the reign of Innocent II., the pontiffs had been elected by the suffrage of the people, together with that of the nobility and clergy, and was selected for his talents, and piety, and influence in all great affairs.

Rome herself elected her pontiff, without the intervention and influence of foreigners. Yet his power was at that epoch greater than in after ages. But when the Chief of Christendom began to be chosen by a faction of the Emperor, from the party of Ghibellines, and the true Italian party, or Guelphs, were depressed, their power diminished with their independence, and their grandeur departed from them. From being *reges regum*, the masters of kings, they became the servants and instruments of the ambitious servants of kings. But now the people of Rome had become justly weary of these slavish and tyrannical masters, and resolved, at all hazards, not to submit themselves to the choice of Austria.

The Conclave closed its doors on the 11th of June, 1846, and on the evening of the 16th, the Cardinal Giambatista de Mastai Ferretti, also Bishop of Imola, was declared to be the elected Pope, under the name of Pius IX. On the morning of the 17th, while the golden sun of Italy was rising over the seven hills of the eternal city, the guns of St. Angelo announced that Rome had a sovereign and the Church a living head. All were astonished at the suddenness of the election. The newly-elected Pope had been known only as a learned and pious man, and as the Bishop of Imola; but whether to see in him a friend of the people or a servant of Austria none could decide. The Conclave was the shortest ever known, and so precipitate an election ought to result in extraordinary events. The crisis had at length come, and the fate of Italy trembled for a while in the balance. On the morning of the 21st of June, the new Pope was solemnly crowned at St. Peter's in the Vatican. The liberals were silent,

but the partisans of the last pontiff made festivities and public rejoicings, under the belief that Pius IX. was a man after the Gregorian model. His election was managed by no intrigue or foreign influence. Divine Providence chose him to alleviate the calamities of Rome.

From the moment of his election to the instant of his first reform, we may imagine, if our own mood be sufficiently elevated, the thoughts and aspirations that occupied his mind. Like Moses, doubtless, he was engaged in the prayer of the spirit, pondering the miseries of his nation, and revolving in his manly breast the difficult enterprise of reform. Surrounded by the partisans of the last Pope, the terrible hand of Austria suspending over him a sword, the ignorance of the multitude, the desperate malignity of the friends of wrong, the habits of a quiet and inactive life, the want of powerful friends, and the fear lest all his efforts might lead only to a brief period of hope and prosperity, to be cut off by his successors; these thoughts must have crowded upon his soul with a stifling weight: but he was above them all, and by the power of faith, was victorious. He was *alone*; indeed; but was not the Giver of all good alone when he took the form of man? Was not Moses alone when he called his people to forsake their idols? God is with man when he performs the work of God, and all great souls are with him. A voice called in his ear, Pius! Pius! *noli timere*, fear not, I am with thee, and with thy people; you are my true representative on earth; *persevera, persevera*, sustain the good work. Then rises before him the history of the primitive ages, when the Church was universal, and the Popes elected and supported by the people, for their great talents and piety. He casts a look over the eternal city, and behold it lies before him a den of serpents, a desert—

Roma deserta.
dal Laterano al Colosseo;

the people dying for food, or wandering in anarchy and poverty; thousands exiled in foreign lands; the prisons crowded with political offenders; the government held by the enemies of the people, and deaf to their cries. No public instruction; no industry; religion corrupted by its own ministers; crime triumphing in every shape of depravity; despotism showing its low and odious front at every step; justice unattainable; the courts,

which should be the schools of conscience, converted into offices of bribery and gross oppression; the whole State reeling to its centre, and about to fall forever, and be swallowed up. Rather than pass under a successor like Gregory, the Roman people would have preferred the dominion of Austria; but Heaven had so favored them, that should their pontiff perform his duty to himself and his officers, they might once again, and perhaps forever, gain a footing among nations, and step forward boldly in the race of civilization.

Born in the time of the great Revolution, descended of a noble ancestry, Pius IX. inherited equally the ideas of liberty and the true feelings of a prince. He had a brother in exile when elected Pope, and could not he understand the condition of the nation? Like Moses, he was saved from the water, to be the savior of Rome. In his childhood, while playing near a pool, he slipped into it, and was drawn from the water by a countryman who saw him fall. He enlisted early, it is said, in the army of Napoleon, and quickly rose to a lieutenantcy. At the dissolution of the empire, the young Mastai quitted military life, and assumed the religious habit. Sailing afterward for Chili, in the quality of a missionary, we find him employed in that character, in resisting a tide of St. Simonism, with its attendant atheism and immorality, which flowed into Chili from France. The republic of Chili, under revolutionary influences, had become corrupt and anarchic. The influence of the magnanimous missionary Mastai was successfully exerted against the scandals and abuses of the clergy and the unbelievers. Assisted by a few moral and religious persons, he succeeded in restoring order and good morals in Chili. From that country he went to Montevideo and other parts of South America, in his capacity of an envoy of Christ. After many years passed in this manner, he was recalled, and made Bishop of Imola, and Cardinal.*

A few days after his election he suppressed the military warrants, a kind of secret tribunal for the seizure and condemnation of political offenders—analogue with the Council of Three of the Venetian government. He then called upon six cardinals to compose a council for deliberation upon public affairs, and resolved upon giving, on a certain day of

every week, a public audience to all comers, without distinction of rank or condition. He caused a private letter-box for himself to be placed in the entry of the Vatican.

These regulations gave the first blow to those who committed abuses and aggressions upon individuals. To favor the advance of science, he conferred the order of St. George upon three persons selected for merit from the body of the learned and scientific: these were, the Count Marchetti, and Professors Retti and Venturoli. He offered his princely protection to the Roman Academy de Lincei, one of the most ancient and learned of Italian academies, of whom the illustrious Galileo was a member. Meanwhile he granted especial favors to the Congress of the Scienziati Italiani, and named a scientific commission for the construction of railroads and canals.

Lambruschini was still Secretary of State; and while he continued in that office, there was no hope of amelioration for the people: he saw only anarchy and license in the reform movements, and opposed giving a Constitution to the State, as if it were a merely revolutionary policy. To oppose the injurious influence of this minister, Pius then conjoined the two offices of foreign affairs and the secretaryship in one, and conferred it upon Cardinal Gizzi. Lambruschini retired, but still maintained a correspondence with Austria, and began to plot against the new government. Gizzi, a man of liberal views, fell in with the plans of Pius for reform; but, though an enthusiastic friend of the people, he had not the requisite firmness and audacity to oppose himself to the threats of the opposition, or to act with promptness in the moment of peril. There was still a vast deal to be accomplished. Austria continued to exert immense power through her envoy in Rome; the King of Naples did not cease from his endeavors to dissuade the pontiff, and the Italian princes generally seemed resolved to hold fast to their despotical policy; the system of police continued to be the same as under Gregory XVI., and acted under the spirit of the old system; the patriots continued in exile, but still looked toward Pius as to the rock of their salvation.

From the windows of his palace the good Pius overlooked the desolate city. The sad silence of the people reminded

* His Travels, published in the Roman States and in Paris, is a work of great interest

him of its present wretchedness and of its ancient grandeur. Instead of songs of jubilee, he heard only the sorrowful plaint,

“Roma! Roma! Roma!

Roma non è più come era prima!”*

The ruined capitol, the grass-grown streets, trodden no longer by the feet of industry, but by idle monks and beggars. Letters containing supplications from all the cities, poured in upon him—“Pius! Pius! have mercy upon us! pity our families, our brothers, in exile and misery!” But, to call back and reinstate all, was an attempt serious, if not dangerous. He had been Pope only one month, when he began to resolve upon this great act of justice. Cardinal Gizzi gave his support to the measure, and on the evening of the memorable 16th of July, the amnesty was declared for all political offenders. The Romans, notwithstanding all their hopes, were taken by surprise by this new proof of magnanimity in their chief, and the city and country was filled with joy and mutual congratulations. A vast crowd assembled in the Colosseum and at the Capitol, and marched in procession, with wax candles, and singing joyful songs, to the Monte Cavallo, to return thanks to their chief, and beg his benediction. Since the fall of the last of the Tribunes, there had been no such day in Rome. The houses throughout the city, and every palace except those of Cardinal Lambruschini and the Austrian Ambassador, were illuminated. The vast crowd moved to the ground under the balcony of the Pope’s palace, and here he extended his hands and blessed them—a blessing from God indeed, and coming by the hands of his true servant! It was the third hour after midnight when he came out to bless his people. How easy for a sovereign to win the love of his subjects! He has but to be just and kind!

The tears of consolation fell from his eyes when he gave his benediction to the kneeling multitude, and the Campagna resounded with cries of “Long live Pius

IX.!” and the tears of comforted widows and orphans, and of the desolate families of those exiled, fell in company with those of his Holiness.†

The great minds of Europe, who were watching with the deepest interest the progress of events in Italy, regarded this movement of Pius as an act of truly royal magnanimity, and from all countries the press gave testimony in its favor. It was celebrated in Rome with every evidence of joy. Festivals, triumphal processions, dances in the public squares, the pontifical colors flying at the balconies or adorning the dresses of the Roman ladies—all gave evidence of the birth of a new hope—of a new epoch in the affairs of Rome and of Christendom.

On the morning of the next day, the Pope returning in his carriage, the horses were taken from it by the people, who then drew him with songs of triumph to the Quirinal Palace. No Pope was ever treated with an equal degree of attention by the Roman people. The festivals and illuminations continued for many days after the amnesty, both in the Roman States and in other parts of Italy. In Rome, those who had been imprisoned for political offences, together with Reuzi and Galetti who were concerned in the revolution under Gregory, gave a public dinner in honor of his Holiness. To relieve those who had been ruined by imprisonment, the Pope joined himself with many others in a subscription. In Bologna, the proceeds of the Theatre del Corso were given to the families of exiles, and a vast concert was celebrated in a public square, to music composed by Rossini, in honor of the Pope.

The joy of the Bolognese was excessive; they voted a marble statue to Pius IX., and kept up the festivities three days and nights. The bills of amnesty posted on the corners of the streets, were wreathed with flowers. Political parties throughout all Italy resolved themselves into the one party of the Pope. Thus was the first great step of the reformation taken by Pius IX.

* Rome, thou art no longer as thou wast at the first.

† The writer, himself an Italian and an exile, records this great event with feelings of no common sympathy. Though a native of Lombardy, he cannot feel the less with the people of the eternal city. Their cause is the cause of all Italy; and it is his hope to return soon to his native land, and throw his life into the great struggle for freedom and reform.

At the late anniversary of the French Revolution, in New-York, Mr. Joseph Drefous, a French Israelite, offered a toast to Pius IX.: “To the Roman Pontiff, Pius IX., who is determined to emancipate slaves. Honor, honor to his Holiness, by whose will the sublime precepts of the Gospel will alone rule, where, during many centuries, despotism held the sceptre, and dictated laws to Rome and the world.”

By a circular of the Secretary of State, on the 24th of August, Pius invited all the chief magistrates of the different legations to suggest the proper course to be pursued for the instruction of the poorer classes, and put an end to the miseries of idleness and ignorance. To that end a special committee was appointed, composed of the wisest and most popular prelates, to investigate the matter and establish the desired reforms. Although a Pope, Pius IX. retained his bishopric of Imola, and disposed of its income for the benefit of asylums of infancy and public charitable institutions. To promote industry, commerce, and the amelioration of the country, on the 10th of November he invited private companies of citizens to submit projects for railroads in the Roman States. In the mean time he granted economical and other governmental reforms, and established new institutions for municipal and provincial legislation. As in the Roman State there was a sort of Chinese code, composed of laws as old as the popery itself, *quod neque nos, neque patres nostri, portare potuimus*. Pius IX., like Napoleon, resolved to publish a new code, and selected the eminent men, Profs. Payano, Silvani and Giuliani, to assist in the compilation of the code. The terrible police of the last Pope was discontinued, and a decree promulgated, threatening severe judgments against criminal offenders, but declaring that no person should be prosecuted for political opinions. The *employés* of Gregory XVI. were discharged from office, and liberal and intelligent persons substituted. The secret and mysterious tribunals were abolished, and the judicial and penal systems of Beccaria and Filangieri, which abolish capital punishment and establish trial by jury, adopted by the compilers of the new code. By order of Pius IX., every town sent a delegate to Rome, to report concerning the wants of the people, while at the same time a private congress is established to grant all necessary improvements. On the 18th of November, a vast crowd being assembled from all parts, he preached in San Giovanni, in the Lateran, which is the first instance of a pontiff's preaching in public. The congregation followed him to the Quirinal Palace, on his return, with *vivas* and cries of joy. On the same day he granted pardon to political offenders, who had been excluded from the first amnesty. On the 19th, he gave public audience, and, on the 20th of the

same month, published an universal jubilee.

We could readily fill hundreds of pages with a description of the benefits conferred upon the Roman States by Pius IX.; but, as we are not composing a life or a full history, we need mention only a few of his private benevolences, to show what feelings actuate the heart of this wonderful Pope.

The vast library of the Vatican, and many others in Rome, were hitherto prohibited to students and men of letters; and it was with great difficulty that any person could obtain entrance to them, or procure the reading of a single book. On the rainy evening of the 7th of December, while his Holiness was returning from the church, he found all the students of the University assembled to meet their sovereign at the entrance of his palace, to petition there for the free entrance to and use of the public libraries in the vacation days. The benignant Pius said, that "he was sorry they had exposed themselves on such a stormy night, yet he was gratified to perceive their desire for knowledge;" and immediately granted them this important favor. The next day all the libraries were thrown open to students and men of science.

In the winter of 1846, all Europe was deluged by great rains and floods. The south of Italy suffered more than any other region. A part of Rome was overflowed by the Tiber, and many families ruined by the devastation of their dwellings. The Jews were the greatest sufferers. Pius IX. made an immediate appeal to the kindness and generosity of his faithful Romans, and headed the subscription-list with two thousand dollars of his private income. To collect the subscriptions and dispose of the funds, he appointed a committee of noble and eminent persons in Rome, such as the Princes Borghese and Doria, the Dukes of Bracciano and Massimo, with many others; and the Jews, by order of the Pope, were permitted to establish themselves where they pleased in any part of the city. They are virtually free, by this permission, to enjoy the rights of citizens and the freedom of worship.

The amnesty had found an echo and awakened popular sympathy in all parts of the world. Public emissaries were dispatched to Rome, to congratulate and thank the Pontiff for so good and magnanimous an action. But Rome had yet a more extraordinary event. The Sultan

of Constantinople sent a *Chargé* to Pius IX., to acknowledge him as Chief of Christendom and of the Roman States. By the rare virtue of Pius IX., Mahomet is compelled to acknowledge the rights of Christianity, and the existence of a church outside the pale of his own.

When the Turkish Ambassador was admitted to the Pope, he knelt before the representative of Christ on the earth, and kissed his hand. The astonishment of both parties was equal.

The Turkish Ambassador, by his Secretary, Ali Effendi, addressed to Pius the Great an apology and complimentary speech, in the name of his master, the Sultan Abdul-Medjid, for his election to the Papal chair and chieftaincy of the Catholic world. "Although," said he, "there has hitherto been no alliance between Rome and the Sublime Porte, my august sovereign is willing to establish friendly relations with the government of your Holiness, as the benefactor of this century—the age of civilization and of humanity. My sovereign will henceforth protect all his Catholic subjects, and allow them the same rights with all others of his people. As for me, I consider this mission to be the most honorable I could engage in, as it brings me into the presence of the most magnanimous prince on earth; and I hope that your Holiness will accept the offers of the Sultan Abdul-Medjid, as of a sincere and benevolent prince." Before his departure, the Pope presented him with his own portrait, enriched with diamonds, and assured him of his best wishes for his sovereign.

The Turkish Ambassador, on his way to Vienna in Austria, went to Sinigaglia, and stopped at the Mastai palace, to become acquainted with the family of the Pope. He wished, he said, to see the room in which so great a man was born. He carried the portrait of the Pope hung about his neck, and was evidently proud of such a present. On the same evening the people of Sinigaglia gave a public festival to the *Chargé*, illuminating all the city. A few days after, another Envoy Extraordinary arrived in Rome, from the Republic of Quito. The east and the south of the world met together in the "Eternal City," for the same purpose! England, France, Prussia, and the United States of America, had their ambassadors at the Vatican, to offer the congratulations of their respective governments.

But Rome and her sovereign were yet to witness another remarkable spectacle—

another visit to Pius IX., not by any *chargé d'affaires*, nor by any great or rich personage, but by the poor peasant who saved Pius IX. from the waters. He had come from Fano to Rome, to behold the child whom he had rescued from death, seated on the throne of St. Peter.

The peasant, Domenico Guidi, was already some seventy years old—poor, and destitute of the means of subsistence for himself and his daughter. Incited by the fame of Pius IX., after many days of sufferings and hardship, the father and daughter arrived at Rome, quite destitute, and not knowing how to make themselves known to the Pontiff. Since his election, Pius IX. had strictly forbidden public beggary, and at his own cost had founded splendid alms-houses for the destitute. The officers arrested Domenico Guidi and his daughter as vagrants, and took them to the police office. After discovering who he was, and the intent of his journey, the commissioner informed the Pope of this story of Guidi and his daughter. Both were thereupon well dressed by the order of his Holiness, and taken in a carriage to the Vatican. On the 28th of March, accompanied by the physician of the government and by his daughter, Guidi entered the pontifical hall of the Vatican, to be admitted to audience; but fainted at the entrance, and fell upon the floor. The officers and prelates of the court, with the physician, relieved the unfortunate Guidi, and the Pope gave order that he should be removed to a comfortable room of the palace, and receive every attention.

The next day, when Guidi had sufficiently recovered himself, he was admitted to audience. Nothing could be more interesting and admirable than the interview between the Pontiff and the savior of his life. Pius received him as an old friend, and with the kindest expressions. Guidi could neither speak nor show any demonstrations, so great was his astonishment and admiration. The Pope would not permit him to kneel before him, but embracing him, he said, "Guidi, you were the friend of my childhood, and the savior of my life. You shall suffer no more from want. You and your daughter shall go to Sinigaglia to my palace, and live with my friends." The next day Guidi left Rome, in a post-carriage, after receiving the blessing of his Holiness. His daughter was placed in a house of education, and Guidi still

lives comfortably in the Mastai palace.

Many asylums of infancy and houses of education had been opened since the election of Pius IX., to which the poor could send their children to be educated and supported. The Pontiff thought it convenient not only to teach the rising generation, but even to instruct their parents, as the only means of introducing civilization and maintaining progress. Free night-schools were established in Rome, at his own expense, for laboring people who could not attend by day. To encourage them, or to observe how the schools were attended, he visited them in the disguise of a priest. On the evening of the 9th of March, he went in this manner, in company with his secretary, also disguised, to visit the night-school in the street *Agnello di Monti*. Neither the teachers nor the pupils knew at first by whom they were so honored. After the visitors had examined the books, and learned which of the scholars had distinguished themselves, the Pontiff threw off his cloak and discovered himself. The poor laborers knelt before him with their teachers, and after receiving his paternal blessing, were examined by himself in their studies. It happened to be an evening of general examination for premiums, and the Pope distributed gold medals, money and other presents, accompanied by salutary advice. The monastery of St. *Alessio*, on mount *Aventino*, was changed by order of the Pontiff into an almshouse, for the destitute who cannot obtain employment. By these means, and an efficient police, public beggary has disappeared from the streets of Rome.

Since the day of the great amnesty, many philanthropical societies have been established in Rome, and in other cities of the Papal States. These associations, under the special protection of Pius IX., are composed of the most respectable and influential persons. Their intention is to advance public instruction, and to extend and cherish religious and patriotic ideas. They have founded free schools and asylums for children, societies to visit prisoners, and protect them when out of prison, houses of military instruction, clubs for reputable and instructive entertainments, reading rooms, cheap publication offices, associations for mutual aid, schools of mutual inquiry and debate, besides other institutions for the advancement of the Roman people. One of these institutions is the *Società Artistica Italiana*, composed

of sculptors, painters, architects and artists of other branches, for the encouragement of new inventions, for the protection and reward of artistic merit, and the annual exhibition of works of art. This association is supported by the most influential persons in Rome. To improve the condition of the people, Pius IX. modified the public taxes, abolished many of the privileges and abuses of families, and added to the strength of the merchant and war navy. The money to be used for the illumination of the 25th of March was disposed of by order of the Pope, for the relief of destitute families, instead of being expended on the public festivals.

After so great reforms, accomplished in so short a time, it was thought necessary to establish powerful means for their protection, and to have a national army able to defend the country and the government, against any foreign or internal enemy. The people of the Roman States had been long desirous of establishing a national guard, the army of the government being composed of robbers and foreigners, more ready to attack than to defend the rights and properties of the citizens. The army as yet remained the same as it had been under Gregory XVI.; the orders of the new government were not executed nor respected in many parts of the State. The soldiery under the command of prelates of the retrograde party, instead of acting for their new sovereign, endeavored to excite opposition, and insulted the returned exiles, by arbitrary acts. In many cities, the coat of arms of the last government was retained, instead of that of the new. Every day disturbances arose between the people and the army. It had become necessary to put an end to these difficulties, by the establishment of a national guard. Cardinal Gizzi, although a liberal and a patriot, did not agree in thinking this measure well timed. He dreaded the spirit of the liberals; but Pius IX., willing to satisfy the just wishes of his subjects, and looking for support and protection to his own countrymen, granted the establishment of the guard, and himself appointed their superior officers. This army very soon discovered its importance to the State. The Pontiff next directed his reforms to religion and religious orders. He sent a circular letter to all their chiefs, in which he commanded all the religious orders to observe the rule of their institutors, to be the mirror of morals and religion, and be useful to society; and in the meantime

he disposed of many large estates belonging to religious societies, for purposes of public charity and instruction. Among the religious reforms of Pius IX. is one requiring that money received by the Church for souls in purgatory, shall be applied to the relief of the poor, and to other charitable purposes. The inquisitorial censorship was abolished and replaced by a liberal one, and freedom of the public press granted amid the acclamations of the whole people. Immediately a great number of newspapers and reviews made their appearance in the Roman States, and the most eminent Italian writers became editors and contributors. Great numbers of daily and weekly publications on various topics of science, politics, letters, inventions, music and the like, came out, printed elegantly and full of information. The *Advertiser*, published in the English language, was the first of the new publications. *Il Diario*, once the organ of the despotism and the enemy of popular progress, was transformed into a liberal and progressive paper. *L'Astrea*, a paper of theoretical and practical jurisprudence; *L'Annuario Chimico Italiano*, the Annual Italian Chemist, devoted to natural philosophy and other sciences; the *Gabinetto* of General Correspondence, a commercial and instructive paper for travelers and foreigners; *La Bilancia* and *L'Italian*, the most liberal and independent papers of Italy; *L'Italiano*, a political and popular publication; *Il Povero*, the Poor, a penny paper, established for the purpose of spreading ideas of liberty and instruction among the poorer classes: its motto is, "Fraternity, Unity and Humanity," the principles of the Gospel as well as of regenerated Italy. *Il Contemporaneo* is the best political and scientific publication. Its editors and contributors are reckoned among the learned of Europe, such as Gioberti, Balbo, Massimo D'Azeglio, Sterbini, and many others, all well known in the literary world. What we have related is only a short summary of what has been done, in less than one year, under the glorious Pius IX.!! The "Niohe of nations" is no longer only "the mother of dead empires!" she stands again in her ancient attitude, holding the symbol of the future, and of general emancipation of nations.

Scarcely had the liberty of the press been agranted, when opinion also was emancipated from its long silence. The earned of Italy, together with those of

the Roman States, began to speak of political and civil amelioration; to advise the government to continue its system of reforms; to show what evils were to be destroyed, who were enemies of progress, and much more of the Italian Peninsula. We shall speak of the *Contemporaneo*, nearly the first liberal paper that appeared in Rome. *Il Contemporaneo* is a paper of progress, but as moderate as can be desired, or advised. It is under the protection and liberal censorship of Pius IX. directed by a spirit of national independence, and by the most charitable and Christian enthusiasm. The intention of its editors and contributors is to encourage the people, as the only true method of civilization and progress, to multiply hospitals for exposed children, houses of infancy, institutes of public and gratuitous instruction, manufactories of every kind for the sake of the employment, savings banks, societies of mutual aid for invalid workmen, the penitentiary system instead of galleys, houses of reformation for youth, Sunday and night schools. The *Contemporaneo* shows the advantage of railroads, of congresses, science, and of a free internal trade. Whole pages of this paper are devoted to the advantages of railroads, and it is demonstrated that the progress of the United States depended in a great measure upon them. The *Contemporaneo* has never ceased to advise, not only the people, but also the government. Its moderate and national language, and its philanthropic principles, are worthy of all praise. Through the pages of the *Contemporaneo*, a youth of twenty years, not inferior to the great Machiavelli, dares advise Pius IX. what political system he should follow "to be independent of any foreign influence or dominion; that a Christian and liberal civilization is the only means for the advancement of the world; to reward the good; to give education to the poorer class, that they may know their rights and duty to their country." Doctor Sterbini in his first article addresses himself to the returned exiles. "Gratitude and obedience is their sacred duty," says he, "towards the sovereign who put an end to their sufferings, and allowed them to return home." The great Gioberti writes to the Pope, "that he shall die happy, as now his desire has been accomplished, of seeing in the chair of Saint Peter a liberal and patriotic pontiff, a pope who will emancipate Italy.

When the exiles who returned to their

country saw that the amnesty was general and sincere, they united with the other citizens, and endeavored to make common cause, and support the government in every reform. Statesmen of every country, and friends of the people, declared the new Pope to be the greatest reformer of any age. The different religious denominations recognized this great man as a true servant of God. They encouraged him in his course, and urged him to continue to be the father and protector of his people. They promised also to be with him in the struggle against his enemies. It is a bitter reflection to add, that this era of amelioration has dawned only in the Roman States, while other parts of Italy remain in slavery and darkness. Charles Albert, King of Sardinia and Piedmont, was the first Italian prince who showed himself favorable to the new Pope and his policy, and to offer him military succors against his enemies. The Duke of Tuscany, compelled by the people, granted reforms to his subjects, and joined himself in alliance with the Pope and the King of Piedmont.

While the Roman States were regaining their freedom and rights, the north of Europe presented once more a terrible instance of tyranny, worthy of a barbarous age and of the actors in it. It is of the ancient republic of Cracow that we speak, which stood for many centuries the sanctuary of Polish liberty. Galicia was thrown into revolution, and desolated by bands of mercenaries and robbers secretly incited by Austria to plunder and destroy. If they were not enrolled under the Austrian flag, there is proof enough that they were encouraged by the Viennese ministry. When the news of the slaughter in Cracow arrived at Rome, the people appeared in all the public places dressed in mourning, and placards were seen in the streets denouncing Austria. Prince Metternich, not satisfied with Poland, extended his plans of annexation by conquest. Casting his eyes on Switzerland, he thought it would be an easy undertaking to dismember that country by exciting the ultra Catholics to a civil war. At the same time he used his efforts to annex the Roman States to Lombardy. The wonderful reforms of Pius IX. put an end to this latter scheme. In vain Austria advised him to follow the policy of the last Pope, and used every means to turn him from his liberal course; excit-

ing against him the retrograde party, fanatical priests and ignorant friars, secret and murderous conspirators, rioters, to oppose reform movements—all was in vain; her plots came to light and were defeated. In Rome, through the influence of the Austrian ambassador, the public press was put under a rigid censorship. The city was thrown, by this measure, into a state of revolution. The Marquis Massimo d'Azeglio held a meeting at the Colosseum, and, at the head of four hundred printers, went to the Quirinal, when the whole body protested against this violation, and refused to work under the severe supervision that existed. It was the anniversary of the city of Rome. The next day the Pope granted again the liberty of the press, and nominated three new censors, all liberal and wise men. The joy of the people was great, and the press still continues to be liberal as before. After this event Pius IX. sent word to the ambassador to inform his master that he stood in no need of any farther advice; "and tell him," said he, "that I do not fear him; let him come to take me here in Rome!" The business of the ambassador was to excite misunderstandings between the Pope and his people; every means was resorted to for that purpose. The 29th of March is kept as a holiday in Rome. The Austrian ambassador sent word to the pontiff, that his people were disaffected, and that it would be unsafe for him to venture into the streets. The Pope, suspecting an Austrian trick, sent secret messengers among the people to ascertain their disposition. They brought intelligence to the palace that the people were quiet and contented. The Pope, naturally indignant at the attempt to intimidate him, went into the streets on foot; and as he appeared in the square of the Vatican, the crowd exclaimed: "Courage, courage, Pius IX. ! *Fear nothing! Never listen to Austria! Trust in your people!*"

The first conspiracy against the Pope, set on foot by Austria, was in Ravenna. The police discovered the plot, and arrested the conspirators in the woods, with writings upon them disclosing their intentions. Many of them were priests; others were ecclesiastics of different religious orders, employés of the late Pope, and some Austrians. The paper found upon the conspirators, had been issued by the police of Venice, and those who escaped were well received by the Aus-

trian government.* Cardinal Gizzi, then Secretary of State, indignant at this horrible and shameful conspiracy, sent for the Austrian ambassador, and showed him the proofs of the infamous policy of his emperor. The people would no more endure such insults, and began to talk of the *Sicilian Vespers*, and of imitating the conduct of Spain and Portugal towards the religious orders. They demanded arms, and were eager to deliver their sovereign from any foreign or internal dominion. Every day riots took place between the people and the retrograde party. Libels and declarations were published in every city of Romagna; it became necessary to form the National Guards, and to disband the soldiery and gendarmes of the late government. From these popular demonstrations, fearing lest Pius IX. should raise the National Guard, and the spirit of freedom and union penetrate Lombardy, Austria, under pretext of preserving peace and order in the world, threatened the Pope with invasion. Such menaces, which would have thrown Gregory XVI. into despair, encouraged Pius IX. to return a dignified answer. The Cardinal Gizzi replied to the Austrian ambassador at Rome, in the name of his Holiness, that Austria had no right to interfere with the administration of the Papal government; that he considered himself independent of every foreign power. He assured Austria that Italy was in great need of new institutions, and that, if Austria should attempt an invasion, the Papal government would rely upon its subjects, and that the aggression would arouse all Italy to resistance. But it was the opposition of his prelates and of the princes of the peninsula, that most effectually hindered the new reforms. In Lombardy, the introduction of the newspapers published in the Roman States was prohibited, and the police kept watch upon those who favored the Papal government. The Duke of Modena refused to establish a railway in his State, or to form a commercial treaty with the Papal government. This petty prince behaved like an humble servant of Austria and her dictator Metternich. The King of Naples also came out in opposition to Pius IX. Persecutions and arrests are of daily occurrence, and the people live in constant terror of their rulers. Secret organizations were discovered in Calabria, to excite a general insurrection, and solicit the assistance of the Roman

people; many persons were arrested and executed; others took refuge in the Roman States. In vain the cruel and despotic King *Lazzarone* demanded of the Pope the exclusion of the offenders; the request was firmly refused. The year 1847 witnessed the birth of a scheme for the assassination of the Pope.

No sooner had the epoch of amelioration begun, than a conspiracy was organized to remove the cause of all this good by secret or open violence. Among the conspirators were many ecclesiastics, a kind of men more terrible and unscrupulous than others, when excited by fanaticism and despotical doctrines. Soon after the discovery of this plot, another came to light, planned for the destruction of thousands; a whole population was to have been butchered by Austria and the retrograde partisans! The "*good time*" of St. Bartholomew was to be celebrated with its bloody accompaniments in the city of Rome. The actors in this dreadful affair were found to have been certain of the friends of the last Pope, and in the employment and confidence of Pius. These men had been used to stigmatize the liberals as men thirsty of human blood, enemies to morals and religion, always ready to plunder, to make insurrections. Thank God, such calumnies are now openly denied by evident facts, by their own conduct and infamous actions, and we may say that the accused sit now on the bench of the accusers.

The first conspiracy against the life of Pius IX. was to have been accomplished on the 5th of April. It would seem that the conspirators had imitated Ernani, who conspired against Charles V. of Spain. This diabolical plot has been shown by clear evidence to be the work of the fanatics and of Austria. The French Ambassador, Signor Rossi, revealed their design and names to his Holiness. Instead of immediately arresting them, he followed the policy of a man confident of his position. The conspirators had put their names into a vase and drawn the one who was to visit the Pope and kill him during the interview. A Capuchin, or religious friar, was the person whose name came out first; and, followed by the other conspirators, he went to the Vatican, and asked to speak with his Holiness. The Pope sent for the name of the friar, which was boldly given. His name was on the list. Or-

ders were immediately given to arrest him. As he was admitted and entered the hall, two pistols and a poisoned dagger were found upon his person. He was then sent to the Castle St. Angelo with the rest; and many others have since been arrested. The fact had to be kept secret for a short time, in order to avert the vengeance of the Roman people from the friars.

Other conspiracies, in which ecclesiastics were engaged, have been discovered in the Roman States. Cardinal Della Genga, nephew of Pope Leo XII., was arrested and sent to the Castle St. Angelo, for not fulfilling the orders of the new government, while he was a Legate in Romagna. Some priests preached in the churches against Pius IX. Of these, some were arrested; others, known to have been ultra-Catholic, were murdered by the irritated people. Many Cardinals, all liberal and defenders of Pius IX., at the critical moment of these trials, asked permission to resign their charges, and Cardinal Gizzi would no longer be Secretary of State. The Pope refused their resignation; he told them that it would be dangerous and injurious for them to leave him surrounded only by prelates of the retrograde party and friends of Austria. Cardinals Gizzi and Buffondi, legate of Ravenna, Rusconi, legate of Ancona, and Feretti, legate at Pesaro, then demanded that Cardinal Lambruschini and the employées of Gregory XVI., be excluded from all political affairs. The Pope granted their demands, and Lambruschini was advised to retire to his native place. Another misunderstanding between Cardinal Gizzi and Pius IX. was caused by the retrograde party, who had forged the signature of the Cardinal, but being discovered, fled to Lombardy. A fanatical priest had preached at Pesaro, in Romagna, against the new Pope, calling him an anti-Catholic, a Republican, a partisan of *Young Italy*, an Infidel, and what not. Cardinal Feretti, who caused him to be arrested, merely to save him from the fury of the people, received, after a few days, a letter from Rome, with the signature of Gizzi, directing the priest to be set at liberty. The Cardinal immediately wrote to the Pope, asking how it was that the Secretary of State could demand the release of a prisoner, without the permission of his Holiness. The Pope sent for Gizzi, and upon comparing notes, they found that the signature had been forged.

The anniversary of the Amnesty was approaching. To celebrate this epoch, the people were making sumptuous preparations, erecting triumphal arches, temples to Amnesty, illuminations, fire-works and pageants, as such things are done in Rome. Every one looked forward with joy to the approaching anniversary, when a population of 180,000 inhabitants would unite in celebrating the glorious election of Pius IX. and the Amnesty. But now the festival was to be made a carnage; thousands of people were secretly marked for slaughter, and the Pope was to be hurried off from Rome, while an anti-Pope was elected in his stead. The Austrian emissaries distributed money and granted favors to whoever would engage in the conspiracy. Arms, funds, all the necessary means were offered, and when the work was accomplished, the same day she made ready to send an army to invade the Roman States. As it was her advance was no farther than Ferrara. A few days previous to the execution of the plot, by the boldness of some citizens of Faenza, and by the energy of *Cicero-nachia*, a man of the people, all was discovered, and Pius triumphed again over his enemies.

The plan of the conspirators was to attack the soldiers and gendarmes on the evening of the 18th of July, while the people and the army were celebrating the anniversary of the Amnesty. They were to attack the troops with daggers, on which were carved the words, "*Long life to Pius IX.*," as if the authors of this massacre were the exiles and followers of Pius IX. The conspirators, mingled with the soldiers, were to kill all the liberal citizen,—to carry the Pope to Naples—to oblige him to abdicate, and to call for an Austrian intervention. As soon as this atrocious plot was discovered, Pius IX. said, "that the time for clemency had passed, it was necessary to act with severity." He ordered the festival to proceed as if nothing had happened, and established the National Guard. The Government used all the necessary precautions that the crisis demanded, and named his cousin, the Cardinal Feretti, Secretary of State, instead of Gizzi. The National Guard was organized, and men of all ages and condition enlisted. The wealthy families offered arms and money, and their palaces to be used as barracks for the troops. The next day, after the nomination of Feretti, the Advocate Morandi succeeded Grassellini as Pro-

governor of Rome. Grasselini fled the same night to Naples. The Pope named Signor Armandi, of Bologna, Minister of War, Marquis Rospigliosi Commander-in-Chief of the Civil Guard, the Duke of Rignano Colonel, and for Lieutenant-Colonels, the Princes Aldobrandini, Piombino, Doria, Pamfili, Corsini and Viaro; as superior officers, the Duke Charles Torlonia, the Marquis Levaggi, Sacripanti, Patrizj and Malatesta. After the proclamation of the Pro-governor Morandi, one of the new Secretaries of State made a speech, in which he eulogized the chief and all who composed the National Guard, adding "that *justice was the first duty* under the government of Pius IX., that it should be severely executed against the enemies of the people and of the sovereign." The anniversary was then celebrated with enthusiasm. By papers found on the conspirators, it was discovered that the chiefs of the conspiracy were more than two hundred, including Cardinals, priests and officials. There appeared documentary evidence against Cardinals Della Genga, Minardi, Grasselini, Governor of Rome, and three other prelates. Grasselini signed orders for letting loose a number of criminals, and for the admission into the city of parties of desperadoes from Faenza, without the customary passports. Many of these felons, when taken, were found to have money about them to a considerable amount in Austrian coinage. The active movers in arranging the plot appear to have been a number of disbanded agents of a secret police of the late Pontificate. Nothing appeared directly to implicate the Cardinal Lambruschini, who remained quietly at Civita-Vecchia, notwithstanding that the people believed him to be one of the conspirators.

The capture, on the 19th of July, of Cardinal Minardi, the head of the conspirators, who had previously eluded the attempts to arrest him, caused an immense excitement among the people. They made desperate efforts to get possession of his person, and it required all the influence of the Pro-governor, of the celebrated Father Ventura and of Ciceronachia, to quell the growing tumult. Father Ventura, the most eloquent and popular religious friar, was created Cardinal by the people and by his Holiness. As for Ciceronachia, this friend of the people was appointed standard-bearer, and presented by the nobility with a snuff-box

of great value. He was borne in triumph to the Capitol as the savior of the Roman people.

On the 22d July, a public notice gave the names of the high conspirators, and of the Cardinals connected with them: Bernetti, Governor of Ancona in 1831, who betrayed the liberal party, and who was *chargé d'affaires* to Austria, under the last Pope, Delta Genga, Mattei, Vanielli, Grasselini and Minardi—all Cardinals of the ultra-Catholic party; Leitzof, ambassador of Austria; Ludolf, of Naples; Del Caretto, minister of war at Naples; and to complete the list of these assassins, came those of the Duke of Modena, and of Maria Louisa, the dissolute widow of Napoleon, now Duchess of Parma and Piacenza. The arming of the civil guard had been completed; and on the 26th of July, Cardinal Feretti visited the principal posts and addressed each battalion in an acceptable manner. "Citizens and brethren! let us prove to Europe," said he, "that we know how to govern ourselves without the need of foreign intervention. Remember that you are descendants of the great Romans; be always faithful to your country and sovereign. I shall be happy to lead you at any moment against our enemies." On the day of the plot in Rome, the Austrians entered Ferrara with lighted matches, as if moving against an enemy. To be persuaded that the conspiracy was the result of Austrian intrigue, it is only necessary to know of this intervention between the people and their rights. Cardinal Ciacchi, Governor of Ferrara, protested against this violation of territory. The Austrian General asked the Governor if he had not received special notice from Rome of the arrival of the Austrian army in Ferrara. The intrigues of Austria were thus made apparent. The Cardinal made no reply to the Austrian General, but called on the citizens to form a civic guard. The national guard exercised and paraded before the Austrians, and celebrated the anniversary of the brothers Bandiera and their companions who were murdered by order of the King of Naples. The population of Ferrara received the Austrians with an ominous silence, and it was expected that a general massacre would have been committed, so great was the fury and irritation of the people. The most moderate men and the officers published a placard advising the people to be prudent, to endure, to listen, and to look,—to be faithful and ready at the first call

—and to remember, when the day came, the insult they had received. Cardinal Ciacchi sent a second protestation to the Austrian general against this violation of the Roman territory, and advised the people to leave the city and retire to other parts.

The intelligence of the military occupation of Ferrara, was confirmed at Rome when Feretti formally protested, in the name of his Pontiff, against the act. It is impossible to describe the tumult and fury excited by the news of this intervention. More than 12,000 volunteers came to Rome from Campagna in a few days, and in less than a month 32,000 volunteers and 20,000 of the civic guard, under the flag of Pius IX. What encouraged the people most was the perseverance and determination of Pius IX. to drive the barbarians of Austria out of his dominions, and to defend the rights of his people. In a private congress of Cardinals, he said, "that if the Austrians remained at Ferrara, he would excommunicate them; if excommunication was not enough, he would drive them out in person, himself leading the troops. I will take the field and call on the Italians. Two millions of people will be under my flag. Tell my people to be quiet, prudent and faithful—that I will never yield; and Italy must at length be free and united." The Pope by his Secretary of State sent a protestation against Austria, to all the foreign powers; representing that she had violated the treaties of Vienna and the rights of all nations. He demanded that the Austrians should evacuate the Roman territory, give a full explanation of their conduct, and give himself and his people a satisfactory amends. For such a crisis, the government thought it necessary to be active and prepare against aggression. A camp of observation and for military exercise, was ordered to assemble near Forli, and more than 14,000 men, all volunteers, were presently congregated in that place. Signor Azeglio was sent to Bologna to raise new troops, and to march on Ferrara; in all the cities of the Roman States, the people, animated by a spirit of national honor, enlisted to fight against their enemies. The news of the occupation of Ferrara excited so violent a desire of vengeance in all parts of Italy, that in many States the people were clamorous for arms. In Tuscany the Duke was compelled by his people to grant a civic guard—a national flag—a liberal

constitution to his State—to change the ministry, and ally himself with the Pope, and protest against the intervention. In the city of Lucca, the blood of the people was spilled by the soldiers of the government; and the Duke, who had fled to Venice, was compelled to return to his State, and to follow the policy of the Pope and of Tuscany. In Parma, more than one hundred persons perished in a popular insurrection. The city was invaded by ten thousand Austrians, but Maria Louisa left her State in the hands of the enemies of her people and fled to Vienna, to escape the just reward of her crimes. The same atrocities were perpetrated in Modena, and there too the Duke fled, calling upon the Austrians to protect his government. In Naples, the people rose against the government, and the King would have fallen into the hands of the liberals, but for the protection of the troops. In Sicily and Calabria, many cities are already in the hands of the insurgents, and a general revolution is expected in those kingdoms.

The King of Sardinia, not satisfied with an energetic protest against Austria, charged with indignant and hostile expressions, dares Metternich to keep his barbarians in Ferrara. He gave orders to put the vessels of war in a condition for service, and to enlist the provincial troops; and in less than a month Charles Albert may have under his flag more than 200,000 well-disciplined soldiers. He granted the liberty of the press, and recalled his consul at Milan. He will be the first Italian prince to meet Austria with an efficient army. By his minister in Rome, he offered the Pope the use of his artillery and navy, saying that, as an Italian prince, he would defend the Italian independence and nationality. England was the first foreign power to side with the Romans. Lord Palmerston, after promising the Swiss Diet that he would compel Austria and France to respect the treaties of *non-intervention*, sent his *ultimatum* to the court of Vienna, warmly protested against the violation of the Roman territory, and gave orders to the commodore of the Mediterranean squadron to sail in force for the Archipelago, to watch the movements of Austria, and meet the first hostile aggression. An ambassador was sent to Rome with orders to land troops to defend the Papal government, if the Austrians remained at Ferrara. The King of Prussia, the Princes of Bavaria, Wirtemberg,

and Baden, have taken the same ground with England and Sardinia, respecting the encroachments of Austria, and have joined in an alliance to resist Austrian aggressions! The representative of the United States of America in Rome also assured his Holiness of the sympathy and voluntary aid of America. France was the last to declare in favor of the Pope! and her government inclines to the side of Austria, and opposes the freedom of Italy. Such is the conclusion of the Italians, and of the Papal government, from the line of policy taken by the French ambassador. Monsieur Guizot, it is true, spoke eloquently and well of Pius and his works; he even offered 10,000 guns to the Pope: but formerly, if Austria crossed her own boundary into Italy, France was the first power to oppose her progress. The French ambassador has in vain attempted to bring the Pope and his Secretary of State to an amicable arrangement with Austria, and to be satisfied with a diplomatic explanation. The Pope refused the 10,000 muskets, and declined all intervention between himself and his enemies. "Now," said he, "that not only the Roman States, but all Italy, are risen against the Austrians, there is no longer any middle course to be observed. Austria must evacuate my territory and grant new institutions to the people of Lombardy, or she must meet us in the field. If the barbarians advance a step or remain in Ferrara, I will raise the nation; I have already 60,000 men to oppose them. I shall not be alone in the field. If things come to the trial, and we are forced to fight, let Austria beware!—she will then bid a long farewell to Italy, and cross forever the eternal Alps."

We are persuaded that France will never unite with Austria against Italian emancipation, notwithstanding the family intrigues of Louis Philippe. It is true that the French intervention, in 1831, in the Roman States, was not in aid of Italian liberty—it was a simple coup de tête of Casimir Perrier; but at that epoch it was a political party only that rose against their government, while at present it is the government that is attacked. If the French government was led by private interest to oppose the Pope, the French people would scarcely march against the Italians to deprive them of independence. France has nothing to gain by the Austrian alliance. The em-

peror has ever been the worst enemy of her liberty and progress. In every instance of union between France and Austria for political or family objects, France has been sacrificed and injured. The history of France might be adduced bodily to show that the true interests of France are involved in the freedom of Italy. The two nations would then be masters together of the Mediterranean, and become the strongest European powers. Mutual sympathy unites the people of Italy and France. They have common feelings and old remembrances to unite them.

After the occupation of Ferrara by the Austrian troops, more than three thousand Italian exiles belonging to other parts of Italy, still under despotism, left France and Belgium for the Roman States, and many Polish and French officers offered their services to Pius. Twelve thousand muskets were purchased by the Papal government, and other arms sent from England. His Holiness thought it good to grant a liberal constitution to his people, and the Secretary of State made a choice, from the lists presented by the governors of different provinces, of deputies, to be assembled in Rome, to make known the wishes and wants of the provinces. The deputies were twenty-three in number, convoked for the present 5th of November. They are selected from among the liberal and enlightened.

Since the creation of the National Guard, crime has greatly diminished in the Roman territory; robbers no more crowd the public ways; the government has shown itself severe towards criminals. Banditti are no more protected or employed. It is easy to imagine what must be the spirit that now animates the Italian people, and what may be expected from them. There is an universal call for arms, and each person enlists voluntarily in the Army of the Italian League. Nothing is said at present of forms of government; all declare *for Union, the League, and Pius IX.*

Although Austria seemed disposed to withdraw the troops from Ferrara, yet, judging by the general aspect of affairs, we think the war unavoidable. The whole Peninsula, from the Alps to Sicily, cries out for independence—no more foreign dominion—no more tyrants nor slavery. North and south are in open rebellion, and it is impossible for Austria to contend with a united and infuriated people. Every plain will become a field

of battle, every house a castle for defence; every man will be a soldier, and the enemy must contend for every inch of ground. Never before did Italy give such proofs of union, of nationality, and of spirit against the aggressors!

Austria cannot diplomatize betwixt peace and war—the mask has fallen off. She must act openly—bring events to a conclusion. Her political situation is dangerous and critical. The Poles and Hungarians, all Catholics, and all anxious for liberty and nationality, will not fight against the Pope. Galicia, Poland, Bohemia, and many other States, will probably rise as soon as war begins on the plains of Italy. Austria has sacrificed to Russia—her powerful enemy—her dominions on the Danube and Black Sea, and has at her command only a half-subdued people. If the Pope maintains the independence of his State, the other States of Italy will imitate him, and Lombardy would never consent to remain under Austrian dominion. If the South of Italy rises, as it has already done, what can Austria do? To acknowledge their independence would be to subscribe to the end of her dominion in Italy. To enforce her rule in the south she must pass over Lucca, Tuscany and Romagna, where the people are already in arms. The foreign powers will permit no more intervention. Austria will then be compelled to declare war against half of Europe. It would be her ruin; for Europe would fall into a general revolution, and the people rise in mass to seize upon their rights. In 1831, Austria invaded the Roman States to quell the revolution. Gregory XVI. invited her intervention; and when all the allied powers required of the last Pope that he should grant reforms to his States, Austria, after having destroyed a great number of people, assumed the mask of liberalism, and joined the alliance to compel Gregory XVI. to give amelioration to his people. This policy of Austria was aimed at the affections of the Italians, and served to excite them against their own Governments. The *new era*, promised by Gregory XVI., never appeared. The situation of his people was even worse at the moment of his death than in 1831! But now, when the ameliorations promised by the last Pope are granted and executed by Pius IX., Austria interferes to hinder the reform and progress; and now comes the final struggle of the Empire with the Papacy. The political spirit of Western Europe has entered the

councils of the Vatican, the stronghold of the ancient despotism; and for the first time in the modern history of Italy, we have the people and the government acting in concert. That the moderate but firm policy of the Pope is practically better than more violent demonstrations, is shown by the intense hostility which it has excited. Austria finds herself engaged, not with a single band of liberals, but with the nation and its head. Now that the Italians, gathered together under their native princes, join their forces in an *Italian League*, the people of Italy will be able to achieve their independence. They attained that ability, for the first time, in 1847. The energetic behavior of England towards Italy is worthy of all praise. She has placed herself in the vanguard of national freedom. All the world blamed the conduct of Austria towards the Pope; all civilized nations feel indignant at her infamous intervention, and from every where they sympathize with Pius IX. and the Italian people.

The public opinion of Europe is with the Italians, and no government can change that opinion; yet every people who respects right should raise its voice in condemnation of the course pursued by Austria. Not only are the Governments themselves concerned in the violations of treaties, but the movement party, in every country, has an interest in rescuing the great Reformer of the age from the grasp of despotism. Because he means to confer constitutional freedom upon his people, war and desolation is threatened to be poured out over their heads.

To you, Pius IX., and to you, princes and people of Italy, the eyes of all free nations are turned with a heartfelt interest. The hearts of all true men beat with yours in the anxieties of this great struggle. They bear in mind the history of the past and the hopes of the future; they remember many revolutions, and await anxiously to see which of them you mean to imitate; and by your choice, princes and people of Italy, your spirit will be judged by posterity. If your efforts end only in anarchy and confusion—if the blood of the innocent stains your hands—if justice is set at naught and vengeance put in its stead—if the union of the princes is only a temporary alliance, in which each seeks his own advantage, regardless of the whole—if your ideas of liberty have no foundation but in the love

of license, or look only to your extrication from the grasp of a foreign power, what, then, is the prospect of your future? Take warning from France. Liberty is no thing of State; it rests in the bosom of the individual. Let each citizen believe that the safety of the nation rests upon him alone, that his knowledge, his courage, his steadiness, freedom and magnanimity, are alone able to rescue

Italy, and place her among the great powers of the world.

Long life, then, to the great Pius, who has given every Italian the great example. Long life to the noble Albert, and all princes who love the people; let them never forget that they are men to whom it is given to perform a work worthy of divinities, the reformation and establishment of a nation.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

The Miscellaneous Writings of Henry Mackenzie, Esq., comprising a Memoir of the Author, by Sir Walter Scott—The Man of Feeling—Papers from the Lounger—Julia de Roubigné, &c.—Third Edition. New-York: Harper & Brothers, 1847.

Among passionate writers, sentimental in the better sense, Mackenzie stands in the same class with Sterne and Rousseau, though inferior to both in originality and power. His style is pure, simple and elegant, and in passionate description extremely spirited and appropriate. His moral—though he carries the reader into the very sanctuary of passion, and displays the sensuous emotions—is always unimpeachable. In fact, there seems to have been not enough of abandonment in his nature—his conscience and honor had rendered the experience of his life too pure and simple for the needs of a first-rate describer of unbridled passion. He is too delicate, too careful even in the very tempest and whirlwind of emotion. He seems not to have been wicked enough himself at any period of his life, to make villany interesting or attractive—a power in which Rousseau and others of the morbid school, have immensely the advantage of him; yet few persons will be able even now to read Julia de Roubigné without emotion. Hazlitt confessed his partiality to it. One might, in the same mood, read the Fool of Quality, or the best novels of this writer.

Half-hours with the Best Authors. Selected and arranged, with short biographical sketches and critical notices, by CHARLES KNIGHT. New-York: Wiley & Putnam, 1847.

This volume has no preface or introduction, and needs none. Its title explains its

character and purpose. Mr. Charles Knight, the editor of the most elegant and perhaps the best edition of Shakspeare that has yet appeared, in this volume has thrown together about ninety extracts from the best prose writers and poets, selected for some particular merit, or as they served to illustrate the qualities of the author. The best prose writers and poets of England, and a few of those of America, are represented in this collection. No chronological order is observed; the taste or whim of the collector seems to have been the only guide in selection and arrangement. You may open almost anywhere in the book without fear of disappointment. The poetical selections show an especial elegance of taste. Among other delicate specimens we may name the Nut Brown Maid; the Death of the young Count of Foix, from Froissart; Swift's Spider and the Bee, from the Battle of the Books; Scenes from Ben Jonson's Alchemist; Montaigne's Inconvenience of Greatness, &c., &c.; passages discovering the most fastidious taste and variety of appreciation. This work seems to us no unimportant aid to forming a correct taste in letters, to say nothing of the immediate pleasure to be derived from it.

The Life of Henry the Fourth, King of France and Navarre. By G. P. R. JAMES, Esq., Author of "The History of Charlemagne," "Chivalry and the Crusades," etc. etc. New-York: Harper & Brothers, 1847.

The style of this writer is happily adapted to the romantic periods of history, which he prefers, and with which he is evidently familiar. Though he never philosophizes, yet he fails not to instruct while he delights and interests the reader. We have seldom read any historical sketches more entertaining and spirited than his History of Char-

lemagne, nor does the present volume, upon a slight examination, appear to fall behind it. We greatly prefer his histories to his novels, and could wish, were it any business of ours, that he had written more of the former and fewer of the latter. The reader, not yet familiar with chivalrous times, will find Mr. James's Histories no unprofitable reading, which is saying the least they deserve. This reprint is elegantly got up, on a fair page with beautiful type—a book worth the purchase.

Lives of the Queens of England from the Norman Conquest; with Anecdotes of their Courts. By AGNES STRICKLAND. Vol. X. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.

The design of these narratives is equally charming and useful. They are historical biographies, exhibiting, by very full illustrations and anecdotes, the qualities and actions of that portion of royal personages, of whom the tides of tradition and the columns of history have given us the fewest memorials. History deals mainly with those characters and events that ruled the affairs of countries and ages; and, as most regal women have, by the conditions of their sex, been compelled to sway public matters by qualities of personal influence over the favorite men of their dominions; public annals and the histories woven from them, have not so much presented them, as their reigns and the strong-minded, skilful, distinguished *men* through whom they were conducted. Elizabeth has, in English history, formed nearly the only exception—her reign being, to an astonishing degree, but an exhibition of herself; but Elizabeth was a woman in nothing but her sex, her vanity, and her caprice; even her jealousy was, in its manner, unfeminine. The other female members of the English dynasties have been *women*, with the excellencies and graces, the faults and foibles, of the feminine nature. To have these royal women set clearly before us, with all their personal qualities and attainments, like the truthful characters of fiction and the drama, is to us inexpressibly interesting and beautiful. For we do not know how it seems to others, but to our minds there is a singular charm in feeling through such minute evidences, that the high personages—the queens and princesses—of the great nations of Christendom, have been, for these many centuries, no mere images of State—a part, as it were, of their own trapping of sovereignty—but with the woman's brain and heart throbbing beneath the coronet and mantle; that love and sorrow are not changed in their nature by being crowned; and that the affections of the followers of these feminine sovereigns have been devoted to themselves

more than to their rank or position. We learn thus, in our view, more remarkable lessons of human nature, than we can find among the lower classes of life, for we have so much stronger and more varied contrasts and occasions;—an observation made good, we conceive, by the royal personages among the female characters of Shakspeare's historic dramas—who are certainly invested with as great and pure interest as belongs to any of the great dramatist's representations.

Miss Strickland's style has not quite the elegance of Miss Pardoe's, in her "Louis the XIVth," but it is very direct and simple, and contains many pathetic touches. The materials introduced are very ample; perhaps there is a little too much fullness of detail. But her narrations are from beginning to end, replete with interest. The present volume is divided between the lives of "Mary Beatrice of Modena, Queen Consort of James II., the dethroned King, and Mary II., Queen Regent of Great Britain," the offspring of a romantic love-match of the Duke of York with the daughter of Lord Chancellor Clarendon. Of both of these characters history had previously given us very little knowledge, so that this volume is an excellent contribution to historic letters.

What adds greatly to the value of these biographies, is the ample references they contain to other chief characters of the ages under consideration, making them in fact almost so many chapters of a nation's history.

The Alphabetical Drawing Book, and Pictorial Natural History of Quadrupeds. New-York: Wiley & Putnam.

The more of such books for children, the better. Instructions with illustrations, make lasting impressions on young minds. In this little volume, moreover, the descriptions of animals convey often acknowledgments of divine power in a manner so natural, so removed from the usual strain of forced inculcation, that they cannot fail to have the happiest effect. A series of such little books would be of essential value in primary education.

Artist-Life, or Sketches of American Painters. By HENRY J. TUCKERMAN, Author of "Thoughts on the Poets," etc. New-York: D. Appleton & Co. 1847.

This elegant and pleasing production belongs to the very numerous class of dilettanti works on Art, or rather on the effects of Art upon a person of a susceptible temperament and refined imagination. What is now most needed for art in this country is rather a work or series of works on the principles and practice of painting,

as a pure study, beginning with the study and use of colors, and by gradual steps carrying the reader into the very heart of the business. Nevertheless we cannot refuse to be pleased with these diletanti productions, and believe that they are of the greatest service to artists and connoisseurs, by leading to a more refined and elevated contemplation of nature. By the practical artist, however, the dearth of good practical works is severely felt. If it were not for the English translation of Merimé's admirable treatise, the theoretical work of Goethe translated by Eastlake, and the works of Lairessee, we should be quite destitute.

The Arabian Nights Entertainments.
New-York: C. S. Francis & Co.

Always to be acceptable, in whatever shape they come, are and will be in any age, these old veracious stories of the Arabs. No other book is like them. They are the genuine products of the Oriental mind, and have no more resemblance to the fictions of other nations, than a Turkish mosque, or the pleasure palace of Khubla-Khan, bears to a temple of Copan or the Hall of Odin. What a delightful paper might be written upon them by some one of a "happy quality."

The present translation is simple and elegant, though we cannot help feeling, that it has not that quaint matter-of-fact way, belonging to an earlier English style, which charmed us so deeply in the version that amazed our boyhood. This edition is well printed—in six numbers. The wood-cuts are not equal to the typography.

Walton's Angler. With an Introductory Essay. New-York: Wiley & Putnam.

It may seem singular, but without question this edition of one of the most exquisite of books, the "Angler," is the best yet published. This superiority is owing to the learned and elegant introductory essay by the American editor, an eloquent gentleman of Philadelphia, skilled in piscatory matters. His essay, extending to many pages, contains a most attractive amount of illustration, drawn from the Grecian and Roman banquets, down to these as we think less luxurious days, and this new hemisphere, whose clear rivers, solitary mountain streams, and long sea-shores, afford in unrivaled variety, number and quality, "those calm cold fishes of a silver being," to the admiration of all lovers of the "gentle art" and chowder. Except Walton's own delightful work, which is not only a fine account of angling, but one of the most delicious books of rural painting in the language, we have not read a pleasanter treatise than that which opens

this edition. It supplies, besides, much information which Walton took no pains to give.

Chambers' Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge. Edited by ROBERT CHAMBERS, author of the "Cyclopedia of English Literature," containing Life of Nelson, the Temperance Movement, Joan of Arc, Story of Peter Williamson, Annals of the Poor, Slavery in America. Boston, New-York: Burgess & Stringer, 1847.

A work containing a great deal of curious historical information. The detailed account of Father Mathew's Great Temperance Reform, adds a real value to the collection.

Appleton's Railroad and Steamboat Companion. Being a Traveller's Guide through New-England and the Middle States, with Routes in the Southern and Western States, and also in Canada—forming likewise a complete Guide to the White Mountains, Catskill, Niagara, &c. &c. &c.

A book of this kind is of course indispensable to the traveller. We have had no opportunity of testing the accuracy of this particular one, but should try it, if we were to start upon a tour to-morrow.

Tam's Fortnight Ramble, and other Poems. By THOMAS MACKELLAR, author of "Droppings from the Heart." Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.

We do not know what the "Droppings from the Heart" of this author were; but if we are to judge of them by these present tricklings from his brain, or somewhere else, his "fond heart" must contain much mud and more water. The bulk of the volume is in one strain, and about the weakest attempt at mixing homely pathos, sentiment and wit, Crabbe and Doufman, that we have seen for at least three weeks—not venturing to put a longer period, as several other poets have appeared within a little more than that time. Or rather the "attempt" is strong enough, but the mixture is diluted beyond the capacity of estimation by guessing. Then the method of it is such—we dislike to have one dip out his genius to us with a calabash. It seems a pity that fair white paper and beautiful print should be consigned to so desolate a fate as containing such lines as these, page after page:

"I took the cars and went to New-York city—
'Twas Sat'day night, and near eleven o'clock,
The ferry boat had brought us into dock
Across the Hudson."

Some lines, occasionally, of simple reflection, are well enough, as specimens of easy prose turned into loose-jointed verse, and one

or two small pieces are quite smooth and pleasant; but nearly the whole book, including a batch of "those detestable sonnets again," is so unformed and "shakky," as by no possible definition to bear the name of poetry. The book cannot harm the public, but of what possible use can it be to the author or the country? Doubtless his friends were consulted—they should be indicted!

MADAM ANNA BISHOP.—This vocalist has appeared in the course of the month at the Tabernacle, where she has been assisted by M. Bochsa, and for the last week at the Park Theatre, with a new Italian and English opera corps. Her concerts were very successful, and deservedly so; for in respect of vocal cultivation we have had no singer of late who could equal her. In respect of execution, she is for our audiences almost as great a marvel as Sivioli. Her voice is a high soprano, reaching up to D or E above the staff, and is of uniform texture throughout its compass. Its quality is very peculiar, and is not easily described; it sounds like one crying out in a dream, or like the falsetto of a high tenor; a film is over it that veils it, and yet does not interfere with its purity. Such voices are not uncommon, but this is the only one, so far as we remember, which has ever been heard here in any singer of note. She can do with it almost what she pleases, and it is her delight to exhibit its flexibility in roulades and cadenzas. She makes a diatonic scale of trills, commencing in highest notes, (not always perfect there, but very marvellous and improving as she descends;) these she can hasten and retard, swell and diminish like a violinist, with the greatest ease and certainty. Besides, she can run rapid chromatic scales, scales in thirds, chords in flashing *arpeggios*, all sorts of vocal groupette; her notes are as distinct as flute notes, and she has the same power in executive passages as in cantabile. Her sustained notes are also beautifully managed—she seems to mould them with her lips in such a way that they have exactly the effect of coming from a sweet instrument in her throat, which she plays upon for the hearer's amusement.

It is in this very quality that she comes short of perfection. Her singing does not seem a spontaneous burst of feeling, warm from the heart, but the warbling of a pleasant instrument, which she herself is listening to and controlling. Her singing of *John Anderson* was, so far as notes and management of tone is concerned, perfection; yet it appeared she stood behind her voice, (those who cannot understand may smile at the phrase,) and played upon it, as though it had been a clarinet. Now, herein lies the great excellence of the Italian school; they cultivate the voice well, and then abandon themselves to the music. They do not all succeed, but they certainly

come nearer it than any others. We love this abandonment, this apparent giving way to the rapture of the song; it is the great thing in singing, without which the heart is never touched; all the executive ability or skillful conduct of the voice that can be acquired, will not compensate for its absence. The voice is not an instrument, and when it is used as one, the singer does not seem moved by natural passion.

We do not mean that Mrs. Bishop affects too much coldness, but that she exhibits too little warmth. Her singing is rather show singing than truly eloquent singing. She dispenses her ornaments too freely, over-dresses her airs, and that not always in the best taste. Her cadenzas are less novel than difficult, and there is a marked sameness in her style that soon becomes wearisome.

Bochsa is another instrumental wonder. The harp in his hands is full of splendid effects; it is capable of infinite variety in power and quality of tone, full of delicacy and of lyric fire. His execution is wonderful, and the variety of his touch still more so. His hands wander all over the strings and produce sounding *arpeggios*, rapid sparkling passages above, and harmonics as pure and silvery as we may imagine to come from the golden-wired harps of the cherubims. Few, who never heard such playing, can be aware of the scope of the instrument in solos, or indeed of its peculiar effects in the hands of such a master, as an accompaniment to the voice.

HERZ AND SIVIOLI.—These great performers have given several concerts at the Tabernacle during the month, and uniformly to crowded houses. Their playing is so exquisite that it is always new and refreshing; yet, speaking critically, it has certainly not gained in finish, careful precision, or spirit, since they played here last fall. Herz is still a most delightful pianist, but his touch has less of that peculiar neatness and of that perfect *plomb*, to take a term from the ballet, which used to be the only qualities that distinguished him from our own Timm; he does not seem to take so much pains as formerly, and goes through most of his pieces, when we have heard him at least, in a lifeless manner, that, with all his skill, makes them fall dead upon the hearer. The *Swiss Rondo* and the fantasy on *Lucia di Lammermuir*, are two of his best pieces. The first should be excepted from the general remark; he gave it one evening with admirable fire. But most of the others, airs with variations, the *Last Rose of Summer*, and the like, went off more tamely than they used to do, and lovers of really good music will be glad to hear that the public seem beginning to tire of them. They are really nothing but little,

ingenious, ear-pleasing mechanical contrivances, that require no thought and spring from no depth of emotion. One would think such a player as Herz might compose them as fast as his pen would write. They are brilliant exhibitions of a certain kind of skill on the piano, written so as to combine the greatest apparent with the least actual difficulty, and that is all. For young ladies who only desire to play so as to shine in the *salon*, there are none better; but it more than counter-balances all the pleasure we derive from hearing so great a master as Herz, to consider how much time has been wasted on his show-pieces, and how little they have contributed to foster a love for the truly poetic in music.

Sivori does not evince so much of the ill effect of a summer's campaign in our yet unmusical country, as Herz. Indeed, the violin is so invincible in its nature, so proud and royal in its disposition, (being the prince of instruments,) that it is impossible to retain the mastery of it, even for one who has so completely conquered it as *Sivori*, without continual vigilance. It must require at least three or four hours a day to keep up such an intonation as his. The violin, of all instruments, is nearest a natural organ of the body; its tones lie on the mind, and neither in tune nor quality can they be other than as the mind conceives them. What an education of the senses it must require to *imagine* such exactness of intonation as *Sivori's*! and to be able to throw the hand up the finger-board, where a fiftieth part of an inch would make a sensible variation in tune, with such perfect precision that the notes shall strike the tympanum like the points of needles! To a violinist it seems little short of miraculous. But besides this, in order to play like *Sivori*, every portion of the finger-board must be mapped in the mind, with all the different positions; each note, and the different strings and positions where it may be made; a thousand *habits* of the hand must be familiar; some are easy, and the nerves feel safe in reaching them; from others, (such as *Sivori's* runs of octaves in semitones, and his concluding chord, extending from the lowest natural note to the highest harmonic,) one would think there would be in the firmest constitutions an inevitable dread or recoil in approaching them that no resolution could withstand with absolute certainty. Indeed, even Homer nodded sometimes, and came out on his final harmonic out of tune; but these were exceptions, and might have been owing to

the string. Add to this the education of the bow-hand and arm, the innumerable intricate modes in which the hand must be thrown rapidly to and fro, and the perfect ease with which it must be drawn in a *largo* movement,—and considered altogether, the more one studies the instrument, the more he will wonder how the skill of any great master *could ever have been acquired*.

But we can distinguish even between miracles. We can compare what is mechanical better than what is spiritual. Admit that *Sivori* can do as *great* things as *Vieuxtemps*, we can still say whether he does as *good* things. As mere players, it is, perhaps, as unfair to compare them, as to rank two original geniuses, *e. g.* Handel and Mozart; each is great in an individual way. But as *playing* is subordinate to *music*, we may, in comparing players, consider which is best as a player *of music*, as distinguished from difficulties. Here is the ground upon which we rank *Vieuxtemps* above them all: his violin is the best fitted to interpret great music; his tone is full, his execution wonderful; his *style*—that which depends directly on the mind—is of a more manly character, not so daring as *Sivori's*, but more steady, uniform, sensible. *Sivori* is the brilliant *feuilletonist*, *Vieuxtemps* the finished writer.

But as the *feuilletonist*, we have had none that could compare with *Sivori*. True, he has not *Ole Bull's* staccato, nor his harmonics; his tremulo bowing in *La Melancholie*, is inferior in sparkling distinctness to *Artot's*, as we remember it. He also has some habits which the *methodes* teach players to avoid—among others, that of beating the unison when playing a note, to make the echo or please himself with the intonation. But all these things, compared with what he actually can do, are as spots on the sun. He is a player whose skill must be more admired the more it is heard.

We have heard that Herz and *Sivori* had some idea of giving, with Knoop, Rapetti, and some others, quartette concerts at the Apollo Rooms; but we fear the news was too good to be true. It were to be wished, however, that among their Campanellas, Carnivals and Variations, they would intersperse some more music worth hearing for its own sake. They owe it to the art they are making their fortunes by, and for which so many great men have sacrificed their lives, to endeavor to use their advantages to promote among us a more general knowledge and love of it.



Engraved by T. Honey

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AMERICAN REVIEW.

 Contents for December.

MR. CLAY'S RESOLUTIONS,	551
OUR FINNY TRIBES.—AMERICAN RIVERS AND SEA-COASTS. By Charles Lanman,	559
AMAZONIAN WANDERINGS. By John Esaias Warren,	563
MACBETH,	581
ULALUME: A BALLAD,	599
THE THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS,	601
COVETOUSNESS: A FRAGMENT,	618
THE VIOLIN. By G. W. Peck,	619
AN IMPORTANT IMPROVEMENT IN THE ART OF LITHOGRAPHY,	624
LETTERS ON THE IROQUOIS. By Skenandoah,	626
FOREIGN IMMIGRATION,	633
FOREIGN MISCELLANY,	651
CRITICAL NOTICES,	654
INDEX,	657

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TO THE PUBLIC.

The present number concludes the sixth volume of the American Review, and completes the third year of its existence. The succeeding number will begin a new series, published in a more agreeable form, and in a larger type. We take the opportunity of the time, to explain in brief our hopes and intentions for the future. If any good has been accomplished in the past, it will speak for itself.

That a great political party, sustaining the permanent institutions of the nation should be without any recognized medium for its principles, or record of its protests, has been an evil severely felt at all times, but more especially at the times of Presidential Elections, when Constitutional questions are agitated anew, and every good citizen feels that his vote is affecting the destiny and prosperity of the country for a long period in the future.

That the American Review should in some measure supply the deficiency, by becoming a medium for the exposition of principles, has been the desire and the hope of all concerned in its success.

Other interests required also to be regarded—those of literature, manners, and the arts. A merely political journal would reach none but politicians, but by the addition of historical, critical and fictitious writings, through which the primary ideas of good taste, philosophy, and social morality, might be conveyed, agreeably to all, a larger circle of readers would be attracted, and the main purpose of the work, the diffusion of sound political knowledge, more certainly accomplished.

To these views every effort has been made to conform the conduct of this journal. The experience of three years has developed much that will modify and improve it in the future. In conclusion, we have to thank our friends and correspondents generally, in all parts of the Union, for their kind assurances and encouragements in the undertaking. Our endeavor is to accomplish all that has been promised. We hope to complete arrangements, by which we shall be enabled to illustrate our succeeding numbers with sketches or perfected drawings of heads of distinguished personages, statesmen, artists, and men of letters. These will usually be accompanied by a brief memoir of the person, or a critical description of the subjects represented; so that, in a few years, the subscriber may find himself in possession of a series of representations of the most remarkable characters of past and present times. These additions, together with a decided improvement in the typography and form, it is to be hoped, will render the work acceptable to a much larger class of readers.

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NO. VI.

MR. CLAY'S RESOLUTIONS.

THE imposing and impressive re-appearance, quite recently, of such a man as HENRY CLAY on the political scene—his stepping forward as a volunteer from private life, again to raise his eloquent voice in behalf of the true interests of his country, which he looks upon as in great jeopardy by reason of the Mexican war, and its apparent aim of boundless conquest and comprehensive annexation; such an apparition, at any moment fitted to arrest the attention and command the interest of all his countrymen, derives special weight and gravity from the circumstances in which it is presented, and the motives that may be assigned for it.

When it was announced, only a week in advance, that upon a subsequent day *Henry Clay* would address his fellow citizens of Lexington—all who might desire to attend—on the subject of the Mexican war, so great was the anxiety exhibited in all quarters to hear what this eminent citizen might say on this engrossing topic, that the more enterprising portion of the New-York city press immediately took measures to relieve this anxiety, by organizing, through the almost marvelous agency of the Magnetic Telegraph, which now extends to *Cincinnati*, the transmission, by express, of the reported proceedings of the day. What was undertaken in so liberal a spirit, was accomplished with surprising and most gratifying success. It is not, indeed, unworthy of the dignity of this great incident in our political annals, to

pause for a moment upon the details of this unprecedented transmission of intelligence from the interior heart of our vast country to its sea-washed circumference, in a space of time, and with a detail and accuracy, which seem to leave nothing to be supplied.

On Saturday, 13th October, at 12 M., Mr. Clay met an immense concourse of his fellow-citizens in Lexington, Kentucky, and after presenting a series of resolutions, which we shall presently reproduce, addressed them for about two hours, in an earnest, frank and eloquent illustration of the views embodied in his resolutions.

At 2 P. M., then, on the afternoon of the 13th, (at the earliest,) the courier who was to convey the reported proceedings to *Cincinnati*—a distance of 84 miles—left Lexington, and through a storm of rain, and roads much cut up, reached *Cincinnati* in five hours. There they were taken up by the Magnetic Telegraph, and sent forward with the speed, and it may also be said, literally “on the wings of the lightning,” to *Pittsburgh*, from which station they were reported to Philadelphia, and from the Philadelphia station to this city, so as to be ready for the press on Sunday afternoon. That is, in 24 hours from the time when Mr. Clay began to speak at Lexington, his resolutions and remarks were received by the press in New-York, distant about *one thousand* miles from the spot where the proceedings took

place! We might well pause awhile to moralize on such a result, but that we are circumscribed both as to space and time, in imbodying for the eyes of the readers of the Review, the principal occurrences of that day, and the reflections that they so forcibly and naturally suggest. But we could not forego the satisfaction, almost indeed a duty, of putting upon record in connection with this meeting, which is an epoch in our politics, the extraordinary success of the first attempt to throw simultaneously before the public mind of New-York and of Lexington the details of an event which both were on the stretch to obtain.

Mr. Clay, when he appeared upon the stand, was received with tumultuous and long-continued acclamation. He stood for a while, erect and silent, gathering himself up, as it were, and concentrating his force for a great occasion. His first utterance was to ask, that—in justice to him as an old public servant who desired to be always right, and valued right more than power, or place—the words he was about to utter might not be reported, lest they should be reported inaccurately. He desired not to shun—he never had shunned—the responsibility of what he said or did; but on topics so deeply interesting as those he was about to treat, and in relation to which misapprehension was so easy and might be so injurious, he confessed his anxiety to stand before his country only in the exact light of truth. He promised to give to the public press without reservation, and accurately, a full copy of what he meant to say; but he was most solicitous that what he did say should not in any other manner be published. Hence no report was attempted of the speech, which occupied, as has already been said, two hours; for a hasty letter writer's sketch, purporting to give its points, is too bald and barren to afford any conception of the great argument, and should, indeed, in compliance with so reasonable a request as that of Mr. Clay, have been withheld altogether. In regard to the resolutions, the case is different. In respect to these there could be no mistake, for they could be copied word for word from the original, and then be transmitted, with the unerring certainty of machines which cannot make a mistake, to the most distant points. Hence we propose to reproduce in these columns the resolutions only; and in the remarks we shall annex, shall in like manner confine ourselves to them,

and make no reference whatever to what purports to be a sketch of the points made by Mr. Clay in his speech. Here are—

The Resolutions as offered by Mr. Clay at a Public Meeting in Lexington, Kentucky, on the 13th November, and unanimously adopted by the Meeting:

“1st. *Resolved*, as the opinion of this meeting, That the primary cause of the present unhappy war existing between the United States of America and the United States of the Republic of Mexico was the annexation of Texas to the former; and the immediate occasion of hostilities between the two Republics arose out of the order of the President of the United States for the removal of the army under the command of General Taylor from its position at Corpus Christi, to a point opposite Matamoras, on the east bank of the Rio Grande, within the territory claimed by both Republics, but then under jurisdiction of Mexico, and inhabited by its citizens; that the order of the President for the removal of the Army to that point was improvident and unconstitutional, it being without the concurrence of Congress, or even consultation with it, although it was in session; but that Congress having by its subsequent acts recognized the war, thus brought into existence without its previous authority or consent, the prosecution of it became thereby national.

“2d. *Resolved*, That in the absence of any formal and public declaration by Congress of the objects for which the War ought to be prosecuted, the President of the United States, as Chief Magistrate, and as Commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, is left to the guidance of his own judgment to prosecute it, for such purposes and objects as he may deem the honor and interest of the Nation to require.

“3d. *Resolved*, That, by the Constitution of the United States, Congress being invested with power to declare war and grant letters of marque and reprisal, to make rules concerning captures by land and water, to raise and support armies, to provide and maintain a navy, and to make rules for the government of the land and naval forces, has the fullest and most complete war-making power on the part of the people of the United States, and so possessing it, has a right to determine upon the motives, causes and objects of the war when once commenced or at any time during the progress of its existence.

“4th. *Resolved*, in the farther opinion of this meeting, That it is the duty of Congress to declare, by some authentic act, for what purposes and objects the ex-

isting War ought to be farther prosecuted; that it is the duty of the President, in his official capacity, to conform to such declaration of Congress; and if after such declaration the President should decline or refuse to endeavor, by all the means, civil, diplomatic and military, in his power, to execute the announced will of Congress, and, in defiance of its authority, should continue to prosecute the War for purposes and objects other than those declared by that body, it would become the right and the duty of Congress to adopt the most efficacious measures to arrest the farther progress of the War, taking care to make ample provisions for the honor, the safety and security of our armies in Mexico in every contingency; and if Mexico should decline or refuse to conclude a treaty with us, stipulating for the purposes and objects so declared by Congress, it would be the duty of the Government to prosecute the War with the utmost vigilance until they were attained by a Treaty of Peace.

“5th. *Resolved*, That we view with serious alarm and are utterly opposed to any purpose like the annexation of Mexico to the United States in any mode, and especially by conquest; that we believe the two nations could not be happily governed by one common authority, owing to their great differences of race, law, language, and religion, and the vast extent of their respective territories, and the large amount of their respective populations; that such a union, against the consent of the exasperated Mexican people, could only be effected and preserved by large standing armies, and the constant application of military force; in other words, by despotic sway exercised over the Mexican people in the first instance, but which, there would be just cause to apprehend, might, in process of time, be extended over the people of the United States; that we deprecate, therefore, such a union as wholly incompatible with the genius of our Government and with the character of our free and liberal institutions; and we anxiously hope that each nation may be left in the undisturbed possession of its own laws, language, cherished religion and territory, to pursue its own happiness according to what it may deem best for itself.

“6th. *Resolved*, That, considering the series of splendid and brilliant victories, achieved by our brave armies and their gallant commanders during the War with Mexico, unattended by a single reverse, the United States, without any danger of their honor suffering the slightest tarnish, can practice the virtues of moderation and magnanimity towards their discomfited foes. We have no desire for the dismemberment of the Republic of Mex-

ico, but wish only a just and proper fixation of the limits of Texas.

“7th. *Resolved*, That we do positively and emphatically disclaim and disavow any wish or desire on our part to acquire any foreign territory whatever for the purpose of propagating Slavery, or of introducing Slavery from the United States into any such foreign territory.

“8th. *Resolved*, That we invite our fellow-citizens of the United States who are anxious for the restoration of the blessings of Peace, or, if the existing War shall continue to be prosecuted, that its purpose and object shall be defined and known; who are anxious to prevent present and future perils and dangers with which it may be fraught; and who are also anxious to produce contentment and satisfaction at home and to elevate the national character abroad; to assemble together in their respective communities and express their views, feelings and opinions.”

These, it must be confessed, are most pregnant and significant resolutions, which approach the subjects they treat of with all frankness and all boldness.

Do they or do they not, in reference to acts, express the truth? As to motives, do they reason fairly?

We have no hesitation in answering both questions affirmatively.

The first resolution affirms what has again and again been affirmed in this Review, and we derive gratification from the perfect identity between the views put forth by such a man as Henry Clay, as to the origin, inception, and subsequent character of this untoward Mexican war, with those that have been reiterated in these columns.

What does the first resolution assert? 1st, That the annexation of Texas was the primary cause of the war. 2d, That its immediate occasion was the march ordered by President Polk of General Taylor to the Rio Bravo. 3d, That such Executive order, Congress being in session, was unconstitutional; but, 4th, That Congress having subsequently recognized the war, it became thereby constitutional.

Upon each of these propositions our opinions entirely coincide with those of Mr. Clay, and are on record in the Review, and we hold them to be demonstrable as any proposition in Euclid.

The second resolution is alike true, and is mainly significant as implying an omission thus far on the part of Congress—which the Congress now about to meet will, it may be hoped, supply—that of for-

mally declaring the objects of the war, and the terms upon which it may, and should, cease.

The third resolution asserts a great constitutional principle, which, in the proclivity of the public mind to look upon the Executive Department as emphatically *the* Government, needs to be reinforced and reasserted with all energy and directness. To Congress, and to Congress alone, belongs the war-making power; and in virtue of its constitutional omnipotence in that behalf, Congress may and should direct the Executive as to the conduct of a war, as well as to the time and mode of commencing or terminating it. Commander-in-chief the President undoubtedly is, but only Commander-in-Chief of the armies and navies authorized by Congress, and in conformity with the laws which Congress ordains for their government, but he is *not* Commander-in-chief *over* Congress. He is as subordinate to them, as much bound to respect and obey their instructions, delivered in the form of resolutions, and officially communicated to him, as any officer commissioned by a President, is bound to obey his lawful orders. We rejoice that Mr. Clay has so distinctly made this point; the time has come when, if it be not made and sustained, the halo of military success may be held to justify the most dangerous usurpation of Executive power; that which in a Republic would give the Commander-in-chief of the armed force of the nation, the unchecked control of the whole of that armed force, after war was once *recognized*—the word is significant and carefully chosen by Mr. Clay—*recognized* and not declared by Congress.

Already from the organs of the so-called democracy, have arisen expressions of dissent from the sound constitutional doctrine inculcated in this resolution; already is refuge taken from the obvious import of the whole provision which assigns to Congress exclusively the power to make war, in the mere title of Commander-in-chief of the armies and navies of the United States, which is assigned to the President of the United States. Commander-in-chief as he is, what would there be for him to command without the action of Congress, which levies, imbedies and pays armies—makes rules and regulations for their government—and increases or disbands them at pleasure? It is therefore idle—it is worse—it is dishonest, and dangerous to liberty, to en-

deavor to mislead public opinion by such a mere verbal argument, and, on the strength of a title which Congress may render wholly unmeaning, to found a hypothesis that would make the Congress subordinate to the title. The ground now taken by the so-called democracy—which purports to be the inheritor in a direct line of the principles and the virtues of the anti-federalists of our early history—is strangely in contrast with that on which their prototypes made strenuous opposition to this clause among others of the Constitution of the United States. The sensitive and jealous patriots of that day objected most zealously to this authority of Commander-in-chief, as designed by the Constitution to be given to the President, insisting that in virtue of such authority, he would be invested with power and prerogatives equal to those of a King of Great Britain. It was in answer to such chimerical apprehensions that Alexander Hamilton, in No. LXIX. of the *Federalist*, thus states the discrimination between the case of the President of the United States and the King of Great Britain, as Commander-in-chief:—

“The President is to be the Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy of the United States. In this respect the authority would be nominally the same with that of the King of Great Britain, but in substance much inferior to it. It would amount to nothing more than the supreme command and direction of the military and naval forces, as first general and admiral of the Confederacy; while that of the British King extends to the *declaring* war, and to the raising and *regulating* of fleets and armies, all which by the Constitution under consideration would appertain to the Legislature.”

It is, nevertheless, men claiming to inherit the name and principles of the doubting, jealous anti-federalists of other days—who were so much afraid of Executive abuse and usurpation, that they were for reducing the Executive authority of the Union to a mere abstraction—that are now loud-mouthed and zealous to claim, in virtue of a title—limited as we see by those who proposed it, and caused it to be adopted, and made subordinate for the essential powers connected with it to the National Legislature—the full and plenary authority over the armed force and military operations, possessed by the King of Great Britain, and which when imputed as the attribute of

the title in a President of the United States, and therefore objected to, was shown to be a very different and much more innocent authority.

It will be one of the benefits resulting from the third resolution of Mr. Clay, that while establishing a vital political truth, it will serve to expose in all its nakedness the political inconsistency of the self-styled democracy.

The fourth resolution, a corollary in some sort of the preceding one, points out the course which Congress should take to reassert its control over the war, and to place this nation in a right point of view before the eyes of the civilized world. We are in the midst of a bloody and costly war with our nearest neighbor. The two great Republics of this continent are in a fierce and relentless conflict with each other, and the civilized world *know not why*. The nations look with uncomprehending astonishment, upon a struggle for which no motive has been avowed, or if avowed, adhered to, and for the conclusion of which no conditions have been put forth, but the assertion of the most sweeping right of conquest on the one hand, and the exaction of the most abject submission from the weaker party. The war, it is professed, or *was* professed in the beginning by the administration, was undertaken on account of Texas. But the very legislation whereby Congress consented to the ill-omened annexation of that country of unascertained limits, expressly stipulated, that any controversy which should arise with Mexico concerning those limits, should be made the object of negotiation. Mr. Polk preferred the arbitrament of the sword; yet still Mexico, after all her humiliation, and when our conquering armies were at the gates of her capital, declares herself ready to treat for the cession of the territory thus claimed, and consequently brings herself thereby within the very letter as well as spirit of the resolution of annexation. But our appetite for conquest and territorial aggrandizement, has grown by what it feeds on; and Mr. Trist would not listen to this proposition, nor even refer it to his government at home, unless Mexico would consent to part with a much larger portion of her territory, never originally claimed by us, and to which no pretext other than that of conquest, and its great value to us, was set up. We will not go again over the ground taken in our last number, concerning the negotiation between Mr. Trist and the Mexican commissioners, the fail-

ure of which through our inordinate claims, led to the fierce and fatal battles that preceded the occupation of the capital by our decimated but unconquerable troops, "few and faint but fearless still;" but in the reasons then put forth, we have the most abiding confidence, and if an analogous reasoning shall find favor and utterance in the next House of Representatives, it must move that body and its co-ordinate body the Senate, as we trust, to adopt the course pointed out in the resolution under consideration.

We can indeed conceive of no reasonable objection to such a course, unless it be intended to claim for the President of the United States, uncontrolled discretion to make war and continue war, without any avowed object, or any explanation to the Representatives in Congress of the people, of the motives of such war, or of the conditions on which it is expected to terminate it. There will doubtless be those among the democracy who, regarding the Executive as the entire government, will resist every constitutional exercise of power, to limit and check Executive usurpation; but if the Representatives themselves be faithful to their mandates, they will have to assert their own powers in the premises, and protect at once the country and the Constitution from the prolonged evils of this Executive war.

We anticipate that, as a matter of course, the cry will be raised by the interested partisans of power, by the greedy and obscene host of war contractors and furnishers, that any such restraint attempted to be laid upon Executive usurpation, will be tantamount to aiding and abetting the enemy; and the men who shall be exerting all their influence and eloquence in vindication of the Constitution which our great forefathers made for us, and confided to our care, will be denounced as "Mexicans;" but for all such men there is a voice far more potent than that of the angry and unreasoning zealots of party, the voice of duty, of conscience, of enlightened patriotism; and where this bids them on, they will not hesitate to follow. If indeed, the President, intoxicated with power, and seduced by flatterers, should persist in disregarding the deliberate injunctions of Congress, and set at nought what they require, the course would be more difficult for them, but not less imperative. The integrity of the Constitution is of more value than conquest, and if Congress, by reason of the obstinate presumption of the Executive, be driven

to choose between the one and the other, they must, as we cannot doubt they would, decide to preserve the Constitution, and let go their hold upon conquest. They would say to the President, you must recall the armies; and to that end we will vote supplies—but *only to that end*. If indeed, after every legitimate indication on the part of Congress, of a disposition to bring the war to a close on terms of moderation and reasonable settlement, Mexico should still persist in obstinate hostility; then indeed the whole power of the nation should be put forth, with the concurrence of all the departments of government, and of the whole people, summarily to terminate a state of things, which cannot be permitted to endure without the greatest evils to both parties.

The fifth resolution takes ground irrevocably, and for reasons assigned which are irrefutable and conclusive, against the annexation of Mexico in any event to this Union. It can scarcely be needful to intelligent readers, that we should dilate upon the pregnant suggestions of this resolution. With annexation, the future of both countries would be, as is foreshadowed in the eloquent language of the resolution itself, full of woe and blood—discord of races, of language, of religion—the discord yet deeper of a conquered and a conquering people—of the utter dissimilarity heretofore of habits, manners, institutions—these altogether would make one wild chaos, where, in our portion at least, all now is order, beauty and harmony. Such a chaos could only be prevented, or, if occurring, could only be reduced to order, by the constant pressure of the armed hand of a military ruler, presented possibly in the first instance, in the person of a proconsul over the newly acquired and distant provinces, and ultimately, as in ancient Rome, to bring back to a free capital itself the manners, the habits, the license, the servility, and above all the contempt for the equal rights of the citizen, acquired by long unchecked abuse of a military colonial proconsulate. May the gods avert the omen! But we see, or seem to see—as already in the prophetic foreshadowing of Mr. Clay—the downfall of our Republic, as the sure though not immediate consequence of the possible annexation to it of Mexico, with its inferior and unequal population, its total disorganization, its total ignorance alike of the form and substance of liberty and equality, as protected, enjoyed, and secured in these United States.

The sixth resolution states truly our

position before the world, as to military prowess. Never certainly in the annals of warfare have such brilliant results been accomplished, by forces so small against obstacles so great, of number, of climate, of position, of superiority of artillery and cavalry. With 6000 effective men—with only 6000—General Scott took possession of the city of Mexico, numbering now more than 150,000 inhabitants, and holds it in peace; and while he holds the enemy population in check, he maintains the most exact discipline among his own troops. The inhabitants of the capital, abandoned without any terms being proposed by its own natural defenders—nay, worse, surrendered to the tender mercies of some 2000 felons and convicts, whose prison doors were opened by Santa Anna, before he himself fled ingloriously from the city, in defence of which he had sworn to lay down his life, rather than give it up to the invaders, and in whose hands armies were placed by the same inglorious chieftain—a capital city thus situated in at ease and in safety under the rule of a conquering general. Commencing with Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, to the final close of the most successful and skillful campaign which, opening at Vera Cruz, was pursued with unflinching success, though at a most bloody sacrifice, to the fall of the city of Mexico, no annals present, we make bold to say, a finer display of the highest military virtues and attainments, in every branch of the art of war. Yet brilliant as is the mere military display, it is ever exalted by the moral grandeur, the self-restraint, the self-command, the humanity of the American troops and commander, under all temptation to lust and rapine, under repeated provocation of treachery, under habitual exposure, from the bands of the enemy, to assassination of the invalids and the stragglers of our own army. The heroism of the field—valor when the conflict is poised and the blood is up, and victors are looking on—these are the common heritage of our race; but the sense of discipline, nay, higher yet, the self-respect and respect for the moral law, which, when opportunity favors and power permits, are yet potent to restrain from the commission of cruelty and crime against the conquered and the powerless—these are proofs of moral courage and moral principle far more rare and far more precious than the more daring bravery on the battle-field. Of both of these, our armies in Mexico have given brilliant example, and therefore is it well said in the resolution under consideration, that by

the conduct and gallantry of these armies we are placed in a position before the world, to take any step that may be deemed expedient, either in recalling altogether our troops, or withdrawing them within specified limits, or offering any terms of moderation to Mexico, without laying ourselves open to the possible suspicion of being actuated by other than motives of magnanimity.

With right-thinking men in this Republic, there can be "no desire for the dismemberment of the United States of Mexico." We aim only—the honest and considerate portion of the American people—at a fair and permanent settlement of the boundaries of Texas, as our right; for Texas is now ours irrevocably, and we must in justice to her, to ourselves, to Mexico, and to the preservation of future harmony between us, stipulate definitely the boundaries which are to divide our respective countries.

This is indispensable. We may claim, too, as a matter of expediency, and for value to be paid for it, such port or ports, with the requisite contiguous territory to make the use of such ports advantageous and valuable, in Upper California, as would be useful and desirable for our commerce; and the acquisition of such territory and sea-ports, albeit now ours by the hand of war, should still be matter of negotiation and compromise. By the laws of war indeed—which are simply the laws of might—we may retain what we have conquered in California, and defy the former possessors of that region to recover their lost dominion. But such a course would not make for peace, nor redound to our reputation, and less still to enduring friendship between Mexico and the United States. Weakness and political disorganization may indeed forbid any hope in a Mexican administration or government—if there exist any organization deserving such a name—of successfully coping with us in arms at present; and their despair may induce concessions, which hereafter their pride and strength, renovated by peace, and influenced by the spectacle of our prosperity, in a region which, while theirs, was little more than a barren possession, will impel them to withdraw; and new contests may again lead to new victories for us—but victories won all too dear, at a cost of such precious blood—and the interruption of those relations of friendship and good will, which should prevail between two neighboring republics, and in the preservation of which both have

a deep interest. Well, then, upon every ground of self-interest—of duty—of magnanimity—can we or should we say to Mexico, "Peace, peace with us on your own terms, so only that they leave no topic unadjusted—no loophole for future misunderstanding."

The seventh resolution is deduced logically from all that precede. Having before expressed the conviction that in general principles and in the interest of these United States, it is not desirable to acquire new territory, the meeting, in adopting the seventh resolution, made the emphatic disclaimer—all the more emphatic and reliable as coming from a slave-holding State—of all desire whatever to acquire any territory "for the purpose of therein propagating slavery, or of introducing slaves from the United States." This is frank, honest, and most significant. Kentucky will not go for a war of conquest, with a view to the extension of slavery, as well as for the acquisition of territory; and what Kentucky, a slave-holding State, will not do, assuredly the free North, and East, and West, and centre, will not do. This disclaimer of Kentucky will have a sound and significance, an echo and an influence, from the *St. Croix* to the *Nueces*; and the testimony thus borne, on the motion of Henry Clay, by the slave-owners of Kentucky, against a war by this model Republic for the extension of slavery, will silence the taunts and the cavils of traducers, while it renders hopeless the intrigues and plots of slave-traders and disunionists wherever they be.

The eighth and last resolution calls upon the people of the United States, who may approve the principles and opinions set forth in these resolutions, "to assemble together in their respective communities, and to express their views, feelings and opinions" in relation to the great interests at stake in this war.

Such is the true mode in which popular feeling can be made manifest; such is the usual mode with us in all emergencies of great interest. The example comes well from Kentucky. The first step in this popular protest, as it were, against a war of oppression, conquest, and slavery-propagandism, is as fitly taken, as it is boldly taken, by the man who was the right hand of the Executive in the war of 1812, and who cannot therefore be suspected or denounced as afraid of war when necessary and just; by the man who sent his son to die beneath the flag of his country in this pres-

ent war, because by the executive mandate that flag was far advanced in hostile array into a foreign land thereby made hostile, and left there without adequate support; by the man, in fine, who, through a long and arduous political career, has never, in great political emergencies, held back his counsel from his fellow-citizens, however the utterance of that counsel might affect his own political fortunes. He has frankly spoken. As yet, indeed, we have but the abstract and brief chronicle of his thoughts and arguments in the resolutions embodied and commented upon in this article; but in these there is enough to warrant the belief that the call thus made will be responded to, and that the Congress which is to assemble will, on its part, give heed, and give answer too, to and in harmony with the general tone, the wise forbearance, the magnanimity, and the lofty principles of these resolutions. We may not all agree in all the details; but in the general results arrived at, in the indisputable truths uttered, and in the patriotic motives with which the whole are imbued, all will find grounds for commendation and admiration, and for the expression of like sentiments—to the end that public opinion being ascertained, it may be respected and deferred to by those intrusted with the government of this Republic.

While, however, we thus express our general assent to the propositions put forth at Lexington by Mr. Clay, and the manliness with which—"a public servant no longer," yet not unmindful of the obligations which former honors impose upon every rightly constituted mind not to be wanting to any great occasion—he has stepped forth from private life to assert high public principles, to denounce great national wrong, and to vindicate before the world the character of this Republic from the stain which threatens it, of being made to appear as a grasping, slavery-propagating and vindictive conqueror, rejecting all law but that of the sword, and too sadly verifying the Horatian description of the fierce Achilles—"Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer, Jura negat sibi nata, nihil non arrogat armis."

We honor Mr. Clay for this moral heroism, so much more rare, of so much higher order than the mere heroism of the battle-field; and we feel that no tem-

porary loss of popular favor (if loss of popular favor is to be incurred by resolute and manly assertion of principles) can take away from the enduring renown which is to wait upon Henry Clay, for this manifestation, among many others, of his uncalculating patriotism. It may be, it probably will be, that in the heated atmosphere of war, the high moral and Christian sentiments embodied by Mr. Clay in his resolutions will find little acceptance; that the self-denial which they inculcate, the respect for the opinions of mankind, and the regard for the rights of the conquered and the helpless, will fall powerless, if not repulsively, upon ears habituated to tales of battle and of blood, of triumphant entries over slaughtered thousands into captive cities; and that when Mr. Clay says to the popular craving for extended territory, "Peace, be still!" he addresses himself to ears of more than adder deafness. If all this be so, Mr. Clay will still have the approval of his own heart, that highest of earthly considerations and rewards, the sympathetic admiration of good men everywhere, and a place, enduring as time, among the names of the benefactors of their race and nation. In the words of one who knows him, "He would rather be right than be President;" and the day may come, when, if his counsels are neglected or despised—when, from the depths of national humiliation and suffering, and the wreck of the free institutions which now constitute at once our ornament and safety, many a voice of lamentation shall arise over the misguided and bloody fanaticism which persevered in a war of conquest and far-spreading aggression, until this now contented and virtuous people, who have heretofore only cultivated the arts of peace, shall have been so thoroughly corrupted with the lust of military glory and the coveting of others' goods, that peace and its homely virtues and forecast, and the industrious toil which secures at once independence and contentment, shall cease to have attractions for them; and following in the path trodden by all the republics of other days, they shall exchange self-government for the armed hand of the military despot, and the peaceful, simple and quiet honors of a republic of plain and equal citizens, for the gilded trappings and obsequious deference of a people in uniform and in arms.

OUR FINNY TRIBES.—AMERICAN RIVERS AND SEA-COASTS.

BY CHARLES LANMAN.

PART SECOND.—THE PIKE.

THE Pike is a common fish in all the temperate, and some of the northern regions of the world; but in no country does he arrive at greater perfection than in the United States. For some unaccountable reason he is generally known in this country as the pickerel; and we would therefore intimate to our readers that our present discourse is to be of the legitimate pike. In England, he is known under the several names of pike, jack, pickerel and luce. His body is elongated and nearly of a uniform depth from the head to the tail; the head is also elongated, and resembles that of the duck; his mouth is very large and abundantly supplied with sharp teeth, and his scales are small and particularly adhesive; the color of his back is a dark brown, sides a mottled green or yellow, and belly a silvery white. The reputation of this fish for amiability is far from being enviable, for he is called not only the shark of the fresh waters, but also the tyrant of the liquid plain. He is a cunning and savage creature, and for these reasons even the most humane of fishermen are seldom troubled with conscientious scruples when they succeed in making him a captive. Pliny and Sir Francis Bacon both considered the pike to be the longest lived of any fresh water fish, and Gesner mentions a pike which he thought to be two hundred years old. Of these ancient fellows, Walton remarks, that they have more in them of state than goodness, the middle sized individuals being considered the best eating. The prominent peculiarity of this fish is his voraciousness. Edward Jesse relates that five large pike once devoured about eight hundred gudgeons in the course of three weeks. He swallows every animal he can subdue, and is so much of a cannibal that he will devour his own kind full as soon as a common minnow. Young ducks and even kittens have been found in his stomach, and it is said that he often contends with the otter for his prey. Gesner relates the story that a pike once attacked a mule while it was drinking on the margin of a pond, and his teeth having become fastened in the snout of the astonished

beast, he was safely landed on the shore. James Wilson once killed a pike weighing seven pounds, in whose stomach was found another pike weighing over a pound, and in the mouth of the youthful fish was yet discovered a respectable perch. Even men, while wading in a pond, have been attacked by this freshwater wolf. He is so much of an exterminator, that when placed in a small lake with other fish, it is not long before he becomes "master of all he surveys," having depopulated his watery world of every species but his own. The following story, illustrating the savage propensity of this fish, is related by J. V. C. Smith. A gentleman was angling for pike, and having captured one, subsequently met a shepherd and his dog, and presented the former with his prize. While engaged in clearing his tackle, the dog seated himself unsuspectingly in the immediate vicinity of the pike, and as fate would have it, his tail was ferociously snapped at by the gasping fish. The dog was of course much terrified, ran in every direction to free himself, and at last plunged into the stream. The hair had become so entangled in the fish's teeth, however, that it could not release its hold. The dog again sought the land, made for his master's cottage, where he was finally freed from his unwilling persecutor; but notwithstanding the unnatural adventure of the fish, he actually sunk his teeth into the stick which was used to force open his jaws.

The pike of this country does not differ essentially from the pike of Europe. His food usually consists of fish and frogs, though he is far from being particular in this matter. He loves a still, shady water, in river or pond, and usually lies in the vicinity of flags, bulrushes and water-lilies, though he often shoots out into the clear stream, and on such occasions frequently affords the rifleman a deal of sport. In summer he is taken at the top and in the middle, but in winter at the bottom. His time for spawning is March, and he is in season about eight months in the year. In speaking of the size of this fish, the an-

glers of Europe have recorded some marvellous stories, of which we know nothing, and care less. In this country, they vary from two to four feet in length, and in weight from two to forty pounds; when weighing less than two pounds, he is called a jack. As an article of food he seems to be in good repute; but since we once found a large water snake in the stomach of a monster fish, we have never touched him when upon the table. He suits not our palate, but as an object of sport we esteem him highly, and can never mention his name without a thrill of pleasure.

In this place we desire to record our opinion against the idea that the pike and maskalounge are one and the same fish. For many years we entertained the opinion that there was no difference between them, only that the latter was merely an overgrown pike. We have more recently had many opportunities of comparing the two species together, and we know that to the careful and scientific observer, there is a marked difference. The head of the maskalounge is the smallest; he is the stoutest fish, is more silvery in color, grows to a much larger size, and is with difficulty tempted to heed the lures of the angler. They are so precisely similar in their general habits, however, that they must be considered as belonging to the pike family. They are possibly the independent, eccentric and self-satisfied nabobs of the race to which they belong; always managing to keep the world ignorant of their true character, until after their days are numbered.

Before wandering any farther off from the character of the pike, I must mention one or two additional traits, which I had nearly forgotten. The first is, that the pike is as distinguished for his abstinence as for his voracity. During the summer months, his digestive organs seem to be somewhat torpid, and this is the time that he is out of season. During this period he is particularly listless in his movements, spending nearly all the sunny hours basking near the surface of the water; and as this is the period when the smaller fry are usually commencing their active existence, we cannot but distinguish in this arrangement of nature the wisdom of Providence. Another habit peculiar to this fish, is as follows:—During the autumn, he spends the day-time in deep water, and the nights in the shallowest water

he can find, along the shores of river or lake. We have frequently seen them so very near the dry land as to display their fins. What their object can be in thus spending the dark hours, it is hard to determine: is it to enjoy the warmer temperature of the shallow water, or for the purpose of watching and capturing any small land animals that may come to the water to satisfy their thirst? We have heard it alleged that they seek the shore for the purpose of spawning, but it is an established fact that they cast their spawn in the spring; and, besides, the months during which they seek the shore as above stated, are the very ones in which they are in the best condition, and afford the angler the finest sport. Autumn is the time, too, when they are more frequently and more easily taken with the spear, than during any other season. And as to this spearing business, generally speaking, we consider it an abominable practice, but in the case of the savage and obstinate pike, it ought to be countenanced even by the legitimate angler.

We have angled for pike in nearly all the waters of this country where they abound. The immense quantity of book lore that we have read respecting the character of pike tackle, has always seemed to us an intelligent species of nonsense—a kind of literature originally invented by tackle manufacturers. Our own equipment for pike fishing we consider first-rate, and yet it consists only of a heavy rod and reel, a stout linen line, a brass snell, a sharp Kirby hook, and a landing-net. For bait we prefer a live minnow, though a small shiner, or the belly of a yellow perch, is nearly as sure to attract notice. We have taken a pike with a gaudy fly, and also with an artificial minnow, but you cannot depend upon these allurements. Sinkers we seldom use, and the fashionable thing called a float we utterly abominate. We have fished for pike in almost every manner, (*excepting with a mule,*) but our favorite method has ever been from an anchored boat, when our only companion was a personal friend, and a lover of the written and unwritten poetry of nature. This is the most quiet and contemplative method, and unquestionably one of the most successful ones; for though the pike is not easily frightened, it takes but the single splash of an oar when trolling, to set him a-thinking, which is quite as unfortunate for the angler's success

as if he were actually alarmed. Another advantage is, that while swinging to an anchor you may fish at the bottom, if you please, or try the stationary trolling fashion. To make our meaning understood, we would add, that an expert angler can throw his hook in any direction from his boat, to the distance of at least a hundred feet, and in pulling it in, he secures all the advantages that result from the common mode of trolling. The pike is a fish which calls forth a deal of patience, and must be humored; for he will sometimes scorn the handsomest bait, apparently out of mere spite; but the surest time to take him is when there is a cloudy sky and a southerly breeze. Live fish are the best bait, as we have before remarked, though the leg of a frog is good, and in winter a piece of pork, but nothing can be better than a shiner or a little perch; and it might here be remarked, that as the pike is an epicure in the manner of his eating, it is invariably a good plan to let him have his own time, after he has seized the bait. As to torchlight fishing for pike, though unquestionably out of the pale of the regular angler's sporting, it is attended with much that we must deem poetical and interesting. Who can doubt this proposition, when we consider the picturesque effect of a boat and lighted torch, gliding along the wild shores of a lake, on a still, dark night, with one figure noiselessly plying an oar, and the animated attitude of another relieved against the fire-light, and looking into the water like Orpheus into hell; and remember, too, the thousand inhabitants of the liquid element, that we see, and almost fancy to be endowed with human sympathies? What a pleasure to behold the various finny tribes amid their own chosen haunts, leading, as Leigh Hunt has exquisitely written,

“A cold, sweet, silver life, wrapped in round waves,
Quickened with touches of transporting fear!”

But it is time that we should change the tone of our discourse and mention the favorite waters of the American pike. The largest we have ever seen were taken in the Upper Mississippi, and on the St. Joseph and Raisin rivers of Michigan, where they are very abundant. They are also found in nearly all the streams emptying into Lakes Michigan, Erie, and Ontario;—also, in

the Ohio and its tributaries. We have heard of them in the Upper St. Lawrence, and know them to abound in Lake Champlain, and in a large proportion of the lakes and rivers of New-England. A very pretty lady once told us that she had seen a pike taken from Lake Champlain, which was as long as the sofa upon which we were seated together, and conversing upon the gentle art of fishing, and the tender one of love. Pike fishing with the hook we have not practiced to a very great extent. Our angling experience has been chiefly confined to the smaller lakes of Connecticut, particularly those in the vicinity of Norwich. Our favorite resort has been Gardner's Lake, whose shores are surrounded with pleasant wood-crowned hills, teeming with partridge and woodcock, and the Sabbath stillness which usually reigns about it is seldom broken, save by the dipping oar or the laugh of light-hearted fishermen. Dearly indeed do we cherish the memory of the pleasant days spent upon this picturesque lake; and we hope it may never be used for any other purpose than to mirror the glories of heaven, and never be visited by any but genuine sportsmen and true-hearted lovers of nature. Preston Lake is another beautiful sheet of water near Norwich, which reminds us of a night adventure. A couple of us had visited it for the purpose of taking pike by torch-light, having brought our spears and dry pine all the way from Norwich in a one-horse waggon. It was a cold but still autumnal night, and as we tied our horse to a tree in an open field, we had every reason to anticipate a “glorious time.” So far as the fish were concerned we enjoyed fine sport, for we caught about a dozen pike, varying from one to four pounds in weight; but the miseries we subsequently endured were positively intolerable. Not only did we work an everlasting while to make our boat seaworthy, but in our impatience to reach the fishing grounds, we misplaced our brandy bottle in the tall grass, and were therefore deprived of its warming companionship. About midnight a heavy fog began to arise, which not only prevented us from distinguishing a pike from a log of wood, but caused us to become frequently entangled in the top of a dry tree, lying on the water. Our next step, therefore, was to go home, but then came the trouble of finding our “desired haven.” This we did happen to find, for

a wonder, and having gathered up our plunder started on our course over the frosty grass after our vehicle and horse. We found them, but it was in a most melancholy plight indeed. Like a couple of large fools, we had omitted to release the horse from the wagon as we should have done, and the consequence was that he had released himself by breaking the thills and tearing off the harness, and we discovered him quietly feeding a few paces from the tree to which we had fastened him. What next to do, we could not in our utter despair possibly determine; but after a long consultation we both concluded to mount the miserable horse, and with our fish in hand we actually started upon our miserable journey home. Our fish were so heavy that we were compelled at the end of the first mile to throw them away, and as the day was breaking we entered the silent streets of Norwich, pondering upon the pleasures of pike fishing by torch-light, and solemnly counting the cost of our nocturnal expedition.

But the most successful pike fishing we ever enjoyed was at Crow Wing, on the Upper Mississippi. We were spending a few days with an isolated Indian trader of the wilderness, around whose cabin were encamped about three hundred Chippewa Indians. Seldom was it that we allowed a night to pass away, without trying our luck with the spear, and as a dozen canoes were often engaged in the same sport, the bosom of the river often presented a most romantic and beautiful appearance. Each canoe usually contained two or three individuals, and our torches, which were made of dried birch bark, threw such a flood of light upon the translucent water, that we could see every object in the bed of the river with the utmost distinctness. Beautiful indeed were those fishing scenes, and when the canoes had floated down the river for a mile or two, the homeward bound races that followed between the shouting Indians were exciting in the extreme. And what added to *our* enjoyment of this sporting was the idea that to grasp the hand of a white man, (besides that of our host,) we should have to travel one hundred miles through a pathless wilderness. We seldom took any note of time, and sometimes were throwing the spear even when the day was breaking. The largest fish that we saw taken at Crow Wing weighed upwards of forty pounds, and we have

known five spearmen to take seventy pike and maskalounge in a single night.

But we must curtail our pike stories, for we propose to append to our remarks a few interesting observations upon that fish which have been kindly furnished to us by an accomplished scholar, a genuine angler and a much loved friend.

The pike bears the same relation to the finny tribes that the hyena and jackall do to animals, the vulture to birds, or the spider to insects—one of the most voracious of fishes. He feeds alike on the living or dead; and even those of his own brethren which are protected by nature against the attacks of other fish, find no protection against him. It is remarkable in the economy of animals, that while nature provides her weaker and smaller creatures with the means of defence against the stronger ones, she has, at the same time, furnished some of the latter with weapons, apparently for the very purpose of overcoming the feeble, however well they may be guarded. Thus, the pike, with its immense jaws, armed with innumerable teeth, is able to seize and crush every kind of fish. Its own kind do not escape, for instances are frequent when a pike of three or four pounds is found in the stomach of one of twelve or fifteen pounds weight.

It is interesting to notice the habits of the pike, which an angler may easily do in still, clear water. They have been characterized as a solitary, melancholy and bold fish. Never are they found in schools or even in pairs, as most other fish are, nor are they often seen in open water, where other fish would discover them and avoid their grasp. When in open water they lie very near the bottom, quite motionless, appearing like a sunken stick. Their usual and favorite place of resort is among the tall weeds where they cannot be seen. Here they lie, as it were, in ambush, waiting the approach of some innocent, unsuspecting fish, when they dart forth with a swiftness which none of the finny tribe can attain, seize their harmless victim, and slowly bear it away to some secluded spot. Here they crush their prey with their immense jaws, and leisurely force it into their capacious stomachs. Often, when angling for the pike with a live perch, from a wharf so far raised above the water that I could see every object for twenty feet on either side, a pike has so suddenly darted from a cluster of weeds, beyond the range of my vision, that the first intimation I had of

his presence was, that he had seized my bait.

On one occasion, when angling on the St. Lawrence, I put a minnow on my hook, and threw my line towards a mass of weeds, in the hope of tempting a perch to take it. Not many minutes had elapsed before my silvery minnow had tempted the appetite of one which soon conveyed him to his maw. Knowing that my game was sure, I let him play about, first allowing him to run to the extent of my line and then drawing him towards me, when on a sudden a pike shot from his hiding place and seized my perch. I was obliged to let the fellow have his own way, and give him all the time he wanted to swallow the perch, when, with a good deal of difficulty, I succeeded in disabling him and towed him in triumph to the shore. The perch weighed a pound and a half; the pike ten pounds.

The long and slender form of the pike, tapering towards the head and tail, enables him to move with great rapidity through the water, while his smooth and finless back facilitates his movements through the weeds or marine plants. Thus has nature provided this fish with a form adapted to its habits, and with large and well-armed jaws, to give it a pre-eminence among the finny tribes which inhabit the same waters. I have often thought why so great an enemy, so great a devourer of his race, should be placed among them, favored by so many advantages. May it not, nay, must it not be for some wise purpose? It is known how very prolific fishes are, and unless some way was provided to lessen the number, our inland waters could not contain the vast numbers which a few years would produce. Most fish live on each other, others on decomposing substances floating about. It is not always the largest that prey on each other, for the sturgeon is one of the largest fresh water fish, and he subsists on decomposing matter, or minute fish. A few pike placed in a lake, would very effectually prevent an over-population. May it not, then, be so ordered, that the inhabitants of the seas which are not so favored as those who dwell on the earth's surface, and who have a great variety of food to supply their wants, may have the means of providing their own sustenance by an immense increase of their own species?

Blair observes that "the abstinence of the pike and jack is no less singular than their voracity; during the summer months

their digestive faculties are somewhat torpid, which appears a remarkable peculiarity in pike economy, seeing it must be in inverse ratio to the wants of the fish, for they must be at this time in a state of emaciation from the effects of spawning. During the summer they are listless, and affect the surface of the water, where in warm sunny weather they seem to bask in a sleepy state for hours together. It is not a little remarkable, that smaller fish appear to be aware when this abstinent state of their foe is upon him; for they who at other times are evidently impressed with an instinctive dread of his presence, are now swimming around him with total unconcern. At these periods, no baits, however tempting, can allure him; but, on the contrary, he retreats from everything of the kind. Windy weather is alone capable of exciting his dormant powers. This inaptitude to receive food with the usual keenness, continues from the time they spawn, until the time of their recovery from the effects of it."

The peculiarity above noticed does not entirely apply to the pike of the northern States, and particularly of the great lakes and rivers, whose waters are not so sensibly affected by the heat of summer as shallow water is. In the smaller streams he lies in the listless state described by Mr. Blair, but when he can reach the deep water he always does so.

Pike are found in all the lakes and inland waters of the northern and middle States of the Union. In the great lakes they grow to an enormous size. No fish is better known throughout Europe and the northern parts of Asia. In colder climes he attains the largest size, and is said by Walkenburg to disappear in geographical distribution with the fir. In our waters they are taken of all sizes, from four or five pounds to fifty or sixty. Their haunts are generally among the weeds or marine plants near the shore, or in deep bays where the water is not made rough by winds, and in all parts of rivers. They are rarely found on rocky bottoms or bars. A high wind and rough sea often drives them from their weedy haunts into deeper water. I have noticed this particularly on Lake Ontario. From wharves where bass are only taken on ordinary occasions, pike will bite with avidity when a severe gale is blowing and the water is in a disturbed state.

This fish, according to Donovan, attains a larger size in a shorter time, in propor-

tion to most others. In the course of the first year it grows eight or ten inches; the second, twelve or fourteen; the third, eighteen or twenty inches. Some pike were turned into a pond in England, the largest of which weighed two and a half pounds. Four years after, the water was let off, when one pike of nineteen pounds, and others of from eleven to fifteen, were found. Mr. Jesse, in his *Gleanings of Natural History*, relates certain experiments by which he shows that the growth of pike is about four pounds a year, which corresponds with the growth of those before stated.

The various books on sporting give numerous instances of pike weighing from thirty to forty pounds, taken in England, though an instance is mentioned in *Dodsley's Register* for 1765, of an enormous pike weighing 170 pounds, which was taken from a pool near Newport, England, which had not been fished in for ages. In Ireland and Scotland, they are found larger than in England. In the Shannon and Lough Corrib, they have been found from seventy to ninety-two pounds in weight. At Broadford, near Limerick, one was taken weighing ninety-six pounds. Another was caught by trolling in Loch Pentuliche, of fifty pounds; and another in Loch Spey, that weighed 146 pounds. But these are small in comparison with a pike, which is stated by Gesner, (and from him quoted by most writers on fish,) to have been taken in a pool near the capital of Sweden, in the year 1497, which was fifteen feet in length, and weighed 350 pounds. Under the skin of this enormous fish was

discovered a ring of cypress brass, having a Greek inscription round the rim, which was interpreted by Dalburgus, Bishop of Worms, to signify: "I am the fish first of all placed in this pond, by the hands of Frederic the Second, on the 5th of October, in the year of grace 1230;" which would make its age 267 years. The ring about his neck was made with springs so as to enlarge as the fish grew. His skeleton was for a long time preserved at Manheim.

During the past summer, which I spent on the banks of the St. Lawrence, I had frequently tried the spool trolling, and always with success. Sometimes I would use two lines, one 70, the other 120 feet in length. On the larger one I had the best success, and my bait would be seized three times, when on the shorter one it would be but once; it being farther from the boat, the movements of which through the water, and the noise of the oars, drove the fish off. From experience I am satisfied that long trolling lines are the best. Bass will seize a fly or spoon at a few feet distance, but a pike will not. I have tried the experiment, when trolling for pike, to attach to one hook a bait of pork and red flannel, a very common bait, and to the other a brass spoon. The latter was invariably seized first, for the only reason, I suppose, that it made more show in the water. Neither resembled a fish, fly or any living creature, but curiosity or hunger attracted the fish to the strange bait gliding through the water, which they seized, paying with their lives the penalty for so doing.

AMAZONIAN WANDERINGS.*

BY JOHN ESAIAS WARREN.

It is with pleasure that we proceed to review, in an impartial manner, the pleasing narrative of Mr. Edwards's voyage up the Amazon river. Among the many books which have been issued from the American press during the past season, this is by no means the least instructive or entertaining. Treating, as it does, of a country surpassing in natural resources any other on the face of the globe—of the manners and customs of a people different in every respect from our own—of bright birds which fly and curious insects which gleam only in the sunlight of the tropics—of dense forests, clothed with perennial verdure, and palmy groves, abounding in singular trees, shrubs of the most grotesque form, and flowers of dazzling hues—it commands itself at once to the attention of every intelligent reader, as a source, however humble, from which new and valuable information may be derived. The book, however, has its faults, but of these we purpose to say little. The writer confines himself rather too closely to minute descriptions of the birds and animals which he encountered in his wanderings, and fails to give an adequate idea of human life in that part of the world which he visited. Aside from these defects, which are those of youth and inexperience, the work has considerable interest, and will reward one for his time spent in perusing it.

It was in the month of March that Mr. Edwards arrived at the city of Para. The rainy season was nearly past, and everything around—the air, the earth and the water—appeared to be teeming with life, animation and beauty.

The Indian name of the Amazon is "Para-na-tinga," which signifies the "King of Rivers:" from this, the name Para, given to the province, the city, and the southern branch of the river, which winds around Marajo, is derived.

The city is located about sixty miles

from the ocean, and has from fifteen to twenty thousand inhabitants. It is situated on a little eminence on the banks of the Para river, and is much the largest town in the entire province.

The harbor is safe and commodious, but the river below abounds in rocks and shoals, on account of which, many fine vessels, in attempting to ascend the river without a pilot, have been destroyed. Within a few miles of the city, the river is filled with a number of small islands, which are covered with a luxuriant vegetation, and decorated with lofty palm trees, looking like tufts of waving green in the distance.

The shores on either side of the river (which at Para is no more than four miles in width, from the intervention of islands) are lined by a dense and nearly impenetrable wilderness, composed of towering trees of the most graceful and striking forms, interlaced together by creeping vines, and surrounded by shrubs and plants of extraordinary forms and gigantic proportions.

The first discovery of the Amazon was made by accident, in the year 1499, by Vincente Yanez Pinzon, the same individual who had previously accompanied Columbus on his voyage to America, as commander of the *Nina*. He merely landed at one of the islands near its mouth, which he believed to be a part of India, beyond the Ganges, and inferred that he was but a short distance from the far-famed city of Cathay. Under this strange delusion he sailed for Spain, where he gave an account of his supposed discovery. Returning to take possession of the imaginary country which he believed he had found, he was unable to find the mouth of the river, and was obliged to return once more to Spain, without having accomplished anything to strengthen the expectations in which he had indulged.

It was about this time that the gorgeous

* A Review of Mr. Edwards's "Voyage up the River Amazon." D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway.

fable of "El Dorado," or the "City of the Gilded King," began to agitate the public mind. Many expeditions were fitted out to seek for this splendid city of gold, and hundreds of eager adventurers, inflamed by a spirit of cupidity, engaged in the pursuit of this brilliant phantom.

In 1541, Gonzalo Pizarro set out from Quito with an army of four thousand Indians, two hundred foot soldiers and one hundred horse, in quest of a country rich in gold and spices, which he imagined to exist to the eastward of Peru. Having proceeded for thirty leagues or more, he fell in with Francisco de Orellana, a knight of Truxillo, who joined him with a small reinforcement of troops and Indians. Pressing onward for days and weeks incessantly, they suffered inconceivable hardships. Their provisions being nearly exhausted, they were threatened with all the miseries of famine. The density of the forest obliged them to cut down heavy trees in their march—to climb steep precipices, and to wade through deep lagoons and marshes. Besides, they were subjected to all the inconveniences of sleeping in the open air, in a miasmatic wilderness, exposed to the continued annoyance of various noxious reptiles, and myriads of stinging insects. Many of the Indians died, others deserted; and when at last they reached the banks of the river Coca, they were in a deplorable condition, and almost famished for want of sufficient food.

Here Pizarro encamped, and dispatched Orellana in a small brigantine, with fifty men, to course down the river in search of a fertile country, and to return as soon as possible with provisions for his starving army.

Sailing down the river, the knight encountered numberless perils and disasters; until at length, having proceeded so far in vain that he deemed it useless and even hazardous for him to return, he gave up the design; and being probably stimulated by ambitious desires of renown, he determined to press forward in defiance of all dangers, until he should reach the great river, whose existence had been foretold to him by the natives; the discovery of which, he believed, would crown him and his companions with immortal glory.

Great were the vicissitudes and arduous the labors which they were forced to encounter. Sometimes they met with friendly Indians, who encouraged them to proceed; at other times, they were ob-

liged to fight their way through hosts of enemies. Their numbers rapidly decreased, and many fell victims to famine and disease. Finally, to their infinite joy, they sailed out of the river, and the boundless ocean, in all its grandeur, was once more before them.

Proceeding immediately to Spain, Orellana gave an exaggerated account of his wonderful voyage; and among other fabulous incidents, he stated that he had seen an army of Amazons or fighting women on the banks of the river, with whom he had several serious conflicts. They were represented as having fine forms, olive complexions, and long tresses of raven blackness. The story created a profound sensation at the time; and although it has long since been exploded and is universally disbelieved, yet the fiction has given a name to the river, which will live for ages after that of its discoverer shall have sunk into oblivion.

In the year 1615, the city of Para was founded by Caldeira, a native of Portugal. Previous to this, a settlement had been established by the Dutch on the northern bank of the Amazon, but the Portuguese forced them to abandon it, drove them out of the country, and remained sole masters of the province.

In October, 1637, an expedition was fitted out at Para, under the command of Pedro Teixeira, and dispatched on a voyage of exploration up the Amazon. The number of persons engaged in this enterprise was about two thousand, of which twelve hundred were native bowmen, the remainder, slaves and women. They embarked on the 28th of the month, in forty-five canoes, and after voyaging for rather more than twelve months, they at length reached Quito, where they celebrated their arrival with bull-fights and processions.

The Viceroy of Peru having inspected the journal and map of Teixeira, ordered him to return with competent persons, to make a correct survey of the river. Two persons eminent for their skill and learning were selected, Acuna and Actieda, who gave the first authentic accounts of the Amazon to the world. On the banks of the river Negro they met with a singular tribe of Indians, called Encabellados, or long-haired, on account of the extreme length of their hair, which in both sexes extended below the knees. Journeying down the river, they arrived at the country of the Omaguas or Flat Heads. These are described as being altogether the

most rational and docile of all the Amazonian tribes. They grew and manufactured cotton, and from them the use of the seringa or India-rubber was first acquired. They were engaged in a continual warfare with the Urinas, a tribe of cannibals living on the opposite side of the river. This remarkable tribe "shaved the crown of the head, and wore feathers of macaws in the corners of their mouths, besides strings of shells pendent from ears, nostrils and under lips." Says Mr. Edwards :—

"The number of tribes was estimated at one hundred and fifty, speaking different languages, and bordering so closely, that the sound of an axe in the village of one, might be heard in the village of another. Their arms were bows and arrows; their shields of the skin of the cow-fish, or of plaited cane. Their canoes were of cedars, caught floating in the stream. Their hatchets were of turtle shell; their mallets, the jawbone of the cow-fish; and with these, they made tables, seats, and other articles of beautiful workmanship. They had idols of their own making, each distinguished by some fit symbol; and they had priests or conjurers. They were of a less dark complexion than other Brazilian nations; they were well made, and of good stature, of quick understanding, docile, disposed to receive any instruction from their guests, and to render them any assistance."

Alluding to the paucity of the tribes now inhabiting the Amazon, he thus eloquently soliloquizes :—

"The Amazon, in its natural features, is the same now, as when Acuna descended; and the rapturous descriptions which he has given of these wild forests and mighty streams, might have been written to-day. But where are the one hundred and fifty tribes, who then skirted its borders, and the villages so thickly populated?"

But not to fatigue the reader with historical associations, we will revert to the period of Mr. Edwards's arrival, and accompany him in imagination throughout his various peregrinations, noticing only such spectacles and circumstances as particularly struck his attention.

As we have before remarked, it was in the rainy season that he reached the city of Para. This season is not so unpleasant as one would suppose, for the rain rarely falls in the morning, and seldom continues for more than an hour or two at a time. So far from incommoding

one, the rain is rather a convenience than otherwise; for as it generally falls late in the afternoon, it produces a refreshing blandness in the atmosphere, which in that voluptuous climate never fails to secure delicious repose.

Our entertaining traveler says very truly that "it would be impossible to conceive a more utterly novel tableau," than is presented on landing at the wharf at Para. Files of the most fantastic-looking canoes may be seen congregated together throughout the whole length of the pier. Numbers of strange animals, such as sloths, monkeys and pacas, and beautiful birds of the parrot and toucan kind, are constantly exposed for sale on the dock, together with baskets of crabs, strings of fish, and various descriptions of fruit. Moreover, says Mr. Edwards,

"Oddly dressed soldiers mingle among the crowd; inquisitive officials peer about for untaxed produce; sailors from vessels in the harbor are constantly landing; gentlemen from the city are down for their morning stroll; beautiful Indian girls fit by like visions; and scores of boys and girls, in all the freedom of nakedness, contend with an equal number of impudent goats for the privilege of running over you."

On entering the city, the stranger is astonished at the curious and constantly changing spectacles which are presented to his eye. He sees people of every grade and every shade of complexion thronging the narrow streets; military guards, stationed before the palace and several other public buildings of the city; fruit women, marching about with immense trays of fruit and sweetmeats poised on their heads; water carriers, distinguished by coarse straw hats of prodigious dimensions, walking slowly along by the side of their jar-laden mules; ladies, taking their morning rides in gay-curtained palanquins, or prettily woven hammocks; and hundreds of children of both sexes, playing and frolicking with each other, in a state of perfect nudity. These are the principal sights which the stranger encounters in the thoroughfares of Para.

The festa days of the province are numerous. On these occasions there is a great deal of pomp and parade. The bells of the different churches are kept ringing throughout the day; a gorgeous procession moves through the streets; and the evenings are celebrated by a dis-

play of fireworks, and a general illumination of the whole city. The processions are exceedingly novel, and deserve particular notice. First comes a fine military band, followed by a number of penitents, wearing long black veils, and having their heads surmounted by rude crowns of thorns. After these several loose-robed friars generally succeed. Then follow beautiful little girls, in white gauze dresses: these are prettily decorated with flowers, have wings on their shoulders, and are designed to represent the purity and innocence of the angels.

The Christ comes next, tottering beneath the weight of the heavy cross. Then the Host, over which a splendid canopy is supported: as this passes by, the crowd fall simultaneously on their knees, while the foreigners testify their respect by raising their hats and retiring a few paces.

After this, succeed the soldiers and citizens—the latter bearing on their heads gorgeous images of the saints, on platforms, strewed with flowers.

The procession then closes with a heterogeneous collection of pretty Indian maids, clothed in their richest finery, and wearing massive chains of gold around their necks; fruit and confectionery venders, and a host of naked children, running about with the greatest freedom and delight!

Among the chief edifices of the city are the custom-house, the president's palace, the arsenal and the cathedral—the latter being the longest building of its kind in the empire. It has two steeples, and a musical chime of bells, which may be heard ringing at almost all hours of the day. The churches of Para, as well as most other principal buildings in the city, are constructed of solid stone. The former are large, and are named after the different saints. They are all handsomely ornamented with images and pictures, and have numerous altars of curious formation, constructed of stone, and skillfully carved.

The inhabitants of Para are of three general kinds—the whites, blacks, and Indians. Owing, however, to the promiscuous mingling together of all classes, a variety of strange intermixtures occur; so much so, that one sees as many shades in walking through the streets of the city, as in rambling through an American forest in autumn. Indeed, it is almost impossible to find two persons of exactly

the same shade of complexion. This singular fact may be traced to the gross licentiousness and ignorance of the people, and the disregard which they manifest for the sacred institution of matrimony.

According to the law of the land, every one who is not a priest must perform military duty. Consequently, (as may be supposed,) the number of priests or padres is enormous! The reader would doubtless like to know how all these pious hypocrites earn a livelihood. They do so principally by consecrating small stones, shells, and other baubles, and selling them to the superstitious natives, as sovereign charms against the influence of physical maladies and evil spirits. Sometimes ten or fifteen of these *holy trifles* may be seen suspended from the neck of one individual. So wonderful, too, is the credulity of the natives, that even should they be attacked by one of the very diseases for which one of their "charms" is a pretended antidote, their belief in its efficacy would in no wise be diminished, but they would rather consider the malady as a merited punishment brought upon themselves for their lack of faith.

The first excursion that Mr. Edwards made from the city, was to the American rice mills at Maguary. These are situated on the bank of a small stream, in the depth of the forest, about twelve miles from Para. A small vessel is kept constantly plying between the city and the mills, engaged in the transportation of rice. There is also a path leading through the forest, from three to four feet in width, so completely arched by the boughs of overhanging trees, as to be almost precluded from the light of the sun. Throughout this sylvan avenue the deepest solitude prevails, interrupted only by the notes of noisy birds, or the garrulous chattering of frolicksome monkeys.

Mr. Edwards and his companions, it seems, did not take the forest route, but embarked one delightful afternoon in a small canoe, preferring to make the journey by water. So extremely slow was their progress, that when evening arrived they were still some distance from the mills, and were obliged to anchor near the mouth of a lovely stream, where they passed the night. Says Mr. E. :—

"The stream, where we anchored, was narrow; tall trees drooped over the water,

or mangroves shot out their long finger-like branches into the mud below. Huge bats were skimming past; night birds were calling in strange voices from the tree-tops; fire-flies darted their mimic lightnings; fishes leaped above the surface, flashing in the starlight; the deep, sonorous baying of frogs came up from distant marshes, and loud plashings in shore suggested all sorts of nocturnal monsters. 'Twas our first night upon the water, and we enjoyed the scene, in silence, long after our boatmen had ceased their song; until nature's wants were too much for our withstanding, and we sank upon the hard floor, to dream of scenes far different."

At eight o'clock on the following morning, our traveler arrived at the mills, and was just in time to partake of a breakfast of a piscatory character. The fish, however, was so remarkable for the cohesive attraction of its parts, that mastication was entirely out of the question.

The principal mill was a large antique-looking building of solid stone, and the scenery surrounding it was exceedingly wild and beautiful. In front of the building ran the small stream, completely embowered with overhanging shrubbery. Beyond this, the dark and gloomy forest rose in solemn and inspiring grandeur. In the rear of the mills, at the distance of a hundred rods or more, the silvery waters of a miniature lake glistened among the trees. A low meadow intervened, covered with low bushes, a tall cocoon lifting its feathery head here and there above the foliage. The whole scene was bounded by a dense wilderness, from out whose recesses the nocturnal cries of night birds and prowling animals nightly fell upon the listening ear. A more sequestered and lonely, yet charming and interesting spot, for the lover of nature, or the votary of sporting pleasure, cannot be found than Maguary. It is a little hidden paradise, which has been discovered by but few.

The forest, adjacent to the mills, is rich beyond description. In fact, it is utterly impossible for any one to form an adequate conception of the gorgeousness of the Brazilian wildwoods, who has not himself wandered through their inviting shades. Every tree is an object of interest—so curious in form, and different from those which adorn our own native woods; so towering too—blooming with fragrant parasites, and girded with creeping vines, which find their way up into

the topmost branches, and fall down again in gay festoons, hanging in mid air, and blooming with flowers of every hue. Alluding to the animation which always pervades these evergreen solitudes, Mr. E. prettily remarks:—

"Monkeys are frolicking through festooned bowers, or chasing in revelry through wood arches. Squirrels scamper in ecstasy from limb to limb, unable to contain themselves for joyousness. Coatis are gamboling among the fallen leaves, or vieing with monkeys in nimble climbing. Pacus and agoutis chase wildly about, ready to scud away at the least noise. The sloth, enlivened by the general inspiration, climbs more rapidly over the branches, and seeks a spot, where, in quiet and repose, he may rest him. The exquisite tiny deer, scarcely larger than a lamb, snuffs exultingly the air, and bounds fearlessly, knowing that he has no enemy here."

Bright and beautiful birds also inhabit this sylvan paradise. Flocks of noisy parrots may be heard chattering on the tops of the loftiest trees—yellow and white-breasted toucans may be seen, with their prodigious beaks, perched on the upper branches, and crying Tucano, Tucano, with human-like accent. Gay-crowned manakins, superb-plumaged chatterers, and pheasants of a dozen varieties, fly amid the foliage, while the atmosphere itself is alive with dazzling humming-birds, butterflies of extraordinary size and splendor, and myriads of shining bugs, "glittering as with the light of gems."

Snakes, although not very abundant, are occasionally seen of a gigantic size in the vicinity of the mills. Mr. E. alludes to one, (which by the way was encountered by the writer of this article,) who, having been surprised, disgorged himself, in his fright, of an immense muscovy duck. The serpent was of the amphibious kind, and appeared to be from twenty to twenty-five feet in length.

The scarcity of flies in the forest, is amply compensated by the extraordinary number of ants, which may be seen moving over the surface of the ground in endless files, and animating the leaves of every tree. Sometimes a flourishing plantation is thoroughly divested of its foliage in a few weeks by these destructive insects. Indeed, I have myself seen a large and beautiful orange tree, one day blooming in the richest luxuriance, the next, entirely stripped of its verdure—leafless and bare! Not unfrequently,

persons living in the country are literally driven out of their houses by these insects. At the expiration of a week or two, having cleared the house of every species of vermin, the ants take their leave, much to the joy and satisfaction of its proprietors. But these are not the extent of their depredations: they sometimes insinuate themselves in such incredible numbers into the taipa walls of the building, that they become at last undermined, and fall for want of support to the ground.

When engaged in stripping a tree, they act with the greatest unity and system. A regular file of ants may be seen marching up in perfect order on one side of the trunk, while another file is descending on the opposite side, each one of the insects bearing a piece of a leaf as large as a sixpence in his mouth; while a number of others are located up amid the branches, busily employed in cutting off the leaves with their teeth.

Bats, too, are numerous, not only at the mills, but in fact in every part of the province. Among the different species is the giant vampire, so well known for the deadliness of its bite. It has been fabulously stated by various travelers, that this animal lulls its unconscious victim into the deepest repose by the fanning of its wings, while it is extracting the life-blood from his veins. All this is fable. No case has ever occurred at Para of any person having sustained any serious injury from their bite, although numbers of unsuspecting sleepers have been "phlebotomized" in their big toes by them.

Two or three miles below the mills is a little settlement, called very appropriately "Larangeira" or "orange grove." It is composed of about a dozen or more leaf-covered habitations, and is very prettily situated on a rising bank of the stream. This place abounds in flourishing orange trees, which are noted for the deliciousness of their golden-colored fruit. Here are stationed an "old commandante" and a few beggarly troops, for the better security of this part of the province. The old fellow was at least sixty years of age, yet at the period of our departure, he had a lovely wife, with jet-black eyes and raven hair, whose senior he must have been by nearly forty-five years.

It was on a glorious morning that Mr. E. took his final departure from Maguary. Passing through the forest, says he—

"We collected specimens of a great variety of ferns, calandrias, telanzias and maxillarias, and observed many rich flowers, of which we did not know the names. But we did recognize a passion flower, with its stars of crimson, as it wound around a small tree, and mingled its beauties with the overshadowing leaves."

Our traveler made his next visit to Caripe. This is a neglected estate, situated on a small island, about thirty miles from Para. He embarked with his companions at midnight, in a small canoe, manned by two stout negroes. Through the quiet hours of night they slowly proceeded on their noiseless journey; and when the bright sunlight again illumined the emerald foliage around them, they were still several miles distant from Caripe. But we will give the reader Mr. Edwards's own pretty description:—

"Morning dawned, and we were winding in a narrow channel, among the loveliest islands that eye ever rested on. They sat upon the water like living things; their green drapery dipping beneath the surface, and entirely concealing the shore. Upon the mainland, we had seen huge forests, that much resembled those of the north magnified; but here, all was different, and our preconceptions of a forest in the tropics were more than realized. Vast numbers of palms shot up their tall stems, and threw out their coronal beauties in a profusion of fantastic forms. Sometimes the long leaves assumed the shape of a feather-encircled crest, at others, of an opened fan; now, long and broad, they drooped languidly in the sunlight; and again, like ribbon streamers, they were floating upon every breath of air. Some of these palms were in blossom, the tall sprigs of yellow flowers conspicuous among the leaves; from others depended masses of large fruits, ripening in the sun, or attracting flocks of noisy parrots. At other spots, the palms had disappeared, and the dense foliage of the tree-tops resembled piles of green. Along the shore, creeping vines so overran the whole, as to form an impervious hedge, concealing everything within, and clustering with flowers."

Caripe is a beautiful place, but exceeding wild and lonely. It commands a fine view of the river in front, it being ten miles across to the next intervening island. Fish are caught here abundantly by the natives, in a very simple manner. The water in the streams rises and falls with the river, and some of them are left almost entirely dry by the ebbing

tide. The Indians take advantage of this circumstance in the following curious manner: having constructed a simple apparatus of long reeds, from six to eight feet in length, and matted together by thongs of grass, they stretch it across the mouth of one of the streams at high tide, having taken the caution to secure it properly. The water passes out through the rushes without any difficulty; but alas! all the innocent little fishes are left behind.

Returning to the city, we soon after find our traveler voyaging in a canoe by starlight, to another estate, bearing the name of Tanau. At this place is one of the most extensive pottery establishments in the province. It is located on the brow of a small hill, and the buildings are almost concealed from view by the trees and surrounding shrubbery. This estate is an extremely interesting one on account of its associations, having been laid out many years ago by the unfortunate Jesuit. There are about eighty slaves stationed here, engaged either in cultivating the plantation, or in working in the kiln. During the heat of the day they are not obliged to perform any severe labor, but are kept busily employed at both morning and evening.

Among the many vegetable productions of this place, may be named the castania or Brazil nut. This delicious fruit grows on very tall trees, and is one of the principal exports of the province. Immense quantities of them are annually brought down from the interior for the purpose of trade.

Shortly after our traveler's return from Tanau, he made an excursion to Vigia, a pretty little village, situated on the Para river, about ten miles from its mouth. As the route by the river was less interesting and somewhat hazardous, Mr. Edwards preferred the inland course, which, although much the longest, is one of the most charming trips that can be taken from the city. How truly delightful must it have been for our adventurer—sailing down those lovely embowered streamlets—winding among the little islands—listening by starlight to the sweet songs of Faustino, or to his legendary stories, so romantic and wild. Oh, it must have been blissful indeed! Throughout the day Mr. Edwards amused himself in firing at the monkeys gambling among the trees, or in shooting the various birds which he saw running among the mangroves along the shore.

The mangroves, with which many of the Para streams are skirted, constitute certainly a very interesting feature. These curious trees are low and have a main stem, from which numbers of others radiate in every direction, taking root in the mud. They subserve a useful purpose, in binding together the soil, and increasing the body of the island, by catching and adding to it all manner of drift. Says Mr. E. :—

“Indeed, whole islands are thus formed; and within the memory of residents, an island of considerable size has sprung up within sight of the city of Para. In a similar way, the thousands of islands that dot the whole Amazon have been formed.”

Arriving at Vigia, our canoe voyagers anchored for the night, and in the morning crossed over to the Roscencia of Senhor Godinho, to whom they had letters of introduction. Here they were well received, and treated with that cordiality and hospitality for which southern planters are so remarkable. Our friends, it seems, were not very epicurean in their diet while on this plantation, and did not scruple to eat monkeys, iguanas, and other “*choice animals*,” from which we northerners are forever precluded.

After a pleasing visit of several days, during which time they collected quite a number of new birds and animals, they took leave of Senhor Godinho, and returned to the city, where they began to make immediate preparations for ascending the Amazon.

In order that they might enjoy perfect independence, and have the power of stopping wherever they pleased, they purchased a river craft for their own accommodation.

The boat was of singular construction, being thirty feet in length, with a round curved bottom, entirely destitute of a keel. The cabin was in the after part, and provided with lockers for provisions, and berths for sleeping. The greatest width of the boat was seven feet. The forward part of the craft was appropriated to the luggage, over which was a matting covering, of a semi-circular form. On either side of this the deck extended out for a foot or more, on which the Indians sat while engaged in paddling. The boat was moreover furnished with a small square sail.

Having procured the requisite passports, our adventurers started one fair

May morning on their interesting voyage up the river. When opposite Caripe, the *Galliota* sprung a leak, and was in danger of being swamped. In order to repair damages, it was found necessary to take out all the cargo, which of course subjected them to considerable trouble and delay.

In three days, all damage having been repaired, they hoisted their new big sail, and away sped the little *Galliota* from the quiet waters of Caripe.

On account of the strength of the current and the changes of the tide, their progress was exceedingly slow. Besides, they were generally obliged to anchor during the night, whatever might be the state of the tide, on account of the great number of small islands, which rendered the navigation quite dangerous.

In a few days they crossed the mouth of the river Tocantius, one of the grandest of the Amazon branches. This river is navigable for an immense distance, and has a number of flourishing settlements on its banks. It takes its rise in a mineral district, remarkable for its precious stones and wild mountain scenery. The principal town on its banks is Cameta, a village containing near twenty-five hundred inhabitants.

By way of amusement and variety, Mr. Edwards and his companions frequently went ashore on the different islands, in quest of game, and many were the bright-plumaged birds which they killed on these sporting occasions. In their rambles on shore they often witnessed interesting pictures of Indian life—a group of natives, seated around a blazing fire and roasting fish in the flame; others lounging in their hammocks, suspended between a couple of slender palms, or roving about with their guns in search of feathered prey.

Braves was the name of the first town where our travelers landed. This place has few attractions, being composed of a scanty number of mud houses, thatched with a species of palm. The scenery around is beautiful, and the forest is well supplied with India-rubber trees. In front of a certain store, they saw a number of "leisurely gentlemen" engaged in rolling balls at a single pin; at another place, they observed some natives occupied in painting plates and small pans of white clay, the workmanship of which was very commendable.

Continuing their course up the river, they wound around innumerable small

islands, covered entirely with flourishing groves of palms. Of these remarkable trees, more than a hundred kinds are known to exist in Brazil. Besides these, our voyagers occasionally saw groups of seringa trees, near which were located the leaf-covered dwellings of the "*gum collectors*."

Entering one of the direct channels of the Amazon, called the Tapajana, they were serenaded by troops of guaribas or howling monkeys, whose voices, horrid beyond description, Mr. E. graphically likens to "the roaring of mad bulls and the squealing of mad pigs" mingled together.

One evening they surprised a flock of macaws, who were roosting among the trees. Flying quickly from their place of concealment, they circled in large numbers over the heads of our adventurers. They were immediately saluted by a simultaneous discharge of fire-arms from the boat, which brought down one of their number in a dilapidated condition to the ground. He proved to be one of the blue and yellow variety.

On the 6th of June, the *Galliota* was opposite the village of Garupa. This is a place of but little importance at present, containing but a few hundred inhabitants, and having but a trifling trade. The town itself is pleasantly situated, on a small eminence, and is fronted by a pretty little island, called the "Isle of Paroquets."

Soon after passing Garupa, our travelers crossed the mouth of the Xingu, a large river, almost equal to the Tocantius in length. On its banks are a number of Indian settlements, which derive their support chiefly from the India-rubber they manufacture, it being considered the best in the province. The scenery, although mountainous, is singularly beautiful.

Among the many annoyances to which our friends were subjected in ascending the river, those which they experienced from the multiplicity of biting insects were decidedly the most perplexing and disagreeable. Above the Xingu, mosquitoes are wonderfully numerous, and are exceedingly *vindictive and blood-thirsty in their dispositions*—indeed, they are a serious *drawback* to the pleasures of voyaging on the Amazon.

In traveling in the wilds of Brazil, one has to accustom himself to eat every kind of food, and witness many singular *epicurean spectacles*. Says Mr. E.:—

“Our macaws, fricasseed with rice, made a very respectable meal; but what then, many a more reputable fowl has that disadvantage. The Indians shot a small monkey, and before life was out of him, threw him upon the fire. Scarcely warmed through, he was torn in pieces, and devoured with a sort of cannibal greediness, that made one shudder.”

On the 11th, the *Galliota* sailed by the little town of *Pryinha*, situated upon the northern shore. The land was here low and swampy, and covered with a forest of extraordinary magnificence. The palm trees were to be seen no longer; but in their stead, tall mullato, mangahaira and cotton trees were abundant, giving a peculiar character to the woody landscape. The former is one of the handsomest of Brazilian trees. It is very lofty, and is surmounted with a spreading top, which, at certain seasons of the year, is profusely decorated with clusters of snowy flowerets. It derives its name from the yellow color of its bark. The most valuable tree, however, which grows on the Amazon, is the cedar. This is very abundant on the *Jupura*, one of the upper branches, and is frequently found floating in immense quantities in the river. Had the inhabitants of *Para* one third the enterprise of the “Yankees,” rafting on the Amazon might be made extremely profitable.

On the 12th, the town of *Monte Alegre* was in sight. This place is particularly noted for its manufacture of *cuyas* or painted gourds, some of which are quite handsome, both in form and coloring. The surrounding scenery is diversified and beautiful, and the banks of the river are overhung with thick clustering vines, gaily decorated with flowers of pink and blue. Within a short distance of the town, a tall peak lifts up its green-mantled head, constituting a prominent landmark for many miles around. Near this place the river makes a bold curve, and expands to a width of from fifteen to twenty miles. The land on the southern shore is high.

On the 14th, our friends made a halt at a cocoa plantation, where they witnessed the following dramatic scene. Says Mr. E.:—

“While here, a *montaria* arrived, containing a sour-looking old fellow, and a young girl seated between two slaves. She had eloped from some town above with her lover, and her father had over-

taken her at *Monte Alegre*, and was now conveying her home. She was very beautiful, and her expression was so touchingly disconsolate, that we were half tempted to consider ourselves six centuries in the past, toss the old gentleman into the river, and cry, *St. Denis* to the rescue! Poor girl! she had reason enough for sadness, as she thought of her unpleasant widowhood, and of the merciless cowhide in waiting for her at home. Some one asked her if she would like to go with us. Her eyes glistened an instant, but the thought of her father so near soon dimmed them with tears.”

On the 15th, the *Galliota* arrived at *Santarem*. With the exception of the city of *Para*, this is the largest town in the province. It is situated on the banks of the *Tapajos* or *Reto* river, and commands an extensive trade with the interior. The population of the town is near four thousand.

The scenery of the *Tapajos* is extremely picturesque and beautiful. About two hundred and fifty miles above, the mountains lift up their towering peaks in majesty to the sky. Near here, the mineral region commences, which is not only remarkable for its precious stones, but also for its rare animals, richly plumaged birds, and splendid flowers. A little farther up is an Indian settlement, where large numbers of feather-embroidered dresses and hammocks are annually manufactured and brought down to *Para* for sale.

Getting once more under weigh, the *Galliota* pursued its course up the Amazon. This mighty river gradually narrowed, as our adventurers proceeded onward. Previous to their arrival at *Santarem*, it had averaged from eight to ten, and sometimes fifteen miles. Between this town and *Para* it has been estimated that there are more than twelve hundred islands, none of them very small, and all covered with the richest verdure. The distance is about six hundred miles.

The country immediately above *Santarem* abounds in groves of cocoa trees. These are low, being seldom above fifteen feet in height. The tops of the trees become so matted together, that the grove itself looks like an immense *banyan*, being one dense mass of rich and clustering foliage.

On the 19th, our travelers landed at *Obidos*. This is a place of considerable trade, and contains upwards of a thousand inhabitants. The river is here contracted

in width to a mile and a half. Through this narrow space the waters boil and dash furiously like those of a whirlpool. The position of the place is indicated by two high hills, which stand like faithful sentinels continually watching over it.

On the 23d, the Galliota sped quickly by the lofty bluff, which rises in its solitary and imposing magnificence, a distinguishing monument between the waters of the upper and lower Amazon; marking the district of Para, from that of the Rio Negro.

On the evening of the same day, our friends arrived at Villa Nova, just in time to witness a brilliant illumination and torch-light procession, which was then taking place in the village, in commemoration of St. Juan, one of its patron saints. Succeeding the procession, says Mr. E.,

"Were ingeniously preposterous angels, some overtopped by plumes several feet in length; others winged with a pair of huge appendages, looking like brown paper kites; and others still, in parti-colored gauds, suggestive of scape angels from Pandemonium. Behind these loitered the tag, rag and bobtail, or the black, red and yellow, in the most orthodox Tammany style."

On the 26th, our travelers resumed their journey, keeping ahead of the Galliota in a small montaria, which they had purchased at Villa Nova for sporting purposes. They created sad havoc among the egrets, cranes, and other long-legged birds, which frequented the shores of the small streams and igaripes. Thus they whirled away the days. At night, says Mr. E.,

"It was our custom to gather upon the cabin and while away the hours in singing all the psalms, and hymns, and social songs, that memory could suggest. Old Amazon was never so startled before; and along his banks, the echoes of Old Hundred and Lucy Long may be traveling still."

Stopping at a certain plantation, Mr. Edwards had an opportunity of seeing a large and highly cultivated tobacco field. The Rio Negro tobacco is considered superior to any raised in the United States, being quite mild and of a pleasant flavor. It is put up in long rolls, and is wound with rubber, to protect it from the influence of the weather. Every one smokes in Brazil—both men, women and children; and it is not an uncommon spectacle to see a boy of six or seven years

of age, lolling as complacently in his hammock as an old Turk, and luxuriating in the fumes of a formidable pipe.

At Serpa our travelers witnessed a singular Indian dance. The men were dressed in shirts and pantaloons, and the maidens clad in white gowns, prettily decorated with gay-colored ribbons and flowers. The music on this occasion consisted of a one-sticked drum and wire-stringed guitar, which undoubtedly chordeed most melliflously together. The dance was a kind of "cheat," in which the men were coquetted most wickedly by the heartless damsels, who skipped about in a manner most difficult to be conceived. To add to the ridiculousness of the scene, all parties kept time with the music by a spasmodic snapping of fingers and loud shuffling of feet on the floor, as they rapidly approached and receded from each other.

The dancing was kept up as long as the liquor lasted, when all who were able went away to their several homes, leaving their inebriated comrades, who lay stretched out on the floor, to recover their equilibrium *at leisure*.

Drawing near the Barra of the Rio Negro, our travelers noticed that the water of the river became gradually darker and darker in color. Finally it appeared intensely black, yet still clear and limpid; the rippling wavelets sparkling in the sunlight, like crystal gems! On either side, towering bluffs, covered with luxuriant verdure, rose in imposing beauty, while green gulfs, festooned with flowering vines, lay between, giving a character of exceeding richness and variety to the enchanting landscape.

At last, on the evening of the fifteenth day, our adventurers arrived at the Barra, having accomplished a voyage of near twelve hundred miles. This was the termination of their interesting journey. Having taken a house, they prepared for a stay of several weeks on shore.

Barra is the chief town of the Rio Negro district; but aside from the barracks and the house of the Assembly, there are no buildings here deserving of notice; and even these are but miserable structures.

The scenery has much interest and beauty. The river in front stretches out like a lake, while a glistening stream, embowered with verdure, circles around the upper portion of the town. As far as the eye can reach, the gorgeous forest extends, looking like one vast sea of foli-

age, as it rises and falls with the gentle undulations of the land. On the bank of the river stands an old ruin, which in its better days was used as a kind of fortification, but which is now so overgrown with moss and clambering vines, as to be hardly distinguished from the surrounding foliage. Says Mr. E.:—

“Here the secluded inhabitants live, scarcely knowing of the rest of the world, and as oblivious of outward vanities as our Dutch ancestors, who in by-gone centuries vegetated upon the banks of the Hudson. Here is no rumbling of carts, or trampling of horses. Serenity, as of a Sabbath morning, reigns perpetual, broken only by the rub-a-dub of the evening patrol, or by the sweet, wild strains from some distant cottage, where the Indian girls are dancing to the music of their own voices.”

How pleasantly did the days glide by at Barra! The mornings were probably spent in wandering in the forest, in quest of natural specimens,—bright-winged birds, shining insects and curious shells! The evenings, too, were not without their amusements. Roving carelessly about the town by starlight—swinging in their comfortable hammocks—mingling in the dances of the natives—inhaling the fumes of a soothing cigar or wreathing circles of smoke from long Indian pipes—listening to the sweet tinkling of a merry guitar—and chatting familiarly with the pretty damsels, who haunt these wild woods with their beauty and their song, were the chief delights of our romantic adventurers while at Barra. Oh, most enviable William! do you not wish that you were back once more?

The birds of Barra are of numberless varieties and of the most exquisite plumage. All day long may be heard the boisterous cries of parrots and jays, while occasionally the plaintive notes of the solitary troquis fall upon the ear. Manakins, with glowing crests, flit from bush to bush; fly-catchers flutter in the air, and motmots and curious pigeons sit silently on the branches, almost concealed from view by the clustering leaves. But the most splendid of all the forest birds, are the chatterers. These birds in size are somewhat smaller than a robin, and their colors are white, crimson, purple and ultramarine blue, strikingly blended together in the different species.

Within two or three miles of Barra is

a small waterfall, having a descent of about twelve feet. Advantage has been taken of this by the construction of a saw-mill just below. During the rainy season, the water of the river is so high, that the fall is hardly perceptible—consequently, it is then impossible to work the mill. Both seasons, however, have their peculiar advantages. While the water is low, (which is the case throughout the dry season,) the mill is kept in constant operation; and when it is high, sufficient employment is afforded in floating down logs from above.

Mr. Edwards is quite eulogistic concerning the delicious water of the Rio Negro, which he declares, for bathing purposes, to be superior to any with which he is acquainted. It produces a pleasant exhilaration, such as those only are able to appreciate, who have themselves bathed in it, or in the waters of a mineral spring.

The people generally are very cleanly, and bathe regularly every day. Says Mr. E.:—

“The women were usually in before sunrise; and we never saw, as some have asserted in the case, both sexes promiscuously in the water.”

This may be the case at Rio Negro, but we ourselves have frequently seen both sexes bathing together, not only in the remote islands which we visited, but even in the public wharves of the city. This we assert to be a *positive fact*.

Here is a passage from Mr. Edwards's book, which shows, after all, that there is but little more modesty at Barra, than at Para and other places of which we might speak. Referring to a certain bathing scene, he says:—

“While the gentlemen were in the water, the ladies upon the bank were applauding, criticising and comparing styles, for there were almost as many nations of us, as individuals; and when, in *their turn*, they darted through the water, or dove, like streaks of light, to the very bottom, they were in no wise distressed that we scrupled not at the same privilege. They were all practiced and graceful swimmers, but the Senhora particularly, (referring to the wife of Senhor Henriquez,) as she rose, with her long hair, long enough to sweep the ground when walking, enshrouding her in its silken folds, might have been taken for the living new world V nus.”

The Rio Negro country abounds in a variety of beautiful and valuable cabinet woods. Here is found the prettily mottled "turtle wood," resembling mahogany in appearance, and the delicate satin wood, so remarkable for its lustre and susceptibility of polish; also, the *pao santo* or sacred wood, excellent cedar, and many kinds of superior timber. A company, formed of active and energetic men, who thoroughly understand the practical part of their vocation, might do an extensive and profitable lumbering business, by establishing themselves at some convenient settlement on the Amazon. The expense of the enterprise would be but trifling, and there would be but little probability of failure, provided the individuals were duly qualified for the undertaking. The wood might be floated down the current on rafts to Para, and from thence exported to the United States at very little cost. Who'll go?

The productions of the district are exceedingly valuable, and of many kinds. Balsam copaiva is floated down in hollow logs, in large quantities, to Barra. Sarsaparilla bushes grow so plentifully on the banks of some of the streams, as to affect the water which bathes their roots. Vanilla grows spontaneously in the forest, and by a little cultivation, might be made a very valuable product. Tonga beans are also exported from here, as well as indigo and rubber.

A brief notice of some of the principal towns and rivers above Barra may not prove uninteresting to the reader.

The first town worthy of notice is Ega. This place contains about a thousand inhabitants, and is situated near three hundred miles above Barra. It is located on the banks of a river of clear water, which is navigable for several hundred miles.

The Japura is a large river, which takes its rise among the mountains of New Grenada, and flows into the Amazon from the north. During the prevalence of the rains, this is a mighty stream, with a powerful current and broad channel. It is filled with myriads of small islands, and abounds in shoals and sandbars, which being uncovered during the dry season, render navigation impracticable. This river forms the boundary line between the Spanish and Brazilian provinces, and is said to have a communication with the Rio Negro. The banks of this river are very little settled by the whites.

About a hundred miles above Ega, is situated a small village called Fontebca. A number of rivers flow into the Amazon in its vicinity, which (Mr. E. states) are very incorrectly laid down on the maps.

The most remote town on the Amazon is Tabatinga, a small place, having but a few hundred inhabitants. It is near eighteen hundred miles from the city of Para. This is the termination of the Brazilian territory.

The tributaries of the Rio Negro are said to be at least forty in number, most of which have been settled upon by the whites. At forty days' journey from Barra, is the stream which connects the Rio Negro with the Orinoco. It is called by the natives the "Casiquiari." By means of this, an inland communication exists between Angostura and Para.

On the 28th of July, our adventurers started from Barra on their homeward voyage down the Amazon. Being bearers of his Majesty's mail, they were treated with considerable attention at the different places at which they stopped. Mr. E. speaks of the mail as an important acquisition, and advises all travellers on the Amazon to seek the office of carrier, as it affords one many advantages.

Early on the morning of the 30th, the Galliot arrived at Serpa. Here they anchored for the purpose of obtaining additional men; but it was found that with the exception of one petty officer and a few ragged soldiers, that all the other men were absent from the place. This being the case, Senhora Jochin offered to enlist a number of women in their stead; but this proposition, says Mr. E., was too dreadful to be thought of for a moment.

At Villa Nova our friends spent a week, during which time they paid their respects to the commandante; took a peep at the village school; visited a beautiful lake, and shot several handsome birds; witnessed the process of constructing a river craft of the largest size; feasted on tomatoes for the first time since their arrival in Brazil; and finally, procured a number of Indians of the tribe of the Gentios, to officiate in the capacity of sailors.

Stopping at Santarem, they breakfasted on beef, which is here of excellent quality. Before leaving this place, they procured an addition to their live stock, in the shape of two parrots and a sun bird. As soon as it was discovered that the latter was a passionate lover of cockroaches

and flies, it became quite a popular pastime among the crew, to put this feathered biped into one of the lockers and then stir up the game; which, says Mr. Edwards, "we had no difficulty in finding, nor he in catching."

Being now assisted by a powerful current, the Galliota glided on with increasing rapidity. Occasionally they verged into small streams, for the purposes of safety and repose, and shortening the voyage by a direct line. Here is a sketch in point, which the reader will agree with us in pronouncing very pleasing, both in word and sentiment:—

"Towards night we left the Amazon for a narrow passage, which led into the river Xingu; and for several hours, our course was in the clear waters of that river, among islands of small size and surpassing beauty. Just at sunset, as we were proceeding silently, there came floating over the water, the rich, flute-like notes of some evening bird. It was exactly the song of the wood-thrush, so favorite a bird at the north; and every intonation came freighted with memories of home, of dear ones, far, far away. Even the Indians seemed struck with an unusual interest, and rested upon their paddles to listen. We never had heard it before; and so strangely in unison was the melody with the hour and the scene, that it might well have seemed to them, the voice of the *spirit bird*."

Sailing noiselessly and quickly down the current of the mightiest of rivers, the Galliota was now drawing near the end of its long and adventurous journey. At last, on the morning of the 25th, the tall steeples of Para were seen looming up in the distance. On approaching the land, the sound of music and the ringing of bells fell upon the ear; a number of friends were waiting on shore; a motley crowd were assembled also to hear the news from the interior; and our happy travelers, eager to rejoin their friends and revisit old scenes, felt as if they were at home once more!

A few weeks after, we find Mr. E. seeking fresh adventure on the island of Marajo. This island is about one hundred and twenty miles in length, and from forty to eighty in breadth. It is a perfect little paradise in itself, and has been called by the natives "The Isle of Flowers."

A considerable portion of Marajo is composed of vast meadows, covered with low bushes and a kind of coarse grass. The remaining part is wooded

with a dense and magnificent forest, abounding in many splendid flowers, beautiful birds and delicious fruits, which are not to be found elsewhere. The atmosphere is salubrious, and fragrant with the aroma of the sweetest flowers. Marajo is greatly celebrated for the abundance and quality of its wild cattle. There are several estates on the island, at each of which a certain number of slaves are kept constantly employed in catching the cattle and sending them to the Para market. The proprietors of these different estates derive an immense revenue from the business, and keep a number of good-sized vessels continually engaged in transporting the cattle from the island.

"Jungcal" was the name given to the estate at which Mr. E. and his companions remained while on Marajo. Here are about a dozen leaf-thatched habitations, in which the blacks and Indians reside. A few tall trees throw their long shadows over them. To the right the landscape is bounded by a dark forest; in front, a winding stream runs quickly along the borders of an impenetrable thicket of bushes and gigantic shrubs, while away off to the left, the boundless meadow extends, dotted here and there with groves of palms, waving their feathery branches in the fragrant breeze.

Wild horses, as well as cattle, are often captured at Jungcal. Sometimes they are caught with the lasso; at other times a herd of them is surrounded and then driven into pens constructed especially for the purpose. As many as are wished are then chosen, and the rest are turned again at large. It has been conjectured that there are at least half a million of wild cattle on Marajo. Jungcal alone possesses thirty thousand, all of which have been branded and are marked in a peculiar manner.

"Oncas" and jaguars are frequently encountered in the forest, and monkeys and other small animals are exceedingly numerous. Alligators, too, of huge dimensions, are daily seen floating down the stream, looking more like lifeless logs of wood, than living and ferocious animals. Huge and venomous snakes glide through the shrubbery, and many kinds of pernicious insects fill the air. Yet, in spite of all the hazards and inconveniences to which one is subject on Marajo, life at Jungcal is much pleasanter than the stranger would be inclined to suppose.

Hunting and fishing constitute the chief amusements. Alligators are sometimes killed with harpoons, and fierce "oncas" caught with lassos. Not unfrequently the latter is attacked by a single native, armed with an iron-pointed javelin: sharp fighting ensues, but the Indian always comes off victorious!

The roseate spoonbills and scarlet ibis are found abundantly on the grassy campos. The nesting places of the latter are called "rookeries," and are generally situated in the midst of a dense and almost impenetrable thicket, composed of bamboos, canes, and several varieties of bushes and thorny cactus. Mr. E. visited one of these ornithological settlements, and having created sad havoc among its feathered inhabitants, he returned "laden with spoils." A more gorgeous spectacle than a flock of ibis, sailing in mid-air like a crimson cloud, can hardly be conceived.

The days are delightful indeed; but who can adequately portray the exquisite beauty of the moonlight evenings at Jungal! Solemn and inspiring, but beautiful as Eden, appears the scenery around, when illumined by the flickering light of the stars; but when the lovely queen of night arises from her golden couch, and sheds her effulgent rays over the hallowed scene, the landscape is far too enchanting and magnificent for either the pen of the poet, or pencil of the painter, to describe! Swinging in their hammocks under their snug little verandahs, the natives were accustomed to spend their evenings in chatting with each other, telling strange stories, and singing love ditties to the accompaniment of their rude guitars!

Finally our adventurers became satiated with the attractions of Marajo, and returned once more to the city. Shortly after this, they bade a final adieu to Para, and set sail for the United States.

With a few general remarks, we will soon take leave of the reader. No country possesses greater natural advantages or more extensive resources for carrying on an important commerce with all parts of the world, than Brazil. The common people, however, are wonderfully deficient in education and necessary intelligence, and are, consequently, very superstitious and perverse. The government, too, is feeble, and is placed in the hands of men, influenced more by avarice and cupidity than by patriotism and right, and who are sadly lacking in that energy of purpose and unity of action, which are

so absolutely essential in the management of national affairs.

In provincial matters, Para has more license than any of the other provinces, owing probably to the greater distance which it lies from the seat of the general government. The principal officer is called a "presidente," and is appointed by the emperor. Assemblies of deputies are elected at particular seasons by the people, who have power and jurisdiction over most matters of provincial importance. In the imposing of tariffs and some other public measures, they have greater authority than our State governments, but all their acts are referred to Rio de Janeiro for confirmation.

The justices of the peace are also elected by the people, but the district judges receive their appointments from Rio.

Although the province offers tempting inducements to *immigrants*, yet the legal disabilities to which *they* are subject, in being precluded from the rights of citizenship, by the stupidity of the government, has prevented many, who were so disposed, from taking advantage of them. Besides, both the import and export duties are so enormously high, that by the former, tools and machinery are almost prohibited, and by the latter, the price paid for labor is rendered so trifling that it acts as a preventive to cultivation.

But we forbear to censure more the government, or notice the counteracting influences of Para, which it is to be hoped time and experience on the part of the rulers, will eventually rectify and amend. Then will commence a brilliant epoch in the history of the country. Educate the people; impose severe penalties on the violation of the law, and see that they are enforced; put restrictions on vice and immorality in all their varied forms; encourage the sacred institution of marriage; hold out rewards to industry and merit; and then, this beautiful province, blessed as it is with a soil of extraordinary fertility, and abounding in commodities of wonderful utility to mankind, will become one of the principal marts of the torrid zone; and the city itself, from the incalculable advantages of its situation, will become an important metropolis, teeming with inhabitants—rich in her public institutions—surrounded by flourishing plantations and smiling gardens—proud of her sons and rejoicing in her daughters—the Queen City of Brazil—the "El Dorado" of the southern continent.

MACBETH.

THE celebrated William Hunter, while lecturing on the process of digestion, after reviewing the various theories on the subject, is said to have remarked, that, after all, a stomach was a stomach; and that digestion was the result, not of a chemical nor of a mechanical process, but simply of a digestive process: and the still more celebrated John Hunter, in a similar spirit, took the ground, that the phenomena of organic nature were referable to an unexplained and unexplainable principle, called the principle of life. These positions, assuredly, are as much more philosophical as they are less difficult, than the theories they are designed to supersede. There is often more of wisdom in knowing how to stop, than in knowing how to proceed, in our investigations.

Modern science has been more vitiated, perhaps, by attempts to trace all the phenomena of nature up to one principle, and all the phenomena of mind up to one faculty, than by all other causes put together. Metaphysicians, for example, endeavoring to account for all our ideas by the understanding, have ended in materialism. Moralists, undertaking to explain all our moral sentiments by the understanding, have ended in expediency. Theologians, undertaking to teach religion altogether through the understanding, have ended in orthodoxism. Critics, endeavoring to account for our perceptions of beauty by the understanding, have ended in utility. In like manner, naturalists, attempting to explain the phenomena of animal and vegetable life by a common principle, have ended in mechanism. Such are some of the evils resulting to science, from too great a rage for simplification. One of the great faults in modern teaching is, the trying to give and get a knowledge of everything through the understanding. In attempting to teach or to learn through one faculty what is addressed to another faculty, we are in danger of spoiling both the mind studying and the subject studied. The man in whom reverence is not developed, of course finds no sacredness anywhere, because he has no eye to find it with; and all attempts to give him a knowledge of it through the understanding, will but tend to convince him that no such thing exists. The ear alone cannot possibly

distinguish the color of scarlet from the sound of a trumpet; neither can the mere understanding distinguish virtue from utility, nor duty from expediency. By the time we have got the nature of beauty, or virtue, or religion fully explained to the understanding, there ceases to be any such thing as beauty, or virtue, or religion. The fact is, these things all require special developments, and cannot possibly be understood by the same faculty to which political economy is addressed, until they are themselves turned into political economy.

Some persons can see surface and hear noise, but cannot distinguish colors or sounds, and therefore cannot see painting or hear music. We say such people have eyes, but no eye for painting—ears, but no ear for music; that is, they lack the inward senses to which painting and music are respectively addressed. On the same principle some one has said, a taste for Shakspeare involves the development of a special sense; and Wordsworth tells us, “he who feels contempt for any living thing, hath *faculties* which he has never used;” and Coleridge has remarked, that “every great original author, in so far as he is truly original, has to call forth the powers to understand and create the taste to enjoy him;” for his originality lies in the very fact, that he not merely exercises what is already developed, but requires and effects a new development for himself. It is a general truth, indeed, that what we seem to see around us is, in some sense, but a reflection, more or less distinct, of what is within us.

“We can receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does nature live.”

The rainbow of course spans the heavens in vain for the soul that lacks an eye; the sweetest music is but noise to the soul that has no ear. Without the inward power of love no outward thing has loveliness for us; and of him who has no primrose smiling at his heart, we may truly say,

“The primrose on the river’s brim,
A yellow primrose is to him,
And it is nothing more.”

On the other hand, the beauty of crea-

tion shines out in perpetual apocalypse to every soul whose inward springs of beauty have been opened. Thus our outward discoveries naturally correspond to our inward developments; and it is because some people use nothing but their eyes, that they really see so little. Prompted, perhaps, by the dim, half-awakened instincts of their better nature, they are often looking with their eyes into the distant for what the eye can nowhere discover, but what the proper use of their higher faculties would at once disclose in their most immediate vicinity.

Much ingenuity has been displayed by critics, in endeavoring to account for the pleasure we derive from works of art. Now, notwithstanding the various theories on this subject, we are inclined to think, in the spirit of Dr. Hunter's philosophy, that beauty is beauty, virtue is virtue, religion is religion, and art is art; that they are respectively addressed to certain distinct correlative principles within us; and that all attempts to explain our perceptions of them, or our interest in them, by the mere understanding, can only succeed by spoiling them, or by turning them into something else. In other words, the appreciation of works of art, involves the development of special faculties, and cannot be satisfactorily accounted for by the faculties employed in appreciating other objects.

It is universally allowed, that unless a given performance yield the genuine student an overbalance of pleasure, it is not entitled to be called a work of art. All our susceptibilities find pleasure in the attainment of their proper objects. Not that pleasure is the end of the susceptibility, but only an accompaniment inseparable from the attainment of that end; as pleasure springs from the meeting of appetite with its appropriate food, so that, if anything purporting to be food bring no pleasure to the taste, we infer at once that it is no food. The object does not correspond to the appetite, and therefore is not the thing required. In like manner, unless the perception of an alleged work of art bring an overbalance of pleasure, it is not a true work of art. The susceptibility of art does not find in such a work its corresponding object. Here pleasure is not the end of the work, but only a test whether the work be genuine or not; so that the absence of pleasure from its contemplation, invalidates its pretensions.

Again: it is universally allowed that a

work of art, to be genuine, must, when properly studied, produce the illusion of reality. Art, in all its forms, becomes perfect only when and so far as it ceases to seem art. The painting, or music, or statue, which, when rightly viewed, seems to be such, is not genuine, but only a collection of calves, or a succession of sounds, or a block of marble. And yet it is a well-known fact, that in the world of art, many things afford great pleasure, which, in the actual world, would give unmixed pain. The difficulty, then, is that, under the illusion of reality, we enjoy things which, in the actual occurrence, would cause us great distress. To obviate this difficulty, some have tried to account for the interest we take in works of art, by the principle of curiosity. But the truth is, the legitimate interest of such works increases as their novelty wears off, so that they really become more interesting as they cease to excite curiosity. The man who does not enjoy Shakspeare's plays much more the fiftieth time reading than the first, has no right appreciation of them as works of art.

Once more, not only must a work of art, to be genuine, afford an overbalance of pleasure, but it is justifiable in exciting unpleasant emotions only on condition that it afford more pleasure so than would otherwise be practicable. Nay, such a work, by general concession, rises in excellence in proportion as it gives us pleasure in what, if actually seen, would give us pain. The very triumph of art consists in making the representations delightful according as the actual occurrence would be painful. A true work of art, then, it seems to me, affects us neither as the unreal, for then it would not interest us, nor as the actual, for then it might pain us, but simply as the ideal; that is, *as always being, but never occurring*. The illusion of art, therefore, implies neither positive belief, nor positive disbelief, but a simple suspension of both in pure emotion and contemplation; a calm repose of the mind in a sufficient and appropriate object. Perhaps it should be remarked, by the way, that the proper antithesis of the ideal is, not the real, but the actual. The ideal, indeed, is even more real than the actual, inasmuch as the former exists for all times and places, whereas the latter can only have a local and temporary existence. This difference is exemplified and recognized in historical and individual portraits, which a practiced eye readily distinguishes, though it may

never have seen anything resembling either. An individual portrait is not, properly speaking, a work of art, but only a copy from actual life, and interesting only for the sake of the original. But the interest of an ideal or historical portrait is of an altogether different sort, and is as universal as the sense for art, because its original is everywhere, or rather, is simply an idea. In other words, the original of every work of art is in the mind itself; and it is in developing it there, that the work produces its legitimate effect.

A work of art, then, depends, for its appropriate interest, on our susceptibility of the ideal; and to explain that interest by any more general susceptibility, seems just about as unphilosophical, as to explain the process of digestion by chemistry or mechanism. Art, therefore, like virtue and religion, is its own end, and to inquire for its utility, as that word is generally used, were not unlike inquiring for the utility of a God. But the right appreciation of art, as an end, involves the development of a special sense—a sense corresponding neither to the musical nor to the actual, but to the ideal, as before explained. It was probably the want of this sense that caused Macaulay to pronounce poetry a species of madness. He but spoke then, as he frequently speaks, in the spirit of that detestable philosophy, or rather, want of philosophy, which assumes every one to be out of his senses, who takes an interest in anything above or beyond sense. He seems to regard art very much as Iago regards virtue; that is, he values it only as a means; and while he is unwilling to forego its incidental results, the thing itself that produces them seems to him a perfect absurdity. He therefore calls poetry a divine madness, and Iago calls virtue a blessed figs-end; and there is just about as much wisdom, we suspect, in the one expression as in the other.

Such, then, is the best explanation we can give of the fact, that many things which, in the actual world, would pain us, in the world of art please us only because and so far as they produce the illusion of reality. Art does not speak to more general faculties, but calls forth a faculty for itself. The mind thus unfolds a new sense, a new inlet for truth and beauty. On the other hand, to create or reveal an ideal world for the use and occupancy of the soul, is the mission of art. Accordingly we find among all nations, that at a certain stage of culture

art is the spontaneous out-growth of the national mind. If it be said, that on this ground a sense for art is useless, the answer is, it may be useless to us as economists, but not as men; and if it were, the fault would lie with Him who gave you the susceptibility, not with those who develop and exercise it. We have known men who discovered nothing in nature but a collection of physical aptitudes; who valued creation only as a sort of huge spinning-jenny, to twist out fortunes and interests with; and who would sneer at the idea of looking at nature through any other than economical faculties. Of course such men need no special sense to view either nature or art with; the faculties employed in the counting-room or on the plantation, are all they have any use for; the only question with them in regard to any spot of nature is, whether it will produce any corn?—just as though nature was made for nothing but a corn-field. Undoubtedly such men have stomachs; whether they have any souls, is another question. Religion, too, like art, or like nature, as a means, is useful to us as economists, and, in this view, of course requires no special development. But as an ultimate and paramount good, she is infinitely useful to us as men; and in this sense she has to unfold the faculties by which she is known and received, and to awaken the aspirations of which she is the object. As a system of means to self-love, she may be known well enough by the calculative faculties; but as an end she can be truly known only by the eye, that is, preconfigured to the light of her countenance; and she must first touch and open that eye for us, before she can engage the interest which her nature claims. It is enough, therefore, that art, like religion, though by no means in the same degree, multiplies the aims and objects of our spiritual being; that if it does not help us to get rich faster, it helps to raise us above riches; and that, by giving us nobler loves and nobler cares, it tends to “win us from the gross delights of sense and life’s unspiritual pleasures daily wooed.” Religion and art do not merely feed, but develop us; not merely give us wealth, but give us soul to enjoy it; not merely improve our condition as economists, but quicken, unfold, and perfect our nature as men. With them, and with a proper sense for them as ends, we not only have more, but are more; not only possess other

things, but become other things, than without them: for the irreligious man is, in reality, but half a man, and the poorer half at that; all the better elements of his nature being dead or dormant within him.

After all, however, we throw out these remarks rather as suggestions than as settled convictions; and whatever may be their demerits, we are sure they have not the demerit of originality. Our object in raising the question was not so much to give a theoretical solution of it, as to call attention to the most astonishing practical solution of it in existence. We were led into the discussion, by some striking peculiarities in the tragedy of *Macbeth*, and by Mrs. Siddons's account of her feelings on studying this wonderful performance for stage representation. This remarkable woman informs us, that "she went on with tolerable composure, in the silence of the night, until she came to the assassination scene; when the horrors of the scene rose to such a pitch, as made it impossible for her to proceed. Snatching up the candle, she rushed out of the room in a paroxysm of terror. The rustling of her silk dress, as she ascended the stairs, seemed to her panic-struck fancy the movements of a spectre pursuing her. Finding her husband fast asleep, she had no refuge but to throw herself immediately upon the bed, without stopping to put out the light or lay off her clothes."

Now, as some one has remarked, if such were the legitimate effect of this tragedy, as a work of art it would obviously be worthless. From the intensity with which Mrs. Siddons studied a particular scene to the exclusion of the rest, her impression became exaggerated from that of an ideal picture into that of an actual occurrence; illusion passed into delusion; she came to regard it as a matter of fact, not as a work of art; and of course an agony of terror was the result. We probably need not say, that *Macbeth* does not naturally affect us so; if it did, we could not endure to read it. The moment we translate it from ideal into actual, it becomes an insupportable accumulation of horrors. And perhaps it is only by comparing its effects as a matter of fact and as a work of art, that we can fully realize what a triumph of skill it involves.

In its general features *Macbeth* is exactly the reverse of *Hamlet*; the former being as replete with action as the latter is with thought. By preternatural aid an

indomitable lust of power is suddenly enfranchised into "ample room and verge enough the characters of hell to trace." Wicked purposes literally explode into performance; murders, begotten of lawless ambition, are hatched full-grown; while the fires of remorse seem blown into postponement by the very rapidity with which successive designs rush into act. How such a terrific, such a fearfully magnificent succession of incantations, and assassinations, and apparitions, and retributions could be moulded into a work of art without defeating the purpose of such a work, is more than we can tell: we can only point to the fact. What, in other hands, had probably turned out a mere heaping of horrors upon horrors' head, has here, by some strange potency, been made the most magnificent cluster of terrible graces that ever imagination conceived. It is probably this fact that has secured to *Macbeth* that precedence over all other dramas, which critics have generally accorded to it; for, in respect of character, it is below several of Shakspeare's plays in quantity if not in quality.

The Weird Sisters are the creatures, not of any pre-existing superstition, but purely of Shakspeare's own mind. They are altogether unlike anything else that art or superstition ever invented. The old witches of northern mythology would not have answered the poet's purpose. Those could only act upon men—these act within them; those oppose themselves against human will—these identify themselves with it; those could inflict injury—these inflict guilt; those could work men's physical ruin—these win men to work their own spiritual ruin. *Macbeth* cannot resist them, because they take from him the very will and spirit of resistance. Their power takes hold on him like a fascination of hell: it seems as terrible and as inevitable as that of original sin; insuring the commission of crime, not as a matter of necessity, for then it would be no crime, but simply as a matter of fact. In using them Shakspeare but borrowed the drapery of pre-existing superstition to secure faith in an entirely new creation. Without doing violence to the laws of human belief, he was thus enabled to enlist the services of old credulity in favor of agents as instruments suited to his peculiar purpose.

The Weird Sisters are a combination of the terrible and the grotesque, and hold the mind in suspense between laughter and fear. Resembling old

women, save that they have long beards, they bubble up into human shape, but are free from all human relations; without age, or sex, or kin; without birth, or death; passionless and motionless; anomalous alike in looks, in action, and in speech; nameless themselves, and doing nameless deeds. Coleridge describes them as the imagination divorced from the good; and this description, to one who understands it, expresses their nature better than anything else we have seen. Gifted with the powers of prescience and prophesy, their predictions seem replete with an indescribable charm which works their own fulfilment, so as almost to leave us in doubt whether they predestinate and produce, or only foresee and foretell the subsequent events.

Such as they are—

“So withered and so wild in their attire;
That look not like the inhabitants o’ the
earth,
And yet are on’t”—

such is the language in which they mutter their horrid incantations. It is, if such a thing be possible or imaginable, the poetry of hell, and seems dripping with the very dews of the pit. A wondrous potency, like the fumes of their charmed pot, seems stealing over our minds as they compound the ingredients of their hell-broth. In the materials which make up the contents of their cauldron, such as

“Root of hemlock, digg’d i’ the dark;
“Slips of yew,
Sliver’d in the moon’s eclipse;”

and

“Grease, that’s sweeten
From the murderer’s gibbet,”

there is a strange confusion of the natural and supernatural, which serves to enchant and bewilder the mind into passiveness. Our very ignorance of any physical efficacy or tendency in the substances and conditions here specified, only enhances to our imagination their moral potency; so that they seem more powerful over the soul, inasmuch as they are powerless over the body. The Weird Sisters, indeed, and all that belongs to them, are but poetical impersonations of evil influences: they are the imaginative, irresponsible agents or instruments of the devil; capable of inspiring guilt, but not of incurring it; in and through whom

all the powers of their chief seem bent up to the accomplishment of a given purpose. But with all their essential wickedness, there is nothing gross, or vulgar, or sensual about them. They are the very purity of sin incarnate; the vestal virgins, so to speak, of hell; radiant with a sort of inverted holiness; fearful anomalies in body and soul, in whom everything seems reversed; whose elevation is downwards; whose duty is sin; whose religion is wickedness; and the law of whose being is violation of law! Unlike the Furies of Eschylus, they are petrific, not to the senses, but to the thoughts. At first, indeed, on merely looking at them, we can hardly keep from laughing, so uncouth and grotesque is their appearance; but afterwards, on looking into them, we find them terrible beyond description; and the more we look into them, the more terrible do they become; the blood almost curdling in our veins, as, dancing and singing their infernal glees over embryo murders, they unfold, to our thoughts, the cold, passionless, inexhaustible malignity and deformity of their nature.

In beings thus made and thus mannered; in their fantastical and unearthly aspect, awakening mixed emotions of terror and mirth; in their ominous reserve and oracular brevity of speech, so fitted at once to overcome skepticism, to sharpen curiosity, and to feed ambitious hopes in the circumstances of their prophetic greeting, a blasted heath, as a spot deserted by nature and sacred to infernal orgies—the influences of the place thus falling in with the supernatural style and matter of their disclosures;—in all this we may recognize a peculiar adaptedness to generate, even in the strongest minds, a belief in their predictions.

What effect, then, do the Weird Sisters have on the action of the play? Are their disclosures necessary to the enacting of the subsequent crimes? and, if so, are they necessary as the cause, or only as the condition of those crimes? Do they operate to deprave, or only to develop, the characters brought under their influence? In a word, do they create the evil heart, or only untie the evil hands? These questions have been variously answered by critics. Not to dwell on these various answers, it seems to us tolerably clear, that the agency of the Weird Sisters extends only to the inspiring of confidence in what they predict. This confidence they awaken in Banquo equally as in Macbeth; yet the only effect of

their proceedings on Banquo is, to try and prove his virtue. The fair inference, then, is, that they furnish the motives, not the principles of action; and these motives are of course to good, or to bad, according to the several preformations and predispositions of character whereon they operate. But what relation does motive bear to action? On this point, too, it seems to us there has been much of needless confusion. Now, moral action, like vision, presupposes two things, a condition and a cause. Light and visual power are both indispensable to sight. There can be no vision without light; yet the cause of vision, as everybody knows, is the visual power pre-existing in the eye. Neither can we walk without an area to walk upon; yet nobody, we suppose, would pronounce that area the cause of our walking. On the contrary, that cause is obviously within ourselves; it lies in our own innate mobility; and the area is necessary only as the condition of our walking. In like manner, both will and motive are indispensable to moral action. We cannot act without motives, any more than we can breathe without air; yet the cause of our acting lies in certain powers and principles within us. As, therefore, vision springs from the meeting of visual power with light, so action springs from the meeting of will with motive. Surely, then, those who persist in holding motives responsible for our actions, would do well to remember, that motives can avail but little, after all, without something to be moved.

One of the necessary conditions of our acting, in all cases, is, a belief in the possibility and even the practicability of what we undertake. However ardent and lawless may be our desire of a given object, still a conviction of the impossibility of reaching it necessarily precludes all efforts to reach it. So fully are we persuaded that we cannot jump over the moon, that we do not even wish, much less attempt, to do it. Generally, indeed, apprehensions and assurances, more or less strong, of failure and punishment in criminal attempts, operate to throw us back upon better principles of action; we make a virtue of necessity; and from the danger and difficulty of indulging evil and unlawful desires, fall back upon such as are lawful and good; wherein, to our surprise, nature often rewards us with far greater pleasures than we had anticipated from the opposite cause. He who removes those apprehensions and assur-

ances from any wicked enterprise, and convinces us of its safety and practicability, may be justly said to furnish us motives to engage in it; that is, he gives us the conditions *upon which*, but not the principles *from which*, our actions proceed; and therefore does not, properly speaking, deprave, but only develops our character. For example, in ambition itself, unchecked and unrestrained by any higher principles, are contained the elements of all the crimes necessary to the successful prosecution of its objects. We say *successful* prosecution; for such ambition is, from its nature, regardless of everything but the chances of defeat; so that nothing less than the conviction or the apprehension that crimes will not succeed, can prevent such ambition from employing them.

Now, in Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, the Weird Sisters find minds preconfigured and preattempered to their influences; and their success seems owing to the fact, that the hearts of their victims were already open to welcome and entertain their suggestions. Macbeth, by his great qualities, his valor, his able conduct, and admirable success, has won for himself, not only the highest rank but one in the kingdom, but the first place in the confidence and affection of his sovereign. What principles his great actions have hitherto sprung from, whether from loyalty or ambition, is uncertain: if from loyalty, then he is probably satisfied; if from ambition, he is only inflamed, and the height he has reached prepares him for projects to mount up higher. This point, so uncertain to us, is known to the Weird Sisters. They look not only into the seeds of time, but into the seeds of Macbeth's character; and they are enabled to cast his horoscope and predict his fortune, partly by what they see before him, and partly by what they see within him. At his meeting with them, Macbeth's mind, unstaid by principle, flushed with recent victory, and thirsting for glory the more for the glory he has just been winning, is in a proper state for generating or receiving superstitious impressions, especially if those impressions offer any encouragement to his ruling passion. They have but to engage his faith in their predictions; and this readily follows from the condition in which they find him.

Critics have differed a good deal as to the origin of Macbeth's purpose to usurp the crown by murdering the king. That this purpose originates with Macbeth

himself, we can find no room for doubt. The promise of the throne by the Weird Sisters, is no more an instigation to murder for it, than the promise of wealth, in similar circumstances, would be an instigation to steal for it. To a truly honest, upright man, such a promise, in so far as he trusted in it, would obviously preclude the motives to theft; and his argument, at worst, would be, that inasmuch as he was destined to be rich, he had nothing to do but sit still and wait for the riches to come. If, however, he were already a thief at heart, and restrained from actual thieving only by prudential regards, he would naturally construe the promise of wealth into a promise of impunity in theft, and accordingly go to stealing. Such appears to be the case with Macbeth. Having just received two promises, namely, that he should be thane of Cawdor and that he should be king, he proceeds forthwith to argue against the probability of either event; as men often argue against what they wish to find true. His argument is this:—

“The thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and, to be king,
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor.”

Now, he has just fought and defeated the thane of Cawdor as a rebel and a traitor, and therefore knows that in all probability his life and title are forfeit to the State; and he seems to spy a sort of hope that he may be Cawdor sure enough; and if so, then why not king? Presently, however, come messengers from the king to greet him thane of Cawdor; and this literal fulfilment of one promise confirms at once his faith in the other promise: this, trusted home, at once “enkindles him unto the crown.” Upon this confirmation the pre-existing elements of his character immediately gather and fashion themselves into the purpose in question. The assurance of the crown becomes to him only an assurance of impunity in crime. Thus—

“Oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us
truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.”

The Weird Sisters, then, put nothing into Macbeth, but only bring out what was already there. They seem drawn to him, indeed, by the secret sympathy

which evil naturally has with evil: “by the pricking of their thumbs,” they know that “something wicked this way comes;” and it is this knowledge that invites their prophetic greeting. They saw the seeds of murder sleeping within him, and ready to germinate into purpose as soon as breathed upon by the hope of success and impunity. To inspire him with this hope, was all they had to do—a task made easy by the fact, that men are apt to believe what they so earnestly desire to have true; and no sooner have they opened upon him the prospect of success, than the germs of wickedness within him forthwith begin to sprout and grow.

“Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—
This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill, cannot be good:—If ill,
Why hath it given the earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth?
If good, why do I yield to that sugges-
tion,
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my
ribs,
Against the use of nature?”

Some, however, have maintained that the wicked purpose not only originates with Macbeth, but was deliberately formed by him and imparted to his wife before his meeting with the Weird Sisters. On this ground there is nothing for the Weird Sisters to do; and their agency goes rather to perplex and embarrass than facilitate and explain the action that follows. There needed no preternatural agents come from the world of devils, to develop a purpose already ripe for execution! It is the very necessity of their predictions, that justifies the introducing of them into the play; otherwise their presence would be an obvious superfluity and incumbrance to the drama. The truth, it seems to us, is that the purpose in question neither originates with the Weird Sisters, nor with Macbeth before his meeting with them. Nor does this position at all affect Macbeth's responsibility, nor anywise clash with the ordinary laws of human action. Macbeth doubtless had will enough before, but nothing short of supernatural agencies could furnish the motives to develop his will into act. In his lawless ambition, his indomitable lust of power and popularity, the same impulses which have hitherto prompted his heroic exploits—in these are involved the prin-

ciples of his subsequent crimes ; but his convictions of the impossibility of succeeding in such crimes of course preclude the conditions answering to those principles. In a word, it is not that he lacks the heart, but that Providence ties his hands. Some extraordinary assurances, therefore, are indispensable, not indeed as the origin or cause, but simply as the occasions, of his wicked purpose. Hence the necessity of the Weird Sisters to the rational accomplishment of the poet's design. Without their supernatural disclosures, it would be impossible, not only for us to account for Macbeth's conduct, but for Macbeth himself to act as he does ; so that the existence of such beings is far more probable in reason, than such action would be without them. Thus we shall always find, that of two improbabilities, Shakspeare uniformly chooses the least ; as, for example, in the case before us, to show the anti-natural, he takes refuge in the supernatural : whenever he goes above nature, it is to avoid going against her.

With Macbeth, then, the conviction of impossibility has hitherto kept the general desire from passing into the definite resolve. *I cannot* hangs like a mill-stone about the neck of *I would*, holding it down out of the sight of others, and even of himself ; for he never conceives himself capable of such a horrid intent, until, to his amazement, he finds himself actually harboring it. He is a man of great powers as well as strong passions ; and with his wise foresight and circumspection, with his "large discourse looking before and after," he knows that such an undertaking is like going to war with the nature of things ; that, without some miraculous intervention, the consequences must, in all probability, recoil upon himself ; and this knowledge, though it does not preclude the wish, effectually precludes the attempt. In short, he "is afraid to be the same in his own act and valor as he is in desire ;" "would not play false, and yet would wrongly win ;" and "rather fears to do the deed, than wishes it undone." Thus his indwelling germs of sin are kept from budding and blossoming out into conscious thought and purpose. But this conviction of impossibility, though the chief, is not the only restraint upon his ambition.

"He's here in double trust ;

First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed ; then, as his
host,

Who should against his murderer shut the
door,

Not bear the knife myself. Besides this,
Duncan

Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued,
against

The deep damnation of his taking off."

Here we see he has moral as well as prudential objections to crime ; motives of duty as well as of interest against it ; and though neither his virtue nor his prudence alone is an overmatch for his ambition, both of them together are. What is necessary, therefore, in order to set his ambition free, is, to obviate his prudential objections, to nullify his motives of interest, and quiet his apprehension of the consequences. It is on this principle that the Weird Sisters proceed. Their preternatural insight, both of what is in the future and of what is in him, teaches them how and where he is vulnerable. By throwing the security of fate around him, by convincing him of the safety and practicability of the undertaking, they reconcile his circumspection with his ambition, and bribe his reason into the service and support of his passion.

Herein lies the difference between Banquo and Macbeth. The former shrinks from the guilt of crime, and therefore borrows no encouragement from assurances of success ; the latter shrinks from the danger of crime, and therefore rushes into it as soon as such assurances are given him. Banquo's ambition is restrained by principle ; Macbeth's, by prudence : with the one, therefore, the revelations of fate preclude the motives to crime ; with the other, those revelations themselves become the motives to crime. Macbeth's starting, upon hearing the predictions of the Weird Sisters, is but the bursting of a germ of wickedness into conception ; and his subsequent starting, upon the fulfilment of one of their predictions, is but the bursting of that conception into resolution. Banquo starts not in either case, because he has no such germs of wickedness for them to work upon ; so that "he neither begs nor fears their favor nor their hate." Macbeth hears their prophetic greeting with terror, because it awakens in him thoughts of crime. Banquo hears it with composure, because in him it only awakens resolutions of virtue. Thus the self-same thing is often a temptation to one man, and a warning to another ; where the former sees a prize to be sought, the

latter sees only a snare to be shunned. The Weird Sisters now harp Macbeth's wish aright, as they afterwards harp his fear; and they at once engage his faith and awaken his fears by realizing him to himself, and showing him what he is. Macbeth kisses the confirmation from which Banquo recoils. It is the greedy fish that snatches at the bait.

"If chance will have me king, why, chance
may crown me,
Without my stir,"

is but the momentary recoil of Macbeth's conscience from a suggestion which he lacks the will to oppose. He thus tries to arm himself against prospective and preventive remorse. The truth is, chance but awakens in him the "black and deep desires" which have hitherto been kept asleep by chance. His virtue is altogether a dependent, conditional virtue; a reverse of circumstances, therefore, reverses the entire scope and drift of his action. He is rather guilty of tempting the Weird Sisters than of being tempted by them; at least he tempts them to tempt him.

Macbeth is surprised and terrified at his own hell-begotten conception. There is nothing in the play more profound or more natural than this. The Weird Sisters have brought fire, as it were, to the characters traced, as with sympathetic ink, upon his soul; and he shudders with horror as he reads the darkening and deepening, but hitherto unsuspected inscription.

"The thought, whose murder yet is but
fantastical,
Shakes so his single state of man, that
function

Is smothered in surmise; and nothing is,
But what is not."

Like others, he knows not, suspects not, the innate and essential evil of his heart, until prospect awakens it into purpose, or occasionally develops it into performance. Engrossed in the pursuit of glory, he has taken his ideas of himself from public opinion; and of course dreams not that his heart is a nest of cockatrice's eggs, till opportunity hatches out the serpents into the eye of consciousness. He knows not what he is capable of doing, until he ascertains from the perfectest report what is possible to be done. Hitherto his ambition and his imagination have kept billing and cooing each other on; now they are brought

into conflict, and his imagination shudders at the deeds which his ambition persuades. Without strict and constant self-examination, we cannot know what we *are* except by what we *do*; and doubtless many of us would tremble at ourselves, were some preternatural assurance of success and impunity to unfold our latent capabilities of evil into conscious thought and purpose. The truth is, we know not how frail a thing our boasted virtue is, nor how much we are indebted for it, frail as it is, to the kindness of favoring circumstances. How many of us rush into crime, with all the chances of detection and punishment before us; if all those chances were removed, how many more of us would rush into crime! It almost makes one shudder to think of it! On the whole, the precept, "Keep thy heart diligently, for out of it are the issues of life," is nearly as wise, we suspect, as anything that has yet come from the mouth of infidelity.

But, though Macbeth has the wickedness to originate, he lacks the firmness to execute, the design of murdering the king. His strength and irritability, both of understanding and of imagination, are more than a match for his ambition; and his infirmity and vacillation of purpose is but a struggle between them. He foresees many dangers, and imagines many more. It is not so much the guilt, however, as the failure of the undertaking, that he fears. The very height to which his ambition is vaulting, makes him fear it will overleap itself; and his apprehensions of defeat prevent his forming any plans to insure success. He is to run for a prize of glory, and he dare not start in the race, lest he should lose the prize by overrunning.

"If it were done, when 'tis done, then
'twere well

It were done quickly: If the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and
catch,

With his surcease, success; that but this
blow

Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We'd jump the life to come. But, in these
cases,

We still have judgment here; that we but
teach

Bloody instructions, which, being taught,
return

To plague the inventor. This even-handed
justice

Commends the ingredients of our poison'd
chalice

To our own lips."

The truth is, Macbeth has not faith enough in the Weird Sisters to overcome the suggestions of experience and the terrors of imagination; he cannot bring himself to trust their word against the natural and ordinary course of things. "*If we should fail*"—this is the point whereon he sticks; and he must not only believe in the practicability of the undertaking, but see his way clear through it, before he can venture upon it. By a miracle he has been called to an act which he wishes done, yet fears to do; and he thinks that nothing less than a perpetual miracle can tie up the consequences of such an act. The question with him is, from whence is this latter miracle to come? Thus his mind is held in suspense between the miracle which invites him to the deed, and the unknown miracle which is to avert its consequences from himself.

It is this circumstance that necessitates the intervention of Lady Macbeth, who shares, indeed, her husband's ambition, but lacks his strength and activity of mind. Hence, while his letter to her, relating the events which have happened to him, affects her will just as those events themselves affected his own, the effect on her mind is just the reverse of what it is upon his; she being, of course, inaccessible to the prudential misgivings and horrible imaginings that so haunt and unnerve him. The predictions of the Weird Sisters scare up a throng of fears in his mind: they have no room for fear in hers. She sees only the prize to be won; he, together with this, sees also the dangers to be incurred. The truth is, she has not foresight nor imagination enough to frighten her back from the crimes to which her ambition prompts. Thus, what terrifies him, transports her; what fills him with apprehensions, fills her with enthusiasm; what stimulates his reflective powers, stifles hers. She, thoughtless of consequences, would catch the nearest way; he, provident of consequences, would pause and look for the safest way. Accordingly, as he is too much troubled with apprehensions to form any plans, so she is too busy in forming plans to be troubled with any apprehensions; and he is "settled, and bends up each corporal agent to the terrible fact," as soon as she points out the means of safety and success. Moreover, she expels his fear of the consequences, by inspiring him with a greater fear of herself. Much as he dreads the prospect of worldly retribution, he dreads still

more the bitter, biting taunts, and the scornful, sarcastic reproaches, of the woman whom he loves, and by whom he knows he is loved. To be called a coward by such a woman, is of course the very last thing that a soldier can bear; to say he will sooner die, is nothing; there is scarce anything conceivable, in this world or the next, that he will not rather endure!

In their remarks upon Lady Macbeth, critics generally have fallen, it seems to us, into the common, but pernicious style of thinking, which presumes the more headlong and headstrong person to be the greater. Macbeth, we apprehend, is truly as much greater in every respect, though not as much better, as he is more irresolution, than his wife. She is certainly a bold, bad woman, whom we fear and pity; but we can hardly predicate any kind of superiority on the fact, that her resolution quails not before dangers which she lacks the foresight to discern, and the imagination to conceive. Even so might a blind man walk on the edge of a precipice with a composure and steadiness that would be impossible for a man with eyes; nay, in such an undertaking, the blind man might even derive safety and success from his very blindness. Assuredly, Macbeth shows more true force of will by the temporary abandonment of his purpose, than she does by her reckless adherence to it. "'Tis the eye of childhood fears a painted devil." Yes; but it is the want of any eye whatever that fears not a real devil! If "the sleeping and the dead are but as pictures" to her, it must be rather because she is too weak, than because she is too strong, to recognize the difference. "A little water clears us of the deed," may argue strength of nerve, but not of mind, or of will. Lady Macbeth, then, we suspect, is too blind to see, rather than too resolute to fear the true terrors of such an undertaking; insensible, rather than insensible to the reasons against it; and her freedom from prudential scruples and misgivings springs not so much from peculiar strength of will, as from comparative want of reflection. There is, in short, a predominant matter-of-factness about Lady Macbeth, which renders her inaccessible alike to the motives that deter her husband from the first crime, and to those that prompt him to the subsequent crimes.

A late writer in the Westminster Review, while he accords to Macbeth great redundancy and excitability of imagina-

tion, at the same time pronounces selfishness the exclusive law and impulse of his character. And he not only represents Macbeth as entirely selfish, but also represents Lady Macbeth as entirely disinterested; denies him any sympathy or affection for her, save as a pander to his ambition, and denies her any ambition, save from sympathy and affection for him. Here, truly, we have rather the simplicity of personified abstractions than the complexity of living persons. Surely this looks very like turning characters into caricatures; for we can hardly conceive of a person's acting so long a time from a single motive or a single impulse. People of one passion are seldom to be met with, save in bad books; and it seems hardly wise, thus to wrangle Shakspeare's masterpieces into blunders. Now, in the first place, such exclusive selfishness and such excess of imagination, as are here attributed to Macbeth, seem rather incompatible; for imagination, being objective in its nature and its workings, naturally involves more or less of self-oblivion. And besides, the power which Lady Macbeth wields over her husband, can be rationally accounted for only on the ground that he truly loves her. It is the very strength of his affection for her as his wife, and his "dearest partner in greatness," that makes her reproaches so formidable as to countervail his fear of worldly retribution. A man had as lief be called a coward as not by a woman he does not respect. In all probability, they both desire the crown, partly for themselves, and partly for each other; and we might as well say, that he is ambitious only from sympathy with her, as that she is ambitious only from sympathy with him. It is the very prospect of sharing and enhancing each other's greatness, that prompts them to their wicked enterprise; it is by being mutually answered and reflected, that their passion rises to such a pitch of intensity as to overbear all opposing considerations. Indeed, there is something of disinterestedness in Macbeth's very ambition itself; for men may be disinterested in bad passions as well as in good ones—may sacrifice themselves to the devil as well as to God. Power and popularity—"to ride in triumph on men's tongues"—in a word, glory is an object which Macbeth loves and pursues with a perfect passion; an object and a passion in which self is, in some degree, lost and forgotten. That he loves glory more than life, and dreads infamy more

than death—this is the quality of his ambition; and the fear, not that his passion may defeat his interest, but that it may defeat itself, is the very thing that breaks down his resolution.

A strong and excitable imagination, set on fire of conscience, naturally fascinates and spell-binds the other faculties, and thus gives an objective force and effect to its own internal workings. Under this guilt-begotten hallucination, the subject loses present dangers in horrible imaginings, and comes to be tormented with his own involuntary creations. Thus conscience inflicts its retributions, not directly in the form of remorse, but indirectly, through imaginary terrors, which again react on the conscience, as fire is kept burning by the current of air which itself generates. In such a mind the workings of conscience may be prospective and preventive; the very conception of crime starting up a swarm of terrific visions to withhold the subject from perpetration. Arrangement is thus made in our nature for a process of compensation, in that the same faculty which invests crime with unreal attractions, also calls up unreal terrors to deter from its commission. A predominance of this faculty everywhere marks the character and conduct of Macbeth. Hence his apparent freedom from compunctious visitings even when he is in reality most subject to them. He seems conscienceless from the very form in which his conscience works; seems flying from outward dangers, while conscious guilt is the very source of his apprehensions. It is probably from oversight of this, that some have pronounced him a mere cautious, timid, remorseless villain, restrained from crime only by a shrinking, selfish apprehensiveness. Undoubtedly there is much in his conduct that appears to sustain this view. He does indeed seem dead to the guilt, and morbidly alive to the dangers, of his situation; free from remorse of conscience and filled with terrors of imagination; unchecked by moral feelings and oppressed by selfish fears. But whence his wonderful and uncontrollable irritability of imagination? How comes his mind so prolific of horrible imaginings, but that his imagination itself is set on fire of hell? The truth is, he seems remorseless, only because, in his mind, the agonies of remorse project and translate themselves into the spectres of a conscience-stricken imagination.

In Lady Macbeth, on the contrary, the workings of conscience can only be re-

prospective and retributive. She is too unimaginative either to be allured to crime by imaginary splendors, or withheld from it by imaginary terrors. Without an organ to project and embody its workings in outward visions, her conscience can only prey upon itself, in the tortures of remorse. Accordingly, she knows no compunctious visitings before the deed, nor any suspension or alleviation of them after it. Thus, from her want or weakness of imagination, she becomes the victim of a silent but most dreadful retribution. Conscience being left to its own resources, she may indeed possess its workings in secret, but she can never for a moment repress them; nay, she cannot reveal them, if she would, and she dare not, if she could; the fires burn not outwards into spectres to sear her eyeballs and frighten her out of her self-possession, but concentrate themselves into hotter fury within her. This is a form of anguish to which heaven has apparently denied the relief or the mitigation of utterance. The agonies of an embosomed hell cannot be told, they can only be felt; or, at most, the awful secret can be but dimly shadowed forth, in the sighings of the furnace when all is asleep but the unquenchable fire, or in the burning asunder of the cords that unite the soul to its earthly dwelling-place. With such amazing depth and power of insight does Shakspeare detect and unfold the secret workings of the human mind!

From this original difference of mental structure in Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, the workings of conscience naturally operate to reform her and to deprave him; for she, feeling the source of her disquietude to be within, resigns herself up to the furies of her own mind, while he, fancying his disquietude to come from without, is hurried on from crime to crime, in order to secure himself in what he has already done. His vivid, excitable imagination, overpowering his self-control, his very efforts to dissimulate only bring on the hallucination that betrays him. The same mysterious flaws and starts, which awaken in others suspicions of his guilt, awaken in himself suspicions that he is suspected. With guilt staring him in the face, and danger dogging at his heels, his first crime breaks down the courage which alone could enable him to stop. The very blood which he spills to quiet his fear, sprouts up in "gorgons and chimeras dire" to awaken new fears and call forth new victims. His cowardice urges him on to fresh murders, and every murder but adds to his cowardice. The more

wretched his earthly existence becomes, the more he dreads to part with it, and strangles his life into spasms by the very temerity with which he grasps it. The workings of conscience beget misgivings of his fate; these misgivings drive him to the Weird Sisters for increased security; and this security but emboldens him to fresh crimes, that he may "make assurance doubly sure, and take a bond of fate." They now harp his fear aright, as they before harped his wish, and engage his faith by uttering his thoughts. The same misgivings, however, which before shook down his resolution to join a league with fate, now inspire him with audacity to enter the lists against it; and he proceeds to dash his own brains out in trying to batter down the walls wherein he has trusted for protection. The trouble with him is, he mistakes inward retribution for outward danger. Once a guardian angel to prevent his starting, imagination has now become an avenging fiend to prevent his stopping in wickedness. Through his plenitude of this faculty, conscience peoples his whereabouts with imaginary terrors, which he only multiplies and magnifies by every effort to remove them. Thus every step he takes but augments the propelling force; and the very faculty which translates and mitigates remorse into terror, leads him to believe a lie, as if on purpose that his damnation may be the hotter and the surer. Truly, in all this we have a picture at which the furies themselves might well turn pale!

But what, in Macbeth, thus accelerates, in Lady Macbeth, on the contrary, arrests the career of guilt; so that while he grows worse, she grows better to the end of the play. Beginning, perhaps, more wicked than her husband, she ends far less so. She has, indeed, no progress in crime, because her mind, undeceived by the maddening and merciless suspicions of guilty fear, locates her sufferings where she can never hope, by any outward exertions, to remove them. As she had no terrible apprehensions to hold her back from the first crime, so she now has none to goad her on to other crimes. No sooner has her ambition reached its object, than its despotism passes without abatement into the hands of conscience, transforming all her feelings and faculties into scorpions, to hunt, and whip, and sting her blasted spirit through the fires of remorse.

Mrs. Siddons, it is said, always maintained that her own person was unsuited to the part of Lady Macbeth, whom she regarded as of a rather slender, fragile make, full, indeed, of spirit, and energy,

and fire, but, withal, exquisitely delicate and feminine in her composition. On this ground we can understand why her husband should regard and treat her as he does. Such, assuredly, is the woman for such a man to love and respect, and whose respect and love might be and ought to be dearer to him than life. Were she the fierce, scolding virago that she is generally considered to be, we cannot see how he could either wish to promote her honor, or fear to incur her reproach. Such, then, we confess, is our own view of Lady Macbeth. We can see nothing viraginous or Amazonian about her character. She has, indeed, the ambition to wish herself unsexed, but she has not the power to unsex herself except in words. Though she calls on the "murdering ministers" to "come to her woman's breasts and take her milk for gall," still she cannot make them obey, and her milk, in spite of herself, continues to be milk. What she lacks in the imagination of a man is amply made up in the feelings of a woman; and where the former prevents her husband from acting, the latter still more prevents her from acting. And herein lies the difference in this respect between imagination and feeling, that the one acts chiefly at a distance, the other on the spot. Accordingly, when she has raised the steel, and seen before her, as it were, the murder which she has all but done, her woman's heart suddenly relents, and stays her uplifted arm. "Had not the king resembled her father as he slept," she had done it. Thus it is not her foresight or apprehension of remote, possible, or probable consequences, but simply her milk of woman's kindness, that breaks down her resolution in the very act of performance. Unrestrained by the fore-castings of her husband's large discourse, she nevertheless yields, when she least expects, to the touch of nature, and is made as irresolute by the present workings of her heart, as he is by the prospective workings of his head. She would have died, perhaps, to save the father, whose hallowed image thus shielded the sleeping king from her dagger. She thinks, indeed, that she can do everything, till she comes to the trial, when she utterly fails. In prospect the deed has no terrors for her; but in performance she finds herself better than she was aware. Firm and fierce in anticipation, she is mild and gentle in execution. Macbeth, on the contrary, thinks he can do nothing till he comes to the trial, when all is easy enough. The terrors, which, at a dis-

tance from the deed, seemed infinite, vanish as he comes to do it; and he marches, without flinching, through the crime which he had shuddered to imagine. Such is the practical difference between Macbeth and Lady Macbeth. Where his imagination acts least, her feelings act most. As they approach the wicked deed, and see it passing into a fact before them, its terrors naturally diminish to him, but increase to her; for he has imagined more than he finds, she finds more than she has imagined.

Fearfully wicked, therefore, as is her conduct, Lady Macbeth, nevertheless, is every inch a woman. Her true strength lies not so much in force of will or firmness of purpose, as in her almost intuitive insight of her husband's weaknesses. With her clear, penetrating, but not comprehensive woman's eye, she has plucked from him the heart of his mystery. Her exquisite perception of his most secret avenues and approaches enables her at the same time to put spurs to his ambition and apply cordials to his fear: though the feelings of the woman unnerve the arm of the murderer, her tongue is valiant enough for anything, and she knows how to transfer its valor into her husband's arm; for she can whisper words in his ear more fearful to him than all the spectres his fancy can create and all the dangers his circumspection can foresee.

It must be confessed, however, that two characters may be easily made out for Lady Macbeth, according as we proceed upon what she says, or upon what she does. Up to the time of the assassination, she does indeed talk big as ever virago did or could; but we cannot help thinking that her deeds are much better than her words as a text and exponent of her real character. We submit, therefore, that Lady Macbeth, knowing and fearing her husband's nature—that he

"Is too full o' the milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way;"

and that, though "not without ambition," he is "without the illness should attend it"—that knowing and fearing this, she therefore assumes a false character in order to shame or embolden him into the work she has in view. Hence her eager wish to

"Pour her spirits in his ear,
And chastise with the valor of her tongue
All that impedes him from the golden
round,

Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have him crammed withal,"

and perhaps the frightful, hair-stiffening extravagance of her earlier speeches, as contrasted with her subsequent deeds, should be viewed as proving that in the former she is trying to act a part which is really foreign to her, and under which her nature finally gives way and breaks down. In that most terrific speech, indeed, beginning—

"The raven himself is hoarse,
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements,"

her terrible eloquence of description seems to spring from her very horror, in contemplating what she describes; as men's fear to attempt what they threaten sometimes inspires them with greater violence and volubility in threatening. Accordingly, in her personation of Lady Macbeth, Mrs. Siddons is said to have wound up the horrible climax of this speech in a scream, a perfect yell, as if she were almost frightened out of her wits by the audacity of her own tongue. Thus a spasmodic action of fear may naturally lend her, as it sometimes actually lends others, an appearance of super-human courage and boldness. The very excitement of terror seems to impart an extraordinary illumination and utterance to her mind; to "transport her beyond the ignorant present," so that she "feels the future in the instant." It is worthy of remark, that Macbeth himself is amused at her more than masculine audacity of speech; and the contrast between her present and former deportment, is doubtless the cause, as she foresaw it would be, of her subsequent influence over him. The seeing her, a delicate, fragile woman, appear, as if inspired by the occasion, to rise so much above herself, is of course the strongest motive he could have, not to fall below himself. Mistaking her now, he therefore supposes he has mistaken her before; and what is an assumed character he thinks is her real one, which she has hitherto concealed from him. If in his admiration of her "undaunted mettle," he is deceived it is not strange that others should be equally deceived in regard to her.

Of Lady Macbeth, therefore, it seems to us that we may truly say, "bold are

her words, because her heart is not." Woman as she is, the spirits, which she calls upon to unsex her, leave her no less a woman than they find her; indeed, it is because she wishes to be something that she is not, that she craves their help; it is because she feels and knows herself to be a woman, that she calls upon them to unsex her. The terrific sublimity of her invocation to the murdering ministers, to

"Fill her, from the crown to the toe, top-
full
Of direst cruelty,"

which almost erects the hair, and freezes the blood, but expresses the violence of her resolution against the tender impulses of which she is habitually conscious. It is a convulsive effort to brace and stay herself, lest some compunctious visitings should shake her fell purpose. With forced boldness of tongue and fancy, she thus tries to school and steel herself into a firmness and fierceness, of which she feels the want. In short, "bold are her words, because her heart is not." At all events, whether from overacting her real character, or from overstraining her powers, to act an assumed one, there can be no doubt that her energies break down beneath her undertaking. If it be her real character, then, as she never enacted it before, so she never attempts to enact it again. No sooner is the fatal deed performed, than the access and passage of remorse are effectually and forever un-stopped; no sooner is she fairly introduced amid the horrors of this manifold tragedy, than she fails and faints away, and the woman, which she had so fearfully disclaimed, returns to torment, and persecute, and waste her into her grave. In the words of Coleridge, "she mistakes courage of fancy for power to bear the consequences of actual guilt; and shames her husband with a super-human audacity of thought and speech, which she cannot support, but sinks in the season of remorse, and dies in suicidal agony."

After the murder of the king, Lady Macbeth obviously sympathizes with none of her husband's gratuitous atrocities. Free from the horrible imaginings which embarrassed him in the outset, she is also free from the cruel suspicions which impel him onward; and she spends in repenting of the deed, what time he spends in fortifying himself against its

consequences. When, upon her first interview with him, after receiving his letter, she finds or fancies that his "face is as a book where men may read strange matters," she knows his thoughts because she has the same thoughts herself; his designs are at once revealed to her, from her intense sympathy with them. Again, having resolved on the murder of Banquo, he hopes and expects to find her thoughts echoing and supporting his own; but her inability to take his suggestions, proves that she has no such stuff in her mind. That she cannot enter into the meaning of his dark insinuations, is to him a pledge of disappointment; for he knows that if she were ready to approve of this crime, as she was of the first, she would understand him at once. Hence, the very need of speaking plainer satisfies him that it is useless; for he wishes not to make her guilty of his designs, but to find her already so; and he would have her "innocent of the knowledge until she applaud the deed." Perhaps she rather will not than cannot take his meaning; perhaps she rather chooses to seem, than actually is, ignorant of his purpose, because she is ashamed, in the face of her recent instigations, to dissuade him from it, and at the same time fears the responsibility of encouraging him in it. And, on the other hand, perhaps he is afraid to speak in plain terms, lest he should thereby force her to dissuade him from a crime which he wishes to commit; for men in such situations often take care not to provoke any advice or remonstrance against their purposes.

Like most of her sex, Lady Macbeth never for a moment wavers, or hesitates, or dwells in suspense between antagonist motives. No sooner has she conceived the wicked purpose, than all her feelings and faculties meet and centre upon it; and she glides freely and smoothly along, through the briars and brambles of her undertaking, until she reaches her stopping place, because she has no dangling or outstanding ends, or thrums, or hooks of thought for them to catch hold of. It is this confluence of all the feelings and faculties in one paramount aim, which, more, perhaps, than anything else, distinguishes the female character, and which makes it so difficult, we might almost say impossible, either to corrupt a virtuous, or to reform a vicious woman. Angels, once fallen, of course become the most incorrigible of devils. Hence it is, that women gener-

ally are so much better, or so much worse, than the other sex. They seldom halt between two opinions; rarely linger at the half-way house of sin; hardly ever rest or rock in a state of moral betweenity; never stop to parley, or play at hide-and-seek, or carry on a flirtation with the devil, but either embrace him or spurn him at once. Accordingly, it is a matter of common remark, that a good head often saves a man from a bad heart, or a good heart from a bad head; but that in woman, both head and heart generally are good or bad together, so that she can never fall back upon the one to save herself from the tendencies of the other.

This oneness and entireness of movement, this perfect freedom from the disharmony of conflicting impulses, makes Lady Macbeth as feminine as she is wicked, and even makes her appear more feminine the wicked she becomes. But she stops as suddenly and as entirely as she starts; her feelings and faculties have the same unanimity in retreating as in advancing. Fearful as she is in wickedness, she becomes equally pitiable in wretchedness, leaving pity and terror to contend for the writing of her epitaph. Her freedom, however, from nervous and intellectual irritability, secures her against spilling the secret of her guilt. Subject to no fantastical terrors nor moral illusions, she never in the least loses her self-control. The fearful, ceaseless corrodings of her rooted sorrow may destroy, but cannot betray her, unless when the sense of her senses is shut in sleep. Her profound silence respecting "the perilous stuff which weighs upon her heart," makes an impression which all attempts at utterance would but weaken. We feel that beneath it lies a depth of woe and horror which can be disclosed only by drawing a veil over it. We know of no single scene in Shakspeare, which, for depth of truth and subtle intensity of terror, equals the one where Lady Macbeth's conscience, sleepless amid the sleep of nature, nay, most restless in its gnawings, then when all other cares are at rest, drives her forth, open-eyed, yet sightless, to sigh and groan over spots on her hands, which are visible to none save herself, nor even to herself, save when she is blind to everything else. That, when asleep, she should be unable to keep in what, when awake, she is equally unable to let out; that nothing but sleep should have power to unbind the secret of her soul; and that not even sleep itself should have power

to keep that secret bound; this, surely, is not more true to nature, than it is terrific to the imagination; and yet both its truth and its terror are purely of a moral and spiritual quality. There is, indeed, an awful pathos pervading this scene, which leaves no element of our moral nature untouched. An awful mystery, too, hangs over the death of this woman, which no imagination can ever exhaust. We know not, the poet himself appears not to know, whether the eating back of her soul upon itself drives her to suicidal violence, or itself cuts asunder the cords of her life; whether the gnawings of the undying worm kill her, or she kills herself, in order to escape them. All that we know is, that the death of her body springs in some way from the inextinguishable life and the immedicable wound of her soul. What a history of her woman's heart, of her woman's delicate frame and fiery spirit, is written in her thus sinking and sinking away, until she gets where imagination shrinks from following her, under the violence of an invisible, yet unmistakable disease, which forever keeps on at once augmenting the severity of its inflictions and quickening the sensibility of its victims.

There has been a good deal of discussion among critics, whether Macbeth be a truly brave man. It would really seem hardly worth the while to dispute with one who questioned either his bravery before, or his cowardice after the assassination. Indeed, no one, unless he were more or less than man, could be truly brave both before and after such a deed. Villains would not so often turn bullies, if true bravery were compatible with guilt. It is their very cowardice that transforms them into scarecrows of danger; for a bully is but a scarecrow. Real courage, as everybody knows who desires to know it, has its chosen home in the bosom of virtue. Men of course fear death in proportion as they know they deserve it, and cleave the more fondly to life the more worthless their own guilt has made it. It is this cowardice that goads a Macbeth and a Robespierre on to their gratuitous murders. Hence it is, too, that such man-fiends always strike first at the life of those whose virtue they think most endangers their own. The only condition upon which true bravery is possible, is, that the subject have something which he prizes more than life, and the loss of which he fears more than death. Hence, perhaps, the almost universal sentiment, that courage, if not it-

self the highest virtue, is the condition of all the other virtues. And, sure enough, the man who values life above everything else, may be safely pronounced incapable of real virtue, however he may succeed in the imitation of it. And yet how often do we hear men saying now-a-days, "Nothing so dear as life, nothing so dear as life." The Lord help us, then, for we are not fit to live! Macbeth has of course emptied himself of whatever can prompt a man to risk his life, and filled himself with whatever can prompt a man to shrink from death; and the very curse of his situation is, that every removal of an apparent danger without but plants a real terror within him. Truly a more fearful or more natural condition cannot well be conceived.

In the belief that he bears a charmed life, Macbeth seeks diversion of his thoughts in scenes of outward conflict and peril, and tries to bury the disquietudes which are cutting and tearing his soul, in an increased occupation of his senses. But all is in vain. He is struggling with an invisible foe; a foe which he can neither find nor escape; which is at once invulnerable and omnipresent, and every thrust at which but stabs a new torture into his own soul; which becomes the more irresistible the more he tries to subdue it, and of which he is compelled to think the more, the more he labors to forget it. His closing struggle, when, upon Macduff's disclosures respecting his own birth, he finds that the "juggling fiends have paltered with him in a double sense," and therefore knows that his hour has come, is not so much an act of courage as a paroxysm of despair. He now meets an outward, visible antagonist in a conflict where strength may be met with strength; where the power of inflicting pain may be baffled by the pride of endurance; and the eye of rage may be answered by the stare of defiance, or by the fiendish grin of a desperate, spasmodic resolve.

Macbeth, however, notwithstanding all the horror and reprobation his conduct excites, leaves not our pity altogether untouched. The sinkings of his soul within itself, when, as he approaches his end, he looks back upon the bloody and blasted track of his own life, bespeaks some slight lingerings of a better nature. And the profound melancholy which steals over his spirit, when, upon the announcement of his wife's mysterious death and still more mysterious disease, his restless apprehension of danger gives

place to a momentary retrospection of his guilt, looks as though he were at last terrified at his own remorselessness, and beginning to yearn for the repentance which he feels must be forever denied him. We see that the dawn of remorse in his soul brings with it utter despair of the least drop of relief or mitigation. Surely, if there be one ingredient in the cup of retribution more unspeakably bitter than all the rest, it must be this consciousness of guilt united with the conscious impossibility of repentance. This, we take it, is the worm that never dies, and the fire that is not to be quenched! That these few faint sparks of goodness should have survived such a stupendous accumulation of crimes, but reveals the more impressively the greatness both of his former capacity for virtue, and of his present capacity for suffering; thus at the same time awakening our pity for the nobleness which has been desolated, and augmenting our terror at the desolation which has passed upon it.

The respect and tenderness, with which this guilty couple uniformly treat each other, is enough of itself to shield them from our hatred or scorn. This trait of their character is like an infant's eye socketed in a face of granite. Both are patterns of conjugal virtue, ever giving and finding sympathy in each other's bosom, in proportion as they are deprived of it everywhere else. For if Lady Macbeth has the ambition to urge her husband into a fiery abyss, she has also the devotion to plunge into it along with him; and she but plucks him on to the execution of a purpose which she knows he is too ambitious ever to resign, though perhaps so irresolute as to adjourn. Amid all their unspeakable wickedness, they are yet without the least stain of vulgar manners and littleness; the very intensity, indeed, of their wicked passion seems to have assoiled their minds of all the gross and frivolous incumbrances of the flesh. Their inborn greatness of character is developed, not buried, in their crimes; so that, like Milton's Satan, they appear sublime even in guilt—majestic, though in ruins. Their innate fitness to reign is almost an excuse for their ambition, though of course not for their actions; it seems the instinct of faculty for its appropriate sphere.

In the representation of this pair, horror at the crime and pity for the criminal are blended together in unrivaled perfec-

tion. This, as Bulwer has remarked, "is a triumph of art never achieved, but by the highest genius." "An inferior artist," says he, "when venturing upon the grandest stage of passion, falls into the error either of gilding over crime in order to produce sympathy for the criminal, or, in the spirit of a spurious morality, of involving both crime and criminal in a common odium." What it is thus the height of genius to picture, we know it is also the height of virtue to practice. That, in this representation, the persons should so terrify us without exciting our revenge, and make us hate their crimes so deeply without hating themselves; nay, that they should almost move our tears even while freezing our blood, and appear at once so frightful in their wickedness and so pitiable in their wretchedness, is really a triumph of morality no less than of art. It is thus that a genuine artist, while aiming simply at truth, becomes at the same time our best moral teacher and guide.

The tragedy of Macbeth throughout is a moral tempest. Crimes and retributions come whirling past us like the crushing of a resistless hurricane. The very prologue of the play is spoken in thunder and lightning. The moral and material worlds seem shouting and responding to each other in convulsions and cataclysms. In the words of Hazlitt, "it is a huddling together of fierce extremes; a war of opposite natures, which of them shall destroy the other." Everywhere we have storms, physical and spiritual, treading on the heels of physical and spiritual calms. "There is no art to read the mind's construction in the face," either of man or of nature. To "look like the innocent flower, but be the serpent under it," seems the law alike of the persons and of their whereabouts. In both the characters and their environing, reality is perpetually contradicting appearance; the stillness which awakens hope is but the gathering of the tempest to send disappointment. Nature and man seem leagued in a conspiracy to deceive the bosom's interest of whoever trusts in them; and where the most absolute trust is built, there the tooth of treachery is ready to inflict the first and fatalest bite. Where "the heaven's breath smells most wooingly," where "the air most nimbly and sweetly recommends itself unto the gentle senses," there the direfulest storms and murders are brewing. Where valor is punishing one treason, there ambition is concocting

a greater. The very gifts which successful prowess wins, turn into daggers for the heart of the giver. Unusual pleasure but invites the subject to sleep the sounder for the assassin's blow. Ambition gripes a barren sceptre, thence to be wrenched by an unlineal hand. The primrose path enchants the eye, to lead the soul to the everlasting bonfire. Feasts are gotten up to allure virtue into the murderer's ambushcade. The Prince of Darkness throws out the bait of honor, to fasten his hook in his victims. Witchcraft "keeps the word of promise to the ear," to "break it to the hope." Slumber shuts up the senses of the body, to let out the secrets of the soul. Memory plies her spinning-wheel and shuttle, to weave the burning mantle of remorse. Imagination lends her plastic hands to body forth the apprehensions of guilty fear. Innocence makes her appearance but to remind us, that "to do harm, is often laudable; to do good, sometimes accounted dangerous folly." "A falcon towering in his pride of place, is by a mousing owl hawked at and killed." "The heavens are troubled with man's act, threaten his bloody stage; and darkness does the face of earth entomb, when living light should kiss it." Everywhere, in short, the elements of both moral and physical evil are dancing their stoutest hurlyburly, and winding up their powerfulest charm. So deep and all-pervading is the unity of interest and of purpose, which Shakspeare has poured into and poured through this stupendous tragedy.

In the exciting of terror, this play is truly without a parallel. Almost every scene is a masterpiece either of poetry or

of philosophy, of description, or character, or action, or passion. Of the incantation scene, the assassination scene, the banquet scene, and the sleep-walking scene, with their dagger of the mind, and Banquo of the mind, and blood-spots of the mind, no description can possibly do otherwise than misrepresent the reality. Yet, over these sublimely terrific creations, there everywhere hovers a magic light of poetry, at once disclosing the horrors of the scene, and attempting them within the limits of agreeable emotion. In depth and power of characterization, Macbeth and Lady Macbeth are equaled only by the poet's other masterpieces—by Shylock, and Lear, and Hamlet, and Iago. The Weird Sisters, appearing and vanishing amid the darkness and lurid glare of the tempest, as if to leave us in doubt whether they be the mothers or the daughters of the thunder-storms which attend their coming, occupy the summit of the poet's supernatural creations. Of such scenes and such beings, criticism can express its conceptions only by silent amazement and awe. Even if it wield the power adequately to re-produce and re-present them to the understanding, it cannot compass the art to render them supportable. There is probably no other single work in the whole domain of art or nature, that furnishes so many and so magnificent pictures for imagination, or so many and so magnificent subjects for reflection. It forms a sort of university, where poetry has long been wont to resort for its highest inspirations, and moral philosophy for its profoundest instructions and illustrations

T O — — — .

ULALUME : A BALLAD.

THE skies they were ashen and sober ;
 The leaves they were crispèd and sere—
 The leaves they were withering and sere ;
 It was night in the lonesome October
 Of my most immemorial year ;
 It was hard by the dim lake of Auber,
 In the misty mid region of Weir—
 It was down by the dank tarn of Auber,
 In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

Here once, through an alley Titanic,
 Of cypress, I roamed with my Soul—
 Of cypress, with Psyche, my Soul.
 These were days when my heart was volcanic
 As the scoriac rivers that roll—
 As the lavas that restlessly roll
 Their sulphurous currents down Yaanek
 In the ultimate climes of the pole—
 That groan as they roll down Mount Yaanek
 In the realms of the boreal pole.

Our talk had been serious and sober,
 But our thoughts they were palsied and sere—
 Our memories were treacherous and sere—
 For we knew not the month was October,
 And we marked not the night of the year—
 (Ah, night of all nights in the year !)
 We noted not the dim lake of Auber—
 (Though once we had journeyed down here)—
 We remembered not the dank tarn of Auber,
 Nor the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

And now, as the night was senescent
 And star-dials pointed to morn—
 As the star-dials hinted of morn—
 At the end of our path a liquescent
 And nebulous lustre was born,
 Out of which a miraculous crescent
 Arose with a duplicate horn—
 Astarte's bediamonded crescent
 Distinct with its duplicate horn.

And I said—" She is warmer than Dian :
 She rolls through an ether of sighs—
 She revels in a region of sighs :
 She has seen that the tears are not dry on
 These cheeks, where the worm never dies,
 And has come past the stars of the Lion
 To point us the path to the skies—
 To the Lethean peace of the skies—
 Come up, in despite of the Lion,
 To shine on us with her bright eyes—
 Come up through the lair of the Lion
 With Love in her luminous eyes."

But Psyche, uplifting her finger,
 Said—"Sadly this star I mistrust—
 Her pallor I strangely mistrust :—
 Oh, hasten !—oh, let us not linger !
 Oh, fly !—let us fly !—for we must."
 In terror she spoke, letting sink her
 Wings till they trailed in the dust—
 In agony sobbed, letting sink her
 Plumes till they trailed in the dust—
 Till they sorrowfully trailed in the dust.

I replied—"This is nothing but dreaming :
 Let us on by this tremulous light !
 Let us bathe in this crystalline light !
 Its Sybillic splendor is beaming
 With Hope and in Beauty to-night :—
 See !—it flickers up the sky through the night !
 Ah, we safely may trust to its gleaming,
 And be sure it will lead us aright—
 We safely may trust to a gleaming
 That cannot but guide us aright,
 Since it flickers up to Heaven through the night."

Thus I pacified Psyche and kissed her,
 And tempted her out of her gloom—
 And conquered her scruples and gloom :
 And we passed to the end of the vista,
 And were stopped by the door of a tomb—
 By the door of a legended tomb ;
 And I said—"What is written, sweet sister,
 On the door of this legended tomb ?"
 She replied—"Ulalume—Ulalume—
 'Tis the vault of thy lost Ulalume !"

Then my heart it grew ashen and sober
 As the leaves that were crispèd and sere—
 As the leaves that were withering and sere,
 And I cried—"It was surely October
 On *this* very night of last year
 That I journeyed—I journeyed down here—
 That I brought a dread burden down here—
 On this night of all nights in the year,
 Oh, what demon has tempted me here ?
 Well I know, now, this dim lake of Auber—
 This misty mid region of Weir—
 Well I know, now, this dank tarn of Auber,
 In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir."

Said *we*, then—the two, then—"Ah, can it
 Have been that the woodlandish ghouls—
 The pitiful, the merciful ghouls—
 To bar up our way and to ban it
 From the secret that lies in these wolds—
 From the thing that lies hidden in these wolds—
 Had drawn up the spectre of a planet
 From the limbo of lunar souls—
 This sinfully scintillant planet
 From the Hell of the planetary souls ?"

THE THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS.*

To turn from the gorgeous pages of these immortal stories to the cold blank sheet upon which it is necessary that all Review articles should have their beginning, is a contrast as melancholy as that which unsettled the wits of Abou Hassan, when, from being Commander of the Faithful, he found himself again in the humble chamber where he had entertained the Mossoul merchant; or even as that which befell Bedridden Hassan, who was married at evening in Cairo to the Queen of Beauty, and awoke next morning, alone, under the gates of Damascus. There needs time for the veil of enchantment to rise from before the tableau of the fancy; the memory, too, must have space to recover from the delightful renewal of so many of its oldest and most cherished impressions. The full current of the Sultana's minutely descriptive style, also, takes hold of the ear so strongly in reading eagerly these six volumes, that it is difficult to break its motion into the usual plain pace of ordinary sentences; and thus between the two, it is necessary to be constantly on one's guard to prevent being thrown from the subject. But then the Arabian Nights is a theme upon which no writer need fear being thought utterly dull; the interest which it must of itself excite in all who possess a fancy, or have ever had a dream, will compensate for his inability to say half that it should suggest to a student of literature, and render entertaining what otherwise might be merely tedious.

Relying upon this, we shall address our readers with the same confidence and familiarity one might use who bore them a letter of introduction from a common friend. We are fresh from the palace of the Sultan of the Indies, a monarch with whose history and character they have been acquainted since childhood, and

from the society of his Sultana, the beautiful and benevolent Shelrazade, whose wonderful gift in the invention of narratives under circumstances which would have unnerved any less heroic lady, saved the young ladies of her empire, and gave the world some of the most admirable and surprising histories it has ever possessed. It is not often one finds leisure, in this busy world, to travel merely for pleasure to a country so remote as Persia; hence many years have elapsed between our early sojourn at this distant court, and the flying visit from which we are just now returned. Yet we have always retained a lively impression of that portion of youthful life, and have frequently been pleased at having this impression brightened by passages in reading and study, that were casual remembrances of other travelers to whom the tour was also familiar. In this feeling all readers who ever wandered so far as the capital of the Sasanian monarchs, must surely participate; and hence would rather hear from a recent traveler how far his late impressions of the regions of country lying in that quarter of the earth, correspond with his and their earlier ones, than a studied disquisition upon the profit to be gained in business by intercourse with the people of those marvelous climates, or any sort of historical or statistical information respecting them. Nevertheless, the introduction to the present edition of the Guide Book to those golden regions, places us in possession of some particulars that are new, and ought not in a review of it to be wholly overlooked. But first to our narrative.

Know, then, gentle reader, that the delicious landscapes of the Arabian Nights appear to the modern traveler precisely the same as when seen in the fresh years of youth. The faces and figures of those who people them we cannot so readily iden-

* The Thousand and One Nights; or, The Arabian Nights' Entertainments. Translated by Rev. Edward Forster. With an Explanatory and Historical Introduction, by G. M. Bussey. Carefully Revised and Corrected, with some Additions, Amendments, and Illustrative Notes, from the work of E. W. Lane. New-York: C. S. Francis & Co. Boston: J. H. Francis. 1847.

tify. Their characters, however, affect us precisely as they did twenty years ago. This is but natural. In passing from youth to age, and experiencing the usual disappointments of life, our ideals of the forms of beauty and deformity shape themselves according to the depth of our experience. The eye becomes accustomed to more variety ; to the crowds of the living, and the ideals of the great artists. We accordingly form images of persons, from reading descriptions of them and their characters, varying with our own growth. Suppose a painter should, in his youth, have read the story of the King of the Black Isles—the part which describes him sitting on his throne in his semi-marmorean condition, the victim of the enchantments of an unfaithful wife, doomed, for aught he knows, through all eternity, to receive diurnally a hundred blows administered by her with a thong of bull's hide, every stroke of which draws blood. The subject is a good one for a picture. (For a daguerreotype, the fixedness of position would be admirable, but we are unfortunately unable, as yet, to make the sun paint images which only exist in the fancy.) It is better even than that of Prometheus bound ; for who would not rather a vulture should devour his liver, than be daily flogged in that outrageous manner by the wife of his bosom ? There would be an opportunity for the expression of passion in the countenance of this ill-starred monarch, as desirable as was ever afforded by any king or queen in history : despair, patience, just resentment, physical suffering—all these should be brought out in his face and attitude. But the boy artist who should essay a sketch of him from his first impression, would of course handle the subject very differently from the manner in which he would treat it in mature life, and when he had perfected his mind by study. It is the *character* in ideal personages, as in actual, which is what survives and makes its possessors seem to us lovely or ugly. Hence, though the landscapes and scenes which pass across the fancy in reading the Arabian Nights now, are precisely the same that they were in youth, we can be by no means positive with regard to the faces and persons. The palace of Aladdin stands just where it did, a rather homely structure, with all its splendor, in comparison with some of those in Southey and others we have read of since ; but the Princess Badroulboudour we should not have recognized,

had we met her even when her veil was lifted. We only remember that we used to think she had one of the most remarkable names that ever was heard, and that her disposition to obey entirely the will of her father, in respect of marriage—a fault of many princesses and ladies, both in the East and elsewhere—was only atoned for by her good conduct afterwards. Beyond this, she is, as regards face and figure, an entirely new acquaintance. So of the beautiful Badoura, and her husband Camaralzaman : they are the same miracles of creatures they ever were, but we might have passed either in the street without being aware of it ; while, on the contrary, the empires of their respectable parents are as actually located in our imagination, as Ohio and Massachusetts. The “ country of Cathay ” extends from the Caspian Sea to the borders of China ; and the “ Islands of the Children of Khaledan ” are situated in the middle of the Indian Ocean, south of Hindostan, and are never put down in any of the maps.

One of the most lovely young ladies with whom we were ever acquainted, and most deserving of universal admiration for her beauty, accomplishments, affectionate disposition, and moral courage—we refer to the charming Princess Parizade, who hit upon the ingenious expedient of putting cotton in her ears when she ascended the black mountain, and thereby made herself mistress of the talking bird, the singing tree, and the golden water, and at the same time rescued her less courageous brothers from the petrified, or rather lapidified condition, into which the weakness of their nerves had brought them—this most excellent and every way inestimable princess had passed, we regret to say, so utterly from our remembrance, that we should not have ventured to accost her, had we met accidentally by the side of her own golden fountain, in the garden where stood her singing tree—though at the same time that garden, tree, and fountain have not changed their appearance in twenty years, half so much as the Park in Broadway, and its trees and fountain. It is only where there is something very peculiar in the appearance of these ideal personages, that we are able to recall the old familiar image, and even then it is not always possible. The Punch-like figure of the Little Humpback is tolerably vivid ; but in this wicked world one meets too many bad men of venerable age to allow him to remember the Old

Man of the Sea, even with his cowskin legs, as a distinct specimen of long-lived ugliness and depravity. Our old friend Shaibar, who set affairs right by such a summary process, is the most clearly and unalterably depicted of any of them all: we would readily make oath to his identity with the Shaibar of younger days, in any court of justice. But witnesses to establish that fact are not likely to be subpoenaed very soon, for it is very rare to meet with men who are just a foot and a half high, with a beard thirty feet long, who carry on their shoulders a bar of iron weighing five hundred pounds, and who can speak. A capital fellow is he, a man of few words, but prompt and decided in action. One cannot help wishing, by the way, he might be induced to pay a visit to Washington; it would rid us of the Mexican war so easily. Fancy that iron bar flourishing about the heads of our Sultan and his viziers! "Wilt thou not speak then! And he let his bar fall directly on his head and crushed him to the earth." The idea is too exciting to be dwelt upon. But if Shaibar's *physique* is familiar, his beautiful sister Pari-Banou's is not so: how she appeared long ago is wholly gone out of the memory. And it is the same with all these lovely damsels—Cluster of Pearls, Morning Star, Break of Day, Coral-lips, Moonshine, Fetnah, Nouzhatoul-aoudat, (or as this edition calls her, Nouzátalfuad.) However enchanting they may be, and many of them, being fairies, are so in a double sense, they have no charm which enables them to leave a durable impression of their mere personal, individual beauty on the memory. As they rise one after another before the mind's eye, the fancy clothes them with beautiful shapes, but the pictures soon grow shadowy; and as the volumes dwindle to the end, there only remains an indefinite impression of Oriental magnificence and loveliness. Beauty soon fades, but goodness remains forever.

Their characters, however, are all fresh and vivid. They that were wicked of yore, are wicked still. We never wanted anything to do with the cunning African Magician who endeavored to cheat Aladdin; we abominate him and his deeds, and all who resemble him. The Sultan, in the same story, is the same worldly-wise old fool he used to seem, before we were aware how many there were like him, among the actually living—fathers ready to dispose of their daughters to the highest

bidder, and who would think, as he did, that such a present as Aladdin brought was a sufficient recommendation. How like a prudent parent was his conduct, when the palace of Aladdin rose out of nothing in a single night. "Why do you endeavor, Vizier," said he, "to make it appear to be the effect of enchantment? You know as well as I do, that this is the palace of Aladdin, which I, in your presence, yesterday gave him permission to build for the reception of the Princess, my daughter. After the immense display of riches we have seen, can we think it so very extraordinary, that he should be able to build a palace in so short a time? He wished, no doubt, to surprise us, and we see every day what miracles riches can perform. Own to me that you wish, through motives of jealousy, to make this appear an enchantment." It is easy to see that he does not believe what he is saying. He knew, as well as the Vizier, that such a palace never could have come there, except by magic; but since it is for his daughter, he does not mind, and is even ready to smooth it over in this humbugging style to his prime minister, who, he must perceive, understands him perfectly. These men of the world are willing others should see their hypocrisy, so that they carry their point; they win, and are not ashamed to be laughed at. Probably the Vizier would have been just as incredulous respecting the witchery, had he been in the Sultan's slippers. It is very curious to observe how old men are given to the vice of lying.

But it is not upon these bad characters that the fancy loves to repose; and as most of the inhabitants of the Arabian Nights are people of irreproachable morals, excepting where they conform to some of the peculiar institutions of Eastern countries, which are different from those which prevail in many parts of the United States, we have a great variety among those whose society we can enjoy as that of agreeable and instructive acquaintances. Sindbad the Sailor, for example, though it is true that the adventures he went through were of a somewhat marvelous nature, is yet a gentleman at heart, and one who, after the perils he had encountered, and the uniform resolution he had manifested under the worst accidents and difficulties, well deserved the prosperity he finally acquired, and the especial favor of his sovereign. The very occasion of his narrat-

ing his adventures, shows him to be what all gentlemen are, who are not laboring under an error of opinion—a true conservative in feeling, one who wishes to improve those about him, by enabling them to take rational views of the causes of social inequality. Entertaining one day a party of friends, he happens to overhear a poor porter who is resting a moment on the stoop of his house, lamenting his hard fate in being scarcely able to support himself and “his wretched family with bad barley bread, whilst the fortunate Sindbad expends his riches with profusion, and enjoys every pleasure.” Instead of driving him from his door, he has the condescension to order a servant to bring him in, and gives him a seat at the dinner to which they are just sitting down. He then, in the kindest manner, assures him he does not do this to reproach him for what he has overheard him saying, but because he feels for his situation, and wishes to show him his error. “You no doubt,” says he, addressing him, “imagine that the riches and comforts I enjoy, have been got without labor or trouble; this is the mistake I desire to rectify. To arrive at the state in which you see me, I have endured for many years much mental, as well as bodily suffering, of such a description as you can have no conception of. Yes, gentlemen,” continued he, addressing himself to the whole company, “my sufferings, I assure you, have been sufficiently great and extraordinary, to deprive the most avaricious miser of his love of riches. You may have heard a confused account of the seven voyages I have made on different seas; now that an opportunity offers, I will with your leave, relate the dangers I have encountered, which I think will not be uninteresting to you.”

Can anything be more considerate than this? There is something in the very tone of it which assures the reader that such a man will not abuse his confidence; he feels as if he were listening to Drake or Raleigh. Some people affect to doubt the truth of Sindbad's narratives, but for our part, we can bear witness to the correctness of the description in general, having *been there with him*. Whether he is altogether accurate in some of the details may be questionable; but it must be remembered he is speaking merely from memory and after dinner. He saw fish that had heads like owls. The owls in Bagdad at that period may have

differed from ours; or a dolphin may somewhat resemble an owl when looked at directly in front: those readers who have seen one can tell better than we. “The rhinoceros, too,” he tells us, “which is a smaller animal than the buffalo, is a native of this island, (Roha.) On its nose it has a horn, about a cubit in length, solid and cut through the middle from one extremity to the other, on which are some white lines, which represent the figure of a man. The rhinoceros fights with the elephant, and piercing him in his belly with his horn, carries him off on his head; but as the fat and blood of the elephant run down on his eyes and blind him, he falls to the ground, and, *what will astonish you*, the roc comes and seizes them both in its claws, and carries them off to feed its young.” We have often thought, in reading this passage, that the rhinoceros and elephant must be rather unsuitable eating for the young birds, their skins being so extremely thick; and taking this into consideration, we leave it to the reader if it does not appear highly probable that there is a wrong reading here, and that, instead of both the dead animals going to roc-away together, we should understand that the parent bird, though it carries them both *off*, does not carry them both off at the *same time*. “Together” may not mean “at once” in the original; it is quite as likely to signify “some of each.” But the question is less important than that which is given rise to by another passage: “The King of Serendib is so just, there are no judges in his capital, nor in any other part of his dominions; his people do not want any. They know and observe with exactness the true principles of justice, and never deviate from their duty: therefore, tribunals and magistrates would be useless among them.” How this could be in an island where the great doctrine of ATTRACTIVE INDUSTRY was never preached, it is difficult to yield belief. We should be inclined to think the enterprising voyageur must have fallen into an error here through his ignorance of a foreign language, had he not previously stated that Arabic was the language spoken there. As it is, we are disposed to regard the paragraph as the interpolation of some monarchist transcriber. With the exception of a few passages like these, there is nothing so very incredible in his narratives. No one surely can doubt that he descended into the Valley of

Diamonds, and in another voyage "made a devotional journey up a mountain to the spot where Adam was placed on his banishment from Paradise." There are many regions in this world geographers know nothing about, and they do not mark them all as "unknown" on the maps. They never apologize for the omission of Lilliput, Brobdignag, or Utopia; we hear nothing from them of Shakspeare's Ilyria, the forests and castles of the Fairy Queen, or the House of Solomon; they do not acknowledge as authority the narrative of Gaudentio di Lucca. In fact, geographers who are merely such, know very little of the world—hardly enough for the purposes of commerce. The poets live in a much larger world than theirs.

The sea captains with whom Sindbai sailed in the course of his adventures, present examples of mercantile integrity worthy of the highest respect, and which, it is to be hoped, has had its proper effect on the minds of many boys who have afterwards engaged in the pursuits of business. The moment they discover our adventurer, when they had supposed him lost, they restore his goods at once, "with the profit made on them." (The goods must have been of that sort which improve in value by keeping.) They never wait to be compelled, but seem always anxious to deal justly. We hear but little of them in his narratives, yet from that little they would appear men worthy to command Liverpool packets, were it not for their constant ill-fortune.

Among the characters whom one remembers with respect, must also be enumerated Sindbad's royal master, that truly humane as well as illustrious sovereign, the Caliph HAROUN ALRASCHID, Commander of the Faithful. There is not a monarch in Shakspeare with whose character as a man the world is better acquainted than it is with his. True, Shakspeare's kings are a different style of men, and some of them, Lear and Hamlet for example, were placed in more trying circumstances than he had to encounter, whose reign appears to have passed so placidly that he had little to do after business hours but to enjoy himself going about Bagdad incog., and picking up adventures. A wise ruler and a grave; somewhat hasty in temper, yet one that could pardon an offence, and was not displeased at a pleasant jest; in short, a very dignified, sensible, irascible, kind-hearted old Caliph—one that ought to be esteemed and venerated for

being at least a prince in whom confidence might be placed, despite the precept. If you pleased him, he would give you a purse of a thousand sequins; if not, he would order your head off. There is no deceit in him; all is open as the day. It is evident that he never was consulted as to his political opinions, by various sects and parties of his people, before ascending the throne. He must have gone into power untrammelled by party obligations, unfettered by personal pledges. Had he been written to before his accession, he would probably have replied: "The first thing I do when I occupy the seat of my ancestors will be, to order the heads of those who ask me such questions to be instantly cut off."

It is refreshing to read the diplomatic correspondence by which great potentates in those times preserved with each other amicable relations. The letter with which the King of Serendib intrusted Sindbad on his return from his sixth voyage, is too truly regal to be withheld:—

"THE KING OF THE INDIES, WHO, IN HIS JOURNEYS, IS PRECEDED BY A THOUSAND ELEPHANTS; AND WHOSE RESIDENCE IS A PALACE, THE ROOF OF WHICH GLITTERS WITH THE LUSTRE OF A HUNDRED THOUSAND RUBIES, AND WHO POSSESSES IN HIS TREASURY TWENTY THOUSAND CROWNS, ENRICHED WITH DIAMONDS, TO THE CALIPH ABDALLAH HAROUN ALRASCHID.

"Although the present that we send you be inconsiderable, yet receive it as a brother and a friend, in consideration of the friendship that we bear you in our heart; and we feel happy in having an opportunity of testifying it to you. We ask the same share in your affections, as we hope we deserve it; being of a rank equal to that you hold. We salute you as a brother. Farewell."

"The present," we read, "consisted of several items;—first, a vase made of one single ruby, pierced and worked into a cup of half a foot in height and an inch thick, filled with fine round pearls, all weighing half a drachm each; second, the skin of a serpent, which had scales as large as a common piece of money, the peculiar property of which was to preserve those who lay on it from all disease; third, fifty thousand drachms of the most exquisite aloe wood, with thirty grains of camphor, as large as a pistachio nut; and lastly, all this was accompanied by a female slave of the most enchanting beauty, whose clothes were covered with the rarest jewels."

After reading this description of the present, one does not wonder that the Caliph Haroun, on the receipt of it, expressed his approbation in very decided terms. "The wisdom of this king appears in his letter; such wisdom is worthy of such subjects, and such subjects worthy of it." But we must not suppose him to have been influenced in this criticism of the letter by the magnificence of the gift that accompanied it. No; he would have scorned such baseness. When it came to presents and letters, he was determined to show that he could be as reckless of expense, and could command as royal a style, as his wise neighbor. Accordingly, he sends Sindbad back to Serendib, envoy extraordinary, and certainly the most extraordinary envoy we ever read of, with a letter and present of his own.

"The Caliph had sent him a complete bed of gold tissue, estimated at a thousand sequins; fifty robes of a very rich stuff, a hundred more of white linen, the finest that could be procured from Cairo, Suez, Cufa, and Alexandria; another bed of crimson, and also a third of a different make. A vase of agate, greater in width than in depth, of the thickness of a finger; on the sides of which was sculptured in bas-relief, a man kneeling on the ground, with a bow and arrow in his hand, which he was about to let fly at a lion; and besides these, he sent him a richly ornamented table, which was supposed from tradition to have belonged to Solomon. The letter of the Caliph was written in these terms:

"HEALTH, IN THE NAME OF THE SOVEREIGN WHO DIRECTETH IN THE RIGHT ROAD, TO THE POWERFUL AND HAPPY SULTAN, FROM ABDALLAH HAROUN AL-RASCHID, WHOM GOD HAS PLACED ON THE SEAT OF HONOR, AFTER HIS ANCESTORS OF HAPPY MEMORY.

"We have received your letter with joy, and send you this, emanating from the council of our porte, the garden of superior minds. Do us the favor to accept our presents, and peace be on you. Adieu."

Of all the titles assumed by great monarchs, it would be difficult to find one which should compare with that taken by the Caliph on this occasion; the ostentatious magnificence of the King of Serendib's preface becomes tawdry and theatrical by the side of the sublime simplicity, the immovable solidity of this single title. History does not inform us, but there can be no doubt, that the result of this correspondence was a lasting peace between the two dominions.

It shows the greatness of the Caliph, and the range and scope of his mind, that at

the same time while thus holding in his hands the reins of a mighty government, attending to his divan at home, and upholding the dignity of his court abroad, he could unbend himself and enjoy the droll confusion of Abou Hassan in his harem, till he was like to die of laughter behind the arras; and could even lay wagers with his lady, "a garden of delights against a palace of pictures," as to whether this same Abou Hassan or his wife had been called to cross Al Sirat—that bridge which is more slender than a hair, and sharper than the edge of a sword. Captain Tyler and Colonel Polk barely find leisure to gratify the curiosity of their fellow-countrymen in a "summer progress;" the Commander of the Faithful appears to have been able so to divide his time that he passed his evenings in curious adventures, which he left his mornings to unravel. Yet he always settles all matters of business brought before him on principles of strict poetical justice, his sagacious mind, the moment it comprehends the cause of the evil, at once perceiving the remedy. Thus, after listening to the stories of the Ladies of Bagdad and the three royal Calenders, he concludes the business by marrying Zobeide himself, and giving her three sisters to the three Calenders. An ordinary man in those circumstances would have hesitated in bestowing upon his royal friends the two ladies who, for basely throwing their sister and her husband into the sea, had been changed into two black dogs, from which degrading forms they were only just disenchanted; but he evidently considered that they had repented while in the canine condition; or, which is the better opinion, reflecting that the history of so strange a matter would go down to after ages, deemed rightly that it would have an unsatisfactory conclusion unless the *dramatis personæ* were thus disposed of. The affair of Ganem, the Slave of Love, he terminates with equal judgment. In short, wherever he appears, whether listening to Baba Abdalla, the blind man, or Sidi Nouman, the husband of Amiria the Ghoule, or Cogia Hassan Alhabbal and the two friends Saad and Saadi, he always deports himself in a manner becoming his character and dignity. Sometimes his hasty temper leads him to act with apparent rashness, as in the story of the Three Apples, where he declares he will hang up his vizier and forty of the Barmecide family, unless he discovers who murdered the lady; but he understood

the state of society in his capital, and the character of his subjects, better than we. At all events, his proceedings always turn out well in the end. Once only in all his adventures does he lapse into a childishness unbecoming his general character. The instance was thought so remarkable by Shehrazade that she steps aside from her story to say, in a parenthetical sentence :

“The Caliph Haroun Alraschid, notwithstanding his gravity, could not avoid laughing when the Vizier Giafar said that Shemseddin Mohammed threatened Bedreddin Hassan with death for not having put pepper in the cheesecakes he had sold to Shaban.”

But the Caliph appears rather as spectator than as actor, in most of the stories where he is introduced. There are many characters equally pleasant to dwell upon—a throng of noble princes and worthy gentlemen, of queens and damsels beautiful as the day, upright old men, merchants and sultans, prudent matrons, fairies, genies, peris, most of whom are the welcome guests of memory. Who has forgotten Prince Firouz Shah, eldest son of the King of Persia and heir to the crown; how he prevented his father from selling his sister to the Indian who had the enchanted horse, by riding the horse away through the air; how he descended at midnight on the terraced roof of the palace of the Princess of Bengal, whom he wooed and won; how he remained with her till the three months were nearly expired; how they mounted the magic steed in the gray of the morning, and descended in two hours and a half, in the kingdom of Persia; how the Indian stole away his bride, and he then disguised himself as a physician, and searched for her till at length he found her in the possession of the King of Cashmire; how he cured her pretended insanity, and rode off with her from the public square, calling out as they ascended, the following words in a loud voice: “Sultan of Cashmire, when you wish to espouse a Princess who implores your protection, learn first to obtain her consent!” carried her to Persia in a very short space of time, married her immediately, and lived ever after as became so gallant an heir of royalty? Or who does not remember the brave Codadad, who killed the horrible man-eating negro giant, and rescued the beautiful Princess of Deryabar and his forty-nine brothers from the black marble castle that stood on a plain; married the Princess; was left for dead

by his envious and ungrateful brothers; but afterwards cured of his wounds, returned unexpectedly at the head of a troop of horse, which he had raised in the villages, just in time to succor his father's army and turn the tide of victory against the allied powers of the neighboring princes; then again brought bloom to the cheeks of the charming Princess, his wife, who had suffered so many hardships, and dried the tears of his mourning mother, the virtuous Pirouza? Need we refer to that respectable citizen whose history was such a striking instance how much success in this world depends on circumstances—Cogia Hassan, the ropemaker of Bagdad? The first two hundred pieces of gold given him by Saadi, he lost by a kite flying away with his turban; the second his wife sold in a jar of bran; but the piece of lead given him by Saad he gave to the fisherman's wife, who returned him a fish in which was a diamond, that he sold for fifty thousand gold pieces, and thus laid the foundation of his fortune: afterwards the turban and jar were found with the gold pieces, proving his integrity, and convincing Saadi of his error. This story is full of character; the two friends are inimitably drawn, and the honesty and good sense of Alhabbal make him worthy to be a Merchant of Venice.

What a trio of worthy young gentlemen were Prince Ahmed and his brothers Houssain and Ali! They all loved the Lady Nourounihar, but they did not quarrel on account of it, and their father the Sultan, to settle the difficulty, promised to award her to him who should bring the greatest rarity. So Prince Houssain comes with his enchanted carpet; Prince Ali with his ivory tube, through which one might see whatever he pleased; and Prince Ahmed with his apple of health—all just in time to save the beautiful lady, whereby their father is still unable to decide, and finally determines to give her to him who shall shoot an arrow furthest. Ali at this beats Houssain, and Ahmed's arrow goes out of sight. Ali, therefore, marries the lady, (whom all who read the story will fancy to be one of the gentlest and loveliest maids in the world.) Houssain turns dervise in despair, and Ahmed wandering in the melancholy of his disappointment to look for his arrow, finds the iron door that leads him to the palace of the fairy Pari-Banou, who declares her love for him and inspires him

with an instant affection for her. They live together long and happily, their bliss only marred by the machinations of the enchantress who leads the Sultan to make those extraordinary requests of Ahmed, on his monthly visits to court: first, a pavilion which will shelter an army, and may at the same time be held in one's hand, which the fairy furnishes; second, some water from the Fountain of Lions, which the fairy teaches him to procure by means of the ball of thread rolling before, (the most delightful excursion of the fancy that was ever made in all the regions of magic;) finally, the man a foot and a half high, Shaibar, the fairy's brother, (to whom we have before alluded,) who ends their troubles forever by knocking on the head the weak Sultan, the wicked enchantress, and all the evil-disposed in the palace, and concludes the story by placing Ahmed on the throne of his father. The noble conduct of the brothers in this tale, and the conjugal affection of Ahmed and Pari-Banou, are exquisitely delineated. What a world this would be if husbands and wives could all feel towards each other like this incomparable pair!

One of the most unfortunate of men, was the second royal Calender, whose adventures are perhaps as surprising as any that ever befell a single individual, not excepting the famous German Baron. Traveling from the court of his father to the Sultan of India, his cavalcade one day saw on the plain an immense cloud of dust, and soon after discerned fifty horsemen well armed. They proved to be robbers, who overpowered and plundered them. The Prince, after being severely wounded, escaped by flight, till his horse fell dead under him, and left him alone and destitute of everything. In the evening he came to a mountain, and slept in a cave. "For several days following,"—we must give a little of it in his own words—"I continued my journey without finding any place where I could rest; but at the end of about a month, I arrived at a very large city, well inhabited, and most delightfully and advantageously situated, with several rivers flowing round it, which caused a perpetual spring." Here he was entertained by one of those ever-confiding men, a tailor, who gives him some good advice, which deserves to be quoted:—

"The tailor asked me if I knew anything by which I could acquire a livelihood, with-

out being chargeable to anybody. I told him I was well versed in the science of laws, both human and divine, that I was a grammarian, a poet, and above all, that I wrote remarkably well. 'With all this,' he replied, 'you will not, in this country, procure a morsel of bread; nothing is more useless here than this kind of knowledge. If you wish to follow my advice,' he added, 'you will procure a short jacket, and, as you are strong, and of a good constitution, you may go into a neighboring forest, and cut wood for fuel. You may then go and expose it for sale in the market; and I assure you, you may acquire a sufficient small income to live independently of every one.' "

This sensible suggestion, (which ought to be printed in letters of gold, and kept constantly placarded in all public places,) he of course followed; but by an indiscretion every man and woman is more or less liable to fall into, he incurred the displeasure of a genie, who would have killed him, had he not immediately told him a good story of "the Envious Man," but after the tale, consented to commute his punishment. "At these words," says the unhappy narrator, "he violently seized me, and carrying me through the vaulted roof of the subterranean palace, which opened at his approach, he elevated me so high, that the earth appeared to me only like a small white cloud. From this height he again descended as quick as lightning, and alighted on the top of a mountain. On this spot he took up a handful of earth, and pronouncing, or rather muttering certain words, of which I could not comprehend the meaning, threw it over me. 'Quit,' he cried, 'the figure of a man, and assume that of an ape!'"

But it would take too long to follow him through his adventures in this miserable form. He finally becomes secretary to a Sultan, who has a daughter, the Queen of Beauty, versed in magic, and having "understanding in visions and dreams." The instant she perceives him, she knows him to be a man, and then at her father's request, and in the hope of having so learned a person for a husband, undertakes to disenchant him. She succeeds, but loses her own life, having been obliged to pursue her powerful enemy even into the form of fire. The conflict between the genie and the lady is terrific. He first becomes a lion, but she plucks a hair from her head, which turns into a scythe, and cuts him in two. Then he changes into a large scorpion; she be-

comes a serpent, and fights it till, in danger of being worsted, it takes the shape of an eagle, and flies away. But the serpent then appears as another eagle, "black and more powerful," and goes in pursuit. "We now," says the unfortunate Calender, "lost sight of them for some time. (What a moment of suspense! It makes one catch his breath to read it in the tale.) Shortly after they had disappeared, the earth opened before us, and a black and white cat appeared, the hairs of which stood quite on end, and which made a most horrible mewing. A black wolf followed and gave it no respite." But we have not room for the details of this appalling duel. At one time they were two hours under water, in the form of fishes; then they "saw the genie and the Princess enveloped in fire. They threw the flames against each other with their breath, and at last came a close attack. Then the fire increased, and everything about was encompassed with smoke and flame to a great height." Finally, the Princess appears in her own form, while the genie is reduced to a heap of ashes. She has just time to restore the Calender to his proper shape, when the fire, which in the last great effort had penetrated her constitution, burns her to death, and she too becomes ashes. Ah, generous and most courageous lady! thou wast worthy of a happier fortune; but let it console thy sad spirit, if it now wanders bodiless through the elements, that thy brave death has made thee renowned; and that many a heart has rejoiced in thy victory, and many an eye moistened at thy sorrowful fate!

A more fortunate conclusion attended the misfortunes of Nouredin and Enis Eljelis, the beautiful Persian. Nouredin, who is a wild young scapegrace, steals the affections of Enis, whom his father the Vizier had bought at an immense price for the Sultan, while she is under the care of his mother, and marries her by stealth. His father forgives him, on condition he shall never degrade her to her former condition of slavery, nor part with her on any account. But the old man dies, and Nouredin runs through his estate so fast, that in a twelvemonth he is penniless. The beautiful Persian then advises him to dispose of her, and get money to go into business. "Sir," said she, with a devotedness more graceful and touching than her beauty, "I am your slave, and you know the late Vizier, your father, purchased me for ten

thousand pieces of gold. I am well aware that I am not so valuable as I was at that time; I am however of opinion, that I may still produce a sum not much short of it. * * Never can I know any pleasure so great as our reunion will afford, if, as I hope may be the case, your affairs should be so prosperous as to enable you to repurchase me." Nouredin suffers himself to be overcome by her reasoning, breaks his oath, and exposes her in the market. But she is bidden for by Saony, who is now Vizier, an unprincipled old man, whom Nouredin knows to be his enemy; he therefore retracts, refuses to sell her, and beats Saony, who goes with his complaint to the Caliph. The Caliph orders Nouredin's house to be razed, and himself and his wife to be brought before him; but they hear of it just in time to escape to Bagdad. There they wander at nightfall into the garden of the great Caliph Haroun Alraschid, to whom him of Balsora is tributary, and fall asleep on a sofa in the vestibule. The old officer of the garden, Sheikh Ibrahim, finding they are strangers, entertains them, and makes them believe the garden to be his. As they grow familiar, Nouredin, in his gay manner, suggests wine. The Sheikh, like a pious Mussulman, is horrified, but suffers himself at length to be prevailed on to procure some. Enis Eljelis, ever compliant to the humor of her lord, then artfully seduces the old man to drink. The result is, that towards the end of the evening, the Caliph, looking from his palace, beholds the grand pavilion in his garden, with its eighty windows, all lighted up as on a royal visit. Taking the indispensable Giasar and Mesrou, he proceeds thither, finds what is going on, gains admittance in the disguise of a fisherman, hears the misadventures of Nouredin, who in the most reckless manner makes him a present of the beautiful Persian; and, in the end, after many more adventures, sets his affairs all right, by taking him into favor, and restoring his wife. This wife, Enis Eljelis, (what a pretty name!) all through the tale, appears one of those charming creatures, every true man would be glad to risk an equal chance of dying for, or winning; she is perfection. But what a husband! We never could regard him as any other than a heartless, weak-minded libertine, wholly undeserving such inestimable affection. Such a fellow never would sell for ten thousand pieces of gold in any slave market in the world, Christian or

Mohammedan, ancient or modern. He is a mere thoughtless man of pleasure. His wit pleased the Caliph, but probably his Majesty's chief reason for showing him so much countenance, was, that he considered it would be best, on the whole, for Enis Eljelis. She would not be happy in his palace, and if he sold her she would hardly bring so much as she imagined, (ladies seldom do, which is one reason we have so many old maids.) She would be every way happier with her husband, who loved her as much as it was in his nature to love any one. In short, we must allow that the Caliph acted as wisely and kindly in the premises, as was possible under all the circumstances.

But the best example of his wisdom occurs in the story of Ganem, the Slave of Love. Ganem, the son of a merchant of Damascus, goes to Bagdad to dispose of goods left him by his father, with that direction. While there, he one day loses his way without the walls of the city at evening after the gates are shut. He wanders into a burial place, and takes shelter in a tomb. Presently he perceives a light coming, and, fearful of robbers, ascends a tree. While there, he sees three slaves bring a chest, and bury it. As soon as they leave, he digs it up, and opening it, discovers a beautiful young lady, alive, but in a trance. He succeeds in restoring her, and at her request has her conveyed secretly to his house. She then tells him she is Fetnah, a young favorite of the Caliph, whom everybody has heard of, and who is receiving her education at the palace. She supposes that Zobeide, the Caliph's wife, has taken advantage of his temporary absence (he being gone to conquer a peace with some neighboring prince) to put her out of the way ; and doubts not the Caliph, on his return, will be very glad to reward Ganem for restoring her. In the mean time, Ganem's polite attentions make a great impression upon her, and her beauty likewise upon him. She is obliged to remain concealed in his house till after the Caliph's return. The Caliph believes her dead, and has public services performed for her repose. Now comes, with both Ganem and Fetnah, the strong conflict of love and loyalty. They might steal away and be married ; he might carry her to his mother and sister at Damascus. But no ; his constant maxim is, "*What belongs to the master is forbidden to the slave.*" Fetnah has the Caliph informed that she is alive,

and where she is. She hoped he would send privately for her, but, at dinner with Ganem, she sees the Grand Vizier coming with a train, and hence, guessing that the Caliph is jealous of her high-souled lover, hurries him away disguised as a slave. She was right ; the Caliph is in a great rage, and like most people in a passion, acts very unreasonably. He will not hear her, but sends her to the dark tower ; he demolishes Ganem's house, and because he cannot find him, sends to the King of Syria to have his house at Damascus plundered, and his mother and gentle sister Alcolomb beaten half to death, and driven out of the city ; all which is done. The afflicted mother and daughter beg their way towards Bagdad, hoping to find Ganem. Meantime the Caliph, walking one night alone, as was his wont, around his palace, hears Fetnah from her prison lamenting her fate, and accusing him of injustice. He has her brought before him. She tells him the whole story ; how honorable Ganem's conduct was towards her, and towards himself, and how much she loves him. The Caliph now sees he has been making a fool of himself, and has Ganem's pardon at once proclaimed throughout the kingdom. Fetnah is allowed to go in search of him. She finds Alcolomb and her mother, and at length her lover, who has been picked up in a most deplorable condition, by a camel-driver. He soon recovers, however, and they are married. But the Caliph, with his usual delicate sense of justice, is not satisfied with this : he himself marries Alcolomb, that weeping lady, to teach Zobeide not to be jealous ; and since they are about it, he thinks Ganem's mother had better marry his Vizier Giafar, for the very sufficient reason that they happen to be both of an age.

Ganem and Fetnah are two young persons whom every one must remember with the sincerest admiration. Ganem's mother also is worthy of such a son. But Alcolomb, who is drawn in shadow so deep one only sees there is a lady, is one of the most affecting figures the imagination was ever called to color. She is not obliged to know so much of the evil of the world as Fetnah ; and the fact that she is the sister of Ganem, gives her a purity and dignity mingled with gentleness, that make her worthy to be named with Isabella in Measure for Measure. We could have wished her to have been married to some one she had chosen of her own accord, and who was unblest

with another sharer of his affections. Where ideal personages are the representatives of real ones, it is no feigned emotion that is felt for them, and no waste of sorrow to pity their misfortunes. Alcolomb is but the fancied sketch of a young lady wedded without knowing why: we feel the same for her that we should for any of the thousands of tender creatures who are annually disposed of in the same way—in this enlightened country as often as elsewhere. It is the natural burden which age throws upon youth, and the race must submit to it as one of the most grievous consequences of the primal curse. Once in a hundred million, perhaps, there is an instance like the happy denouement of a love tale; but the great throng of men and women wear out life without one wish of youth ever being realized, giving up one after another as care and age grow over them, till at last they are glad to be visited by “the separator of companions, the devastator of palaces and houses, and the replensher of graves!”

The story of Ali Ebn Becar and Shemselnihar, an Arabic Romeo and Juliet, as it depends for its interest more on the exhibition of character than on novelty of incident, will most probably have passed entirely from the recollection of those readers who have not visited this region of romance since childhood. It is a beautiful prose poem, founded on the love, disappointment and tragic death of two of the most passionate and sensitive lovers that were ever imagined. The incidents depend on and only serve to develop the intensity and delicacy of their sentiment. The whole is wrought upon the most literal ground-work possible, so much so, that unless one is in a yielding humor it appears almost painfully obvious and minute; as we can fancy might be the case with any of these tales, coming in contact with a mind of coarse texture, susceptible only to the most striking forms of art. But the characters, although the ideal is so very exalted, are sustained with the same careful plainness of detail one would use who was describing from actual fact. If such lovers ever existed in any country, there would be old hearts and cold hearts enough about them to have them put in a mad-house; yet here in the story we feel that their sentiments and actions are not only possible but unavoidable. Nothing can exceed the pathos of this tale; fate overhangs the lovers from the first moment like a mournful atmosphere. The young Prince of Per-

sia never sees the envious streaks of day lacing the severing eastern clouds; the royal favorite never hears the lark sing out of tune. Such division one of Madame Sand's chaste heroines would desire, for the purpose of enjoying the entertaining philosophical reflections that would spring from it; but this poor simple pair, the creation of some tawny Arab, know no better than to die. Peace to their souls! The Caliph, like a noble-hearted man, did all he could; he let them rest together in the same tomb. “From that time,” concludes the excellent Shehrazade, “the inhabitants of Bagdad and even strangers from all parts of the world, where Musselmens are known, have always regarded that tomb with great veneration, and made a practice of going to offer up their prayers before it.”

The directness of the description in the Sultana's tales, (whom all good children fancy to be lying in bed and telling stories to amuse her cross husband, just as they do for their own diversion,) may have prevented many from relishing to the full the humor of Abou Hassan, the wag who desired to be Caliph for a day, simply that he might have an opportunity of punishing the four Sheikhs and the old Imaun who made so much disturbance in his neighborhood, by their continual tattling and mischief-making. But Abou is really a most diverting fellow, and is in this respect even superior to Christopher Sly; the joke he practices afterwards on the Caliph, and indeed all the “situations” in the piece, as the stage manager would say, are full of comedy. Doubtless, in the original, the style has a spirit which cannot so well be translated as plain narrative. The humor of the Talkative Barber is more apparent. Nothing can be finer in its way than the shaving scene; we are made to partake in the vexation of the poor tailor, by the pertinacity with which the Barber's conversation is drawn out; there is no end to him; one does not wonder that the Tailor should never after “behold without horror that abominable Barber.” The story of the Sultan's Purveyor, who marries the Sultana's favorite, is also rich in drollery. All goes very well till the bridal night; then, just as they are about to retire, the favorite discovers that he has eaten garlic, and not washed his hands! Instantly she beats him soundly, and has one of his hands cut off, to teach him politeness. Afterwards she is in all respects a loving wife, and they live very happily together.

But it is time that we pass from the character-drawing to consider the scenery, which, as was observed at the outset, presents generally the same landscapes to the eye as in boyhood. Minutely considered, the style of the description is as unpoetic as possible. Everything is told with the utmost plainness. However it may be in the original, the translation aims only to be a clear medium. The sentences are lists of things or facts. There are few figures—no reflections. The poetic effect depends almost wholly upon what is left to the imagination. Where there is a comparison it is excellent, as when the Calender says the genie took him up so high that the earth appeared “like a small white cloud;” there is a wonderful airiness in looking *down* such a distance. But where the fancy is not directed by a figure, but left entirely to itself, it is more in keeping with the general tone of the style, and equally effective. Thus when in the next sentence he says the genie alighted “on the top of a mountain;” how delightfully vague it is! The mountain may be Caucasus, or the Dahawalajeri, or Ghibel Kumra—we only know that it is much higher than any of them. If one looks below he sees nothing but air; the country around the base is invisible, because he knows not what it is. Everything is told that is requisite, but the reader cannot help imagining more.

And in such writing, where a warm and active fancy is presumed in the reader, and relied upon with such entire confidence, it scarcely matters whether the description be bare and vague or overloaded with detail. The mind's eye is quick to see in either case. Where the narrative is tediously minute, the memory is bewildered and will not retain the impression of such a multiplicity. The fancy is then compelled to supply its place, which it much more than does, by instantly collecting, like a kaleidoscope, a heap of scattered particles into one symmetrical whole. Thus even in so short paragraphs as those already quoted, describing the presents of the king of Serendib and the Caliph Haroun Alraschid, in reading at the usual rate and with the mind intent upon the progress of the story, and regarding these presents as only at the side of the field of vision, the particulars of them are not so clearly before the mind, a moment after, as the richness of the whole. The vase of ruby filled with round pearls, the skin of the serpent, the

fifty thousand drachms of aloe wood, the thirty grains of camphor, the female slave of enchanting beauty, whose clothes were covered with the rarest jewels, are at once fused in the alembic of the fancy into a single impression of a gift worthy of that powerful and magnificent monarch. Every page of the Arabian Nights affords a similar illustration. The narrative is as copious and pains-taking as can be imagined; it reports the marrow of conversations without the least embellishment, with the fidelity of a judge's notes of evidence; it goes on enumerating with the exactness of a catalogue; nothing is omitted. How particularly we are told that Bedridden Hassan on his wedding night wore “blue satin drawers tied with a golden cord.” With what ineffable coolness the Sultana draws upon our credulity, not in one large bill, but a handful of small ones, in sentences like these from Zeyn Alasnam: “While he was saying this, he perceived, on a sudden, traversing the lake, a bark of red sandal-wood, having a mast of fine amber, with a streamer of blue satin. There was only one person to guide it, whose head resembled that of an elephant, and whose body was the form of a tiger.” How readily we honor the whole at sight!

This very minute plainness, carried along with the same severe simplicity through the real and ideal, possible and impossible, is what brings the two former so near the two latter. There being so much that is real and possible, described with so much care, when exactly the same care, neither more nor less, is bestowed upon the ideal and impossible, causes the judgment to grow weary of attempting to distinguish them. The most extraordinary statements thus “acquire the force of truth. The speaker never changes countenance; she goes on through gorgeous palaces, gardens, deserted cities, haunts of genies, ghoules, faries, peris, over black mountains and deserts, in the air, the bottom of the sea, everywhere, with the same even pace; she seldom apologizes for an improbability, and when she does, it is to make that appear only apparently incredible, which is really so; she makes no prefaces conciliatory to the fancy; she tells her tales, in fine, with such an unconsciousness of there being any doubt of her veracity, that she gives fictions absolutely impossible, more than the effect of truth. A roc is as real to us as an albatross; genies we have seen in dreams; fairies—if we

never saw one, we have at least seen creatures *very much like them*; the palaces, cities, gardens, rivers, plains, deserts, mountains of the Arabian Nights mingle in our memory with the rural scenes of childhood.

But to cause this illusion, there must be something lying behind, and quite independent of style. For it is not as poetry that these stories affect us. Of that they have only some of the elements. If they are told in the original in a rhythmic flow of style, heightened by burning metaphors, and chaining the ear by its melody, they belong to poetry, and Shemselnihar's "PALACE OF CONTINUAL PLEASURES" may be a very near approach to the shield of Achilles. But as we have them, they are poetic only in so far as the vividness of the picture will make the most simple language seem so. Thus the comparison of the earth to a "small white cloud," is a poetic effect consequent on the picture which the plain meaning of the words calls before the fancy; but those particular words, though well chosen, have no part *per se* in calling up the picture; the narrative might have read 'a little white vapor,' and the picture would have been as clear. What we would convey is, that in the translation, the words and images are not necessary to each other as in poetry, for example in the lines,

"When he bestrides the lazy pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air."

In such writing, the music of the lines helps the fancy; the language and the picture are coealous; they are interdependent; divorce them, and neither takes the progeny, for they are no longer theirs; there is no more such clouds, such air, such motion. To a certain extent, this is true of the most prosaic narrative; but when we have passed a certain limit, it would seem that language and thought had very little connection, and that a natural, eloquent flow of style, with just music enough to give it general symmetry, so that it should not startle us by abrupt changes, was all that could be used.

To English readers, the Arabian Nights depend for their effect chiefly on what they are as creations of the pure fancy. They are full of exquisite painting of every-day human character; but that of itself would not have made them immortal, did it not appear in the most singularly interesting and picturesque stories that

ever were told. This is the great charm—the fancy, in these tales, is almost entirely free. It runs on and on at its own sweet will, precisely as it does in dreams. The plots are many of them without any apparent forethought; it is quite beyond one's power to guess how affairs are to terminate, or what will happen next. The story of Prince Ahmed and the fairy, (which we have endeavored, by a brief synopsis, to recall to readers who may have wasted many years in pursuits which have carried them away from the simple pleasures of childhood,) has two climaxes and two crises. After the marriage of Ali and Nourounihar, there begins a new *gradation*, wholly disconnected with the previous one. Yet the want of unity does not affect the interest. Ahmed did not succeed in the first part; now he has. The story resembles an overture, where the subject, instead of passing into a related key, should go boldly from the minor of one to the major of another, somewhere below, the modulation being through the iron door. The comparison reminds us of another beautifully dream-like passage, where there is a most splendid modulation *à la* Beethoven and Haydn. It is the beginning of the sixth voyage of Sindbad. The ship is impelled by an irresistible current, and cast away at the foot of a high wall of dark rocks. The moment they are able to land, the captain says: "God's will be done. Here we may dig our graves, and bid each other an eternal farewell; for we are in so desolate a place, that none who were ever cast upon this shore returned to their own homes!" They see the beach covered with fragments of vessels, merchandise, and the bones of unfortunate mariners. The cause of the current also appears. A large river of fresh water rises from the sea, and flows along the coast, till it enters a dark cave, the opening of which is very high and wide. One by one Sindbad's shipmates die around him, till at length he is left alone. As a last resort, he determines to construct a raft, and abandon himself to the current which flows under the dark cave. "As soon as I was under the vault of the cavern," we give his own words, "I lost the light of day; and the current carried me on without my being able to discern its course. I rowed for some days in this obscurity, without ever perceiving the least ray of light. At one time the vault of the cavern was so low, that it almost knocked my head,

which rendered me very attentive to avoid the danger again. During this time I consumed no more of my provisions than was absolutely necessary to sustain nature; but however frugal I might be, I consumed them all. I then fell into a sweet sleep. I cannot tell whether I slept long, but when I awoke, I was surprised to find myself in an open country, near the bank of the river, to which my raft was fastened, and in the midst of a large concourse of blacks." The change from the suffocating obscurity of the cave to the broad daylight of such a country as Serendib, is one of the most delightful surprises ever conceived. The fancy, which works not in a sustained effort, but like the water at the top of a fountain, ever rising and falling, here bursts upward with a sudden irrepressible buoyancy quite out of the reach of reason. Just so in the story of the second Calender, (in the passage above quoted,) where, after wandering over a desolate country for a month, he comes to a large and beautiful city. Generally in approaching large cities, one sees signs of a thickening population as he draws near it; but that mode of advance does not please Mademoiselle *Fantasie*, who appears to have taken the Calender under her especial care; she is capricious, full of wiles, very entertaining, but impatient of control; she must build palaces in a night, and cause populous and well watered cities to be discovered suddenly in the midst of wide extending arid deserts. There is no sort of jugglery, in short, which she will not practice upon us, if we at the outset resign ourselves to her guidance.

But the nearest approach to absolute dreaming is, perhaps, in those passages in Sindbad, where other people are introduced, who appear to *know the whole matter*. Thus the captain quoted above seems per-

fectly familiar with a place no one ever heard of before or since; and in another voyage the sailors tell him of the habits of the Old Man of the Sea. These instances, which might be multiplied indefinitely, affect the reader like those most real of dreams where we recognize a place as familiar that we never could have seen, or where what is said or done has a reference to something that has gone before. For example, we have dreamed that we were able to leap from the ground, and with no other exertion than holding the breath and tightly bracing the muscles of the arms and hands, to skim along about a foot from the surface for a long distance, or till out of breath, when the process could be repeated. This power we conceived to be an effort of the will, and reasoned upon it in our dream as a new discovery in animal magnetism; yet it was not a new discovery, but an acquirement we had before possessed and lost. We were now, we thought, on an island in the ocean, an island of plains and low meadows; this faculty had come back to us on account of the joy we felt in being entirely alone, no more in danger of being cheated by man or woman, and in breathing the free air; it was nothing new, for we could remember distinctly having been able to do it summer evenings in boyhood, and the place where—up and down the highway, from the oak tree to the ash, over the gate, and so forth. Of course, when we woke all our fine theory and the facts supporting it vanished in a smile at the absurdity of both. The dream was only a kind of reminiscence of youthful hilarity, granted by some peri or genie, Maimouna or Danhash the son of Shambourash, who happened to be passing that way. Doubtless many of our readers are indebted to those personages for similar gifts.*

* To illustrate what we have said respecting the free fancy, we shall venture to insert here some rough verses, not for their poetic merit, but because they are, all except the place mentioned at the beginning, and the explanation at the conclusion, an exact description of a dream. The repetition of the first incident is characteristic of the movements of the unguided and spontaneous invention: had the judgment presided, a new one would have been chosen, but the mind's subtle painter relied probably on the different landscape and shade of feeling, and thus in reality had a reason for showing its first picture in a new light. We might have referred to the Ancient Mariner, but we thought best to give the reader something new, and at the same time gratify a little of what people in some parts of the country call *vanity-pride*.

THE HAPPY ISLANDS'

A summer since I spent a week
At Provincetown; while there,
One day I walked the outer shore,
Enjoying the pure sea air,

Till sunset; and of all such walks,
This I shall best remember;
It was in August, or perhaps,
Just early in September.

How the Sultana could have allowed her fancy so much scope, while, if it went wrong and did not please her brute of a husband, she was sure of strangulation, must ever remain a matter of astonishment. For not only does she allow it to take the rein in the general conduct of her stories, but she permits it to luxuriate in minutæ, and to revel in an ocean of particulars. It was a bold confidence in her inventive faculty, but the result shows that she did not over-

rate its fertility. With what copiousness does it environ its royal characters with the Oriental paraphernalia of royalty! Everywhere there is opportunity for an account of ornaments, fine clothes and jewelry; with what zest does it dwell upon them and give us the *very whole*. M. Galland, the French translator, says that the hundred and first and second nights are taken up with a description of the seven dresses worn by the daughter of Shemseddin Mohammed

The sky was piled with golden clouds,
The winds were all asleep;
There was no noise, save only this—
The breathing of the deep—
The broad blue deep that north and south,
As far as eye could reach,
Rose out, illimitably,
From off the glassy beach.
Lone coast! but were thy dead to rise
Upon this murmur'ing strand,
How many moving dots there'd be
Along the sloping sand.
What is yon speck of white—a spar?
Or is't a tattered sail?
Part of the eight that here were wreck'd
In the great October gale?
I see it now—a sea-bleached plank,
Half buried by the wave.
I'll sit and rest me here; maybe
'Tis some poor sailor's grave.
“O that this rest might last forever;
O that life's toil was o'er;
That I might go back to its struggle never,
From off this solemn shore.”
I slept and dreamed unconsciously;
I thought me still awake;
There was no change, yet all things now
A dream-like hue did take.
The broad blue deep still rose before,
The beach still stretched away;
But all was calm, and over all
A light unlike the day.
An equal dimly-crimson glow—
How wan the world did seem!
The wide, wide ocean like a lake—
Thought I, “Is this a dream?”
Suddenly—I know not whence—a skiff;
A figure in the bow;
Thought I, “Such things I've read in
But ne'er believed till now.” [tales,
It is a swarthy, agile form,
All naked but the waist;
He shoots ashore, he leaps, he shouts,
“Aboard, come on, quick, haste!”
When genies call we must obey;
I cannot choose but go:

But will this little shallop live
If it comes on to blow?
He strikes the water once or twice,
He dances on the bow:
The long land lessens—lessens—lessens.
“I am not dreaming now!”
I see it fading—there—'tis gone;
There's only sky and ocean;
No foam before, no wake behind:
“What meaneth this swift motion?”
On, on, far in the distant east
A long thin line appears;
It is another land—my God!
How rapidly it nears!
There are two standing on the shore;
Three horses by them stand:
“Mount, ride, we wait!” they cry,
Or ere I touch the sand.
I mount with them, I know not why,
To ride, I reckon not where;
One look behind upon the beach—
Nor skiff nor shape is there!
And now we wind along a steep,
Three horsemen side by side,
Together, but no word we speak—
A strange, mysterious ride.
The summit gained, a boundless plain
Goes down beneath the eye;
Downward, still down, and sky beyond,
The world seems turned awry.
A weary waste, more desolate,
More sad than can be told;
Filled with strange heaps and mounds
Where Babel stood of old. [like those
What steeds are these? they make no
Their limbs they never stir; [wind,
They glide like air o'er rough and smooth
Withouten whip or spur.
The horrid desert flies beneath,
And yet we still descend;
We must have come below the deep—
Where will this journey end?
At length we've paused before a sea,
Another, like the last;
Tideless, it ripples at our feet,
Ink-black, and O how vast!

on her wedding night. Perhaps it would not be difficult to mention a class of readers who will regret he did not translate them.

But it is not in its freedom and fertility alone that the Sultana's fancy was extraordinary. She is also beyond comparison rich and picturesque. In the story of Parizade, the reader will observe how all the fine things that surround the princess contribute to her loveliness of character. There is a beautiful feminineness in the idea of making her wish for the talking bird singing tree, and golden waters. How innocent and girl-like does it make Amina appear to have her cheek bitten by the ugly old merchant, under pretence of taking a kiss. What a picturesque scene is

that where Prince Firouz carries off his bride on the enchanted horse; and in Ahmed how full of mystery is the ball of thread rolling before, and how grand the four lions marching by his side to the city's gates! If it were possible to be as dream-like and free, this imagery would still remain unequalled for its naturalness and profuseness.

We have now, to follow the figure used in the beginning, given, very briefly and imperfectly of course, some recent impressions of a region our readers may be supposed to have been long ago familiar with, but not to have lately visited. In doing so, we have preferred rather to remind them of old associations than to astonish them with new observations, or

And there—yes—see!—it is the skiff
Shoots inward to the shore;
The genie standing on the bow—
He calls me, as before.

He strikes the water once or twice,
We two are on that ocean;
No foam before, no wake behind,
A still, unearthly motion.

And it grows dark, starless and hard,
No eye could see a mile;
The genie dances, shouts and makes
Strange gestures all the while.

A long, long hour. Heart-sinking time:
Such dreadful space pass'd o'er;
And something always whispering
"Thou canst return no more."

But now a pale, thin light appears,
The eastern side adorning;
It silvers o'er the far dark sea
Like the first gray dawn of morning.

One moment; then a shuddering sound,
That takes all sense away;
'Tis gone; I am all sole alone,
And it is open day.

And right in sight, not three leagues off,
Land ho! high wooded hills,
And shady vales, and upland slopes—
My heart with rapture fills!

The little skiff goes dancing on
Across the sunny water;
The merry ripples beat her side,
The light west wind has caught her;

And as she nears, O beautiful!
Far inland winding bays,
Green isles alive with waterfowl,
Meadows where cattle graze.

I land upon the white smooth beach;
No skiff lands there with me,
Nothing but air where she did touch;
A dream-like phantasy.

And now I rise through groves and glade,
By rocks and waterfalls;
Gave birds that flit through fragrant
Fill air with joyous calls. [boughs

I lose myself in thick cool woods,
And cannot once emerge,
Till on the other side I now
Approach a rocky verge.

Here let me rest. O what a sense
Of deep, heartfelt delight,
Of youth, of strength, of joyful hope,
Of all that's fresh and bright!

For now, as far as eye can see,
Behold a goodly land!
Orchards, and parks, and dales and lawns,
Where stately mansions stand.

And up the dell come smells of flowers,
And there are voices too.
My brothers! living men! I come;
Soon I will be with you!

There are two standing in a vale,
Most strange—the very same;
Yet now they seem like two old friends,
They greet me by my name.

"Welcome," they say, "to the blessed
The isles of MEMORY; [isles,
Be firm, go on, we may not tell
Aught that awaiteth thee."

They're past; from unseen choirs
A low, heart-swelling strain;
What maid sits there? I know—she
"We meet—we meet again!" [turns—

Choking and gasping I awake:
Why did it end so soon?
How'er, 'twas well, for it grows dark,
Clouds resting o'er the moon;

And there are five long sandy miles
Between the town and me;
And the hostess she is wondering
Why he comes not to tea.

enlighten them with brilliant criticism. Accordingly we have used up our space chiefly with little abstracts of the stories, not venturing to write of them till we were sure they were remembered. We have endeavored to recall the "old familiar faces," and to wipe off the dust of oblivion that was beginning to veil the old landscapes. First we treated of the characters, then of the scenery, and lastly of the manner of the description, the quality of the fancy, its dreamlike freedom, its opulence and inexhaustible fertility; all very far short of what we would have said, but still so that on looking back we flatter ourselves we have not altogether wearied the patience of our readers, or disappointed a reasonable expectation. We have now a strong impulse to conclude our article with something didactic respecting the moral character of the Arabian Nights, and the propriety of permitting children to read them. But we shall repress it. A word or two shall suffice. There are some prejudices which are easiest overcome by the soothing system, and are not to be met by argument.

Nobody will deny that the Arabian Nights are very pleasant reading. They take the soul and transport it to a glorious region, and conduct it through series of interesting and wonderful incidents. The men and women we meet with in these scenes, are natural men and women; their hearts are like ours; they act from the same motives; the good and the bad are as clearly distinguished as we faint-sighted mortals can discern, and they are so painted that we are made to love the good and hate the bad; they are *common-sense* characters; there is nothing *Frenchy* about them; they are men and women, types of humanity; some are delicate, refined, lovely—others gross, mean, ugly; but in all their variety they are always so managed that the reader's sympathy is enlisted for the pure, upright and true. Now, if fathers and mothers choose to debar their children all these delightful visions; if the world seems so hard to them that they only care to educate their offspring so that they may go through it creditably; or if they imagine that they shall make them fitter for the next world by teaching them to shut their eyes to what is lovely and excellent in this—why, they can try it. They can banish the attractive volumes from their parlors, and confine their young ones to such reading as the "Young Man's Guide," or, to keep them out of worse mischief, permit

them to waste their evenings practicing abhorred ballads; they can do all this, no doubt. But, thank Heaven, this is a free country, and it doesn't follow because the Chinese cramp their children's feet, that the same treatment can be applied to Yankee brains. No. If the dear little boys and girls cannot get at these books in any other way, they will read them, as we did, and thousands more have done, *by stealth*. Yes, (pardon the egotism, gentle reader,) we must proclaim it—we borrowed the Arabian Nights and hid it in the wood-shed. Othello, Rob Roy, and an odd volume of the Spectator, afterwards occupied the same nook. Conceive the infinite satisfaction with which we now publish the fact. We are half inclined to make oath to it before a justice, and here insert the affidavit. Ink and paper are all too feeble. We wish this scrawling had the power of sound, that it might reach at once all the fathers and mothers, guardians, schoolmasters and ministers in New-England. "The voice of one who has read the Arabian Nights, and is alive to tell it!" We wish we could shout it like a muezzin from his tower. Again: "We read the Arabian Nights, and we are '*no deid yit!*'" Alas! there are hundreds and hundreds who never can hear us.

Still it may cause reflection in some who are frequent readers of these pages, to see one thus earnest in speaking of what may appear a light matter. That these stories are faultless, their warmest admirers cannot pretend. They are voluptuous, in many senses, and sometimes say in a few plain words what Mr. Bulwer would either take a page in elaborating, or, losing speech entirely in a paroxysm of delicacy, would insinuate by a —. All this may be admitted; yet, how far such healthy voluptuousness may injure young minds, when they are properly stimulated at the same time, as they ought to be, in a thousand other directions, cannot be with sensible thinkers a very difficult question; the evil, compared with the good, is an inappreciable quantity, and may be thrown out of the calculation. Indeed, we are not certain but some reading of this kind is necessary to preserve the balance of animal and spiritual health, and especially at the present time to counteract the philosophic harlotry of Sand. But we must not enter at present so wide a field of discussion.

The present edition of the Arabian

Nights is, we were glad to find, not a new translation, but a reprint of one made in the last century. The introduction states that it is taken from the French of M. Galland, Professor of Arabic in the Royal College of Paris, who translated from the Arabic in 1704. The tales became at once popular, and were soon in every language in Europe. It is very fortunate that the present version, though in the detail of sentences by no means free from faults, is sustained with admirable fullness and eloquence. Those who read the old one usually printed in the cheap editions will find that the *air* of the book is the same, and though they may here and there recognize a sentence as different and not improved, they will,

on the whole, be well pleased with the publisher's selection. The book is very neatly got up. There are a good many typographical errors, however, (one at the bottom of page 256, part IV., confuses a sentence we had occasion to quote;) and the engravings hit that precise medium between extreme goodness and badness that we could never endure. They neither assist the fancy nor leave it free. It would have been better had they been left out. In all other respects the book is a very acceptable gift to the young readers of the United States, and all true lovers of romance must rejoice in its publication.

G. W. P.

November, 1847.

COVETOUSNESS.

A FRAGMENT.

Lo! Covetousness in his dusky cell,
 An antique chamber, black and ruinous;
 There will you find him when the clanking bell
 Sounds midnight, and nought's stirring in the house,
 But he and Care: and then he'll three times tell
 His hoarded coins; but if he hears a mouse
 Nibbling the wainscot, quickly thrusts them all
 Behind a panel in the thickest wall;

Then, muttering, takes a taper from the shelf,
 And creeps about, his eyes upon the floor;
 Then comes again and fingers at his pelf;
 Then, gliding out, locks and relocks the door,
 But makes no sound; and like a ghost or elf
 Glides in the shadows, adding to his store
 Old nails and shreds, that glitter in the moon:
 A rag's his godsend, a dropt shoe his boon.

Behold him!—gray, pined, peakèd, crooked, ragged;
 His cloak, a beggar's leaving, hangs awry;
 Beneath a felt his locks fall white and jagged;
 His nose is like a hook, blood-shot his eye;
 His back is bow-bent, as with misery faggèd.
 His prayer, you'd guess, should be at once to die:
 Alas!—no thought of dying yet hath he,
 Nor will be rich enow this century.

Restrained, and clutching at his cloak, he paces,
 With elbows cramped against his meagre sides ;
 Like one benumbed his shadow cold he chases,
 Still staring on the earth, where gold abides ;
 And now he thinks of old deserted places,
 Where yet, maybe, some pirate's treasure hides ;
 Then dreams on witchcraft and dark sorceries,
 Gold gnomes and devil's greed, till courage dies.

His thumb he pinches in his bony fingers,
 As though, instead, a bit of gold they held ;
 While by a neighbor's door he, pondering, lingers :
 " Might thief, vile word ! some other way he spelled,
 'Twere good ;" then meditates with deepest thinkers,
 (For much he's read,) why such offence 'tis held,
 To lessen another's heap ; then, with a groan,
 Glides homeward, lest some rogue be at his own.

Crushed with that thought he enters the low cell,
 Resolved that night to sleep beside his treasure ;
 But, finding all secure, concludes it well
 That laws are bloody, and a smouldering pleasure
 Glows in his veins ; and then he'll sit and spell,
 Old deeds that parcel land with tedious measure ;
 Notes, quitclaims, mortgages, wills, torn and dusty,
 Mere legal rat's meat, brown, obscure and musty.

And day and night he sadly meditates
 On other men's affairs, of birth and death ;
 Takes hope from poison, thinks of cunning baits
 To lure young heirs to shorten their own breath ;
 Dreams on reversions, and devised estates,
 Expectancies, and hopes that lie unneath
 The teeming future ; then of million loans,
 Aglow ; then thinks on bankrupt States, and groans. CYONIDES.

THE VIOLIN.*

THE recent republication of one of the best methods for the violin, is a gratifying index of the progress which the beautiful and tranquillizing art of music is making in our warlike nation. We have not at hand the work referred to ; but when publishers find it for their interest to reproduce so comprehensive a treatise, it may reasonably be presumed that a short article on the subject will not lack readers.

The advice of Chesterfield to his son—

" Never stick a fiddle under your chin," may be admitted to be very good, as a general maxim ; but there are in our country, as in England and elsewhere, a very respectable number who will never need it ; whose love of art is stronger than their ambition to conform to the Chesterfield code of manners. It is necessary that something should be written occasionally for the amusement and instruction of this class. The world, taken at large, and looking through history,

has yielded so far as to allow that it is not absolute insanity to have an irrepressible bias towards art. Whether this bias may not be so over-mastering in some cases as fully to justify such a violation of decorum as putting a fiddle, which is mere harmless wood, under the countenance, cannot be a point that requires argument. It undoubtedly is. Undoubtedly there do occur instances where the desire to play the fiddle is so strong, that it is better to humor and direct it than to attempt to repress it. It would be well in most such cases that some easier instrument were chosen; but there are unfortunately some incorrigible youths who, nothing less will satisfy. With these, the placing a fiddle under their chins and trimming the nails of their left hand must be endured; the offence ought not to banish them from decent society. Some of them do contrive to crowd through the world as comfortably as their neighbors. In our mind's eye we can easily recall the images of many veteran amateurs, men of warm hearts, who have retained the love of music through long lives; and find themselves in age, so far from being out-cast, surrounded by troops of kindred friends, and respected for this very infirmity. It is better that boys who manifest a similar obstinacy should be taught to stick fiddles under their chins, the proper place for them, than left to lay them on their arms, where they ought never to be put.

The great violinists who have visited the country of late years have, as is indicated by the republication of Campagnola's and other standard works,* paralyzed the old prejudice against their instrument, and spread a more general knowledge of its importance to the musical art. It is time the enthusiasm they have awakened should be properly guided. Scarcely anything presents a view of a more deplorable struggle than the history of a born devotee of music, who happens to expand in any of the thousand unmusical circles into which society at large is divided. His first essays, after toy whistles, or those universal rural instruments, cornstalk fiddles, squash vine bassoons, and dandelion trumpets, are generally upon a one-keyed *flauto traverso*, (in writing on music one is never believed without a thick

sprinkling of unnecessary technical words) a German flute, we might just as well say, perhaps better. Said flute in most cases is cracked, and requires the Priestnitz treatment to put it in voice; the key is usually tied down with a string and turned under to prevent its being obtrusive. It is held, not horizontally, but at the semi-quadrant angle, or as nearly perpendicular as the head of the performer can be twisted to allow of. The embouchure is then turned over towards the lips, which are compressed into the shape of an O, and the lungs are put to their exercise, being filled and re-filled at every note with such alacrity that the player's head is dizzy at the end of his every eight bars and two repeats. Woe to his unfortunate neighbors! If he is at home, how often his suffering sisters are called to assist him in deciphering the notes of "Fresh and Strong," or "Days of Absence;" if at school, or as happens in a vast number of instances, a freshman at college, how often do those inspiring melodies echo from his chamber! At length he astonishes himself, begins to fancy he *can* learn, procures a book, and sets about it in earnest. If the book happens to be a Nicholson, he recovers from his bad mechanical habits to fall irretrievably into worse ones of taste; Nicholson and his variations being a Slough of Despond, where the greater number of pilgrims either return disheartened or stick fast forever.

But suppose our pupil is resolute and goes on, through Nicholson and Wragg, through Drouet, Gabrielsky, Furstenan, Kuhlman, (the best of any,) Berbiguer, Tulou, and all the rest; suppose he takes lessons, learns to play in time, and practices vigorously, always more to conquer old habits than to form new ones; suppose he even achieves difficulties and really conquers a concerto. All this while he is growing imperceptibly and unconsciously in the great art of music that is around him. The flute is exhausted; it has no longer charms enough to stimulate him to go on; he has reached his ultimatum. In the meantime a violin has fallen in his way, and he has learnt the scale in the first position merely by accident. There is a fascination in it; when he succeeds in producing a tone, it seems to permeate the whole

* The first twelve of Kreutzer's Studies were published some time since by Mr. Reed in Boston; but only the foreign editions can be obtained in New-York.

muscular system. Less and less frequently now is the flute-case opened, and finally it is left closed altogether. At this stage the original process must be gone over again, with all the disadvantage of rigid muscles on the most difficult of instruments. Sometimes the individual has courage, and goes at once to a master; he may thus by severe labor patch up a decayed musical organization, and actually bring himself to be on friendly terms with this delightful creature, though he must ever regret that his early want of education will prevent him from enjoying a very close intimacy. But how many years of life are there thrown away that might be used to more purpose did our society *recognize the necessity of Art*. When one considers, this one instrument alone is a great sum; but when one thinks how slowly the whole art of music is ever rising upward to smooth over with its refining influence the rough realities of existence, it seems miraculous that it is not altogether crushed and overpowered. Indeed, it would be, but for the mighty strength of the great geniuses. Between the dishonesty of the learned and the mistakes of the ignorant, the worship of St. Cecilia would soon perish from the face of the earth.

The first step towards learning an instrument is, to resolve to set about it. Many waste years acquiring a habit that brings them little satisfaction, and is only a nuisance to their friends. One never sees that they either improve or go backward. They remind one of what Haydn's friend Salomon, the violinist, told the Prince Regent. After having taken several lessons, the Prince one day asked, "Well, Mr. Salomon, how do I get on?" "Please your Highness," said Salomon, "der are tre stages of music. First, der is pick out, read notes, count time, &c., not play at all. Second, der is play, but play very bad,—out of time, out of tune, noting at all. Now your Highness *has just got into the second stage!*" This is a stage which a great many young gentlemen never get beyond.

Secondly, it must be remembered that the acquiring an instrument is not an amusement, but labor; and very fatiguing labor, too, in respect of the violin. There would be more such players as Viennetemps and Sivori, if it were not so.

Whoever has observed the face of the latter as he has entered the Tabernacle on evenings when he has been peculiarly successful, will have seen the worn look which denotes exhausting practice. He had no doubt great natural facility, but to acquire and keep up such skill can only be accomplished by the most unremitting industry. The whole soul and body must be given to the work, as entirely as a rich merchant's energies are devoted to trade.

One must also be very patient, and not expect too much. After twenty, it is generally too late to begin the violin at all. Before that, let the young amateur be resolute, and consider what it will be to be able by and by to open those treasure chests of the richest instrumental music in the world—the quartets of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven! How delightful shall the evenings pass in that pleasant parlor every young man ought to picture to himself in the future of his hopes! There shall assemble his old friends, at stated times; the table shall stand in the centre; four portable music desks and four candles shall adorn it; while the dear wife, that shall yet be found out and wooed and won, sits with some of the friends' wives (for they shall all have them except the violincello; he shall be a bachelor, and take snuff and wear spectacles) at a work-table by the fireside. There shall be heard the songs of mighty bards—no Verdi, no Sweet Home, no flat May Queen music, no Russell, no Balfe, no insipid "Love Not," no Ethiopian. All this shall be before thirty; and the young player may be sure of realizing the playing part of it in a few years' well-directed practice. Alas! the rest of the picture cannot be promised with so much assurance.

The next step is to procure an instrument. Twenty dollars will purchase one fit for the purpose, but the beginner must not attempt to select it.* Some of the cheap violins are hollow and indistinct, others woody, the most part have no power of tone at all. Anything that is strongly built and not unpleasantly new and scratchy will do for a long while, but as good a one as possible should be obtained, of course. College amateurs, however, frequently pay extravagantly for instruments they never learn to use. Some cheap violins are made with the

* What an infinite variety of character there is in violins! We have as distinct an idea of each of the instruments of the great performers who have visited our country

neck and finger-board one-sided, for the convenience of those who wish to imitate that elegant player in the Hutchinson Family who held his fiddle on his arm, with his hand stretched all along. This is an invention of Satan; "*hic NIGER est, hunc tu Romane, caveto.*" A bow may be obtained for two or three dollars; a light one is best at first. The tension of the hair should be the same in every part of it, so that a gradually increasing pressure should have its proper effect; this also should be attended to if possible by a master. The next thing is the strings, which ought to be the best that can be had. Such are the dry Italian, which cost two shillings a coil (each of which has three lengths) at the importing stores. Sharfenberg's and Godone's in New-York, or Reed's in Boston, are as good places as any. They should be thin at first, because the intonation is easier with such, and they should be proportioned in size by a trial of the fifths, which the learner can make if his ear has been educated by practice on other instruments. In the city there are plenty of good repairers of violins, who will attend to these things and put the instrument in playing order for a few shillings; or the pupil can do it himself. The position of the tail-piece and sound-post affects the tone, making it more open or the reverse according as they are back, or towards the finger-board forward. For most instruments the tail-piece should be back to within half an inch of the end of the instrument; the front face of the bridge, towards the neck, should be on a line with the notches in the S holes at the sides; and the sound-post should be just the width of the bridge behind that foot of the bridge which is nearest the bow hand.

Now, if the learner is in any place where instruction can be obtained, he should go to a master at once; but as many young amateurs are not so situated and still will play, we will briefly give them a hint or two on the manner in which the violin should be attacked. Musical boys are curious in these matters

at an earlier age than is often suspected: we may, in writing these sentences, be bending some twig that shall afterwards grow up into a Haydn. If Baillet and Rode's *méthode* can be procured, it is the cheapest and best; there is nothing in it but dry work. That of Campagnola, which has now been republished, is more attractive and more costly;* but the style of bowing taught in it is not the best, and is not generally in use; the exercises, however, are well devised to smooth the path of labor. Spohr's violin school is excellent, and all the little studies in it are exceedingly interesting; but the young student will derive more pleasure from it when he is a little advanced. The cheap violin books of the shops, half-bound in green and blue paper, and filled with arrangements of flat ballads interspersed with a few vigorous old hornpipes and reels, should never on any account be opened; they are not good. Should there be two players a very little advanced who wish to go on rendering each other mutual aid and comfort, let them send to Mr. Hoyer in Broadway, near Duane street, and buy Gebauer's easy duets; or, if they have got a little into the positions, "six easy duos" by Pleyel, (Opera 34.) There are many delightful duets besides by the same pleasing writer, (the pupil of Haydn, and himself a lesser Haydn.) Afterwards they may go into Viotti, Krommer, Jansa, Romberg, (are there not in the old book, dear A., two of MOZART?) Spohr, May-seder: there is, indeed, a whole library in this one department, all within the scope of moderate industry. Many of our readers must have seen that French caricature of the two apes playing a violin duet?

But before arriving at the height of enjoyment indicated in that engraving, it is necessary to begin and persevere with the same unconquerable ardor that animates a well-known amateur of this city, who, at more than threescore and ten, still tasks himself daily at the gamut he has never been able to conquer. Suppose the violin in the future player's hand, all in order, the bow greased with prepared rosin,

as of so many ladies. Vieuxtemps' was an elegant educated French matron, of the last age, full of conversation, and always entertaining. Sivori's is a brilliant Neapolitan. Nagel had a charming little fairy. There is one we know like a Rubens beauty—"fat, fair and forte." It is in the possession of Mr. Keyzer of the Astor Place orchestra—a fine old-school player, and an enthusiast in his art.

* It would save unnecessary expense to the pupil, and be more for the publisher's interest, if this work and that of Spohr had been published in separate numbers. More than half of each cannot be of any service to the player until after he has practiced many years, and aside from the cost, it is disheartening to look forward to so much labor.

(young Paganinis are often apt to use too much, which must be cleansed from the strings with a very little of the fat of sheep, boiled in water to extract the salt, and used upon an old kid glove or piece of wash-leather, (to which one of the nooks in the fiddle case should always be appropriated.) The next thing is to hold it properly. This is so important that a nice eye can readily determine from it an artist's whole character. A man who in this age of the world holds a fiddle on his arm, should never be spoken to except in the necessities of business or common life; we should treat him kindly and quietly, letting him be aware what we think of him without hurting his feelings, but without "mixing with him" at all—just as we treat radicals, Millerites, believers in quack systems, and all such poor creatures. Let the student read M. Baillot attentively, and endeavor to conform thereto; let him begin at

"ARTICLE 1ST.

"*Manner of holding the Violin.*

"The violin should be placed on the left collar bone, kept in its position by the chin, on the left side of the tail-piece, supported by the left hand, in a horizontal position with the exception of a little inclination to the right, in such a manner that the extremity of the neck of the instrument may be directly in front of the middle of the left shoulder."

The style is not remarkably beautiful, but it is very clear, and the reader, if he does not understand it in English, may have it in the original French, which is given in a second column. There are eight similar articles, and the tyro must read them all and follow them in every particular. However it may be in politics, in music there was never such a phenomenon as a *self-taught violinist*.* Here, one must be content to avail himself of the fruit of other men's experience. The way pointed out is not merely the best, but the *only* way in which skill can be reached. The player must not let the neck of his instrument fall into the palm of his hand or into the angle of the thumb and fore-finger, because if he does he can never go out of his first position. He must teach his wrist to remain bowed outward for the same reason. He must have the

ball of the thumb opposite the middle of the palm, to enable the fingers to lie over the strings, so that they can strike them like little hammers. He must not let the last joint of his little finger bend inwardly, because it aids the natural weakness and unreliability of that foolish and troublesome little member. He must bring the thumb up to the very body of the instrument in the third position, if he would be sure of his intonation. In his bow hand what infinite trouble is before him, in the endeavor to loosen his wrist and retain strength in the hand. The thumb, which must be turned outward, will ache at times, and so will his wrist; but what of that, when he is learning a charm to enable him to raise at will the spirits of the dead? So, also, in his left hand, when he comes to breaking down the affection of the third and fourth fingers, and creating as it were two muscles where nature has bestowed but one, he will find no child's play in it. But by that time Kreutzer will be before him—Kreutzer, the friend of Bee thoven!

It would be pleasant to follow the pupil through his seven positions, the second of which will cost him so much vexation, through his *coups d'archet*, his *staccato*, his *martele*, his double stopping, his octaves, his *nuances*, his *largo* practice, whereby he learns to make his barbiton sing like an angel, his *arpeggios*, his *trillos*, *tremolos*, *ponticellos*; it would be delightful to wander among these fascinating words, until this essay should be deemed sufficiently unintelligible to be considered high authority, but this is not at present permitted. "Art is long," but articles must be short; there are so many indifferent Gallios.

One thing must not be forgotten, however, in musical practice. It is that, more than any other, which spoils amateurs, and brings them to a point whence there is no advancement. It is the *desire to go too fast*. There is no better advice for them than "*festina lente*." Never do anything that cannot be accomplished with cool nerves; do not dare difficulties too rapidly. How many amateur violinists, as soon as they are able to play what would be a second fiddle in an orchestra, evaporate in the easy show pieces. De Beriot's beautiful airs are sad temptations.

* There may be some respectable *fiddlers* among amateurs, who became so through accident, just as there may be honest men in the Democratic party: particular exceptions only prove general rules.

One may see the same effect in other arts. A writer, for example, who would not fritter himself away, must keep up a daily acquaintance with solid reading.

Much of the advice here given will apply to the study of other instruments and to the cultivation of the voice. There is no excellence to be attained in any department of musical performance, without

much study—constant study, in fact—study that grows into a habit. It is of very great importance to *begin rightly*, and if these observations shall have the effect of putting any in the way, they may be of more service to music than the indefinite writing on such subjects which for many years past has been so fashionable.

G. W. P.

AN IMPORTANT IMPROVEMENT IN THE ART OF LITHOGRAPHY.

THE sketch from Moritz Retzsch, in the present number, was chosen as a happy instance of the genius of the artist and of his peculiar manner. It is a rough tracing, transferred to stone by a newly invented process. Its title is—

THE ENIGMA OF HUMAN LIFE.

“The spirit or genius of humanity, doomed for a season to walk this earth in ignorance and sorrow, sits meditating on the riddle of human existence, which is here represented by the gigantic Sphinx, half buried in the sands, its countenance averted, and partly veiled in the clouds; around him is a desert, stony, barren, and overrun with nettles and thistles; in his hands he holds a rose, of which the withered and fast falling leaves express the transient nature of all that is sweetest and loveliest on earth. The spectacle of sin and death, (figured by the reptile at his feet and the lifeless bird which has perished by its fang,) fill the mourning spirit with grief and dread; but he looks up, and behold! two butterflies, which have escaped from the chrysalids, which lie on the thistle-leaf, and are soaring and sporting in the clear ether above his head: on them his eyes are fixed, with a contemplative and trembling hope, and his heart glows with the conception of a higher and purer state of existence.”

We have lately been shown by the inventor a manuscript of a pamphlet that will soon be published, which is at once an account of this art, a treatise on an important part of education, and a proposal for its advancement. The art itself is a remarkable improvement in Lithography, and is

named by its inventor CHEMITYFIC PRINTING. It enables any person properly instructed, to multiply his own manuscripts, or those of another, to an unlimited extent. Provided with a small hand-press, and two kinds of ink, one for writing upon common paper, and the other for strengthening the marks of the writings transferred to a lithographic stone, the writer may multiply his manuscripts to the number of millions if he chooses, at no other cost than the paper and the labor of the hand.

Another remarkable application of this art is to the reproduction of drawings executed with the pen. Having made a drawing in a peculiar kind of ink, which accompanies the press, it is transferred to the surface of a smooth stone, like a piece of writing, and then, with a little trouble, the artist may himself produce as many copies of the draught as he chooses, at no cost beyond the paper and labor of the hand.

To form a clear notion of this curious art, let the reader imagine, first, a small iron hand press, fastened firmly upon a solid table, and provided with a roller and scraper like an ordinary lithographic press. Then let him suppose that he has sketched with some care an original design, or made a writing, upon fine paper prepared for the purpose.

The sketch or writing, thus prepared, is now laid face downward on the surface of a lithographic stone, or on a plate of zinc or pottery ware prepared for the purpose. The stone lying upon the table of the press, is now covered by a sheet of thick leather attached to it, and, with a few turns of the crank, passed under an



edge or scraper of wood, to which a strong pressure is given by a lever. On rolling back the table of the press, and receiving the paper, the writing or sketch will be found indelibly impressed upon the stone in reverse.

The next process in the operation is to blacken the letters with a peculiar composition passed over them in a sponge. A layer of moisture prevents the stone itself from receiving any blackness between the letters. Lastly, a common ink roller with lithographic ink is passed over the surface, and the sketch or writing may be now communicated by pressure to a sheet of dry paper laid upon the surface. Between each application of pressure, a fresh layer of ink is applied by the roller, and the copies may thus be indefinitely multiplied.

The immense variety of purposes to which this art may be applied, in the reproduction of drawings and writings of every description, would require a volume only to enumerate. The artist, provided with one of these presses, can multiply his original designs, or have them worked off by others, at the most trifling expense, under his own eye; each copy retaining the ease and characteristic touches of an original. Works of illustration can be supplied in this manner, to any extent, with the most delicate productions of the pencil. Nor have these prints any of the character of common lithographs, but they rather resemble rough wood cuts, or the works on copper of the ancient etchers. Their introduction would give a new direction to the arts of design, and create a better taste and consequent demand for better works. The original drawings of a good designer would of course be preferred before the featureless steel plate and lithographic prints that are at present used to illustrate periodical and popular works.

The multiplying of every description of manuscript, will be a still more important application of this invention. A boy twelve years of age may easily be taught to reproduce writings by the press. A law paper, written in the proper ink, may be handed by the lawyer to his clerk, who, having been properly instructed in the art, will presently furnish him with as many copies as may be necessary.

A publisher, editor, or agent, of any business, having to use a circular letter, may have any number he desires prepared for him that shall be facsimiles of the original.

A clergyman wishing to multiply his sermon, or a professor his lecture, may

have as many copies as he chooses of his own hand-writing reproduced for him upon the press. He may in a short time learn the process from written directions, and find it an amusement and an agreeable exercise for the body.

Circulars for political purposes, not easily distinguishable from written letters, may be scattered abroad on the eve of an election. In short, there is no species of writing, which it is desired to multiply, but not to print or publish, for which this art will not be found necessary. Having in our possession one of the presses used in this process, and having witnessed its employment in various hands, we are satisfied of its utility and adaptation to all the purposes above mentioned. The illustration in the present number, a rude tracing, we saw printed from a stone, at a rate averaging thirty and sometimes sixty copies the hour, by a person who knew nothing of printing or lithography until he learned this process. In the January number, illustrations of a more delicate character will be given, drawn with greater care. The present one serves only to show the capability of the invention, as a means of illustrating periodicals and popular works. A specimen of manuscript would also have been given had there been time; we may, perhaps, give one in our next number.

The process of this art being not purely mechanical, but requiring some attention, and discipline of the eye and hand, besides being an agreeable exercise of the body, the inventor suggests that it may be made a valuable auxiliary to education in common schools. The greater part of his work is devoted to an exposition of his views on this topic; and by a series of excellent arguments and illustrations, supported by quotations from the best writers on education, he shows very satisfactorily, that an art like this, which combines discipline of the eye and mind, with a gentle and agreeable exercise of the body, might be introduced with the greatest advantage, to vary the employments and improve at once the capacity and health of pupils. A press may be placed in a corner of the school-room, or in a closet adjoining, and the pupils instructed in their turns by the master or by the most ingenious among themselves, in an art that combines as many points of neatness, dexterity, and industry, as may suffice to educate their physical faculties. As a relaxation from study in the winter time, when out-door exercise

is inconvenient or dangerous to health, we can imagine nothing better than the exercise of a manual art; and when that art is so intimately connected with literary pursuits, and qualifies every pupil to multiply his own writings, it must prove particularly valuable.

All this apart, however, we have seen enough with our own eyes, and hope soon to show results to our readers, to convince any one that a vast addition has been made by Mr. Donlevy's invention to the means of artistic and literary education.

LETTERS ON THE IROQUOIS.

BY SKENANDOAH.

ADDRESSED TO ALBERT GALLATIN, LL D., PRESIDENT NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

LETTER XIV.

Indian Geography Continued—Ontario Trail—Genesee Ford at Rochester—Ridge Road—Derivation of Niagara—Genesee Trail's—Gén-nis-hee-yo: The Beautiful Valley—Favorite Residence of the Senecas—Indian Villages—Derivation of Ohio—System of Trails pointing Southward—Southern Highway—Coughocton Trail—Susquehanna Trail and its branches—Tioga Point—Lake Trails—Indian Runners—Fate of the several Nations—The Indian Department of the Government.

HAVING traced the main trail of the Iroquois from the Hudson to Lake Erie, it remains to notice the lake and river trails, and to locate such Indian villages as were situated upon them. The principal districts occupied by our predecessors, and embraced within the "Long House," to which they were wont to liken their home-country, and the political structure under which they were sheltered, will thus be pointed out; and also the lines of communication by which they were traversed.

In pursuing the inquiry, our attention is first arrested by the Ontario trail. Bordering Lake Ontario from Oswego to Lewiston, there is a ridge running the entire distance, from three to six miles inland from the shore, and mostly a continuous level. It is generally admitted that this ridge was anciently the shore of the lake, the basin of which has been depressed some three hundred feet, or the surrounding country elevated by subterranean agencies. A natural road is formed by this ancient beach from Oswego to Lewiston; and from the valley of Genesee to Niagara it was extensively traveled by the Iroquois.

Oswego was a point of considerable

importance to our predecessors, both as the terminus of the trails which descended the river from the Onondaga and Oneida country; and as the inlet of intercourse by water from Lake Ontario. Commencing at this place, the Ontario Trail followed the ridge to the westward, crossing the *So-dous*, or Great Sodus Bay, near its head, and from thence continuing west upon the ridge until it came upon the *Ti-on-da-quat*, or Irondequoit Bay, near Rochester, when it turned up the bay to its head. The true name of this bay is involved in doubt, its orthography having been variable. On a Mohawk map it is written *Ti-on-da-quat*; Colden wrote it *Tron-da-quat*; while on a map of Monroe county, published by the Surveyor General, it is written *Io-o-ron-to*. In addition to these names, the Jesuits, on a map published in 1664, put it down *An-di-ā-ta-ron-ta-gut*. From the head of this bay there was a well-beaten footpath to Canandai-gua.

Leaving *Ti-on-da-quat*, the Ontario Trail turned back from the ridge, and proceeded direct to the Genesee Ford, at Rochester, which was near the point where the aqueduct has since been con-

structed. Gā-sko'-sā-go, the aboriginal name bestowed upon this city, is rendered *Under the Falls*. The falls themselves have no ancient appellation; but they would be described generally by the Iroquois as the Falls of the Genesee, as we describe them. Having crossed the river at the ford, the trail turned north, and followed down the river to the lower falls at Carthage, where it again came upon the ridge road. These falls had no name in the strict sense, but would be designated thus: O-nun-dā-go T-car-sko-sā-da; literally, *The Falls below the Falls*. Turning again to the west, and following the ridge, the trail crossed the Ga-doke-na, signifying *Place of Minnows*, or Salmon creek; and, passing over the site of Clarkson, it came next upon the O-neh-che-geh, or Sandy creek, at the village of the same name. This name, bestowed upon the creek and the village, is rendered *Long Ago*. Forging this stream, the trail continued upon the ridge to Da-ge-a-no-ga-unt, signifying *Where two sticks come together*, or Oak Orchard creek. In Tuscarora it is called Ken-au-ka-rent. Crossing this stream at the ridge of the same name, it next came upon the A-jo-yok'-tā, *Fishing Creek*, or Johnson's creek, in the town of Hartland, Niagara county. After passing this stream and entering the town of New Fane, the trail bore towards Lockport; and having crossed the Date-car-de-hā-na-ga, rendered *Two creeks near each other*, or Willink's creek, it led direct to the Cold Spring, (De-o-na-gā-no, Cold Water,) near that village. From the spring the trail turned back to the ridge, and passing through the town of Cambria, and over the T-car-na-gā-gee, or Howell's creek, it proceeded to Gā-o-no-geh, the Tuscarora village on Lewiston Heights. This trail was the general route to Canada from the valley of Genesee, the Niagara being crossed near Lewiston.

Having now reached the banks of the Niagara and the vicinity of the great cataract, the derivation of the word Niagara is suggested as a subject of inquiry.

Some doubts have been entertained of the origin of this word in the language of the Iroquois, but without establishing any reliable derivation from any other Indian language. It appears that the Neuter Nation, who were expelled by the Senecas from the banks of the Niagara in 1643, left behind them, in the manuscripts of the Jesuits, On-gui-a-ah-ra, and Ung-hi-a-ra, as their name of the Niagara river. It must be admitted that there is a resemblance between these names and the modern word Niagara, which, in the absence of all further facts, might lead to the supposition of such a derivation. The Iroquois, however, claim the word Niagara as a derivative from their language, and furnish the following explanation of its origin. After they came into possession of the Niagara peninsula, a village sprung up between Lewiston and the mouth of the river, which was called in the dialect of the Senecas, Ne-ah'-gah or Ne-ā'-gā, (ā sounded as in *art*, with a strong accent on the middle syllable;) in the Onondaga dialect, O-ne-ā-gā; in the Tuscarora, On-ya-kar-rā; and in the Mohawk, Uh-ne-ā-grā, and Och-ne-ā-grā. The derivation of Niagara from Ne-ah-gah or its cognate term in one of the other dialects must be sufficiently obvious.* The root in the several dialects is found to be the word signifying *Neck*: in Seneca O-ne-ah-ah, Onondaga, O-ne-yā-ā, Mohawk, On-yā-rā; and the word thus derived is supposed to refer to the *Neck of Land* or peninsula between Lake Ontario and Lake Erie.

The name of this ancient village was bestowed by the Iroquois upon Youngstown, at the mouth of the river; and also upon the river itself from the falls to the lake. Among the Senecas, Lake Ontario bears this name. They call it Ne-ā'-gā T-car-ne-o-di, literally, *The lake at Ne-ā'-gā*.

In bestowing names upon falls, the Iroquois agrees with the English custom; and in the place of an original appellation, they connect the name of the river with the word fall. In the case of

* Smith, in his *History of New-York*, vol. I., 220, adopts the word Och-ni-a-ga-ra, as the radix of the word Niagara. This, it will be seen, is Mohawk. In Macauley's *New-York*, O-ny-a-kar-ra is employed in the same relation; *vide* II. 177. This is the same word in the Tuscarora dialect. Schoolcraft, in his *Tour*, at page 33, writes O-ni-aa-gar-ah. This is likewise Mohawk. In Colden's *Hist. of the Five Nations*, at page 79, a locality upon the Niagara river, near Lewiston, then in possession of the Senecas, is mentioned under the name of O-ni-ag-a-ra. With the exception of the first syllable, it gives us the precise name.

Niagara Falls, however, an adjective is incorporated with the word *fall*, as the idea of its grandeur and sublimity appears to have been identified with the fall itself. Thus in Onondaga it is given O-ne-ā-gā T-gā-skun-so-tā, *The Great Falls of O-ne-ā-gā*; in Seneca, Ne-ā-gā Date-car-sko-sase, *The High or Mighty Falls of Niagara*.

In the broad and magnificent valley of Genesee, which next invites our attention, the Senecas established the most of their villages, and seated the substance of their population. Of great extent, boundless fertility, and easy cultivation, it became their favorite residence, and fully deserved the appellation of Genis'-hee-yo, *The Beautiful Valley*, which they bestowed upon it. Its situation in the centre of their dominions, and the easily forded river which flowed through it, alike invited to a settlement; and it became in their days of prosperity the most densely peopled valley in the territories of the Hodénosaunee, and could send forth the greatest number of braves upon the war-path.

From Gā-sko-sā-go, or Rochester, there were two trails up the Genesee, one upon each side. The trail upon the west side, crossing the Geh-tā-geh, (*Swampy creek*), or Black creek, near its mouth, and the O-at-ka, or Allen's creek, near its confluence with the Genesee, came upon the Indian village of O-at-ka, which occupies the present site of Scottsville. Continuing up the valley upon the flat, it next passed into the Indian village of Gā-no-wau-ges, near Avon.* This name, as before stated, is rendered *Sulphur Water*, from the Mineral Spring. At this village, the main trail of the Iroquois from east to west crossed the valley and intersected the river trail. When the Senecas, at a subsequent day, began to yield their lands by treaty, they reserved a tract around this favorite village. From Gā-no-wau-ges, the trail pursued the windings of the river up to O-hā-gi, a Tuscarora village on the flat, between two and three miles below Cuylerville. From O-hā-gi it proceeded up the river to Ga-un-do-wā-neh, or *Big Tree Village*, which was situated upon the top of the hill, about one mile north of Cuylerville. Here, at a subsequent day, was marked off to the Senecas the "Big Tree Reservation." Leaving Gā-un-do-

wā-neh, the trail turned the bend in the river, and passed into De-o-nun-dā-gā-a, or Little Beard's Town, one of the most populous villages in the Seneca country. It was situated upon the flat immediately in front of Cuylerville, and on the opposite side of the valley from Genesee. The name signifies *Where the Hill is near*. Adjacent to this village, upon the sloping bank, was a small town called Gā-neh dā-on-twa. Its name is translated, *Where Hemlock was spilled*. From De-o-nun-dā-gā a, a branch trail turned up to an Indian village upon the present site of Moscow. Its name, Gā-nun-dā-sa, meaning *A new Village*, has been conferred by the Senecas upon its successor as usual. The main trail following up the river, next turned out of the valley, and led up to Da-yo it-gā-o, or Squakie Hill, opposite Mount Morris. This word signifies *Where the River issues from the Hills*, and it is beautifully descriptive of the emergence of the river from between its rocky barriers into the broad valley of Genesee.

It is a singular feature of the country geologically considered, that this valley follows the river from near Rochester to Mount Morris only. At the last point, the river is suddenly confined in a narrow channel cut through the rock, while the valley at this place, nearly three miles broad, follows the Gā-nose-gā-go or Caneserago creek up to Dansville, situated at its head. From Mount Morris south up the Genesee river, the valley becomes narrow and irregular, until at Portage the whole scenery is changed into rugged declivities and picturesque waterfalls. On the contrary, upon the Gā-nosc-gā-go, from Dansville down to Mount Morris, the scenery and the valley are quite the same as upon the Genesee from the latter place down to Rochester. This "Beautiful Valley" of the Senecas, varying from one half to three miles in breadth for the distance of forty miles, vies with, if it does not surpass, the more celebrated valley of Wyoming. The Onondaga name of the Genesee apparently has reference to the geographical peculiarity just adverted to. It is Nau-ta-dā-quā, which signifies, *A river turned out of its course*.

Leaving Da-yo-it-gā-o or Squakie Hill, the trail continued up the river, crossing the outlet of the Ga-neh-yat or Silver Lake, and entering the Indian village of Gā-dā-o or Gardow, situated in the town

* Mr. Newbold's farm embraces the site of this ancient village.

of Castile, Genesee county. This name signifies *Many Banks of Earth*, and has reference to excavations made by the river. Here in modern times was also a reservation. From Gā-dā-o the trail continued up the river, and over the site of Portage to the Indian village of O-wa-is-ki, near the confluence of the creek of the same name with the Genesee. Having crossed this stream, the trail led up the river to Ga-o-yā'-de-o or Caneadea, the last Seneca village upon the Genesee. It was situated in the town of Hume, in the county of Allegany. The name is translated *The Heavens leaning against the Earth*. It appears that there was an extensive opening at this locality, on looking through which the heavens and earth appeared to meet, or the sky seemed to rest upon the earth. Subsequently there was a large reserve retained by the Senecas around this village, which is still marked upon old maps as the "Caneadea Reservation." In this manner we may leave the favorite residences of the Senecas upon the river.

The Genesee trail, which we have been tracing, was one of the routes to the O-hee-yo or Allegany river, for those who sought to descend that stream toward the south-west. O-hee-yo, the radix of the word Ohio, signifies by way of eminence, "The Beautiful River;" and the Iroquois, by conferring it upon the Allegany or head branch of the Ohio, have not only fixed a name upon one of the great rivers of the continent, but indirectly upon one of the noblest States of our Confederacy.

The trail upon the east side of the Genesee, started from the ford near the aqueduct at Rochester, and turning a little back from the river it crossed Mount Hope. To commemorate the fact, one of the main carriage ways through this cemetery, which is laid upon the line of the old trail, has been named "Indian Trail Avenue." Ascending the Genesee it crossed the Hā-ne-ā-ya or Honeoye creek near its mouth, and farther up the Gā-ne-ā-sos, or outlet of the Conesus; and continuing along the bank of the river, it crossed the Gā-nose-gā-go creek, near its confluence with the Genesee, and led up to Ga-no-jo-wā'-ga situated upon the site of Mount Morris, the first and only Indian village upon the east side of the river. It was a small settlement named after Ga-no-jo-wā-ga or *Big Kettle*, a Seneca orator, scarcely inferior to Red Jacket, in the estimation of that nation. Upon the site of Mount Morris he erected

his Gā-no-sote or *Sylvan House*, and the Senecas bestowed his name upon the little cluster of houses which was formed around him. Mount Morris, one of the most attractive villages in the region of the Genesee, is still known under this appellation among the Senecas.

From Ga-no-jo-wā'-ga there were two trails up the Gā-nose-gā-go or Caneserago creek, one on each side. They led up to the small Indian village of Gā-nose-gā-go, which was situated upon the site of Dansville, at the head of the valley. This name, which has become the name of Dansville among the Senecas, signifies *Among the Milkweed*.

Leaving the Genesee country, we next come upon a system of trails which point to the southward. The Susquehanna and its branches penetrated the country of the Mohawks, Oneidas and Onondagas on the east and north; while the Chemung and its branches penetrated the territory of the Senecas towards the Genesee upon the north-west. These rivers, by their junction at Tioga, form as it were a triangle, having its apex at Tioga Point, and the central trail through the State from east to west, as its base. Descending these numerous streams from the north-east and north-west, all of the trails upon them converged upon Tioga, and then descending the Susquehanna, formed a southern highway, a great route of travel and migration into the south. The trails upon the Iroquois lakes, which lay north and south, in a measure connected the central with the Susquehanna trail. Within this triangle were seated the Mohawk, Oneida, Tuscarora, Onondaga, Cayuga and a part of the Seneca Nations.

These trails running upon the banks of rivers, which are the highways fashioned by the hand of nature, can be easily traced. Leaving Dansville, a trail turned out of the valley to the south-east, and crossing the town of Couhocton in the county of Steuben, it came upon the Gā-hā-to, (Cayuga, Gā-liā-tro,) rendered *A log in the water*, or Couhocton river. Descending this stream, the trail passed through Do-na-tā-gwen-da, rendered *An opening in an opening*, or Bath; and from thence continued down to T-car-nasc-te-o-ah, signifying *A board sign*, or the village of Painted Post. This village is upon the north side of the river, and nearly opposite the point where the T-car-nase-te-o, rendered *A board on the water*, or Canisteo river, falls into the Gā-hā-to

or Couhocton. By the junction of these streams is formed the Chemung river. Descending the north bank of the Chemung, the trail passed over the site of Elmira, and continued down to Ta-yo-geh or Tioga Point, a sharp triangular piece of land, lying between the Chemung and Susquehanna at their junction. Its name is the same as that of Herkimer, which is elsewhere given in the several dialects. It signifies *Between* or *At the forks*; and the word Tioga is evidently a derivative. At the Point it met the great trail coming down the Susquehanna and its branches, from the countries of the Mohawks, Oneidas and Onondagas. The convergence of so many trails upon this place, preparatory to a descent upon the south through Pennsylvania, and also into Virginia on the west side of the Blue Ridge, rendered it an important and well-known locality among the Iroquois.

The name of the Susquehanna, in Cayuga Gā'-wheh-no-wa-nā-neh, in Seneca Gā-wah-no-wā-nā, and in Tuscarora Kau-nau-seh-wā-tau-ya, is rendered *Great Island river*. Its signification refers to the Indian custom of regarding the whole continent as an island, of which the Susquehanna was one of the principal streams.

From Tioga there was a trail up the Susquehanna on each side. That upon the north bank ascending the river, crossed the Owego creek near its mouth; and passing over the site of Owego, it continued up the river to the junction of the Chu-de-nan-ge, rendered *In the Head*, or Chenango, where it met the Chenango trail coming down from the settlements of the Onondagas. Forging this river near its entrance into the Susquehanna, and passing over the site of Binghampton, it continued along the bank of the Susquehanna to the junction of the Fi-an-a-dor-hā or Unadilla, where it met the Unadilla trail which came through the Oneida territory. Crossing this river near its confluence with the Susquehanna, the trail continued up the latter river, passing over the site of Unadilla, and over the Otego creek to the junction of the Charlotte river in the country of the Mohawks. From this point there were two routes to the Mohawk valley. One continued up the Susquehanna to the junction of the Ote-sa-ga, (Oneida dialect.) rendered *A bladder*, or Otego outlet, and the Cherry Valley creek, which are the two head branches of the Susquehanna. From their junction, the main trail ascended the Cherry Valley creek, and

finally crossed over to the Canajoharie or Middle Mohawk Castle. The other trail having ascended the Charlotte river to its head, crossed over to the As-ca-le-ge, (Mo.) or Cobuskill, and descended that stream to the Ose-ko-har-la or Schoharie creek. Here it intersected the Schoharie trail, which it descended to Sloansville, and from thence passed through the town of Charlestown, to I-can-de-rā-go or Fort Hunter on the Mohawk. This was the favorite route of the Mohawks into and from the Susquehanna country.

From the Schoharie trail a branch turned up Fox's creek at the village of Ose-ko-har-lā, or Schoharie, and crossing the Helleberg Mountains, descended to Skā-neh'-tā-de, or Albany. Another branch, leaving the Schoharie, crossed the town of Middleberg, Schoharie county, to the Catskill river, which it descended to the site of Catskill on the Hudson.

Many of the early settlers of middle Pennsylvania, and nearly all of our people who located themselves on the fertile tracts spread out upon the Susquehanna, entered the country upon these trails, which were the only roads opened through the forest. They trusted entirely for their route to the well-beaten, well-selected trails of the Hodénosaunee. The same observation applies to the central trail, which, before the opening of regular roads, was traversed by the early pioneers of Western New-York with their horses, cattle, and implements of husbandry. For many years this trail of the Iroquois was the only route of travel. It guided the early immigrants into the heart of the country, and not a little were they indebted to the Iroquois for thus making their country accessible.

There were also regular beaten trails along the banks of our inland lakes, which were used for hunting purposes, for mutual intercourse, and as routes of communication between the central thoroughfare and the river trails which converged upon Tioga. A few only will be recited, and with them will be dismissed the subject of Indian Trails. Upon each side of the Gā-nun-dā-gua, or Canandaigua lake, there was a trail which led up to Nun-da-wā-o, or the *Great Hill*, at the head of this lake, fabled among the Senecas as the place of their origin. Here, their traditions declare, they sprung from the ground, even as the ancient legends of Athens affirm that the Athenians sprung out of the

Attic earth.* In like manner there was a trail upon each side of the Gā-nun-dā-sa-ga, or Seneca lake. Commencing at the Indian village of Gā-nun-dā-sa-ga, near its foot, they passed up on either side; at some points on the margin of the lake, at others putting back to avoid the deep ravines. With such irregularities they continued up to the head of the lake, where they united and crossed over to the Gā-hā-to, or Chemung, which it descended to Tioga.

There were two trails also up the Gwa-u-gweh or Cayuga lake. The one upon the west bank passed up to Ca-no-ga-i, the favorite fishing place of the Cayugas, near the present village of Canoga. This locality is rendered remarkable as the birth-place of Red Jacket, and also as the residence of Ho-jā-ga-teh, or Fish Carrier, the most distinguished of the Cayuga chiefs. From Ca-no-ga-i the trail followed up to the inlet, or head of the lake, some of the way in its sight, and upon its shore; at others turning back to avoid the gullies which channel its banks. The trail on the east side commenced at T-scat-e-hā-do, (Onondaga dialect,) or the *Salt Spring* at Montezuma, and ascended the outlet to the Cayuga ford, about three miles below the bridge. From the ford it continued up the bank of the lake to the Cayuga Castle, about one mile north of Union Springs. From thence continuing up the lake it entered a small Indian village at Lockwood's Cove. On the south side of this ravine, about two miles back from the lake, was an old fort or block-house, supposed to have been constructed by the French. From the Cove, the trail following the bank of the lake, passed over the site of Levanna, and from thence continued up to Gā-nun-dee-yo, rendered *A Beautiful Village*, or *Aurora*. Around or near this place were several small settlements. The Cayugas had no large villages, but the numerous orchards and cultivated flats indicated their places of abode along the margin of the lake. From Gā-nun-dee-yo the trail continued up the Cayuga nearly on the line of the present road, turning back after passing Payne's creek, for the same reason that the road since has to pass the heads of the deep ravines. With these irregulari-

ties in its direction, it followed the lake to the inlet upon which Ithaca is situated, and which was a favorite place of encampment with the Cayugas. The trail continued up the inlet, about two miles above Ithaca, to a Tuscarora village of considerable size, which was finally deserted on the invasion of Gen. Sullivan in 1779. There was also a small Cayuga village on the hill towards Owego which overlooks the village; but its name and precise location are lost. From the inlet towards the Susquehanna, and also towards the Chemung, were hunting trails, but their particular directions have not been ascertained.

We have thus followed the devious footsteps of the Iroquois for many hundreds of miles through their territory, and restored some of the names in use during the era of Indian occupation. Facts of this character may not possess a general interest, but they will find an appropriate place among our aboriginal remains. The trails of our predecessors, indeed, have been obliterated, and the face of nature has been transformed; but all recollection of the days of Indian supremacy cannot as easily pass away. In the language of a Cayuga chief, on a recent occasion, "The land of Gā-nun-no, or the 'Empire State,' as you love to call it, was once laced by our trails from Albany to Buffalo—trails that we had trod for centuries—trails worn so deep by the feet of the Iroquois, that they became your roads of travel as your possessions gradually eat into those of my people! Your roads still traverse those same lines of communication which bound one part of the Long House to the other. Have we, the first holders of this prosperous region, no longer a share in your history? Glad were your fathers to sit down upon the threshold of the 'Long House.' Rich did they then hold themselves in getting the mere sweepings from its door. Had our forefathers spurned you from it when the French were thundering at the opposite side to get a passage through and drive you into the sea, whatever has been the fate of other Indians, the Iroquois might still have been a nation, and I—I, instead of pleading here for the privilege of lingering within your bor-

* "Attica was remarkable for the poverty of its soil; in consequence of which, according to Thucydides, it never changed its inhabitants. To this fact we are to attribute the pride of the Athenians in regard to their antiquity, which indulged itself in the hyperbolical assertion of their being sprung from the earth."—*Lemp. Cl. Dic.* p. 46.

ders—I—I might have had—a country?*** In view of the relation which subsists between us and our Indian predecessors, it becomes a duty to gather together the vestiges of their existence, and to offer them to the future scholar, to be valued as they are valuable. It is infinitely better that coming generations should reject such accumulation, if so disposed, than have occasion on the contrary to censure a negligence which suffered the shade of forgetfulness to gather over the records of an extinguished race.

A brief reference to Indian Runners will not be inappropriate in this connection. To convey intelligence from Nation to Nation, and to spread information throughout the confederacy, as in summoning councils upon public exigencies, trained runners were employed. But three days were necessary, it is said, to convey intelligence from Do-sho-ush, on lake Erie, to Skā-nā-tā-de on the Hudson, and but two days from Gā-no-wan-ges, on the Genesee, to Ti-en-on-de-ro-ge on the Mohawk. Swiftmess of foot among the Iroquois was an acquirement which brought the individual into high repute. A trained runner would traverse a hundred miles per day. With relays, which were sometimes resorted to, the length of the day's journey could be considerably increased. It is said that the runners of Montezuma conveyed to him intelligence of the movements of Cortez at the rate of two hundred miles per day; but such a statement must be regarded as extravagant. During the last war, a runner left Tonawanda at daylight, in the summer season, for Gā-no-wau-ges, or Avon, a distance of forty miles, on the old Iroquois trail. He delivered his message and returned to Tonawanda about noon. In the night their runners were guided by the stars, from which they learned to keep their direction, and to regain it if perchance they lost their way. During the fall and winter they determined their course by the Pleiades, or Seven Stars. This group in the neck of Taurus they

called Got-gwār-dār. In the spring and summer they ran by another group which they named Gwe-yo-gā-ah, or the Loon: four stars at the angle of a rhombus. In preparing for a run they denuded themselves entirely with the exception of a waist-cloth and a belt. They were usually sent out in pairs, and took their way through the forest, one behind the other, in perfect silence.

In view of the territorial possessions of the Hodénosaunee, and the numerous villages scattered throughout their extent, the magnitude of their Indian empire, and its untimely fate, are brought vividly before us. From the highest elevation ever attained, and from the largest possessions ever acquired by any Indian race within the limits of our Republic, the Iroquois have been brought down to the lowest condition of weakness, the humblest state of dependence. They have been stripped so entirely of their possessions as to have retained scarcely sufficient for a sepulchre. They have been shorn so entirely of their power as to be scarcely heard when appealing for justice against the rapacity of pre-emptive claimants.

The supremacy of our race, indeed, and the flight of the Red Man before the advancing footsteps of civilization, were pre-written on the leaves of destiny. It is race yielding to race, and inevitable; but fraud, rapine and injustice ought not to be permitted under the very eye of public observation, to accelerate their decline, and imbitter the hours of their departure. The Mohawk discerned from afar his impending destruction, and as a last resort he committed his country and his political existence to the keeping of the British king. The issue of the Revolution was against him, and the land of his nativity was the forfeiture. The Oneida clung to the chain of friendship with the people of the "Thirteen Fires," while the tomahawk and the rifle were in the hands of his confederates; and after the tumult of strife had subsided, he stretched forth his hand for the civilization of the white man.

* The eloquent speech, of which the above is an extract, was an unpremeditated effort of Dr. Peter Wilson, (Wa o-wā wa-na-ouk,) an educated Cayuga chief, and was delivered at the May meeting of the New-York Historical Society, at which he chanced to be present. The substance of the last three letters in this series "On the Territorial Limits, Geographical Names, and Trails of the Iroquois," had just been read before the Society, when under the impulse of the moment this chief accepted an invitation to address the meeting. He spoke with such pathos and earnestness upon his people and race—their ancient prowess and generosity—their present weakness and dependence—and especially upon the hard fate of a small band of Senecas and Cayugas, which had recently been hurried into the western wilderness to perish, that all present were deeply moved by his eloquence. He produced a strong sensation.

In the main result, the opposite courses of the Oneida and the Mohawk have secured to them a similar destiny. Next are the Onondagas, the most fortunate Nation of the League. Their secluded valley they still retain, and enjoy in peace. Long may they continue to possess that humble portion of the land of their ancestors. The Cayugas were scarcely more fortunate than the Mohawks. Although beyond the immediate effects of the Revolution, the tide of population from the east soon began to press upon them; and in the brief space of twelve years after the first habitation of the white man was erected in their territory, the whole Nation was uprooted and expatriated.* Lastly stand the Senecas, the keepers of the door of the Long House, and once the most powerful Nation in the confederacy. Their broad territories have been narrowed down to gratify the demands of the white man, until they no longer measure their possessions from river to river, from lake to lake, but by acres; and surveyor's lines. Four reservations in western New-York, contain all that is left of their great domain. One of these (the Buffalo) has already fallen into the hands of the Ogden Land Company, after ten years' investment, during which these merciless speculators have waded through a sea of iniquity, to grasp the Red Man's patrimony. The Tonawanda reservation is also in their relentless grasp; and ere the year

closes, six hundred Senecas will be compelled to expatriate themselves, and solicit a home in Canada, if this stupendous iniquity be not arrested. Verily the blood of the Senecas is about to be shed upon the altar of avarice! Is this a heathen land, that such a sacrifice should be permitted? Have justice and humanity fled? It is to be feared that in all after years, there will rise up from the grave of the Red Man never ending and just reproaches against our want of generosity—our great injustice.

To the Indian Department of the National Government, the wardship of the whole Indian family has now in a measure been committed; and it occupies in this particular a position of fearful responsibility. Of all the departments of the government, this should be guided by the most enlightened justice, the most considerate philanthropy. It should be vigilant beyond weariness, faithful beyond temptation, and pure beyond suspicion. Great is the trust reposed, for it involves the character of the White race, and the existence of the Red. May this department of our government never for a moment lose sight of its high and solemn duties. The profoundly truthful sentiment of Cicero, "No Republic can be governed without the highest justice," would be an apt inscription to write over its doorway,—
"Sine summa justitia Rempublicam regere non posse."

FOREIGN IMMIGRATION;

ITS NATURAL AND EXTRAORDINARY CAUSES; ITS CONNECTION WITH THE FAMINE IN IRELAND AND SCARCITY IN OTHER COUNTRIES.

In the last issue of our Journal we considered two natural or permanent causes of Immigration. We termed these natural in opposition to the extraordinary causes. The first was, *the depressed normal condition of the poorer classes throughout Europe*; the second, *the extent, fertility, and easy tenure of our public domain yet unoccupied.*

The first was illustrated, by briefly sketching the history of the English Poor Laws from their origin, 1349, under Edward III., to the present time; by presenting the number of the local taxes of the United Kingdom, the purposes for which they are levied, and the principles on which they are based; and by endeavoring to show the effect both of the opera-

* The first house in Cayuga county was raised in 1789, in the village of Aurora, and was situated near the residence of Hon. Jonathan Richmond. All the white inhabitants of the county, sixteen in number, were present. As early as the year 1800, the Nation was broken up and had departed. The Cayuga Reservation "was so surrounded," to use the words of Red Jacket, that they were compelled to give it up.

tion of these poor-laws and this system of taxation in depressing the labourers of England, and slowly yet surely creating generations of paupers; that these evils, so far from being removed by government, had been aggravated by its settled policy.

The second cause was illustrated by a statement of the extent of our public lands; by a cursory view of the extent and probable resources for commerce and agriculture, of the great central basin of America, the valley of the Mississippi; by a brief reference to land tenure in this country, and especially to that general *propriety* in the soil, which gives to a great majority of its citizens the strongest self-interest and pride in maintaining order and law. All these conditions invite the foreign immigrant to our shores. Our limited space forbade a full and just exposition of this part of the subject, particularly of the fertility and tenure of our land.

There are two extraordinary causes of immigration which we propose to consider, and which have never, in American or British history, been as active, as potent or widely extended as during the last two years.

The first, is the famine in Ireland and scarcity in other countries of Europe.

The second, is the venality of certain classes of shippers, who, under the natural plea of mercy, take advantage of such a crisis to fill their vessels, with too little discrimination, with paupers, with the diseased, and even criminals.

To give a full history of the famine would far exceed our limits. It would require a knowledge of the condition of the peasantry of Ireland in years of ordinary harvest, of the immediate effect of this terrible visitation upon tradesmen, the mechanic trades, and every class of people, who by industry and hard labor have, heretofore, sustained themselves in moderate circumstances; of scenes of unparalleled distress and the fearful spread of the most loathsome and contagious diseases—it would require a minuteness of knowledge on all these points, as also of all the remedial measures of government and charity, which few could possess. He only, who notes the fall of the sparrow and holds in his hand the destiny of nations, can know of its untold suffering. He only can give its faithful history who, in the short space of eighteen months, has been an intelligent, observing eye-witness and laborer *in the midst*

of this appalling moral tragedy of the obsequies of a million of people.

We embody in this article such an outline as we can furnish from sketches of scenes of distress from the autumn of '45 to this date, especially during the present year; from the doings of the CENTRAL RELIEF COMMITTEE of the Society of Friends, Dublin; from the great meeting of peers, members of Parliament, and landowners of Ireland, in Dublin, on the 14th of January last; from the several acts of Parliament during its last two sessions, designed to alleviate the condition of the people; from the deep, heartfelt sympathy and voluntary charity of almost every Christian nation, and particularly the spontaneous and bountiful offering of England and America.

We find the home evidence of its extent and severity in the condition of our markets, in the unparalleled immigration it has caused from Ireland, Germany and France to this country and Canada; indirectly if not directly from the latter countries, by disturbing the channels of trade and causing almost a famine where there was a bare supply of food. The history of our Almshouse, the demand upon it and upon our benevolent organization in New-York city for the support of the poor, show this vast increase in immigration.

All this will give but a faint picture of the sad reality. A calamity so intense, so widely spread, has no parallel in modern times. It is in truth an "imperial" calamity, and it requires no prophetic eye to see that it is working out an imperial revolution, by a higher power than human government or leagues of men.

History furnishes two classes of revolutions: the one is the work of a single man or a few men who are moved by passion or by unballowed ambition, and whose greatness is measured by the number and splendor of their conquests; the other are moral and political. The latter are produced by causes which operate slowly but surely. They are ripened by the unseen gathering of forces through long periods of time—the *wrongs* of assuming rights wholly divine—of wresting power from those to whom it justly belongs—of oppression of the weak and helpless, till the blight of moral and physical death rests upon them—above all, an *iron rule* over the consciences of men.

If such is the revolution now going on in Ireland, and indeed in England itself, a dreadful famine, brought about by

no acts of the people or of government, and unforeseen by either, yet acting on the great, wide-spread and long existing evils of Ireland, is the power which has drawn to a head and broken the deep cancer-sore. Its out-pouring corruption has swept away nearly one-fourth of the nation. This is the *immediate* and mournful effect of this revolution. But although heart-sickening and heart-rending, through the darkness of the convulsion a gleam of light is breaking upon the oppressed from the future. This is the *mediate* consequence. It is already beginning to be developed in forcing Parliament to yield one after another the remnants of feudal government, and to adopt liberal principles in their stead. To assent to the truth is one step towards making it the basis of action. In the discussions of the last two sittings of that body, the evils, to their deepest root, which have so long oppressed the middle and lower classes, have been brought to the light, and fearlessly portrayed in the strongest colors. These are in part the demoralizing effects of the poor-law as *it has existed*; the sore evils of absenteeism, even increasing to this day from the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., when the five absent lords who married the daughters of the Earl of Pembroke, owned the whole of the then English Pale, and soon allowed it to decay; the evils of the cotter and con-acre system, which by reason of absence of landlords have been multiplied through the agency of middle-men, till the occupants have scarce any interest in the soil beyond a mere subsistence; and not less the paralyzing evils of *entail*, which prevents the sale of land to free estates from mortgage, and if indebted, holds them in chancery till the legal fees have well nigh consumed them. It will be a bright day for Ireland if the crushing weight of this calamity is gradually forcing government to root out these cankered evils and to disenfranchise her people. To do this, to save her land from entire confiscation, and to preserve at the same time the position and power of her peers and commoners, is the great problem for government to solve. But a change *must* come. The waters have long been gathering from every mountain rivulet into one great body. The bed of these waters must have an outlet. If it once burst its bounds, Parliament can never control the mighty torrent. Though not now, this change may in the future alter some integral part

of the English Constitution. It is a moral and political change brought about by other than direct moral agency. But although it has first to do with the physical condition of men, in its principles are struggling from *theory* into *practice* scarcely less important than if the agency were purely moral. There may be few in Parliament who will boldly avow them. Sir Robert Peel may be the only Frederic of Saxony; and there may be no Maurice to pluck the laurels from the brow of a Charles V., or to conclude a treaty of Augsburg; yet with or without a thirty years' war, a Westphalian treaty will as surely follow.

The greatest suffering from the present famine has existed in the south and west of the island, although all parts, through the length and breadth of the country, have felt the scourge. Beginning with Waterford and Tipperary counties on the south, its ravages have extended west and north, through Cork, Kerry, Limerick, Clare, Galway, Roscommon, Mayo, Sligo, Leitrim, Fermanagh and Donegal, the extreme north-west. In all of this territory previous periods of scarcity have occurred, amounting almost to a famine. In 1822 a distress committee was organized in London, of which John Smith, Esq., Banker, was the originator and chief director. In the three following years this committee raised in Great Britain and the East Indies \$1,555,000, all of which was distributed in the southern and western counties of Ireland. In 1831 Parliament granted \$200,000; in '35 \$15,000; in '38 \$22,590; and in '39 \$10,750; which was also chiefly distributed in these western districts.

On the 1st of November, 1845, it was found that the potato crop had so far failed, that without foreign aid great distress would ensue in the first six or seven months of the year '46. The government being advised of the facts, and knowing that the deficiency must in some way be supplied, proposed one of two plans of aid. The one was the extension of the poor-law so as to give out-door relief to able-bodied but suffering laborers; the other was to form a temporary commission on a principle entirely new.

To the first course there appeared the most serious objections. If the poor-law were once extended, it would become permanent, although changed for a temporary purpose. If changed it could not remedy the evil; for so great was the pressure, rates could not be collected for

the outlay required. Even for the support of the Union poor-houses, giving only in-door relief, they could not be collected except by the aid of the military and police.

There were evils attending a temporary commission. It would require more intelligence and energy than could be found among the mass of the people, to distribute prudently a loan of the government. This course, however, was adopted. This commission was to assist the government to obtain, in the quickest manner possible, *first*, information as to the deficiency in the crop, and the distress consequent in all parts of the country; *secondly*, to ascertain the sources for the supply of food, and to carry into effect measures of relief. It consisted of eight persons, all holding some office under the government, and the whole under the direction of the Commissary General, Sir Randolph J. Routh. It commenced its labors December 1st. Circulars were sent out to all of the 2056 electoral divisions. Nearly all of these divisions made returns. The deficiency was,

in 110 Divisions,	$\frac{1}{10}$	of crop.
in 153	"	$\frac{2}{10}$ "
in 269	"	$\frac{3}{10}$ "
in 582	"	$\frac{4}{10}$ "
in 569	"	$\frac{5}{10}$ "
in 16	"	$\frac{6}{10}$ "
in 125	"	$\frac{7}{10}$ "
in 93	"	$\frac{8}{10}$ "
in 4	"	$\frac{9}{10}$ "

making, in 1921 divisions returned, an average deficiency of about one-half of the entire crop.

The sources of supply were, 1st. Indian meal from the United States; 2d. Biscuit and oatmeal in the naval stores of Ireland; 3d. Oatmeal and rice to be found in the British markets. Indian meal being the best substitute for the potato, the commission at once made arrangements with the Barings, London, to purchase to the amount of \$500,000, to be deposited in the naval storehouses at Cork. Mills were provided for grinding it, and the supply placed in the hands of justices, poor-law guardians, and rectors, for distribution, this commission acting only as the medium between the government and these officers. In this distribution the government held the principle that the landholders and rate-payers were legally and morally responsible for the relief of the destitute in their own territory, and the landed property must therefore be chargeable.

The Executive Government assumed the responsibility, Parliament not being in session, to advance money from the treasury to prosecute public works, such as the construction of roads and bridges, in all the counties where the scarcity was sorely felt. In all such places the land-owners, poor-law guardians, justices, and county surveyor were to determine what roads or works would be of greatest utility to the county, to estimate the cost, to obtain the approval of the Board of Works, and to send the same to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland for his sanction; the work then to be executed under the direction of this surveyor and the Board of Works. The work being decided upon, the several relief committees districted and went through the country, into the lanes and bye-ways, to register the names and to bring together all that could work and who were suffering for want of food. The rate of wages was from $12\frac{1}{2}$ to 30 cents per day, according to the ability and wants of the laborer, and payments made once in two weeks. One pound of meal, sold for two cents, was found sufficient to carry a workman through the day. To those who could not work, had no friend to aid them, and could not be received into the workhouse, gratuitous relief was afforded. To others, in some cases, food was sold at cost prices. Two specific rules were generally observed in dispensing this aid: 1st. Task-work on the road or bridges from every applicant for relief; 2d. Payment to be made in food or money barely enough to purchase a spare subsistence for himself and family.

This commission adopted a system of organization for relief committees in the distressed counties on the 16th February, 1846. The extreme of the pressure for the winter was felt in March. It, however, fell far short of that of May, June and July ensuing, just before the gathering of the new harvest.

Parliament met on the 22d of January. Its first labor was to sanction these proceedings by two acts—9 and 10 Victoria, chaps. 1 and 2: The *first*, to facilitate employment for the poor by extending public works, one-half the expense to be paid out of a Parliamentary grant; the other half to be a loan to be repaid in half-yearly instalments, and to be raised by an assessment in the same manner as the poor-rate, the *occupier* paying the tax. The *second*, to authorize the grand juries to appoint in the spring extraordinary

presentment sessions—that is, meetings in the several counties, when application should be made for grants to execute public works prayed for, sufficient to employ the destitute and to supply them with food, and advancing money from the treasury as under chapter 1, at 5 per cent. interest for this purpose.

On application for a loan, the following inquiries must be answered:—

1st. Does the destitution in the district justify the expenditure?

2d. Would the work employ the poor generally?

3d. Would particular properties be benefited, and not others?

The roads to be built were such as would improve the agricultural interests and facilitate the transportation of goods to markets and sea-ports.

This session of Parliament closed its labors on the 28th of August. The fact that, in addition to the above, it passed no less than fourteen acts, all bearing upon the sufferings of this unhappy country, most of them in anticipation of more intense distress, is evidence of both its forlorn condition and the *vital* connection of this state with the long-settled policy of government.

These were the principal acts:—1. To authorize drainage of land if the improvement adds to its value by one-tenth of the expense, the security to be mortgage—of assignment or assurance, repayable in twenty years; 2. To encourage the fisheries of Ireland by grants of public money to build piers, harbors, &c.; 3. To provide fever hospitals till 1st of September, 1847; 4. To re-organize districts and to appoint coroners throughout Ireland; 5. To remove the charge of the police and constabulary from the local taxes to the “*Consolidated Fund*,” and to enlarge the reserve police force; 6. To amend laws for ejectment, distress for rent, and taxes—requiring a written notice of amount claimed for rent, warrant to be signed by landlord or agent, to regulate legal fees in such cases, and to forbid the distraint of growing crops; 7. To reduce the duties on corn till the 1st February, 1849, and declaring them thenceforward nominal; 8. To exempt stock in trade from being rated for the relief of the poor till October, 1847, and to the end of the then session of Parliament; 9. To enable the police and town officers to remove nuisances, to prevent the spread of disease; 10. To establish public baths in boroughs, towns and

cities, on the security of said places; 11. To authorize an advance of three million pounds sterling out of the “*Consolidated Fund*”—two to England, and one to Ireland, to improve land by drainage; 12. Further to aid the poor by employment, by authorizing sessions of Boards of Guardians to estimate and pray for public works.

When the accounts of the Board of Works for Roads and Drainage were made up on the 1st of August, 1846, nearly two millions of the poor were employed on these works; grants had been made by Parliament to the amount of \$2,290,720; \$506,360 had been raised by subscription, and food had been purchased to the amount of \$755,895. In the four provinces there had been appointed 648 Relief Committees; in ULSTER—9 counties—49; in MUNSTER—6 counties, Clare, Cork, Kerry, Limerick, Tipperary, and Waterford—321; in LEINSTER—12 counties, what was the English Pale—181; In CONNAUGHT—6 counties—98 committees.

“A practical system of relief, of this description,” says Sir R. J. Routh, “distributed to a nation in small issues, to reach the poorest families, is an event of rare occurrence in history.”

We have gone thus far into details, to enable us to show, as we shall have occasion, the enormous waste of funds to which this system of relief, like that of the administration of the poor-laws, was liable.

It is estimated that 5 per cent. of the population of Ireland devote themselves to the potato culture. The amount of land under tillage with this root in 1846, was 1,237,441 acres. At \$62.50 per acre, the ordinary value, the net value, after deducting about \$10,000,000 for the rent of the land, would not be less than \$65,000,000. This, it is found, will give sustenance to 76 per cent. of the whole population. Estimating the population at nine millions, six millions eight hundred and forty thousand would be dependent upon this crop. Five-sixths of it in 1846, was destroyed, leaving the same fractional proportion of the people, viz.: 5,700,000 entirely destitute and dependent upon private charity or the public works. These were still going on. But an evil of fearful magnitude arose to check this expenditure. A large proportion of them were *unproductive* works, and the smaller farmers, the con-acre and cottier men, were flocking to them to

avoid immediate death by starvation, to the entire neglect of the tillage of the land. In view of the evil, it was now sought to appropriate the public money to what were called *productive works*—the reclaiming of waste land. Many of the roads on which improvements were begun, now left half-finished, were in a far worse condition than in the previous year. Other sources of employment would seem to be of little avail; for sustenance by the public works had become almost a *mania* among the people. Were it otherwise, what could they do? There was little or no seed for tillage. The journals of the country, it is true, were calling on government to establish *dépôts* of seed, for gratuitous distribution, or for sale at cost. But that did not avail them. Many of the resident landlords who were able to supply it, did so. These were few, and the universal complaint was, *there is little or no preparation for the future crop*, while famine and pestilence are impending over us. “The whole Irish people,” says one writer, “are rushing with one impulse to fasten themselves upon the taxes. No one will consent to work, except for government wages. The work is well known to be but nominal. The small farmers, although they pay no rent, do not even sow their lands.” The county of Kerry, *en masse*, it was said, had, at this time, the close of 1846, discontinued agricultural operations.

The picture of the country, and its threatening doom, were now more fearful and appalling than ever in the annals of its history. Its conquest and confiscation under Elizabeth, the second and third under Cromwell, and again under William, when hundreds of thousands perished on the battle-field, or were put to the sword and the gibbet, were death-blows from which the poor Celt has never recovered. His vassalage has thenceforward been but another name for barbarism. Civilization and happiness have with him followed only in the paths of Anglicism, and these but by a law of nature, which transcends that of nations. But never has he seen a day like this. The first year of a cycle in his history, more terrible than all these bloody conquests, is now closing. In face of a Grant Act and a Labor-rate Act, famine has already left its dark foot-prints through the mountain districts of his country. Providence has once and

again taken away the staff of life. A panic has seized the nation, and every starving tenant rushes to throw himself and family into the arms of government. It is their only hope. Not only baronies, but the entire provinces of the country, are becoming a vast fever-hospital and charnel-house; mountain and valley, homestead and hut, without rite or friendly burial, one wide unenclosed tomb.

At the close of the last year, the spirit and action of government were worthy of all praise. The first step had the prompt sanction of Parliament. Its acts, as we have shown, were liberal and numerous, and yet in every nook and corner of the country was felt the demoralizing effect of the method by which its bounty had been applied. The sentiments of a large body of the nation, Irish peers as well as the people, were expressed in the language of an eloquent barrister:—“Another year has just passed over our afflicted country, amidst scenes of horror and desolation that have no parallel in the records of the world. England has doled out a loan, which she has allowed us to saddle upon the land of this country; like a pawnbroker she has demanded security for every shilling* of loan she has advanced—nay, more, she has charged upon the land of Ireland the expenses of the distribution of that loan. What is the consequence? If the present system continue much longer, the land-owners will hear thundering in their ears, a word terrible to Ireland—*confiscation!* One huge mortgage is overspreading this entire island, and when the time of repayment comes, and when England files her foreclosure bill, and when she, as the judge, gives the decree to account, and that account is taken, the landlords of Ireland will find their homes and inheritances the property of another people.”

On the 30th of November, 1846, the Society of Friends, Dublin, which had formed a Relief Committee for all Ireland, issued a circular, setting forth the necessity for prompt action, and the plan of their operations. This circular was distributed over Ireland, England, and other countries of Europe. A few copies found their way to America. Mr. Wm. Forster and a small party of benevolent Friends, with the approbation of this body and the London Friends' Com-

* It was not the fact. One-half under the first act was a gift.

mittee, set out on the same day, (30th,) on a tour of investigation through the western districts of Ireland. We have followed this party on their errand of mercy, first, to Mote and Athlone in WESTMEATH Co.; thence to Roscommon, Castlereagh, and Boyle, in ROSCOMMON; to Carrick-on-Shannon, Ballinamore and Swanlinbar, in LEITRIM; to Enniskillen and Pettigoe in FERMANAGH; to Stranorlar, Letterkenny, Ramelton, Dunfanaghy, Guidoe, Killybegs, Donegal—indeed to all the famishing towns in the wild, mountainous district of DONEGAL, the extreme north-west of the island; we have followed them as they passed through this desolate region amid storms of hail and snow, prepared with funds to save those who were actually at the door of death; thence into SLIGO and MAYO, to the extreme west, into Achil and Betmullet Islands; thence through the still more desolate district of Connemara, along the coast and into the baronies of GALWAY; traveling again over the same territory, but through new places; occupying about four months through the entire winter, and distributing in food and clothing to those in the last extremity of distress upwards of \$50,000; some of it the bounty of America, gathered in New-York, Philadelphia, and Boston, ere yet we had heard of the appalling scenes they were witnessing. What country ever witnessed a pilgrimage like this? Was ever a journey of mercy so full of thrilling and heart-rending scenes? And what charity ever so doubly blest?

We gather from the horrifying pictures of their report, and from the journals of that period, such details as will show the progress and severity of this visitation.

The first thing which attracted attention on this painful route was the condition of the poor-houses; in most cases crowded to excess, and multitudes of famishing creatures still pressing for admittance; excessively filthy, and great numbers, even females, almost destitute of clothing; education of the children neglected; their sanitary condition deplorable—fever and dysentery making awful ravages, especially among the newly admitted, often found in a state of exhaustion from previous deficiency of nourishment and use of unwholesome food, and from the sad fact too, that being in the last stage of disease, they press into these houses, not for medical aid or food, but to obtain a decent burial. But deplorable as were these refuges, the loss

of some of these even was threatened. Many Unions were largely in debt, and the rates which supported them, from the extreme poverty of the farmers, could not be collected; food was had at exorbitant prices to cover the risk and delay of payment; in many there were to be no more admitted, and those within were slowly dying of hunger from the bankrupt state of the concern.

In LEITRIM county, at Carrick-on-Shannon,

“There was but room for thirty, and there were one hundred and ten applicants for admission. This was a very painful and heart-rending scene. Poor wretches in the last degree of famine presenting themselves—women with six or seven children, begging that two or three might be taken in, as their husbands were earning but *Sd.* per day; but these were obliged to be refused, on the ground that there were more pressing cases. Some of the children were like skeletons; their faces sharpened with hunger, and their limbs so wasted, that there was little left but bones. Their hands and arms in particular being much emaciated, and the happy expression of infancy being gone from their faces, leaving the anxious look of premature old age. A widow with two children, who for a week had eaten nothing but cabbage—these were admitted into the house, but, as a Guardian remarked, one of the children would trouble them but a very short time. Indeed they were so far spent, that if they had been rejected, it is probable they would have died on the road. Another woman with two children, and not far from being confined again, stated that during the last week they had existed upon two quarts of meal and two heads of cabbage; her husband having left her a month before to seek for work,—famine was written in the faces of this woman and her children. A boy of fourteen years presented two little sisters for admission, aged about two and five years, and pleaded their cause with a warmth of feeling that was successful for them. He was in service himself, but not earning enough to keep them. Last year he supported them by planting a few potatoes in con-acre, but the crop having failed this year, he was unable to support them as heretofore: their father and mother were dead. Among so many applicants, sixty or seventy were refused; but from the miserable condition in which they were, it is questionable if they would all reach home alive, some of them having to walk as much as five or six Irish miles. One hundred and sixty-six inmates in the hospital, and twelve deaths last week; many bad cases of fever and dysentery in the workhouse, and no proper means

of keeping the diseased separate from the healthy. William Forster furnished each of the rejected applicants with a large piece of bread on going away, and but for this supply they must have had to walk to their desolate houses without food."

At another Union, "there was a great want of clothing among the females—to a reprehensible degree. No appearance of employment for the adults, who were either sitting on benches round the room, or crowding together over the fire two or three deep. The infants exhibited an appearance truly affecting."

Another was "in the most filthy and neglected state possible. The inmates were not half fed nor half clad. The day previous to our visit they had but one meal of oatmeal and water, and at that time had not more than two hundred weight of oatmeal in the house; whilst the quantity which should be consumed by the number of persons in the house is three hundred weight. Everywhere signs of neglect and misery showed themselves: we did not go all over the house, but in the bed-rooms we entered there was not a mattress of any kind to be seen; the floors were strewn with a little dirty straw, and the poor creatures were thus *littered* down as close together as might be, in order to get the largest possible number under one miserable rug—in some cases six children—for blankets we did not see. These rooms were in a most filthy condition, and the stench was barely supportable. In one of the day rooms, with nothing but a little dirty straw between him and the damp stone floor, and a rug to cover him, lay a poor old man, whose emaciated form and sunken, death-like features, told that his sufferings were near a close."

Such was the general condition throughout their route, of those existing and dying under legal provision. But the state of the next higher class from WESTMEATH to DONEGAL, was equally deplorable. One of the party before familiar with the country, says:—

"You would hardly recognize the country in passing through it—everything alive but man has disappeared—no dogs—no pigs—no poultry; the people have a sickly, livid hue. I do not think I heard a poor person laugh since I left home—how changed! It is no exaggeration to say that there is no playing of children in the streets. The gentry we have met seem deeply impressed with a sense of the duties they have to perform. Private benevolence can do a good deal, even if it were confined to clothe an almost naked population, and administer comforts to the sick; and these are a numerous class. We found dysentery, accompanied by a low fever, existing

everywhere, from Carrick-on-Shannon, all around our course, and above an average of deaths reported. Now though these deaths perhaps could not be declared by a jury to be the result of starvation, yet, when we heard one gentleman remark that he was beginning not to know the people from their altered looks, and another speak of a death that occurred to his own knowledge, where, though the man had some food for the previous twenty-four hours, yet had a good deal of long fasting previously; and where three-fourths of the population are similarly situated, what is to be done?"

"No fewer than 900 on the line of road from Athlone to Roscommon, about fifteen miles in length. From conversation with many of these laborers, it appeared that most of them are heads of families, having from four to seven children—the exceptions being mostly the sons of widows, or boys and young men who have brothers and sisters to support. They expend their earnings in oatmeal and cabbage, with a little bread. They receive 10d. (20 cents) per day subsistence-money, but when the work is finished and measured, they will be paid the balance, calculated on a certain scale as task-work, which will probably make the wages equal to 1s. 1d. (26 cents) per day. There are many boys breaking stone at 6d. per day, and having several miles to walk to and from their homes. At a village on the road, the laborers are paying for oatmeal at the rate of 4d. (or 8 cts.) per quart, which is equal to 3s. 4d. per stone, (or 83 cts. for 14 lbs. :) for larger quantities they pay in cash 2s. 5d. or 2s. 9d. per stone."

"At the parish Stranorlar one-half the population, or three thousand applicants for work on the books of the relief committee. From Letterkenny to Ramelton had a perfect hurricane of snow, hail, and wind. Our horses could not proceed at more than a foot's pace, and we were nearly three hours in traveling seven miles."

"It is one of the wildest tracts of mountain country which even this wild country can produce, rendered doubly so to-day by the continual storm which at times almost impeded their progress. In this wild district they visited several of the wayside huts, which outwardly as well as inwardly exhibited the deepest poverty and distress. (They found families of eight or ten living in huts about twelve feet square, the outside walls not more than six feet in height, without any window, and the doorway so low as to render access difficult; their only food being a little oatmeal stirabout or cake once or twice a day, and without even a prospect of continuance of that during the present severe weather. Their great patience and the absence of all murmuring are most striking features; and the almost

invariable answer to the question, 'how they expected to live during the winter,' was, 'The Lord only knows.'")

The following day they proceeded to Dunsanaghy, a town forming a point in the extreme northwest coast of Ireland, being eight hours in traveling seventeen Irish miles, exposed to a constant storm of hail and snow. Here they hold from one half rood to half an acre of land. This is cultivated, and the balance of time divided between chance-labor and fishing. The rent of the hut is \$5 per annum and paid by labor—one or two days per week for the landlord. Many families had sold their fowls, their pigs, their bedclothes, and in extreme cases, pledged their Bibles for food. Families of eight persons subsist a day and a half on two and a half pounds of meal. Half the population were destitute; one thousand applicants on the books of the relief committee. In the district of Fanad 1634 applicants. In one hut six feet high, there were two families of seventeen persons. Some of the children were sleeping on a little straw on the ground under a filthy blanket; others were on cabin-like shelves made of sticks. Few of our readers have any conception of the character of these cabins of the lowest Irish people. The hut of the Hungarian and of the Esthonian of Eastern Europe is a dwelling of comfort compared with them; the cabin of the poor Lettes of Livonia of unbewn logs and moss-filled crevice, is to those of Western Ireland a palace. Here they are "built of earth; one shovelful over the other, with a few stones mingled here and there, till the wall is high enough. A few sods of grass cut from a neighboring bog are his only thatch. There are thousands of cabins in which not a trace of a window is to be seen; nothing but a little square hole in front, which doubles the duty of door, window and chimney; light, smoke, pigs, and children, all must pass in and out of the same aperture.

"A French author, Beaumont, who had seen the Irish peasant in his cabin, and the North American Indian in his wigwam, has assured us that the savage is better provided for than the poor man in Ireland. Indeed, the question may be raised, whether in the whole world a nation is to be found that is subjected to such physical privations as the peasantry in some parts of Ireland."

In the midst of these scenes, the de-

scription of the estates and the beneficence of Lord George Hill at Guidore, although an oasis in the desert, we have not space to present. At the parish of the Rosses, the proprietor an absentee, they found the most terrible destitution.

"With an area of 53,000 acres, and a population of 10,000 persons, there is not even a *plough* to be found; the nearest market town is thirty miles distant. The curate told us, he knew of hundreds of families, of six and seven persons, who were subsisting on two or three pounds of meal per diem.

"We pursued our way about twenty miles further to Glenties, still the property of the same landlord. Everywhere the same features of poverty, misery, and wretched cultivation of land; what a contrast in every way to the estate we left in the morning of Lord George Hill! What a contrast between the effects of an absentee and resident proprietor!"

At Killybegs, "The public works have just been opened; and they told us of instances of poor women coming to beg the loan of meal to make a little cake for their sons or husbands, who had got tickets for work, but were unable, from sheer want of food, to work, some having fasted two or three days; and instances were known of the poor men actually fainting at their work from hunger. From the medical attendant of the dispensary, we received a very appalling statement of the disease which is making progress among the people, principally in the form of dysentery, which he attributed to the change in diet, but especially to an insufficiency of food,—his words were, 'The people are actually starving.'"

Such were the scenes witnessed in DONEGAL. The party now proceeded to MAYO. At Crossmolina they

"Met a young man, carrying a coffin of thin unplanned deal boards; he told us that it was for a woman, whose remains had been kept eight days, until they had begged the price of a coffin. Nothing appeared to me to offer so striking a proof of the greatness of the calamity, as the complete possession it has obtained of the public mind. I heard nothing spoken of, but the situation of the country; the supply and prices of food; the public works; the distress of the people; and the means of averting starvation. The resident gentry see and feel for the misery that surrounds them; and, crippled as they are, by the non-payment of their rents, they yet, with few exceptions, exert themselves zealously, and at considerable personal and pecuniary sacrifices, for the relief of their dependents and neighbors;

in which endeavors they are, with a few rare exceptions, *wholly unassisted* by the absentee proprietors. The wives and daughters of the gentry are making equal exertions; and ladies of the first rank may be seen daily distributing soup or meal, or cutting out clothes, to be made by poor women, and sold to the poor at low rate. Compassion for the misery which they are unable to relieve; alarm for the future; an anxious sense of the responsibility of their position; and an overwhelming weight of public business, oppress many of the small number of resident proprietors, to an extent that must be witnessed to be understood. All religious and political differences appear for the present to be forgotten. * * * *

The small farmers are rapidly consuming their small stock, and the best opinion I could obtain estimated it as likely to last, at furthest, only four months; and then their destitution will be as complete as that of the cottiers or con-acre men, excepting the very few who have money saved. I have no doubt many of the latter will go to America. A ship left Sligo lately, and instead of the sorrow usual on leaving their native country, there was nothing but joy at their escape. The country is in many places becoming depopulated; they are deserting their cabins, crowding into the towns and cities, spreading themselves over our eastern counties, where the destitution is less, because the people have been accustomed to rely on wages for their support; and when they can beg the passage-money, crossing over into England and Scotland. Such extreme mendicity is frightfully demoralizing; but how can they help it? If they stay at home, they must starve."

"The small farmers are disheartened; in despair on account of their losses, and the great arrears of rent, they have as yet made no preparation for cultivating their ground, and think if they cultivate, it is rather for their landlords than for themselves. The usual gatherings of compost have been neglected. To manure the ground seems to them to be useless, as they have no potatoes to plant. The rector of this parish says, 'I am daily giving out soup to 220 persons. Our village has 2,000 inhabitants, one-half of whom are in the most desperate want, and in the Union one-half of the 20,000 souls are in a like state.' 'For the last two months,' says the Curate of Kilfian, 'I have endeavored to sustain life among my neighbors in giving daily one pint of soup to 196. A few days since a poor woman came begging for soup and carrying on her back her son of three-and-twenty. He could not walk; his appearance was frightful. A woman six days after her confinement, crawled to my kitchen, saying

she could no longer listen the cries of her starving child. Many are frightfully swollen, having lived on cabbage only for weeks.' In one district in the County of Sligo of 97,000 acres and a population of 27,000 souls, there was no resident proprietor. In the County of Kerry the Rector of Dunurlin states: "It is impossible to set forth the misery that prevails in this remote and isolated district. I am speaking within bounds, when I say that thousands in the small district around Dingle are famishing; several have died of starvation, and many more are wasting by degrees. When they have no means of providing food, they take to their beds, and few rise from them. Famine is visible in the faces of all; it is difficult to recognize some that six weeks ago were strong and healthy looking. It is, indeed, a fearful and heart-sickening sight, to see men fainting and stricken through, for the want of the fruits of the earth. It is my opinion that more than half the population here will perish, if relief is not afforded them by the government—private individuals cannot meet it—we are doing what we can. I have set up a bakery, to make bread for the poor, the profits to pay the expenses—soup shops, also, to sell at one halfpenny a quart, and a shop where we retail meal and flour at something under first cost—the loss to be met by subscriptions. A friend got me on his credit thirty-five tons of it in Dublin, which is affording great relief. The shop is crowded from morning to twelve o'clock at night, and it is piteous to witness the misery that comes before us."

Of a district near Skibbereen in the County of Cork, another writes:—

"The population of this parish is about 8,000; there are only three gentlemen's families resident, and they are not in circumstances to give much aid to the poor. There are not 1,000 out of the 8,000 who are able to support themselves without aid in the way of employment, or something external to their present means. This parish is a rocky district, and whatever arable land is in it, is held in small holdings, of from one acre to ten or fifteen acres, the rent usually varying from £1 10s. to £10 for the holding; but the majority hold about three acres. Potatoes were the chief crop grown; no turnips, nor any sort of green crop."

Of the doomed district of Skibbereen it was written:—

"The fruits of the earth have nearly disappeared from the face of the country; not a single day's supply of native food supposed to be remaining in the whole extent of one large parish. Pigs, fowls, and eggs, hitherto

sources of income to thousands, almost equally scarce; the tillage of the soil in danger of being very generally neglected, there being neither seed corn, nor the means of procuring it. The means of purchasing food are generally beyond the reach of the people, and even those who are earning a scanty pittance on the public works, find it quite disproportionate to the exorbitant price of the lowest bread-stuffs; whilst in some localities, remote from any market town, the dearth of food materially aggravates the trials and difficulties of the poor. The effects of these complicated trials may be traced in the emaciated and woe-worn appearance of many of the poor sufferers; not a few have already sunk under the pressure of want, and it is painful to contemplate the extent to which human life may yet be sacrificed. To such extremity have some been brought, as to have again turned up the potatoe ground long since dug out, in the vain hope of obtaining from it a meal of food; whilst others have resorted to the sea-shore, to gather sea-weed and small shell-fish with which to satisfy their hunger; and some again of the more aged, apprehending that they should not survive the calamity, went into the overcrowded workhouse, there to die, in order that their remains might not be committed to the earth without the decent appendage of a coffin!"

Another says of Erris, in Mayo:—

"We have no food—no money—no means. We are on the verge of utter ruin; starvation is depicted on every face, and unless some means be adopted to arrest the train of evils that must inevitably follow in the track of famine, and that *immediately*, the total subversion of all social order, and all the horrors of pestilential disease, *must*, as far as human foresight can predict, for years to come afflict our country. Something must speedily be done, or, permit me again to express my whole assurance, that the consequences will be terrible in the extreme—that in fact the country will be utterly swept of its inhabitants; for already famine and disease are frightfully doing the work of death—hundreds are dying from the consequences of bad and insufficient food."

Such was the almost complete and dreadful ruin which threatened the island in December and January. In all these places Mr. Forster and his friends had distributed bread and other food. In a large number they assisted in establishing soup-shops. The Coalbrookdale Iron Company made them a present of fifty iron boilers for this object. But with the wisest and most prompt use of all the

funds, which the benevolent of Ireland, England and America could supply, the plague could not be stayed. In the Counties of Galway, Mayo, and Roscommon alone, more than fifty souls were now dying daily.

The new year opened ere the operation of the Labor-rate Act extended to all parts of the country, although in December the Lord Lieutenant had issued 379 proclamations for extraordinary presentment sessions for applications for works. They had everywhere felt the demoralizing effect of *unproductive* works, and although by the Chief Secretary's letter the act was made to include *productive* works, by the method prescribed, they were scarcely practicable. Still they must have wages and public employment. On the 1st Dec. '46 under all the acts, 270,000 were engaged, and on the 15th Jan., 400,000; while agriculture, especially in the maritime counties of Donegal, Mayo, Galway, Clare and Kerry, was totally neglected.

We have enumerated the various Acts of 1846 touching the famine. The Grant Act, as it was called, comprised chapters 1 and 2 of that session. Under these were constructed public roads and bridges. We have already stated the principle of the law and method of operation. Chapter 1 made the grant of Parliament applicable also to the drainage of land, provided the improvement increased its value by one-tenth of the expenditure, the security to be a mortgage, and the whole repayable in twenty years.

To show more clearly the nature and operation of this Labor-rate Act, we must refer to the drainage acts now existing. The first act was passed in 1842, (5 and 6 Victoria.) It provided that all drainage, aided by public fund, should be executed under the direction of the Board of Works, in like manner as roads and bridges. It was to be drainage along rivers and lakes; through interior wastes; drainage against sea and tide-way; to improve navigation and to increase water power by reservoirs. It required two surveys—1st. To ascertain the expense and feasibility of the work. 2nd. The value of the property affected; and before executed the nominal owners of *two-thirds* of the land affected must assent to it. The minor drainage acts of the session of 1846 were a million loan act, a fund to improve land and to be loaned to tenants for life, of limited estates, at $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum, repayable in twenty-two

years, and an amendment of this original act, designed to increase employment for the destitute.

The Labor-rate act passed at the close of the session of '46, chapter 107, and to continue in force *one year*, was in principle a consolidation of all the public road acts and of all these drainage acts. Doubts however existed as to the extent to which this act could be applied to the drainage of land. To remove these doubts and to make known the views of government in its interpretation Mr. Labouchere, the chief Secretary for Ireland, on the 5th Oct. issued a circular letter to all the departments of the Board of Works, stating explicitly that wherever drainage was applied for under the act, *not the owners of a townland, but the proprietors, resident and absent, of the whole electoral division* in which such drainage is located must assent to it, otherwise the party applying will be liable for the whole amount and the same will be chargeable to their land. This precluded the possibility of its adoption by the counties generally; for assent of absentees could not be had; the resident party were unable, and still more, deemed it unjust that their estates should assume an expense which would equally benefit every other holder.—Hence presentments were continued under original acts, and vast amounts were expended in opening roads, which still remain unfinished. The conditions of the Labor-rate Act were a loan to be repaid in ten years, half-yearly, at 3½ per cent., the amount to be levied as the poor-rate, and one-half the poundage-rate to be deducted from each pound of rent for which the holder is liable. Under either system the cost of work was fully 30 if not 40 per cent. above that done by contract or private enterprise. There was also a vast and wasteful expenditure in the administration of these laws. An instance in illustration is taken from the county of Kerry, in which ten men and two boys were employed for the sum of \$14.50 per week, with an officer having no other charge than the *oversight* of this company at \$4 per week. So vast an army of laborers, if minutely inspected at such a cost, would soon confiscate the entire Island; yet such and far more pointed instances were to be found wherever public works were prosecuted.

Of all these acts the most efficient aid was rendered under the million loan or Summary Drainage Act, and Earls Devon and Antrim, Lords Arran, Carew, Pal-

merston and Gosford were honorable instances of prompt action in adopting it.

So intense became the pressure in January, that the Productive Employment Committee of Dublin, among whom were the Marquis of Sligo, Lord Farnham, G. A. Hamilton, Wm. Smith O'Brien and J. Bolton Massey, issued a circular, calling a national meeting of all the peers, members of Parliament and landed proprietors of Ireland, at the Rotunda in Dublin, on the 14th of January to devise measures of both temporary and permanent relief. This Circular, accompanied by two series of resolutions, was dispatched to every county of the Island. For temporary relief, the first series proposed, that all the shipping of the country which could be spared should at once be employed in bringing food to the shores of Ireland; that such of the navigation laws as relate to the importation of food should be suspended; that the distillation of grain be prohibited; that the ruinous system of road employment be stopped; that government should at once encourage agriculture by supplying seed to the country. The measures for permanent relief embraced five series:—1st. Declaring all systems of relief to the able-bodied, destructive, that did not increase food, or articles that might be exchanged for it; that did not employ labor on productive works, by private individuals, and thus engage the whole energy of the State. 2d. That surplus labor should be employed on piers, harbors, curing houses and salt depots for fisheries along the entire coast; that proprietors themselves should reclaim lands, aided by a public loan, and the land improved should be the security; that naval dock-yards, safety harbors and packet stations should be allotted to Ireland; that a systematic plan of colonization should be adopted, by reclaiming waste lands; *that as paupers have no means to emigrate*, and other classes which have, will not undertake it on a large scale, the State should promote it by direct intervention of information and pecuniary aid. 3d. That all the drainage acts should be so consolidated, that the improvement of farms in other ways than by drainage should be aided by public loan, if it increased the value of the land 7 per cent. per annum; that this aid with consent of landlord should be extended to the tenant, and that the tenant also should be repaid for all improvement made by his own capital. 4th. That the laws should be so revised that parts

of estates in the court of Equity can be sold to pay debts, also to diminish the expense and delay in the transfer and exchange of property; 5th. That the fiscal power of the Grand Jury be transferred to the County Boards, with all control over roads; that landlords be enabled to improve the dwellings of the tenants, and to disseminate agricultural knowledge; that county expenses be levied not only on land, but equally on all other property; and lastly, that the absentee be taxed equally with the resident proprietor.

This meeting was attended by upwards of six hundred Peers, Members of Parliament, and landed proprietors from all parts of the country. The debate on these resolutions was animated and able, and the accounts of extreme suffering and death by starvation, exceeded in their horrible and thrilling details any yet published. The late Mr. O'Connell entered warmly into the debate.

“He would not,” he said, “enter into the details of particular provinces and particular localities; but a frightful flood of horror and starvation pours over the land, and it requires every man, every Christian, to come forward and rescue the country, if possible, from so dreadful an infliction. What is the principal want? O! that without which life is rapidly transitory—food. What is the great scarcity?—food. Money can be got on works of various kinds, productive and unproductive; but what signifies the giving of money, if you have not food for the people? I have heard from the highest authority, from a member of the Board of Works, that on Saturday evening no less than £1,000 were paid for wages in a particular locality, which I am not at liberty to name, and not tenpence-worth of bread could be procured in that district.

“It is a calamity which you cannot compare to any event that ever previously occurred in this country—it is an isolated fact, standing by itself in hideous prominence before the Irish people. Talk not to me of political economy! talk to me of getting food for the people! Wherever it is to be had, let us compel government to get it—wherever it is to be found, let us insist of its being provided. On one day, it is said that it would cost one million to provide food; on another, that it would cost two millions; but I say, let it cost fifty millions, you should rescue the people of Ireland. O! what memorable instances of self-devotion have not these people of Ireland exhibited on the present occasion? Am I not proud of the memory of my poor countryman, who, going fourteen miles to

get labor, spending two days at that labor, earning enough to buy a stone and a half of meal for his family, brought it home untouched and untasted, and fell down dead at the door of his own house, from absolute inanition.”

At the close of the meeting, a resolution was adopted to petition both houses of Parliament, demanding that on the first day of the session, measures be taken to procure sufficient and prompt supplies for the Irish people.

The Central Relief Committee of the Society of Friends, in Dublin, now became the almoner of all voluntary aid from almost every quarter. The Rt. Rev. Dr. Griffith, Catholic Bishop of London, addressed all the clergy of his church, directing an appeal from the pulpit on the 10th of January. An appeal was also made by all other denominations. The British Relief Association had been organized on the 1st of January, and all the collections of the several bodies were forwarded to this Committee. The circular of this committee was dispatched to America in the steamer of the 4th of December, '46; and ere the close of that month, or, at farthest, on the last day of the month, drafts were on the way from Philadelphia to the scene of suffering. In about sixty days, \$10,000 were transmitted from the Society of Friends in that city. Meetings were held in all parts of the United States in February and onward, to raise funds, to devise measures for collecting breadstuffs and clothing, and to forward them in the quickest manner to this committee. Appeals were made from the pulpit, and lectures delivered in all our larger cities, to aid the work. An Irish Relief Committee was organized in New-York city, composed of leading merchants, which at once opened correspondence with the Central Committee of Dublin, advertising the fact through all the journals, and their readiness to receive money or food, which would be promptly shipped to the care of that body. New-York city responded nobly to the call for a public meeting, and \$15,000 were immediately sent forward to districts in Ireland remote from the marts of commerce. Books were opened by the New-York Committee, and the chairman, M. Van Schaick, Esq., an old and highly intelligent merchant, for many months devoted himself, with a degree of zeal and untiring energy worthy of all praise, to the details of receiving money and breadstuffs: of

ascertaining the most distressed localities, and of shipping this bounty with the greatest possible dispatch. He was succeeded by James Reyburn, Esq., who has continued these labors with like zeal and ability. Provisions and money continued to flow in from every direction, and ere the close of May, *thirteen vessels* had gone on their errand of mercy. In other cities vessels were also freighted by the subscriptions of the respective localities. The press in every part of the Union spoke out with one voice in earnest appeal. "The number of public meetings that have been held," said a correspondent, "is too great to be chronicled in this letter. Cities, towns, villages, whether near or remote, have been deeply stirred, and are coming to the rescue in the spirit of universal brotherhood. I should judge that at least £50,000 had already been contributed in money, to say nothing of donations in the shape of food and clothing; and these, I trust, are only the first drops of a coming shower."

It was a true account. Strength had been given to the movement by a public meeting in Washington city, on the 18th of February, originating with members of Congress. The Vice President of the United States acted as Chairman, assisted by leading members of Senate and House as Vice Presidents. Resolutions were adopted, recommending to the people of America a general contribution in money or provisions. A circular to that effect was forwarded to all the leading cities. The Secretary of the Navy on application, tendered two of the naval ships not in actual service, for the freight of these contributions. The voyages of the Jamestown and the Macedonian, the grateful reception of their cargoes by the authorities of Dublin and Cork, and the address to the President and people of the United States, are matters of public history.

Though not all, the larger fraction of donations in the United States were sent to the Dublin Committee. We have their manuscript statement that the total amount of donations received by them from America, in money and provisions, from the last of December, 1846, to July 10th, 1847—a period of little more than six months—was \$545,105. If we add to this the probable amount from the public contribution sent to other parties in Ireland, and also the amount sent by relatives here to their friends and families at home, the total amount of the donations

of the United States to Ireland, during this period, cannot be less than \$1,000,000. Where in the history of the world has there been found charity like this? A few brief pages came over the Atlantic in which was heard the faintest cry of the destitute, which but feebly set forth the awful foreboding of pestilence and famine about to sweep over a nation of nine millions of souls, when instantaneously, as by one warm and gushing impulse, the whole American people rushed to her relief. Not only the richest gave of his wealth, but the poorest of his mite.

The donations from England and Ireland, received by the committee in the same period, amounted to \$220,000. But while these gifts were gathering and in transit, want and pestilence was doing its terrible work. There was, too, an alarming advance in the price of food, not only in Ireland and England, but in France and the region of the Baltic. So enormous was this advance, that the poor starving peasant could scarcely obtain his *stone* of flour, (14 lbs.) for \$1,12½, or his Indian meal for less per stone than 56 and 75 cts. Corn costing \$7, and the transit expense \$2.50—\$9.50, sold in Dublin for \$18!

We can give but a brief and meagre account of the suffering during the remaining winter months. In Dublin South Union poorhouse—1946 inmates, 815 were sick of fever. In a parish of 18,000 in Skibbereen, it was said 5000 must die in the next two weeks. In Queens county, in a single parish, 80 had recently died, and 3000 were destitute. In the Sligo county poorhouse, 343 sick of fever, patients lying three in a bed, and the peasantry burying large numbers without coffins. In Waterford County poor-house 660, 180 received in one day, 80 rejected, and fever prevailing to an alarming extent. In Roscommon county, over 100 dying weekly, and 374 sick in its poor-house. The poor-house of the County of Clare so overcrowded, that disease almost amounting to a plague was carrying off from 8 to 12 daily. In Mayo County poor-house 712 inmates, and not bed-clothes for 300; all in the most revolting state of filth, and to add to its misery, a sale for debt hourly expected. In Bantry, Cork County, of 17,000 inhabitants, 10,000 in absolute destitution—800 in the poor-house and 12 deaths daily. Skibbereen *one mass* of famine, disease and death. The wretched inhabitants perishing of fever,

six in a bed, and without attendants. In the poor-house of Skibbereen, 146 deaths the previous month, and the total of deaths 213. Bodies wrapped in calico bags, and carried to the grave-yard in a coffin with movable sides, and from these thrown into the earth, the most sacred customs in burial neglected. In two parishes of 9000 inhabitants, 6000 utterly destitute, and in that of Schull 25 die daily. In county of Armagh, parish of Lurgan, poor-house closed—75 died in one day. In Armagh poor-house, 45 die weekly. In a parish in Cavan county, no language could describe the misery. In a district in Clare county, on 46 acres, were quartered 110 souls, all destitute, and living on sea-weed; the whole parish of 12,000 presents a frightful picture of misery. At a place near Castlebar, Mayo county, of 460 inhabitants, 364 are in utter want. In one house five children lying naked on straw under one ragged sheet; two others in the mother's lap, their flesh all wasted, and showing nothing but bone and sinew. In another place of 900, 476 destitute. In Connemara, the survivors were said to be walking skeletons; children and women in many cabins unable to stand. A volume might be filled with similar details; the following quotations are but a faithful picture of the whole west coast of Ireland, from Dunfanaghy on the North, to Cork on the South. Mr. Forster says:—"Near the Kylemore Lake, (Galway Co.) under the grand chain of mountains the 'Twelve Pins,' we found full a hundred men making a new road. After long cross-questioning, we learned that their wages did not average, taking one week with another, and allowing for broken days, more than four shillings and sixpence per week per head; and this we found confirmed by our inquiries in other districts: in fact, for the more distressed localities of Mayo and Galway, I should consider this too high an average. To get to their work, many of the men have to walk five, even seven Irish miles: the serjeant of a police-station, by the road-side, told us that the *custom* of these men was to take a little meal gruel before starting in the morning,—taking but one meal one day, and *treating* themselves with two the next. He mentioned cases in which they had worked till they fell over their tools. Four and sixpence (or \$1.12 1-2) per week, thus earned, the sole resource of a family of six, with Indian meal their cheapest food, at 2s. 10.

to 4s. per stone, (70 cts. or \$1 for 14 lbs.) What is this but slow death,—a mere enabling the patient to endure for a little longer time the disease of hunger? Yet even this was the state of those who were considered well off—*provided for*; and for this provision the people were everywhere begging as for their lives.

"Among other stories of death, we heard of a woman who had died five days before of fever, brought on by want; her infant, who had been found clinging to her after death, had also died. And we found that there was a girl of 8 years old said to be also in the fever, and, owing to the superstitious horror of infection, which overmasters the general charity of the Irish peasantry one to another, still left in the cabin alone and uncared for. We of course could not leave this case without further inquiry; and after a long walk, in a most miserable cabin by the sea-side, into which we could scarcely crawl, we found this poor child yet alive, but lying on the damp clay, in the dark, unable to get up, no clothes on, or covering but a ragged cloth, the roof above her open to the rain.

"When we entered a village, our first question was, how many deaths? '*The hunger is upon us*,' was everywhere the cry, and involuntarily we found ourselves regarding this hunger as we should an epidemic, looking upon starvation as a disease. In fact, as we went along, our wonder was not that the people died, but that they lived, and I have no doubt whatever, that in any other country the mortality would have been far greater—that many lives have been prolonged, perhaps saved, by the long apprenticeship to want in which the Irish peasant has been trained, and by that lovely, touching charity which prompts him to share his scanty meal with his starving neighbor. But the springs of this charity must rapidly be dried up. Like a scourge of locusts, '*the hunger*' daily sweeps over fresh districts, eating up all before it. One class after another is falling into the same abyss of ruin. There is now but little difference between the small farmer and the squatter. We heard in Galway of little tradesmen secretly begging for soup. The priest cannot get his dues, nor the landlord his rent. The highest and the lowest in the land are forced into sympathy by this all-mastering visitation."

At Skibbereen, says a correspondent, "I waited on the Dispensary Physician, Dr. Donovan, and while in his house witnessed scenes which would appal the stoutest heart. The door of the house was literally besieged with persons demanding

relief, some requiring food to satisfy their immediate necessities, while others were clamorous for medical relief for some members of their family, who were in a dying state from diseases brought on by want and privations of every description.

"The Rev. Charles Caulfield, Rector of Creagh, Skibbereen, one of the members of the deputation to England from that town, gives a frightful picture of the state of things in the district. In regard to one parish which he visited a few days since, the reverend gentleman says—'I feel persuaded, from what the rector told me, that, at a very low calculation, 5,000 people will perish in that parish alone, within three months, unless aid, on a large scale, be sent to them. The food is all consumed. They lie in a village scattered along the coast, with a large barren mountain in the centre. Unless relieved—and it will even now come too late to many—they must perish in the most awful manner. Half an acre has been added to the churchyard, and two men employed to dig graves for all brought; for the bodies were left not half put into the ground.'"

Thus, as a devastating plague, which no human power could check, did death do its work. Its pall had not only settled over Ireland's mountain wilds, her sterile shores, her beautiful vales, and around her poesy-breathing lakes; its darkness was now shrouding her richest gardens and fields, which under the hand of culture had borne a golden harvest. The power of her thousand fairy legends was no longer talismanic to her peasantry. Neither these, nor the ruins of those ivy-mantled churches and round-towers, which once enshrined the sacred fire, were longer a theme of interest, in which to forget the gnawings of hunger. Even their Bibles, the most sacred and last possession to be yielded, were pledged to lengthen out an existence now filled only by suffering and blank despair.

The labors of the central committee at Dublin were conducted with great sagacity and prudence. To avoid expense of carriage, and to give relief with the least possible delay, on the arrival of a cargo from England or America, it was placed in the government stores at Dublin, Limerick, or Cork; and wherever there were suitable naval stores to be found near the scene of distress, an order was at once made by mail on the distant depot.

Large amounts of clothing had been forwarded from England and America, and up to this period, March 1st, 1847, the committee had distributed 3,600 garments. This department was placed

under separate management. Circulars, embracing a series of inquiries with respect to the want of food or clothing, were sent to every county. The worst form of fever and other diseases had been induced by a bad vegetable diet, by the use of "limpets" and various kinds of seaweed. As the most effectual remedy, and as affording a more solid nourishment, the use of rice was resorted to, both in the soup-shops and as a separate diet. Even with no more than ordinary scarcity, let it be observed, there are vast numbers in Ireland who never eat meat except on Christmas.

On the first of March the committee had furnished boilers, established soup-shops, and made grants in money, besides distributing a large amount of provisions and clothing to the following counties: In Antrim, one shop and \$200; in Armagh, five, and \$875; in Carlow, two, and \$250; in Cavan, fourteen, and \$1,675; in Cork, eighty-two, and \$7,750; in Donegal thirty, and \$5,240; in Down, four, and \$225; in Dublin, one, and \$1,000; in Fermanagh, twelve, and \$1,190; in Galway, twenty-five, and \$4,025; in Kilkenny, one, and \$400; in Kildare, one, and \$125; in Kings, fifteen, and \$2,375; in Limerick, six, and \$975; in Londonderry, two, and \$100; in Longford, six, and \$650; in Mayo, twenty-one, and 6,045; in Monaghan, eleven, and \$1,300; in Roscommon, eight, and \$1,465; in Sligo, six, and \$1,625; in Tipperary, thirty-two, and \$3,295; in Tyrone, nine, and \$950; in Waterford, twelve, and \$1,375; in Wexford, five, and \$600; in Wicklow, three, and \$425: in all, three hundred and twelve soup-shops in twenty-five of the thirty-two counties of the Island.

This plan and its execution are alike creditable to the head and heart. It is evidence of no ordinary benevolence that the devoted secretaries of that committee assumed and most faithfully discharged the arduous and trying duties of this great work, with no other reward than that of an approving conscience. It is to be doubted if the history of any country furnishes a more noble instance of unassuming and heaven-blest labor.

On the assembling of Parliament in January last, the navigation laws, so far as they related to the importation of food into Ireland, were suspended. Government ships were also tendered by the Admiralty for the transportation of bread-stuffs. The crisis with Ireland had come,

and she demanded their first attention. The public works, even where the famine had not destroyed everything, had paralyzed the agricultural skill of the nation. These had not, and could not, be made effectual in mitigating the intensity of a suffering so wide-spread and universal. Some other plan must be adopted, and there was none by which the cost of pauperism could be made chargeable upon the land of the country, so feasible as to extend out-door relief to the able-bodied poor, by a new law. But to this there were great and almost insuperable objections. If at all, the plan could not be adopted without protracted debate. But the crisis of hunger and the ravages of disease must be immediately checked. Thousands were perishing. It was, at that moment, estimated that between four and five hundred were dying daily from starvation and the diseases it created. A temporary relief act was, therefore, brought forward, by which rations should be distributed by Government till the measure of a new poor-law could be decided. This was adopted; and on the first of June last, three millions of rations, and before the expiration of this act in August, nearly five millions of rations, were daily distributed to Ireland's suffering poor. The estimate of a ration was $2\frac{1}{2}$ d., or 5 cents, making the enormous sum of \$250,000 daily, and seven and a half millions of dollars, or one and a half millions sterling, per month. This is a gross estimate; the average, however, for the five months, could not fall to one-half that sum, and the cost of the relief act alone amounted to at least six millions pounds sterling, or thirty millions of dollars.

The new poor-law was enacted at the close of the session, and takes effect ere the opening of the new year. The principle of the law is, that the work or poor house shall be, as now, supported by rates on rent, and that all able-bodied poor, who have not above one-quarter of an acre of land, shall receive aid, and the cost shall be added to the rates as a tax on land. It, therefore, charges the entire cost of pauperism upon the land.

But how stands the country at this moment? First, as to its supply of food for the ensuing winter. Not more than one-sixth the usual quantity of land was last year under culture of the potato. The crop, although highly promising till harvest, has been greatly diminished by disease. The amount of green crops,

even if greater by one-third than heretofore, will scarcely add a fraction to the deficiency in the dietary of the nation. Already is this statement confirmed in the alarming accounts from the localities of the last year's destitution. By published returns made over the signatures of the parish clergy, at the close of October there were utterly destitute and starving in three parishes of Sligo County, 3,324; in twelve parishes in Roscommon, 28,916. With each of these returns the unequivocal declaration is, that the people are in a worse condition than last year, that there is no employment and no resource left but the poor law. Meetings are now being held in all parts of the country calling for the aid of government. The question, to it, is, what in the legislation of two sessions of Parliament *have you done?* The reluctant reply is virtually, for the present we are *done*. The Catholic Prelates, at the close of a national convention at Dublin, on the 30th October, called to deliberate on the present appalling prospect, waited on the Lord Lieutenant with an elaborate address, calling for the interposition of government, and declaring it to be its first and highest duty to feed and save its subjects from starvation. His Excellency admits the duty, and his anxiety and vigilance to learn the full extent of the destitution, but says the people have not yet done what they are able, and before government comes to their aid, all must unite to try the effect of the new poor-law.

On the 7th of October the Relief Committee of Killmeena, Mayo County, declared that in two parishes of 11,000 people, 3,000 are now suffering the most awful privation. They have subsisted almost entirely on turnips since the government *rations* were stopped in August last. Among these are 3,000 able-bodied laborers, willing to work, but without employment, and now with their families, on the verge of starvation. Thousands in the west of Ireland, holding more than one-quarter of an acre of land, will die of starvation without the benefit of the poor law. On the west coast of Clare, in one district, there are 800 families without any visible means of subsistence, except by the second digging of the potato fields; and in groups of hundreds they were seen searching for this pittance. The whole county is represented as being in a terrible state, covered with armed parties. Of a population of 5,000

in a parish in Leitrim, 2,500 are said to be starving. In another district 700 have died since September and 800 more were sick of fever. In many other places, from the want of wholesome and sufficient food fevers are rapidly on the increase. This pressure is also beginning to show itself, as it did not to any extent last year, in the most frightful anarchy and wholesale robbery. Two of the most worthy farmers in the Island have been shot in open day within a few weeks. At the approach of winter, a year since, there was hope from the public works; the sympathy of the government was stronger than now; there had been no drain upon the sympathy and charity of other nations, and the hearts of all were beating warm and strong to succor a people in the last extremity of affliction. Now the sufferers have little dependence on roads or drainage; the public rations are withdrawn, the new poor law is not fairly in operation, and when it is so, will reach but a few of the thousands of the smaller tenants. There is no hope except in some new measures of government. Despair now seizes the mind of the populace, as it never has before, and to this as the chief cause, do we place the social disorder and crimes that prevail, and which, if they continue, will, sooner than famine, fill up the cup of Ireland's ruin.

The condition of the landed property is, if possible, worse. Her estates are largely encumbered by debt; the nominal are not the *real* landlords; the former are in a state of chronic ruin, and have no hope while the law of *entail* controls their property. The peasant Irish, as a nation, have little self-reliance. They depend too easily on others to guide them. A panic once created, and this dependence takes full possession of the mind. The Grant and Labor-rate Acts opened wide the arms of government. Well might the famine of '46 and '47 create a panic, even in the highest order of minds upon which it should come. These open arms swept away every other dependence, and the millions of this people literally threw themselves *en masse* under the protection, and upon the purse of the government. It was, seemingly, the only alternative—this, or the worst of all deaths. But in embracing this alternative, they have mortgaged their entire territory, with all its encumbrances, to government. Their now deplorable condition, however, came

not of the alternative itself; it was the *form* in which it was accepted. If, instead of a Grant Act to build unprofitable roads, a Labor-rate Act to drain lands which should remain equally unproductive, a Relief Act to distribute rations to be charged upon the land, the capable resources of which have not been half developed in six centuries of the past; if, instead of all this waste, a fund of ten millions sterling had, by a no less expensive administration than the Board of Works, engaged the whole surplus labor of the nation in placing under a high order of tillage the land already reclaimed; in procuring the choicest seed, in the manufacture of agricultural implements, from the best models of other nations; in establishing model farms, on which to produce premium seed, fruit, and stock; and not less in taking from her coast fisheries but a part of the mine of wealth by which Holland became what she is; if such had been the form of a loan to Ireland, her starving millions might now have had food, her dependent and thrifless people might, at least, have had the prospect of independence, and the nation have made, if not more, the beginning of social elevation. It would have created resources for the liquidation of this huge debt, whereas now, scarcely a vestige of her territory remains solvent.

Without the pressure of a famine, the number entitled to relief under the new poor-law is nearly 2,500,000. Now the total annual rental of Ireland is about thirteen millions pounds sterling. If these paupers, therefore, are supported at—the lowest estimate—1s. 9d. a-week, the annual amount is £11,375,000, and thus nearly absorbs it. The operation of this relief act already shows what is the condition of more than one-fourth of the poor-law Unions. By an analysis of these Unions as they are at the present moment, there are more than forty in which the rated property does not give one pound to each inhabitant. In all of these districts the people are not half fed, and old age comes at fifty. The total product of this soil is more than absorbed in sustaining life; it leaves nothing for rent; and if so, and the claims of the new poor-law are enforced on property, what alternative is there but confiscation? As many more of these Unions are rapidly approaching to this condition; but in the face of all these facts, the landlords are determined, this year, to re-

quire and enforce full payments for rent. What shall be done? says the tenant; and meetings in large numbers are now holding to establish leagues of tenant-farmers to protect themselves against the universal ejection which threatens them. Another appalling famine is before them, and unless there come a radical change in the fearful prospect, the result *may be* one general, organized resistance to the payment of rent.

We have said nothing directly in our present writing on immigration. The famine, in all its extent and intensity, could not be shown but by a consideration, somewhat in detail, of all the meas-

ures of the British Government—of the voluntary organizations in Europe and America; the principles of the one, and the processes of the other, to mitigate its distress and to check its ravages. In all this we have a degree of power—of accumulative power—which has brought multitudes to our shores, and which will yet swell the tide of immigration to a higher point, if another crisis is already upon that afflicted people. The *home* evidence of this power we find in the condition of things in our own and sister cities, and this we must leave to a brief discussion in our next issue.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

“*Sicut erat*” expresses in two words the sum of the intelligence from the old world brought us by the latest arrivals during the past month. “All things are as they were;” or if they have changed, it is not for the better. What with revolutions and civil war in Switzerland, insurrection in Italy, starvation and political mass meetings in Ireland, failures and bankruptcies in England, reform assemblies and government oppressions in France, Asiatic cholera in Russia—the condition of Europe has seldom presented a more melancholy picture.

Ireland remains a prey to anarchy and confusion, so that murders—cruel, blood-thirsty murders—continue to disgrace the southern and western provinces. The question of tenant-rights is now being much discussed and agitated, from one end of the Island to the other. A kind of monster meeting was held at Kilmacthomas, and an address agreed to by the Catholic Prelates of Ireland, has been presented to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant. The present situation of Ireland is rather worse than last year. The present relief measures are insufficient to mitigate to the proper extent the miseries and privations of this unhappy people. The answer of the Lord Lieutenant is not so favorable as could have been expected. The prelates deplored the conduct of the Lord Lieutenant, and expressed a determination, should his Excellency prove unable to carry his humane wishes into effect, to lay at the foot of the throne the awful condition of this portion of her Majesty’s dominion. Another disastrous campaign is before Ireland. If they look on the misfortunes of last year they find their future; all the horrors of the famine gather around them, day by day and minute by minute, in thicker and more impenetrable gloom. The Irish, like chained victims, stare wildly into the dark, despairing of all escape, foregoing all their past

efforts as vain. New and bloody riots take place every day between the hungry people, the soldiers, and the tenants.

In England the commercial distress had increased to such a degree that her Majesty’s ministers took the important step of setting aside the existing currency law and thus relieving the Bank of England. On the 25th of October they addressed a letter to the Governor and Deputy of the Bank, which contained the following recommendations:

“Her Majesty’s Government recommend to the Directors of the Bank of England, in the present emergency, to enlarge the amount of their discounts and advances, upon approved security; but that, in order to retain this operation within reasonable limits, a high rate of interest should be charged. In present circumstances, they would suggest that the rate of interest should not be less than 8 per cent. If this course should lead to any infringement of the existing law, her Majesty’s Government will be prepared to propose to Parliament, on its meeting, a bill of indemnity. They will rely upon the discretion of the directors to reduce as soon as possible the amount of their notes, if any extraordinary issues should take place, within the limits prescribed by law. Her Majesty’s Government are of opinion that any extra profit derived from this measure should be carried to the account of the public, but the precise mode of doing so must be left to future arrangement. Her Majesty’s Government are not insensible to the evil of any departure from the law which has placed the currency in this country upon a sound basis; but they feel confident that in the present circumstances the measure which they have proposed may be safely adopted; and that at the same time the main provisions of that law, and the vital principle of preserving the convertibility of the bank note, may be firmly maintained.”

This was acceded to on the same date by the Court of Directors of the Bank in the following resolutions:

“Resolved, That this Court do accede to the recommendation contained in the letter from the First Lord of the Treasury and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, dated this day, and addressed to the Governor and Deputy-Governor of the Bank of England, which has just been read.

“That the *minimum* rate of discount on bills not having more than 95 days to run be 8 per cent.

“That advances be made on Bills of Exchange, on stock, Exchequer Bills, and other approved securities, in sums of not less than 2000*l.*, and for periods to be fixed by the governors, at the rate of 8 per cent per annum.”

The measure consists in permitting the Bank to discount commercial bills and advance money on securities at discretion, the Government engaging to indemnify them for an over issue. The only condition imposed is in the rate of interest; this is high, but the knowledge that discount can always be obtained at the Bank, as a last resort, must have the effect to lessen the panic.

The distress in the manufacturing districts continues for want of employ, and the evil is now aggravated by the dismissal of thousands engaged upon the railways, upon which work has been arrested for want of means to go on. On the 19th ult. a deputation of Liverpool merchants waited on Lord John Russell in Downing street, and set forth in earnest terms all the evils under which the town and the general commerce of the country were laboring. An advance on the credit of the country was solicited, but the government refused the application. A public meeting of the bankers, merchants, and traders of Manchester, called by the mayor, was held in the Town Hall. The meeting was numerously attended, and the following resolutions were passed:—“That, in the opinion of this meeting, the interests of the country at large, and more especially the railway interest require the postponement of new undertakings; and this meeting strongly recommends all railway companies to defer commencing new works until the lines now in course of construction are completed.”

In Oldham the greater part of the cotton mills work short time, and several concerns are entirely stopped. The number of hands totally destitute of work is greater than it had been for several years, and the cotton manufactories at work are extremely small, and almost daily on the decrease. New failures had taken place in England and other parts of Europe since the 19th of October. With starvation in Ireland again, and want of employment in Great Britain, a gloomy winter impends over that country, the calamities of which the power of Parliament will hardly be able to assuage.

Late news from China make it probable that the English forces there will again open their batteries upon the Chinese forts. The English Envoy had arrived in Rome, but nothing had transpired respecting his secret mission. Sir Robert Peel was received with a public demonstration on a recent visit to Liverpool. A true bill has been found against Lord William Paget for obtaining two one hundred pound notes under the false pretence

that he would procure an equivalent place for the prosecutor. In literature there has not appeared anything new and of interest for some time.

From France, the last arrival added but little to the intelligence received previously. The French papers state that in a private interview between Louis Philippe and his ministers, Guizot and Duchatel were in favor of interfering in Switzerland with an army, but the measure was opposed by the Minister of War. Notwithstanding this, it is reported that the French Government had assisted the Jesuit party and would interfere in its favor. The National and several other papers state that a hundred chests, containing 6000 muskets, two eight-pounders, and two howitzers, with a large store of artillery ammunition, have been taken from the citadel of Besancon and dispatched to Fribourg for the Catholic Cantons of the Sonderbund.

The Duke d'Anmale, son of Louis Philippe, has been appointed Viceroy of Algeria, while Prince Joinville has resumed the command of the naval forces in the Mediterranean. The French Ambassador at Rome has been recalled, as Pius IX. had absolutely forbidden him to interfere in the affairs of Ferrara. Louis Philippe has declared himself also against the Pope, so far at least as to prohibit the singing of the hymn to Pius IX. in any place of amusement in Paris. It was announced to be sung at the Chateau des Fleurs, and in the Champs Elysees, but greatly to the disappointment of the audience, the agent of the prefect of police interfered and silenced the artists.

The accounts from Switzerland are of the most gloomy character, and it is probable that, by the present time, the opposing parties have come to actual conflict. The Diet, besides 50,000 regular troops, has empowered the Government to add as many to that number as it may consider necessary to put a speedy stop to the insurrection of the Catholic Cantons. The sittings of the Diet are now held with closed doors, and new volunteers are coming to enlist every day. The present cause of Switzerland cannot be decided without a sanguinary battle, or the recall of the Jesuits from Switzerland by the Pope. The French papers announce that Pius IX. had recalled the Jesuits from that country, and seemed to be disposed to repress this religious order throughout the world. Since the abdication of the Duke of Lucca, and the annexation of that Duchy to Tuscany, a part of its territory has passed into the *maternal* hands of Maria Louisa, and another part of the territory is now under the tyrannical government of Modena. Those people who were lately under the liberal government of Tuscany cannot so easily submit themselves to a tyrannical one, and certainly it will cause an insurrection, or, perhaps, it will be the signal of a general revolution. The Austrians still occupy Ferrara and Comacchio, and the negotiations between the cabinets of Vienna and Rome, under the friendly mediation of the Prussian envoy, have not been crowned with success. The Pope will not agree with Austria unless this power evacuates Ferrara and the fortress of Comacchio. Ten officers were sent to Toulon by Pius IX. to purchase 14,000 muskets, and the military authorities at Toulon received or-

ders to prepare them for the Roman government. The municipal court of Ferrara has voted \$6,000 for the purchase of muskets for the civil guard. The *motu proprio* of Pius IX. on the subject of the organization of the municipal council and the senate of Rome was lately published in Rome. This is an immense reform and advantage to Rome, which was entirely deprived of municipal institutions. Another *motu proprio* emanated from Pius on the 10th ult. giving a constitution to the *Consulta*, or Parliament, which he had convoked to meet on the 15th of November. Some riots have occurred at Ferrara between the Austrians and the people, and the citizens would have sounded the tocsin and taken vengeance, but Cardinal Ciacchi interposed and tranquilized them. After the publication of the constitution the people of Rome went *en masse* to the Monte Cavallo to thank the Pope, and the same day large placards were posted on the walls in several parts of the city, containing an address to the Romans against the late government, and against Lambruschini, finishing by a proclamation against the Jesuits. "Down with the Jesuits," was the signature of that placard. In the kingdom of the Two Sicilies the revolution seems to have ended, and great atrocities are said to be committed by order of the present king. The news of these atrocities, committed by the Neapolitan government against the insurgents, produced so much irritation at Leghorn, that the populace attacked the office of the Neapolitan consul and tore down the royal arms of Naples from over the gate and trampled them under foot. In the Duchies of Parma and Modena, the population of the Apennines begin to arm themselves to oppose the troops of their new sovereigns. They have already destroyed the bridges and parts of roads to prevent the arrival of the artillery. Austria will find here again a pretext for intervention!

Don Miguel has improved in health and strength. He appears to be decided to invade Portugal, and to introduce once more in that country a bloody and civil war. The government is in a state of great financial distress, and another change of ministry is expected. The army, which receives no pay, is becoming insubordinate. For two months and more they have received nothing. The public employees were six months in arrears. Desertion had become alarmingly great, and the Cabral party was using the embarrassment of the government to augment its discredit and drive it from power. In Spain there has been a change of ministry: the Progressists have fallen and Narvaez is still the chief minister. The mother of the young Queen has returned to Madrid, and by the intrigues of Louis Philippe, she has succeeded in getting control of all public affairs. While in Madrid all is ministerial intrigue, the Carlist bands increase in Gerona, and invade and occupy cities as regular as government troops. The English Ambassador has no more influence in the Spanish cabinet. France has succeeded in overthrowing the English protectorate. It is reported that the Queen will be obliged to make a voyage to Italy, and will name her mother as regent of her kingdom.

In Austria several Hungarians, Croatian and Polish battalions protested that they would not fight against Italy. The Emperor had received a letter from Rome, written by the Pope himself. It is believed that it will retard any amicable arrangement between these powers. Prince Metternich is inclined to conciliation, and the evacuation of Ferrara, but Field Marshal Count de Radetski and the Aulic Council of War have not declared in favor of such a solution. They fear that if the Pontifical government should, as proposed, garrison the town of Ferrara with Swiss troops, there might in the present state of things, be unpleasant collisions between them and the Austrian troops in the citadel. In Germany misery and emigration are what occupy the whole thoughts of the poor. The peasantry are in a most oppressed state, under severe laws. In many parts of Germany, as in Bavaria, Baden, Nassau, and Darmstadt, the poorer class live in the most miserable manner. Their food is of the most meagre kind; rye and barley bread, potatoes and milk, are their principal articles of diet. The women work in the field without shoes. They cultivate the vine, but they dare not eat a grape, and of the wine they must not drink a drop. It all, like the poor Irishman's pork and beef, goes to pay the rent. It is not surprising that they emigrate in thousands to this country. At Munich on the 16th ult. a motion was made by the Chamber of Deputies to abolish lotteries, and the motion was unanimously adopted. In Russia the cholera has invaded the Empire, and has extended its ravages to Varsovia. The Emperor, who had started on a tour of inspection round his provinces, has determined to return, frightened, no doubt, by the cholera. Previous to his departure from St. Petersburg, the Emperor had decreed a levy of seven men per every thousand inhabitants in the northern government of the empire which would produce about 80,000 recruits. The object of this levy is said to be partly for the extermination of the noblesse of Poland, who are compelled to furnish one man for every ten inhabitants. The noble Polish ladies of Posen, and of the other States of the Grand Duchy of Posen, have collected all their jewels and ornaments, which they have sold for the benefit of the Polish state prisoners, and also of their impoverished families. The finances of Russia are in a better state than those of any other power. The revenue increases rapidly, and it is at this time above 500 millions of francs. The duty on brandy is the chief source, as the temperance society has been abolished there by the government: it amounted in 1844 to about 120 millions of paper roubles. The revenue of the customs is the second item, and since 1840 has amounted to about 100 millions of roubles. The poll-tax produces about 80 millions. The contribution imposed on the cultivation of grain is from 30 to 40 millions. The post-office returns in 1843 were 4,174,963 silver roubles, and the annual revenue may be calculated at about fifteen millions of francs. The patents yield from three to four millions, and timber the same. The mines belonging to the crown, and the duty imposed upon the washing of gold in the mines belonging to private persons, give from 15 to 20 millions.

To these immense sources of public revenue must be added that of the ground rents, the monopoly of tobacco and of playing cards, the taxes upon salt, upon the crown man-

ufactures, and many other imposts; and it will appear that the finances amount in full to 500 millions. S. DE. C.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Engraving of the U. S. Senate Chamber. E. Anthony, 247 Broadway, New-York. 1847.

The plate of this celebrated work has, we understand, been retouched and improved by the engraver, that it may yield a larger number of impressions, in answer to the increased demand. It represents the interior of the Senate Chamber, the floor and galleries occupied by about one hundred Daguerreotype likenesses of the most remarkable persons of our age and country. The scene intended to be represented, is that of the retirement of Mr. Clay from public life, in 1842. The Senators appear in their seats, while in the lobbies and gallery are many persons of distinction, ex-Senators, members of the Cabinet, prominent Representatives from the lower House, and other persons as spectators. The steel plate, on which the work was executed in mezzotint, is one of the largest ever engraved, being thirty-two by forty inches in height and length.

Some idea of the labor and preparation expended on this work, may be formed from the particulars of it given by the proprietors, Messrs. Anthony, Clark & Co., in their prospectus:—

“Each likeness has been engraved from a single Daguerreotype taken for the purpose, and the various sections of the Senate Chamber by the aid of a sketch of the whole effect in oil colors. During nearly four years the enterprise was in progress, and during each session of the first four years, Messrs. Anthony and Edwards were engaged in the Capitol, taking likenesses.” “This picture marks the *second* age of our country, as Trumbull’s Declaration of Independence did the first.”

This invaluable work has already attained a great celebrity in Europe, and must continue to be known and valued, as long as a single copy of it is in existence. All who wish to obtain fine impressions should apply soon for them, as the plate is a mezzotint, and will deteriorate rapidly under the press. The picture is a splendid ornament for a library or lecture room,

and every public institution should possess a copy. The heads are by Doney, the engraver of the head of Pius IX. in our last number, and of J. M. Boits in this present one.

The Rough and Ready Annual, or Military Souvenir, illustrated with twenty Portraits and Plates. New-York: D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway. Philadelphia: Geo. S. Appleton, 148 Chestnut street. 1848.

This book is made up of short biographical sketches of some of the officers of our brave army, who have distinguished themselves in the present war with Mexico, short accounts of the battles, anecdotes of the war, and pieces of rhyme. With regard to the biographical sketches, they are, probably, so far at least as they concern some of our oldest and best known officers, very correct in the main incidents, and possibly they may be so in the minor particulars; though in things of this sort generally, the writers who get them up are not apt to be very cautious. On the first page we find, of Gen. Taylor—“It is said, that on one occasion he swam the Ohio river and back again, when it was swelled with the floods of March.” If it is so said, no one who has ever known, from repeated personal experiment, how hard it is to swim the river in midsummer, when there is scarcely any current, would have thought the remark worth repeating. The accounts of the battles, also, cannot be regarded as of so much authority as the sad details of movements and carnage, furnished by the official dispatches; and as for the verses and prose pieces, they have not, aside from their connection with the war, sufficient literary merit to render them worthy of being transferred from the columns of newspapers, where they first appeared, to the pages of an annual.

We regret the existence of a public taste which calls out such compilations. It is an appetite which “doth make the meat it feeds on.” Our people are too Rough, and too Ready; and because they

are so, they must have books that will make them more so. That the Generals, and Colonels, and Captains of the army, have earned laurels, is true; but it would be well to wait till the war ends, (if it end at all,) before they are bestowed. Let the dead be first buried; let the groans that have reached the ears of many mothers, wives, and sisters, from those arid wildernesses and deadly defiles, first die away. There will be plenty of time to rejoice in the brilliance of victories, when it shall be better known what has been gained by them; and to honor our gallant officers, when it can be done without stimulating the lust of conquest, that even now, it is no forced figure to say, counterfeits with a hectic flush the pristine bloom of our still youthful Republic.

The Ancient World; or, Picturesque Sketches of Creation. By D. T. ANSTED, M.A., F.R.S., F.G.S., Professor of Geology in King's College, London, &c. &c. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1847.

The reader who, in taking up this book, expects to meet with the exhibition of fine writing generally found in works intended to popularize science, will be most agreeably disappointed. It is modestly written, clear in method and detail, not disfigured by rhetorical descriptions of the landscapes of primeval times, nor indulging in unsupported speculations; but simply attaining the object proposed in the preface, of communicating in a simple form to the general reader, the chief results of Geological Investigations. The processes by which those results were obtained are not attempted to be given, but the writer was evidently so familiar with them, that they affect the arrangement and treatment of the different topics, and form an undercurrent to the volume; so that the reader, in running through it, has not merely his wonder excited, but his mind becomes tinged by the habit of comparison which is peculiar to geologists, and he feels that desire to know more of the science which a real enthusiasm for it naturally communicates, and which it is of great importance, in works of this kind, to inspire. The writer says, in one place: "I trust the reader will not suppose, when he has read this little volume, that he has learnt anything in Geology." A work written in so candid a spirit, could not fail to be a good one.

The recent lectures of Prof. Agassiz have shown how important the study of Geology has become to natural science; it is necessary to possess, at least, a smattering of it, to understand the history of the Animal and Vegetable Kingdoms. This volume merely gives some of the more

prominent of the attractions it presents to the fancy, but does it in a scientific way; that is to say, a way which encourages, and leaves room for after advancement. The general reader, even if he happens not to be particularly interested in the subject, will find it very pleasant and profitable reading.

New Law Dictionary. By HENRY JAMES HOLTHOUSE, Esq., of the Inner Temple. Edited from the second and enlarged London edition, by HENRY PENNINGTON, Esq., of the Philadelphia Bar.

A very useful work, both for students and practitioners of law, and as a book of reference for general readers. The definitions are not too much detailed, and are well adapted to the comprehension of the student. Thus: "a covenant" is defined to be "a kind of promise contained in a deed;" the technical and more accurate definition would be, "a contract under seal." References to English authorities are appended to each definition. To the most important, the editor has added citations of our reports and legal writers.

The omission of the title "Partnership," which must have been accidental, as it is referred to under "Copartnership," is a blemish very much to be regretted.

Appleton's Library Manual, containing a Catalogue Raisonné of upwards of Twelve Thousand of the most important Works in every Department of Knowledge, in all Languages. New-York; D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway. Philadelphia: Geo. S. Appleton, 148 Chestnut street. 1847.

The Messrs. Appleton have rendered a very essential service to gentlemen wishing facilities for the selection of libraries, as well as to those engaged in literary pursuits, by the publication of a work of the description indicated by the above title. It places before the reader selected titles of the most important works in every department of literature obtainable in the bookstores of Europe, arranged in such a manner as admits of the most easy reference.

The compiler has divided it in two parts.

Part I. consists of *Subjects*, alphabetically arranged, with the exception of Mathematics, Medicine and Theology, the subjects referable to these heads being arranged under them.

Part II. comprises *Select Biography*, *Classics*, *Collected Works*, and an *Index of Authors*, whose works appear in Part I.

The approximate prices are affixed in all cases, where it was possible. The work does not profess to go into the details

of American literature, both because the chief works are well known, and because there is reason, the publishers state, "to expect a specific American Bibliography ere long, in which the genius and industry of the New World may be favorably exhibited in contrast with that of the Old." Neither does it give, except in a few instances, any critical opinions or analyses of the contents of the works enumerated, it being thought desirable not to make the volume too bulky. The whole forms a book of upwards of 450 pages, carefully printed on good paper. It is sold for the very inadequate price of *one dollar*, the consideration to the publishers being chiefly, it is presumed, in the orders for foreign books which it will be the means of bringing to their already well known and extensively connected house. They state that any books found in the compilation, "may be obtained in the space of a few weeks, and at the lowest prices, through their agencies abroad. The steam communications now established between *France* and *Germany*, enable them to execute orders with as great facility from the continent, as formerly from England."

The value of such a work need not be enlarged upon. It forms a key to the world's great storehouses of literature, as complete as could be given in the space, the bibliographies of each department being included, as well as single works. Students in almost any branch of literature, art, or science, may find here enumerated the authors whom it will be desirable to consult; and the facilities of transportation are now so great, that hardly enough time need elapse to delay their investigations, before they can have the books they may require upon their desks, in any part of the country.

The publishers deem it necessary to apologize for its probable imperfections; but on looking it over hastily for the purpose we have been able to detect but a few, and those unimportant, and in departments not often examined. The style of mechanical excellence in which the work is produced, is almost a sufficient voucher for its accuracy. So much labor and care could not have been expended in the type and paper, unless there had been a proportionate amount devoted to the compilation.

ERRATA.

On page 235 of the September number, in the list of volunteer officers, for H. K. Goakum read H. K. Yoakum. This gentleman is now of the Texas Rangers. On the same page, for McCrury read McClung. The passage will then read thus:—"My brave fellow, how was it that your regiment stood the fire of those batteries so well and so long?" "Sir," said he, "we had confidence in our officers; wherever Davis and McClung went, we followed." Lieut. Col. Alexander K. McClung, of the 1st Mississippi Regiment, is a graduate of West Point, a near relative of Chief Justice Marshall, and was the first to mount the ramparts at Monterey, where he fell dangerously wounded, losing nearly the whole of one hand and being pierced through the hips with a musket ball, an injury from which he has scarcely yet recovered. Recently a candidate for Congress, he nearly overcame a Democratic majority of 1500 in his district. We wish our readers to understand that errors like the above are often unavoidable, from the difficulty of deciphering names in manuscript.

INDEX TO VOL. VI.

A.

Actors, 519.
 Age, The, is revolutionary, 85.
 Amazonian Wanderings, (John Esaias Warren,) 567.
 Army, The, and the President, 221—Volunteers have chosen better officers than those appointed, 222—Need of experienced officers, *ib.*—The late appointments, 223.
 Aveline, *verse*, 454.

B.

Babcock, Unpublished Poems by, 17, 511.
 Bishop, Madame Anna, critique on her singing, 549.
 Botts, Hon. J. M., Sketch of his Public Life, 505.
 Bread Scholar, The, 301.

C.

Catholic Reaction against the Great Reformation, review, (J. F. Houghton,) 347.
 Chancellors, Lord Campbell's Lives of the, review, 415.
 Chicago Convention, The, 111—History of, 112.
 Children in Heaven, *verse*, (J. S. Babcock,) 511.
 Civilization, Inductive Theory of, 381.
 Clay's, Mr., Resolutions, (Charles King,) 553.
 Conservatism, 122, 242.

Constitution, The, Written and Unwritten, (Hon. D. D. Barnard,) 1—Construction and Interpretation make the Unwritten, *ib.*—This may include unlawful usurpation, *ib.*—How far the President has thus usurped, 2—Bad example of Jefferson, 3—Annexation of Texas, *ib.*—Employment of our Army for Texas while she was still independent, 7—Mexican War, 9—Means of carrying it on, 10—Wholly for offence and conquest, *ib.*—Calling out of the Militia, 11—Governments in conquered Territories, 13—Duties levied in conquered ports, *ib.*—These various usurpations recapitulated, 16.

Cormenin's Portraits, 93.
 Corn Trade, Our Recent, its Origin and Results, (Redwood Fisher,) 430.
 Corwin, Thomas, Sketch of, 310.

Cowley, Sketch of, (J. H. Barrett,) 29—His Poetry, 35.

Critical Notices: A Year of Consolation, 108—The Philosophy of Magic, 109—Constitutional History of England, The Power of the S. F., Conquest of Peru, Voyage up the Amazon, 110—Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words, 217—Elementary Astronomy, Sidereal Messenger, 218—Modern Painters, 219—Writings of Washington, Modern French Reader, Chambers' Cyclopaedia, Dwight's Theology, 220—History of Rome, 328—Life of Mrs. Godolphin, Louis XIV., 320—Elements of Geometry and Conic Sections, 330—Power of the Soul over the Body, 439—Discourse on the Uses and Importance of History, 440—Mackenzie's Writings, Half Hours with the Best Authors, Life of Henri IV., 546—Lives of the Queens of England, Alphabetical Drawing Book, Artist Life, 547—Arabian Nights, Walton's Angler, Chambers' Miscellany, Appleton's Guide Book, Tam's Fortnight Ramble, 548.—Engraving of the United States Senate Chamber, The Rough and Ready Annual, or Military Souvenir, 654—The American World, or Picturesque Sketches of Creation, New Law Dictionary, Appleton's Library Manual, 655.

E.

Elm Sylph, The, *verse*, (H. W. Parker,) 26.
 Emerson's Poems, review, 197.
 Encouragement, A Word of, 196.
 Evans, Hon. George, Biography of, 19.

F.

Foreign Immigration, (O. C. Gardiner,) 455, 632.
 Fourth of July, Ode for, 55.
 Fresh Gleanings, review, 208.

G.

German views of English Criticism, (T. A. Tellkamp,) 497.
 Gossip, from "A New Contributor," 317.
 Group of Children, Lines to a, 18.

H.

- Heine, from "A New Contributor," 165.
 Hermit of Aroostook, The, (C. Lanman), 263.
 Herz and Sivori, critique, 549.
 Horace, Ode 2, Book II., translated, 277.

I.

- Immigration, Foreign, (O. C. Gardiner,) 455—Its extent, *ib.*—Depressed condition of foreign poor, *ib.*—History of English Poor Law System, 456—View of the condition of Ireland, 460—Second cause of Immigration, the extent and fertility of our Public Lands, 462.
 Iroquois, Letters on the, (Skenandoah,) Letter XII., 477—Indian Trails, 478—Letter XIII., 482—Great Central Trail described from Albany to Buffalo, 483.—Letter XIV., 626.
 Italy and Pius IX., (G. F. Secchi de Casali,) 529—The Holy Alliance, *ib.*—Condition of Italy after the fall of Napoleon, 530—Gregory XIV., 531—Pius, 532—History of events since his accession, 533.

K.

- Kate Russell, a Tale, 376.

L.

- Lakes, Valley of the, 466.
 Luther and the Diet of Worms, 319.

M.

- Macbeth, 581.
 Mariner, The, verse, 309.
 Mary, Lines to, 18.
 Mathematical Science, History of, review, 269.
 May, verse, 405.
 Men, Women and Books, Leigh Hunt's, review, (G. W. Peck,) 399.
 Miscellany, Foreign, 104, 324, 436, 651.
 Morris, Robert, the Financier, a sketch of his life, 68—Revolutionary Reminiscences, 75—Letter of Franklin, 78—Of Washington, 80.
 Morto at Rome, 260.

N.

- Napoleon at St. Helena, 87—Rumor of an attempted escape, 88.
 Natalie, a Love Story, 175.
 National Academy of Design, critique of the 22d Exhibition of, 53.
 Nature of this Government, 370—The Citizen, the State, the Nation, 373.
 Neptune, The Planet, History of its Discovery, (Elias Loomis,) 145.
 Night in the Brazils, verse, 361.
 Night with the Dead, a Tale, 512.

O.

- October Woods, an Autumn Piece, verse, 475.
 Ode for the Fourth of July, 55.
 Omoo, review, (G. W. Peck,) 36—Its style, 37—Its morals, 42.
 Opinions of the Council of Three, 122, 242, 370
 Our Finny Tribes, Part First, The Salmon, (C. Lanman) 490; Part Second, The Pike, 559.

P.

- Paraguay, Republic of, 245—The Country, 246—The Dictator Francia, 247—Condition of the people under his rule, 247—His death, 248—General Rosas, 250—Relations to the United States, 252.
 Peace, The late Negotiations for, (J. D. W. and J. P.) 441—Mr. Trist's Mission, 442—Conditions offered by our Government examined, 443—Only conditions upon which a firm and lasting peace can be secured, 449.
 Physiognomy of Cities, The, (G. W. Peck,) 233.
 Planet Neptune, The, 145.
 Poetry: Ode to Sleep, Mary, To a Group of Children, 17—The Elm Sylph, 26—Cowley's Chronicle, 35—Ode for July Fourth, 55—A Word of Encouragement, 196—Was it Well? 173—Vision of the Martyrs, 230—Una, 262—Horace, Ode 2, Book 2, 276—The Mariner, 309—Night in the Brazils, 361—May, 405—Sonnet, 429—Aveline, 454—October Woods, 475—Children in Heaven, 511.—Ulalume, a Ballad, 599.—Covetousness, (J. D. Whelpley,) 618.
 President, The, and the Army, 221—The troops have themselves made the best selections of officers, *ib.*—State troops entitled to elect all their field and platoon officers, *ib.*—This power assumed by the President, *ib.*—New appointments, 222—Experience needed in officers, *ib.*—The Military Academy, 223—Character of the new appointments discussed, 224—The Army must not be made a political machine, 226—Same rule should apply in appointments as in promotions, 227—Claims of military men and civilians discussed, 229.

R.

- Reed, Joseph, Life of, review, 155—His intimacy with Washington, 157—Revolutionary events connected with his life, *ib.*—His appointment President of the Executive Council, 163.
 Reviews: Omoo, (G. W. Peck,) 36—Life of the Hon. Jeremiah Smith, Chief Justice of New Hampshire, 46—Twenty-Second Exhibition of the National Academy, 53—Silliman's Journal, 51—The Orators

- of France, 93—Life and Correspondence of Joseph Reed, Military Secretary of Washington, 155—Emerson's Poems, 197—Fresh Gleanings, by the author of "Notes by the Road," 208—Davies' Course of Mathematics, 269—Ranke's History of the Popes, (G. F. Houghton,) 347—Men, Women, and Books, Essays by Leigh Hunt, (G. W. Peck,) 399—Lord Campbell's Lives of the Lord Chancellors, 415—Review of Lessing in the Edinburgh Review, Oct., 1845, (T. A. Tellekampf,) 497—Howitt's Homes and Haunts of British Poets, 516—Catawba River and other Poems, The Months, Sketches of Life and Landscape, in Ten Poems, 524.
- Rutledge, John, a sketch of his life, part first, 125—Revolutionary Incidents connected with the History of South Carolina, 128—Characteristic Anecdotes of Rutledge, 134—Letter to Lawrence, 136—Part Second, 277—Early History of South Carolina continued, 278—Unpublished Correspondence of Rutledge, 279—His appointment Chief-Justice of the United States, 291.
- S.
- Salmon, The, (C. Lanman,) 490.
Shakspeare's Sonnets, (H. W. Barrett,) 304.
Silliman's Journal, notice of, 81.
Sivori, Camillo, 550.
Sleep, Ode to, 17.
Smith, Hon. Jeremiah, his Biography reviewed, 46—Sketch of his Life, 48—His political career, 49—His appointment Chief-Justice of New Hampshire, 50—His Historical Collection, 52.
Some New Poets, Catawba River, by J. S. Kidney, The Months, by W. C. Hosmer, Life and Landscape, by R. Hoyt, review, 524.
Sonnet, 429.
Suicide, (Dr. S. H. Dickson,) 137—Its Statistics, 141—Its modes, *ib.*—Its causes, 142—Curious Anecdotes, 143.
- T.
- The Thousand and One Nights, review, (G. W. Peck,) 601.
- U.
- Una, verse, 262.
Union of the Whigs of the whole Union, by a Southern Whig, 514.
Ulalume, a Ballad, 599.
- V.
- Valley of the Lakes, (R. W. Haskins,) 466—Its grand scenery, *ib.*—History of Western exploration, 467—Battles of the Lakes, 468—Geological characteristics of the Valley, *ib.*—Erie Canal, 469—Canals in the West, Ship Canal around the Sault de Ste. Marie, 471—Statistics of Trade, 473—Future political importance, 474.
Violin, The, (G. W. Peck,) 619.
- W.
- Was it Well? verse, 173.
Whigs, The, and the War, (Hon. D. D. Barnard,) 331—Unanimity of opinion in the party respecting the origin of the War, *ib.*—General disgust towards it, 332—What must be the course of the Whigs? *ib.*—Brief review of the course of the Administration, Conquest its object, 336—Doings in California, 337—"Manifest Destiny," 338—Admissions of the official organ, 339—Why we have not had peace, 340—Mexican Government, a proposition to secure peace, 342—Plans of the Administration, 343—Duty of the Whigs to endeavor to bring the War to a just conclusion, *ib.*—If they vote supplies next session it should be with a restriction to prevent the Executive from using them for the dismemberment of Mexico, *ib.*—Mr. Webster's Resolution at the last Session, 345—The Whigs not in favor of any extension of Territory to be divided into new States *ib.*—Mr. Webster's Speech on the Three Million Bill indicates the true course of policy, wisdom and duty, 346.
Word to the Wise, 553.
- Y.
- Yorick, Philip, Life and Opinions of, a Tale, Chapters XXIV. and XXV., 59—Chapters XXVI., XXVIII., XXIII., 186—XXVIII., XXIX., 291—XXX., XXXI., 406.











