

VOL. VII.

Price, *Twenty-five Cents.*

No. 2.

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# The Old Guard:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART,

AND THE

Political Principles of 1776 & 1860.

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FEBRUARY, 1869.

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NEW YORK:

VAN EVRIE, HORTON & Co., PUBLISHERS,

No. 162 Nassau Street.

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*FOR SALE BY ALL NEWS AGENTS.*

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# THE OLD GUARD:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE, DEVOTED TO THE PRINCIPLES OF 1776 AND 1787.

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VOLUME VII.—FEBRUARY, 1869.—No. II.

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## RELIGIOUS INEQUALITY OF HUMAN RACES.

ONE of the most fruitful sources of political delusion is the idea that a perfect religious equality exists in all the different races of men—that is, that all races are “one before God,” and therefore alike capable of religious knowledge, and subject to the same moral responsibility. And from such premises it is naturally enough inferred that political equality is possible among races morally equal. This is the great pulpit argument for negro equality. The Rev. Leonard Bacon, D. D., Professor of Theology in Yale College, in a discourse on the unity of the human race, lays down this proposition: “Men are alike in their capacity for religion. Religion belongs to all races of mankind.”

Now, fortunately, this matter does not belong to the field of conjecture, or of speculative philosophy.

It is a question of fact, to be settled by history. Have all the races of man shown a similar capacity for religion, or a similar moral nature?

On the contrary, is it not true that various races differ as widely in their religions as they do in their physical frames? Have not the religions of the different races been as permanent as their physical types? Where is there an instance in which one typical race has accepted the religion of any other typical race? What a few individuals may have done, or supposed to have done, or been forced to do, is not to be taken as proof of a typical race having voluntarily thrown off its own religion for that of another race. There is no such instance within the boundaries of historic time. After all the waste of millions of treasure, and of thou-

sands of lives, Christian missionaries have never yet been able to make the least impression upon the mass of any of the wild populations of the globe. Their number of even professed converts have never, at any time or place on the surface of the whole globe, been greater, relatively, than the number of convicts in civilized countries bears to the total population. How does this indisputable fact harmonise with Dr. Bacon's assertion that "all races are alike in their capacity for religion?"

If all are alike in their religious nature, how is it that we find so many races who have neither gods, nor worship, nor religious ideas of any description?

It is not denied by persons of any knowledge of the matter that such is the case with the Tasmanians, and with the aborigines of Australia. All efforts to civilize or Christianize them have proved a worse failure than with even the red man of America.

We are told by the great authority of Haskall, "that the natives of Australia are deficient in the idea of a Creator, or moral governor of the world, and all attempts to instruct them terminate in a sudden break-up of the conversation.

Latham also declares that "the Australians have not as yet commenced to shape even the rudest elements of a system of theology." An English missionary says: "They have no idea of a divine being; they appear to have no comprehension of the things they commit to memory—I mean especially as regards religious subjects."

Baron Field, Judge of the Supreme Court of Australia, admits

this utter incapacity of the natives for religious civilization, and winds up a painful account of the failure of all efforts to Christianize them with these words: "I am, therefore, of the opinion that our savages will never be other than they are."

Here, then, is a race which possesses a moral nature so utterly different from ours, that it is impossible for it to comprehend the sublime principles of our religion. This type of man can no more be elevated into a religious or civil equality with our race, than the owl can be elevated into an eagle. He is as different a being morally as he is physically. He is a man, but another kind of man. Created by the same Almighty Father, but endowed with a different nature and designed to fill a different place. This is the case with all the wild tribes of Africa.

One of the most reliable of our American missionaries to Africa, the Rev. John Leighton Wilson, in describing one of the most intelligent of the tribes of the Western Coast, says that they are without religion, and have neither priest, idolatry, nor any kind of worship. Dr Livingstone says the same of the Bechuanas of Southern Africa. The language of these tribes has no word to signify a God. The same is the case with Caffirs, Hottentots, Bushmen and Namaquas. Their minds are as void of religion as their language is of words to express the idea of Deity. This fact is also affirmed by Livingstone.

Moffat says of the Bechuanas: "I have often wished to find something to work upon the heart of the natives. I have asked them for the altar of the unknown God, for the

faith of their ancestors in regard to the immortality of the soul, or any other religious idea ; but they had never thought of such things. When I conversed with the chiefs about a Creator, who governs heaven and earth, of original sin and redemption, of the resurrection of the dead, and eternal life, it appeared to them as if I spoke of things more fabulous and absurd than their idle tales of lions, hyenas and jackalls."

Captain Burton says of the Waniki tribe of Eastern Africa : " Their religion is that of ' gently worshipping nothing,' yet feeling instinctively something above them—a fetich-system of demonolatry, and the ghost-faith common to Africans; in fact, the vain terrors of our childhood rudely systematized. Thus they have neither God, nor devil, nor heaven, nor hell, nor soul, nor idol. ' Molungu,' the word applied, like the *Kafir Uhlunga*, to the Supreme, also denotes any good or evil *revenant*. They offer sheep, goats, poultry, and palm wine upon the tombs of their ancestors, but they cannot comprehend a futurity."

An American missionary who lived four years amongst the Mpongwees, one of the most important nations of Central Africa, the Mandingos, and the Grebos, and who knew their language perfectly, declares that they had " no religion, nor priests, nor idolatry, nor any religious assemblies whatever."

Of the Corannas of South Africa, the devoted missionary, Rev. Barnabas Shaw, says : " No kind of religious worship whatever has been observed among them." He also says the Bechuanas, " know nothing relative to the soul, or a future State ; and have not the most dis-

tant idea of any religious worship." He says the same thing of the Damaras. He once asked a negro of that tribe, " Who do you think made the sun and moon, and all you see about you in the world ?" and he received this answer : " We don't know; we never heard of this. What is the use of thinking of it? All we want to know is, where to get a large animal to kill and eat."

Another missionary, Rev. Mr. Kay, says: " The Bechuanas, among whom we are now living, appear to have no form of worship, nor indeed any idea of a Supreme Being. When conversing with them respecting the Deity, their chief inquired if he had hair, or if he could be seen ?"

An eminent missionary exclaims: " What can we do with a nation whose language possesses no terms corresponding to *justice* or *sin*, and to whose mind the ideas expressed by these words are completely strange and inexplicable?" Says another missionary: " They have no idea of a Divine Being."\*

*M. de Lesseps* declares that the tribes of the White Nile are as utterly destitute of every religious idea as the apes.

The Rev. Mr. Morlang, who five years ago abandoned his missionary charge upon the banks of the White Nile with a broken heart after having labored with zeal for many years, exclaims: " The mission was absolutely *useless* among such savages; he had worked with much zeal for many years, but the natives were utterly impracticable. They were far below the brutes, as the latter show signs of affection to those who

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\* Rev. Messrs. Schmidt and Parker.

are kind to them; while the natives, on the contrary, are utterly obtuse to all feeling of gratitude."

Sir Samuel Baker was among these negroes in his late exploration of the source of the Nile, and his report, in all particulars, confirms the account of the Rev. Mr. Morlang, and of *M. de Lesseps*, in relation to the utter absence of all religious ideas in the minds of these savages. He says: "The natives not only are ignorant of writing, but they are without traditions—their thoughts are as entirely engrossed by their daily wants as those of the animals. Thus there is no clue to the distant past; history has no existence. \* \* \* Historic man believes in a Divinity; the tribes of Central Africa know no God. Are they of our Adamite creation?"

The Caucasian man as naturally feels God as he does his own existence. But the savages of Africa have no such religious instinct. The very fact that they must be taught religion before they have any is sufficient proof that they are not of our race. The very proposition of missionary enterprises is a sort of a confession that these savages are a different race from our own. One of the most zealous defenders of negroes (*M. d'Eichthal*) makes this confession: "It is sufficient to have seen the blacks, to have lived some time with them, to feel that there is in them a humanity quite different to that of the white man."

The difference between a race who were never without a God, and a race who never had one, marks the mighty gulf which separates the white man from the black. This assertion of Dr. Bacon, that all races

have the same religious capacity, is one of those careless expressions, ten thousand times repeated, which no one has ever proved, and which is contradicted by a thousand proofs of anthropological history.

In a lecture on the "Races of Men," we produced a vast amount of indisputable proofs that, from eight hundred years before the Christian era to the present time, there has been an almost uninterrupted effort on the part of the white nations to civilize the wild tribes of Africa, without the least favorable result. They are as morally incapable of the white man's civilization as the white man is of African savagism.

Since the Christian era, what millions of treasure and life have been wasted in the vain attempt to Christianize these wild tribes? Where is there an instance of a tribe which has not been rather injured than benefited by our interference?

Even where Christianity has been enforced by white domination, the negroes have immediately relapsed on being left to themselves. We have an appalling example in the history of Hayti, in the interior of which Christianity has given place to the most disgusting type of African heathenism, where the green snake is worshipped, and even cannibalism is practised. When a member of the French Assembly said to Robespierre, who was the leader and founder of abolitionism in France, "If you abolish slavery you will ruin our colony," Robespierre firmly replied: "Then perish the colony!" And the colony has perished, so far as civilization and Christianity are regarded. Nay, commercially and industrially, it has perished. What an awful illus-

tration of the folly and crime of abolitionism! And what convincing evidence that the negro is so specifically different from the white race, that he can neither retain the civilization nor the religion of the white man, when left to the guidance of his own nature. To abandon the negro to himself, is to give him over, sooner or later, to all the beastiality of African savageism. Among the so-called freed negroes of our Southern States, *Voodooism*, which is among the most disgusting superstitions of African heathenism, has already sprung up, and spread over Georgia, Tennessee, Mississippi, and Louisiana to an alarming extent. Among these poor negroes *Voodooism* is rapidly taking the place of the forms of Christianity. If nothing more has been done, the natural instincts of the negro have been emancipated; and he has already commenced his march backwards towards his own native barbarism.

Politicians may rejoice in the bloody work they have done for the sake of retaining political power; but how a Christian minister can refrain from being horror-stricken at the pernicious results, surpasses our comprehension.

The negro character has not been changed by being brought to this country. It has only been restrained, directed, and *forced* into ways of order and civilized habits. Remove that restraint, and leave him with no master, and he as naturally relapses into barbarism as the tiger flies to the jungle if let out of his cage. The missionary, Rev. T. J. Bowen, says: "The great defect of the negro is want of conscience." But why call that a *defect* which

never belonged to his race, or which is not in his nature? *Defectus* implies a departure from nature; but the reverend missionary admits that this want of conscience is in the negro's nature. He is only incapable of what does not belong to his type. You may just as reasonably demand the white man's skin of the negro as to demand the white man's conscience of him.

The reverend missionary further says: "The negro is incapable of feeling disgust." Why then attempt to impart to him that which he is incapable of receiving? Why try to make of him something which God has rendered him incapable of being? Oh! it is the fault of our Puritan dispositions that we are never content with the Almighty's work. We are always trying to mend it, and in nothing more than in this foolish desire to make out of the negro something besides a *negro*. We are continually saying to the Almighty: "You have finished up this type of man badly; we shall repair your blunder, and make a white man of him!" But, alas! we shall soon see now, that to emancipate him from the control of the white man is to start him straight back on the road to Africa. And the white men of the country must be taxed to pay all the expense of this negro's journey back to African barbarism! It seems the scurriest of all delusions, if not the greatest of all crimes.

But the Rev. Mr. Bowen, who spent many years of pious labor in Africa, further makes the following confession: "If the Twelve Apostles had gone into tropical Africa, and labored there and there only, their success would have been limited." So limited, that the rest of the world

would never have heard of the Gospel! A race which is naturally "without conscience," and "incapable of feeling disgust," can never be brought further than to *imitate* Christianity. But no tribe of negroes has ever done even that, except on compulsion. Pouchet says: "Three vast regions of the earth, inhabited by people still in a savage state, appear to have remained up to the present day free from religious beliefs; these are Central Africa, Australia, and the country around the North Pole."

While writing this article, we have seen a book just published, written by the Rev. Dr. Bushnell, in which occurs this passage in relation to the negro: "He is plainly and even superlatively religious, capable of high inspirations, and abounding in examples of practical beatitude and worship." It is painful, almost appalling, to read such a sentence as this from a gentleman of Dr. Bushnell's standing and character. We cannot suppose that he wishes to mislead his readers, and yet a single line of truth cannot be summoned from the whole range of experience and history to substantiate his position. On the contrary, the experience and history of five thousand years contradict him. Were he familiar with the writings of African missionaries of undoubted character, he would know that all efforts to Christianize the natives of that country have been most distressing failures. There is a book lately published, entitled "Savage Africa," by an eminent explorer, Winwood Reade, which will help Dr. Bushnell to correct his astonishing delusion about the "supremely religious" nature of the negro, and convince him

that Christianity has never been able to get an abiding and rational hold upon his character. Reade says: "In plain words, I found every Christian negress was a prostitute, and every Christian negro was a thief." The Rev. Mr. Walker, who was for fourteen years a missionary at the Gaboon Station, in language of bitter confession, acknowledges the truth of this statement.

The Rev. Mr. Bowen, long a missionary in Central Africa, confesses the impossibility of permanently impressing the negro with the holy truths of Christianity. He says: "When a missionary attempted to preach to a crowd in the streets or market, it was very common for some of them to reply by laying their hands on their stomachs, and saying, 'White man, I am hungry.'"

Du Cbaillu, in his Ashango-Land, says: "In the negro's own country the efforts of the missionaries for hundreds of years have had no effect; the missionary goes away, and the people relapse into barbarism." This eminent explorer gives a philosophical reason for this undoubted failure of Christianity to make the least impression on negro land, in the natural incapacity of the negro to comprehend so high and holy a religion. He says: "Though a people may be taught the arts and sciences known by more gifted nations, unless they have the power of progression in themselves, they must inevitably relapse, in course of time, into their former state." This is true, and fully explains the reason why five thousand years of attempts to civilize savage Africa have proved such a shocking failure.

Some time ago, the British Government sent an expedition, under



Captain Tuckey, to explore the sources of the Congo River, accompanied by a scientific commissioner, Professor Smith. This gentleman's report to Parliament was published in the same volume with that of the commander, and they both agree that three hundred years of uninterrupted efforts to Christianize the Congo negroes have utterly failed. Professor Smith says: "The vast shoals of missionaries poured into Congo, and the neighboring parts of Southern Africa, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, appear not to have advanced the natives one single step in civilization; and the rude mixture of Christian and Pagan superstitions, which were found on the left bank of the Congo, was all that could be discovered of any traces of Christianity, after the labors of these pious men for three hundred years. Some of these people came to the vessels, and they were the very worst, in every respect, of all the tribes we met with on the banks of the river, being filthy and overrun with vermin. One of them was a Christian preacher, who had been ordained, and carried with him his diploma of ordination. But so indifferent a Christian was he that this bare-footed black apostle boasted that he had no fewer than five wives. He wore also several emblems of his domestic negro fetiches or gods, mixed up with the emblems of Christianity."

What a horrid picture is this of the profanity of trying to impress the divine truths of the Gospel upon negro land! What a commentary upon the foolish idea of the negro's great adaptability to the religion of Christ! In the face of these indisputable facts, Dr. Bushnell ought

to blush at the ridiculous and false claims he has put forward in behalf of the negro. But let us hear still further from Professor Smith: "It is not easy to conceive for what purpose shoals of missionaries were sent among the Congo negroes, nor in what manner they passed their time in the country. Their accounts were filled with the multitudes they baptized; but it is a very extraordinary fact that they should not have instructed some of them to read or write. No trace of any such instruction appeared along the banks of the Congo."

Brace, who is among the most zealous of our American Abolitionists, in his "*Races of the Old World*," confesses that "the condition of the Congo nation is another instance of Christianity almost dying out, and becoming replaced by barbarism and heathenism."

One of the most learned and pious of all historical naturalists, Count de Gobineau, says: "The entire records of history may be searched in vain for a single instance of a nation which, together with Christianity, adopted European civilization, or which, by the same grand change in its religious ideas, was led to form a civilization of its own, if it did not possess one already. On the contrary, I will show, in every part of the globe, ethnical characteristics not in the least affected by the adoption of Christianity."

Such eminent divines as Dr. Bacon and Dr. Bushnell will, I am sure, stare with surprise akin to horror at this statement; but they will not be able to bring a single fact in opposition to it. All these divines can do is to offset their prejudice, their speculative opinion,

their ignorance indeed, against the testimony of all history and experience.

The same eminent Christian authority last quoted says, in another part of his work: "The idea of an innate and permanent difference in the moral and mental endowments of the various groups of the human species is one of the most ancient, as well as universally adopted, opinions. With few exceptions, and these in our own times, it has formed the basis of almost all political theories, and has been the fundamental maxim of all the Governments of every nation, great or small."

Even Dr. Bushnell seems to admit this innate difference in the religious nature of the white man and negro, giving the negro the credit of possessing a "superlatively religious" nature. The negro he thinks "abounds in examples of practical beatitude and worship." The negro—who in five thousand years, we know, has been utterly incapable of inventing a word that signifies God! The negro—who, until the white man has tried to teach him about it, never had any more conception of a human soul, of immortality, of righteousness and virtue, than the chimpanzee that shares with him the impenetrable jungles of his native land! The negro—who in every instance, when he has been taught Christianity and afterwards left to himself, has gone straight back to his native and natural fetiches! This negro, by one of the most learned and respectable clergymen of America, is held up to the admiration of the people, as a being of superior religious capabilities, "beatitude and worship!" Horrid delusion! And is it not a criminal one?

How can a Christian minister excuse himself for such profound ignorance, such amazing stupidity, when the means of correct information are so abundant on every hand? Indeed, as Count de Gobineau affirms, the knowledge of the negro's moral or religious inferiority has been universally confessed, "with few exceptions, and these in our own times." It was never, until the negro became the political capital of an immoral and idiotic faction, that his spiritual equality with our race was hinted at. Philosophy is not, therefore, accountable for this disgusting delusion. It is the work of political necessity and propagandism. It was born but yesterday. It will die as soon as reason and intelligence prevail over the delusions of an hour. Men like Dr. Bushnell, who affect to be teachers and guides to the people, are simply totally ignorant of the ethnological characteristics of the negro. Most of them have never read even a single page for the purpose of obtaining information on the subject. They have adopted without proof certain speculative opinions, and have familiarized themselves to the reckless and immoral habit of roundly asserting as facts their own crude and vain imaginings.

But there is a degree of effrontery, amazing in anybody but a minister, in this claim of a transcendent religiousness in Cuffee's nature. We have lately seen the same idea put forward by a Chaplain of the Freedman's Bureau, in a letter to a religious paper in Boston. He argued the superior adaptation of Sambo's nature to "converting grace," from the fact that Sambo kicked, hallooed and screamed so

in the act of praying, and he gravely related the instance of an old wench, who rolled and tumbled about like a hen with her head cut off, until alarmed for her bodily safety, he entreated her to moderate her devotion, to which he says she replied: "O Gorra Mighty, massa! I feel as ef I had a fiddle in my belly!" Now this is the quality of the negro's moral or emotional nature which the Rev. Dr. Businell interprets into "superlative religious inspirations." The gushing forth of the unrestrained animal sympathies is placed to the account of "beatitude and devotion." But religion was no more an element of the old wench's sensation than when her heels went up and down in the same manner as the sound of the violin in the drunken mazes of a negro dance. The only difference was, that, when she was dancing, she thought the fiddle was in her heels, and when she was going through the operation of praying, she thought it was in her belly. The philosophy of her sensations was precisely the same in both cases.

We have in this article produced but a fraction of the vast amount of proofs at hand to show that the idea of the negro's moral and religious equality with the white man is an idle dream—not only idle, but pernicious. The white man and negro are no more "one before God," than the eagle and the buzzard are one before God. To say that God regards them as *one*, is to say that He is oblivious to distinctions and differences wrought by His own creating hand. The negro's heart is no more like the white man's than his brain is. The moral na-

ture of the two races differs as much as does the color of their skins. The theologian who fancies that the religious capacity of the white man and negro is the same, makes as foolish a mistake as if he were to declare that their color is the same. The Almighty has made no mistake in labeling His works. The various external forms of nature are but the expression of the radical differences pervading every species, genus, and order of creation.

And on no part of his work has the Creator more indelibly impressed the seal of immutable divergence or difference than in the moral characteristics of the different species of mankind.

Archbishop Whately makes this confession: "We have no reason to believe that any community ever did, or ever can, emerge unassisted by external helps, from a state of barbarism, into anything that can be called civilization. Man has not emerged from a savage state; the progress of any community in civilization must always have begun from a condition removed from that of barbarism, out of which it does not appear that men ever did or can raise themselves. We have accounts of various savage tribes, in different parts of the globe, which have been visited from time to time at considerable intervals, but who appear to continue, as far as can be ascertained, in the same uncultivated condition."

In a work recently published at Edinburgh, entitled "Glances at Man in his Natural History Relations," by David Page, LL. D., F. R. S. & F. G. S., we find such ideas as the following: "All races, from the inherent nature of their posi-

tion, cannot be dealt with alike ; it were waste of energy to attempt civilization where nature has denied the capability, and it will surely be wiser to remove obstacles to improvement where improvability exists, than to seek for improvement where experience has told us it is hopelessly impossible."

In another recent work published in London, entitled "The age of Man Geologically considered in its bearing on the Truths of the Bible, by Rev. John Kirk, Professor of Theology, &c.," we find this admission : "There is but one power known to man that has ever succeeded in elevating the barbarian so as to barely save him from extinction, and even *that fails to rescue a truly savage people as a whole*. Apart from this, it is not possible to find anything that can be imagined to indicate improvement in human nature. Apart from Christianity, no well-informed man will risk the sober assertion that there is any evidence of the slightest degree of spontaneous improvable capacity in barbarian man, such as might secure his civilization in the course of ever so many ages." \* \* \* "Where is the evidence that any amount of ages could possibly witness anything else than their disappearance from this world, if left to their own elements of even material improvement?"

Now, it is hardly possible to state the natural and irradicable differ-

ences in the character of the various human species in a clearer light than the learned divine has here presented ; and, were he called on to point out a single spot on the face of the globe, where even Christianity has improved the moral nature of a tribe of savages, he would be dumb before the inexorable voice of history. He is compelled to admit that Christianity "fails to rescue a truly savage people, *as a whole*." But he clings to the hope that it has rescued individual cases. But there is no instance of individual savages thus rescued, who have not relapsed whenever again left to follow without restraint the natural instincts of their species. The negro can no more sustain the weight of the white man's moral nature than the swan can sustain the flight of the eagle. He may be taught to imitate the moral ways of the white man—but it is only *imitation*, with quite as little of the high moral principles of the Gospel, as the parrot feels when it repeats the Lord's Prayer. If the reader is shocked at this plain truth, he must thank his own ignorance for it ; and he had better ask himself, honestly, whether he has applied himself to the study of this branch of history, so as to be entitled to an opinion on this subject, to feel that it is not for him to denounce conclusions drawn from premises beyond his reading or experience.

THE CUB OF THE PANTHER;  
A MOUNTAIN LEGEND.

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BY W. GILMORE SIMMS, ESQ.\*

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CHAPTER V.

“Now shake dull care with rounds of merriment,  
And, from the sunset till the morning hours,  
Let Joy be mounted on lavolting steed,  
That sings in flight—with wings on both his shoulders—  
For love and wedlock are in sway to-night,  
In triumph both with beauty.”

A beautiful sunset welcomed our little party, and Betsey, the fair Rose Carter, and our modest hunter, Mike Baynam, on their arrival at the farmstead of Squire Blanton.

The ride had been a pleasant one enough, as a mere canter on horseback, and in fine weather. But it had afforded no precious opportunities to Mike, or he had failed to take advantage of them. Aunt Betsey, like a woman of experience, would occasionally fall behind the other two, giving them a chance to approach each other with those undertones of sentiment which are apt to preface love, and which need privacy.

And it must be admitted that, during these periods, Rose herself seemed not unwilling to hearken to such language. She was much more subdued than at the beginning of her ride, showed less caprice of speech and action, was decidedly sentimental in her own speech, and the instances of levity in her speech were less frequent than her wont. Indeed, to speak the truth, she herself expected her gallant to come forward in plain terms, and lay his heart at her feet. The confident assurance of Aunt Betsey had taught her to expect a declaration certainly on this occasion or during the day, or night; and, though the night was yet in reserve, she did not exactly see why Mike should let any occasion slip for speech, if he had any purpose or anything to say.

But Mike, somehow, felt that the time had *not* come, and as while moodily consulting with himself in a brown study of his chances, he could not muster the necessary decision to decide his fate at once. His very

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\* Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by W. Gilmore Simms, Esq., author and proprietor in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the District of South Carolina.

passion made him timid, because of the deficiency of his self-esteem ; and at each turn of her head, at each toss of her sunny tresses, at each glance, soft yet sparkling, of her great blue eyes, which dazzled while they inflamed, and at each fall of her voice in mellow cadences, that seemed to him the perfection of music, he was almost abashed at the presumption which would teach him that such a being could be designed for him.

And, quivering all over with the desire to possess her, he yet too much trembled with the dread of failure to peril his fortunes, even at a moment when all things seemed opportune—when she was silent and attentive—when a more than wonted softness distinguished her manner, and a slight touch of sadness in her look and tones seemed to invite fondness and approach.

Was there a fate in it, adverse, which, though not insensible to these shows of susceptibility, made Michael Baynam incapable of the necessary speech ?

It was with some feeling of pique that Rose Carter reached the farmstead of Squire Blanton, without having heard *those* words spoken which she expected and desired to hear ; and great was the mortification of Aunt Betsey to learn, when she had retired with her niece to her chamber, that her own prophecies had so far failed, that the suitor had remained dumb.

“ But there’s all the night before us yet,” quoth the ancient maiden, “ and they’ll be a dancing till broad daylight for certain.”

To this speech Rose answered only by a haughty toss of head and curls. Her pique continued ; and, already, in her bosom, secret pur-

poses were forming to make her dilatory lover repent his slowness, in taking occasion by the beard. When a young girl feels in this sort of humor, she finds but little difficulty in making a sensitive lover feel uncomfortable.

Squire Tom Blanton was a person of some consequence in this region. He was a man of substance, had been in his youth a colonel of militia, and, with equal increase of years and substance, he had been made a magistrate of the county. He was a hale, frank, florid farmer, of stout burly proportions, a hearty feeder, and capable of hearty potations of mountain dew, of which he was the manufacturer ; having won great reputation, and as much popularity as reputation, for his coal-dripped whiskey, and his golden peach and mellow apple brandies.

Of these he was as liberal in the diffusion as he was successful in the manufacture. He kept a hospitable table, and was a jolly companion. With a large, commodious dwelling, he had numerous rooms ; and, with several jolly daughters, he encouraged numerous guests ; and his religion never stood in the way of dance and frolic, though he somewhat frequently found himself under the censures of the church.

On the present momentous occasion, the marriage of Polly Blanton, his eldest daughter, to Ben Fitch, a young farmer of the neighborhood, he was resolved that the entertainment should not only far surpass all his previous hospitalities and convivialities, but that it should become a lasting example to all who lived within his own range of mountain precinct, and this covered an extensive circuit. He said to his spouse and family, and friends :

"It's the first gal-child that I ever had to marry, and I'm gwine to stretch myself out for the occasion. There shall be nothing that I will spare. The young people and their friends shall have the best of everything, and when they goes to house-keeping, they shall want for nothing that I can give 'em. So, you other gals, four on you, I reckon, you see what you're to expect, ef you've only got the sense and sweetness to win a smart young fellow, as Polly has done. We'll have a roaring wedding, and every one of you must ixpect to shake your legs to Joe Scrimgeour's fiddle, ontill the morning sun looks in upon you, to wish you a happy New Year, and the more the merrier."

And his spouse, hardly less jolly than himself, though more sparing in her potations, heartily echoed his sentiments and cordially approved of his tastes and principles, in respect to wedlock and the duties of her girls.

An hour before sundown, on this eventful occasion, the company began to arrive. Rose Carter and her companions had been among the first. But soon they came flocking from all parts, for twenty miles around.

There were the Blakes, three girls, and two boys; the Harkinsons, a popular family having none but boys, and these no less than five in number; the Shattocks, girls and boys equally; the Scrimgeours, famous for producing one first-rate fiddler, in the person of Joe Scrimgeours, and a bouncing dancer, at a "Highland Fling," in his plump and full-bodied sister, Mabala; a girl all flesh and blood, with the roundest, rosy cheeks, like great pippins, beautifully

purpled in the autumn sun. But why enumerate? Enough that the house was at its fullest, and Tom Blanton at his happiest.

The ceremonies followed, and Benjamin Fitch was solemnly united to the fair Polly. Rose Carter was one of the bridesmaids, and Mike Baynam served as one of the grooms, and as Rose looked to her *vis-a-vis*, and hearkened to the sacred pledges of the newly-wedded pair, strange fancies filled her brain, and she thought over her own prospects, and was reminded of the phlegmatic coldness of Mike.

True, he did look at her, and nobody but her; but, looking was all, and looking was not enough! His eyes spoke warmly enough; but why was his tongue so silent? She had just then a strong conflict between pique and sympathy. Vanity struggled with yearning. She was impatient that he had not spoken, whether she accepted him or not; and she inly resolved, in some way, to make him suffer for his coldness.

But, as she looked upon his manly figure, and his handsome face, the brown beard, and the symmetrical form, habited in the graceful and flowing hunting shirt, she felt that she could forgive him the tardiness of his advances, could he then afford her the opportunity of answering to his question. She did not come to the conclusion, for herself, as to what *she should* answer; but her pride and vanity were mortified that he yielded her no opportunity for the distinct assertion of her power. And the rest followed.

Squire Blanton had carried out his purpose of "stretching himself," *i. e.*, going the full length of his tether, on the occasion—the grand

and novel occasion—of marrying off one of his daughters, and to a man he could approve.

He did not rely upon his own liquors, no matter what their reputation. He knew that fine occasions required fine beverages; and when the Parson had saluted the bride, he was offered wine and cake, and the company shared as well, following the Parson's example, which was sufficient authority for those pious of the flock whose natural appetites needed only a pretext. Squire Blanton had got a supply of wines, sherry and Madeira, from a great house in Charleston. Nor was champagne wanting. A basket of that favorite beverage had been provided; but this was understood to be reserved especially for the ladies, as it was assumed to possess no sort of intoxicating element.

A supper table was spread, the whole length of the rear piazza; but supper, on such occasions, being understood to be reserved for the twelfth hour, nothing remained for the present but the dancing.

And soon the fiddle of Joe Scrimgeour was heard a-tuning; and soon the voice of Joe was heard:

"Take out your partners for a country-dance."

And, thereupon, the bustle began, and all was commotion; with a whole legion of lively tongues making the chorus of a "charivari."

"Hoorah, young fellows, you hear! Take out your partners for a country dance! Hoo! hoo! hurrah! Oh! had I the legs I had but ten years ago, I'd ha' been ahead of you all! And I know what gal I'd have caught up out of all the crowd." Such was the chorus Squire Blanton made to the fiddler; and here he

looked flatteringly, if not lovingly, at Rose Carter, to the disgust of Mrs. Blanton. He continued:

"And Lord! what a leg I could shake once! Hoorah, boys, don't let the music git cold! Don't freeze where you stand! As Wellington said to the regiment at Waterloo—'up, boys, and at 'em.'"

And the boys did up, and at 'em, The crowd thickened. Every Joek sought his Joan, and Rose Carter looked towards Mike Baynam; and Aunt Betsy, standing conveniently near to him, nudged his elbows with her own; and, under a sudden impulse, Mike leaped forward; but, suddenly, a fat woman floundered into his way; next, Squire Blanton himself seized his arm, and, by way of urging him forward, kept him back; and when the poor fellow finally succeeded in getting across the room to Rose, he had the misery of beholding her led out by Reuben Whitesides, one of the tallest, if not the handsomest lads in all the county—a fellow whose tongue was incessant, and who blarneyed the young women with the grace of a bashful Irishman.

Rose smiled scornfully at poor Mike, as she beheld his disappointment. She sailed out into the room with swan-like motion, and the grace of one who is equally possessed of, and confident in, her powers and charms; and, still hauled away by Squire Blanton, Mike Baynam found himself the partner of Mahala Scrimgeour, the fattest young woman in the whole assembly, and by no means the prettiest.

She was, nevertheless, a creature of flesh and blood—blood and flesh—so plump, so fresh, so lively, that, with every evolution, the spectator



reasonably feared that she would burst her bodice! and verily she did! But of this hereafter.

## CHAPTER VI.

“The stranger comes most innocent of seeming,  
And looks with eyes most innocent of seeking;  
But who shall say what fate above his shoulder,  
Hovers, like the falcon, with keen scent for prey?”

The fun grew fast and furious. What Burns describes, in Tam O'Shanter, of the mad revelry of the witches at the old kirk, was hardly an exaggeration of the lively and picturesque scene at the rustic feast of Squire Blanton. He, himself, warmed equally by the satisfaction which he felt at the marriage of his first daughter, and by potatoes of peach and honey, such as he had not yet bestowed upon his guests, was the ruling and roystering spirit of the scene. He egged on the fiddler to new efforts; he urged the bashful young men to bolder demonstrations of partiality for the fair sex; he found partners and brought them forward, who otherwise might have sunk back into corners, spectators only of the scene, when its whole effect depended upon their becoming actors. The Country Dance was succeeded by the “Highland Reel,” the “Strathspey Fling,” the “Virginny Reel,” the “Backwoods Break-down,” and various other movements for which the fashionable nomenclature of the cities yields no name. They were, nevertheless, quite as *legitimate* under the influence of Joe Scrimgeour's fiddle. Joe was as inveterate in play as was the company in

dancing. Women are defined somewhere as dancing animals. It is very certain that they never tire when there are pleasant companions in the dance. Mike Baynam was kept in perpetual motion, dancing now with this, and now with some other partner, but somehow never once with the one over all whom he sought. There was surely a fate in this, and the fate was personified, no doubt, in the excellent Squire Blanton, who particularly addressed himself to the task of bringing Mike out. Somehow, he bungled, and Mike was never up to time. The rooms were crowded, and whether Rose herself participated in the perpetual defeats of Mike, avoiding him with an old perversity when he sought to approach her, or whether some hostile gods had set their heads together to baffle opportunity, who shall say? These old gods seem to be just as active in our day as they were in Homer's, and are no doubt just as spiteful, envious and malignant. Who denies that Mammon still rules a great portion of the human family, maintaining his church and doing much of his work under the name of Jehovah? and it was not long that night before Squire Blanton fully illustrated the powers of Bacchus in his own person, to say nothing of his ministrations as high priest of the god, in bringing others to his altars. What chance for Venus and Cupid where Mammon and Bacchus so thoroughly occupy the field?

But the indefatigable Aunt Betsey did her best to neutralise these hostile forces in behalf of love. She alternated between Mike and Rose with amazing energy, pushing her sharp elbows and angular sides

through the maze of dancers and spectators—now whispering in the ear of Rose, and now nudging the arm of Mike. At length, watching what she conceived a fortunate moment, she caught Mike by the shoulder, and muttered in his ear,

“Now’s your time, Mike! Ef you be a man, push across as fast as you kin, now when she’s a-setting down.”

And Mike obeyed, forcing his way through the crowd, with as little respect to its claims as a mad buffalo shows when trampling over a settlement of prairie dogs.

“So you’re come at last, Mr. Baynam. I thought you had quite forgotten me, dancing with the beautiful Miss Scrimgeour.”

“No, Rose; I’ve been trying all the evening to get near you.”

“Oh! you couldn’t have tried very hard, Mr. Baynam, seeing that others could get near enough when they pleased.”

“But I did try, Rose. But somehow—what with the ladies always in the way, and Squire Blanton pulling me on one side or t’other, and introducing me to so many——”

“Oh! don’t waste your breath in making excuses, Mr. Baynam; I didn’t lose anything more than you, and I suppose neither of us missed the other.”

“I’m so sorry, Rose. It’s made me quite miserable, I assure you; but now, that I have a chance, will you dance with me the next? You’re not engaged for the next, I reckon.”

“I don’t know whether I am or not; but if I am, it don’t matter, for I don’t mean to get up from this seat for a good hour. I’m tired down with dancing.”

“But for *me*, Rose?” pleaded the mortified hunter.

“And why for you, more than any other person?”

And here the bright big eyes of the damsel looked full into his own, with something more of questioning than her words conveyed. But even to these the bashful lover had no immediate answer. When he did speak, it was to resume his pleadings for her hand in the next dance. Had he found the proper courage and the quick wit to have asked, in a soft, subdued whisper, for her hand through life—as probably she expected—how much of the Fate might have been baffled?—possibly such a change wrought in the future, as might have secured *him* the object which he sought most in life, and a greater degree of happiness for both. But, who knows? What might have been, is always a very doubtful commentary upon what is, and has been!

Joe Scrimgeour, meanwhile, gave tongue to his fiddle. Squire Blanton rushed across the floor, making up the sets and bringing parties together. Once more the dancers were upon the floor, and Mike, seized upon by the Squire, was again, per force, the partner of the fair and fat Miss Scrimgeour. Rose, to the last, had been obdurate in her refusal, and, though longing to take and keep his seat beside her, the good-natured hunter found it impossible to resist the Squire, who had actually brought Miss Scrimgeour across the room to where he stood, sad and very spiritless. When Aunt Betsey succeeded to the place which he had occupied near to Rose, she asked eagerly,

"Well, Rose, honey, what? Has he axed you?"

"To dance? Yes."

"Only to dance?"

"What more?"

"Well, I thought, honey——"

"Oh! You are always thinking, It's no use, aunty, for you to be doing my thinking as well as your own. I'm old enough for that myself."

"Ef 'twas the wisdom and sense, honey, that you had, as well as the nineteen years of age, 'twould be all the bet er for you. And you wouldn't even dance with him?"

"No! I'm tired down."

"It's not that, Rose Carter. It's natural parvasity of your temper. Oh, its so sorrowful—so sorrowful I am! I'm afeard you'll carry these tricks a leetle too far for your good chainces, Rose."

Rose tossed her head in contempt. The dialogue had been carried on in whispers, though the clatter of feet, the confusion of tongues, and the unscrupulous bow of the fiddler, might very well have drowned any ordinary tones of speech. Aunt Betsey sate beside the obdurate beauty, her hand folded in her lap, her body rockin' to and fro, in concert with her own dissatisfied thought—a picture of despair suddenly struck dumb.

In the midst of the uproar, a sudden and loud rapping was heard upon the outer door—a rapping of consequence, as if the rapper were endowed with the "open sesame" of all good society.

Squire Blanton himself hurried to the entrance. Voices were heard without, a few moments of interval elapsed, and the Squire re-entered, his face turned to the new-comers,

bowing backwards as he introduced to the company two gentlemen— young men both—fashionably dressed in city habits, graceful of air and manner, good-looking—one of them handsome, indeed—and carrying themselves with all the ease of guests confident of welcome.

There was a great sensation! The dancers stopped in all the mazes of the "Virginny reel;" Joe Scrimgeour's fiddle stopped, as if from sudden paralysis, and subdued murmurs from half a dozen groups, betrayed the surprise and curiosity, if not the pleasure of all. It was as if the hawk had suddenly swooped down over a family of partridges, trying to huddle close in the security of briar-patch and fence-corner. But we must withhold our explanations for another chapter.

## CHAPTER VII.

— "Humors you may call them,  
But there are humors which grow into tu-  
mors,  
And vex the body that did once joy in  
them."

VERILY, indeed, very great was the sensation in the assembly.

Still bowing backwards, Squire Blanton introduced the strangers.

"Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Bulkley and Mr. Fairleigh—my *friends*, Mr. Fairleigh and Mr. Bulkley! Gentlemen, I am very glad to see you! You are welcome to my house on this most happy occasion! This night my eldest daughter, Sally, has become the happy bride of Mr. Benjamin Fitch. Ben, come forward and let me introduce you to my friends. Gentlemen, my son-in-law, Mr. Benjamin Fitch. Ben, my son, this is Mr. Fairleigh; Mr. Bulkley is already known to you, I think.

Gentlemen, I am most happy to see you in my house, on this most happy occasion. You see, gentlemen, this is the first time that I've married off one of my children, and I was resolved to stretch myself out for the occasion, as far as I could spread, and make this happy marriage a thing to be remembered through all this mountain country. Gentlemen, will you do me and the bride the honor to drink wine with us on this happy occasion? Wine there, Ben Fitch, my boy! Gentlemen, bear with me a moment, while I introduce you to my daughter, Sally—now Mrs. Fitch. Sally—Mrs. Fitch—my friends, Fairleigh and Bulkley! Your health, gentlemen.”

He closed the long harangue by tossing off a huge goblet of Madeira, while the two strangers drank courteously with the bride, whose face, the while, was crimsoned like a peony, with dancing, Madeira, and natural blushes at the novelty of her situation.

The new visitors, at the entrance, had described themselves as exhausted with a protracted chase, which had carried them much further than they designed, and found them at nightfall near the farm, and some five miles distant from that of Mr. Bulkley, who was the son of a well-known farmer of the precinct, but one who moved in very different and somewhat foreign circles. He was a young man just from college, and about twenty years of age. He had been the spokesman on the occasion.

What he had learned at college we need not say, but we regret to say that some of his acquisitions were not creditable to his morals. Briefly, in his explanations to the

Squire, he had been guilty of downright lying. Their chase had ended by one o'clock that day. They had returned to Bulkley's farm in good season for a drowse, and dinner after it; and after smoking and drinking pretty freely, Bulkley had suddenly conceived the idea that some amusement might be found by suddenly breaking in upon the wedding party, the preparations for which had been notorious throughout the neighborhood for weeks before.

“It will be rare fun,” said he; “Old Blanton is quite a character—an amusing old cock, who manufactures the best peach and apple brandy in all the country. He has a lot of bouncing girls; it will be a rare frolic, no doubt. You will see a strange medley of all sorts of characters.”

“But how can we do it? We are uninvited, and—”

“Never you mind! We shall be none the less welcome. We should have been invited, had the old squire thought we would come. If invited, we certainly should not go. Now, you will see that he will be as proud as Punch of his visitors, and receive us with all the honors.”

Mr. Fairleigh's scruples were easily overcome, a fact which speaks as little for *his* morals as for those of his companion. They had been chums in college, and had graduated decently enough, but without any distinction.

So much to put them fairly upon the scene. Their presence, as we have shown, constituted one of the great sensations of the evening. The buzz went round the circle.

“Don't you know,” said Joe Scrimgeour, “he's the only son of

the rich Widow Fairleigh, who lives up on the French Broad, and owns the biggest farm in all the county. She rides always in her big carriage, sometimes with four greys; and she never wears nothing but black silk; and she always carries her big gold watch at her side. She's mighty rich—and mighty proud, too, they do say."

This was the substance of the report of Joe Scrimgeour, that went round the circle. The facts in the matter of the Widow Fairleigh's fortune were well known to Squire Blanton, who acknowledged her importance in the extreme civilities which he addressed to her son, of whom he knew nothing.

That young man had been but rarely seen—even in his own county—since he had passed beyond his teens, having been kept for several years at school, and subsequently at college, in another State. He was now the observed of all observers; not exactly "the rose of fashion and the mould of form," but a very well set and graceful young fellow, of medium size, with a delicately moulded face, of swarthy but rich complexion, and soft, glossy black hair, which it had been the fashion of his society in college to suffer to grow in great masses, curling over the shoulders; a just sprouting moustache—jet black—small tuft of imperial and beard, well defined but thin, confined almost wholly to his chin, served, in *en semble*, to give him a picturesque expression, which, with cool address, and the ease of a thoroughbred, rendered him quite distinguished in his own circle, and a perfect hero in that of Squire Blanton. The young women fairly ate him up with their eyes, and

their little hearts beat the double-quick whenever his eyes turned in their direction. Squire Blanton had now exhausted the special courtesies with which he had received the stranger guests. Had he thought of any other peculiar mode for distinguishing them, he would eagerly have seized upon it; but his imagination was not particularly suggestive, and, after seeing the Madeira handed round, and firing off a few champagne corks for the benefit of the ladies—a novelty which seemed greatly to delight his humors, always performing the operation by giving each bottle a hearty shaking,—he clapped his hands and hallooed to Joe Scrimgeour,

"Hoo! Hoo! Hoop! Joe Scrimgeour, are you sleeping, boy? Clap too, boy, with your bow all spry, and make the fiddle speak! Let's have a regular 'double shuffle,' and a good o'd 'Backwoods breakdown.' Mr. Fairleigh—Mr. Bulkley—you both dance? Shall I find you partners? What say you, Mr. Fairleigh?"

"If I may be allowed to choose, Squire Blanton, I should be pleased to be presented to the young lady whom I see sitting on the sofa yonder—the slender one, I mean."

"Oh, I guess who you mean. You're not after the old maid sitting next her. One's the aunt, t'other the niece. 'Aunt Betsy' is a fine old girl—a kittle too bony for much use—but her niece, Rose Carter, she's a beauty. She's the beauty of all the country round, for a hundred miles, I reckon!"

Mr. Fairleigh had already seen that for himself.

In another moment, poor Mike Baynam beheld the seat of Aunt

Betsey occupied by the handsome aristocrat, Mr. Fairleigh, and he could see that he bowed profoundly to Rose Carter and that she smiled pleasantly in reply, and put on the softest, and sweetest, and most amiable of all expressions.

And what was the sickening at his heart when, a few moments after, he saw Rose rise from her seat, give her hand to the stranger, and glide happily, gracefully, and eagerly into the dance, which she had been much too tired to enjoy with him!

He turned away from the sight; but, ever, with a fearful fascination, would his eyes revert to the spectacle—so full of pain to him—of that beautiful figure, whirling about so delightfully in the impetuous twirl with her new companion!

Poor Aunt Betsey knew not what to say or what to do. She did not now venture to nudge or approach the hunter. She clung close to a seat in one corner of the room, in her favorite attitude of d squiet—her hands folded in her lap, and her body slowly rocking to and fro. She had set her heart on one husband for her niece, and it was the disappointment of a favorite hope when that niece, so artful, was so easily beguiled by another. Her treatment of Mike, as her instincts well taught her to fear, was the loss of a husband. Would she gain by it another?—and if she did, would that other be to her the good, gentle, loving companion, which not unwisely she assumed, that Mike would have been?

Miss Scrimgeour, the plump, had fallen to the lot of Mr. Bulkley, by the management of Squire Blanton. This young lady and Rose Carter were the Squire's chief supports

They were the most showy girls in the room, though so very different in style.

"My own girls," Blanton said to his wife, "haven't got the trick of it. There is a trick in it, old woman, and you haven't altogether done the part of a mother, in not teaching it to your daughters. I'm sure you had it to perfection when you captivated me!"

Bulkley, taking his plump partner into the area, seized the opportunity to whisper in the ears of Fairleigh:

"You have the luck of it, Ned. See what a sow they have put upon me. What an armfull of woman it is, for so slender a body as mine to encounter."

"Did you speak to me, Mr. Bulkley?" minced Miss Mahala Scrimgeour.

"No! I just said to my friend, Fairleigh, how wonderful it was to find, in our mountains, such a wonderful collection of fine women. Why, Miss Scrimgeour, you couldn't be beaten in the great cities! Where do they all come from? Do you grow nothing here but what is beautiful? Now that I have come from college, and about to live in these mountains, I must look about me. With the 'desert for my dwelling place,' I must seek out some sweet spirit for my minister."

"Oh! don't talk of spirits, Mr. Bulkley. It puts me all in a shiver, for it always makes me think of ghosts! I think that a good wife, now, would be better for a young man than any spirit!"

"And so she would, Miss Scrimgeour; but where shall you find a good wife? They tell me that women have greatly changed since my father was a boy! And they have so

terrified me about them that I have almost resolved to live and die a bachelor."

"Oh! don't make any such horrid resolution! Bachelor's are infamous people! Don't believe what you hear about women! They're all too good for you men! You don't know how to value them!"

"Don't we then? Why, Miss Scrimgeour, it is my opin on, that men are now-a-days exceedingly *nice* in their calculations of the value—the market value—of the fair sex."

[*Sotto voce.*] "Thanks to that movement! What a bore it is!"—

And the dance arrested the further conversation, so hopelessly carried on against the grain; and Bulkley found it pleasanter to whirl the fair Mahala about than to engage in conversation with her; and the fair Mahala found it, no doubt, more agreeable to be whirled about, for she began to have some shrewd suspicions, as she could not half the time comprehend the speech of her partner, that he was amusing himself at her expense. She had some notions of the fashionable virtue of quizzing ignorance and inexperience, and when in any ways mystified, she felt that she was being quizzed. She was, therefore, relieved in being twirled about, and being a bouncing dancer, with heels of lightness almost compensating the body's weight, she kept Bulkley busy.

Wondering at her agility, he was suddenly confounded by feeling her glide from his grasp, and tumble incontinently to the floor, by a rather rough collision with the opposite parties, who happened to be no other than Rose Carter and Mister Edward Fairleigh.

The feet of the former—one of them at least—gave an awkward and awry direction to the body of Mahala, when she was in the very utmost impulse of her whirl; and down she went, with a pretty little scream, which did not declare the whole extent of the disaster.

Her bodice burst! The warm and voluminous masses broke through every frail impediment of stay and hook, and chintz, and riband; and the prodical display of buxom charms was such as to confound all witnesses, male and female.

Squire Blanton rushed to the rescue; but good old Aunt Betsey was beforehand with him, and before—to use the Squire's own phrase—"before o~~le~~ could say Jack Robinson"—she had gathered up the too portly damsel, and hurried her off to the adjoining chamber.

"How did it happen?" was the question.

Aunt Betsey, perhaps, might have answered. It was certainly one of the feet of Rose Carter that had caught Mahala on the bound; and the gay laugh of Rose, which would not be repressed at the event, too strongly persuaded Aunt Betsey that her niece had been the *wilful* agent in throwing poor Mahala out of her equilibrium.

But the breaches were soon repaired. Some rather close fitting garments of the Blanton girls enabled Mahala to reappear in the assembly, in time for the supper, which she would not have missed for any lover under the sun; and while the fiddle of Joe Scrimgeour played a slow march, the company, in pairs, moved into the great piazza, where the tables were spread; Rose Carter

hanging upon the arm of Edward Fairleigh, and showing herself quite satisfied.

Mike Baynam saw nothing of the scene, and eat nothing of the supper. He had looked with sad eyes upon the *one only*—the errant and wild one—till he dared look no longer!

Then he sallied out, and wandered along the foot of the hills, chewing the cud of bitter thought, and with all his little self-esteem, kindled within him by the reflection that it would be a miserable presumption for him any longer to hope for the beautiful creature who had won a heart she did not know how to value!

At the first peep of daylight he

mounted "*Go-It*," and sped homewards. He had already been told that Rose and Aunt Betsey were to spend a week with the newly-married couple. He did not wish to see them or any of the household, not one of whom had retired from the revel ere the dawn. It was a glorious revel, and long remembered in the country, as the time when Squire Blanton "laid himself out," because of his first daughter's marriage!

Very lonely was Michael Baynam's ride along the hill-paths. Who shall describe his bitter thoughts? Very sad are the fancies of the young man who loves honestly, and who deems his only hope blown suddenly away, as dry leaves by the winds of autumn.



"AFTER THE CLOUDS, THE SUN."

Where are the swallows fled?  
 Frozen and dead,  
 Perchance upon some bleak and stormy shore.  
 O doubting heart!  
 Far over purple seas,  
 They wait in sunny ease  
 The balmy Southern breeze,  
 To bring them to their Northern homes once more.

Why must the flowers die?  
 Poisoned they lie  
 In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain.  
 O, doubting heart!  
 They only sleep below  
 The soft, white, ermine snow,  
 While winter winds shall blow,  
 To breathe and smile upon you soon.



## THE ALBATROSS.

## A YACHTING CHRONICLE.

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 BY GODOLPHIN
 

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## CHAPTER III.

## DISINTERESTED SYMPATHY.

WHEN the fair Anglo-Indian perceived that she was observed, she did, with inimitable grace, that which under the circumstances was the best, and indeed only thing to be done—advanced with an expression of surprise and sympathy.

“Dear Lady Dacre,” she said gently, “pardon my intrusion! I had no idea you were alone. But since I am here, you will allow me to express my great concern at your grief.”

On what little things often hinge the greatest events of our lives! For her own purposes and aims, Mrs. Aylmer could not have chosen a better moment than that in which she accidentally surprised Lady Dacre. It is an undoubted peculiarity, weakness if you will, inherent in the feminine mind, that it is never so self-contained as to be able to stand alone—never so reliant on its own strength as to be able to support unaided the burden of trouble or grief; and in this very moment of profound depression, the unconscious desire of Lady Dacre

had been for nothing so much as an ear to which she could speak—a voice that would counsel in her dilemma. Geraldine’s coldness had too deeply wounded for *her* to be sought—and as for Lord Dacre, better anything than meet his cool, self-satisfied, “Just as I expected, my dear! You remember I warned you.” There is little doubt, indeed, that the one thing which still made her resolute to persevere in her self-appointed, thankless, and well-nigh hopeless task, was the thought of her husband’s triumph in its failure—quiet and undemonstrative though it might be.

“Indeed, I am exceedingly foolish to give way in this manner,” she said, in reply to her friend’s solicitous inquiry—she dashed away the sparkling tear-drops, and faintly smiled—“but disappointment is hard to bear!”

“There is no doubt of that,” was the rejoinder; “but you must pardon my wondering what you can know of it.”

“I have had a very great one this morning—and, perhaps, I deserved it, as a rebuke to my over-confident reliance on my own powers; and if

it were only myself that is concerned, I should not care so much—but—”

The voice faltered and broke down in a rush of emotion, and as she paused a moment to subdue it, Mrs. Aylmer softly laid her hand on the rich brown of the silken tresses, and smoothed them, with a gesture so mutely expressive of sympathy, and a desire to console, that it was worth at least fifty speeches of condolence. At last she said, “I fancy I can imagine whence your disappointment has originated. You have been endeavoring to reconcile your sister and her lover, is it not so?”

“Alas! yes,” was the sad reply—“and I fear I have only succeeded in doing mischief by my interference.”

Mrs. Aylmer started slightly, as she asked in a tone of surprise, “Why is this difference—a mere lover’s quarrel—so entirely irreconcilable?”

“Indeed, I see no reason why it should be so,” her Ladyship answered, “save never were two more unbending wills fairly pitted against each other. All that is needed is for one to make the least concession, and the other would immediately follow; but this neither will consent to do.”

“And do you think then,” was the somewhat cautious inquiry, “that if either was very anxious for this reconciliation, there would be such stress laid on the mere question of precedence in it? Lovers generally think more of each other than of these trifles.”

Lady Dacre replied by shaking her head. “You are mistaken,” she said. “Of my sister I need not

speak—but I have never seen attachment more sincere than Captain Tressillian’s.”

Mrs. Aylmer arched her eyebrows with a rather incredulous expression. “My dear, you astonish me—for you must know that I have heard often and over again, that Clondesley Tressillian was so long a lover of your own, that it was only to her great resemblance to yourself that your sister owes his admiration.”

Lady Dacre raised her head with a hauteur of movement, which did not escape the observation of her friend. “The absurdity of such a story is only equalled by its falsity,” she said; “Captain Tressillian would no more dream of offering homage than my sister of accepting it.”

“Pardon me,” Mrs. Aylmer hastened to say—“I only repeated what I have heard, you know, among the dear friends who are always so much better acquainted with our affairs than we are ourselves. But he was your lover?”

“My lover? no, never,” was the reply.

Lady Dacre did not think it necessary to enlighten her confidence any more than she had thought it necessary to enlighten her husband with confessions of the by-gone hopes—now forever dead and buried deep—which had once waked for her in Tressillian’s tones, and spoken in Tressillian’s eyes. Matters might have been very different on that day, if at one time words she had then hoped to hear, had passed his lips. But they never had. And the timid girlish romance, unbreathed into mortal ear, had quietly died away, and was now too slight a memory for consideration; save

that often an unforgotten expression on Captain Tressillian's face, an intonation of his voice, when he addressed Geraldine, would cause her vaguely to wonder why her sister had been blessed above herself, in gaining what had been withheld from her. The ice was broken, and it was not long before the fair widow had learned all that she wished to know—all that it concerned her to hear of the state of affairs between Miss Deverell and her lover. A long pause followed the close of the narrative—a pause which Lady Dacre was the first to break, as Mrs. Aylmer continued silent, in an attitude of deep thought, her eyes cast down on the point of her pretty boot, which was tracing the pattern of the carpet, and her hand supporting the smooth cheek with its scarlet bloom.

"And now," her Ladyship said, "it seems almost useless to persevere in the efforts which have so signally failed. And yet—and yet—I can scarcely make up my mind to abandon their cause, especially since I have been the person in fault, in bringing them together to quarrel again."

Mrs. Aylmer lifted her dark eyes, with surprise. "Abandon the cause," she repeated—"O, my dear! impossible that you can think of such a thing! No, no, all these difficulties are only challenges to the contest, and they ought to animate instead of depressing you. Courage, *ma belle*—you do not know how much I am indebted to you for an insight into your plot. Really, it makes a comedy equal to anything upon the boards of the "Princess." Depend upon it, we cannot fail to bring the lovers happily together at

the close. There is no other ending possible."

"I trust it may prove so," said Lady Dacre doubtfully; "and perhaps it might if—I had a friend to aid me in my endeavors."

"And will you not, then, give me that pleasure?" said Mrs. Aylmer. "There is nothing I should enjoy more than contributing to the final *eclaircissement* of your *vaudeville*."

It is needless to say how gratefully this offer was accepted; and after ratifying by a caress the league offensive and defensive, the fair friends, donning again their discarded hats and veils, returned to the deck and its several lounging groups, among whom—when the announcement of dinner was made an hour or two later—there was perhaps no one to whom it was not a relief; for already the *ennui* of ship-board was beginning to make itself perceptible; besides which, the fresh sea-breeze had bestowed upon them all unwonted appetites.

As a matter of course, Lord Edward was constrained to resign his usual place at the side of Miss Deverell, to give his arm to his hostess; equally of course, Mrs. Aylmer took that of Lord Dacre; and so it was that, with a slight blush, Geraldine laid her hand upon the one which Tressillian silently offered, for Chauncy Mildmay had not as yet made up his mind to the cruel necessity of movement, and was so entirely oblivious of the claims of duty upon himself in that respect, that he only made his appearance after the rest had gathered around the dinner table.

In so small a party, the conversation was entirely general, so that it was not until the cloth had been re-

moved that Tressillian found opportunity to address Miss Deverell in a low tone :

"There must be something very sad to you in this indefinite farewell to England," was his—all things considered—not very happily conceived remark ; but so anxious was he to appear totally unconcerned and at his ease, that for once his usual tact deserted him, and, like many a man before, he over-acted his part.

"Every one has seemed to take for granted," she replied, coloring slightly, "that I must necessarily dislike it, until I feel a sort of obligation to express something of sorrow ; but I fear that if I confessed the truth, it would only be that I enjoy the prospect of living in Italy, very much, indeed."

"Perhaps," he said, "this is the effect of what I remember you always expressed—a love, at once, of roaming and adventure."

"In a degree," she answered. "I am certainly weary of the monotony of English society life ; but, then, I am very anxious to meet Papa. I have never seen him since I was a very small child."

"I remember. But—a—do you not think that in living with your father, you will condemn yourself to a monotony even worse than the round of London and Hantaine?"

"By no means," she replied ; "for I fancy the picturesque Calabrians will more than make amends for the same tiresome round of the same stupid people at opera and ball the season through. At all events, I mean to try."

"And I drink to your success," he said, touching his glass to his lips, "but I fear you will find the world is not so lightly to be thrown

aside ; that its thrall will still be upon you—and that you will only people your solitude with the memories and shades of what you have abjured."

There was a fitful gleam of anger in her eyes, and her lip curled scornfully as she retorted,

"Grant me, at least, the benefit of a doubt. Memories and shades are not always so prone to haunt, as their originals are inclined to flatter themselves. I entertain no fear that my future will be clouded by any regret thrown on it from the past."

"That it may prove so, I most sincerely trust," he said, sinking his voice so low that it was almost inaudible, even to her quickened ears. "But if so, you will enjoy an exemption from pain which I would not ask—or, if I could, accept. Some blank and hopeless futures are only rendered endurable by memories of the past."

Lady Dacre, who had been anxiously watching the progress of the conversation, now drew a hopeful augury from the brilliant blush which swept over Geraldine's face—even to the waves of her soft hair—as the beautiful lip stirred in an answer low as his own :

"I fear you have not corrected your old habit of endeavoring to excite sympathy on doubtful pretexts. Captain Tressillian's future owns, in itself, too much of brightness to demand any aid from the stores of the by-gone."

"It is those stores he now alone possesses, or cares to possess ; and they are guarded like a miser's gold."

"Then, at least, I may congratulate him on a contentment of mind

which he did not always possess ; and add my hope that it may be in no wise jeopardised by any addition to the hoard."

"Tressillian, I really fear you are becoming deaf," said Lord Dacre ; "Mrs. Aylmer is addressing you."

Tressillian turned a pale face around, as he replied,

"Mrs. Aylmer will pardon me for my lack of attention, if she will consider its cause."

"I was only inquiring," said the fair Indian—who was languidly staining her pretty fingers with an orange, as she favored Lord Dacre with her light sayings and lustrous eyes—"as to the present whereabouts of your friend, and my *ci-devant* admirer, Sir Arthur Caryl. The last I heard of him, he had set out on a yachting cruise for heaven knows where. What has become of him?"

"Impossible to say," was Tressillian's careless reply. "When I heard from him last he was at Venice. The probabilities are that we shall encounter him somewhere in the Mediterranean."

"I wish I was sure of it," said Lord Dacre. "I know of no one whom I should like better to meet."

I cannot say that I am so anxious for the meeting," observed Tressillian ; "for I am bound by a promise to him, and if we should come up with the Naiad, I must reluctantly tear myself from the attractions of the Albatross."

Scarcely were the words uttered, and before his host could reply to them, when Lady Dacre, rising with haste, gave the retiring signal. Her thoughts were so entirely otherwise employed, that it is very certain she did not notice a singular expression

on her husband's face, and in her husband's eyes, as the latter followed her retreating form, when the ladies, with the soft rustle of sweeping robes, passed from the cabin.

The gentlemen did not linger long over their wine. A very short time elapsed before they joined the group of ladies on deck, where, in consideration of the fineness of the evening, coffee was served. So calmly still and beautiful was it, indeed, with the glowing tints of the incarnadine west spread over half the heaven, and the other pale and serene, owning as yet only the sway of the faintly gleaming star of twilight, that it was scarcely wonderful how the tones, even of the most unsentimental among them, grew subdued, as, broken into *tele-a-teles*, the different couples leaned together over the taffrail, above the shining water, or slowly promenaded the deck. Among the latter were Mrs. Aylmer and Captain Tressillian, who, entirely withdrawn to one side, paced up and down, the lady closely wrapped in a cashmere shawl, and leaning heavily on her companion's arm, who had been speaking eagerly for some time, but whose words, whatever they were, only evoked a clear, sweet laugh from his auditor.

"Ah, bah!" she said, "do I not know what a man's resolutions are worth—when he is in love! *Mon ami*, all this with which you have been entertaining me is very fine ; but shall I tell you where it will all end? By your rewarding her pretty little ladyship for her persevering efforts in your behalf, by placing your dignity unreservedly in her hands, and praying her to make any terms she pleases with her haughty sister."

"I fancied I had at last found one who understood me," he said; "but it seems I am again doomed to disappointment; for if that speech was delivered in earnest, and was not—as I suspect—prompted by the malign spirit of mischief, you are yet in as profound ignorance on the subject as the rest of the world."

"Perhaps, like the rest of the world, I am really incapable of understanding and appreciating anything so far above me," she answered saucily.

"I can pardon the sarcasm, for the sake of the glance which accompanied it," he responded laughingly; "else the shaft was too close to be easily forgiven. But do not let us quarrel, pray, for I want your advice. You will give it me?"

"Ah! you want my advice, do you?" she said. "It is singular what an importance my advice has suddenly assumed, for you are the second person who has asked it to-day; and I don't know that any one ever before thought it worth notice."

"And who was the other person who evinced such good taste and discretion in the choice of a counsellor? Not Charley, I am sure—though you have been making *beaux-yeux* at him, to the great danger of his peace of mind! So, perhaps it was that consummate fool, our friend the future Marquis."

"Don't slander his brilliant lordship in that manner—or really I cannot remain to be shocked by it. No; it was not he—nor yet the gentle Charley—(I repudiate with scorn your aspersion, by the way. I am only studying a few of his languid graces, to embellish my own role)—but, instead, our hostess—who, in

the midst of a flood of tears, requested my invaluable assistance in healing the grievous breach between *la belle soeur* and your noble self."

"Pshaw!" he said impatiently; "you are surely jesting! Lady Dacre could not have been so absurd."

"Tell me," she said, suddenly dropping her tone of bantering irony for a serious one, "have you inherited any fortune? is your uncle dead? or are you next heir to a dukedom? for, really, unless some one of these things is the case, I can see no reason whatever for the disproportioned anxiety Lady Dacre manifests in this affair."

"Lady Dacre is more than kind," he said, in a tone of deep feeling.

"Doubtless," she responded drily, "but people are seldom 'more than kind' in this interested world of ours, unless they have an excellent reason for being so; and, I confess, her's puzzles me, especially as it is the more strikingly brought into relief, as it were, by Miss Deverell's complete *non chalance*."

He answered nothing; but even in the dim light, her quick eye saw him change color.

"Strawberry-leaf coronets are pretty things," she pursued lightly. "I would not answer even for myself if one was within my reach. And the superb diamonds which the Marchioness of Granby would possess, might prove very consoling for her liege lord, being—what was the complimentary epithet you bestowed upon him a moment ago?"

"I think you do Miss Deverell injustice," he forced himself to say. "I began to appreciate fully the tact of her utter indifference to myself; but I am loth to believe that she

would sell herself for the diamonds and coronet of Granby."

"Miss Deverell," she echoed, with a low laugh; "see how the lover's thoughts run! My dear sir, what have I said of Miss Deverell? and yet yonder is a scene which might apply my random words."

She paused to point to where two dark figures sat apart, and in close proximity to each other. "Can you tell me how often that *tete-a-tete* has occurred, or been continued to-day?"

He did not know—how could he?—that under cover of the gloaming, Geraldine's eyes were wistfully following him to and fro; even while her reluctant faculties of speech and hearing surrendered themselves to the thrice wearisome commonplaces of her companion, and he therefore smiled not a little bitterly as he turned his face away from the provoking spectacle, muttering, "What an insensate fool I was to come here!"

"Truly," said his fair companion, with a pouting lip, "the ocean air has improved your gallantry. That was a speech fully worthy of Captain Tressillian."

"And he asks a thousand pardons for it," was the reply; adding, "I must needs be many degrees more insensate yet, before I can cease to appreciate your sympathy; and, perhaps, after all, that is worth more than—"

He paused; but although she waited long, her ears were not gratified by hearing the remainder of the speech; for, when he resumed, it was to say, "Lady Dacre acted far from nicely in this attempt to reconcile what is irreconcilable. But I cannot feel the less grateful to her

for the friendship towards my unworthy self which prompted it."

"You spoke of asking my advice," said Mrs. Aylmer, abruptly; "since you have not done so, will you pardon me if I volunteer a little? Not about your more private affairs, but concerning the friend toward whom you were just expressing gratitude."

"Need I say how much indebted I should be for it?"

"Then I must tell you that Lady Dacre's whole strength of purpose is to set upon accomplishing this reconciliation—which, like yourself, I cannot now but esteem hopeless—that I was forced to humor her fancy to-day by promising to exert any efforts of mine in the cause so near her heart; and I would advise you to adopt the same tactics. At least not to give her at once the disappointment of learning her elaborate plan a failure. Suffer the knowledge of the truth to come by degrees."

"You are right," he said: "thank you for the hint. I will spare that gentle heart as much as in my power lies; and, at least, no simulation will be needed, for, Heaven knows I would give anything save a point of honor, to secure oblivion of the past."

"You are right!" she said, with a glow of enthusiasm—"right not to give way where that is at stake; and, believe me, you will feel it so years hence, when all the pain of the present is a memory at which you will smile?"

"It must be in years very far hence, then," he answered, with a suppressed sigh, but are you going in?"

"I think it is time," she said, laughingly, "since we have the deck

to ourselves. Besides the mist or fog—which is it?—is chill; and I have no ambition for a catarrh. You are coming?”

“I believe not,” he replied, glancing down at an unlighted cigar, held between his fingers during the whole time of the promenade. “I think I shall remain, and enjoy my friend here beneath the stars. I am sure my presence would not brighten your circle within. Good night.”

They parted at the cabin door, and then Tressillian strode back to his solitary beat, where he still remained long after the gay tones and music had ceased, and the last good-night been exchanged in the cabin. So long, indeed, after all became quiet and hushed on board the Albatross, that the helmsman only discerned his continued presence by the dull, red glow of the perpetually renewed cigar, which, together with the firm step, pointed out his whereabouts in the darkness. Perhaps it was the perfectly audible sound of that heavy tread, broken by long pauses, only to be again resumed, which kept Geraldine Deverell's eyes wide open for so long that night after she had taken refuge on the pillows of her berth; but it could have had no connection whatever with the fact that when at last they closed in wearied slumber, the long silken lashes were unmistakably moist.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### CROSS PURPOSES.

It was early morning when the Albatross, which had been lying for some time at Gibraltar, weighed her anchor, and having steered through the narrow strait so well known to

fame, greeted the blue waves of the classic sea, as she left behind her, rapidly receding into dim distance, the massive rock, with its crowning citadel, from whose summit floated out the red-cross banner of Saint George. The hour was, indeed, so early, that Lord Dacre was the only one of the yacht company on deck, when the dainty schooner gave her snowy wings to the breeze, and sped away like the bird whose name her pennon bore.

The eve of their departure had been celebrated by a magnificent entertainment, given on board the yacht, in return for the hospitable attentions which had been shown to its noble owners and their party on shore; and wearied by this, as well as the gaiety preceding it, the ladies slept late and heavily, while even the gentlemen looked unusually listless, as one by one they made their appearance.

Tressillian was the first to follow Lord Dacre on deck. As he approached the binnacle, beside which the young Viscount was standing, a close observer might have noticed that there was a marked air of restraint, if not coldness, in their punctilious salutes.

“It is unfortunate that you are too late to make the signal upon which I heard you agree with Miss Rivers last night,” Lord Dacre remarked, as he pointed to the rock, reddening in the morning sunlight, and already left far astern; “a transfixed heart to be displayed, was it not?—as emblematic of one you left behind in her keeping.”

“Very true,” answered Tressillian indolently, “but Miss Rivers is far too pretty for this to have been her first lesson of masculine faithless-



ness; and in all probability she is at this moment asleep, dreaming no more of the *Albatross* and signals of devotion 'than a lover of constancy, or an advocate of truth.' Ah, Charley! why this is something very remarkable! What does it mean?"

The gentleman he addressed looked as if he wondered himself what it meant, and only condescended to notice his friend with a rather petulant, "Don't bore, Tressillian! How could any body whose nerves were not of leather, sleep through all the infernal pulling, hauling and stamping, that waked me some time ago! I don't pretend to know what it was, but when I am once waked, I never go to sleep again."

"I am really concerned," said Lord Dacre, laughing, "that the slight but necessary preliminary for getting under weigh, of lifing the anchor, should have been attended with such results to your morning slumber. On the next occasion we must try and have it up at mid-day, and your nerves may be able to endure the consequent amount of noise."

"That would be worse still, said Tressillian, "for at mid-day you would disturb his ante-prandial siesta."

"I do not see why it is taken up at all," remarked Charley, in an aggrieved tone. "Why not cut the—whatever it is that holds it—and let it go?"

"*Caro mio*, the brilliancy of your inventive genius should certainly entitle you to an ambassadorship, if they had any discernment at the Foreign Office," [Mildway, be it known, belonged to the Diplomatic Corps]; "but in the present in-

stance, as what you propose might be attended with the unpleasant consequence of a perpetual motion on the part of the *Albatross*, I fancy you will have to excuse Dacre from availing himself of the suggestion."

Charley gave a slight stare, but his last effort of speech had evidently exhausted him, and he said nothing more, while Lord Dacre walked away to the forward part of the vessel.

It was an unfortunate inheritance from his mother—a Spanish lady of high degree—the mine of fiery passion, and most sensitive jealousy, which at any time had only slumbered in the young Viscount's nature, and was now roused to a degree of almost frenzy. Too proud to suffer one symptom of this jealousy to escape him, he thus debarred himself from all possibility of cure for his malady; and as hidden diseases, either of mind or body, grow with frightful rapidity, so this serpent of suspicion had gained admittance to his bosom, only to rend him with its secret fangs—spreading its venom until, to his gangrened vision, every act, word, and tone of the objects of his jealousy added fresh stones to his already towering mountain of proof.

There was, undoubtedly, some excuse for him. He could never forget that Tressillian had been his wife's "lover long before he was her sister's," and a rankling fear that the gay, gallant, and redoubtable lady-killer had no more failed there than elsewhere to create for himself an enduring interest, took possession of his mind, when he saw their constant intimacy, and Geraldine's increasing coldness to her *ci-devant* lover; for, alas! time had only

widened the breach between the separated twain. Lady Dacre, after all of her own efforts to effect a reconciliation had failed, one day brought them, by dint of skillful manœuvring, into a *tete-a-tete*. But the end had only been a quarrel more bitter than the first; and when Tressillian had dismayed the well-meaning but ill-judging mediatrix with this intelligence, and, hastening to her sister, she found the latter in subdued hysterics, the utter despair with which she surveyed the scene might have provoked a smile even on the sympathetic countenance of Mrs. Aylmer, had not the fair Indian been too much absorbed in the offices of friendship to permit her sense of the ludicrous time for appreciating it. But, though apparently not noticing it at the time, not the less did she, at the first opportunity afterwards, favor Tressillian with a graphically comic sketch of all that occurred on the occasion—only taking care to suppress all mention of the hysterics, and to change Geraldine's grief into indignant anger; while Lady Dacre's pathetic hopelessness and self-reproaching—"I should not mind it so much, my dear, if it was not all *my* fault!"—received not a few heightening touches from her ready and artistic pencil. The consequences were precisely what she anticipated—to wit, a greater estrangement between the lovers, and a stronger desire on the part of Tressillian to manifest to Lady Dacre his grateful sense of her kindness and interest.

As time wore on, this became more and more a pleasure to him. It was very agreeable to his masculine egotism to possess the most

sympathetic of *confidantes* in one so young and lovely—a *confidante* who would listen to him unweariedly for hours—reply, console, and never blame—nor yet, like Mrs. Aylmer, sting with latent sarcasms; and so he talked volumes of sentiment about himself, his future, and his heart—mingling the broken dream of the present with vaguely hinted regrets of what he had lost in the past—recalling a thousand reminiscences of the sunny Richmond villa where they had first met—descending on Platonic affection, and the priceless possession of such a friend as herself! And so he glided on—he did not know where, into—he did not know what!

Lady Dacre, meanwhile, was still single-heartedly intent upon her object; and while Lord Dacre, looking on, grew more and more miserable, and Geraldine regarded Tressillian's changed bearing with haughty astonishment, Mrs. Aylmer—alone holding the key to their mystifications—softly laughed to herself as she watched the different cross purposes of the game they were all unconsciously playing. Lord Edward, the while, steadily prosecuting his suit, had good reason to complain—if he had ever been known to do such a thing—of the singular variations in the manner of his incomprehensible lady-love. It was impossible one hour to reckon on her mood for the next, so quick were the changes from suave encouragement to a *brusquerie* well nigh amounting to rudeness. In fact, Miss Devereil's temper—never very placid—was now something more than stormy; her persevering suitor had, at best, a hard time of it.

It will be seen that however sunny

were the skies above, and however smooth the sea below the *Albatross*, there was no lack of growling thunder and pervading electricity in the social atmosphere upon her decks—tokens heralding a coming storm.

“Well, Gertrude,” Lord Dacre made an effort to say one morning, as, in the midst of the most speciously apparent gaiety among her inmates, the pretty schooner coasted along the Mediterranean shores, “how does the reconciliation plan prosper?”

Never was a remark more inopportune conceived or uttered; for it not only so chanced that this was the first token of interest that Lord Dacre had evinced in the plan since their departure from the Cowes Roads, and that, consequently, such indifference had not failed to pique his wife—who was profoundly ignorant of his awakened jealousy—but she had just weathered a storm of reproachful temper, and encountered another repulse from Geraldine; therefore, his lordship saw a plump and pretty shoulder very petulantly shrugged, as, without taking the trouble to turn her head or raise her eyes from the book she held, Lady Dacre replied:

“I can scarcely imagine that you *really* feel any interest in the reconciliation; but if you do, you will be glad to hear”—(O, shades of Mrs. Opie and Miss Edgeworth!)—“that I entertain sanguine expectations of soon accomplishing it.”

“And why, my dear, should I not *really* take an interest in the reconciliation?” her husband inquired, with a pained expression on his handsome face. “Whatever interests you must always interest me—not to

mention Geraldine’s connection with the matter.”

“It is very easy to talk in that manner,” was the unmollified rejoinder; “but I should think you were tired of doing so, considering the exercise you gave the faculty before our marriage. But, at all events, *I*” (with tremendous emphasis) have learned since then to estimate it all at its just value.”

“My dear, I don’t pretend to understand the exact drift of your rather obscure sentences; but if you mean that you have learned to estimate my expressions of affection and interest at their true value, then you must do full justice to their sincerity.”

“I can assure you, my Lord,” answered she, with warmth—“I can assure you that if my sentences are obscure, your conduct is not so in the least degree. Nothing could be more plain—nothing more—more contemptuous.”

“Gertrude!”

“Yes; you cannot deny it! You have grown indifferent to me and to everything which concerns me.”

“This is not only undignified, but absolutely puerile, Gertrude. I cannot condescend to recriminate, but I must say that it is not from *you* that complaints should proceed.”

“Perhaps *I*, then, am the party in fault?” she asked sarcastically—so secure in her fortress of fancied proof, that her husband’s cool reply broke like a bombshell on her surprised ear.

“It is impossible that you can be ignorant of the fact that your conduct towards that puppy, Tressillian, had laid you open to the most severe—comments.”

"My conduct, Lord Dacre!"

"Your conduct, Lady Dacre, undoubtedly. You should evince your preference for your first—perhaps your only—love, less markedly, if you do not wish it to be observed."

"Take care, my Lord," she exclaimed, rising, while two crimson spots of anger colored her before pale cheeks, and she pressed her hand closely to her heart—"take care how you insult me! There is no excuse whatever for your absurd jealousy, when you are, or ought to be perfectly aware that my association with Captain Tressillian has been solely in reference to my sister."

"Your sister," he replied, smiling scornfully, although his lip visibly trembled—"your sister ought to be more than obliged to you for your solicitude and untiring exertions, in the teeth of the most depressing failures. Truly, such exertions deserve better success than they have yet accomplished."

Giving her no time for reply, he abruptly left the cabin. When the Albatross dropped her anchor at Genoa, one of the very first of the English sojourners there, who came off to pay their respects to Lord and Lady Dacre, reported Sir Arthur Caryl's yacht had sailed from that port only a few days before, for Malta. "But," the informant added, "you will probably meet him at Naples, for it is there that he is to land the Countess Bianconetti who went in his yacht that far. Caryl is not likely to leave her fascinating proximity very soon."

Lord Dacre looked at his wife, whose face remained calmly unmoved—while Mrs. Aylmer shot a keen glance at Geraldine, and was rewarded by perceiving that her roses had paled perceptibly. If any one had taken the trouble to bestow the same scrutiny upon Tressillian, the slightest possible twitching of his moustache would have betrayed his otherwise unrevealed emotion.

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## MOHAMMED AS PROPHET.\*

WHATEVER comparative rank Islam may claim among the religions of the world, either as to the purity of its doctrine, or as to the number of its adherents, there is no doubt that it surpasses them all in the degree of information which it furnishes as to the person and circumstances of its founder. For whereas, in the case of some founders of new religions, their very name and historical place are either altogether lost, or are but obscurely certain; and, in that of others, there exists no clearer record of their individuality than what is indelibly stamped on the character of the doctrines they promulgated, or is deduced from the scattered events of their public life,—the personal history of Mohammed—especially from the date of his mission—has been preserved to us with a fullness and order of incident, and with a minuteness of detail, of which there are but few examples, in any department of biography, before the invention of the art of printing.

There are three sources from which this fuller knowledge of the Arabian Prophet is derived: the Koran, the Traditions, and the native biographies. The Koran, as the collection of his accredited prophetic enunciations, is an authentic representation of the light in which he viewed

his high function, or, at least, of that in which he wished it to appear; and, as it was delivered to his followers by piecemeal, during a period of twenty-three years, and as it is full of references to the emergencies of the time and place under which each portion was promulgated, it bears numerous incidental traces of the circumstances of his life, and of his sentiments in different junctures. But, as it is precisely these perpetual allusions to the events of his time and office which constitute the main obscurities of the Koran, we should not be able, at this distance of time, to read it with anything like a proper appreciation of the occasions and objects of a large portion of its contents, were it not for the extraordinary light which the Traditions afford for its interpretation. These Traditions so far exceed the expectations which any one would—on a cursory estimate of the circumstances entitling him to look for such minute records of a person who lived in Arabia more than twelve hundred years ago—be likely to entertain, that it is a satisfaction to know that peculiar causes conspired to ensure their abundance and general accuracy. Of these causes the following are the principal: The division of the Arabs into tribes, each of which had some ancestral pride in the warriors and poets which it had produced, had, in the utter absence of surnames, fostered a tendency to genealogical record. The art of

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\* *Mohammed der Prophet, sein Leben und seine Lehre.* (The Life and Doctrine of Mohammed the Prophet, drawn from Manuscript sources and the Koran.) By Dr. Gastav Weil. Stuttgart.

writing was then so recent and so very rare an acquisition, that it had not—as it manifestly does in the more advanced stages of its use—at all impaired that extraordinary tenacity of memory to which the Arabs had been obliged to trust as to the only archive of their history. The degree of culture, too, to which their language had attained through the generally diffused appreciation of, and skill in, poetry and eloquence, had so far outrun their possession of the mechanical aids for preserving such memorials, that the faculty of verbal memory also had received an unusual development. And, lastly, the prophetic mission of Mohammed was so eminently the great event in their national life, and was full of so manifold a significance to the receivers of his doctrine, that it supplied all who had access to his person with every motive which either political or religious interests could inspire, to treasure up the most trifling record of his words and actions. These Traditions, then, of which upwards of seven thousand have been transmitted to our times, have long been systematically employed by native theologians and jurists in tracing out the origin of all the obscure allusions in the Koran; and the interpretation of their sacred book has thus become a parallel commentary on the life of its author. The native biographers, finally—or rather, as we must include those who have written in the Persian and Turkish languages also, the Muslim biographers—which are to be counted by hundreds, and of which about fifty lay claim to be considered as authoritative sources, have formed their narratives on the basis of these Traditions; and have

attempted, with very various, but generally very humble, degrees of critical acumen, to reconcile their discrepancies, and to elicit historical truth out of the conflict of testimonies.

Although there are such abundant sources from which the materials for a biography of the Arabian Prophet may be derived, we are, nevertheless, very far from wishing to represent it as an easy task to make a judicious use of them. For—not to mention that but a portion of the most reputed native authorities is readily accessible to European scholars—the testimony of none of the documents to which we have access, is entitled to claim implicit credence. Even the Koran itself must be used with discretion; for, over and above the facts that it is his own testimony in his own cause, and that it possesses no chronological arrangement of its parts, it is open to the further objection that some passages, once there, have been lost or suppressed, and that others have been interpolated. But, whatever deductions we may therefore be called on to allow from the absolute authenticity of the Koran, they can be trifling, when compared with those which a sound criticism is obliged to make from the authority of the Traditions. They undoubtedly contain a surprising mass of genuine anecdote, and preserve several most characteristic traits of the Prophet's inner and outer life; but they are often but witnesses from whom the truth is to be extorted, or whose testimony is to be summarily rejected. For it is not only that they possess very various grades of extrinsic sanction, as depending on the persons from whom

they have been derived; nor that they are sometimes mutually contradictory, or are inconsistent with facts otherwise established; nor that pious fraud and selfish interests may have contrived some actual forgeries, but that they also contain many superstitious legends, and envelop the Prophet in such a halo of miraculous qualities as both to seriously impair the dignity of his true history, and to discredit the whole body of Traditions. To give only one specimen of the really disparaging effect of these legends: It would surely be a strong recommendation of Mohammed's claims as a divine messenger, if it could be made to appear that he had pursued a noiseless but blameless tenor of life until his fortieth year; that his humble aspirations after a clearer sense of the God whom his people worshipped ignorantly and under so many forms, had gradually raised him to a fitness to receive the conviction of so great a truth; and that it was long before he ventured on more than a hesitating and tentative declaration of his new convictions; and, in fact, many evidences, and all internal probabilities, favor the belief that his early progress was by such modest stages. But the authors of the Traditions have so little sense of this that they put the following legend into the mouth of Amina, his mother, who, it is to be observed, died in the sixth year after his birth: "When my travail drew near, Asia the consort of Pharaoh, and Mariam the sister of Moses, together with some Hur's, visited me, and offered me a draught, which was sweeter than honey. Immediately God opened my eyes, and I saw three standards erected, one in

the remotest east, the other in the west, and the third on the Kaaba. But as soon as Mohammed was born a light spread itself over the whole earth, so that I saw the castles of Damascus by the brightness of it; then a white cloud descended and enveloped Mohammed, and a voice cried, Go through the universe with Mohammed, and present him to all angels, genii, men, and animals; give him Adam's form, Seth's science, Noah's courage, Abraham's love (that of God to him), Ishmael's tongue, Isaac's favor, Lot's wisdom, Jacob's joy (at finding Joseph), Moses's strength, Job's patience, the resignation of Jonah, the strategic skill of Joshua, the voice of David, the love of Daniel (to God), the firmness of John, and the continence of Jesus. The cloud then retired, and I saw three men, one of whom held a silver ewer, the other an emerald basin, and the third a white silk cloth, in which a seal was wrapped up. They washed him seven times; then they impressed the seal of prophecy on his back, and wrapped him in the cloth which they had brought with them." These fables may be only a natural fruit of that aberration of the religious feeling which results from man's interposing himself, as a channel of communication, between God and man; or, they may be considered to be the effect of a contagious emulation of the creed of the only Christians with whom the Muslim came into contact, who had, as indeed the church of that age had, equally edifying legends of their saints and martyrs. In the latter case, the corrupt Christianity which Islam had abashed and paralyzed, must, nevertheless, have been able to alloy the

triumphant monotheism with an element of hagiolatry; just in the same way as Roman paganism had, in its fall, been able to bequeath to victorious Christianity—like Nessus to the hero who slew him—the taint of its expiring idolatries.

Before these difficulties, however, can be entirely overcome—before conflicting testimonies can be harmonized, and authorities confronted and balanced—there is still an important preliminary question to be settled, and one which may exercise a material influence on even critical decisions. From what subjective point of view will the historian regard Mohammed's pretensions to the character of a divine messenger? For the points of view on which he may place himself are so different, and their range of vision so various, that some of them do exclude all the evil, as completely as others do all the good, elements of his character. The former have been almost exclusively appropriated to his followers (le Comte de Boulainvilliers being the chief exception of any mark); while among Europeans he has generally fallen into the hands of some *advocatus diaboli*, who thought he did religion a service by submitting the Arabian Prophet to every disparagement of a distorted perspective. The fact that his claims and doctrines profess to abut so closely on the Jewish and Christian revelation—instead of forming an additional ground for a lenient estimate of all palliating circumstances in him, and for a candid appreciation of all semblances of conformity in his doctrine—has exposed them to a more illiberal construction; and has procured him the honor of such malignity of con-

sure as the history of controversy shows to be reserved for those who have common points of agreement. The same persons, perhaps, who might have been able to form a reasonable and tolerant view of Zoroaster or Buddha, have no mercy for one who declared that he came not to destroy the law or the gospel, but to reclaim both to their monotheistic foundations. The tendency to this latter extreme, however, seems now, happily, to belong to the past. Modern times have made measured approaches to new points of view, which do and will lead to a revision of some of the recorded judgments; and though no one, perhaps, has yet arisen to reinstate Mohammed in the full possession of the place due to him—at least, no one who has taken advantage, both of all the flaws in the writ of ejection, and of all the arguments to be adduced in support of his claims, still enough has been already done in this direction to entitle us to exclaim, in the words of the Koran, "Is not the morning near?"

The biography of Mohammed, by Dr. Weil, was itself a favorable indication of the approach of this more candid spirit. His scholarlike acquaintance with Arabic—towards which a five years' residence in the East supplied the means of familiarity, while Germany added the aid of philological accuracy—has enabled him to weigh evidences for himself, and to appreciate more distinctly the native aspect of all that depends on the language for its true colors. His fortunate access to some manuscript authorities of the highest repute, and his constant adherence to them, confer on his biography the



dignity of an independent foundation; he has likewise availed himself, with judgment, of the chief printed works which bear even collaterally on his subject. From these resources he has composed an orderly narrative of the prophet's life; in which he has reserved the text for the results of his researches after probable truth, and has assigned to the legend; the substance of discordant testimonies, and the notice of former misstatements, a separate place in his copious notes. Fullness and accuracy of detail, zeal for the establishment of facts rather than of theories, and the regular citation of his vouchers, constitute the most praiseworthy characteristics of his work. But he also discusses the arguments of opposite views with much acumen, and seems free from any partialities unworthy of an historian.

Although, in a work which so far surpasses its predecessors in accuracy and comprehensiveness, several old errors must needs be exploded, and several new facts discovered, yet the reader must not be surprised to learn that no fresh circumstances are brought to light which are weighty enough to form the cardinal points of a new estimate of Mohammed's character and position. The main outlines of his life are to be found in several accessible books; and, if they could only be disentangled from the web of insinuation and artful construction with which they are often interwoven, would present an adequate basis for a reasonable judgment on him. Not, indeed, that every additional fact, anecdote, and trait, is not necessarily an item to swell the sum of impressions for or against him, or does

not help to complete the moral portraiture; but that, after a certain stage, the accessions of incident do but increase the mass, without very materially altering the quality, of the evidence. For these reasons, we forbear to enter into any detailed examination of Dr. Weil's work as a biography, and content ourselves with the notice of a few detached particulars.

Among the errors which he labors to correct, those of Herr Von Hammer, the celebrated Orientalist of Vienna, author of a "History of the Ottoman Empire," and of several other works, occupy a prominent place. It is not, perhaps, generally known in this country that Von Hammer's fame for grammatical accuracy in the Oriental languages has received several shocks in Germany; since what is called a European reputation travels so slowly, that its sound often vibrates at the furthest limit of its course, long after it has ceased to be heard at the centre which gave it birth. Not to mention a huge series of "Many hundred proofs of the gross ignorance of Herr Von Hammer," by Von Diez, (in his "Denkwürdigkeiten von Asien," vol. ii. 1815,) Von Hammer's inconsiderate publication, in 1835, of Zamachshari's "Golden Necklaces," in the original Arabic, with a rhymed version, provoked Professor Fleischer and our Dr. Weil to administer to the Austrian court-interpreter their separate castigations, of the merited severity of which we are not aware that there has been any question among competent judges. Two years later, Von Hammer produced his "Gallery of Biographies of Muslim Sovereigns," (Gemaldesaal, &c.,) the first volume

of which contains a life of Mohammed. It professes to be based on the most extensive array of manuscript authorities; but, in spite of its pretensions, it is often superficial and inaccurate, and affords good grounds for suspecting that the author is not quite scholar enough to cope with his sources. Two signal misstatements in it are worth notice, because his reputation might lead the compiler of Universal Histories to adopt them on his authority. The first is, that—in his desire to assign to Waraka ben Naufal, the cousin of the Prophet's first wife Ch dija, an important influence on Mohammed's religious development—he roundly asserts that he had translated the entire Old and New Testaments into Arabic. Waraka had been a Jew, and subsequently became a Christian priest; he likewise survived the Prophet's marriage with his cousin nearly eighteen years; the Traditions also mention him in such and so frequent connection with the Prophet, as to warrant the belief that this Christian may have had more influence on his knowledge of the Bible and its doctrines than all his early journeys into Syria: and, so far, Von Hammer's conclusion is legitimate and probable. But nothing more is true about his version of the Scriptures, than that he had translated into Arabic "God knows how much of the *Gospel*." The second error concerns Aiseha's celebrated adventure. Mohammed had asked Ali what he thought of the imputations against her chastity, and Ali returned an answer most explicitly declaratory of his conviction of her innocence. He reminded the Prophet that he once observed the latter, while in the act of prayer,

suddenly take off one of his sandals, and cast it away; that he had conceived that that might be a new rite: but that the Prophet assured him that he only did so because the angel Gabriel had admonished him that those sandals were not clean. Now then, argued Ali *a fortiori*, if God would not suffer you to wear an unclean shoe, how can we suppose he would not warn you to put away your wife, if these imputations against her were anything but slanders? Herr von Hammer turns this answer to an opposite sense, and then boasts of having discovered a sufficient motive for the malignity with which that artful woman ever after intrigued against the noble Ali.

It is also worthy of remark, that Dr. Weil has revived the story of Mohammed's epilepsy—after Ockley, Sale, and Gagnier had, as they perhaps thought, laid it at rest. The Byzantine historians first broached this charge; and Hottinger and Maracci found plain allusions to it in the 73d and 74th Suras of the Koran in which the words "wrapped up," and "covered," were supposed to depict his state during a paroxysm. It was further known from Abulfeda, that his second nurse, Hulaima, brought him back to his mother, and desired to resign her charge, because the child was possessed by Satan: and that attacks of epilepsy were ascribed to the agency of evil spirits, is well known. Moreover; a passage, cited by Ockley, had shown that, when the inspiration came upon him, he heard the sound as of a bell, and likewise that he fell into a profuse sweat. But it was reserved for Dr. Weil to adduce, from the most authentic Traditions,

a complete series of proofs that he was liable to repeated attacks of a kind of convulsion, the symptoms of which do certainly quadrate very remarkably with those of epilepsy. These passages distinctly declare that, when a revelation descended to him, he fell into a deep swoon, as if he were dead—looked like a drunken man, and uttered a cry as of a young camel; while his eyes became red or were closed, foam covered his face, and a profuse sweat broke out on his person. After these facts, it seems no longer questionable that what was once repeated as a calumny against an arch-imposter—as not resting on sufficient evidence—is now established by something like adequate proof. It is due to Dr. Weil, however, to add, that although he thinks Mohammed's visions were generally connected with epileptic fits, he is, nevertheless, so far from supposing that he merely feigned the appearances of the Angel Gabriel as a screen for his malady, that he, on the contrary, admits that it was rather his paroxysms which induced him to believe in those appearances himself.

We have, indeed, already absolved Dr. Weil from the suspicion of any animosities against Mohammed; nevertheless, we are not altogether satisfied that his general estimate of his character, either as Prophet or as the originator of a great social revolution, is quite as liberal—as apologetic, so to speak—as the data would allow. We do not charge him with the omission or exaggeration of facts, in any sense; but we feel that he often omits to dispose the excusing accidents which the circumstances of his position present, in as favorable a light as they

will often fairly bear. It is not at all necessary that we should believe that Mohammed was the apostle of God, in order to pass a just sentence on his conduct in so trying a situation; but it is requisite that we should forget for a while the foregone conclusion of disbelief in his pretensions; should regard him objectively, as a person acting under that persuasion himself; and should give him the advantage of a lenient consideration of all the circumstances affecting the first possession and cautious dissemination of his new religious convictions, and of the host of modifying influences which insensibly grew up out of their vigorous propagation. Even among those who are willing to take as favorable a view of the Prophet's claims as is in any way compatible with the transcendent superiority of Christianity, it is not yet probable that many will agree in arriving at the same conclusion as to what his intercourse with the angel Gabriel actually was. The subject is one of pure theory; and each, according to his previous ideas about visions, illusory phantasms, religious ecstasies, epileptic seizures, and such like, will devise his own solution of this psychological enigma. But that he acted, at any rate in the beginning, under a firm persuasion that he had received a supernatural call to proclaim the unity of God, is an admission that, we think, ought long since to have been cheerfully conceded. His previous blameless character for good faith, and for a life exempt from any known stain—even from that of polygamy, amidst a nation of polygamists; his habits of frequent retirement to Mount Hara for religious meditation; his having

had forty years' experience of life ; his being happily married, blessed with children, and engaged in the business of commerce—all afford presumptions that he would not be likely to jeopardize all that men hold dear for a wilful imposture and a dangerous social agitation. Let those who regard the sufferings of a martyr as any criterion of his sincerity, consider what reasonable prospect Mohammed could have then formed of his ultimate success; when his own tribe and the large majority of the Arabs were gross idolaters, and Mecca was the chief seat of that worship; when others adhered to some form of Sabiism ; and Jews and Christian sects made up the rest of the world in which he moved. Let them further weigh the slow persuasion by which he privately won over even his most intimate acquaintance—a progress so discouraging, that, in three years, the number of converts did not exceed forty, and they mostly young persons, strangers, and slaves ; and then, after he had publicly announced his mission to his assembled kinsmen, in the fourth year, the urgent entreaties, the ribald jeers, the galling insults, the threats, the perils, which he had to encounter in persisting in his course. Let them, lastly, remember that his early converts were exposed to such annoyances and dangers that he himself, in the fifth year, counselled them to fly to Abyssinia ; that, after he had just had an imminent hazard of life, his own tribe, the Kusaish, drew up a document, by which they bound themselves to have no further intercourse or alliance with his family ; and that, when the Kuraish had come to a formal resolution to kill him,

and had surrounded his house for that purpose, he was obliged to save himself, through an artifice, by the celebrated flight to Medina, in the thirteenth year. Up to that period, his tardy success in conversion, the persecutions he suffered, and the personal sacrifices of every kind which he made, amply prove that it must have been no ordinary conviction that could weather such a storm of discouragements.

This Flight—the H jra—is the era that separates the Prophet's career into two distinct portions. In the former, we behold a man whose main doctrine is the most momentous truth, enunciated with sublime energy and with the deepest sense of adoration ; whose chief demand from his converts is, that they should pledge themselves not to acknowledge any other god but God, not to steal, not to commit fornication, not to destroy infants ; who abhors the use of force in religion, (Sur. x. 99 ;) and whose humanity, gentleness, prudence, and yet indomitable pertinacity, accord exceedingly well with the character he professes to bear. If the latter portion of his career, unfortunately displays him as the leader of a faction, let us remember that his enemies made him so ; if as revengeful, after the conquest of Mecca, that the restoration of exiles is seldom a bloodless revolution ; if as cruel in extirpating idolaters, that perchance he thought of Joshua and the inhabitants of Canaan ; if greedy of spoil, and unwilling to concede the same tolerance to others as he might once have been fain to crave for himself, that even Christianity has staggered under the burden of success and power. Although many

things are recorded of his doings as a political leader, during this period, and of his declarations as a Prophet, which fill us with regret for the fall of so noble a spirit, yet we look in vain for greater derelictions of his primitive course than what can be satisfactorily accounted for from the temptations of his altered position. He was an Arab clansman amidst a nation of clans; and here he was, perhaps insensibly, plunged into all the trials which beset the leader of a faction, which was forced to struggle for its very existence, and for the precious right to its own honest convictions. Success in his predatory excursions and battles, the increase of his adherents, and the excess of their homage changed his heart. The movement which he had originated, assumed a course which he could hardly have foreknown; and the possession of some power, the fear of losing it, and the ambition, if not necessity, of acquiring more, stilled his scruples at the adoption of unworthy means. Moreover, the conflicting interests of his partisans, among whom were not a few men of such fervid character as Omar ben al Chattab, often obliged him to shape his course according to their passions, their intrigues, and their thirst for the material spoils of his victories. And lastly, he was so far intoxicated by his elevation, and by the blind credulity of his followers, that he was seduced into prostituting his prophetic office to pander to his personal interests and his lusts. We will join any one in a hearty condemnation of these weak and wicked abuses of a function which ought, at any rate, to have been sacred in his own eyes; but we must

first stipulate that the last ten years of surfeited ambition shall not be made the measure of his sincerity in the preceding thirteen years of persecution; and that the same zeal which has hitherto been expended in hunting out his delinquencies, shall now be turned to discover the amount of temptation to which he was exposed, and the degree of moral light against which he sinned.

It might, indeed, still be asked, if he was such a humble, unselfish searcher after religious truth, why did he not at once find rest for his soul in the creed of the Jews, or in that of the Christians—with several individuals of which bodies he evidently came in contact—rather than believe that the basis of both those religions were revealed to him a priori? To this it may be replied, that there is the greatest doubt whether he had any acquaintance with the Old or New Testament, as books, by his own reading; and that in the conditions into which both those religions had then fallen, if he did, originally, discern that basis at all, it was through such a mist of traditions, legends, doctrinal subtleties of distinction, and drowsy litanies, that it no longer had power to enlighten his mind or warm his heart.

If the Jews had long before made their law of none effect by their traditions, the six centuries which had elapsed since that judgment was uttered had only increased the solemn trifling of their Rabbis. The Christian Church labored under the additional distraction of diverse and opposite sects; and, as Arabia was an asylum for the heretics which were driven out by the dominant parties elsewhere, it is possible that Mohammed might have seen so great

a variety of dogmatic differences, as to have been only the more bewildered as to what Christianity actually was. At any rate, however virtually the doctrine of the unity of God may have been the ultimate foundation of both, and especially of Judaism, as he knew them, there is yet no doubt that he did not consider it the foundation on which they practically rested. For he charges the Jews with making Ezra the son of God, and with reverencing their Rabbis as Lords; and the Christians with making God "the third of three." It is to be observed, however, that Mohammed seems to have no conception of the Orthodox Trinity, and to know nothing of the spirit as a person; but that, as he understands it, the Virgin Mary occupies the second place, and thus father, mother and son form the three partners in the Godhead.

Under these circumstances, as a perverted truth is sometimes worse than utter ignorance, he might well conceive that the restoration of the two ancient revelations to their aboriginal purity formed, with the Divine Providence, an object of as urgent moment as that of their first proclamation; and, as he could not bring himself to acquiesce in what he knew of the current Jewish and Christian doctrines, he may have been justified in believing that God might again interpose to prevent his blessings being turned into a curse.

None of these considerations, however, do more than affect the question of Mohammed's personal honesty; they do not lessen the absolute value of the religion which he founded, nor its relative superiority to the degrading idolatries which it rooted out. However short he may

have fallen of our ideal of a divine messenger, he was, nevertheless, the channel of unnumbered blessings to his country. He found his people split into independent clans, always at feud with their neighbors, and with hardly any other common bonds than what sprung from their energetic language, the same habits of life in the city and the desert, and the existence of certain public fairs. He made them a united nation, bound them together by the comprehensive links of a common civil and religious law, and, by appointing a public treasury, which was charged with the maintenance of all the functionaries of the Commonwealth, as well as with the legal support of the poor, he established their first national polity. He suppressed the prevalent infanticide, reduced the license of polygamy below one-half of the previous number of wives, and prohibited all games of chance, and the use of intoxicating liquors. He proclaimed the unity of God in terms so emphatic that they have penetrated the whole religious life of his adherents. After twelve centuries, it is still the most prominent truth in the Muslim creed; no "developments" have overwhelmed it; the meanest peasant hears it in the muezzin's cry, and in the merest fragment of a prayer; the most brutish cannot fail to know that it is the great truth. He denounces almost everything that we should call moral evil; enjoins humanity, mercy, humility, sincerity, and chastity in word and act, as the highest virtue; and asserts the resurrection to another life, and the rewards and punishments of the judgment to come. He gave this religion without the bur-

den of a sacerdotal caste; he appointed no ordinances into which a priest's *opus operatum* could be foisted in; all true believers are equally near to God; and the Koran is the common possession of them all.

If these doctrines are but a feeble echo of the Jewish and Christian revelations, yet, as Judaism and Christianity, although they had had the exclusive occupation of the same ground for six hundred years, had both failed in silencing Heathenism, we should, at least, rejoice that, through him, the cry of 'There is no

god but God! did at length cast down the idols for ever. If his truth was not the light, but only its shadow, yet it was, perhaps, the highest degree of light which his people were then capable of bearing; and, as the shadow bears testimony to the light by which it is cast, so perhaps, his constant assurance that he came "to confirm" the two previous revelations, may, in the fullness of time, prove to have been the appointed preparation for the eager reception of "the dayspring from on high."

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### FRENCH PICTURES OF THE ENGLISH IN THE LAST CENTURY.\*

THE mistakes and prejudices which characterize French authors, when describing the manners of the English, are by no means paralleled by those of the English writers when describing French ones. It is true that the vulgar stage type of a Frenchman, with his shrugs, his snuff-taking, and his diet of frogs, is as far from being a true version of the general character of the people as may be; but a vast deal of this false coloring is attributable to political motives; and, when they ceased to influence, the English traveled, judged for themselves, and

the distorted pictures were banished from their stage and their literature. Not so with their Gallic neighbors, who found the English habits and mode of life differ so much from theirs, that they turned repugnant from investigation below the surface of English life, and often believed and propagated the silliest absurdities. Considering the closeness of France and England, and the constant communication between the countries, this fact is not a little surprising, and that France should still possess a living author—Alexander Dumas—who has given full credence to every floating absurdity, and, in one of his most popular plays, introduced them as pictures of ordinary manners in England.

\* *The Savages of Europe*. From the French. Printed by Dryden Leach, for T. Davies, in Russel street, Covent Garden. London: 1764. [*Prospective Review*, 1852.]

Who that has ever seen his play, embodying imaginary adventures in the life of Kean, or read this mass of absurdity, but must have been astonished at the cool detail of moral impossibilities given there, at the caricature of English manners which forms the gist of the story, at the utter falsehood of the entire thing? The silly inventions of a century ago, founded in ignorance, distorted by prejudice, and passing current when war had interdicted intercourse, are there repeated in all their original strength, and with most amusing effrontery.

When Sully, the great minister of Henry IV., visited England in 1603, he managed to obtain a most unfavorable notion of his sovereign's ally, and has given our English forefathers a fair share of vituperation. The constant wars carried on against the French forces, and the success of the English arms later in that century, aided in strengthening the national dislike, and gave any idle tale free admission and constant credence; the more immoral and absurd it was the better it was liked; and its belief was encouraged by rulers who desired to foster hatred of England. During the wars which resulted from the Revolution of 1789 in France, it is perfectly true that the two nations misrepresented and vilified each other, but nowhere in English literature can we find the same determined mistakes or unadulterated slander as may be seen in the notes on England, published by General Pillet in 1815, after residing as a prisoner of war among them! The work was published to please and serve Bonaparte, during his brief return to Paris in that year, but was after-

wards rigidly suppressed by Louis XVIII.; an act as well of justice as of gratitude towards a nation which had succored him. The book is now a great rarity,\* and we give a few extracts:

“Drunkenness is a vice arising from the nature of the soil or climate, which is almost looked upon as a virtue in England.”

“Englishmen of the better class, or what are commonly called gentlemen, as well as those of the lower orders, are never amorous till they are drunk. Hence the women very naturally take under their special protection drunkards and drunkenness.”

“The sons of George the Third, from the Prince Regent to the youngest brother, are by no means inferior to their countrymen in this respect. It is generally believed that the debauched habits of these princes originated in the manner of their education, planned by Lord Chatham, and followed up by William Pitt, his son, with the view of degrading their characters, rendering them unfit to govern, and preventing their interfering with the views of the oligarchy.”

With regard to English humanity as a nation, the veracious Pillet's fellow-countrymen are told—“Nothing is more common than to see carriages overturned upon the highways in England; but in such cases assistance must be far-fetched and dear bought. The passers-by, if there chance to be any, gaze stupidly on for a moment, and then proceed on their way.”

With regard to English morals, he says: “England is a country in which virtue and vice are saleable commodities, and every man deals

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\* The title of the book runs thus:—*L'Angleterre, vue a Londres, et dans ses provinces, pendant un sejour de dix annees, dont six comme prisonnier de guerre. Par M. le Marechal-de-Camp Pillet, Chevalier de St. Louis, et officier de la Legion d'Honneur. Paris, chez Alexis Emyery, Libraire, Rue Mazarine, No. 30. —1815.*



in that which he thinks the most profitable of the two. The principles of the Government are precisely similar." He gives an example of this morality, which originates in a most ludicrous mistake of his own: "Theft is even a fashionable accomplishment, particularly amongst women of rank, who are accustomed every morning to go *shopping*, as they term it."

He accounts for what he terms "the immense consumption of women in England," by saying, "There are few men who have reached the age of fifty without having three wives." Such "consumption" being effected by ill-treatment, which "has arrived at such a pitch, that the murder of a woman by her husband is a circumstance of which the courts of justice seldom take any notice, unless to acquit the husband, when the affair has been so atrocious that an inquiry into it is unavoidable." The General's gallantry, however, induces him to say, that "it ought to be mentioned, for the honor of the female sex, that murders of husbands by their wives are far less common in England than those of wives by their husbands. They are, nevertheless, very numerous, and in a proportion which would excite universal horror amongst any other people."

This carelessness about human life, as well as another *trait* in English character, is thus amusingly illustrated in a Paris newspaper of the last century: "A man fell into the Thames. He struggled and endeavored to swim, but he swam badly. Will he reach the bank?—will he be drowned? There was at once a wager. Twenty guineas were

laid that he would save himself;—this was taken. The bets increased and multiplied, and in two minutes considerable sums were depending on the head of the poor swimmer. He was, however, perceived by some watermen, who rowed towards him, with the intention of saving him. 'There is a bet! there is a bet!' was bawled out from every quarter. At these magical words the boatmen stopped, the unfortunate man was drowned, and the bet was gained."

These, and many similar characterizations of the English, may be traced as the growth of centuries. An embodiment of all their manners and customs, under the form of a tale, unrivaled for its absurdity, may be found in a work entitled, "Les Sauvages d'Europe," the said savages being the English. This little work was translated and published in 1764, but is now rare; we shall detail its structure, and give some extracts, as it is a capital exponent of continental belief at that time, and contains some opinions yet held there.

The author begins, by narrating that young lovers, disgusted by the gay *badinage* of Paris concerning their union, determined to visit "the land of freedom"—England, and become acquainted on ship-board with a venerable Chinese, who was traveling to the same place, "to civilize the people." They enter into conversation, and become traveling companions. On landing at Dover, the first thing they see is a number of French captives, greatly ill-treated by the people. They fly to the rescue; but are attacked with swords and fists, and ultimately carried to a dungeon, from which they are aided to escape by some Dutch

sailors:—"They set out immediately for London, Delonville with his body beat to mummy, and his arm in a scarf; Kin Foe without his full complement of teeth; and Cecilia with not quite the same quantity of ear as she brought out of France."

After a quarrel with an insolent and surly driver—

"They alighted from their wretched carriage at an inn, the air of which was as gloomy as the countenances of the English, who were regaling themselves within. It was with great difficulty that they could perceive, here and there, a light piercing through the mingled smoke of their coal, and of their pipes. A party of these smokers were sullenly drinking a kind of dusky liquor out of the same bowl. The other side of the room was taken up by dirty tables, at which select parties were devouring slices of beef, half raw, and almost unaccompanied with any bread at all. This disgusting object took away the appetites of our strangers. They ate very little; paid a great deal; slept very indifferently, and got up very early to ramble through the streets of London."

In the course of their walk they inquire the way to St. James' Park, of a person, who, "happening to be of a mild disposition, only laughed in their face, and walked about his business." They are still worse treated by others, so they ramble on until they reach Tyburn.

"Their eyes were now presented with the spectacle of a gallows, a pile of faggots, and scaffolds crowded with spectators, who were prepared to enjoy a bloody execution in all its horrors. The gloomy and silent air of the standers-by would have made one imagine that the punishment was intended for every one of them; while, on the other hand, the criminals seemed, by their gayety and easy behavior, to think themselves on a party of pleasure. They played off jokes, and seemed to endeavor to amuse the people by their low buffooneries. One of them made a grave harangue, in which he applauded his own courage, and boasted of the many travelers whose

purses and lives had been sacrificed to his gallantry; and he exaggerated the greatness of these exploits, which had conducted him to his glorious end; while another, less eloquent, accompanied his comrade with ridiculous gestures. This absurd pair gave some idea of those scenes among the ancients, where one actor repeated the speech, while another supplied it with action. A third malefactor took it in his head to prophesy; he predicted his own approaching death (in which he was pretty sure not to be out), and he denounced the ruin of England. 'Unfortunate country!' cried he with an emphasis, 'wretched city! What do I foresee? The sea vomits on thy shores an army of flat-bottomed boats! they kill man, woman, and child! The outlandish men beat the masters of the sea! Woe to Old England! Woe to London! Woe to myself!' At this instant the fatal cord stopped the prophet's rhapsody. His worthy companions suffered the same fate. The standers-by immediately flung themselves upon them; lunged to their legs, struck them on the breast, and took every method to dispatch them; not an Englishman present but eagerly endeavored to perform the duty of the hangman; the very relations of the criminals assisted at this pleasing task with as much spirit as any."\*

They charitably suppose that these are but the amusements of the *cannaille*, so they go to a theatre to see what is done there; but, alas! it happens to be a place where the professors of the noble art of self-defence exercise with swords, and hack each other frightfully, to the great joy of the spectators. They all decamp, and reach a dramatic theatre at last; but the play has so many barbarities in it, "with murders, ghosts, death's heads, scaffolds, wheels, gibbets, accompanied by a due number of executioners, that they fear they are again at Ty-

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\* This abominable lying sounds like some Northern Puritan writing of the people of the South.

burn." This is succeeded by a ballet, which being executed by French dancers, occasions a mutiny among the audience, who demolish the theatre, and our trio again narrowly escape with life.

Dangers of another kind now occur. Delouaville, the hero, makes a conquest, as he thinks, of a fair lady, who entraps him into "a Fleet marriage," to his great horror, and that of her relations, who detest the French. He returns to the Mandarin, whom he finds half-dead, from the effects of a severe beating, given him in return for some "principles of humanity," which he had been preaching; and shortly afterwards is visited by his new wife, when a scene of violence takes place between the French lady and her, the former being the victor. Upon this the English woman absconds, vowing revenge. The next day he is carried before a magistrate, who decides that he is lawfully married; and he is about to be carried off by his English spouse in triumph, when her relations again appear, and drag her with them. He returns home again, only to find his Cecilia has been carried off by force, by the father of his English wife, Fanny, who had gone there to search for his daughter, and being struck with Cecilia's appearance, "the tender Englishman, to make her sensible of his passion, left no kind of outrage untried. The love of a Briton has the same way of showing itself as the hatred of other people." He does not succeed, neither does Fanny with the Frenchman; and, in an agony of jealousy, she stabs him, and leaves him, as she supposes, dying; rushes home to her father, and beseeches him to destroy her.

"The father stood for some time in a gloomy silence; he embraced his daughter with a sullen composure, turned from her, and in his closet he gave himself up to these reflections:

"My wretched conduct has ruined my family. My wife and children, reduced by my prodigality to the utmost distress, curse me. My daughter, rejected by a Frenchman, has cut his throat, and must suffer for it. For myself, (worse negligence has caused these evils,) I expect every instant to be dragged to prison for my debts; and, to crown my wretchedness, love must interfere; I love to distraction, and am looked upon with horror. Our English remedy for all misfortunes is death, and death I will have recourse to. But what will become of my family? They shall die with me. I cannot make life agreeable to them; I ought, then, as a good parent, deliver them from it."

"Having settled this point, he made his wife and children, (not omitting Cecilia,) follow him into a deep, spacious vault, lighted only by the glimmering of a sepulchral lamp.

"It was beneath the lamp which hung from the middle of the cellar's roof, that Blickman, with a poignard drawn in his hand, stopped short. His mournful family no longer doubted the purpose of their visiting this gloomy cave. Cecilia, scarcely alive through fear, fell at the savage's feet; the rest of the family, as if they had waited for that signal, formed a kneeling circle around him; while he, untouched by their distress, by his haggard looks confirmed the worst of their apprehensions. When this dreadful silence, interrupted by nothing but the sobs of Cecilia, had lasted a few minutes, this tender parent, with a voice rendered more horrid by the echoes of the vault, spoke as follows:

"It is now, my children, forty years that I have been teased with the repeated view of the same sun; I am sick of his beams. The more I see of life, the more I detest it. The one half of it is spent in sleep, the other in trouble. Besides the plagues which one's own want occasions, there are children to educate—wives to contend with—debts to be paid; then one must be tyrannized over by laws—by fashions—by fortune—and by appetites. I am disgusted with such an existence; nor

ought any of you to be more attached to it than myself. What, indeed, should make you fond of it? Do you want to follow my example—to place your affections where you ought to point your most inveterate hatred? No, no, let us prevent such calamities; let us imitate those glorious ancestors, whose examples have shown us that contempt which a true Englishman should entertain for life. Your grandfather, tired of these absurdities, had recourse to poison, to release him from them; and you may still cast your eyes up to that glorious halter, which delivered your worthy grandmother from the plagues of mortality. 'Twas this vault they chose to honor with their deaths—and shall not we have the spirit to follow such gallant leaders? Let us at once baffle the hopes of creditors and physicians—let us leave the world to its misery, while we remain forever in repose.'

He first stabs Cecilia, and afterwards his own children; but the story is too good to be told in other words than the author's, who says:

"The whole assembly rejoiced at this opening of the scene, and each disputed the honor of following the common enemy. The hardened savage now produced an old razor, stained with the blood of his ancestors; with this he released from the cares of life his wife and his children. There now only remained Fanny; Blickman tenderly embraced her. 'You,' said he, 'are worthy of your father; you have stabbed that dog of a Frenchman, that had found means to gain your affections; you shall now receive the last, the greatest proof of my paternal love.'

"'Strike, my father,' said the resolute daughter, 'strike, and let me fall on the body of my rival; let me only form this wish, that my perjured spouse may survive his wound, to learn how to dread the resentment of an Englishwoman, and that he may die in the agonies of despair, for the loss of his mistress, while we are involved in peace and oblivion.' Here her father put an end to her discourse, by bestowing on her that death which she had so eagerly desired.

"The truly English parent contemplated with pleasure the slaughtered carcasses around him. Warned by the carnage, he seemed to wish for more victims. 'Ah,'

said he, 'why are not these all French? Why do I not see the perfidious spouse or my daughter extended at my feet? But—my wife—my children—'

"It was now his fury abated. Remorse succeeded to his rage. The voice of nature first struck his heart. To deliver himself from reflection, he hastened to share the fate of his family—he stabbed himself, he fell furious on the bodies of those he had butchered, and expired in the arms of horror. The lamp burnt out, and darkness, jointly with death, heightened the execrable scene."

And now, the tragedy being concluded, how does our author contrive to make the French lovers happy? Nothing so easy: the gentleman recovers of his wounds; the lady had been but slightly wounded; fright had thrown her in a fainting fit, and her screams, on her recovery, "had alarmed a legion of creditors who had seized the house," and who carry her to her lover with great alacrity, lest she should expire on the road, they "dreading the expense of her burial." The lovers are reconciled, and slowly recover under the care of a good Catholic priest, who is at last seized and carried to prison, simply because he is a priest.

Now comes the last and most amusing scene of all. The lovers sally out, in hopes of gaining intelligence of the Chinese philosopher, who has been for some time missing, and the unfortunate priest:

"One morning they found themselves near Tyburn, and seeing a great mob assembled to view two executions, they turned that way, in hopes finding, among the crowd, what they wished for. But what was their horror when, in the features of the two sufferers, they could not help recognizing their two dearest friends! What a shock to minds of sensibility! Our hero, as he was unable to relieve them, endeavored with Cecilia to avoid being a witness

of their fate, but in vain, as the crowd was too thick about them. In spite of all endeavors, they were forced to be spectators of the death of that good priest, who, but a very little while before, expected to have performed the last offices to them. He gave his blessing to the mob, to their infinite diversion; and he endeavored to persuade the Chinese to die in the Christian faith. Kin Foe replied, that he would die a philosopher, and a dispute began between them on religion, in which our Mandarin's objections to revelations breathed such a spirit of infidelity and profaneness, that they interested the populace in his favor. The ecclesiastic was now turned off, but the Mandarin, taking advantage of the English custom, made an harangue to the people. The good philosopher would have quitted life without regret, could he but hope to communicate, even at the last gasp, some spark of humanity to the surrounding barbarians. He now, with great composure, spoke in favor of the light of nature, and ridiculed the different religions which prevailed in the world. A murmur now began, 'that this malefactor must be an honest English Protestant, and no priest, since he made so light of revelation.' The mob arose; in the instant the hangman was knocked on the head, the ordinary overturned in the dirt, the gallows cut to pieces, and the Mandarin set at liberty. For once in their lives our savages took the part of a worthy man in distress, but from a motive exactly suited to the turn of their mind. Our lovers lamented their dead friend, but made haste to secure the living one. They embraced him with tears in their eyes, hurried home, and set off for France with the greatest expedition, with firm, but unnecessary protestations, of never revisiting the abominable asylum of The Savages of Europe."

Thus ends a "Comic Romance," worthy almost of Scarron himself, plentifully seasoned with grotesque absurdity, rendered all the more

*piquante* by the gravity of its relation; and which, no doubt, was gravely read by many of the author's countrymen as a picture of English life and manners, true in the main, but slightly *prononcee* in a few hideous facts, which, however common they might be in England, the inhabitants of the foggy island kept as carefully concealed, as their merits or virtues appear to have been, from the eyes of the redoubtable author of this romance.

It is not unamusing to trace, in the exaggerated incidents of parts of this story, some slight traces of truth—it has been held as an axiom, that no lie can be perfect without it. Such kind of falsehoods as these generally end in forming national prejudices, which can always convert shadows into substance with perfect ease; they have, however, their uses, inasmuch as they teach nations that they are not so immaculate in the eyes of their neighbors as they are in their own; and they should also teach the English a charitable forbearance in believing much that is imputed, on equally untenable grounds, to their neighbors.

As already intimated in a note, these absurd and lying pictures of the English, by the French, in the last century, find an exact counterpart in the shameless falsehoods about the southern people, which have for almost a quarter of a century formed the staple of northern newspaper literature.

## FORGOTTEN ENGLISH POETS.

A GERMAN critic has said that "all true poets are immortal." The idea is so common that it has passed into an axiom, but like most axioms, its sound is, perhaps, better than its sense. Popularity is by no means a safe gauge of true merit. It is, indeed, oftener otherwise. Flip-pant shallowness frequently "takes better with the world" than profound sense. Time, however, it must be confessed, generally sifts the wheat from the chaff, and avenges the wrongs of slighted genius. But not always. At least, we shall think so, if, counting the number of English poets known to the people of our day, we go back a hundred or two years, and see how many once popular bards have "faded from the memory of living man."

For instance, in the last quarter of the seventeenth century, there were four English scholars and poets by the name of Phillips, who are as unknown to the people of our times as though they had never existed.

1. There was Edward Phillips, a nephew of Milton, who continued Sir Richard Baker's Chronicle, and was an author of great learning and repute in his day. He published a volume of poems which were very popular at that time. But time has entombed his memory in pitiless oblivion.

2. John Phillips stood in a first rank with his cotemporaries and

friends, among whom were Milton and Lord Bollingbrook, and was the author of many poems of great merit. His "Splendid Shilling" was, in his own day, esteemed the finest burlesque poem in the English language, and won for him the universal applause of his time. But, alas! he is never mentioned now. True, his name is found in the Cyclopaedia of English Literature, and that is all.

3. Ambrose Phillips, who was, about 1700, one of the chief wits at *Buttons*, and was the author of several pastorals, which were among the most popular poems of his age. In one of his poems on a company of bad dancers to good music, there appears this excellent epigram:

"How ill the motion with the music suits!  
So Orpheus fiddled, and so danced the  
brutes."

But this clever author and man of genius has in no way whatever descended to our times.

4. Another John Phillips, brother to Edward, already named, and a nephew to Milton, was a poet of a great deal of renown in his day. Old Giles Jacobs, in his quaint book, says of him: "He is an excellent poet, and master of an excellent style, which shined through his works in prose and verse." He wrote a "Satyre against Hypocrites," which has not been surpassed in sharp and genuine humor, and which would be an honor to any living poet. Many of his songs

were set to music by the famous Doctor Blow. He was a man of great learning. He translated the Fifth and Sixth Books of Virgil's *Æneid* into excellent English burlesque, of which the following lines are an example :

' While Dido in a bed of fire,  
A new found way to cool desire,  
Lay wrapt in smoke, half coal, half Dido,  
Too late repenting crime libido ;  
Monsieur *Æneas* went his ways,  
And meriting but little praise,  
To leave the fair, not in the mire,  
But, which is worse, in burning fire  
He, neuter-like, had no great aim,  
To kindle, or put out the flame."

Who now ever hears of Thomas Newcomb, the poet?—Rev. Thomas Newcomb, the poet? Nobody. And yet he was a man famous in his time, which was at the close of the seventeenth century. He was a great grandson, on his mother's side, of the immortal Spencer, and enjoyed the reputation of being one of the learned men and reputable poets of his day. He made a fine translation of Addison's Latin Poems, which was one of the most popular books of his time. A specimen of his style may be seen in the following beautiful lines which begin his ode to the memory of the Countess of Berkley :

"As roses in their early bloom,  
Their incense waste, and glories hide,  
And to that morning owe their doom,  
Which promised to enlarge their pride.

"So lovely to our ravished sight,  
Thy beams, fairy Nymph, all nature  
cheered ;  
And opening just their infant lips,  
Surprised the world, and disappeared.

Among the most gifted writers of verse a hundred and fifty years ago, was Miss Molesworth, a daughter of Lord Molesworth, of Ireland, one

of the most intelligent men of his time. His beautiful and gifted daughter's poems were published with the title of "*Marianda ; Poems and Translations upon Several Occasions.*" The book was dedicated by her father to Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales. Miss Molesworth is never heard of now, but her book had a great run in her day, and made its fair authoress one of the brightest daughters of fame. In one of her poems, entitled "*Runaway Love,*" a translation from Tasso, Venus having lost Cupid, offers this tempting reward for his apprehension :

"And he that finds the boy shall have  
The sweetest kiss I ever gave ;  
But he who brings him to my arms  
Shall master be of all my charms."

Some of this young lady's epigrams and epitaphs evince a remarkable kind of humor, as for instance, the following :

"Cloe her gossips entertains  
With stories of her child-bed pains,  
And fiercely against Hymen rails ;  
But Hymen's not to blame :  
She knows, unless her memory fails,  
E'er she was wed, 'twas much the same."

And the following epitaph on a gallant lady, is quite merciless :

'O'er this marble drop a tear,  
Here lies fair Rosalinde,  
All mankind was pleased with her,  
And she with all mankind."

Sir Robert Howard was a poet of distinction enough in Addison's time to win the following lines from that great master :

"In your verse a native sweetness dwells,  
Which shames composure, and its art excels,  
Singing no more can your soft numbers  
grace,  
Than paint adds charms unto a beauteous  
face."

But, alas! who now ever hears of Sir Robert Howard, the poet?

Stephen Harvey, another poet of those days, has been cruelly covered up by remorseless Time. He was a man of great learning, and was a poet of fame enough to win the devoted friendship of the Lord Chancellor Somers. He translated with great success portions of *Ovid's Metamorphoses* and *Juvenal's Satyres*. Though this author's name has not reached our time, as a poet, yet the following still quoted lines have been fortunate enough to outstrip their author :

"There is a lust in man no charm can tame,  
Of loudly publishing his neighbor's shame ;  
On eagle's wings immortal scandals fly,  
While virtuous actions are but born to die."

Who now ever hears of Lord Sidney, Earl of Godolphin, as a poet? And yet he was not only one of the most eminent of statesmen, but one of the most elegant poets of about the middle of the seventeenth century. In the reign of Charles the Second he was Secretary of State. In the reign of James the Second he was created Lord Godolphin, and made Commissioner of the Treasury. He was afterwards of the Privy Council of King William ; and in the reign of Queen Anne, for eight years, Lord High Treasurer of England. And this great personage was as much celebrated in the field of poetry as politics. He wrote an answer to Weller's poem on the Storm and Death of Cromwell, which begins thus :

"We must resign, Heaven his great soul does claim,  
Hurried in storms as loud as his immortal fame ;

His dying groans, his last breath shakes our isle,  
And trees uncut, fall for his funeral pile."

Godolphin's reply opened with these following terrible lines :

"'Tis well he's gone (O! had he never been),  
Hurry'd in storms loud as his crying sin :  
The pine, the oak, fell prostrate for his urn,  
That with his soul his body, too, might burn :  
Winds pluck up roots, and the fix'd cedars move,  
Roaring for vengeance to the Heavens above."

His "Cupid's Pastime," the "Passion of Dido for Æneas," "Fable of the Beasts Sick of the Plague," were among the most elegant poetical productions of that day. But where now is the poet Godolphin?

Were we now to speak in any company of Dr. Samuel Garth, the poet, we should have only a vacant stare for reply, and yet he was really one of the best poets of his time, and was otherwise distinguished in the walks of literature as well as in the medical profession. His poem entitled *The Dispensary*, was rated as among the very best that the close of the seventeenth century produced. The following beautiful lines are a specimen of its fine quality :

"To die is landing on some silent shore,  
Where billows never break, nor tempest roar ;  
E'er well we feel the friendly stroke, 'tis o'er.  
The wise, thro' thought, th' insults of death defie ;  
The fools, thro' blessed insinnibility,  
'Tis what the guilty fear, the pious crave ;  
Sought by the wretch, and vanquished by the brave.  
It eases lovers, sets the captive free ;  
And, tho' a tyrant, offers liberty."

This poet had genius enough and



learning enough to make a score of such poets as flourish most voluminously in our times; and yet the name of Sir Samuel Garth, M. D., has failed to reach us, except in the library of the literary antiquary.

A hundred and fifty years ago, Francis Atterbury, D. D., Dean of Westminster and Bishop of Rochester, distinguished himself both in Latin and English poetry. He made a translation of Dryden's *Absalom and Achitophel*, which at once raised the author's name to a high degree of fame as an elegant and fervent poet. The following exquisite epigram on a lady's fan is faultless of its kind :

"Flavia the least and lightest toy  
Can with resistless art employ :  
This fan, in meaner hands, would prove  
The engine of small force in love ;  
Yet she with graceful air and mien,  
Not to be told, or safely seen,  
Directs its wanton motion so,  
That it wounds more than Cupid's bow ;  
Gives coolness to the matchless dame,  
To every other breast a flame."

We fancy we see some hypocritical negro-brower of a modern pulpit turning up his eyes in horror at such an epigram from the pen of a Dean and a Bishop ; but, nevertheless, it is innocence and purity itself, compared with the coarse jargon, vituperative cant and slang of the political pulpits of the United States in those days. But although Atterbury was admired as one of the most brilliant men of genius and elegant poets of his day, his fame has fallen far short of our time.

There died in 1570 a well-famed poet of the grave name of Thomas Churchyard. He was among the poorest and most gifted men of genius that witnessed the dawn of the reign of Elizabeth. His works

were greatly esteemed by his cotemporaries, and were published under the fanciful title of "Churchyard Chips." He was the author of the fine poems on the fall of Jane Shore, and Cardinal Wolsey in *Cemden's Remains*. He lived and died in virtuous poverty, a good thing for a poet to do, since nearly all great ones have died so. He sleeps in peace under this epitaph on the wall of the church-porch in Shrewsbury :

"Come, Alectro, lend me thy torch,  
To find a churchyard in a church-porch ;  
Poverty and poetry his tomb doth in-  
close,  
Therefore good neighbors be merry in  
prose."

A timely warning for men not to write poetry. And, alas, looking at the condition of the poets of our day, the warning seems a friendly lesson.

The name of Alexander Broome is not often heard of with us as ever having won the laurels of a poet. And yet he was the author of most of the songs which on the side of the royalists engaged the English during the time of the Rump Parliament and the usurpation of Cromwell. His muse was the most jovial of his age, and produced the principal songs that were then sung by the sons of pleasure. A famous drinking song of his begins with these lines :

"Come, come, let us drink.  
'Tis in vain for to think,  
Like tools, on grief and sadness ;  
Let our money now fly,  
And our sorrows shall die ;  
All worldly care is madness."

Dillon, the poet, sounds oddly in these days. And yet Wentworth Dillon, Earl of Roscommon, was one

of the first poets, and one of the brightest ornaments, of the literary age of Charles the Second. His essay on translated verse was deemed one of the finest poems of that time; and his works abounded with evidences of the profoundest learning and highest poetic merits. So highly was he esteemed by Dryden that he refers to him in these lines of extraordinary praise:

“The muses’ empire is restored again,  
In Charles’ reign, and by Roscommon’s pen.”

And Pope, in his essay upon Criticism, declares that—

“To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,  
And ev’ry author’s merit but his own.”

Again, Pope says:

“in all Charles’ days,  
Roscommon on y boasts unspotted bays.”

The following lines of this poet indicate the complete exemption of his muse from every taint of venality:

“I pity, from my soul, unhappy men,  
Compel’d by want to prostitute the pen;  
Who must, like lawyers, either starve or plead;  
And follow, right or wrong, where guineas lead.”

It may well excite wonder that a poet who had the ardent praise of such judges as Dryden and Pope is now reckoned among the forgotten disciples of the muses. What is fame!

The name of Michael Drayton, or Draiton, it should be written, is not a familiar one in the nineteenth century. His *Polly-Olbion* is one of the most remarkable poems written in any age; and he was a complete master of the art of song. No author, before or since his time, has possessed in a higher degree the

fancy and feeling of a true poet. Giles Jacobs, writing in 1710, says of him: “He had the reputation of being little inferior, if not in some instances equal, to Spencer, or Sir Philip Sidney.” He died in 1631, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a monument was raised to him by the celebrated Lady Anne Clifford, with this inscription in letters of gold:

“Michael Draiton, Esq.,  
a memorable poet of his age, exchanged  
his laurel for a crown of glory,  
1631.

Do, pious marble, let thy reader know  
What they and what their children owe  
To Draiton’s name; whose sacred dust  
We recommend unto thy trust.  
Protect his memory, and preserve his story;  
Remain a lasting monument of his glory.  
And when thy ruins shall disclaim  
To be the treasurer of his name,  
His name that cannot fade, shall be,  
An everlasting monument to thee.”

But, alas! alas! there stands the monument, still unaffected with the weight of almost two and a half centuries, bearing the name of the great poet, long after it has ceased to be a familiar word in any household. Oh, man, what is thy glory, at best! Oh, genius! how vain, how brief, thy proud aspirings!

To pursue our melancholy task, let us ask what has become of the once proud name of Sir John Harrington, poet? He had no less a personage for his grandmother than Queen Elizabeth. We read in “Jacob’s Lives and Character of the Poets” that—“This ingenious poet and accomplished gentleman was born near Bath, where he had a plentiful estate.” And old Dr. Fuller tells that—“He was a poet in all things except his wealth.” He had the honor to be the first transla-

tor of Aristo into English verse, a proud volume which was dedicated to Lady Elizabeth, afterwards Queen of Bohemia. He published a volume of epigrams, which were among the best of that day, as the following examples will convince the reader:

“Treason doth never prosper ; what’s the reason ?  
For if it prosper none dare call it treason.”

“Fortune, men say, doth give too much to many,  
But yet she never gave enough to any.”

“The readers and the hearers like my books,  
But yet some writers cannot them digest ;  
But what care I ? for when I make a feast  
I would my guests should praise it, not the cooks.”

But, alas ! the guests, and cooks, and all the rest, have long since ceased to digest the wit and poesy of Sir John Harrington. We must do him the credit to say that he was one of the best of his day ; but that day has passed, and good Sir John has gone with it. We grieve that it is so, for, casting our eye up along the list of the poets of our own times, we do not see one whose company we would not gladly exchange for that of Harrington. We could,

if space allowed, drag out of the tomb of these two or three centuries a score or two more of names once famous in the world of song, which are now rarely, if ever, heard on living lips. The places that knew them know them no more forever. Sad thought ! Almost a despairing one to our verse writers of the present day ; for, of all these forgotten poets, hardly one can be named who was not a man of more fame in history than the best of our poets who now swim in the flood-wave of popularity. Time will hammer all their glory into dust, as it has the flattered names before them. We have no Shakespeare, no Milton, no Byron. We have no name in poetry which we dare promise shall last two hundred years. Two hundred years ! What an insignificant, what a contemptible moment of time, compared with the duration of the world ? What mere insects, what pretty lute bugs, are these our verse-writers, poetasters (poets, in the great sense, we have none, just now) who mostly dream that they are sons of immortality ? Oh, ye fleeting shadows ! Ye pretty evanescent morning glories !

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### THE BOWL OF WINE.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK OF ANACREON.]

Fill the bowl with rosy wine,  
Around our temples roses twine ;  
And let us cheerfully awhile,  
Like the wine and roses smile.  
To-day is ours, what do we fear ?  
To-day is ours, we have it here ;  
Let’s treat it kindly, that it may  
Wish at least with us to stay :  
Let us banish care and aching sorrow ;  
To the gods belongs to-morrow.

## CURIOUS FACTS OF ANCIENT BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

It is a delusion to think that the literary communication of antiquity is not at all to be compared with the literature of the present day in extent and in importance, because writing was then the only means of spreading it. People have been deceived by a comparison of the middle ages with the modern period. In those it is perfectly true that mind was sluggish and literature barren, and little was either read or written—all being given up to the poor private inclinations of the Monks. The true ground of comparison is not between the middle ages and the present time, but between classical antiquity and the present time—between, that is, the active writing and the active printing eras. Although we may multiply to a greater extent the copies of particular works, we do not issue so many works, of which to multiply the copies. As far as regards mere multiplicity, it is much the same thing whether we have one work in ten copies, or ten works each in one copy. Now the number of copies of the individual work among us may be greater, but the number of works is less. The inner manifoldness of the ancient literature compensated for the external expansion of the modern. The literary productiveness of the ancients was greater than ours. Thus we know that the Greeks had 150 comic poets, and 1,500 original comedies, and yet these figures, considerable as they may appear,

are only the expression of that of which chance has given us the knowledge. Who can doubt that the same chance has thrown into oblivion a still greater number? Where is the literature which could count the writers of its ancient history, as Rome could hers, by thousands?—Dionysius of Halicarnassus, after speaking of many, adds the expression, *murion allon*—ten thousand others. Where is now to be heard of a library, which, like that of Alexandria, contains seven hundred thousand volumes? And this enormous number existed before the Roman literature had been developed, and when the Greek was confined to itself. Our present great libraries do not number a half or a quarter, and yet they are recruited from the literature of the whole world. It may be said that many of the ancient volumes or rolls were small. But have we no trifling brochures, and no thin pamphlets published, and collected into libraries among us now? Besides, there were many thick books in antiquity. The works of Homer, of Livy, and the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid, we know were each contained in a single volume (though no doubt also in other and more extended forms), while with us it is not an uncommon thing to have an edition of these authors spread over six, twelve, or sixteen volumes each. Pignot calculates that the Alexandrine Library would have been con-

tained in about thirty to forty thousand of our folio volumes. But even this would surely demand more than the literature of any one modern nation could supply.

Another element of publicity, common in ancient times, but which has nearly disappeared in ours, must not be omitted in a consideration of the extent to which the productions of mind were diffused among the community. This was the recitation of works before they were published, or which never were published. This took place at first in the house of the author to a few of his most intimate friends. By degrees the circle enlarged, and the place was more public. Recitations were held in the Baths and Gardens, and the public was admitted gratuitously; the concourse therefore would be the greater. The time and place of these readings were made known by particular invitations, by programmes, or public announcements. These were the subject of great discussion and interest. The works were often heard here in their first and most perfect form, before any censorship, virtual or real, had clipped them of any of their freedom. Here the political principles, or the bold language, which was cut out of the published work, were given forth fearlessly—and every point was caught up eagerly, carried from mouth to mouth, and spread through the city. Thus in the reign of Vespasian we hear of Maternus reading his Tragedy of Cato, when not thinking of his position as the subject of a monarchy, he let flow the roll of his republicanism unreservedly—the whole city was full of it and the Court displeased. Nor were these readings

before unintelligent audiences. It was expected that the hearers should have something for their pains; and if any plagiarism was detected it was visited with indignant exposure.

When the works issued from the offices of the copyists, they were circulated in only the greater numbers from the expectation of them thus excited. Martial says that he was in everybody's hands; and who can doubt that both his epigrams, and the odes and the satires of Horace, must have been exceedingly popular, and circulated in hundreds and thousands of copies? Indeed where we have any notices at all of numbers, they indicate large circulations. Augustus, according to Suetonius, confiscated less than 2,000 copies of the Pseudo-Sibyls—and this notice is preserved to us by chance—and the number confiscated must have been but a small part of the number copied off, because they had been for some time in unimpeded circulation. Again, there was a little Memoir of which Pliny speaks, and he chances to mention the number of copies, which was 1,000—with us, 300 or 400 would have been thought quite a sufficient number to strike off of such a thing. The transcribers themselves—a highly cultivated set of men—formed so small nor unimportant part of the intelligent and reading public. Every great house had its staff of readers and copyers—male and female—its *anagnostæ*, its *librarii* and *librariæ*. Most of these were slaves (they were white men, not negroes) or freedmen, educated most carefully for the express purpose, possessed of intelligent minds, and quick, neat, and elegant hands. They cost little but their support. A hun-

dred of them might write from the dictation of one. These might take for instance the second book of Martial, which would occupy say an hour to transcribe. One hundred copyists at work ten hours would give a thousand copies as the result of one day. This expedition might, when required, be increased by the use of stenography, in which the copyists were usually well versed. Indeed abbreviations, understood by the readers as well as the writers, were very common, and it was only the more splendid editions that were written out in full. In the very process of transcribing, more persons became informed of the contents of a work than is the case by means of printing with us. For while we have only one or two persons in an office, the correctors of the press, becoming acquainted with the entire work in hand, with the ancients there would be thousands and tens of thousands of cultivated men becoming, as copyists, acquainted with all the choicest literature of all ages.

One great evil arose from the system of copying by dictation—the frequent inaccuracies of the manuscripts. We hear great complaints of this. Cicero and Strabo are full of murmurs at the errors of the copyists, and Quintilian lays on his publisher great exhortation to secure correctness in the transcription of his works. But the errors of classical antiquity are different in origin and in character from those committed in the middle ages. The latter arose from errors of sight, the former from errors of sound. In correcting ancient classical MSS. we must consider how the word might be mistaken by the ear; in correct-

ing mediæval MSS. we must consider how the letter might be mistaken by the eye. Similarity of sound was the copious source of ancient errors—similarity of form, of modern. An instance in recent times just comes under our notice of an error occurring where evidently the copying was from the ear. The copyist has written *astere*—which is a mistake arising from the rapid and misunderstood pronunciation of *a cete heure*.

The facility and expedition of the copyist's labor, the absence of any law of copyright, and the extensive demand, combined to render works very cheap—which again added to the circulation. Martial tells us that we could get himself bound in purple for five denaria, or about seventy-five cents.

In this aspect of classical life, compared with the early knowledge of the art of printing in its rude form among the Chinese, we have the example of civilization and knowledge making rapid strides without a press, and being stationary with one. An ingenious and interesting analogy is observed in the fact that, as the discovery of printing preceded the Reformation, so the perfection of the copyist's art preceded the introduction of Christianity.

The demand for school-books, whether as text-books or class-books, was a great feature in the bookselling trade of the country, and was in truth boundless. Each scholar had a copy of the author he was studying, or had to recite from. And this demand was ever fresh free. For the master could adopt any book as he liked, and change it when he liked. The schools, in the

days of the Republic, were entirely free from any control of the State, and even in the beginning of the Monarchy were subject to no superintendence.

Another addition to the demand for books arose from fashion. As the empire advanced, it became part of good *ton* to possess a library. The architectural information met with in Vitruvius shows us that in building a house a room for a library was considered a necessity. Trimalchio boasted that he had three; and if we consider how few books our poor poets possess now, and yet learn that Perseus, who died young, had a library of 700 volumes, how many do we think that Pliny must have had, whose labors required him to have thousands of books at his command? The grammarian Epaphroditus had 30,000 books, and Sammonius Severus had 62,000; and Seneca speaks of a library which was so vast that the entire life of the possessor would not be sufficient to read through the catalogue. Besides these, there were many public libraries in Rome, and also at length in the little towns. If we wonder where the time came from for any proportionate use of these extensive facilities for reading, we must remember the quantity of leisure at the command of lettered and official people, as compared with the more active, busy public and often political life led by the moderns. The Roman *employes* had most of their work done by slaves, and had more leisure and more money for books. Certainly, says our author, with amusing literalness, if an *employe* now can give one or two hours each day to the spiritual progress of the times, an

ancient *employe* might devote from four to six to the same purpose. The monarchy, too, in later times, was kind enough to relieve public men of political business; their time was, therefore, more their own for literary pursuits, and their great moral and intellectual refuge would be in them. This is in a manner exposed to view by the description which the younger Pliny gives of the busy idleness of his uncle.

The number of booksellers, whose names have come down to us, is another proof of the activity of the trade. There were the brothers Sosius, for example, Horace's publishers, whose shop was in the Argiletum, near the temple of Ver-tumnus; there was Atrectus; Secundus, who lived near the Temple of Peace; Trypho, the publisher of Martial and Quintilian; though some of these were rather stationers than booksellers, for the two were distinct. There was Pompeius Phrixus in the Via Sacra, who had the title of Doctor. Dorus, the publisher of Livy and Cicero's works, in the time of Nero. There were not lacking publishers of note in the provinces also, as at Brundisium, Lyons, Rheims, Vienne. Take the following description of Atticus, the friend of Cicero, who was a bookseller, and who contributed greatly to the development of the Roman trade:

"He employed the whole body of his slaves in writing. In his workshop, which excelled everything that there had hitherto been in establishments of the kind, there were collected, as in our modern printing-offices, all sorts of workmen, part of whom were engaged in preparing the paper, and other materials, and repairing the instruments; part in multiplying the copies and in correcting; part in skillfully rolling up

the finished books, and completing them with covers, titles, and the other customary ornaments. Atticus in like manner established a bookshop, such as at this time of day could be found nowhere in the world, connected with any bookseller's or stationer's establishment. Cicero published most of his works with him, as, for instance, the *Questiones Academicæ*, the *Orator*, his *Letters*, his *Speeches against An'ony* and for *Ligarius*. The last, according to Cicero's own expression, 'sold so capitally,' that he declared his intention, that for the future, everything he should write, Atticus should have to publish. We have here again clearly another example of the very great size of the editions. For Cicero in this speech had introduced by mistake a person long ago deceased as still living, and commissioned Atticus, after the book had already found a good sale, to have the mistake subsequently corrected by the erasure of the name in *all* the copies, that is obviously in those which were still unsold. But now how great must have been the remaining stock of copies, notwithstanding the large edition which had already been disposed of, when no fewer than three of the most skillful copyists were appointed to correct this one mistake. These, however, within three days, could certainly rectify at least a thousand copies! That Atticus, moreover, was not only concerned in the multiplication, but also in the sale of works, that his pursuit was not simply a hobby, but an actual business—this is clear from the extraordinary sale of the *Ligarian* speech. We even find Cicero himself in the number of his customers, who, for instance, purchased from him a copy of the *Serapion*."—P. 120, 121.

We might show how much a celebrated publisher's shop in Rome was like one in New York or London, nay better, and more delightful still—for here all the crack authors met, and dipped and read, and had literary gossip—how they received the compliments of their friends and the booksellers, urging them to write more—how the publishers dispatched works that did not take, into the provinces for sale—to

schools, and even to the shops as waste paper, when the provinces would not have them—and lastly, how the long-sighted publishers, like Trypho, or the brothers Sosius, would only undertake instructive works, and such as were likely to have a continued demand.

Although there was as yet no regular system of remuneration for authors, the publishers frequently, it is evident, accorded what might be termed *honoraria* to such of their authors as needed or deserved them. Authors, however, were usually content with their fame for their reward, and this, with the absence of law of copyright, contributed to make their works cheap. Still when the publisher made a large profit by any work, beyond the mere return for his trade risks, it was natural that he should himself, as an honorable man, be anxious to make some acknowledgment to him by the fruit of whose brain he was enriched.

From Martial it is to be conjectured that he had received something of this kind. "The Public," he says, "have not troubled him for many verses; but Lupus, the bookseller, wants to make some money, and the household want their daily rations." Seneca, *De Beneficiis*, 7, 6, says, "We say the books are Cicero's; the very same books Dorus the bookseller calls his, and both statements are true. One claims them as the author, the other as the buyer. And they are truly said to belong to both; for they do belong to both, only not in the same manner. Thus even Titus Livius can receive or buy his own books from Dorus." The pressing entreaties of the publishers for "more copy" are almost of themselves proofs of the existence of some



*honorarium*, especially when, as in the case of Martial, the eager bookseller met with a needy author. Some writers have objected against the likelihood of there having been such an arrangement, the constant complaints of poets and authors of their poverty, and that, they argue, could not have been the case, if they were in the habit of receiving remuneration for their labor. But this certainly is no ground of objection to the supposition. For even now, when payment to authors is systematic, they not only fail to be rich, but have often a difficulty in "getting along." Martial received 25,000 sesterces, or about \$830 for a complete edition of his poems; but taking one year with another, although he was read as far as Britain, what he received from his productions must have left him miserably poor.

One thing which would make books cheaper and publishers less able to remunerate authors was (what we have already alluded to,) the absence of any protecting law of copyright. Any one was at liberty to copy any book of which he might get possession. But this was seldom done to any extent, and could never pay as a speculation. The machinery, as above described, was got together with with so much difficulty, and after so much care, and then, when complete, presented such facilities of executing work, that no one without a similar establishment could at all compete with the publisher. Even over his rivals the legitimate publisher had always an advantage. He got the first start,

and could put forth at once such a supply as would prevent its being worth any one else's while to follow in his steps for the gleanings. The only real danger the publisher was in, was from his *collegen*, his associates, who might secrete early copies, or otherwise keep up with, or get the start of, their employer, by betraying him to some other publisher. Against such frauds (apparently of such rare occurrence) the publisher had to guard himself. But there was nothing in the trade corresponding to the modern piracy.

The ladies and the idlers of ancient times were not without their literature either, any more than those of a more recent day. The Roman booksellers had plenty of lounging literature—much drawing-room, scrap-book lore. Some of the ladies even interested themselves in grammar and criticism. Juvenal laughs a good deal at the blue stockings of his day; and Martial also makes himself merry in the same way, and prays that the gods will save him from a learned wife. To which prayer probably the learned lady might reciprocate as hearty an amen on her own account. All this only goes to confirm the wisdom of Solomon, touching the absenae of novelty under the sun—and to show how the same phases of society return, with invincible determination of human nature to its own forms, and how men will talk nonsense and women sense—at times—in spite of the evident design of Providence that the occupations, as habits, should be reversed.

## THE FIRST EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE.\*

THE publishers of the seventeenth century are not always to be depended upon in their statements respecting the authenticity of the sources whence they obtained their texts ; but a careful examination of the circumstances under which the first edition of Shakespeare appeared, would lead us to believe that the assertion, they were "published according to the true original copies," is strictly correct. The work appeared under the care of Heminge and Condell, two of the poet's most intimate friends ; and their "Address to the great variety of Readers" is in a tone of serious truth, not, as is too frequently the case in books of the period, in one of exaggerated adulation. "It had been a thing," they observe, "worthy to have been wished, that the author himself had lived to have set forth and overseen his own writings ; but since it hath been ordained otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envy his friends the office of their care and pain to have collected and published them ; and so to have published them, as where before you were abused with divers stolen and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious impostors that exposed them, even those

*are now offered to your view cured, and perfect of their limbs ; and all the rest absolute in their numbers, as he conceived them.*" It is quite clear from this that Heminge and Condell professed to print an authentic edition—the first having any real claims to authenticity ; and as this long-vaunted "first folio" is talked of more than read, and is daily increasing in an extravagant price, it may not be without its use to offer to our readers a few observations on the chief points in which its value really consists.

There can be little doubt that many of the plays in the first folio were printed from Shakespeare's own manuscripts, for the editors assert this ; and the general statement of the clearness of the poet's manuscripts, is in some measure confirmed by Ben Johnson. Of the thirty-six plays contained in this volume, exactly one half had never previously been published in any form whatever, and four had only appeared in a very obscure and mutilated condition ; so that to twenty-two out of thirty-six plays, the disputed question respecting the difference in value between the quarto and folio editions, does not apply. This circumstance alone imparts an extraordinary and inestimable value to the now rare old volume referred to in a note. In it are unquestionably preserved the only original copies, from Shakespeare's own manuscripts, of twenty-two of his plays.

\* Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies, published according to the Original Copies. London: Printed by Isaac Jaggard and Edward Blount. The first folio edition.)

The following statement will enable the reader to see precisely the earliest authority for each play :

- Tempest, first folio, no quarto.  
 Two Gentlemen of Verona, first folio, no quarto.  
 Merry Wives of Windsor, first folio, no early authentic quarto.  
 Measure for Measure, first folio, no quarto.  
 Comedy of Errors, first folio, no quarto.  
 Much Ado about Nothing, first folio, quarto, 1600.  
 Love's Labor Lost, first folio, quarto, 1598.  
 A Midsummer Night's Dream, first folio, quarto, 1600.  
 Merchant of Venice, first folio, quarto, 1600.  
 As You Like It, first folio, no quarto.  
 Taming of the Shrew, first folio, no quarto.  
 All's Well that Ends Well, first folio, no quarto.  
 Twelfth Night, or What you Will, first folio, no quarto.  
 The Winter's Tale, first folio, no quarto.  
 King John, first folio, no quarto.  
 Richard II., first folio, quarto, 1597.  
 Henry IV., two parts, first folio, quartos, 1598, 1600.  
 Henry V., first folio, no early authentic quarto.  
 Henry VI., Part 1, first folio, no quarto.  
 Henry VI., parts 2 and 3, first folio, no early authentic quartos.  
 Richard III., first folio, quarto, 1597.  
 Henry VIII., first folio, no quarto.  
 Troilus and Cressida, first folio, quarto, 1609.  
 Coriolanus, first folio, no quarto.  
 Titus Andronicus, first folio, quarto, 1600.  
 Romeo and Juliet, first folio, authentic quarto, 1599.  
 Timon of Athens, first folio, no quarto.  
 Julius Cæsar, first folio, no quarto.  
 Macbeth, first folio, no quarto.  
 Hamlet, first folio, authentic quarto, 1604.  
 King Lear, first folio, quarto, 1608.  
 Othello, first folio, quarto, 1622.  
 Antony and Cleopatra, first folio, no quarto.  
 Cymbeline, first folio, no quarto.  
 Pericles, third folio, quarto, 1609.

With the exception, therefore, of fourteen plays, for "Pericles," not being inserted in the folio till 1664, need scarcely enter into our present consideration, the first edition of Shakespeare of 1623 is our only real authority for the poet's text. With respect to these fourteen, various circumstances must determine how far reliance may be placed upon them; but recollecting that, even if any of the quartos were used in the preparation of the folio, they had most probably received authorised corrections, we should incline, in nearly every instance, to prefer the authority of the latter. A great deal of license in unobjectionable readings, in cases where authentic quartos and the folio differ, must necessarily be left to the particular editor; but we cannot help thinking that Mr. Knight has pursued the wisest course in closely following Heminge and Condell's edition. Horne Tooke's opinion on this subject deserves to be of weight, for he had closely studied the grammatical character of Shakespeare's English, and could speak with confidence on what was the most likely to be a genuine text. "The first folio, in my opinion," observes that eminent critic, "is the only edition worth regarding; and it is much to be wished that an edition of Shakespeare were given *literalim* according to the first folio, which is now become so scarce and dear that few persons can obtain it; for by the presumptuous license of the dwarfish commentators, who are for ever cutting him down to their own size, we must risk the loss of Shakespeare's genuine text, which that folio assuredly contains; notwithstanding some few slight errors of the press, which

might be noted without altering."

Heavy, indeed, will be his responsibility who shall venture to depart widely from this grand foundation of the genuine text of Shakespeare. Even the editor of the second folio, which was published nine years afterwards, so far from improving the text by reference to the original manuscripts, merely corrected obvious typographical blunders, and committed unnecessary alterations, which bore in themselves the marks of spuriousness by being adapted to the changes which had occurred in the construction of the English language after the poet's death. This is a consideration which should never be lost sight of; for however agreeable may certain ingenious alterations and "improvements" be to modern ears, it is an editor's duty to give to the world what Shakespeare wrote in the diction of his own time, not what he would have written had he been contemporary with Dryden, or had lived amongst ourselves. In the latter case, instead of writing plays, he would perhaps have astonished the world by some brilliant essays in the *Quarterly*, or controlled the political destinies of the day by gentle thunders in "The Times." The present is not the day for play writing.

The folio edition is sometimes, however, corrected in the minor points by some of the quartos, and, as whatever appeared in the poet's lifetime must be consonant with the grammatical phraseology of the period, even independently of their authority, such corrections are deserving of the greatest consideration. All corrections, however, appearing in any form after the appearance of the folio of 1623, unless

found in copies guaranteed to have been taken from authentic manuscripts, must be looked upon as purely conjectural; and the more we examine into the minutiae of Shakespeare's literature, the more reason we shall find for distrusting nearly all conjectural readings. A line from a contemporary poet will often dissipate pages of learning and lines of ingenious emendation, which, in the singular words of Dr. Johnson, "almost place the critic on a level with the author." Amongst many instances which occur to us, illustrating this remark, may be mentioned a new reading in a well-known passage in *Hamlet*:

— "I am thy father's spirit;  
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,  
And for the day confined to *fast, in fires,*  
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of  
nature,  
Are burnt and purged away."

It is now proposed to read *lasting fires*, a reading which, however ingenious, destroys the allusion to the old notion that one of the miseries of hell and purgatory was the want of food, or, as Chaucer has it, "defaute of mete and drinke."

To take another example, in the same play, in the second scene of the first act:

"He may not, as unvalued persons do,  
*Carve for himself*; for on his choice depends  
The safety and the health of the whole state;  
And therefore must his voice be circumscrib'd  
Unto the voice and yielding of that body,  
Whereof he is the head."

One would have thought there was little occasion for the exercise of any critical ingenuity here, but we are mistaken. A critic considers *carve for himself*, to be a coarse, if not an

unmeaning expression; we may easily read, and with some degree of elegance and force, *crave, i. e.*, "sue for himself." This, however, is a mere trifle to a perpetration in Othello, where Desdemona unfortunately says:

"Beshrew me much, *Æmilia*,  
I was, *unhandsome warrior as I am*,  
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;  
But now I find I had suborn'd the witness,  
And he's indited falsely."

"Unhandsome warrior," says the critic, should surely be *unhandsome lawyer*, or pleader; for "*lawyer and warrior* being somewhat alike in sound, the mistake was made in transcribing."

Some of the critics have a marvelous idea of the poet's metre, as may be witnessed in the following undeniable prosaic marring of one of the most characteristic scenes in *Macbeth*:

"But in a sieve I'll thither sail,  
And, like a rat without a tail,  
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll not fail."

The Frenchman sadly wanted to know what the witch was going to do—"I'll do, I'll do, I'll do—*vell, vat vill she do?*" The English emendator has settled the question about as satisfactorily as the scholar answered one respecting the *number* of people who were drowned in an excursion somewhere near the English Alma Mater:

"Omnes drownderunt, qui swimaway potnerunt."

We cannot resist another specimen from the same play, though we fear the consequences of its disclosure on Mr. Macready, whose impressive reading of the lines must be in the recollection of most of our readers:

"This supernatural soliciting  
Cannot be ill; *cannot be good.*"

The sagacious annotator is sadly

puzzled. What could have possessed Shakespeare to talk about a thing that was not bad, and could not be good? Then what can this supernatural soliciting amount to? The conclusion is obvious. *The text is corrupt!* Our critic is convinced the author wrote—

"This supernatural soliciting  
Cannot be ill—*can it be good?*"

Some of the most highly-gifted æsthetical commentators have proved themselves wanting in judgment in conjectural emendations. Thus Coleridge, in a well-known and easily-understood passage in "*The Merry Wives of Windsor*:"

"*Ed.* Now the report goes she has all the rule of her husband's purse; he hath a legion of angels."

"*Pist.* As many devils entertain; and, 'To her, boy,' say I;"

unnecessarily and absurdly proposes to read, *As many devils enter'd swine*, and makes it a scriptural allusion. Errors of this kind render it very desirable that editors should use the very utmost caution in distributing the authentic text; a text we know to have been printed, in a great part, from Shakespeare's own manuscripts. "We have scarce received from him a blot in his papers," is the assertion of Heminge and Condell, in 1623. Is it likely that a correctly-printed book, as the first folio confessedly is, printed from unblotted and unerasd manuscripts, should afford large scope for conjectural emendation? We think not; and that all really careful readers of the poet, who bring to the work a competent knowledge of the language and literature of the times, will agree with us in thinking that Mr. Knight was well advised in adhering as closely as he did to the unauthenticated text of the truly valuable volume which has been made the subject of these remarks.

## CHILHOWEE, THE INDIAN VILLAGE.

[BY W. GILMORE SIMMS, ESQ.]

Exulting, in the sense of a new realm,  
 Umbrageous, of grand forests, and great plains,  
 Spreading like cultured meadows; and crowned hills,  
 Ascending, tier on tier, 'till in the sky,  
 They lost themselves within a kindred blue;  
 Spreading, with eager bound, upon a steed,  
 Full-blooded, and buoyant as the billowy waves  
 Commencing with a joyous breeze at dawn;  
 What wonder if I cried aloud my joy,  
 Exuberant in keen consciousness of life,  
 In eulogy of nature, and that freedom  
 Which seemed in her possession of the wild—  
 No law, no limit, no perpetual toil,  
 No striving of vex'd myriads in the crowd;  
 Foul airs of the great city and sad sight,  
 Amid its narrow alleys and low courts,  
 Where poor humanity struggles, day by day,  
 For the mean boon and narrow privilege,  
 Simply of breathing and dying, to no end,  
 Promised of happiness—what wonder then,  
 If freed of these, amidst the boundless spread  
 Of wilderness, I cried aloud my thoughts?

“Ay, this is freedom! Nature, here, supreme  
 In tangled realm of verdancy, in forests,  
 Umbrageous, with protection for her tribes,  
 Is the unquestioned sovereign! At her feet  
 Lake, wood, and rivulet, bud and bird, and beast,  
 Tree, flower and leaf, in matchless quietude,  
 Enjoying perfect freedom. Here the man,  
 The golden age renews, in a delight  
 That knows not gold, and never craves for it,  
 Nature and Freedom being perfect wealth.”

So spoke I, and my sage companion laugh'd,  
 Drew up his steed, and merrily replied:

“Nature and Freedom! These are glorious words  
 That make the world mad. Take a glimpse of both,  
 Such as you readily find, when, at your leisure,  
 You tread the ancient military trace,  
 Through Georgia to the ‘Burnt-Corn Settlements’—  
 Or, farther West, if happily you deign  
 To make the journeys I have made and speed,  
 Where the gaunt Choctaw lingers by the swamps  
 That fence the Yazoo; where the Chickasaw  
 Steals his hog nightly from the squatter's close,

And gets his furlough from all service thence,  
 In a swift bullet at a hundred yards.  
 Nay, you may find your illustration here,  
 Of nature, and the freedom she bestows,  
 In full possession of her sovereignty.  
 We've but to round you steep acclivity,  
 Crown'd with primeval pines, and you shall see  
 Your empire, happy in its golden age."

So rode we, 'till we circled a steep hill,  
 When, said the father, with his laughing eyes,  
 Twinkling with humor consonant to the speech,  
 Designed to cure the boy's enthusiasm :

"Now, lift thy glass, and tell me what thou seest!"

[It was an Indian village rose in view,]

"Chilhowee!—sounding well in poesy!

Now, here is nature sure'y, but of fashion  
 Such as, I fancy, never once delighted  
 Dear, delicate Chateaubriand, when he sought  
 Arcadia 'mongst the Hurons! How one laughs  
 At these philosophers who finger nature  
 With gloves of sentiment, and see her features  
 Through opera glasses; and exult in Romans,  
 That strut in costume of good Louis Quatorze!

"Could we transfer this picture now to Paris;  
 Summon St. Pierre—cull up that heartless proser,  
 All sentiment and syllabub, Rousseau;  
 Nay, the Ironoclast himself, Voltaire,  
 Who broke all idols down, that he might leap  
 To all their pedestals, yet foul his own;  
 And with their fancies and philosophies,  
 Contrast this portrait, taken from the life,  
 How would they shrink abashed!

"Old Rabelais

Would shake anew in his easy chair; Montaigne  
 Feel justified at the cost of that pretension  
 That dared to usurp his judgment seat and mock  
 The better lessons of his wiser wit—  
 Still teaching nature in her nakedness,  
 Or in her prostitution, or in paint!

"You speak of nature as a thing of trees,  
 Rocks, woods, and waters; beautiful heights and slopes,  
 And wild flowers that, appealing as you ride,  
 With loveliest hues, yet yield you no reward,  
 When you alight to pluck them; being designed  
 To please the passing traveler, not delay.  
 You sum up nature in such things as these,  
 Yet nature's truest representative  
 Is man; whose properest nature lies in art!  
 Nature, as you discern it, lies in growth;  
 Man's nature is development. He lives  
 To shape all natural objects to his will,

According to endowment ; to make trees  
 Expand to ships, which, crossing wondrous seas,  
 Bring nations to commune with one another,  
 In such relations as still profit all ;  
 He prompts attrition thus ; compels the thought,  
 And with expedient multiplies resource,  
 To the vast uses of humanity. He shapes  
 The rock into the temple, and discovers  
 Where the grand statue harbors in the stone.  
 His genius means discovery. He explores—  
 Tears out the hidden treasure from the mine ;  
 Finds out the virtue in the mineral ;  
 Bark, tree, and shrub, medicinal ; and thus  
 Developes all their uses through his own !  
 The nature which does nothing of these things,  
 Is, in the man, mere savagism ; that knows  
 Nothing of freedom, and can never know !  
 Man's freedom hath conditions, under law,  
 Attainable only as he yields to law,  
 That law being founded in his special gifts,  
 Work'd faithfully in humility and hope,  
 That, in due season, freedom shall be sure,  
 In the just exercise of art, while nature,  
 Serenely harbors in society.

“The history in this picture which you see,  
 Is patent at a glance. You trace it all,  
 Through the few seasons left it to endure ;  
 And nought of the prophet instinct will it need,  
 To tell you of the fortunes of the race ;  
 While just as little will philosophy need,  
 To solve the problem which involves their fate.  
 There's nothing occult here. Note the *coup d'œil*—  
 All's spread upon the canvas at a glance.  
 Behold the wretched hovels, twelve or more,  
 Shrouded in smoke. In front of each behold  
 A screaming brat, that, lash'd upon his board,  
 Hiss rocks from the tree ; the dam beneath ;  
 A surly drudge that never once looks up,  
 But hoes and hills her corn, as if her soul  
 Lay clamoring there for sudden and strong help !  
 Behold the groups of curs at every den,  
 Lank, mangy, most uncouth ; that, yelping, run  
 For shelter as we come. See, two green skins,  
 That clothed the brown deer of the woods last night,  
 Stretched now around the oak, beneath whose boughs  
 Their owners browsed last season, ere the tribe  
 Went into summer quarters—

“Lo ! yon group,  
 Women and children, in that happy state  
 Which you call nature, which delights in freedom,  
 Ere Adam wore his fig leaves, and became,  
 A tailor for the nonce ; the first step taken



In *his* art-progress. There, around a pit,  
 They squat, clay-d gging, for their pots and pans,  
 The sum of all their excellence in art ;  
 Nay, linger not in study of this scene,  
 Lest in rebellion, justified of sense,  
 The nostrils of our very steeds shall rise,  
 Dilating with revulsion.

“It may be,  
 That, with your lessons in romance, you'll find  
 A more legitimate picture for good taste,  
 And the heroic, basking in the sun,  
 Where crouch the chiefs ;—five warriors of the wild  
 Who may be sung in ballads ;—vigorous men,  
 Ready for drink and quarrel, scalp and strife,  
 But monstrous lazy !

“There lies ‘Turkey-Foot,’  
 Not slow to run when sober, should the squatter  
 Press on his rear. Achilles-like, his heels  
 Are sadly mortal. There's ‘Fat-Terrapin,’  
 No runner he, I ween ; but he will sleep,  
 Having gorged, like a Bear ! Never braver man  
 Than the ‘Gray Weasel’ ever sought the fight,  
 But then he loves ‘fire-water,’ and even now,  
 See, his head dangles on unsinew'd neck,  
 And bobs from side to side.

“The ‘Crooked Path,’  
 A double-dealing rogue as ever lived,  
 Looks like a model cutpurse. Such his merit  
 Among his people. Wondrous his renown,  
 In council with congressional brethren,  
 For subtle and sharp practice. There is none  
 Can match with him in cunning argument  
 To make the worse appear the better cause ;  
 No fox-like politician do vote better  
 In working round the rough ‘Cape Positive’  
 To channel ‘Non-Committal.’ Happy he,  
 To steer between those breakers, ‘Yes and No’  
 Leaving no furrow on his sinuous path,  
 As guide-track to most cunning enemy.

“Last of this group, behold old ‘Blazing Pine,’  
 Though but a pine-knot now. His seventy years  
 Have all been wasted ; but his limbs are strong  
 To carry him yet in the chase. His small black eye  
 Not often fails to see ; his nervous hand,  
 Still sends the ball unerring to the mark,  
 Into the brown deer's flank.

“These warriors brave,  
 Your frequent favorite heroes of romance,  
 Will all be drunk ere night ; the soberest now,

Drunk with the drunkest. The already drunk,  
 Mad,—raging for their weapons in the dark,—  
 Hidden by the wise precautions of their wives—  
 Beating the walls, the winds ; striving with trees  
 And one another ; impotent, but fierce,  
 And foaming with their fury unappeased,  
 'Till, in their rages, with their empty bottles,  
 They'll break the old squaw's head, and she will fly,  
 Howling for vengeance.

“ She will swim yon stream,  
 Her blood, red-streaking, as she sends along  
 The wave that washes 'gainst her batter'd skull,  
 Seeking for safety 'mongst her kindred tribe,  
 Of the 'Mad-Turtles.' She will head a war,  
 And they will lose their scalps, with infinite grace,  
 To one another. War, with its long train  
 Of strifes and injuries, will rive their fields—  
 Destroy their little maize crops and frail hu's,  
 And leave them starving. Want may then produce  
 The peace that came not with prosperity ;  
 And they will link their arms, and, in small groups,  
 Steal nightly over to the opposite shore,  
 And rob the squatter's farm-yard. Cows and calves  
 They'll drive across the river. The young corn  
 They'll break from its green columns, and the pigs  
 They'll barbecue as well at an Indian camp,  
 As at a white man's muster.

“ What comes next ?  
 The squatter goes against the savages,  
 And drives them—a most sad necessity—  
 Much mourn'd by modern-mouthed philanthropy,  
 Into remoter forests.

“ Five years hence,  
 And the foul settlement we gaze on now  
 Will be a village of the paler race,  
 Having its thousand souls. Churches will rise,  
 With taverns on each hand. To the right, see  
 That gloomy house of morals called a jail ;  
 And from the town hall, on the opposite square,  
 You yet sha'l hear some uncomb'd orator  
 Discourse of freedom, politics, and law,  
 In tones shall make your blood boil, or your hair  
 Start up in bristles. It may be your fortune  
 To hear his comment on your favorite themes,  
 'Nature and Freedom ;' while your eyes discern  
 'Fat Terrapin,' 'Gray Weasel,' and, perchance,  
 The aged 'Blazing Pine,'—all Christians then,—  
 Cowering, bewildered, 'mongst the clamorous crowd  
 Which hangs delighted on the orator's words,  
 Heedful, delighted, drunk as any there !'

## OUR BOOK TABLE.

In his recent work upon *Dark Things*,\* these dark things including Insanity, Animal Infestations, Distinctions of Color and the Sea, with others equally sable to make an assortment, Dr. Bushnell has undertaken to demonstrate that the evidence of contrivance is to be tested by the moral and not the physical uses of the works of the Creator. A very excellent idea, and capable, in the hands of a man of ability and culture, of being expanded into a book of interest and power. But the author brings no particular originality either of thought or management to his work. He gives us the customary platitudes of the pulpit, and pooh-poohs both Paley and Kirby by way of showing that his learning is superior to theirs; but he rarely gets above a dead level of dullness, which is exceedingly wearisome. There are occasional bits that are pleasant enough. Thus it amuses the reader when he finds the late lamented Mr. Lincoln classed for goodness and greatness alongside of Alfred and Washington; and those who think Sambo to be inferior to the white man, set down forever and finally as "low-minded scorners of the African race." It is, indeed, when he comes to the consideration of the high merits of the black man that the Doctor gets to be superlatively funny. He discovers that a negro "has a most wonderfully inspirational capacity for religion," that he is "plainly and even superlatively religious, capable of high inspirations, and abounding in examples of practical beatitude and worship"—doubtless referring to the fetishism of the race in the South, the horrible rites of the Voodoo practised there, or the "charms" and "rooting" so much in vogue among the better educated blacks of the North. He asserts that the race "improvises ballads that have mysteriously wild, weird power, and even excite

a certain wonder in the literary classes of the world;" but he does not say whether these ballads are the banjo and bones melodies of the Southern plantations, or the monotonous chants sung to the tam-tam in Africa. That is well enough; but when we are told that "conditions of climate and social disadvantages" have blackened the negro, and changed his hair to wool, crooked his shin bones, and given his head the shape of a cocoa-nut, we laugh more at the ignorance of the writer than at the absurdity of the assertion, and come to the conclusion that a man may be doctor in divinity without being learned in ethnology, and that Dr. Bushnell is one of the instances to be cited in evidence of such a conclusion. But the reader will not even laugh when the learned priest proposes to chastise those who doubt the unity of race by asking the question "whether possibly it is not God's plan to finish this race last, [the negro,] and set them [sic] on the summit, when their day shall come, as the topstone of all righteous peace, and most inspired religion." There can be no emotion beyond pity when a man who is supposed by the nature of his profession to have some knowledge of the rules of logic, descends to the production of such drivel.

The report of J. Ross Browne upon the mineral and other resources of that portion of the United States lying west of the Rocky Mountains, has been issued in a shape fit for the library, and will be warmly welcomed by those whose interests lie in the region of which it treats.† But to consider it as a mere book of dry detail is

† Resources of the Pacific Slope. A Statistical and Descriptive Summary of the Mines and Minerals, Topography, Agriculture, Commerce, Manufactures and Miscellaneous Productions of the States and Territories West of the Rocky Mountains. With a Sketch of the Settlement and Exploration of Lower California. By J. Ross Browne, aided by a Corps of Assistants. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Imp. 8vo., pp. 873.

\* Moral Uses of Dark Things. By Horace Bushnell. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 16mo., pp. 350.

to do neither it nor its author justice. It is in many parts as interesting as a fairy tale. That its details are trustworthy there can be no doubt—they bear upon themselves throughout the stamp of truth. But the amount of wealth they reveal to exist on and on the soil, the sudden growth of towns and cities in spots only of late released from the control of the nomadic tribes, the rapidity with which population is pouring into places hitherto considered incapable of being redeemed from the desert state, and the visions which the mind of the reader, as the details are mastered, forms of vast empires rising in the wilderness, render the picture more fascinating than new stories of the Eastern sultana. Even Lower California, generally supposed to be sterile, is shown to have agricultural capabilities, and to be possessed of resources which may yet make it a prosperous State, either of this Union, or of a new and powerful confederacy destined to control the shores, and thereby the commerce of the Pacific. As a book of reference for the scholar, the politician and the man of business, the work is indispensable.

One of the very clever st novels in many respects that have appeared during the season is the "Tricotrin" of the lady who writes under the name of Ouida.\* The plot, without being intricate, is well constructed, and the identity of the hero veiled from all but the practised novel-reader till near the close. The characters are generally well drawn, but that of Viva is given with great force and power. Many of the scenes are admirably worked up, the incidents are striking even while improbable, and where they are improbable, their improbability disappears before the art of the author. The hero of the book is a mixture of the Grand Duke of Gerolstein, and almost any one of James's solitary horsemen, but he is perhaps none the worse for that; and the good will of the reader, which he gains at the outset of the story, he retains to the end.

A very entertaining little book is the last by Mr. Webb, whose burlesque of St. Elmo

attracted so much attention.\* Outside of its keen satire, and its amusing play upon words, it has a very decided though not an obtrusive moral. The illustrations are clever so far as they go, but the press work scarcely does them justice.

A singular novel, but having a certain kind of merit, is to be found in "Callimura."† At the outset it is weak—the author seeming to be impregnated with the manner of the author of "St. Elmo"—and forcing her characters to drivel out encyclopedic learning. As the story advances, this is cast aside. Bit by bit the story assumes consistency, and the interest grows stronger, until the book culminates in a few pages of forcible writing singularly in contrast with the beginning. The author has it in her, evidently, to write a work that will create some literary sensation. Whether this capacity will ever amount to anything depends upon her forgetting that she ever took lessons in botany and other natural sciences, and the being fully possessed with the fact that to succeed in a work of fiction, as in anything else, earnestness is a necessary, though not the sole qualification.

One of the most delightful stories of the day is the "Madame Therese" of Messrs. Erekmaan and Chatrian,‡ two Frenchmen, whose literary partnership has been fruitful of many clever works of fiction. The story itself is in all respects worthy of commendation, depending as it does for its interest upon a simple and natural narration of probable events, its skilful portraiture of character, and its faithful painting of life and incidents in a quiet German village during the latter part of the last century. Thoroughly life-like are all the characters. Dr. Wagner, Koeffel, Schmidt, Richter, Lisbeth, the French commandant, and the mole-catcher, act as such human beings would do under like circumstances. Every incident is characteristic, and devoid of exaggeration. The machinery of

\* The Wickedest Woman in New York. By C. H. Webb. New York: G. W. Carleton. 16mo., pp. 44.

† Callimura. By Julia Pleasants. Philadelphia Claxton, Remsen & Haefelinger. 16mo., pp. 454.

‡ Madame Therese; or, The Volunteers of '92. By M. Erekmaan-Chatrian. New York: Chas. Scribner & Co. 16mo., pp. 239.

\* Tricotrin; The Story of a Walf and Stray. By "Ouida." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 2mo., pp. 675. With Portrait.

the story is exceedingly simple, and the interest lies in the manner of the narrative, and the perfection of the book in all its parts. The illustrations, ten in number, correspond in their execution with the work.

A sixth edition of our old and enduring favorite work upon the English language now and in the past, has just been issued, and has had the benefit of a thorough revision, though few books needed it less.\* For Archbishop Trench is a man who pursues his subject, treats it exhaustively, finds no analogy too deep, nor no word too hidden for his research, and with this does his work in a way that fascinates the reader, and makes him who takes up his treatise for consultation, linger over it, or read from the place he opens to the close. The book, which originally took the shape of lectures, and were delivered years since to the pupils of an English college school—the author at that time not being in the archiepiscopal chair—underwent revision and expansion in manuscript, and at length, in this late edition, in print. The eight lectures to which it grew serve as convenient chapters, and are devoted to treating on English as a Composite Language, English as it Might Have Been—a very interesting part—Gains of the English Language—very full and satisfactory—Diminution of the Language, Changes in the Meaning, and Changes in the Spelling of English words. It is astonishing how much interest and learning are compressed into a few pages in the case of this work.

Ramon Paez, the son of the well-known Liberator of Venezuela, once on a time gave a very clever series of sketches of life in the Llanos, and recently has so enlarged and improved it, and introduced so much new matter, that it may be considered an entirely new production.† Without aspiring to anything like fine writing, and with no exaggerated incident, there is a flavor of adventure throughout the whole, and a simplicity of narrative that inspires the

reader with nomadic impulses, and a desire to see a country whose life and characteristics are so vividly described. Nor is it merely as a chronicle of adventure by flood and field that the volume of Don Ramon has such interest. It embodies, in an entertaining way, a vast amount of curious information concerning the topography and natural history of the country, and is therefore a valuable addition to the library of the student—a book of reference as well as the pleasant companion of an idle hour. The illustrations scattered throughout, are apt, and exceedingly well engraved.

The learned translator of "Ritter's Palestine" has prepared a work of more than ordinary interest and value—one which, now it has appeared, we are surprised that it was never before published.\* It is a historical atlas, the character of which may best be told by a list of the maps it contains. There are—1. The Known World and the Roman Empire in the Augustan Age, A. D. 1.—2. The Known World at the Death of Constantine, A. D. 337.—3. The Known World at the Division of the Roman Empire, A. D. 392.—4. Europe about the end of the Fifth Century.—5. The Mahomedan Empire, A. D. 750.—6. The Empire of Charlemagne, 771–814.—7. The Crusades.—8. Germany at the Time of the Reformation, A. D. 1500.—9. At the Death of Charles V., 1551.—10. Europe from the Time of Frederick the Great to the French Revolution, 1763–1793.—11. Europe During the Career of Napoleon I.—12. European Discoveries in North America.—13. North America, as held by the English, French, and Spanish Colonies.—14. North America, as divided between English and Spanish Colonies.—15. North America, indicating the United States, according to the Treaty of 1783. These titles show, without additional words, how indispensable the work is to the student of history. Of its minute accuracy there can be no question; and it is got up in the most elegant and substantial manner, and in a mechanical style entirely novel on this side of the Atlantic. We particularly commend this work to the attention of the general

\* English Past and Present. Eight Lectures. By Richard Chevenix Trench, D. D., Archbishop of Dublin. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 18mo., pp. 525.

† Travels and Adventures in South and Central America. First Series—Life in the Llanos of Venezuela. By Don Ramon Paez. New York: Charles Scribner & Co., 12mo., pp. 473.

\* A Modern Historical Atlas. For the Use of Colleges, Schools, and General Readers. By [the] Rev. Wm L. Gage. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo.

reader no less than to those engaged in the instruction of the young.

That entertaining traveler, J. Ross Browne, who has gone to China less as envoy than to get materials among the Fan-Kwei for a book, has given us as a parting souvenir a work on his adventures in the Apache country, with his second visit to Washoe, and his trips to Bodie Bluff and the Dead Sea of the West.\* The reading public are by this time thoroughly familiar with the style of this writer. He is one of the most entertaining companions for those who wish to see all the world without moving from their own firesides. Discomforts do not at all move his disposition to anything but mirth, and even danger seems to him a most stupendous joke, to be enjoyed in the general company. Yet with all this unflinching drollery, we have graphic descriptions of all that is worth describing, and a substratum of good sense plainly to be seen beneath the superincumbent fun. To young and old, Mr. Browne's works are always welcome; and however diplomacy may fare, the reading public will be well served when the author returns from his feasts on dog ragout and bird's nest soup, to the beef and bread of his own country, with at least three books full of grotesque accounts of men and manners in the Celestial Empire.

The revival of interest concerning the true mode to prevent rather than to punish crime, or rather the way by preventing to avoid the necessity of punishment, will receive a new impetus from the publication of Dr. Pierce's history of the New York House of Refuge.† The book gives a clear narration of all that has been done abroad as well as here to reform juvenile delinquents, and so to give less opportunity for dealing on the criminals of mature years. That the labors of Falk, Von der Reche, and Georgi abroad, and of Griscom, Eddy,

and Collins in this country, have resulted in much positive good, none can deny. The work before us explains thoroughly the system which has grown from the seed they planted, and gives us a number of curious and interesting facts upon which thoughtful men will ponder.

Our old friend, du Chaillu, has come forward again for the relief of children who desire to read all about gorillas, and the doings of the savages in Africa, without wading through the topography and statistics with which accounts for older readers are interlarded. In his *Wild Life Under the Equator*,\* with its clever illustrations, young people will find pleasant reading; and even their seniors may take it up with satisfaction and lay it down with regret. The older reader will perceive what the younger may overlook, that the superstition which marks the negro race in this country, so far from resulting from their social condition, is an instinct of the race. The negroes in Central Africa do not differ in their dread of charms and their worship of fetiches, from those who are in contact with civilization, except that they express the one and perform the other openly. The narrative of du Chaillu serves to aid in forming a better judgment about the nature of the race, by giving us frequent opportunities of comparing the negro in this country with the negro at home. The young will not be apt to trouble their heads with ethnological questions, however. They will pore more over the exciting narrative, and desire to see all those wonders some day for themselves.

The Appletons continue the issue of their neat edition of Charles Dickens's works, in cloth. The last volume given to the public contains *Oliver Twist*, *Great Expectations*, *Bleak House*, and *Pictures from Italy*. Of their paper edition of the *Waverley Novels* the last issued contains *The Betrothed* and *Highland Widow*. The same house have issued Carey's *Dante* in paper, in the same style, minus the cloth cover, as their famous *Globe* edition.

\* *Adventures in the Apache Country; A Tour Through Arizona and Sonora, with Notes on the Silver Regions of Nevada.* By J. Ross Browne. Illustrated by the Author. New York: Harper & Brothers. 16mo., pp. 535.

† *A Half Century with Juvenile Delinquents; or The New York House of Refuge and its Times.* By B. K. Pierce, D. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co 170., pp. 384.

\* *Wild Life Under the Equator. Narrated for Young People.* By Paul du Chaillu. With Numerous Engravings. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 16mo., pp. 231.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

—Rev. Henry Bellows has discovered a new glory for the negro, that of being “fully the equal of the white man in his talent and genius for music.” Well, then, O, Reverend ass, you have no doubt discovered that Africa has always been full of great masters equal to Handel, Haydon, Bethoven. What stuff! It is impossible for the negro even to sing the compositions of the white man correctly, on account of a radical difference in the organs of voice in the two races. Dr. Hunt, of London, has called attention to the difference in the following language: “There is a peculiarity in the negro voice by which he can always be distinguished. This peculiarity is so great, that we can frequently discover traces of negro blood when the eye is unable to detect it. No amount of education or time is likely ever to enable the negro to speak the English language without this twang. Even his great faculty of imitation will not enable him to do this.” Dr. Gibb, in a late lecture before the British Association for the Advancement of Scientific Knowledge, has pointed out the specific muscular structure of the negro’s organ of voice on which this great difference depends. He points out the fact that the *larynx* in the negro is an entirely different shaped organ from that part in the white man. His language is: “The essential point of difference between the *larynx* of the negro and white man consists in the invariable presence in the former of the cartilages of Weisberg, the oblique or shelving position of the true vocal chords, and the pendent position of the ventricles of Morgagni. Any man familiar with the dissection or examination of the *larynx* in ourselves, cannot but perceive that these peculiarities are not observable. It may be mentioned, also, that I have dissected them in monkeys, in whom, even in the smallest species, they are relatively large in comparison to the size of their bodies;

and with the view of attracting attention to them in the quadrumana, I exhibited specimens before the Pathological Society of London, in March, 1861, three and a-half years ago.” So great is the difference in the organs of the voice of the white and the black man, that neither could ever correctly speak the language of the other without an entire reconstruction of the vocal organs.

—A Philadelphia paper says: “Pennsylvania is naturally a free State, and will yet readily adopt unrestricted suffrage for the blacks.” But Pennsylvania has had bitter experience enough with “freed negroes,” to have brought its people to their senses long before this. Nine years after Pennsylvania had inaugurated a plan to free her negroes, in 1780, Benjamin Franklin issued an appeal setting forth the fact that the freed negroes were falling back in condition, and proposed “to form a plan for the promotion of industry, intelligence and morality among the free blacks.” And how signally Franklin’s benevolent scheme fell short of his expectations, is seen in the fact that forty-seven years after Pennsylvania freed her blacks, one-third of the convicts in her penitentiaries were negroes and mulattos! But Massachusetts was as badly off with her free negroes. The report of the “Boston Prison Discipline Society” for 1826 says: “The first cause, existing in society, of the frequency and increase of crime is the degraded character of the colored population. The facts, which are gathered from the penitentiaries, show how great a portion of the convicts are colored, even in those States where the colored population is small, show most strikingly the connection of ignorance and vice.” This report shows that in Massachusetts, where the “free” negroes constituted one-seventy-fourth part of the population, they supplied one-sixth part of the convicts in the Penitentiary. That in New York, where the “free colored people”

constituted one-thirty-fifth part of the population, they supplied more than one-fourth part of the convicts. That in Connecticut, where the free negroes constitute one-thirty-fourth part of the population, they supplied more than one-third of the convicts. That in New Jersey, where the free negroes constitute one-thirtieth part of the population, they supplied more than one-third of the convicts. In the second annual report of the "Prison Discipline Society," 1827, we have still more startling figures to show the rapid increase of crime among the free negroes. It says: "The returns from the several prisons show us that the white convicts are remaining nearly the same, or are diminishing, while the colored convicts are increasing." These fatal results of emancipation put a sudden stop to the progress of the cause. Some of the States passed resolutions that emancipation should never take place, except on condition that all freed negroes be removed to some place beyond the limits of the State. Other States passed acts forbidding any negroes to come into the State. The Colonization Society grew out of this spread of crime among the freed negroes. Its establishment was deemed a necessary act of self-protection to all States which might turn loose their blacks; the results of emancipation so clearly proving that, what is periphrastically called "freedom" of the negro, in the society of the superior race, is at once an unnatural and fatal step for both races. So the Colonization Society sprung up as a necessary remedy for the folly of "emancipation"—to send the "freed negroes" away out of the country, to which their presence in every instance had proved the greatest curse.

—A Methodist clergyman, referring to our lectures on the "Races of Men," says: "C. Chauncey Burr is giving a course of lectures to deny the doctrine admitted by such great naturalists as the Humboldts and Chevalier Bunsen of the native unity of the human species." But the reverend gentleman cannot have read the authors to whom he refers. Any close student of the work of the two Humboldts knows that by "the native unity of the human species" they did not mean the descent of all men from a single pair. They both applied to the account of the origin of man in Genesis such words as "myths," "fiction," and "*pretended tradition*." It is well known to those

who had the honor of an acquaintance with the great author of "Cosmos" that he bitterly complained of the injustice which had been done him in the English translations of his work. In some instances paragraphs and even whole pages have been expunged, or left untranslated, lest the prejudices of the English on certain theological points should be shocked. In the preface to Otte's translation, he refers to the mutilated English translations of "Cosmos" in these words: "The present volumes differ from others, in being a translation of the entire work, for I have not conceived myself justified in omitting passages, simply because they might be deemed highly obnoxious to our national prejudices." And yet Otte, while he has left nothing out, has so imbued his translation with the spirit of the English Church prejudices on certain points that the great German author is in many places misrepresented. Of the Hebrew legend (in Genesis) of all mankind having sprung from one pair, Humboldt says: "This tradition is so widely spread that it has sometimes been regarded as an antique remembrance of man. But this circumstance itself would rather prove that there is not therein any real transmission of fact—of any soever truly-historical foundation. That which shows it still more the manifest character of fiction is, that it claims to explain a phenomenon beyond all human experience, that of the origin of human species." It is strange that a clergyman should dare to quote the author "Cosmos" against us, who, without attempting to show, as we have done, that the Bible account of the creation of man is in harmony with the demonstrations of anthropological science, dismisses that record at once as a "myth" and a "fiction." This habit of the clergy of meddling with questions on which they are utterly unread is not only preposterous, but it is vicious, and leads to a general diffusion of ignorance and errors. Chevalier Bunsen would be surprised to see himself quoted as a naturalist or as an authority in anthropological science. In archaeology, history, philosophy, and linguistics his is a name before which the student in these departments bows with profound admiration; but he is not to be ranked as a naturalist nor an anthropologist.



— We notice that some of our American papers are quoting what purports to be an address of some dreamer in Paris, who asserts that climate makes the difference in the complexion of races, and refers, for example, to the fair complexioned Scandinavians, living in a cold country, and the dark Hindoos, living in the torrid zone. But, unfortunately, for this theory and the example, the Rohillas of Hindoostan have white skins and fair hair; whilst men with dark eyes and dark hair form a majority of Wales and the Scottish Highlands. The Gipsies, who came from India and spread over Europe since the twelfth century, have in the cold countries, even to the Cheviot Hills, preserved the tawny complexion and black eyes and hair of the Hindoos. The German colony in Paraguay, founded in the fifteenth century by the soldiers of Charles the Fifth, whose blood is still unmixed, have preserved their fair complexion even under the tropical Capricorn. A similar instance of a Spanish people remaining perfectly fair and purely Gothic may be seen in Yucatan at the present time. But there is no end to the instances we might name, while all history does not afford an instance of the typical complexion of a race being changed by climate, or by any other agency whatever, except amalgamation. We know nothing of the reputation of the French author above referred to. His name is new to us, and we risk nothing in saying that he is without authority in the scientific world, because the theory he holds has been so completely exploded that it no longer retains a place among men of science either in Europe or America.

— The reassembling of Congress gives no sign of a better spirit in that body. The implacable spirit of party, of faction, and revolution, indeed, rages with unabated fury. The people of the Southern States are treated as the subjects of Congress, as possessing no rights except such as are extended to them by the act of Congress. But this assumption and crime of Congress is not the most appalling feature of our condition. The indifference of the people generally to this cruel despotism is really our great calamity; for this shows an almost universal prevalence of venality, ignorance, and stupidity. A people who have become indifferent to liberty are never

long in allowing that priceless boon to slip from them. A people who have endured such an infamous Congress as that which has kept itself in power for six years, without having once attempted to cut the throats of its leading conspirators, has forfeited all claims to the respect of the virtuous and intelligent portion of mankind. One of the wisest philosophers of classic antiquity declared that "mankind cannot be sufficiently despised." Words of terrible bitterness and despair! Words which to us were extreme and unrighteous, until the experience of our own country within the last few abominable years.

— A cotemporary thinks what is called the strong-minded woman's movement is a new thing and a sign of progress. It is not newer than a thousand other follies. That the same thing existed in ancient Greece is proved by one of Aristophanes's comedies, entitled "*Ecclesiazusæ*," or Female Parliament," in which the very ideas now put forth by our strong-minded are lampooned mercilessly.

—The New Orleans *Republican*, edited by scallawag Governor Hahn, praises Alexander Hamilton "because he died in defense of his principles." It would be an amusing thing for any gentleman, who is at all acquainted with the real history of that affair, to hear Hahn attempt to explain what the principles were for which Hamilton died. It would be a delicious piece of gossip all about "my lady's chamber." But if Hahn has such admiration for men who die in defense of their principles, why does he not "go and do likewise?" We are sure that no respectable person in Louisiana has the least objection to Hahn's dying for his principles. Call it what he pleases, only let him die.

—The *Tribune* thinks a bill lately introduced by Ben Butler "looks as if expressly designed to prevent such gross abuses as the arrest and incarceration of Mr. Bowles." Now, Bowles was arrested for libel by due process of law; but see what hubbub it has made among the editors of the African party, and seems to have even reached Congress. But mark the hypocrisy of this seeming care for liberty, for when Democratic editors were seized by Lincoln's spies, without even the color of law, and were locked up in dungeons without any

process whatever, except the order of Lincoln, or one of his tools, these same editors rejoiced; and Congress passed an *indemnity act* to save him from trial for his criminal breach of the laws. We confess that we dislike to write or even to think on this subject; for the fact that the scoundrels who committed these outrages are still alive is evidence of a demoralization and stupidity in the public mind which fills us almost with contempt for our race.

— It is announced, with a certain degree of newspaper flourish, that when General Grant is inaugurated he will make no speech. But what a ridiculous sight it would be to see a man reading an address, when every body knows he is utterly incapable of writing one? It is, we know, not always the case that public men write their own messages or addresses; but it has heretofore been supposed that they were capable of doing it if they had the time. But in Grant's case it is perfectly well known that he is incapable of performing such a duty. Therefore, we think his determination to dispense with that ceremony shows some good taste, to say the least.

— The letter-writers tell us that Grant "is sought after and fluttered by all the distinguished men who visit Washington." But let the General remember the Spanish proverb:

"Menca la cola, el can,  
No por ti, sino por el pan."

"The dog wags his tail, not for thee, but for the bread."

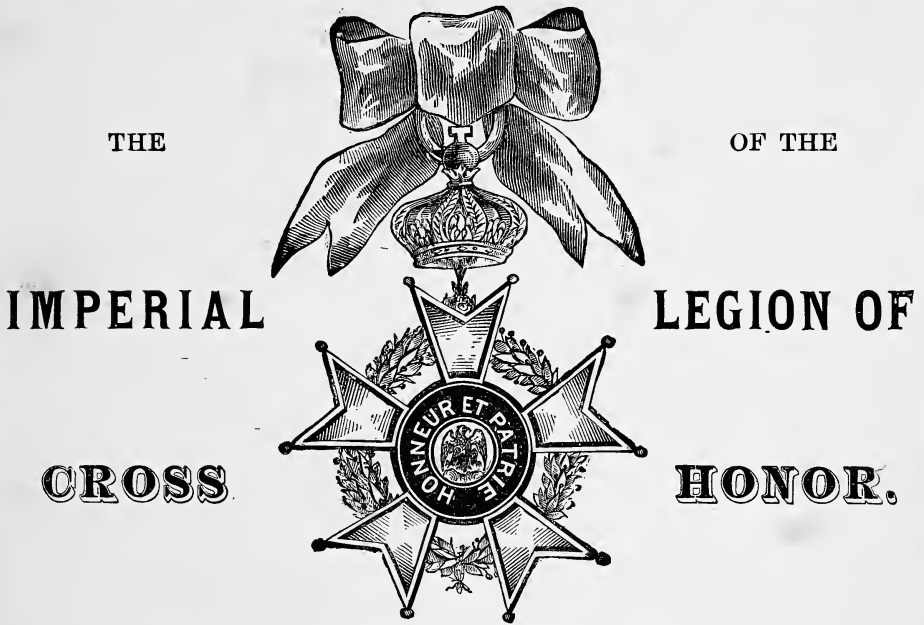
— The *New York Times*, describing the vands served up by Deimonico at the New England dinner, says the whole "was topped off with the divine blessing, invoked by the Rev. Dr. Hitchcock." And the same paper, giving an account of Forefathers' Day in Washington, says the ceremonies ended with "the Doxology and

dancing." In one case the *divine blessing* is referred to as though it were the frosting to Deimonico's cake, and in the other the Doxology and dancing are spoken of as parts of one and the same performance. In old days this would seem profane, if not blasphemous; but our modern preachers have so mixed up religion and politics that the respect once in all men's minds for the very name of religion has pretty much vanished. From the heart of true Christians the old cry comes back again—"They have taken away our Lord, and we know not where they have laid him."

— A cotemporary is pleased with the "undoubted ability, learning, and scholarship" of THE OLD GUARD, but thinks it wrong in "recommending violent resistance to Congress." We have supposed that it was an axiom as old as human society, that against any man, or any body of men, using lawless force, every man has a right to use just as much force as he finds necessary to defend himself from the lawless attack. This is a grand maxim of law which has received the sanction of great and wise men for forty centuries. It was never, indeed, called in question by any body but tyrants, and the poor rascals or fools who do their bidding. THE OLD GUARD, in this matter, stands where all approved writers on the rights of humanity and liberty have always stood. Those who oppose its position do so either through cowardice, ignorance, or rascality. If the people of a State have a right to self-government and liberty, they have the right to kill all Presidents, members of Cabinets, Generals, Congressmen, and every body else in defense of their liberty, if need be. That was the doctrine of our fathers who established liberty on this continent, and it is the doctrine of all the wise, patriotic, and brave among their children.

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Vol. 7.

1869.

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