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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART,

AND THE

Political Principles of 1776 & 1860.

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THE OLD GUARD:

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

VOLUME VII.—JULY, 1869.—No. VII.

THE POLITICAL ASPECTS OF RELIGION IN THE UNITED STATES

SOME months ago, when the Methodist General Conference was in session, we called attention to the fact that though a so-called religious body, very little was discussed but what had directly a political leaning. The political and social status of the negro was the weightiest burden of all its deliberations.

And now the Presbyterian General Assemblies have just closed their annual session, and behold in this body, also, political and secular matters received far more attention than religion. It discussed such things as *infanticide* in New England, the *Chinese* on our Pacific coast, and, of course, especially the present and future status of the negro in the Southern States. A so-called religious body, without a negro in it, in one shape or another, would be a *rara avis* in this generation. It is

no exaggeration to say that all religious bodies, for the last quarter of a century, have been a good deal more exercised with questions of a political and secular character than with religion. And when we reflect that our Divine Master declared that his kingdom was "not of this world," and that therefore his "servants would not fight," we look with amazement and grief upon these intensely *worldly* and fighting sects which profess to be subjects of His divine kingdom. Where, in this country, can the rancor of the most intense political bitterness and hatred be found, if not in the so-called (mis-called) Christian pulpits? Where else shall we find a more intense secularity than in the very altars that were reared to dispense the sweet gospel of a kingdom which was proclaimed to be "not of this world?"

Alas! how profanely, how impiously, do the robes of Christ trail in the dust!—of Christ in effigy, alas! for it is a profanation of the very thought of the majestic Prophet of Gallilee to saddle His blessed name with the violent and nasty *secularism* of all these quarreling, fighting, political denominations. They have not only disgraced Christianity, but they have nearly ruined their country. Utterly ignorant of political economy, they have debauched the sectarian mind with fiery, abstract notions, which are utterly incompatible with any permanent form of civil government whatever. They base all upon the shifting vagaries of *conscience*. And by *conscience* they mean their own peculiar notions, whatever they may be, which are almost invariably the fruit of passion, prejudice, and propagandism, rather than of reflection, reason, and an independent love of truth. The most relentless spirit of the late war emanated from our pulpits. And now that the war is over, it is the so-called religious denominations which, more than anything else, keep alive the embers of meddlesome hatred and revenge. It claims to control the political destiny of the world by a spiritual power above the world; but which, alas! is still more bitter and relentless than that of the world. And it is precisely as political as the world itself. It possesses not even the merit of being a distant imitation of that divine religion which was declared, by its founders, to be only a system of devotion and of charity. No wonder that the universal wail of "dirt" comes up from the churches; for they have mutilated Christianity as badly as they have debauched the State.

This bad political spirit, however, has been confined mostly to the northern churches. It began here, in an insane sympathy for negroes. It was almost wholly through a low and degrading ignorance of all the characteristics of a naturally and irredeemably barbarous race that this wild sympathy arose in the first place; and it was kept up by all the cunning appliances of party. The result was, the war; and the spirit of the Northern Church is to perpetuate the bad passions and the political prejudices which were engendered by the war. The grand mistake about the negro, it seems to be the especial care of the churches to keep up. Politicians already begin to see the fatal mistake they have made. Those, at least, who possess either sense or candor, acknowledge their disappointment in the results of the "freedom" of the negro. They see that he does not possess the capacity they imagined, and that therefore what is called his "freedom" is as great a curse to himself as it is to the State. We say, the politicians begin to see this, and to be profoundly mortified at the mistake they have made. But not so with the churches. They do not see it, because their eyes are shut to everything but this grand theological delusion that the negro is the same species of man as the white man, and that as unfavorable circumstances only changed him into what he now is, *favorable circumstances* will, in time, bring him back again. This is the sole ground on which these northern churches now cling to the political negro. Break that delusion, and the negro party sinks at once to rise no more. But science has broken it, and *demon*

strated that the negro is an entirely different species of man from ourselves, and can never be brought into the orbit of our race, any more than the buzzard can be brought up to the standard of the eagle. A universal-buzzard-elevating-society could not possibly prove a more ridiculous failure than this negro-elevating business already has. Science, we say, has proved this, and theology is therefore now the sole dependence of the grand negro delusion. The politicians, therefore, who are personally interested in keeping up the exploded dream of possible negro equality, have become, all at once, profoundly theological. The most godless set of old scoffers and infidels the world ever saw, have suddenly taken upon their lips the language of piety; all for the sake of the negro. Driven utterly from the field of science, and almost of politics, the negro cause flies to the churches. Here is its last ditch. We say, but for the support which the northern churches give it, that cause would be already lost. But here it lies entrenched behind creed and anathema.

If, therefore, our country shall be ultimately mongrelized and ruined past redemption, it will be the work of those northern churches—not of Christianity—for we deny that such a godless conglomeration of politics, Jewish theology and negroism, is any sort of a *Christianity*. The Christianity of the New Testament we feel to be divine; but this coarse and blustering political negroism which now falsely calls itself Christianity, we denounce, as the Divine Master did the religion of the Pharisees, which it, more than anything else, resembles. Were our Lord to

return visibly to the earth again, he would drive these *negroids* out of His temple, as he did a scarcely more venal crew when he was here before. But it is due to the southern church to say that they have manifested a spirit more in harmony with the religion of Christ, and have not become generally tainted with all these isms and delusions.

But we regret to say that these southern churches are, at the present moment, in very great danger, not perhaps of adopting the spirit of northern anti-Christ, but of giving aid and comfort to it, by adhering to its theological dogma, that the negro is just such a man as we are, except his black skin—and that he may therefore be capable of an elevation which will bring him at last upon our plain. If *capable*, he must have the *chance*—that is the whole argument of these northern political churches. Take from them this idea, and place them on the platform now established by the infallible demonstrations of science, and the politics of the churches will be instantly reformed. The Southern Church, therefore, by adhering to an exploded dogma about the unity of the race, are rendering great aid and comfort to this northern fanaticism about the equality of the negro. They are, in this respect, the most powerful allies of their enemies. Once admit the fact that the negro is a different species of man, and all the fabric of fanaticism which is holding the southern States in chains will instantly fall.

Now it is this unfortunate attitude of the southern churches, giving support to the despotism of their northern enemies, which we design chiefly to call attention to in this ar-

ticle. And, we shall publish entire a correspondence with the Richmond *Christian Observer* in relation to THE OLD GUARD, which will show how much bitterness some southern Christians, at least, feel towards the scientific doctrines which would at once relieve the South of all its present horrid burdens, if they were generally received :

Editor Christian Observer :

Some time ago you admitted an article from X***, reflecting severely, not to say maliciously, upon a paper of mine in THE OLD GUARD, on the "Religious Inequality of the Races," to which I replied in a spirit which I thought was worthy of the temper and degree of intelligence displayed by your correspondent. In your issue of April 21st he assails me again with an attack which would hardly call for an answer were it not for the respectability of the paper in which it is published. He begins by dismissing an article written by one of the most learned Hebrew scholars in America, by calling it "gross and pretentious ignorance." Not a line nor a word of attempted refutation of Mr. Watkinson's article, but only an ugly mouth and hard names. This is certainly an easy, if not an honorable way of dismissing arguments which are irrefutable. It places the scholar of profoundest learning at the mercy of the most ignorant.

In relation to my own article, your correspondent says that "I must prove the difference between the negro and the white man to be specific," before I have gained the least point in favor of my theory that the negro and white man are different species. Now I will prove

this "*specific difference between the negro and the white man,*" for the purpose of seeing what effect such a demonstration will have upon the mind of your correspondent. Fortunately, this *difference* is no longer a matter of mere opinion or theory, but of *demonstration*. Comparative and microscopic anatomy, and comparative physiology, have proved, beyond all debate, that the "specific differences" between the white man and negro are as great as those between the ass and the horse, the buzzard and the eagle, or any other different species of the lower animal kingdom. If your correspondent will consult the works of Burmeister, Buchner, Gibb, Vogt, Pouchet, Cuvier, Pruner Bey, Sæmmering, Tiedman, Gratiolet, or any comparative anatomist of equal repute, he will learn that there is not a bone in the negro's body which is not *specifically* different from the white man's anatomy. He will learn that the negro's blood is *specifically* different from the blood of the white man—that the blood globule is larger and differently shaped, and blacker in the negro. He will learn that the *convolutions* of the negro brain are simpler and less in number than in the brain of the white man. He will learn that the negro lung has an infinitely less number of air-cells than the white man's lung ; and that the capillary vessels of the negro's skin are full of myriads of little caps of pellucid water, whose office is to throw off the solar ray—thus *specifically* adapting him to the burning zone of tropical Africa. He will learn that there are more than two hundred and fifty *specific differences* in the anatomy and physiology of the white man and negro. All sci-

entific comparative anatomists, without one exception, now admit this "specific difference between the white man and the negro."

The eminent Dr. James Hunt will tell him that "there is as good reason for classifying the negro as a distinct species from the white man as there is for making the ass a distinct species from the zebra; and there is far greater difference between the negro and the white man than between the gorilla and chimpanzee." Professor Jeffries Wyman, of Harvard University, will inform him that "it cannot be denied, however wide the separation, that the negro and orang do afford the points where man and the brute, when the totality of their organization is considered, most nearly approach each other." Professor Agassiz will tell him that "the Guinea negro does not differ more from the orang than the white man differs from the negro. I maintain distinctly that the differences observed among the races of men are of the same kind, and even greater, than those upon which the anthropoid monkeys are considered a distinct species." This great naturalist also affirms that the "development of the negro brain never goes beyond that developed in the Caucasian in boyhood; and besides other irregularities, it bears, in several particulars, a marked resemblance to the brain of the orang-outan."

It is not indeed disputed by any authority that the specific difference between the white man and the negro is as great as that which marks the difference between any of the various species in all the other genera of the animal kingdom.

There is no rule which proves the horse, the ass, the zebra and the quagga to be different species of the genus *equus*, that does not prove the negro, the white man, the Indian, the Hottentot, &c., to be different species of the genus *homo*. Your correspondent would not come more in conflict with the demonstrations of science, by denying that the horse and ass are different species, than he does by denying that the white man and negro are different species, for the difference in the one case is as "specific" as in the other. There is nowhere, in the whole range of animated nature, a genus with a single species. Science demonstrates that the genus *homo* forms no exception to this universal rule. Nor would any other conclusion ever have been arrived at, even before the later positive demonstrations in comparative anatomy and physiology, but for the mistaken interpretation of the Book of Genesis. We say mistaken, because now it is conceded by the most learned theologians and doctors of divinity, (who have investigated the subject,) on both continents, that the account in Genesis is susceptible of an interpretation in harmony with the theory of the plurality of human species. They have felt compelled to reconsider this matter by the more recent absolute demonstrations of anthropological science, which do not longer permit a doubt of the "specific differences" between the human types. If your correspondent will take time to inform himself of the present attitude of science on this subject, we are sure that both his temper and his intelligence will be greatly improved. I pass without notice his

charge that I am "at bottom a radical," and allow him the full benefit of his ferocious fling at "that party in the North which howls that ours is a *white man's government*." (The italics in this sentence are his.) He affirms that the arguments for the plurality of human species "are inconclusive." Let him show them to be so, and he will have less space to call hard names, and to accuse others of "dishonesty" and "ignorance." He says: "Any one so foolish as to undertake the labor, might collect evidences that the people of France and England have differed from each other for hundreds of years," &c. But we have never before heard of any one so "foolish" as to imagine that said difference possesses any of the specific characteristics of the difference between the negro and the white man. It is only the difference of *varieties* of the same family, while the difference between the negro and the white man is that of *species*. Your correspondent also says: "By all its strenuous arguments to prove that the negro is not really a man, THE OLD GUARD," &c. Now, neither in THE OLD GUARD, nor in my lectures on the Races of Men, have I ever intimated that the negro is not a man; on the contrary, it is an essential part of my theory that he *is* a man, and just as true a man of his species as your correspondent is of the species to which he belongs. We say that the negro is a man, but that he is no more such a man as the white man, than the ass is such an animal as the horse. Your correspondent disbelieves this proposition. We should like to see what sort of proof he will venture to summon in support of his position.

All the books on his side of this question were written before the more exact demonstrations of comparative anatomy were made known, and have been completely exploded by these demonstrations. He can prove that the world is flat, and that the sun revolves around it, if we allow him to go back far enough. His authorities in anthropology must be quite as stale.

I will not disturb the man of straw which your correspondent's somewhat loose imagination has conjured up about the natural right of voting. All he says on this subject is nothing but a figment of his own brain. "That party in the North" which he says, "howls that ours is a white man's government," and which he hates so thoroughly, believes to a man that "suffrage is a franchise and not a natural right."

All his epithets of "demagogue," "ignorance," &c., may, if they like, go home to roost.

Your correspondent's fling at THE OLD GUARD, I think, marks the source from whence it came, and probably discloses the motives which gave it birth. Alexander H. Stephens has lately been held up in a Southern paper as a demagogue, if not a fool. But if there really happens to be a man in that section who is particularly anxious to play the role of a bull-dog, let him try his teeth on the file of anthropological science.

Yours, &c.,

C. CHAUNCEY BURR.

Accompanying the above article, we sent the following private letter to the editors of the *Observer*:

OFFICE OF THE OLD GUARD, }
NEW YORK, May 6th, 1869. }

MY DEAR SIR:—I enclose you an article in reply to the strictures of

your correspondent "X***." I do not allow myself to entertain a doubt that you will cheerfully give it a place in your columns. This subject is one of vital importance to Christianity, as well as to the State; and it is now exciting so much attention in this country and in Europe, that it can no longer be put aside by a mere *ipse dixit*. The demonstrations of the comparative anatomy of human races are not now disputed, and they have necessarily given birth to comparative anthropology. A great many of the most learned orthodox clergymen of this country have listened to my course of scientific lectures on the different species of men, and I have the happiness to know that they have quite generally acceded to the theory of *many distinct and separate creations*. They at once perceive that, with the present lights of comparative anatomy, there is no spot to stand upon between this theory and the infidel philosophy of Lamarck and Darwin. Either these demonstrated specific differences in human types must be due to *creation* or to *accident*. If to accident, then the whole world is afloat upon the atheistic idea of chance, and God is reduced to a mere pantheistic physical agency in the whole phenomena of nature. And in my lecture upon the Anthropology of the Bible, I have proved by numerous quotations from some of the most learned divines in this country and in Europe, that the account in Genesis is not necessarily in conflict with the doctrine of the plurality of the human species. Anthropologists, of the school to which I belong, accept the Bible as a divine revelation, and we claim that no one has any more right to ques-

tion our faith, than the Methodists the Presbyterians, or Baptists, have to denounce each other as infidels, because they differ as to the meaning of certain texts. We can see no reason why men of science, who are believers in the divine word, should not be allowed to interpret it, in harmony with what they know to be the demonstrated facts of science. It is always unwise to force a conflict between *belief* and *demonstrated facts*. In all such conflicts, science has conquered; witness astronomy and geology. Comparative anthropology now rests upon as firm and immutable a basis as astronomy and geology.

Should any circumstances, beyond my power to appreciate, cause you to decline to publish my rejoinder to your correspondent, please to re-mail it to me.

I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,

C. CHAUNCEY BURR.

To this letter the following was received in reply:

OFFICE OF CHRISTIAN OBSERVER, }
Richmond, Va., May 20, 1869. }

C. CHAUNCEY BURR, ESQ.:

DEAR SIR:—Yours, of May 18, is received—also the communication to which you refer. It is proper to remind you that several months ago you ascribed to Dr. J. Leighton Wilson, a venerable minister of our church, language which never uttered, and of which his life as missionary to Africa was an emphatic denial. Our correspondent, X***, called your attention to the mistake.

You had not the candor either to give the authority* on which your

* You say his words were quoted—Dr. W. denies that he ever penned them.

misstatement was based—or to retract it, but only replied in vituperation, which X*** noticed as it deserved. If he wronged you, we will be pleased to make such correction as is proper; though we are surprised that this courtesy should be asked by one, who himself *persist*s in grossly misrepresenting the opinions of others.

The discussion which you submit, whether the negro is a variety of the human species, is declined. If you select another arena than the columns of the *Observer* for the debate, you will doubtless find X*** a foeman worthy of your steel.

Yours very respectfully,
A. & F. B. CONVERSE.

NEW YORK, May 30th, 1869.

Editors of the Christian Observer:

GENTLEMEN:—I have received your note declining to admit my rejoinder to your correspondent, whom you have twice allowed to assail THE OLD GUARD with language, to say the least, of very great bitterness. It is always customary among scientific and political editors who maintain a character of fairness, to admit both sides of a controversy, especially when their columns have been the medium of the first attack. The reason you seem to give for refusing my rejoinder surprises me, which is, that in an article in THE OLD GUARD I misquoted the Rev. Mr. Wilson in relation to Africa. When your correspondent referred to this matter, I was under the impression that I had quoted the language of Mr. Wilson in the article to which he referred, for I remembered that I had, in some recent article, quoted verbatim the language of that author; but on recurring to my own article,

I find my quotation from him was in a previous article, and that in my article now in question I did not pretend to give his language at all. I merely referred to his book on Western Africa, as conveying the idea that these savage tribes are naturally without any religion of their own. I still affirm that Mr. Wilson's book proves this. With that gentleman's *opinions* I have nothing to do. I take his *facts*. Men accustomed to scientific studies are governed only by the *facts* presented by authorities. Nowhere in savage Africa has there ever yet been discovered the least vestige of religion, where it could not be traced to an Asiatic or European origin. The author of "Twenty Years of an African Slaver" says that the Buggers of the far interior of West Africa "have no worship, no God, nor even any evil spirit." Sir Thomas Herbert, who visited Western Africa in the sixteenth century, says: "The inhabitants here, along the gold coast of Guinea and Benin, have no God, nor are willing to be instructed by nature." Purchase Pilgrimage, of a still earlier date, says: "They are destitute of all religion and have no God." The celebrated explorer, Alexander, says: "Notwithstanding that some people maintain that there is no people without religion in some form, yet, after much diligent inquiry, I could not discover the slightest feeling of devotion towards a higher and invisible power among the hill Damaras. They had not the least idea of a God. They are literally like the beasts that perish." I repeat, that there is not the slightest doubt that such is the natural condition of all negro tribes. It is proved by the universal testimony

of all explorers. No negro tribe ever had the slightest conception of religion, that was not taught it by some race superior to itself. Mr. Wilson's book proves that all over Western Africa, where he was, both Judaism and Christianity have been at work ages ago. He says: "Mixed up with these pagan notions and customs there are many obvious traces of Judaism, both in Northern and Southern Guinea; and in the latter, some undoubted traces of a corrupted form of Christianity, which probably traveled across the continent from Ethiopia, where Christianity was once firmly established." I could quote several other passages from Mr. Wilson's book equally strong with proofs that there is not a vestige of religion, nor any kind of worship, in Western Africa, which may not be regarded as an exotic, and something altogether beyond the unaided reach of the negro mind. Indeed the monotheism of Asia was brought into that very part of Africa by the Carthaginians more than six hundred years before the Christian era. And I will again repeat that wherever this superior race has never been in negro land, there is not to be discovered the faintest outline of religion of any kind. It was on this point that I summoned Mr. Wilson as a witness. I did not misrepresent him. I did not suppose that even any political enemy would imagine me capable of an intentional misrepresentation of any author. I may be liable to mistake an author's meaning, but I am not liable to an intentional misrepresentation of it. But this matter was a very small portion of your correspondent's first attack upon my article in *THE OLD GUARD*. It was my main argument that he assailed—assailed, not with any argument, not with any attempt to bring forward rebutting facts, but with a round and impudent denial, and with a spirit of fierce malignity. I replied in a vein which I thought worthy of the spirit he had shown. You admitted him to another attack, out of which I sifted a grain which I thought worthy of an answer. But this answer you refuse to lay before your readers. You have allowed him to assail me twice, but refuse me space for a single reply. You have opened your columns to a most ill-natured fling at the only party in the North which has ever stood as the least breakwater against the fiery tide of fanaticism which has made war upon, and still is desolating, the South. And the "discussion," which you say you "decline," in relation to the question whether the negro is a different species of man, you have already opened your columns to by admitting his second article. That is, you have opened your columns to one side, but shut down upon the other. I shall not complain of this; but I should be glad to convince you that it is a mistaken policy to

shut out from the public mind the wonderful demonstrations which science is now making in relation to the different origin of the black and white races. While such a course cannot possibly serve the cause of Christianity, it must certainly be a great wrong to the State, by withholding the evidences that pointedly prove, on the high and irrefutable ground of science, that the negro can never be made a constituent part of our civil polity, without the final destruction of our civilization. If the facts of anthropological science were generally understood by the American people, all the cunning and venality of political fanaticism would work in vain at the business of Africanizing our country. And the only thing which is in the way of this universal spread of scientific truth, is the attitude of the churches. I do not of course hope that the northern churches can be soon brought to this acknowledgment of the truth, because they are politically committed to a party whose very being depends upon the careful suppression of this truth. But why should the southern churches become the ally of these fanatical northern organizations in the business of holding the negro up in a position which God and nature have designed him? By assisting to spread this truth, the southern churches will not only help save their people and their country, but they will also sub-serve the interests of Christianity, which cannot be much longer arrayed against the positive demonstrations of science without fatal consequences to itself. We may be sure of this—that the great mass of the people will ultimately believe what is scientifically demonstrated, no matter what the influences brought against it. And, since these late demonstrations of anthropological science are so easily reconciled to, and so beautifully harmonious with, the Revealed Word of God, it seems to me to be a very great error on the part of your churches to refuse discussion of facts vital to the civil and religious well-being of our country. As already stated, I am prepared to show that some of the most learned orthodox clergy of this country and Europe now fully accept the doctrine of the plurality of human species, and that, therefore, no amount of training can ever elevate the negro into either a civil or religious equality with the white race—nor in fact to any sort of *attempted equality*, which will not degrade the Christian religion, and destroy our civilization. This is, indeed, the momentous question of the hour. Before it all others are trifling and unimportant. It is therefore deeply to be regretted that the churches should attempt to play over again, with anthropological science, the same foolish role which was played against astronomy and geology. Science is sure

to win in the end. But, in the meantime, our country may be hopelessly mongrelized, and Christianity brought permanently into contempt in the educated public mind. Clergymen of the temper of your correspondent do more harm to the cause of Christianity than all the infidels in the world.

Yours, &c.,
C. CHAUNCEY BURR.

We give the whole of the above correspondence, with the hope of calling the attention of the public more prominently to this vital subject. There is a fatal ignorance about it, even among those who, otherwise, have just claims to respectable intelligence. With the great majority of the political and religious press, there is a combined effort to suppress the light of science, which, if allowed to shine over the country, would very soon redeem it from the ruin into which it is so rapidly falling. The fact that the negro is not the "brother" of the white man, once thoroughly understood, will put an everlasting end to the sway of all such mischievous spirits as Sumner, Phillips, and Ben. Wade. Science proves that the negro is no more the "brother" of the white man, than the loathsome buzzard is the brother of the eagle, or than the carrion crow is the sister of the domestic hen. The attempt to unite eagles, buzzards, crows and hens together, would not prove a greater outrage upon nature, than this monstrous proposition to bring white men, negroes, Indians, and Mongolians indiscriminately and equally together into a common church and a common State. Neither Christianity nor civilization could survive such a civil and religious amalgamation. Behold what a horrid slough Christianity has fallen into in Mexico, in Brazil, in Chili, in all Central America, and in every other country where the attempt has been made to bring different species of men equally together in the same church. If the Saviour of the world could weep over the woes of Jerusalem, what agonizing tears must be shed over the horrid spectacle of a church in His name, composed of an incongruous, antagonistic mass of Indians, negroes, Mongolians, and white men? Such a sight would be enough to disgust the devil. The intellectual and moral natures of these different species of the *genus homo*, are so radically, so utterly unlike, that they can never be so united

and equalized as to form a congruous religion or a free State. The thing has been tried, and everywhere has failed. There never was yet an instance where Christianity could maintain a self-supporting existence among either negroes, Indians, or Mongolians. In every instance, when the white man has ceased to both supply and apply the ideas, Christianity and civilization have perished together. The negro's nature can no more hold either Christianity or civilization than sand can hold water. Rev. J. Leighton Wilson, in his book on Western Africa, declares that he found in some places the evidences of "a corrupted form of Christianity." Nobody ever did or ever will find any other than a corrupted Christianity where it has been left for any time in the hands of negroes. The white man must be there, to constantly work the whole machinery for keeping it up, or the negro is sure to relapse, in a little time, all the way back to his natural condition. The same of civilization. He has nowhere remained civilized any longer than the white man held him up, and compelled him to industry. He never will. Both civilization and Christianity are exotics in the soil of his heart and brain. They cannot live there, unless supported by artificial appliances. The brief experience the now miscalled Federal Government has had with "free" niggerism in our Southern States, already proves that. And, but for the influences of the churches, that impossible and ridiculous type of niggerism would come to a speedy end in this country. All this abomination, and all this despotism of negro voting, has been driven to its last ditch—in the churches. The political enormities which are now disgracing our nation in the eyes of civilized mankind, have their sole moral support in the churches. It is a great grief and a great shame that the southern churches should be an ally of the pestilent northern fanaticism, in propping the falling column of negroism, and all its accompanying despotisms, with the sacred name of religion. If the negro is our *theological brother*, nothing can prevent him becoming our *civil brother*. That way drifts the inevitable current of events. And beyond lies the sure fall of our civilization, and the barbarism of our Christianity.

THE CUB OF THE PANTHER;
A MOUNTAIN LEGEND.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS, ESQ.*

BOOK THIRD.

CHAPTER VII.

THE WEDDING RING.

“How does she get these letters to the post-office, Sweetzer? Have you found out that?”

“She used to slip them into the bag, ma’am, when it hung in the passage way; but I’ve found out that she meets Benny at the head of the avenue, and puts it in the bag there. She thinks herself mighty sly about it, ma’am, but she can’t put the blink on my peepers.”

“How will you manage to get the next letter she sends?”

“Easy enough, ma’am. You see she’s always mighty oneasy and fidgety these times when she sends a letter; and she knows jist when Benny is preparing for a start. That’s always after his breakfast every Saturday, you know. Well, then she sets out awalking, and she walks along the avenue, but always behind the trees, and when she gits

where the avenue turns short round, there she stops till Benny comes. Now what we’ve got to do is to start somebody out before breakfast, and let him take a stand on the road, where it turns off by Childs’s farm, a mile beyond that; and when Benny comes up, let him stop the boy, and take out the letter.”

“Can you see to it, Sweetzer?”

“Only you say the word, ma’am; that’s all.”

“Of course I say the word! Get that letter, one or more, and bring it safely to me, and you shall have your reward.”

Such was the conspiracy against the happiness of poor Rose. We know that she has been writing letters to somebody, which involved a secret and made a mystery of some importance. We see that she had grown suspicious of unfair play, and of espionage. The simple child, with all her fancied art, was, however, no match for the keen, cun-

* 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 the United States for the District of South Carolina.

ning, acrid old maid, to whom her beauty and accomplishments were so many offences. Mrs. Sweetzer suffered no moss to grow beneath her heels when the game was once afoot, and she unleashed for the pursuit.

Some of the letters of Rose had gone successfully upon their way, and she was witing for replies that never came. She was on the anxious benches as well as Mrs. Fairleigh. What a terrible condition of things, with two women, in the same household, professing attachment to each other, keeping up civil appearances at least, yet thus practising treacherously against each other's peace.

All were treacherous!

Rose not less so than the rest; but her treacheries had their excuse, as we shall probably see—and, unhappily, she was more *conscious* than either! Conscious, and trembling at discovery. Her *instincts* told her that suspicion haunted her footsteps, and had possibly found her tracks.

Weeks elapsed while such was the condition of things at Fairleigh Lodge—weeks in which poor Rose got no letters in answer to those she had sent. Her anxieties increased, and she was now frequently indisposed.

More than once there was a whisper in her ears—

“Go home to your mother, girl! Go home to Aunt Betsey.”

Alas! she did not dare to go, save as an occasional visitor. When she now went, she was unaccompanied. The stately rich Lady Fairleigh no longer deigned to visit the equally stately, but poor obscure Jane Carter.

Meanwhile, winter had set in with

unusual severity, with frost and snow, and fierce storms from the northeast, bringing rain and sleet, and ice, on their dreary wings.

But our Hunters on the hill heeded little how the winds blew and the waters froze. They were prospering. Sam Fuller had been down to Spartanburg and Greenville, supplying, according to contract, vast stores of bear meat and venison hams; bear's grease, tallow and hides. He brought home, in backwoods phrase, a “grand pile,” with several wagon loads of supplies, furniture, crockery, sugar, coffee, tea, and Heaven knows what besides.

Aunt Betsey knew and saw it all. She had spent three days with Mattie Fuller, who was an invalid; helped her to unpack and put away; received from her presents of tea and coffee, sugar and spices, for her own use, which, of course, she shared with her sister, and very eloquent was the good old maid, when she got home, in respect to the peace, plenty, and comfort in that mountain cottage; groaning over as she concluded:

“Ah! Jane Carter, if you hadn't filled the poor child's head with your fool talk, she'd ha' been the happiest woman in the world!”

In three days more, Aunt Betsey was summoned back to the mountain cottage, and, glad to go, though she left Jane Carter only to the care of servants.

Mattie Fuller had been long in that condition in which, according to Shakspeare, “women wish to be who love their lords.” Mattie took temporary charge of the household, while Sam Fuller made pap for the baby. There was a bouncing boy born into the world, and already

distinguished in it, by the high-sounding name of Michael Baynam Fuller; Mike Baynam, himself, keeping as much out of the way as possible, during the stay of Betsey Mocre.

He now followed the chase most frequently alone. An idle fit was upon Sam Fuller, who, never having seen a baby before, that he might call his own, made himself, as his wife phrased it, a "fair Tom Fool, instead of Sam Fuller, in playing with it." It is the usual infirmity of inexperienced sires; a pardonable weakness, in reference to the first-born, which, as Aunt Betsey remarked, is very apt to "play the devil with the brat, ef it don't play the devil with the daddy."

Betsie Moore, after seeing Mattie Fuller safely through her domestic embarrassments, hastened back to see that Jane Carter had her usual dose of "drops." She was succeeded at Mattie's bedside by Mrs. Childs, who, having no baby as yet, was not unwilling to acquire experience in the household of Mattie Fuller.

She, also, had a budget of news to deliver.

Only the day before her coming, (Sunday,) Rose Carter was taken sick in church, and fainted. That was a subject upon which Mrs. Childs could expatiate, and giving the comments of all the spectators, and much country scandal besides.

It seems that Rose had gone to the village church, accompanied only by Mrs. Sweetzer, Mrs. Fairleigh having decided to pursue her own devotions in private. This good lady spent the hours of prayer in a close search through all the draw-

ers in Rose's bureau, having long before judiciously provided extra keys for every lock in the house. If she made any discoveries, however, she kept them to herself. Even Sweetzer, though fully in her confidence, knew nothing of the keys. She was interrupted in her pious searches by the unexpected arrival of the carriage bringing home the poor girl, whose swoon had been a long one, and occasioned great excitement in the church. She was lifted into the carriage without her own consciousness, and was only recovering slowly when the vehicle reached the lodge. She was instantly put to bed, and restoratives applied. A dose of laudanum was subsequently administered by the sagacious Mrs. Sweetzer, who prided herself greatly on her medical experience; and while the poor girl slept profoundly, the two matron old ladies meditated the mysteries of her case in Mrs. Fairleigh's chamber.

If our readers can comprehend the obscure fragmentary dialogue which ensued between them, and which is all that has reached us, it is more than we pretend to do.

Mrs. Fairleigh sate; Mrs. Sweetzer stood.

"And you are now sure of it, Sweetzer?"

"I'd bet my life on it, ma'am! You see, I had her in my arms almost the whole way home. I could take my bible oath on it now!"

"It is horrible! but the worst is, Sweetzer—" Here the lady paused.

"Yes, ma'am."

"If it should be, Sweetzer! Great God! I am afraid to know! And yet—and yet—"

"Yes, ma'm! It's very dreadful

to know! Ef it should be—”

“Don’t speak it for your life, Sweetzer.”

“Never, ma’am.”

“And yet, we must get that letter, Sweetzer. I must know all, though I believe nothing.”

“Next Saturday, ma’am.”

“That will probably tell us all. We must get *that* letter, Sweetzer, though it will almost kill me to read it, if the thing is what I fear.”

“One thing, ma’am, I *must* tell you.”

“Well?”

“She’s wearing a wedding ring on the wedding finger, ma’am.”

“Ha!—but no, Sweetzer, that’s an opal. I know the ring, though I do not recollect when and where she got it. A wedding ring, you will remember, is always a plain one, without any stone.”

“Yes, ma’am; I know the ring with the stone very well; but here’s the cunning of it. That ring fits close *over* the plain ring, and kivers it so nicely that nobody kin see it unless they looks for it, ma’am.”

“Do not tell me that, Sweetzer. Do not, I say! He cannot have been such a fool! No, no! impossible! One thing is fortunate. By this time he is in Europe. I am looking for letters every day. We must wait, Sweetzer, with what patience we may. Remember—Saturday. I depend on you, Sweetzer.”

When Mrs. Sweetzer had retired, Mrs. Fairleigh stole to the chamber where Rose slept soundly under the influence of the opiate. She moaned softly in her sleep, and her wan face, still lovely, was expressive of agonizing emotions, which told of distressing dreams. She had been undressed by Sweetzer, and was

carried up; but her left hand lay exposed beside the pillow, her head partly resting upon the arm.

Mrs. Fairleigh examined the fingers, and realized the truth of Sweetzer’s report. There, indeed, was the plain hoop of gold, carefully concealed under the ring of opal. Mrs. Fairleigh made an effort to withdraw both rings, no doubt for closer examination; but the sleeper struggled faintly, and murmured, still sleeping:

“No, no!—never—part—”

Mrs. Fairleigh desisted; but a malignant scowl passed over her face, as, with fist shaken at the unconscious woman, she muttered between her teeth:

“Now could I strangle her with my own hands, and feel no pity. Would to God she were out of my house, and in her grave! Great God! could he be fool enough for *that?* sacrificing everything for a pretty face!”

CHAPTER VIII.

LOST! GONE!

At midnight, Rose awakened to consciousness. For a long time, however, she failed to realize the events of the day. All, for a while, seemed a blank; but slowly she recollected having gone to church, accompanied by Mrs. Sweetzer; then she recalled a strange feeling of feebleness and terror which oppressed her during the service; but nothing farther. When she found herself in bed, undressed, and in her night clothes, she exclaimed:

“My God! if they have taken *that!*”

She rose in the dark, and felt about for her garments. She found

them on the chair where she was wont to place them, and eagerly snatching up one of the articles, she proceeded to search it with fingers which so trembled that they scarcely availed her in the search that she was making. But she persevered in the darkness of that midnight.

It was not yet the time for lucifer matches, nor had the clumsy little pewter phosphorus box found its way into use among the mountains. The flint, steel and tinder-box were the primitive sources of light, and, though provided with these in her chamber, Rose hesitated to employ them on this occasion. Suspicion was giving sharp edge to caution, and secrecy lay in the darkness.

And so she persevered, fumbling in the dark, until she expressed her satisfaction at finding what she sought.

"Thank God! it is here! It is safe! But, oh! this dreadful secrecy! Why was I sworn so solemnly to keep it? It was not right! I knew it was not right at the time! But I was so weak, so feeble, so willing, for anything at *his* hands!"

These murmured sentences escaped her at intervals.

She began to shiver, and crept back into bed. As she covered herself, she found the opal ring slipping from her finger. It had been loosed from its hold on the ring beneath it, by the efforts of Mrs. Fairleigh. As the girl forced it back to its place, she murmured:

"It is very strange; but I certainly did dream that they were trying to take it from me, Mrs. Fairleigh and that horrid woman Sweetzer!"

She did not sleep again that night, and moaned through the dreary

hours, until the light of dawn began to thicken in her chamber; then she rose, and began to dress herself. While thus engaged, she again resumed her midnight search for a paper which she had ingeniously sown up in a portion of her dress—not the bosom, fortunately, but the skirt. The bosom *had been searched*, while she slept, by that horrid Sweetzer.

She felt, and again found it snugly sown up in one of the flounces of her skirt. Satisfied with this discovery, she breathed more freely, and in due time Mrs. Sweetzer looked in upon her, and, with her usual grin, congratulated her on her recovery.

"But you was very sick yesterday in church, Miss Rose—mighty sick, and all on a sudden too, and you fainted, you know, a dead faint. I was so dreadful frightened."

"I suppose it was so. It must have been, Mrs. Sweetzer, but I have no recollection of it. It was midnight before I awakened to consciousness."

"We gin you laudanum to quiet you, for you was all over in a shiver, narvous to death, starting and groaning, though you were once weakened to your senses. It was a mighty sudden attack. What could it ha' been?"

"I don't know," was the faint answer of Rose. "I have had several of these attacks since I had the sea-sickness."

"Well, now, don't you think you ought to send for Dr. Hardy? He's the great Doctor, you know, for all these parts. He'd soon find out what was the cause of all your ailing."

"Oh, no, no!" Rose answered hastily. "I feel much better. I'm quite well now."

"Well, ef so, you'd better come down and git a little breakfast. A cup of hot coffee, I reckon, would set up your blood and narves."

And Rose went down to breakfast, where Mrs. Fairleigh sate in state, presiding with her usual dignity. She vouchsafed a nod in answer to the "good morning, ma'am" of Rose, and condescended to hope that she felt better after her strange and sudden attack of yesterday. Rose expressed herself quite well; her wan cheeks, however, mutely contradicting her words.

She ate a biscuit with difficulty, and swallowed a cup of coffee; then suffering from a sense of nausea, she hastily left the table, and retired once more to her chamber.

It required a painful effort to reappear an hour after, and take her place at the piano, where, without being asked, she played, as usual, for a goodly hour, Mrs. Fairleigh brooding the while, in profound silence over her knitting.

So passed several days, in which the indefatigable Sweetzer discovered that the girl had been busily engaged, in repeated snatches, in writing—letters as she supposed—but these were so carefully concealed that no traces of them could be found.

At last, Saturday came—the mail day, and little Benny, the mail boy, a smart negro urchin of fifteen, was in waiting after breakfast.

"You see, ma'am," said Sweetzer, as she prepared to get the mail bag, "you see she's off already; gone ahead. Thar, you may get a sight

of her bonnet among the trees."

"Yes, indeed, there she goes," said the stately lady, spectacles on nose, and looking forth through the window.

"There she goes—all eagerness. How wonderfully fast she walks."

"Yes, ma'am, it is wonderful, considering the load she's got to carry."

"Astonishing! And in her eagerness and anxiety, she has gone forth without shawl or cloak; and such a bitter cold day as it is. Why, Sweetzer, it looks as if we were to have snow."

"It's got a 'stonishing snowy look, ma'am, for the season. I reckon 'twill snow before night."

"Ugh!" with a shiver, as she looked, her eyes following the retreating form of Rose until it disappeared from sight.

"She's a vigorous girl, Sweetzer."

"Strong as a horse, ma'am."

"And certainly very beautiful! very beautiful. A man might very well be forgiven for being entrapped by such a woman. She's very artful, Sweetzer."

"Cunning as a fox, ma'am."

"To take advantage of my hospitality!" mused the stately lady, nursing her wrath by the usual process.

"After all the favors I have shown her; introducing her into society; taking her with me on my travels; clothing her with fine garments, and decking her with my own jewels. It is monstrous! And such presumption, too! How should she dare! But it is so with all low-bred people! They are at once ungrateful, artful and presumptuous."

"That's so, ma'am," said the grinning echo, however little she might

relish the estimate made of people lowly bred.

"Well, Sweetzer, you are sure of your preparations, you say? If there's a letter you'll get it?"

"Sartin, ma'am. Leave me alone for that. I haint cut my eye teeth for nothing. Ef so be she puts a letter in that mail-bag to-day, we'll be sure to get it, ma'am—dead sure."

She answered with her usual grin, which, on this occasion, was even more hyena-like than usual. She hated Rose for her beauty and accomplishments, and there was exultation in her eyes as well as hate, as she said :

"I've got my man posted beyond the place wher she meets Benny. And, ef you says so, ma'am, I'll take the short cut round by the carriage house and stable, jist skairt about the yellow stone knob, and git one into the road jist this side of old Child's farm, where my man's a-walking. And ef thar's a letter in that bag—and I'm sure there is—we'll nab it, sure."

"Very good. Begone at once. Lose no time, Sweetzer. But wrap up well. It must be very cold."

Poor Rose! She little knew that all her poor little cunning was to be exercised in vain.

The conspirators were too much for her; the letter was found in the bag, and Mrs. Sweetzer, not capable herself of reading, yet gloated over the address, without a doubt of the party to whom it was written.

Hiding the unfortunate letter in her bosom, she made her way back to the house, by the same circuitous route which she had taken before, an hour after Rose had reached her chamber.

Poor girl, she sate shivering with

cold, without a fire, and was now wrapped up in cloak and shawl, trying to recover the caloric which she had lost in her recent thoughtless exposure, when Sweetzer appeared at the door, and with a malicious smile upon her face, very politely requested her to appear before Mrs. Fairleigh in that lady's chamber.

Rose Carter shivered visibly—but not from cold, but fright. Her instincts warned her of impending evil. That malicious grin of Mrs. Sweetzer was full of significance; and, with a heart sinking with a feeling akin to terror, she descended to the chamber of the stately lady.

The first glance at the face of Mrs. Fairleigh, was quite enough to confirm all the apprehensions of the young girl. It was inflamed to the deepest purple. Her eyes seemed filled with fire. She approached Rose with something of a rush the moment she showed herself within the room, and shaking an open letter in her face, she shrieked, rather than spoke :

"Ah! you ungrateful wretch! did you write that letter? Is that your signature, and how had you the audacity to write to any son of mine, on such a subject? Speak, wretch—confess, if you have the face for it—confess! Tell me all. Keep back nothing, you—you—you—"

We suppress sundry coarse epithets, which larded freely every broken sentence of this speech. Words which we hardly ever dreamed to exist within the knowledge of women, were as unscrupulously used by the fine lady, as if she had received her diploma from the stews. And this confirmed the opinion of Aunt Betsey—which she might have borrowed from Dean Swift, or Sam

Johnson—that your very nice people have frequently very nasty ideas. Certainly, on this occasion, the stately, aristocratic and fashionable Lady of Fairleigh Lodge was terribly emphatic in the use of words, which are universally ignored among the tender gender and all genteel people. But Mrs. Fairleigh had her excuse, possibly, in being in such a rage as to demand a large addition to her ordinary vocabulary. She found it at her need.

Poor Rose was overwhelmed. There was her letter flopping in her very face. Her secret was discovered. She had not violated her oath, if oath it was. She had esteemed it as such. It might have been only a solemn promise. But, without her will or consciousness, her secret had been discovered.

She sank, crouching at the feet of the raging woman, and as the latter retreated from her, with the look, if not the act to spurn her, the poor girl crawled towards her, and lifted up her hands, as it were in prayer for mercy.

“Back, wretch! back!”

“Mercy, madam; forgive me!”

“Impudent ——!” We forbear the atrocious epithet. “Is this your letter?”

“It is!—forgive!”

“And you have dared to write to my son, and to tell him this!”

“Oh! Mrs. Fairleigh, I promised him not to tell, until—I swore, madam——”

“Until when, you vile woman?”

“Until he came of age, when he promised——”

“Tell me no lies ——” Here another terrible epithet, which we suppress.

“I am no ——, Mrs. Fairleigh.”

Poor Rose had hardly the strength to speak the dismal word with which she had been characterized; but she recovered a moment after, and with unexpected firmness rising to her feet, exclaimed rapidly:

“No, madam, I am your son’s wife—lawfully married!”

Mrs. Fairleigh fairly shrieked.

“Infamous liar! treacherous hypocrite! Have you sought to entangle that boy, just from College, in your villainous snares? You his lawful wife! You! There could have been no such fool, woman, in the house of Fair’eigh.”

The young girl’s eyes flashed with fires of indignation. She rose to her fullest height as she replied:

“You shall judge for yourself, madam, whether your family can produce fool or knave.”

And while the stately lady stood aghast at this burst of honest indignation, the girl darted to the dressing-table, where lay a pair of scissors, and ripping open the skirt of her dress, which had concealed that paper which she had preserved thus from all the prying curiosity of lady and housekeeper, she exclaimed triumphantly:

“There, madam, read for yourself! There is the certificate of marriage, by a Pastor of an Episcopal Church of New York, between Edward Fairleigh and Rose Carter. I am your son’s lawfully wedded wife.”

Then, as Mrs. Fairleigh read, she exclaimed:

“Oh! fool! oh! liar! This is a poor story. It is all a fraud. There is no Pastor of the Episcopal Church in all New York of the name of Hazen! You are a ——! You shall not remain another day in my house, My son is now in Germany, and se-

cure against all your cunning contrivances!"—and she tore the paper into a hundred pieces.

The poor girl sank senseless to the floor, crying:

"Don't! don't! Oh, God, don't!"

"Take her away!" cried the cruel woman to the miserable creature, Sweetzer.

"Recover her if you can. Do for her what you will; but let me see her no more. Better she were dead a thousand times than live to claim to be daughter of mine. Away with her!"

Rose was put to bed insensible.

Sweetzer, possibly feeling some remorse, was at pains to restore her. She was successful. A vigorous constitution, and a strong will, came to Rose's aid, and, by nightfall, she had come to consciousness.

"But that consciousness! It was akin to madness.

She moaned, and finally seemed to sleep. Then Sweetzer left her, and made due report to her mistress.

"To-morrow," said the latter, "you will order the carriage, and take her home to her mother. Pick up and carry every thing which she may call her own. Leave nothing behind. You need say no words to Mrs. Carter, save that 'you have brought her daughter home.' Would to God I had never seen her! If we had time for it, Sweetzer, I would pack her back to-night."

"It's too late, ma'am, to-night, and besides that, the snow's set in and will be too cold for the horses. It's dreadful dark already."

"Shut in the windows, and get me some strong tea. That lying girl has thrown me into a fever. But we'll be rid of her to-morrow.

See to it, Sweetzer. Let Tom have the carriage ready as soon as he has done his breakfast. Take up some breakfast to her room. Let her not see me. I will never look upon her face again. The cunning ——."

We suppress the epithet.

Sweetzer promised obedience, and went about her office; but the next morning, by daylight, rushing into the room of Mrs. Fairleigh, she cried out:

"She's gone, ma'am—gone!"

"Who's gone, Sweetzer?" said the lady, waking up from sleep.

"Miss Carter, ma'am."

"How gone?"

"She's not in her room, ma'am."

"Had she slept?"

"It don't look so from the bed. It's hardly rumped at all, 'cept as when we laid her down on it, when she was a-faint."

"Have you searched the house?"

"Searched every hole and corner, and thar's no sign of her anywhar."

"Then let Tom and Boston go out and find her tracks."

"Oh! ma'am, that's impossible. It's been snowing all night, and thar's no track any whar. All's kivered by the snow, and I reckon it's more than three foot deep already, and the snow's coming down as ef there was to be no end of it."

"They must go and search, nevertheless. Let them go to the farm of that woman, Hall Child's I mean, and on the valley road to her mother's, and if they fail to find traces of her on these tracks, let them try the mountain path to the farm of these hunters—what's their name?"

"Mike Baynam and Sam Fuller, ma'am, I reckon you mean."

"Yes, yes. Let them begone at once. It would be terrible if the

poor fool should perish in the cold."

Then, as Sweetzer disappeared, there was a touch of the woman nature in her exclamation :

"Oh! Edward Fairleigh! Edward Fairleigh, my son, to what have you brought your mother? And where is it to end? The miserable girl! How unfortunate! But what presumption! To think of entering *my* family!"

CHAPTER IX.

THE PANTHER IN PURSUIT.

It was dark. The night had come on prematurely ; cold, cloudy everywhere, and the snow falling thickly. There was a moon, but she shed only a faint, ghastly light, that lay upon the snow, like the smiling of a broken heart on the face of the dead. Little gusts of wind rose up from the gorges, and swept the snow drifts along, so many cloudy veils, against the sides of the mountains, and down the long stretches of valley that lay between. The tops of the rocks began to show, like so many great bald scalps of the sea in white foam. There was a moaning, as of a great sorrow, among the mighty trees growing in the deep hollows ; and the frequent cascades lifted their voices louder than ever, as if in sympathy with the universal nature. A dull sky of leaden-like vapors hung over all, while the snow drifts sped onwards, flight upon flight, like so many legions of sheeted ghosts, speeding headlong to unwelcomed graves.

The two hunters rose to the top of the yellow-stone knob, and paused for a few moments, as if to take in the prospect, before descending the gorge which should take them

through the valley where ran the road by which they were to reach their mountain cabin.

The day had been to them an exhausting one of labor and excitement. But they had been successful. Each of the hunters carried his buck behind him, and a goodly wild turkey, a splendid gobbler, weighing some twenty pounds no doubt, hung at the saddle of Mike Baynam. The life of our melancholy hunter had resolved itself into one pursuit ; and action—perpetual action—the daily hunt after the beasts of the wilderness, saved him from those brooding thoughts of disappointment, which if indulged, had brought him to despair.

But, though hunting with the tenacity of his own hounds, Mike Baynam could not altogether forego *thought*, and now that he stood, for the first time in many months, upon a spot which gave him a full view of the settlements at Fairleigh Lodge, memory bore him back with a rush that was irresistible, to the pleasant times that had been, and the hopes that he now could know no more.

The hunts of the day had taken him and Sam Fuller in a direction which for some time he had scrupulously avoided. The prevailing north-easter had driven the beasts before it, and the hunters had followed them.

And now, as he suddenly rose to the top of the "knob," he groaned without his own consciousness ; and Sam Fuller held back in deference to his emotions.

There, plainly glimpsing through the snow drifts, and in the wan atmosphere of that dreary dusk, rose

the stately abode of Fairleigh Lodge, with its numerous tenements, its handsome grounds and teeming gardens; and there, in that abode of luxury, reposed the one, over all, for whom Mike Baynam would have sacrificed all the wide world's treasure! There, as he brooded, she sat and sang, a happy bird, happy to sing because of the gilded cage in which she dwelt. Such was Mike's fancies.

Alas! for poor Rose, and our melancholy hunter! Little did he dream, how, at that very hour, she lay prostrated on the floor in her dreary chamber, clasping with both hands her agonised temples, which seemed about to burst with their swollen tortures!

Mike almost forgot himself as he gazed, till the whimpering of the shivering hounds at his feet, and the voice of Sam Fuller, recalled him to his proper progress.

"Let's be getting on, Mike! It'll be quite dark in hafe an hour; the snow thickens, and wíl swallow up that moon before we can round the mountain. Hyar, this way, man, to the left of the knob. Hev you forgot the great gulley to the right?"

"It is so long since I have been here, Sam."

"No reason we should stay long now we've got hyar! This way, ef you wants to git down easy."

And Sam led the way down through the gorge into the valley road, which they found with ease, though it was already covered with snow. Then they rounded old Childs' farm, and taking a right-hand path, which they well knew, they ascended the long slope of the mountain, upon the opposite side of

which stood their humble dwelling.

When the top of the eminence was reached, Michael Baynam again paused, and wheeling round his horse, looked back again upon the route over which they had passed, their tracks already effaced by the falling snow.

The sky was sheeted with the ever-drifting snow currents, and nothing was visible in the long distance in the direction in which he gazed but the murky and misty gray of that dense atmosphere—a perfect sea of lead-like vapor.

Could he, from that height, have been able to penetrate, with mortal eye, the space between, and once more behold the palatial abode of the Lady Fairleigh, he might, at that very hour, have beheld such a spectacle as would have frozen the blood in all his veins, while filling all his brain with fire.

There, gliding outwards from a door in the rear of the dwelling, creeping close along the wall of the basement, stealing outwards, now to the cover of the garden shrubbery, and the thick hedge which encircles it, and now darting forward in a run to the shelter of the great avenue of chestnut oaks, which conducted to the valley road, came the tall figure of a woman, wrapped from head to foot in a great cloak or shawl, which seemed to be worn rather for concealment than for protection from the weather.

She seems not to heed the snow, now that she has gained the wood. She proceeds with eager steps—never once looking behind her, but murmuring ever as she goes; some-

times darting forward in a run, and then stopping short as if in pain, and moaning and muttering at intervals, unintelligibly, perhaps, even to herself!

And this is Rose Carter, the once so happy, and the still so beautiful! She labors under temporary insanity. That last violent scene with Mrs. Fairleigh has shocked her brain from its propriety.

"I must go!" she cried in the growing darkness of her chamber.

"I know they mean to kill me if I stay! They will do the deed this very night! I see it in the face of that horrid Sweetzer! Hark! that noise! They are—O, my God! they are even now sharpening their knives! Both of them! Two to one! And how can I struggle now? I must fly before they come! I must 'go!' 'go!' 'go!'—Yes, the voice tells me, 'go!'—'go at once,' it says! Yes, yes! I hear you! I will go! I will go! I dare not die yet!"

We have seen how she took her departure.

But whither would she go?

According to the rude mountain ballad, which records her history, and which you may still hear sung by the mountain hunters, she had purposed going home to her mother; but if this had been her purpose, she lost her way very soon, or was diverted from it by some caprice of mood, so natural to a temporary derangement of intellect. At first, she seems to have pursued the route towards the farm-house of Mrs. Childs—Miss Hall that was—but here she turned aside, and actually, whether consciously or not, proceeded up the very heights, and along the very track taken some two hours before by our two hunters.

She probably thought, if she might be supposed to think at all, that it was more easy to reach the Lodge of Mattie Fuller, being three miles nearer than that of her mother.

But why did she not seek shelter in the cabin of Mrs. Childs? It is just possible that, having treated this lady with scorn in the day of her triumph, her pride would not permit her to seek refuge in her dwelling. But did she think of her pathway, with all that agony working in her soul? It is doubtful.

What influence governed her movements, must for ever remain a matter of mere conjecture. That she should take the route leading to the house of Michael Baynam, may have been due to some one of these unerring instincts of the heart, which prompt it rightly, though all the brain be wild and erring—"like sweet bells jangled, harsh and out of tune."

She, no doubt, entertained a faith in the truth, honesty, and manhood of Michael Baynam, which, however her affections may have wandered, was never once shaken.

Enough that she took the path pursued by our hunters, and leading up the long mountain slopes almost directly to their cottage.

For a long stretch she plied her way steadily forward. We have seen that her beauty and grace did not impair the vigor of her frame, which had been seasoned well by the bracing airs and the free exercise of mountain life. But her situation was unfavorable to any long strain upon the muscles, and the tradition extant among the mountaineers, described her as falling down in several places, and occasionally, as she recovered, staggering somewhat

out of her path. That she frequently murmured her sorrows, as she went, is also the tradition.

"How shall I dare to look upon my mother? Oh, God! it will kill me when her eyes are fastened on me!"

Such is the chief burden of the mountain ballad.

And thus moaning, and sometimes, it is said, singing incoherently, she sped along, though, at every step, she was more than ankle deep in snow. And as she broods, yet goes, moans, yet sings, in short, broken snatches of the old ballad—she suddenly breaks off with a shriek, and bounds headlong forward with a fresh impulse.

She hears in the distance a cry like that of a child, suffering from pain, and crying faintly in its sleep.

That sound fills her soul with horror. She recognizes it; she knows it but too well.

It is the cry of the voracious coggar, the American panther!

And he is following on her footsteps, with that stealthy, cat-like tread—with that unerring, hound-like instinct—with that terribly ferocious appetite, which, without the courage and audacity of the tiger, yet possesses all his greedy thirst for blood.

Her cry echoes that of the beast, as she bounds away, running with what speed she may command, and crying ever as she runs:

"Mike, oh! Mike Baynam! save me! save me!"

And so shrieking and praying, she speeds from sight—up—up the narrow gorge, which kept her in the one, the right direction.

And now that she is lost to our sight—and, after a space, a long,

dark figure might be seen creeping steadily along the track which she has taken—moving with cat-like tread, and nose to the ground, lifting his head at intervals, snuffing the air, and sending forth, with each discovery, that child-like cry, which, when the hound hears, he shivers in every limb, though crouching beside the camp fire, and at the feet of the hunter, or in the security of his own kennel.

But the beast slowly travels forward. There are no tracks in the snow which he can see, and he gathers the scent from the air. But as he goes with the course of the wind, he snuffs the wind without profit.

Still he has the instinct of the cat; is subtle, singularly cautious, even to timidity, when not goaded by famine, and his progress in pursuit is ever slow. But he, too, passes out of sight at length, and disappears in the very direction in which the wretched girl has gone.

And the snow falls more and more heavily, as the night wanes; and the atmosphere thickens; and the wan light from the moon, herself unseen, wears a bluish ghastliness; while all sounds of man and beast equally cease; and silence over-spreads the land as if it were the very pall of death.

There beyond! Beyond, where we cannot see; where we hear no sounds, and yet we know what trembling creature goes onward with a shriek and cry; and we know what a savage terror follows in dread pursuit, her footsteps.

Oh! who shall tell the fearful tragedy—now, in this dreariest depth of midnight—being enacted on that desolate mountain top? Who shall

conceive, or describe, all the terrors—the agonies of terror—the dread despair—possessing the soul and the imagination of that hapless girl, as she hears the shrill but soft cry of her fierce pursuer in the distance; as she hears his stealthy foot approaching on the snow; as she feels his hot breath borne to her on the wind; as she beholds him crouching, in a very ball of muscle, and preparing to make his final leap upon his prey, while his small, red eyes flash out with demonic appetite, until she closes her own eyes, unable longer to subdue the doom which their terrible glances threaten.

In that moment—in that scene—brought to this terrible straight—with such an enemy—with no champion under the naked sky—with none abroad to see—the heart succumbs—the soul sends up a silent prayer to the only power which can save, and then sinks into an insensibility which possibly saves it from all further pain!

Is it so now—here?

The night passes—slowly—with what terrible slowness!—the snows fall as before—and no voice from out the darkness makes answer to our question!

THE UNGUARDED MOMENT.

Yes, my lips to-night have spoken
 Words I said they should not speak;
 And would I could recall them—
 Would I had not been so weak.
 Oh! that one unguarded moment!
 Were it mine to live again,
 All the strength of its temptations
 Would appeal to me in vain.

True, my lips have only uttered
 What is ever in my heart;
 I am happy when beside him,
 Wretched when we are apart.
 Though I listen to his praises
 Always longer than I should,
 Yet my heart can never hear him
 Half so often as it would.

And I would not, could not pain him,
 Would not for the world offend;
 I would have him know I like him
 As a brother, as a friend;
 But I meant to keep one secret
 In my bosom always hid,
 For I never meant to tell him
 That I loved him—but I did.

EARLY COMMERCE OF THE PRAIRIES.*

THE title of this book commended it at once to our favor. It presented to our mind's eye the picture of the vast prairie ocean which bounds, with its eastern shore, a portion of our border, awakening to the life and bustle of a maturing civilization. We seemed to see already in the centre of its boundless plains a new Tadmor, growing up to rival with its wealth and magnificence the once famous Republic of Palmyra; and mighty caravans pouring into its thronged streets the wealth and the products of every nation and climate under the whole heavens. Who shall say that the merchants of Egypt and Syria, who supplied Zenobia's capital with its incense and its pearls, its gums and its oils and drugs, were more enterprising than the Yankee Santa Fe traders, who have built up a large

and profitable trade across our western prairies, under difficulties hardly paralleled in the commercial history of the world!

The very suggestion of commerce upon the prairies, made us fancy at once that we beheld their broad surface intersected in every direction with railroads and canals, and planted with cities and towns, and villages, and that we heard already—

“The sound of that advancing multitude
Which soon shall fill these deserts. From
the ground
Comes up the laugh of children, the soft
voice
Of maidens, and the sweet and solemn
hymn
Of Sabbath worshippers;”

and forgetting entirely that books cannot be read like bills in Congress, by their titles, we had resolved that this must be a most excellent work, before we had read a page of its contents.

An examination of Mr. Gregg's book, which we have since made with considerable care, has led us into somewhat different trains of thought from those first suggested by this title, though our opinion of its merits has remained unchanged. It presents by far the most complete and reliable account of the origin and progress of our overland commerce with Mexico, and the kind of life led by those who first engaged in it, of any work that has ever been printed, to our knowledge,

* Commerce of the Prairies, comprising a Narrative of the Santa Fe Trade; being personal observations of a trader, made on eight several expeditions across the great Western prairies, and during an almost uninterrupted residence of nine years in Northern Mexico. Embracing some account of the natural history of those prairies, and many new particulars of the frontier Indians—of the wild tribes of the plains—and of the N-w Mexican Indians of the North; and also historical sketches of the past and present condition of New Mexico; its inhabitants, their manners, customs and superstitions, to which is prefixed a brief narrative of the origin and vicissitudes of the United States and Santa Fe trade.

We say reliable, because, in the first place, the work is throughout marked by a cautiousness of expression and an indisposition to exaggerate or overstate, which at once commands our utmost confidence in the author's fidelity. In the next place, Mr. Gregg's statements are entitled to special consideration, because he had probably a larger experience in this trade than any other living writer. A resident of the border from his birth, and familiar with prairie life and habits as the catamaran of Ceylon with the sea, he was besides actively engaged and deeply interested in the Santa Fe trade, personally, for nine or ten years. He crossed the prairies eight times with the trading caravans, and in almost every case as their chief owner and proprietor, besides undertaking several trading expeditions among the Indians, into the very heart of the prairies. This rare experience should entitle his statements to no little consideration.

In the first chapter of the work are presented a full account of the origin of the Santa Fe trade, and its progress down to the year 1831, of all which Mr. Gregg was a contemporary, and, for the most part, a witness, having been personally acquainted with nearly every person of consideration who has participated in its hazards. It was in the spring of this year that, in consequence of ill health and pressing exhortations of his physicians, he determined to join a caravan then about to set out for Mexico. He took with him no goods for the occasion, but went along as a passenger and an invalid. Independence, on the Missouri, was the point where the caravans were in the habit of

procuring their outfit, and the place to which they directed all their goods to be shipped—for steam navigation was then already established to this point. They here packed their goods anew in their wagons, or on their horses or mules, and provided themselves with all the minor necessities for the long and dangerous journey which lay before them.

"It was on the 15th of May, 1831," says the author, "and on one of the brightest and most lovely of all the days in the calendar, that our little party set out from Independence. The general rendezvous at Council Grove was our immediate destination. It is usual for the traders to travel thus far in detached parties, and to assemble there for the purpose of entering into some kind of organization for mutual security and defense during the remainder of the journey. It was from thence that the foundation of the caravan was to be dated, and consequently the chief interest of our journey to commence."

To give any clear notion of the progress or the incidents of one of these trips, would require more explanatory details than our space will admit of—indeed, the whole expedition is a unity, and one needs to follow the author from the very commencement, to catch and appreciate that spirit of adventure with which his very agreeable record abounds. There are occasional points in the narrative, however, which admit of separation. The following account of the order of march and mode of encampment adopted by the caravans, gives one a very clear idea of at least one very important feature of these expeditions. It seems that, after crossing the Pawnee Fork, the caravan, which up to that time had marched in two lines only, was restored again into the four divisions into which it had

been separated at its organization at Council Grove, and these were ordered to drive on in four columns till they reached the border of the mountains :

“By moving in long lines as we did before, the march is continually interrupted ; for every accident which delays a wagon ahead stops all those behind. By marching four abreast, this difficulty is partially obviated, and the wagons can also be thrown more readily into a condition of defense in case of attack.

“Upon encamping, the wagons are formed into a ‘hollow square’ (each division to a side), constituting at once an enclosure (or corral) for the animals when needed, and a fortification against the Indians. Not to embarrass this cattle-pen, the camp fires are all lighted outside of the wagons. Outside of the wagons, also, the travelers spread their beds, which consist, for the most part, of buffalo-rugs and blankets. Many content themselves with a single Mackinaw; but a pair constitutes the most regular pallet; and he that is provided with a buffalo-rug into the bargain, is deemed luxuriously supplied. It is most usual to sleep out in the open air, as well to be at hand in case of an attack, as indeed for comfort; for the serene sky of the prairies affords the most agreeable and wholesome canopy. That deleterious attribute of night air and dews, so dangerous in other climates, is but little experienced upon the high plains; on the contrary, the serene evening air seems to affect the health rather favorably than otherwise. Tents are so rare on these expeditions that, in a caravan of two hundred men, I have not seen a dozen. In time of rain the traveler resorts to his wagon, which affords a far more secure shelter than a tent; for if the latter is not beaten down by the storms which so often accompany rain upon the prairies, the ground underneath is at least apt to be flooded. During dry weather, however, even the invalid prefers the open air.”

The following specimen of extempore surgery, is a forcible illustration of the practical, though at present somewhat common-place truth,

that “some things can be done as well as others :”

“A few days before the caravan had reached this place, a Mr. Broadus, in attempting to draw his rifle from a wagon muzzle foremost, discharged its contents into his arm. The bone being dreadfully shattered, the unfortunate man was advised to submit to an amputation at once; otherwise, it being in the month of August, and excessively warm, mortification would soon ensue. But Broadus obstinately refused to consent to this course, till death began to stare him in the face. By this time, however, the whole arm had become gangrened, some spots having already appeared above the place where the operation should have been performed. The invalid's case was therefore considered perfectly hopeless, and he was given up by all his comrades, who thought of little else than to consign him to the grave. But being unwilling to resign himself to the fate which appeared frowning over him, without a last effort, he obtained the consent of two or three of the party, who undertook to amputate his arm merely to gratify the wishes of the dying man; for in such a light they viewed him. Their only ‘case of instruments’ consisted of a hand-saw, a butcher's knife and a large iron bolt. The teeth of the saw being considered too coarse, they went to work, and soon had a set of fine teeth filed on the back. The knife having been whetted keen, and the iron bolt laid upon the fire, they commenced the operation; and in less time than it takes to tell it, the arm was opened round to the bone, which was almost in an instant sawed off; and with the whizzing hot iron the whole stump was so effectually seared as to close the arteries completely. Bandages were now applied, and the company proceeded on their journey as though nothing had occurred. The arm commenced healing rapidly, and in a few weeks the patient was sound and well, and is perhaps still living, to bear witness to the superiority of the ‘hot iron’ over ligatures, in ‘taking up arteries.’”

After a series of adventures, which give quite a romantic air to the narrative, the caravan finally, after an

absence of seventy days from Independence, entered the city of Santa Fe. This place, Mr. Gregg described as a collection of unburnt brick huts, inhabited by an idle, listless and faithless set of people, for the most part, who know no events in nature more important—or impressive—than the arrival of a caravan from the United States, or an incursion of Navahoe Indians.

After a brief but discriminating notice of the Santa Fe markets, and the present and past condition of the Tariff laws of Mexico, Mr. Gregg proceeds to give an elaborate account—the first one that we know of in our language—of the political origin, growth and the social condition of the Department of New Mexico—including an account of its domestic productions and consumptions, and its mining wealth; together with a very full notice of the tribe of Indians who live within the Department, but beyond the pale of civilization.

It is in this account of Mexican society we find a statement with regard to the inhumanity of mendicant parents towards their offspring, corresponding with some facts mentioned by Mr. Cooley in his work on Egypt, which we had heretofore hoped and believed were without a parallel for their atrocity. It seems that in Egypt it was customary for parents to blind and otherwise maim their offspring, so that when they grew up they might escape being draughted for the Pacha's army; and so common had this system of maiming become, that it was almost impossible to find a sound grown man among the poorer classes in the kingdom. So, likewise, in New Mexico, parents had actually been

known to maim and deform their children, during the earliest stages of infancy, to qualify them for becoming professional beggars, and thereby to secure to themselves a permanent revenue for the remainder of their lives.

It seems that there was no provision made for paupers by law, and, consequently, the obligation of all to assist the poor, was more generally recognized. The result of this was, that the country was perfectly infested with mendicants. "In the large cities, Saturday was the almsgiving day, by custom; and on such occasions the *limosneros* might be seen promenading the streets in gangs of thirty or forty, or in smaller numbers, kneeling at every corner of the town, and each croaking aloud his favorite set of benisons, and inviting the blessings of heaven upon every man, woman and child, who may choose to propitiate them by casting a few *clacos* into their outstretched hands." These creatures, however, did not always wait until some calamity had really rendered them objects of compassion, before they adopt the mendicant's profession. They more frequently affected disease and deformity, than suffer as the victims of such infirmities.

Mr. Gregg is not quite as full as we could have wished upon the government of the Department of New Mexico, but a single paragraph, in which he speaks of the management of the Post-Office, presents a more complete view of its political condition, than volumes of analytical dissertation:

"Speaking of mails, I beg leave to observe, that there are no conveniences of this kind in New Mexico, except on the

route from Santa Fe to Chihuahua, and these are very irregular and uncertain. Before the Indians had obtained such complete possession of the highways through the wilderness, the mails between these two cities were carried semi-monthly; but now they are much less frequent, being mere expresses, in fact, dispatched only when an occasion offers. There are other causes, however, besides the dread of marauding savages, which render the transportation of the mails in New Mexico very insecure; I mean the dishonesty of those employed in superintending them. Persons known to be inimical to the postmaster, or to the 'powers that be,' and wishing to forward any communication to the South, most generally wait for a private conveyance, or send their letters to a post-office, (the only one besides that of Santa Fe in all New Mexico,) some eighty miles on the way; thus avoiding an overhauling at the capital. Moreover, as the post-rider often carries the key of the mail-bag, (for want of supply at the different offices,) he not unfrequently permits whomsoever will pay him a trifling *douceur*, to examine the correspondence. I was once witness to a case of this kind in the Jornada del Muerto, where the entire mail was tumbled out upon the grass, that an individual might search for letters, for which luxury he was charged by the accommodating carrier the moderate price of one dollar."

The discovery of a fair scale of weights and measures by a thoroughly demoralized nation, without any trade, and unskilled in any of the usages of barter, might, deservedly enough, perhaps, excite our admiration, and if such a nation were found quite destitute of a facility so indispensable in civilization, we should scarcely feel any surprise; but that a nation like the Mexicans, maintaining commercial intercourse with the most civilized nations of the globe, should contain among its trading population so much stupidity as the following few lines from Mr. Gregg's book would imply, is a

fact which must be very soberly stated to be credited:

"I have heard of some still more curious contracts in these measurement sales, particularly in Santa Fe, during the early periods of the American trade. Everything was sometimes rated by the vera—not only all textures, but even hats, cutlery, trinkets and so on! In such cases, very singular disputes would frequently arise as to the mode of measuring some particular articles, for instance, whether pieces of riband should be measured in bulk, or unrolled, and yard by yard; looking-glasses, cross or lengthwise; pocket-knives, shut or open; writing-paper, in the ream, in the quire, or by the single sheet; and then, whether the longer or shorter way of the paper; and many others."

Is it at all surprising that a people so entirely insensible to the logical relationship of facts—to the mutual dependences of cause and effect, should become a prey to every species of superstition, however ridiculous or absurd? Indeed, might not such a consequence be inferred from such a cause? At all events, such proves to be the fact. "In the variety and grossness of her popular superstitions," says Mr. Gregg, "Northern Mexico can probably compete with any civilized country in the world." And in illustration of his charge, the author has presented a number of instances which show but too clearly that that unshrinking faith which sustained in elder days the wild absurdities of Pagan mythology, has only put off the old to put on a new garb of institutions. The following illustration of the theory and practice of *penances* in this country deserves to be preserved:

"It has been customary for great malefactors to propitiate Divine forgiveness by

a cruel sort of *penitencia*, which generally takes place during the *Semana Santa*. I once chanced to be in the town of Tome on Good Friday, when my attention was arrested by a man almost naked, bearing, in imitation of Simon, a huge cross upon his shoulders, which, though constructed of the lightest wood, must have weighed over a hundred pounds. The long end dragged upon the ground, as we have seen it represented in sacred pictures, and about the middle swung a stone of immense dimensions, appended there for the purpose of making the task more laborious. Not far behind followed another equally destitute of clothing, with his whole body wrapped in chains and cords, which seemed buried in the muscles, and which so cramped and confined him that he was scarcely able to keep pace with the procession. The person who brought it up the rear presented a still more disgusting aspect. He walked along with a patient and composed step, while another followed close behind belaboring lustily with a whip, which he flourished with all the satisfaction of an amateur; but as the lash was pointed only with a tuft of untwisted sea-grass, its application merely served to keep open the wounds upon the patient's back, which had been scurfied, as I was informed, with the keen edge of a flint, and was bleeding most profusely. The blood was kept in perpetual flow by the stimulating juice of certain herbs, carried by a third person, into which the scourger frequently dipped his lash. Although the actors in this tragical farce were completely muffled, yet they were well known to many of the bystanders, one of whom assured me that they were three of the most notorious rascals in the country."

If it had been the design of the Mexican authorities to *protect* licentiousness and immorality, they could not have devised a better course than to tolerate the enormous tariff upon marriages which the priests have imposed:

"This system of extortion," says Mr. Gregg, "is carried so far as to amount very frequently to absolute prohibition: for the means of the bridegroom are often insufficient for the exigency of the occasion; and

the priests seldom consent to join people in wedlock until the money has been secured to them. The curates being without control, the marriage rates are somewhat irregular, but they usually increase in proportion to the character of the ceremonies and to the circumstances of the parties. The lowest are adapted to the simplest form, solemnized in church during attendance at mass; but with the excuse of any extra service and ceremonies, particularly if performed at a private house, the fees are increased often as high as several hundred dollars. I have heard of \$500 being paid for a marriage ceremony. The following communication which appeared in a Chihuahua paper, under the signature of '*Un Ranchero*,' affords some illustration of the grievances of the plebeians in this respect. Literally translated it runs thus:

"*Messrs. Editors of the Noticioso de Chihuahua*:—Permit me through your paper to say a few words in print, as those of my pen have been unsuccessfully employed with the *curas* of Allende and Jimenez, to whom I applied the other day for the purpose of ascertaining their legal charge to marry one of my sons. The following simple and concise answer is all that I have been able to elicit from either of these ecclesiastics:—'*The marriage fees are a hundred and nineteen dollars.*' I must confess that I was completely suffocated when I heard this outrageous demand upon my poor purse; and did I not pride myself on being a true Apostolic Roman Catholic, and were it not that the charming graces of my intended daughter-in-law have so captivated my son that nothing but marriage will satisfy him, I would assuredly advise him to contrive some other arrangement with his beloved, which might not be so ruinous to our poor purse; for reflect that \$119 are the lie and all of a poor ranchero. If nothing else will do, I shall have to sell my cows (*mis vaquitas*) to help my son out of his difficulty. The '*Ranchero*' then appeals to the government to remedy such evils, by imposing some salutary restrictions upon the clergy; and concludes by saying, '*If this is not done, I will never permit either of my three sons to marry.*'"

"This article was certainly a great effort of boldness against the priesthood, which may have cost the poor '*Ranchero*' a sentence of excommunication. Few of his countrymen would venture on a similar act of temerity; and at least nine-tenths profess the most profound submission to their religious rulers. Being thus bred to

look upon their priests as infallible and holy samples of piety and virtue, we should not be so much surprised at the excesses of the 'flock' when a large portion of the *padres*, the padres themselves, are foremost in most of the popular vices of the country: first at the fandango—first at the gaming-table—first at the cock-pit—first at bacchanalian orgies—and by no means last in the contraction of those *liaisons* which are so emphatically prohibited by their vows.

"The baptismal and burial fees (neither of which can be avoided without incurring the charge of heresy) are also a great terror to the candidates for married life. 'If I marry,' says the poor yeoman, 'my family must go unclad to baptize my children; and if any of them should die, we must starve ourselves to pay the burial charges.' The fee for baptism, it is 'rue, is not so exorbitant, and in accordance to custom, is often paid by the *padrino* or sponsor; but the burial costs are almost equally extravagant with those of marriage, varying in proportion to the age and circumstances of the deceased. A faithful Mexican servant in my employ at Chihuahua, once solicited forty dollars to bury his mother. Upon my expressing some surprise at the exorbitancy of the charge, he replied—'That is what the cura demands, sir, and if I do not pay it my poor mother will remain unburied!' Thus this man was obliged to sacrifice several months' wages, to pamper the avarice of a vicious and mercenary priest. On another occasion, a poor widow in Santa Fe begged a little medicine for her sick child: 'Not,' said the disconsolate mother, 'that the life of the babe imports me much, for I know the *angelito* will go directly to heaven; but what shall I do to pay the priest for burying it? He will take my house and all from me—and I shall be turned desolate into the streets;' and so saying, she commenced weeping bitterly.

"Indigent parents are thus frequently under the painful necessity of abandoning and disowning their deceased children, to avoid the responsibility of burial expenses. To this end the corpse is sometimes deposited in some niche or corner of the church during the night; and upon being found in the morning, the priest is bound to inter it gratis, unless the parent can be discovered, in which case the latter would be

liable to severe castigation, besides being bound to pay the expenses."

Mr. Gregg includes in his personal narrative an account of his visit to Chihuahua, Durango, and the mining towns in their vicinity, and also a journal of two voyages home to the United States, in the years 1838 and 1840, and of a second trip to Santa Fe in 1839. He has presented no account in detail of his other passages across the prairies, but has digested the substance of his observations into four long chapters, devoted into what may properly enough be called the natural history of the prairies; and which constitute the most permanently valuable, though, perhaps, not the most interesting portions of the work. One of these chapters is devoted to the physical geography of the prairies; the second to their animals; the last two to their Indians; and, without attempting to raise his notes to the dignity of a treatise upon the subjects to which they relate, he has contrived to present a great number of very novel and curious observations. The following account of the mustang, or wild horse of the prairies, was to us quite novel, and, we presume, will be found so to many of our readers:

"The beauty of the mustang is proverbial. One in particular has been celebrated by hunters, of which marvellous stories are told. He has been represented as a medium-sized stallion of perfect symmetry, milk-white, save a pair of black ears—a natural pacer, and so fleet, it has been said, as to leave far behind every horse that had been tried in pursuit of him, without breaking his pace. But I infer that this story is somewhat mythical, from the difficulty which one finds in fixing the abiding place of its equine hero. He is familiarly known, by common report, all over the great prairies. The trapper celebrates him

in the vicinity of the northern Rocky Mountains; the hunter, on the Arkansas, or in the midst of the plains; while others have him pacing, at the rate of half a mile a minute, on the borders of Texas.*

"The wild horses are generally well formed, with trim and clean limbs; still their elegance has been much exaggerated by travelers, because they have been seen at large, abandoned to their wild and natural gaiety. Then, it is true, they appear superb indeed; but, when caught and tamed, they generally dwindle down to ordinary ponies. Large droves are very frequently seen upon the prairies, sometimes of a hundred together, gamboling and curvetting within a short distance of the caravans. It is sometimes difficult to keep them from dashing among the loose stock of the traveler, which would be exceedingly dangerous; for once together, they are hard to separate again, particularly if the number of mustangs is much the greatest. It is a singular fact, that the gentlest wagon horse (even though quite fagged with travel,) once among a drove of mustangs, will often acquire, in a few hours, all the intractable wildness of his untamed companions.

"The mustang is sometimes taken by the cruel expedient of 'creasing,' which consists in shooting him through the upper *crease* of the neck, above the cervical vertebræ; when, the ball cutting the principal nerve, he falls as suddenly as if shot in the brain, and remains senseless for a few minutes, during which he is secured with a rope. He soon recovers from the shock, however, and springs to his feet, but finds himself deprived of his liberty. He is easily tamed after this, and the wound heals without leaving any physical injury. But 'creasing' is so nice an operation, that many are killed in the attempt. If the

ball pass a little too low, it fractures a vertebræ and kills the poor brute instantly."

With the following account of a Comanche courtship we must conclude our extracts from this interesting book.

Their marriage ceremonies vary in different bands, but the following has been represented as the most usual:—

"Unlike most other tribes, among these, the consent of the maid has to be obtained. This done, the lover, from apparent delicacy, goes not to the father of his intended, but, in accordance with a custom which prevails among some other tribes, communicates his desire to an uncle or aged relative, who enters into the marriage contract. The parties, however, are not yet fully betrothed; but, as a test of the submission of the bride to the service of her proposed lord, the latter ties his riding-horse at her lodge door. If she turn him loose, she has resolved finally to reject him; but if she lead him away to the *caballada*, it is an unequivocal agreement to take charge of his horses and other property, and the marriage is soon concluded. The uncle now communicates the engagement to the chief, who causes the bans to be published, that no other wooer may interfere. As the horse is with them the type of every important interest, the bridegroom next proceeds to kill the least valuable one that he is possessed of, and taking out the heart, hangs it at the door of his betrothed. She takes and roasts it, and then, dividing it into two parts, each eats a half, which perfects the bond of wedlock. The heart of the buffalo, or other animal, may perhaps be substituted if the bridegroom has not an abundance of horses. Should the circumstances of the parties admit of it, the marriage is usually celebrated with feasting and dances, though, in general, the Comanches are less fond of dancing than most other Indians."

* It is hardly a matter of surprise that a creature which leads such a ubiquitous existence should never have been taken.

TIMES AND LIFE OF MACHIAVELLI.

BYRON was wont to say that a world might be created with four of the greatest men of Italy. Dante and Galileo for the sciences, Michel Angelo for the arts, and Machiavelli for the government. From the earliest period of her existence, Italy has been the birth-place of gigantic intellects. In every age she has possessed the privilege of engendering some mighty genius that seemed destined to continue that glorious galaxy of noble minds, which from Cicero to Dante, from Dante to Galileo, have rendered her so celebrated, and have spread so much light in every department of the intellectual world. No land on the face of the earth has more greatness to boast, than Italy; none has engendered so many noble spirits; but at the same time, none has so many misfortunes to deplore, as many calamities to go through. Her children, animated by the most ardent love of liberty, appeared on the stage of the world like bright planets in the darkness of the night, to call the oppressed to break the fetters of tyrants, and form themselves into one, and an independent family. The petty tyrants of that unhappy country thought nothing of throwing those noble spirits into dungeons, or condemning them to a long exile, in order to hold up their ill-gotten power; the Church, through the fear of her thunders, so dreaded in those times, forced them to silence; the inquisition put

them to the torture; and thus, instead of praise and rewards, they met with fetters and persecution, and not only their bodies, but their minds also were made to suffer the most horrible tortures.

Niccolo Machiavelli, the greatest political genius the world ever produced, began life as a citizen and a politician in a time of wars and internal dissensions, while Italy was divided and torn to pieces by national and foreign princes, and the Italian republics had almost reached the last hour of their existence. The independence of their fair peninsula was about to depart to make room for an era of bondage and slavery. Spain, France and Germany combined together to prevent the union of the Italian States, while jealous at the same time of each other, they divided and ravaged unhappy Italy, and constituted themselves the Protectors of her petty tyrants. The Church, in Machiavelli's times was ruled by those monsters in human shape, Alexander VI. and the parricide Clement VII.

Niccolo Machiavelli, generally called the Florentine Secretary, and the historian, was born in Florence, in the year of our Lord 1469. His parentage was poor at the time of his birth, though it had once been wealthy and distinguished. Machiavelli may be regarded as the noblest specimen of the Italian republican of the sixteenth century; the champion of republicanism and demo-

cratic principles; the unforgiving enemy of all kinds of tyranny, and the true friend of the people's rights. In his early youth took place the conspiracy, called in history the "Conspiracy of the Pazzi," and the descent of Charles VIII. into Italy, and his expedition against the city of Florence. This last event awoke in his youthful mind an unconquerable hatred which accompanied him to his grave, against all kinds of foreign domination. French rule was particularly abhorrent to his patriotic soul.

Machiavelli's mother was a woman of high intellectual powers and well-constituted mind; an ornament to her family, her sex, and the age in which she lived. This worthy mother, like the Roman Cornelia, early instilled in the young mind of her son those sacred principles of liberty and patriotism which so distinguished his future life. She instructed him in the condition of his country, and her vivid description of the iniquities which the tyrants of Italy practiced, in order to dominate upon her, produced in his mind a fruitful indignation. Thus his mother, worthy of such a son, by her wholesome education, paved the way to the future greatness of the illustrious statesman.

Machiavelli's preceptor was Marcellus Virgilius, a man of profound learning; who, by the faithful discharge of this important duty, developed that mighty genius which was destined to shine with such splendor through the world, and entitled him to the gratitude of all civilized nations. At the age of twenty-nine, Machiavelli was elected Secretary of State of the Republic of Florence, in preference to numer-

ous candidates, and for fifteen years filled that office with great credit to himself and his country. During this period, he was also entrusted with many other important places. To him was confided the home and foreign correspondence, the records of the proceedings and deliberations of the Councils, the registers of public treaties with foreign States and Princes, and the important and manifold duties were always discharged with faithfulness and ability. Entrusted several times with diplomatic missions, he constantly succeeded in procuring the interests of his country; and the letters which he has left us bear witness to the truth of this assertion. Twice was he sent as Ambassador to the Court of Austria; four times to that of France, while Louis XII., then the reigning king, was the only powerful ally of the Republic of Florence; twice to the Court of Rome, under the Pontificate of Alexander the VI., and to the conclave which elected Julius II.; besides visiting the Courts of several of the petty Italian sovereigns, and various republics. These diplomatic missions were very useful to Machiavelli in progress of time; for he was thus enabled to study the policy and cunning of those governments, the infamy and mysteries of those monsters, who, to maintain their power, did not scruple to sacrifice not only individuals, but entire populations, to their unholy ambition. In these Courts, where prisons, poisons and daggers formed the only policy, Machiavelli drew his first ideas of his celebrated book, "The Principe."

While acting as Ambassador of the Republic, Machiavelli was so

poorly compensated, that we often find in his letters complaints to his government, and demands for a larger supply of money, to be enabled to defray indispensable expenses. In these times, as in our days, ambassadors of republics were scantily compensated; thus forming a striking contrast with those of crowned heads, who receive immense salaries, and are allowed to revel in luxury and pleasure, while the poor people are starving for the want of the necessaries of life!

Machiavelli joined to capacities of the highest order the most ardent attachment to his country, and a pliant, practical mind, such as was required in those troublesome times. His labors were unlimited; now acting as Secretary of State; then Ambassador to the different Courts; now called to advise on most important affairs; then dispatched against the enemy, or to visit the country in order to enlist troops, and superintend the means of defence. He introduced many reforms in the State, and among which was the formation of the national militia,* and the dismissal of the mercenary troops. He saw with pain the power in the hands of the weak Soderini, and the passive neutrality adopted by the Republic in times which were growing every day more calamitous, and a fatal crisis seemed to threaten the existence of Florence. Machiavelli made use of all his influence to prevent or retard at least the ruin of the Republic.

The celebrated league of Cambray, originated with, and directed

by Pope Julius II., had drawn into Italy foreign armies of every description and color. Under pretence of waging war against the Turk, the real cause was to weaken the power of the Republic of Venice, while that of the Pope was to destroy the whole of the Italian Republics.

A terrible calamity seemed to hang on the destinies of Florence. Machiavelli exerted himself with all his might to save the liberty of his country, and though unsuccessful, it must be attributed, not to his want of capacity and energy, but to the turbulent spirit of his fellow-citizens, and to the troublesome, disastrous circumstances in which he was placed. Already a conspiracy existed in the very city, intended to overthrow the popular government, and substitute in its place that of the Medici family; and this was also the work of the Pope, who was bitterly incensed at the Gonfaloniere Soderini, for having espoused the French cause.† The Cardinal Medicis, having secured the assistance of Spain, through the payment of 40,000 ducats, took possession of the Government of Florence, and exiled the Gonfaloniere Soderini, who, by his incapacity, had brought about the ruin of the Republic. Some say that Machiavelli became converted to the new order of things; but admitting this to be true, we may justly suppose that he considered the revolution inevitable and necessary. In it he had likely placed every hope of a more glorious future

* The militia was altogether national, according to the new ordinance, advised by Machiavelli.—[*Sismondi*, p. 493.

† Independent of this reason, Julio II. was incensed against Soderini for having given refuge to five Cardinals, who, alarmed at the sudden death of one of their companions, had refused to follow the Pope to Bologna.—[*Sismondi*, i., p. 127.

for the city of Florence. However one fact alone is sufficient to refute his detractor's imputations; it is well known that after Soderini fell, Machiavelli was removed from his place as Secretary of State, exiled from the territory of the Republic, and expressly forbidden to put his foot into the palace of the government. These facts ought to satisfy every unprejudiced man that Machiavelli did all in his power to save his country's independence.

The Florentine Republic was no longer what it had been. The race of its great men was laying cold in the grave; Jerome Savonarola, the people's tribune—the reformer of morals and religion, had a short time before been placed among the martyrs whom *Young Italy* will one day place in the national Pantheon, for he suffered for the cause of liberty and justice, and died for truth. The Medicis, with the help of foreign armies, had triumphed; liberty was lost; tyranny was in the height of its power. Machiavelli, in his exile, mourned over the misfortunes of his beloved country, and abandoned himself altogether to the muses and graver studies. The great man floored for an instant, rises again, stronger than ever; he is himself once more; he gathers his forces, and finds in his studies consolation worthy of his great soul. It was in the rural retirement of San Casciano that he composed his most celebrated works. "The Principe," his "Discourses on Livius," the "Treatise on the Art of War," and the "Florentine Histories," were all produced in those days of leisure and solitude. Unable to render himself useful to his country by deeds, he endeavored to illustrate her by his writings, and through these he im-

parted to his countrymen important lessons, intended to make them good and useful citizens.

Under the new government, every person respectable for talents or character was subject to persecution. Machiavelli had, of course, to share the fate common to all the great men of the unhappy peninsula; and if he did not actually suffer martyrdom, many cruel sufferings he had to encounter. While he was quietly living in the retirement of his exile, with his wife Maria Corsini, and his five children, a conspiracy was discovered against the Medicean Government. Pietro Paola Boscoli, one of the conspirators, happened to lose a list containing the names of certain individuals well known for their devotion to the ancient state of things; and this action led to the presumption of the existence of a conspiracy against the life of John de Medici, who was the head of that powerful family, and the only one that was to be dreaded. The conspiracy, whether real or imaginary, was supposed to intend to do away with him while on his way to the conclave, which elected him Pope, under the name of Leo X. Boscoli, Agostino Capponi (a name dear to Italy), Nicolo Machiavelli and many other eminent citizens, were arrested and confined in the *Stinche's* prisons. Boscoli and Capponi were afterwards decapitated, and Machiavelli was made to suffer the torture. And thus were, and are now, treated the zealous and eminent patriots of unhappy Italy, by the infamous agents of the most monstrous tyranny! Tortures, dungeons and the gibbet, are the laurels which are allotted by despotic governments to superior merit.

When released, Machiavelli, too

poor to live in Florence, retired again to the country. These sad events, which can only be borne by an uncommon fortitude, give better evidence than his former fortune of the high moral character of this extraordinary man.

Poor—unable to support a numerous family, Machiavelli had several times supplicated to be reinstated in his former office ; or, at least, to be granted some occupation which might enable him to earn his bread unpurchased by shame and remorse. But his repeated applications met with no favor. One consolation, however, in the midst of so many sorrows, was left him—a consolation so dear to the poor and prostrated—that of true friendship. The high respect which his talents and frank, affectionate disposition commanded from everybody, secured to him, even in adversity, some true friends, through whose exertions he finally succeeded in conquering the animosity of his enemies. Francesco Guicciardini, the celebrated historian, and Francesco Vettori, always kept an intimate correspondence with him—even in the most dangerous times. In a letter to Vettori, Machiavelli describes, in very touching words, his state of destitution—the tenor of his life, his occupations, his sorrows and hopes, and his endeavors to better his condition, and come again into active life :—“And for this reason,” says he, “I worry myself, and much longer I cannot remain in such a situation without becoming, for poverty, a destitute ; and my faith should not be doubted, for having always preserved it inviolate, it is not likely I should at this time of life learn to contaminate it ; and

one who, like me, has been for forty-three years faithful and good, should not be supposed as capable of changing nature, and of my faith and goodness, my present destitution is the best proof.”*

Such complaints of the great man are painful to record, particularly when we take into consideration the great number of obscure and imbecile intriguers who fattened on the throne of Medicis ; selling to the largest bidder the interests of the country, while the true statesman, the pilaster of the Republic, was allowed to drag out a miserable existence in exile and want ! But unfortunately, such is ordinarily the fate of those countries which are ruled by despotism ; they always fall a prey to the greediness of low, vile and flattering courtiers. Removed for eight years from the public business, thoroughly engaged in his literary works, the moment had now arrived when Machiavelli was once more to be called to lend his powerful aid in carrying on the Government of Florence, by the very persons who a short time before, had put him to the rack, and condemned him to exile. The Medicis themselves, although they might justly regard him as the greatest impediment to their schemes on the Republic, availed themselves of his talents on many important occasions. Machiavelli advised Leo X., in the year 1520, to re-establish the Republic, as the only means and the only government that could preserve Florence from foreign invasion and imminent ruin. Men, always unanimous when they have to fight for

*Letter of Nic. Machiavelli to T. Vettori, in Rome, Die 10, Decembris, 1513.

their homes and firesides, are not so when they have to expose their lives for the interest and glory of their rulers. Unfortunately, his advice was disregarded. In the following year, Clement VII. dispatched him as Legate to the Chapter of the Minor Friars, a mission not very agreeable to him. The object of this journey was to persuade the friars to make a distinct province of the Florentine Republic, and to send a good preacher to the Metropolitan Church of Florence. It is amusing to peruse his writings concerning this journey, and to see how he ridiculed these monks; calling them liars, idle, useless to society, and only fit for the *dolce far niente*. It was repugnant to his feelings, after having treated in the capacity of an Ambassador, with Kings and Emperors, to descend to treat with a chapter of idle and vicious friars. On this subject, an amusing correspondence took place between him and Guicciardini, then Governor of Modena.

Machiavelli was, after this, sent to Venice on a commercial mission, and the credentials he took with him show the unbounded confidence that was placed in his character and great intellectual capacities.

Charles the Fifth had crossed the Alps to invade Italy, and wage a war of conquest on the Papal States. The Pope, the Florentines, the Venetians, and the French, joined their arms to oppose his progress; but the ill success of the campaign increased the difficulties of the peninsula. Italy was now in a most critical situation. Foreign despotism threatened her from every part of Europe. Florence stood on the brink of the precipice, and thus was

accelerated her fate. Machiavelli had strenuously opposed the war on the ground of expediency; for he foresaw that should the allies be unsuccessful, the ruin of the Republic would immediately follow. But he was no longer at the head of the Government; his ungrateful country had given to traitors the place, that for her good he should have always occupied; and he had the grief to live long enough to see the Republic changed into a monarchy.

In the different circumstances, Clement VII. consulted Machiavelli and Guicciardini, on the means of fortifying and defending Florence; but all these preparations were superfluous, all these precautions were useless. Machiavelli, a man of practical experience, and not of illusions, gave such advice as suited those ruinous times, proposed the only measures that might have diverted the storm, sound, energetic measures. He advised that the popular Government should be restored; but in vain; the ambition of the Medici was greater than their sense of danger, and they would not give up. Florence was destined to fall. Savonarola had predicted it; Machiavelli had clearly foreseen it. Her ruin was inevitable; her last hour had sounded. The noble spirit of her former citizens, so ardent for their liberties, so jealous of their independence, was no more; and the dying eyes of the few patriots that still remained, could only shed tears on the calamitous future of their beloved country, on the ruins of that old and once prosperous Republic.

Machiavelli's last days were sad indeed. He saw the imperial arms conquer the last efforts of Italian

independence; he saw the pillage of Rome, and the plague ravage through unhappy Florence. He died poor, as he lived.

"Avaro dell'onore, largo dell'oro."

Greedy of his honor, liberal of his gold.

But if he could not leave to his children an inheritance of wealth, he left them one far superior, that of an eternal name and immortal glory.

His son, Pietro Machiavelli, announcing to a friend his father's decease, thus expresses himself: "Our father left us in great destitution, as you are aware." He died the 22d July, 1527, wishing for his country *empora maloria*.

Thus died Niccolo Machiavelli, *Democratice laudator, tyrannidis summa inimicus*,* the friend of the people,† the champion of Republicanism, and of the Italian independence.‡ He was buried in the Florentine Pantheon, in the Church of St. Croce, in the vault of his family, where he remained for two centuries, forgotten by his ungrateful country. Machiavelli loved Italy always in his heart, and for her was his last sigh.

* Alberico Gentile, Book III. De legationibus, Chap. 9.

† Bacon De Augumstian, Book 7, Chap. 2.

‡ Rousseau. Contract Social, Book III. Chap. 6.

LITERATURE OF THE ABOLITION YANKEE.*

I propose to discuss, as fully as I can within the space allowed, the *Literature of the Abolition Yankee*. The subject is almost a novel one. We have had no time and been in no mood during the past eight years to examine the structure of the Yankee's prose, to count the feet in his couplets, or to discuss the merits or the morality of either. He has given us reading of another and heavier kind which could not be put off. He has entertained us with tax-bills which took away our money, and proclamations which stood instead of our laws; has diverted our attention from the light and demoralizing literature of the stalls to the

perusal of healthy tracts, showing to our delighted minds the blessings of a national debt and the joys of an early death in the arms of Conscription. To suppose a people with such pressing literature as this thrust into their hands, capable of reading anything else, is to give mankind credit for an amount of industry and a deal of composure which few of them possess. I venture to assert that there is no writing in the English language so thrilling, or which excites such lively personal interest in the reader, as the notice that he has been drafted and has ten days allowed him in which to prepare for glory or death. The hard prose of the conscription act has shaken hearts with a mightier touch than the loftiest lines of Shakspeare, or

* An Address by James F. Shunk, Esq., of Easton, delivered at Bedford, Pa.

the tenderest melody of Burns, precisely in the portion in which it is sadder and more tragic for a human creature to read his own doom than to dream over the woes and tears of visionary men and women, or of generations that are in the dust. Nor is the tax collector a better friend to study than the provost marshal. It is impossible to read poetry with satisfaction when you are engaged in estimating the comparative advantages of being shot or starved, conscripted or sold out of a home. Odes, ballads, plays, histories, novels, are alike impotent to engage the attention of the citizen, who is listening to the breathing of a government spy at his key-hole, waiting for the rap of a provost guard at his door, or watching from his window for the approach of the bayonets which are to stimulate his patriotism. Since, then, the awful scenes of the years just passed have afforded us no time to charm our minds with the fancies of the world's wisest men, it is not likely that we should have given many midnights to the scribbings of the meanest race that ever read books, or wrote them. Hence it is that my subject is not a hackneyed one.

Before we go further, it is well to understand that by the *Abolition Yankee* I refer, and refer solely, to that band of malignants who now dominate over New England, and, as has been most truly said, "rule us for their pleasure and plunder us for their profit." There is a Democracy in the Eastern States which we must all respect and cling to, not merely because they are one with us in their contempt for the "higher law;" one with us in the determination to preserve this government as

a heritage for white men and their children; but because they bravely, steadfastly, and year by year, cast votes utterly hopeless for present effect, in the calm belief that God will bring us better days, and that, in any event, "it is better to be right than to be popular." Every word that we can utter in denunciation of the cruel and corrupt Abolitionist is a word of praise to the noble men who have stood up against him in his home, and who have fearlessly sought to wipe from their own States the stigma of his crimes and to redeem the rest of the land from the curse of his rule. The names of such men as Pierce and Toucey and Seymour, and the Curtises, are thrice dear to us because they have proclaimed the truth and stood steadfast to it in the face of the most ferocious and lawless majority that ever held a land under its heel.

I have said that my subject is a novel one. It is, nevertheless, one of the most important that can engage your attention. It is impossible to overrate the power of books, of reading of all kinds. A printed word is the most potent influence on earth. The speech of an orator, no matter how eloquent he may be, no matter how much his music may charm the ear of those who hear him, dies out of the mind. You are delighted with it; you repeat it; you chat about it with your friends; but time weakens the impression. The words begin to fail and to be forgotten; new sights and sounds crowd them out of recollection. But a printed book is another thing. It addresses itself persistently, constantly and forever, to the eye and to the mind. Children read it, although it may be but the rubbish of

a library. It fastens its impression on young minds and old, with a firm, sharp touch, which is beyond the power of spoken words, and which, if it begins to fade, can be deepened and renewed as often as you take up the forgotten pages. It never dies. Everywhere in the land you will find books, written by inconsiderable and even contemptible men, bought by chance and preserved by accident, which have influenced the minds of the millions who make up the people. To ignore such an influence, or to attempt to slight it, is as idle an undertaking as to seek to stay the flow of the tides, or stop the sun in his rising. You *must* accept it; you *must* recognize it—the only thing you can do is to regulate it, and divert a flood which cannot be checked into channels from which you and your children may draw the water of life.

The Abolition Yankees were the first people in the country to recognize this power. Deny them everything else—take away from them all the virtues to which they have no claim, honor, patriotism, common honesty—you must still concede to them the craft which selects the fittest means for a chosen end. They know the value of types and ink, the power of newspapers, the might of books, the witchery of words which address the eye and which speak to a people in their homes, by their hearthstones, and all the time.

It is hardly necessary to say anything of Yankee cunning. The time is even within my recollection, when the venders of tin ware, clocks, and split-leather boots, swooped, summer by summer, from the recesses of the North through the peaceful defiles and valleys of this innocent

old Pennsylvania, on their annual pilgrimage of swindling. Thousands of honest matrons, from whose cheeks the bloom has not yet faded, have been vexed out of all patience by those deceptive pots and kettles which glittered so far in the sunshine, and lost their bottoms with such provoking alacrity when they were set upon the fire. Thousands of stalwart men, not old enough to escape the grasp of a conscription act, have had their toes peep out and their feet go bare through those boots which the enticing eloquence of the wagon-man would not suffer them to refuse. Clocks are still standing on the mantel-piece of many a country homestead whose moveless hands, though unable to tell the time, speak loud enough of the rogue who brought them from the East. The yeomanry of Pennsylvania purchased their knowledge of the Yankee dearly, with hard cash, and with a good deal of it. But they have the knowledge, and if they remember it and apply it now, they have driven no hard bargain.

The tin-ware, the split-leather, the clock businesses, have all passed away. The gentlemen who vended those valuable commodities have retired upon their fortunes. Some of them have become saints, and are preaching the gospel; some of them Senators, and are doctoring the Constitution; some of them contractors, and have set their squadrons in the field armed with cast-iron sabres, mounted on skeleton horses, and clad in picturesque rags of shoddy; some of them poets, and are tuning their lyres in praise of John Brown and the noble black; but all of them—Senator, saint, shoddy-contractor, and tuneful war

bler, alike—are simply clock and tin peddlers in a new disguise.

Their lyrics and their essays are of a piece with their kettles and their shoe-leather. They are a sham. The artist who has spent his early years in the contrivance of mechanical cheats, is not likely, when he turns his attention to poetry, to forsake his old tricks, or establish any very close correspondence with the Muses. His saucy panes and his similes, his shoe-pegs and his metaphors, are equally ingenious frauds. He is alike a dishonest tinker, whether he wields the pen, or holds the lap-stone.

Hence the Abolition literature is not the out-cropping of spontaneous genius, nor even the result of honest and patient labor. It is made to sell, to cheat, to deceive, not to improve and instruct. Its histories are artful and malicious inventions, designed to varnish the infamies which have blackened the whole history of the party of negro emancipation, and to defame the party of the Constitution which held these States in firm and glorious Union as long as the reigns of power were in their hands. Its theology has nothing in it of the spirit of Christ and the Apostles, or of the long line of worthies of all ages, of which each sect and sub-division of the Church can claim its share, whose patient, innocent, prayerful lives were given to seeking a clearer knowledge of God and bringing aliens and wanderers into closer communion with Him. On the contrary, it is a kind of mixed, mad nonsense, made up of a series of incoherent interpretations of the Gospel or strictures upon it, by insolent exhorters who rate their own

bellowings higher than the thunders of Sinai. No two of them precisely agree in the portions of the sacred book which they scout and defy; in the exact texts which are to be cast out and rejected; but they are beautifully united in scorning and sneering at all of it which does not accord with the schemes, the passions, or the aggrandizement of each.

The songs of this Abolition literature are by no means suggestive of the trill of birds which sing because song is their natural speech. The nasal pipe of the Puritan has nothing of the warble of the woods about it. His attempts to chirp after the fashion of nature's born minstrels, afford us pleasure, it is true; but it is the pleasure of a downright, hearty, shaking laugh at the ludicrous failure of the poor devil, who fancies, because he has counterfeited nutmegs with success, he can manipulate melody, and cheat you as readily in song.

To affect a thorough acquaintance with everything the Abolition Yankee has put into print, would imply an immense amount of leisure, and a very small amount of taste on the part of the person who might set up such claim. As it is not necessary to drink perpetually of the waters of the Nile, or even to take more than a single glass of it to taste its flavor and judge its quality, so with the tide of literary trash which year by year rolls from its New England fountains, through ten thousand channels over all the rest of the land. It is as monotonous a mass as the current of the great "Father of Waters," and, I may add, quite as muddy. Indeed, one of the most amazing things about the productions of these people, is the same-

ness of their modes of thinking, their habit of looking at a subject, and their fashion of discussing it. Their minds seem to be cast in one mould. Intellectually they are as much alike as little pigs are physically. They are equally incapable of soaring for one moment above the bleak area of the sheep-walks and onion-patches on which they were born. They are all alike possessed with the idea that New England is not merely the *centre* of American civilization, literature and art, but that she holds all that we have of these things within her borders. Their admiration of one another is in proportion to their contempt for everybody else. Of course they are not above plundering and cheating each other, and the *smartest* man among them is he who accumulates his fortune fastest by dishonest cunning. But, plundered and plunderer, the sharp fellow who has won and the unlucky rogue who has lost, unite in exalting the fame of their common mother, and in despising those dull "outside barbarians," to whom we have the misfortune to belong. In short, they are alike malignant, greedy, cunning, arrogant and unprincipled, and while these traits crop out more distinctly in some of their books than in others, they are not altogether missing in any of them.

There is an idea which these people have carefully fostered, and which has gained a certain prevalence through the agency of their political allies, that they are naturally the intellectual superiors of other citizens; especially that they are born to a pre-eminence in the world of letters. This idea is as destitute as anything can be of foun-

dation in truth. I admit freely that they read more books, write more books, and print more books than are read, written, or produced by all the rest of the country besides; and we must concede to them, therefore, a greater amount of activity with the pen and with the press than we claim for ourselves. But that is all that we concede. Tell me how many kits of mackarel, or pounds of codfish, were caught last year, on the Yankee coast, under the stimulus of the enormous government bounty; how many yards of calico and bales of shoddy were thrown out by the mills of Lowell; how many bushels of onions Wethersfield and her fragrant sister towns cast upon the market; how many cheeses came from the dairies of Connecticut, and how many clams from the shores of Rhode Island, and I can form some idea of how much the country owes New England for her annual contribution to the common stock of wealth. But books belong to a class of merchandise widely different from all these. Their *quality* is the measure of the debt we owe the people who gave them to us. Their bulk, their weight, their numbers, avail nothing toward an estimate of the minds from which they emanate. A pocket copy of Shakspeare is worth all the trash under which the presses of New England ever groaned, and the millions of pages which her diligent scribes ever fastened between covers. To thank a nation of untiring literary hacks, simply for giving you *plenty* of books, is to rate poetry along with cheese and codfish.

The original Abolitionists were, with few exceptions, infidels. The reason for this fact is quite plain. It

was impossible to reconcile their political and moral doctrines with the will of God as revealed in His written word. Men who projected the rude rending of a peaceful and prosperous country, whose pathway to the accomplishment of their dear designs must needs be soaked with blood and strewn with corpses, could find no warrant for their schemes, but only awful rebuke, in the teachings of the Prince of Peace. Hence, since God's word could not be construed so as to sanctify their plans, they rejected it utterly. They sought their bloody patent in a "higher law," discerned and interpreted by themselves. This "law" was not only entirely at variance with the Holy Scriptures, but it made obedience to the government of the country a gross and unpardonable sin. It is hardly necessary to repeat that famous sentence which Garrison inscribed at the head of *The Liberator* as its motto, and which was the watchword of the original Abolitionists for a quarter of a century: "*The Constitution of the United States is a Covenant with Death and an Agreement with Hell!*"

At the earliest period of their existence, before they had even attained sufficient importance to be courted by demagogues for their vote, they manifested, by the expression of this and kindred sentiments, that disregard for the decencies and humanities of life, that contempt for the feelings and the judgment of others, which has characterized them ever since. They ignored the possibility of the existence of an *honest* opinion opposed to any scheme or dogma of theirs. They shocked the religious feelings of pious people who had been train-

ed to respect the Gospel, the name and teachings of Christ, by the most awful blasphemy. They hooted at the clergy and denounced them as a pack of crafty wolves, preying on their flocks, and gathering an easy subsistence, by playing on the fears and the superstitions of mankind. Theodore Parker, their ablest writer, could not conceal his scorn for the popular faith in the Redeemer. He spoke of Christ as a man of considerable talents and fair character, personally unpopular because somewhat in advance of his age. He sneered at the Lord's Supper in so many words as "*a mere eating of baker's bread, and drinking of grocer's wine.*" Abby Kelley took somewhat different ground, and by way of reconciling her brethren to the plan of salvation, roundly asserted that *Jesus Christ was a negro*. Their newspapers, their tracts, their anniversary addresses, the stump speeches with which, under the name of sermons, they profaned the Sabbath, were stuffed with such sentiments as these. I think, however, that their blasphemy culminated in the celebrated declaration of Henry C. Wright, published in *The Liberator*: "If God Almighty has the *power* to abolish slavery *and does not do so immediately*, HE IS A VERY GREAT SCOUNDREL!"

If we believe that this Abolition excitement was the work of God, as we are now told from scores and hundreds of the pulpits of the North, we must believe that God confided His chosen work to a generation of infidels who exhausted their mother tongue in reviling Him as a "scoundrel," in denouncing His Sacred Supper as a *drinking-bout*, and His revealed will as a *lie*.

Of the literature of the Abolitionists, up to the time when they grew to be a political force, little need be said. It consisted chiefly of newspaper articles, abusing everybody but themselves, sermons by divines who got their texts out of the "higher law" tracts written by meddling old women in England, biographies of runaway negroes manufactured by long-haired, hungry scribblers in Boston, and ballads of the precise pattern of Greeley's "*Ode to the American Flag*:"

"Tear down that flaunting lie!
Half-mast the starry flag!
Insult no sunny sky
With hate's polluted rag!" etc.

Contempt for *government* was the great distinguishing feature of their early writings; but whether they despised the government of God, or that of the Constitution, the Scriptures, or the flag, the most, it is extremely difficult to decide.

They gradually grew into numerical importance. The artistic exaggeration and pathetic painting of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, worked on thousands of weak heads and soft hearts, and gave the party an impetus greater than that derived from the combined written and spoken falsehoods of the twenty years previous. Politicians began to court an alliance with these despised people, whom they had steadily denounced as fanatics, and with whom any correspondence had hitherto been considered as fatal to the prospects of a public man. You all know the result. The "Republican" party adopted the doctrines of the Abolitionists and swallowed up the original society, leaders and all, in its overwhelming ranks. Demagogues who had spent the best part of their

lives in warning the public against the "atrocious designs" of Garrison, Phillips and Parker, strove to outstrip each other in devotion to the emancipation of the negro, and in contempt for any Constitution, or law, which stood in the way of it. They gained power; they became masters of the Government, and they have been ruling us since 1860, if not in accordance with the provisions of the "higher law," most certainly according to some kind of law not written in the common statute-book, and al'together beyond the capacity of common people to interpret or understand.

The Abolitionists were now the dispensers of patronage. Sword and purse were theirs. The rights and liberties of the whole people were at the disposal of their ruthless will. They no longer assembled in cock-lofts to hatch treason; they sent kidnappers swarming over the country to discern it in men's eyes, to read it in the color of the ribbons about a baby's neck, or the trimming of its mother's bonnet, and to drag these insipient traitors, sucking conspirators, and petticoated Catalines, to such dungeons as the humanity of Beast Butler and his kind might assign them. The scouters at lawful power became the sticklers for the most iron despotism. The "polluted rag" and the "flaunting lie," to which Greeley had addressed his beautiful ballad, became "*the dear old flag*," and men who had bled under it when Yankee bluelights were luring the enemy to our coast, were beaten and imprisoned because they refused to degrade those grand old colors by flinging them to the breeze at the bidding of a brutal mob. Canting

wretches who had wept over the separation of young niggers in the South, whose pocket-handkerchiefs had been soaked over the agonizing recital by some fugitive Sambo, of the shock which parting from his grandmother had cost him, clamored loudly for a law which rent every dear domestic tie known to our blood; which tore husband and wife, mother and son, brother and sister, asunder, and forever; which sent the boys of a household, not to seek their subsistence in some new field of labor, but to lay down their young lives amid the hideous scenes of bloody battle, or the want and misery of a southern prison. The "party of freedom," as they still style themselves, proved to be the party of slavery, whose shackles bound the wrists of their own race.

I am not discussing the merits or the success of the late war, nor will it be time to do so until its fruits shall have ripened. If it was for the *Union*, the Abolitionists are seeking with all their might to make it ineffective by shutting the gates of the Union on the States which are seeking in good faith to return to its pale. If it was for the *negro*, when we see the negro satisfactorily and finally disposed of, it will be high time to congratulate each other on the good work, and award to the Abolition party the praise of having brought it about with such an economical expenditure of blood and money. My object now is simply to show the marvellous inconsistency between their sentimental philanthropy when out of power, and their brutal inhumanity when they gained it.

But grossly inconsistent as the Abolitionists themselves have been,

what shall we say of the reverend clergy who have struck hands with them? One would fancy that there could be little in common between men who claim to be ministers of God, and expounders of His word, and blatant infidels who spit on the book and defy the master. Granting even to these clerical gentlemen a spirit tolerant enough to endure insults to their Maker, the commonest respect for their own cloth would seem to require that they should be somewhat shy of a party which could so recently find no more endearing name for them than "wolves" and "impostors." But it would really appear that affection for the negro is a stronger sentiment than love of God or self-respect. Half the pulpits of the country have echoed during the past five years with the harangues of wandering intruders who never had a Bible in their hand, except when they swore on one that they were too old for the draft. Reverend gentlemen have suffered their flocks to be addressed by a class of men whose morals would exclude them from any decent household, not to say any pious one. The blasphemer and the bigot have fondly embraced each other, and sit, cheek by jowl, grinning over the bloodshed and ruin of the most terrible of civil wars. Stump-speakers have turned preachers, and preachers have turned stump-speakers in such vast numbers, that a church-going man has sometimes to inspect the pulpit, examine the hymn-books that lie in the seats, look curiously up at the organ, and trace out the saintly figures on the painted glass to satisfy himself that he is not in a pot-house, or at a ward meeting. Aisle and chancel, tran-

sept and spire—mere architectural outlines—are all that are left to identify hundreds of churches in this land as temples of God.

The consequence of this alliance between the infidel and the clerical Abolitionist, has been the production of a new class of books, tracts and papers. There are tens of thousands of pure-minded and conscientious women, of honorable and reverent men, whose minds could never be reached by the blasphemous arguments and appliances of the original, scoffing Abolitionists. They have been reared in the fear of God and taught to respect God's Book. To impress their minds, appeals must have the gloss of religion, at least, even if they have nothing of its spirit. This want has occasioned the production of by far the greatest mass of publications that have been issued in the Abolition interest. They are written sometimes by feeble-minded divines, who really believe what they say, sometimes by well-meaning females, who mistake the pangs of dyspepsia for the wrestlings of religious experience, but, most generally, they are the work of crafty rogues, who deliberately conduct them with the design of poisoning the minds of the rising generation. It is against this vast mass of demoralizing and false literature that we have special occasion to be watchful. It comes to us in the most unsuspecting shapes. The first primer which you put into the hands of your baby, if it emanates from a Yankee press, has an installment of poison adapted to a child learning its letters. Sunday school books are chosen receptacles for the abominable doctrines of the Abolitionists. Biographies of eminent

negroes, distinguished on their death-beds for devoted love to God and lively gratitude to John Brown, beguile the mind of many a little boy whose unconscious parents fancy that he is engaged in *Sunday reading*. They thus allow him to become an admirer of horse-stealing, and to acquire a profound respect for murder, and to form, under their very eyes, a noble ambition to emulate the great Brown in those evangelical accomplishments. Little newspapers, too, with wood-cuts, poetry, and short tales, are provided in abundance to feed the intellectual appetite of the young. They affect to be devoted to religious instruction, but, if you scan them carefully, you are certain to find the inevitable *wool* cropping out and overflowing all the flowers of rhetoric and figures of speech. I remember one of them presented to me in a railroad car by a pale gentleman with damp, long hair, strabismic eyes, and scraggy features, clad in full black, and with a crape hat-band. It was embellished with a picture of a malignant and vicious-looking old man, nursing a young and extremely black *nig*. A gallows stood in the back-ground, and underneath was the inscription—“*The Saint on his way to glory.*” Of course it was “Old John.” I said nothing, but uttered a mild, mental aspiration that the worthy missionary might, at an early period, *join* “the Saint,” in “glory,” or wherever else he may happen to be situated. This is but a small incident, but it is significant as showing the kind of trash which is being thrust into the hands of the people at every turn.

As children grow older, “histo-

ries," "geographies," and "readers" are provided for them, all issuing from the same mint, and graven with the same device. Histories of the United States are stuffed full of pictures of the "Pilgrim Fathers," the Bunker Hill Monument and Boston, as seen from all points of the compass, while the letter-press is devoted to the work of magnifying the piety of the "pilgrims" and the patriotism of their descendants. The "readers" contain selections from Yankee poets, all made in the same spirit of self-glorification, choice passages from the speeches of Mr. Sumner, Wendell Phillips, Garrison, and other eminent patriots, and minute rules to perfect the pupil in the art of pronouncing the English language through the nose—the approved Yankee fashion.

Besides these various appliances, there is an immense fund of magazine and periodical literature smuggled over our borders and into our houses, all saturated with the same falsehood, injustice and malignity. The *Atlantic Monthly* can at least claim the merit of obtaining its subscribers on no false pretence. It is notoriously an Abolition magazine. It is open in its villainy, and its editors are not only gentlemen void of the moral sense, but entirely regardless of the fact that other people possess it. But the *Harpers* stand at the head of a different class of publishers. They are guilty of a perpetual and scandalous fraud upon the public. They affect to issue a "neutral" magazine and weekly. They call the latter a "Journal of Civilization," and the former a *literary* periodical. Until it began to *pay* to denounce the Democracy of this country, they toadied to it with

a servility which was absolutely disgusting. They denounced John Brown in 1859, in the most savage terms, and had their papers filled with pictures of the raid, designed to show the love of the negroes for their masters and the atrocity of old Brown's bloody attempt to sever the "patriarchal relation." Even when the war was just impending, when Beauregard had donned the Confederate uniform, when Davis was sitting at the head of the new government, which was certainly as flatly in rebellion then as ever afterwards, they published the likenesses of those two persons, gave flattering biographies of them, and never intimated a hint of disapproval of the work on which they had entered. They showed then the same spirit which they had displayed long before, when they embellished their "Journal of Civilization" with an immense wood-cut of a brutal prize fight, because they could not bear to resign the sixpences of the shoulder-hitters and blackguards of New York to their competitors of the other pictorial weeklies. They sought to appease the decent portion of their readers, on that occasion, by giving, on their editorial page, a flaming moral article on the wickedness and indecency of human creatures pounding each other as represented in the picture!

As soon as the war had fairly broken out, and their Southern subscription list was hopelessly cut off, they commenced to print the most insulting Abolition sheet in the country. Not content with reviling the people actually engaged in the rebellion, they have continued, ever since, to libel, by word and picture, the great Democratic party of the

North. They have filled both "Weekly" and "Magazine" with sickening, sneaking tales, apparently the emanations of one addled head, designed to magnify the virtues of angular old maids of the East, and to illustrate the infamy of the "Copperheads," as they delight to call us. The plot of these stories seems to be kept in type, and the adjectives, love talk, descriptions of hospitals, scenery, &c., filled in according to the taste of the compositor. It is the simplest thing in the world to write one. Reuben Tarbuton goes soldiering (the bounty in Reuben's district, I may remark, was \$1,500,) and leaves Nellie Doolittle disconsolate. Nellie devotes herself to knitting stockings for the negro troops until news comes of Reuben's demise, which, of course, takes place in the middle of the deadly breach. Nellie, thereupon, having dried up her apron, concludes to soothe Reuben's departed spirit by ministering to his companions who are left behind, and forthwith becomes an army nurse. Finally, she happens to be wandering through the wards of a strange hospital, when she hears a familiar voice exclaiming, "Oh! that I could but see Nellie, and die happy!" She bounds forward, tears back the curtain; there is a simultaneous squeal—"Reuben!" "Nellie!" and these two pure-hearted young beings are locked in each other's arms. Of course, Reuben wasn't killed at all. The story was invented by a base Copperhead, who was his rival, and hadn't pluck enough to go to the war. He was merely wounded by a 20-inch cannon ball in the chest—soon gets on his legs—they are married—settle down in a neat cottage, with an eli-

gible onion patch attached—are blessed with a brood of healthy young Abolitionists, who come by twins, and (here the moral sneaks in) are steady purchasers of all the stuff the Harpers print. Fortunately, it is in the power of the Democracy of this country, who have bought, in past times, thousands of books and periodicals with the name of the Harpers on them, to cut down the circulation of this nonsense sensibly and right speedily. That is the only way to reach such mercenary souls as theirs.

There is another kind of Abolition literature of which I have a word to say, although there is hardly time left in which to say it. It is the poetry written by that vast body of domestic patriots who prefer the work of animating their neighbors with a military spirit to that of showing one in their own persons. The amount of jingle of this kind which has appeared during the past five years, is one of the most distressing consequences of the war. It has employed a large amount of muscle, (for the labor of producing it is merely mechanical,) which, considering the political sentiments of the writers, might have been more gracefully employed in carrying a gun. Still, it is valuable, for it illustrates the cowardice and hypocrisy of the Yankee Abolitionists more clearly than anything that has ever come from his pen. It is really almost incredible that men exist shameless enough to print the martial appeals and threatenings in which scores of these rhyesters have indulged, while toasting their shins between drinks in a custom house clerkship, or engaged in the perilous work of weighing out links

of sausage and plugs of tobacco from a sutler's wagon. How they can face their names in print appended to exhortations to "rouse," to "march," to "conquer," and to "die," and to do other ferocious things of that nature, is more than I can comprehend. One specimen of this species of writing, selected at random from a large collection, is all that my limits will allow me to give :

"You must meet them *breast to breast!*
 Oh! men of the North and West—
 Not with *words*—they laugh them to scorn,
 And tears they despise—
 But with swords in your hands,
 And *Death in your eyes!*"

Can you believe it that this most desperate bard, who is resolved to meet the rebels "breast to breast," who carries "death" even in his "eyes," (he ought, for the safety of society, to be compelled to wear goggles,) has been engaged for the past five years in the peaceful occupation of driving a quill in the New York custom-house! There are scores more of this kind. They have all passed safely through the war. But they have been the most marvellously afflicted class of people in the world. There is no disease known to medical science which these loyal warblers have not carried to the exemption office. Indeed the fact is worthy of physiological and metaphysical investigation that the power of rhyming develops itself among Yankee Abolitionists only in those who are over forty-five years of age or in bad health.

No man, of all the New England choir who solicited his countrymen, in song, to carry arms in the late war, admitted his own ability to shoulder a musket and take the field. I have endeavored merely to sketch the evil and the danger of this Yankee Abolition influence as developed in literature. It is a subject which could not be exhausted in many addresses, and which, I trust, will be kept alive in our newspapers, by our firesides, and everywhere. The remedy is as simple as the evil is patent. *Let us buy no more of their books,* or buy only those which we have cautiously examined. I do not propose to exclude the publications of these Abolitionists from our houses because they advocate political views in opposition to ours. I am willing to concede the largest liberty of thinking upon all public questions, and regard the Abolition fashion of suppressing newspapers, imprisoning editors, and kidnapping speakers as one of the greatest of crimes. But it is because their books are grossly immoral, shockingly blasphemous; because they make a murderer and a horse thief a god, and call the Divine Father of us all a "scoundrel;" because they teach disobedience to law as a virtue, and lawless despotism as the right of a dominant party; it is for these reasons that we should snatch their polluted pages from the fingers of children and close our doors against a plague more terrible than the locusts or the lice of Egypt.

"FROM ANOTHER STANDPOINT."

DURING the last campaign, reason seemed to be almost dethroned, while passion and prejudice "held high carnival," and played "such fantastic tricks before high heaven" as must have made "the angels weep." Democratic papers and Democratic speakers took up the living issues of the time—the questions upon which we are all so deeply interested: those growing out of and raised by the war; but the people did not seem inclined to their discussion, and when the stale cries that originated with the war were raised, and when their editors and orators, instead of fairly meeting the issues presented by the Democracy, made the false and unwarranted assertion that the Democratic party was responsible for the war, and all the evils that attended upon and followed it, nothing else would be listened to, and all appeals to reason and judgment passed by them as idle wind. The salient points of the main questions growing out of the war were knocked off, pushed in and forced down; but it was very "awakening" to hear our opponents on the "causes of the war," the "horrors of the war," and "the enemies in our midst," while very cunningly appropriating to themselves such sweet morsels as "the abolition of slavery," the "final settlement of the doctrine of secession," "money plenty," "wages high," "times good," &c., &c. The Democracy were so reviled, abused,

and covered over with hard names, that it was next to impossible for the masses to penetrate the smoke, thus raised by the Mongrels, and see the corruptions, falsehoods, misrepresentations and mismanagement of which the leaders of the so-called Republican party had been guilty during four years of war, and through four years of peace that have followed.

The excitement and furor attendant upon a Presidential canvass having abated, we propose, during the calm, to call the attention of those who voted against the Democratic party because they were taught to believe it "disloyal," to some facts historical and otherwise, that in the whirl and confusion of the last seven or eight years have been very much neglected. That some party, or some influence, has destroyed the "government" of 1787, effaced the old landmarks, and fastened stupendous evils upon us, to be handed down, an accursed legacy, to posterity, all thinking, intelligent men must admit; and we shall go into the matter somewhat in detail, and look at it "From Another Standpoint" than any occupied during the late campaign. If the opposition will talk about the war and its causes—will continue to call us traitors and rebels for striving to remain faithful to the old Union and the old Constitution, we must meet them upon their own ground, and show to the people who have and who

have not been the friends of the "government." It is well enough, too, for us sometimes to look back and observe the course by which we have arrived at our present point. We cannot agree that a line shall be drawn across the past that preceded the war, and it totally obliterated. We want it for a guide to our feet in the future; and by keeping its teachings and experiences in view, we may be enabled to shun many of the dangers that lie before us. If there ever was a time in the history of this country when reason should occupy the throne, and the past should be spread out before us as a map for our study and our guidance, *that time is now.*

History informs us that in 1620 a band of Puritans, persecuted for their religious opinions, and seeking in a foreign land that "liberty of conscience" which their own country denied them, became the first colonists of New England. After having tried other countries, they had embarked on board the *Mayflower*, and, after a tedious voyage, had landed upon the Rock named Plymouth, which thenceforward and forever was to be dedicated and consecrated to "liberty of conscience" and freedom of religion. They had suffered persecutions, privations and hardships at home, for what they termed "liberty of conscience," and they were going to enjoy it unmolested, and to the full, upon the bleak and barren shores of New England; but they had scarcely got a foothold upon the western continent when it became manifest that their "liberty of conscience" meant the persecution, imprisonment, banishment or death of all whose "consciences" would not allow them to

adopt their laws, their institutions, and their consciences!

They came to this country avowedly—these "pure" people—to enjoy their religious opinions and "liberty of conscience," without fear or restraint, and almost *their first acts* were to persecute others for their religious opinions, and to deprive them of liberty of conscience!

Roger Williams, the founder of Rhode Island, for maintaining that it is the duty of the civil magistrate to give equal protection to all religious sects, and that he has no right to restrain or direct the consciences of men, or in any way interfere with their modes of worship, was banished from the colony; and so thankful was he to a higher power—and well he might be—for being permitted to escape with his life from the clutches of these bloody, conscientious saints, that he called the place where he settled Providence! Soon after the banishment of Roger Williams, a Mrs. Hutchinson, supposed to be the first apostle of "woman's rights" in this country, established meetings of her own sex, exercised the "liberty of conscience," and expressed her own religious views, as she thought she had a right to do in *that* community, but she soon discovered her mistake when she was banished, too! Poor Mrs. Hutchinson! If she were living in New England to-day, she could have her say, turn up her nose at the lords of creation, make speeches, wear breeches, converse with black spirits and white through the medium of her knuckles, vegetate on Graham bread, indulge in free love, and, with perfect abandon, inhale the charmed and sweet-scented air that surrounds such as Anna Dick-

inson, Susan B. Anthony, Sojourner Truth, and Fred. Douglass.

Next came the Quakers, never doubting for a moment but that they had a right to promulgate their religious views among a people who had fled to this country to escape oppression, and to enjoy the liberty of conscience; but they were persecuted, banished, and, in some instances, executed for preaching their doctrines, by these pure and saintly supporters of the true faith! We see running through the whole history of these people a steady, unwavering disposition to fasten their own peculiar views and notions upon others, at any cost, and by any means in their power, even to gibbeting, while at the same time professing to entertain the most liberal and progressive ideas, and to be the most devoted friends of "liberty of conscience." Held in check in England, they had fled from what they considered oppression and bondage; but hardly had their feet touched the shores of the new world, when they became tyrants, conscience-keepers and persecutors. It is ever the way with such people. But give them the power, and from being the professed friends of liberty, humanity and equal rights, they become oppressors, task-masters, and the worst and most deadly enemies of the rights and privileges which they have professed to love.

The puritanical hatred of oppression and love for "liberty of conscience," cropped out in various forms, and showed itself in strange and singular ways. Every woman who wanted her own way, or was deficient in good looks, or was troubled with hysterics, or wanted to do the Grecian Bend or the Black Crook,

was possessed of an evil spirit, and treated accordingly. She was thoroughly ducked in the pond, and if the operation didn't drown her, it was proof positive she was a witch, and she was taken out and strangled to death, or finished at the stake. But if she drowned, it was conclusive evidence that she was not a witch, and her reputation stood without spot or blemish. Consoling, very, to her and her surviving friends! If a man were seen with one leg of his pantaloons in his boot and the other out, after the manner of Greeley, it was a strong indication that he was under the influence of the devil—and that *may* be the trouble with Greeley! And if a minister of the Gospel preached such heretical doctrines as peace on earth and good will to men—forgive your enemies and those who despitely use you—do no evil that what you conceive to be good may come of it, &c., he was charged with being in league with the evil one, and, in some cases, was banished! In another, and very peculiar way, they evinced their hatred of oppression and their love of liberty of conscience: As early as 1650 Indians and negroes were held as "slaves" in pure New England, and provision was made by and between the colonies and provinces for returning them when they fled from their masters! Something very much like a "fugitive slave law!" In after times, when "slavery and the slave trade" ceased to pay, they sold their bondmen "for the love of gold, and stole them back for the love of God!" True to themselves and to their puritanical instincts under all circumstances, and at any "sacrifice!"

They had their code of "Blue

Laws," too, and eminently wise and just were they. If a man so far forgot himself as to kiss his wife on Sunday, he was fined a shilling. And if a young man, in meeting, happened to raise his eyes in the direction of some fair Patience, Faith, Hope or Charity, whose good looks had saved her from a charge of witchcraft, it cost him two shillings! Whistling in the streets was prohibited, and any person guilty of laughing was sent to the stocks or whipping-post. As swearing was supposed to be the cause of early frosts, any person heard at it was put in the pillory or imprisoned in the pound. To pucker your mouth in church was three pence; to smile, a sixpence, and to grin, a shilling. If the cider, spruce beer or whey—the staple beverages of the time—so far forgot the "law" as to "work" on Sunday, it was adjudged "disloyal" to the "government," and confiscated for the use of the deacons. They fasted and prayed so much, and mortified the flesh to such an extent that the flesh felt mortified and left them; and to this day their descendants are noted, like one Cassius, for their lean and hungry looks.

They had their signs and omens, too—the people of the country now so rich in great moral ideas. A red moon portended "bluddie murrin" among the cattle; and a yellow moon a good "punken" crop. A hen crowing denoted pestilence and famine; and a dog howling foretold the near approach of a grave-yard. To see a black cat, at midnight, in a dark corner, boded ill-luck, and called for a day of fasting and prayer among the "Elders," and some

kind of "penance" from the whole "congregation."

Such were these people—bigoted, superstitious, fanatical and self-righteous. The victims of oppression themselves, they in turn fastened the "galling yoke" and "clanking chains" about the necks and limbs of others. Deprived of the "liberty of conscience," for dissenting from the Church of England, they were the first to wrest that liberty from others, and establish a despotism more terrible than that from which they had fled. From martyrs they became tyrants—from the oppressed they became the oppressors, and from demanders of liberty of conscience, they became intolerant bigots, putting to death or banishing men and women for daring to differ from them in matters relating to government, morality, or religion. Such was the foundation they laid—such was the spirit they implanted and nurtured, and for years, and to-day, we have been, and are, reaping the bitter fruits of the seed sown by their hands.

When our fathers met, in 1787, "to form a more perfect Union," and to secure to posterity the privileges and blessings that had been so hardily won in the war of the Revolution, the spirit of puritanism sought to creep into their councils and mar their deliberations, but they cast it out and gave us a "government," in the Constitution, as nearly perfect as human intelligence could shape it. Every effort to make it a "national government," a consolidated "government," a "government" of centralized powers, failed most signally, as the debates of the Conven-

tion that framed the Constitution show beyond the shadow of a doubt. When they came together in Convention, they found a great diversity of sentiment and of interest, and they saw only one way to harmonize them—by compromise and by mutual concessions. Certain specified powers were delegated to Congress in the Constitution, to be used for the good of the whole, and for the good of every State, and the powers not delegated were reserved by the States and the people thereof. Why was this? The States, individually, claimed certain rights and privileges of their own, all differing somewhat from each other, and in this dilemma each yielded a little to the other, and our Constitution was the offspring of compromise and concession. In a country like ours, with its vast extent of territory, and its different resources and interests, compromise and concessions have always been absolutely necessary to keep the machinery in proper running order. These were the principles that influenced our forefathers, and a more perfect system of "government" was never devised by man. The Constitution was so framed that the domestic concerns of the States should not be interfered with; and by one of the subsequent amendments, it was sought to render the line between the powers of the Federal head and the rights of the States so clear and distinct that it could not, by any possibility, be mistaken. Each State was left responsible for its own laws and its own institutions; and Pennsylvania is not answerable for free love in Massachusetts, intemperance in Maine, or Iowa's endorsement of miscegenation and negro equality,

or any other of their "sins"—the belief of some people to the contrary notwithstanding. It was the design of the Fathers that the States should be held together as the stars are held together in the heavens—by attraction. Our "government" was an experiment. It was based upon the virtue, intelligence and love of liberty of the people, and supported by the idea that man is capable of self-government, and that "governments" derive their just powers from the consent of the governed. The design was complete, and it only needed forbearance and a little yielding to carry it out fully in letter and in spirit. The object was to give to all the largest liberty—to respect the teachings of every man's conscience, and to allow men to make such laws and adopt such institutions as they considered necessary to their own happiness and prosperity. In short, to permit man to govern himself, subject only to such restrictions as were necessary for his own good and the well-being of society.

The mischief-making spirit of puritanism was excluded, and the vessel was launched amid the prayers, the hopes and the blessings of a people who believed they saw in it liberty, happiness, peace and prosperity for themselves and their posterity forever. But the black spirit of strife and discord hovered over and around the good ship after it had spread its sails to the breeze; and with the eyes of a lynx, and the thirst and desires of a vampire, it sought for openings into which it might work itself, and tear away the safeguards that had been thrown around for protection, and expose it to the fury of wind and storm. Its

approaches were wary but sure, and as early as 1798-9, we heard the mutterings of that storm which, in little more than sixty years after, was to wreck the "government," and cover the country with darkness and gloom at the very height of its prosperity. The Elder Adams very readily yielded to the wishes of puritanism, and soon powers were sought to be exercised that have since been usurped with terrible effect. The President was termed the "government," and by the infamous alien and sedition laws, it was made fine and imprisonment to speak disrespectfully of the President of the United States! Here was puritanism in all its glory, and in all its pristine vigor! Here was an exhibition of the same "liberty of conscience" that banished Roger Williams, adopted "Blue Laws," and hanged Quakers! Under the leadership of Thomas Jefferson, the enemies of puritanism and the friends of the Constitution triumphed, and the good ship went forward once more directed by favoring and propitious gales.

But puritanism was only scotched—not killed. And in the war of 1812, when the honor and interests of the country were assailed by a foreign foe, it became a great stickler for "State rights," and one State absolutely refused to permit her militia to cross the State line to meet the enemy! It stationed itself along the shores, and burned blue lights to direct the British vessels where to land; and it held a Convention at Hartford and resolved to secede from the Union! This untiring spirit kept continually at work, and wherever it found or could make an opening, it inserted itself. It waged

war upon everything that did not originate with it, bow down to it, or pay it tribute. With it "liberty of conscience," and "inalienable rights" existed but in name, and its sole object and aim was to carry its peculiar ideas into every nook and cranny, and overturn, and destroy. It allowed nothing to stand in its way that could by any possibility be removed. It had no respect for government—no respect for the agreements entered into at the formation of the "more perfect Union"—no respect for law or the rights of others; neither did it hesitate to distort, construe and bend the laws of God themselves, so as to make them countenance and endorse its own peculiar views and inconsistencies. It set up a "higher law" for itself, and that "higher law" was based upon the Divine law only so far as the Divine law could be made to support it. Any portions of the Divine law that came in conflict with it were rejected and set at naught, and the very fundamental principles of Christianity were threatened with destruction.

It worked away invidiously and industriously until, in 1820, it assumed such proportions as to make good men tremble for the future of the country; but the friends of Constitutional liberty triumphed, and by compromise averted the storm for the time.

For the next forty years it showed itself in various ways, and the cloud no larger than a man's hand at first, gradually spread, and grew darker and more threatening. Steadily, and almost imperceptibly it moved forward, gathering strength as it went. With "umblesness" and patience, it bided its time, and watch-

ed and waited, feeling sure of victory in the end. It had started to force its rule upon the country, no matter what might impede, and untiringly, and with a fidelity worthy of a better cause, it kept the goal in view. It presented petitions to Congress asking for a dissolution of the Union, and it found supporters in so doing. It denounced the Constitution as a league with hell and a covenant with death, and there were many to endorse the atrocious utterance. It met in Convention and resolved, in substance, that the American Union was accursed of God, and could never prosper while following the letter, spirit and intention of the Constitution. It resolved that the Union could never exist "half slave and half free," and the sooner it was destroyed the better. When again the honor and interests of the country were involved in a war with a foreign power, instead of supporting the "government," and showing its "loyalty" to it, it made its hostility to the institutions of one section of the Union the pretext, and said that our soldiers should be welcomed with bloody hands to hospitable graves, and the sentiment was more or less applauded in every State where puritanism had its converts. It worked its way into churches, dividing them, producing discord, wrangling, unchristian feelings—arraying members of the same church against each other, with all the bitterness of opposing factions, and putting the church in one section in a hostile attitude to the church in another section. Thousands refused to vote because by so doing they would be giving, to that extent, an endorsement of the Constitution and the Union formed by

it. An anti-slavery Bible, an anti-slavery Constitution, and an anti-slavery God were demanded, and puritanism, all over the country, said nothing less would satisfy it. Upon the passage of the Compromise measures of 1850, one general blaze of puritanical indignation flashed up, and the peculiar friends of a peculiar "liberty of conscience" took a solemn oath at every underground railroad station in the country that they would resist them to the death, and suffer all the penalties of the law rather than obey the law. Puritanism sent John Brown into Virginia, to murder, burn, destroy and stir up servile insurrections; and when an outraged and offended law meted out to him "equal and exact justice," days of fasting and mourning were appointed, bells were tolled, puritanical tears were shed, the "flaunting lie" of Greeley was hung at half mast; and some in the height of their indignation, blasphemously compared the executed outlaw to Him who suffered and died for mankind. Another firebrand in the form of "Helper's Crisis" was thrown into the inflammable air, and puritanism fairly danced and shouted in its mad glee when it saw the effect produced by it. It said, too, this puritanical spirit, that it would furnish the ignorant, savage negro with British officers and British bayonets, and send him with the torch of the incendiary into every master's dwelling, to destroy, lay waste and exult in the death-throes of the old, the young, women and children, the helpless and the infirm.

As a matter of course, this spirit created a corresponding spirit of opposition in the breasts of those against whom its arrows were level-

ed; and as it continued to encroach, the disposition to resist it grew in strength and vigor. In a "government" like this, where our idea of liberty is—or was—that we have certain defined, specified, well-founded rights and privileges that are *ours*, and must not be infringed upon—if you seek to wrest these rights and privileges from us, you arouse our whole manhood, and we say to you—"Stand back! We have our rights as well as you! Our rights are equally sacred with yours! We are as fully entitled to the 'liberty of conscience' as you are! and our conscience is as intelligent and as well educated as yours! We are as capable of self-government as you are! We know better than you what will best conduce to our own happiness and our own prosperity, and while in the pursuit of that, if we do not interfere with your rights and privileges, you must not interfere with ours! If you do, it will be at your peril!"

Destroy this feeling—let us feel that we have not the liberty of conscience, the freedom of speech and of the press—that we are not safe in person or property from those in power—that we have no voice in making the laws, or in shaping the institutions under which we are to live, and all idea of liberty is gone, and we are no better than manacled slaves.

The spirit of puritanism, and the antagonistic spirit that it had brought into existence, and fed and nourished for years, came together, in 1860, with a shock that shook the country from centre to circumference; and would to heaven we could here draw a veil over the terrible events that followed, and feel

that they were but the creations of a too prolific imagination.

During all this time, the Democratic party had been contesting the ground, inch by inch, with this fell spirit of puritanism, and making herculean efforts to quiet the spirit aroused by it in another section, hoping to prevent the "irrepressible conflict" which it saw these hostile influences were forcing upon the country. It foresaw as clearly as if it had been gifted with the powers of prophecy, that a dissolution of the Union and a fratricidal war were sure to follow if these disturbing elements were not allayed. It begged, and prayed, and entreated the people to stop in their mad career before it should be too late, but all in vain. Its members were only derided, and hooted at as "Union savers!" whose efforts could not prevail against the determination to "let the Union slide!" and the flag which should be the pride and glory of every American heart was pointed at as the "flaunting lie!" "hate's polluted rag!" and the "emblem of a nation's shame!"

While the Democratic party had control of the affairs of the "government," we grew, spread, flourished, prospered and waxed great in wealth, power and influence. The "checks and balances" of the "government" were never tampered with, and it was its great aim to keep the people, the States and the Federal head in mind of their existence. It made the country what it was. It ever strove to emulate the spirit of those who framed the Constitution, and mete out to every section equal and exact justice. As we increased in wealth, and strength, and population, and the interests of

the States became more clamorous, it put forth its best efforts to harmonize conflicting interests, and preserve that equilibrium so necessary to the existence of the "government."

With the arms of right and truth and justice, it fought this puritanical "moral idea"—this moral idea that could not see the degraded white man at its own doors—that could not hear the rappings in the air around it that wakened up the spirit of some old witch-finder or Quaker persecutor—that could not see the "delightful reunions" and "exclusive soirees" of free-lovers in its midst—that could not see the open and avowed infidelity of many of its most distinguished followers, and that could not see the thousand other sins and iniquities that were offensive in the sight of heaven right under its eyes, but it was all of no avail; and in its efforts to uphold the Union and the Constitution, it was compelled to see its banners struck down and trailing in the dust.

The "irrepressible conflict" drew to a head in 1860-1, and the Democratic party, true to its glorious past, prayed and petitioned for peace and a compromise of our difficulties, but its prayers and petitions were treated with scorn by puritanism. Compromise and concession made the Union "more perfect;" and at the last moment compromise and concession would have preserved the Union and the Constitution, prevented fraternal blood from flowing, kept every interest in a healthy condition, continued us a free, happy and prosperous people, avoided a grinding, never-ending taxation, and left us without that extremely

doubtful "blessing," a national debt. But puritanism saw victory in the distance. It had labored too hard and too long to yield the ground it had gained; and let what would come, it was resolved to fasten its "liberty of conscience" and its institutions upon an unwilling people—even if it required "a little blood-letting" to do it. The shock came, and for a time it, itself, stood appalled at what it had had so much to do with bringing about; and it began to prate of *its* love for the Union and the Constitution, and *its* desire to maintain and preserve them as they were given to us; but the "scare" did not last long, and it went to work to educate the timid and weak-kneed up to its standard, and succeeded to its entire satisfaction.

Puritanical plans and ideas rapidly showed themselves upon the surface, and at every stage of the conflict, and at every new phase assumed or developed, their followers, fledged and unfledged, raised their hands on high and said, "it is good!" Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison, Gerrit Smith and Abby Kelly sat in their high places, with smiles of intense satisfaction upon their countenances, taking their ease after the arduous battles of thirty years, and every time they would reach down their arms and exclaim: "Come up higher! Many of you have remained out in the cold and chill for a long time, but you are coming at last—at last, and you are welcome! Come up higher!" The followers, fledged and unfledged, of puritanism, would raise their hands on high and say, "It is good!" And when those who could not see the Borriboola-Ghas with

the "heathens" in want of light, knowledge, reformation, bread and red flannel shirts, right at their own doors, established "bureaus" and proclaimed that "Anti-Slavery Christians had a great work before them"—at a distance, the followers, fledged and unfledged, of puritanism, raised their hands on high and said, "It is good!"

And when the Democratic party now wants to repair the evils growing out of the war, as far as possible, and bring about a condition of prosperity and good feeling again, it is denounced and villified in the blackest and most insulting terms, and the followers, fledged and unfledged, of puritanism, raise their hands on high and say, "It is good!" When the Democratic party recommended that there should be saved to the country the immense bonus, in the shape of interest, now paid to the bondholder at the expense of every other public creditor, and that the expenditures of the "government" should be reduced to the strictest standards of economy, and thereby bring the debt within the limits of possible payment; and when it wants to see capital united, a mad career of extravagance checked, and the industry of the country revived, a storm of indignation arises over this "breach of faith;" puritanism says, in substance, the poor laboring man must not be "let up," and the aforesaid followers, fledged and unfledged, raise their hands on high and say, "It is good!" And when a corrupt Congress, with which party is the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, and country nothing, only so far as it can be made to subserve the interests of

that party, does nothing during four years of peace but exercise those powers over certain States that the framers of the Constitution said, in language not to be mistaken, it should not exercise, and goes before the people with such reasoning as this to justify it in its course:

"We waged a war to maintain the Union and the Constitution of Washington and Madison;

"The war for the Union and the Constitution of Washington and Madison was successful, and the rebellion against them put down;

"Therefore, The States that were in rebellion must be 'reconstructed'—we must govern them by the military, and allow none to hold office who differ from us; force negro suffrage upon them, and not allow them the same right that other States have—the right to make their own laws and regulate and manage their own domestic affairs in their own way." The followers, fledged and unfledged, the carpet-baggers, the hangers-on, the guerillas and the bush-whackers of puritanism, throw themselves forward in their ecstatic eagerness and exclaim: "It is good! It is *very* good!"

This retrospect—this "digging up" of the past that was sought to be buried forever beneath the rubbish of the last seven or eight years, may, to some, seem "flat, stale and unprofitable," but to the intelligent, reflecting mind, we believe it will prove acceptable just now. The puritanism of 1868 is almost identical with that of 1620, and subsequent periods; and to-day it seeks to force upon us the same "liberty of conscience," the same "right" to raise our voices in the affairs of government, the same "right" to pursue

happiness and prosperity in our own way, and the same "right" to enjoy life and liberty that it did upon Roger Williams and the Quakers, and in the same way! Good Lord, deliver us! is all we can pray.

The principles of the Democratic party now, more than ever, must be our guide. They are the only hope of the country in this, its direst extremity. When they cease to exist and exert a controlling influence, we may give up all for lost. Should that ever happen, puritanism, with its Pandora-box opened wide, and

Hope gone, will have full and uninterrupted sway, and the destruction of the last vestige of republican liberty will follow as surely as night the day. And when we have sunk never to rise; when we have seen our error too late—too late; when we are buried beneath the ruins of the once glorious temple that our own hands have demolished, an unsympathizing world will look down in derision, and with the finger of levity write this epitaph for us:

"I was well; I wanted to be better, and here I am."

THE POPE JOAN STORY.

It is a curious story, that of Pope, or Popess Joan, who is said to have occupied the Papal See after Leo IV., who died 855, and just before Benedict III. She was born at Engelheim, being the daughter of an English missionary, who had left England to preach to the recently converted Saxons.

A pleasant book by S. B. Gould, contains the following account of her:

"She early distinguished herself for genius and love of letters. A young monk of Fulda having conceived for her a violent passion, which she returned with ardor, she deserted her parents, dressed herself in male attire, and in the sacred precincts of Fulda, divided her affections between the youthful monk

and the musty books of the monastic library. Not satisfied with the restraints of conventual life, nor finding the library sufficiently well provided with books of abstract science, she eloped with her young man, and after visiting England, France and Italy, she brought him to Athens, where she addicted herself with unflagging devotion to her literary pursuits. Wearied out by his journey, the monk expired in the arms of the blue-stockings who had influenced his life for evil, and the young lady of so many aliases was for awhile inconsolable. She left Athens and repaired to Rome. There she opened a school, and acquired such a reputation for learning and feigned sanctity, that on the death of Leo IV. she was unani-

mously elected Pope. For two years and five months, under the name of John VIII., she filled the Papal chair with reputation, no one suspecting her sex. But having taken a fancy to one of the cardinals, by him she became pregnant. At length arrived the time of Rogation processions. Whilst passing the street between the Amphitheatre and St. Clement's, she was seized with violent pains, fell to the ground amidst the crowd, and whilst her attendants ministered to her, was delivered of a son."

The verity of all this is vehemently denied by many authors, and Mr. Gould sides with them. On the other hand, Mosheim gravely asserts it in his Ecclesiastical History, where he declares that "during the five centuries after her reign, the witnesses to the story are innumerable."

Papess Joan may be a fact, or she may be a mediæval myth—we have no concern just now to discuss the question. But to the story itself belongs a moral of modern application. If true, the moral has historical value; and if invented, it exhibits the general instinct which is hardly less authoritative than history. The moral, stated in didactic form, is—nature will vindicate herself; and the application of it to the modern Woman's Rights movement is obvious.

Woman's function is to love and be loved. The history of woman commences thus, and thus it will end. Accomplishing this, she is irresistible and irrepressible. Every where, and always, she has been busy with this great work. In camp, and court, and grove; among saints, savages, and sages; in Eden's spring time; in the depth of the dark ages;

in the middle of the nineteenth century, woman has been occupied with her great work of loving and being loved. And the result of her work has been more happiness to the world than has been bestowed by all the monarchs, warriors, philosophers, philanthropists and patriots, since the flood. It is the only great world-work that has been completely successful. Men have been egregious fools. They have been working at liberty and civilization, and religion. And what have their efforts time and again resulted in but slavery, corruption, and superstition?

But woman was appointed to be the standard-bearer of love, and the fair banner has never once drooped amid all the storms and battles, and tides of time. Nor has she ever been weary of her work, or despised it. Now and then there has been a Joan of Arc and a Joan of Rome, but they and all such were actual or figurative trowsers, they unsexed themselves, and so are not to be counted women, but she-men. Nor indeed could woman forsake her calling, if she would. We cannot suppose that an institution so important to the world as womanhood would be by a wise Providence left to the chance of possible caprice. It has been effectually guarded by a very simple provision. What an institution babies are! It is not for them to fight battles, direct navies, sit in council, be speakers or poets, or inventors, or dig the earth, or reap the harvests, but they do effectually one thing more important than all these put together—they keep, and will for ever keep, women women; they prevent, and will for ever prevent, women from becoming

men. Bless the babies! Women are always in a Rogation procession. They must all pass along the street between the Amphitheatre and St. Clement's. To act well the appointed part in this procession, is woman's great work, and all her instincts prompt her to prepare for it; nor would any change of position relieve her from duty in this respect or change her promptings to it. Popess Joan, of Rome, was very different from young Joan, of Fulda, but she was a woman still. And were our modern Woman's Rights sensationalists, who are now dancing their political Can-can, once in possession of the government, their thoughts would none the less be directed to the street between the Amphitheatre and St. Clement's. Indeed, already their talk has this flavor. The papers give an account of what they call "The Press Dinner," given at Delmonico's, "participated in by men and women promiscuously, equally, and without regard to sex, race, or previous condition. The representatives of the two sexes were about equal in number, and consisted of editors, reporters, magaziners, correspondents, and Bohemians generally." At this dinner Miss Olive Logan responded to the

toast, "The Gentlemen." A really talented and estimable lady was asked to answer the question "Why should women propose?" She spoke in a very soft and sweet, but clear voice, and commanded the closest interest. She thought the right to propose, and to make love, if you like, involved a more radical change in society than did the right to vote. It was the right to follow one's feelings, which she who is to be a mother should certainly have a right to do. Such a system would be elevating to the whole race. The agitators, she said, do not seek to raise women only. We seek to raise the other sex to a higher level of humanity with us."

We quite agree with the lady that the right to propose and make love would be a more radical change than the right to vote. Nor do we see any good reason why it might not be added as a sixteenth amendment to our star-spangled Constitution, and Congress be empowered to enforce it by appropriate legislation. Only, guided by the lights of history, as shining upon the times of Pope Joan, we predict the whole concern would come to grief somewhere about St. Clement's street.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

THE "Rights of Women," so clamorously urged in these days by some of the sex, and indeed by certain people of the male gender, originate from similar sources, and partake of the same character of moral disease so widespread in regard to negroes and other subordinate *species* of human kind. Both depend, *first*, on utter and profound ignorance of the functions of government, and, *second*, on almost total ignorance of *natural* relations—those of race and sex especially; but to this must be added, in the case of the negro, a stupid and perverse misconception, that renders the Abolitionist a compound of traitor and fool that almost always seems to justify any extent of punishment from the wronged and outraged people.

The functions of government are as simple in our American or Democratic sense as essential to social order. It has nothing to do with rights or privileges, or benefits of any kind—it is merely protective of the person and property of the individual citizen from the possible wrong doing of his fellow, and of the aggregate citizenship or nation from external aggression. Such is the functions of government in the American sense, as defined substantially by Jefferson and the founders of American liberty, and administered by the American Democracy until 1860, and especially in the Southern States. It differs widely,

indeed radically, from the European idea of government, and the "irrepressible conflict" has gone on ever since the American Revolution in 1776, and will continue to do so, of course, until one or the other succumbs.

Government in Europe is supposed to be of "Divine" origin, and though Western Europe has generally outgrown this, and France especially has entirely cast it off in theory, the practice is substantially the same save in degree, as in the middle ages. Popes had long claimed to be the Vicegerents of the Almighty Creator on this earth, and emperors and kings, and the ruderest barons, robbers and plunderers of the producing classes, had meekly bowed before the shadowy and all dominating power—the Church—but the Crusades, and especially the discovery of America, gave a vast impulse to the intellect of Europe, and under the lead of Luther and other brave and indomitable spirits, this tremendous power was disputed, shattered, and finally, in a large portion of the earth, cast off. But to do this—to combat the sacerdotal supremacy successfully—they set up another dogma, the "Divine right of kings," which, in the practical consequences, was almost as fatal to the well being of the masses as the original power claimed by the Church. There can be no doubt that, as a historical fact, the Church, during the "dark ages," was gene-

rally on the side of the people, and it is equally certain that the "interests" of kings came more often and more universally in conflict with the welfare of the people than did those of the Papacy. Nevertheless, the "Divine right" of kings admitted of and tolerated a degree of mental freedom that the Church, or rather the Papacy, did not, and therefore, whatever the tyranny or despotism of the former, the European world rapidly advanced after the Reformation of Luther.

The "Divine right" of kings, under Henry the Eighth, Elizabeth, and the first two Stuart kings, kept England in bloody and terrible commotion for nearly a century, and was not indeed cast off utterly until 1688, when James II. was dethroned, and popular sovereignty fully demonstrated in the election of William and Mary. But now came another modification; it was no longer the "Divine right of kings," but the "Divine right of government" that 'got possession of the English mind, and is still there, and though feeble and indefinite, it is deeply imbedded in the American mind, especially among the religious portion of our people, and notably so in the New England mind. Hence the idea of Hamilton and the great Federal leaders under the elder Adams, who taught that government was in itself a good, paternal and beneficent, having charge of the people, who should look up to it with reverence, and strive to obtain its benefits. They therefore filled the higher offices with their relations and friends, and sought to wield its prestige and power for the benefit of classes, and to advance the interests of localities, sections, &c. It was a favorite dog-

ma with this semi-monarchical school, that taxation and representation should go together, or, in other words, government being a good in itself, those who were taxed for its support should participate in its benefits. But the American or Democratic idea of government promulgated by Jefferson and the Virginian school, was the exact opposite of this notion of the "Divine right" so common to the educated northern mind. The ship load of negroes carried up the James River had given development to a new idea of government, that became the starting point of a new civilization hitherto undreamt of in the world's history.

All our ideas result from the circumstances that surround us, and unless acted on from without, men's minds move on in their accustomed channels with little or no change of thought. It is true the widely different circumstances of a "new world" of vast solitudes, wild Indians, &c., modified greatly the modes of thought and feeling of the colonists, but not to the extent of any radical change in their notions of government, and those of the Eastern States at the time of the Revolution in 1776, were not advanced in any appreciable respect beyond those of the parliamentary school in England. But in the Southern colonies, especially Virginia, a radical change had occurred. They were, to a certain extent, the original upholders of the "Divine right of kings," and while New England colonists were disaffected, and emigrated to enjoy freedom from that dogma of "Divine right," the Virginia colonists migrated to avoid submission to the parliamentary

regime. Nevertheless, in 1776, we find the Virginians the champions of Democracy, and New Englanders still clinging to the old European habitude of class distinctions, and however indefinite and shadowy, the notion of Divine right in government, if not in kings. The *cause* of this stupendous change is of course obvious and unmistakable. A new, and hitherto unknown element, was added to human society. That ship load of African negroes gave origin to new ideas, and became the basis and starting point of a new civilization grander and more beneficent than ever before witnessed, or even dreamed of, by the most advanced minds of the old world. Here were negroes, natural subordinates, perpetual minors—a widely different and subordinate *species* of human kind—with a gulf between dug so wide and deep by the hand of Omnipotence that it can no more be bridged or traversed by mortals than the gulf separating us from animals. This new element added to human society, this natural distinction of race—this handy work of God Almighty—taught them the folly and wrong of those human inventions of “kings, lords and commons” in their own race, that formed the basis of social order in the old world, and therefore Virginians, and all the other colonists, to the extent that this negro element existed among them, became Democrats of course. They needed nothing from government, save protection of person and property, and as this protection involved corresponding duties, the American or Democratic idea of government harmonized with the facts that surrounded them. Instead of the dim and mythical no-

tion of “Divine right,” or “Divine origin of government,” it became a simple, common sense, every-day convenience or necessity for the State to enact certain rules and regulations to prevent the individual from trespassing on the natural right of his fellows, to “life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness,” and to protect the aggregate citizenship from foreign or external aggression. Rights and duties being reciprocal and inseparable, of course every citizen *must* participate both in the enactment and enforcement of these rules, &c. The duties of a citizen, military or civil, are inseparable from the rights of a citizen—indeed suffrage, so-called—the indirect participation in the enactment of laws for the universal protection, is itself a sacred and inalienable duty that no man may cast off, save as he leaves the State and becomes a citizen of some other community.

But this simple, self-evident, natural and necessary idea of government promulgated by Jefferson and the Virginia school, is but dimly perceived by the New England mind, which still clings to the old world notion of “Divine origin,” and with this notion of government, as some mysterious, all potent and beneficent power, there follows, of course, almost invariable efforts to participate in its “blessings.” Thus vast interests combine together to use it for their special benefit, to enact navigation laws, tariffs, national banks, Pacific railroads, fishing bounties, &c., and in these later days, even the monstrously wicked as well as absurd purpose of benefiting, as certain lunatics suppose, the negro, Indian, &c., until at last the climax of nonsense and foolery is reach-

ed in the clim of the "woman's rights" movement of the day. But there is also another cause of this stupendous tomfoolery of "woman's rights." They are not only utterly ignorant of the true functions of government, but they are totally ignorant of the natural relations of the sexes, as well as of the natural relations of races. A strange transcendentalism has been growing up in this country for many years past, fostered by, if not originating with, such minds as Emerson, Thorru, Parker, and perhaps, even with all his tact and sense, Dr. Channing himself. They taught that something they called humanity was a unit, and Indians, negroes, &c., as well as males and females, were the same in the abstract—all not mere human, but all *alike* human; and this false and absurd transcendentalism underlies all the stupendous political tomfoolery of our times, and has caused the sacrifice of a million of victims.

It is true, it may be said, men and women, white men, Mongols, Indians, negroes, &c., are all human; but instead of being *alike* human, they are all *unlike* human. All birds are birds, as all serpents are serpents; but the eagle and crow, and the striped snake and rattle snake, are radically unlike, and so with the "humanity" that ignorant and foolish people prate about, are radically unlike.

Each *species*, white man and negro, as eagle and crow, have their own specific nature and specific wants, and they have a natural, God-given right to live in harmony with the nature He has endowed them with. The negro is not only subordinate but different—his nature and

wants as widely different from ours as his physical organism is different, and to thrust him from his natural orbit into ours—to force him into jury and military duty, to fulfill, or rather to attempt to fulfill, the duties of citizenship, necessarily kills him, as shown by the census returns, while the evil to ourselves carries with it even greater punishment than that which falls upon the victims of our monstrous crime against nature. And so with sex; the woman has a natural and God-given right to live out the nature He has given her, and we cannot force her out of this natural orbit without destroying her and bringing upon ourselves a corresponding punishment. She has a natural right to the protection of her father, and then to her husband, to the exquisite enjoyments of maternity and motherhood, and the care and protection of offspring; and indeed the wants of the sexes are so reciprocal, and together as husband and wife they constitute such a perfect whole, that they cannot be contemplated for a moment as having rival interests. But in truth there is no question of "woman's rights" involved. It is *men's* that they claim, just as in the "anti-slavery enterprize," there was no question of negro rights involved, it was solely a question of claiming for the negroes the rights of white men. If a party had sprung up in the South demanding all the rights that God gave them for negroes, it would be a legitimate, Christian and humane party of course. We are not prepared to say what these were, for it could be only those in juxtaposition with them who knew their natural wants, that could determine whether they actually enjoyed these

rights, or were in some respects denied them. But for a northern party to rise up demanding the rights of white men for negroes, and usurping the common government to enforce such claim, is of necessity the most stupendous crime ever attempted by mortals since the world began. And the so-called "woman's rights" party partakes of the same fundamental error, though it cannot equal the former for the reason that it must needs be universal, and therefore cannot pervert the government into an instrument for the destruction of social order in a given section of the country. Which in itself must needs be most fatal or destructive, the forcing of white men's rights on negroes, or man's rights on woman, it might be difficult to say; but as both necessarily involve social death to the exact extent that they obtain, there is a certain horrible resemblance. And when certain "Democrats" voted for "female suffrage" in Congress, to offset or neutralize that of negroes, it was about equal to a proposal to cut the throats of the people of the District of Columbia, because the "Republicans" ordained that they should be poisoned with arsenic.

Finally, and in conclusion, the absurdity of this "woman's rights" movement may be best illustrated, perhaps, by reversing it, and showing the equally absurd proposal of giving the rights of women to men. If, therefore, a party should spring up that declared that men were greatly wronged in being forced to do jury and military duty, to go out and vote at the elections, and generally had to bear the brunt of life; to go into the cold, the storm, and

the night, and work under the broiling sun, while all this time the woman was in the warm nursery, and protected so that even the winds of heaven should not visit her too roughly, there would be an exactly parallel case to the present nonsensical, if not indeed monstrous effort to secure for women the rights of men. And those womanly men, the Pillsburys and Higginsons, that demand men's rights for woman are utterly illogical when they fail to demand woman's rights for themselves and declare that they should have the same right to manage the nursery, and to wash the dishes, as their wives and sisters.

But enough—all this and the cognate subject of "slavery," is simple indeed when we perceive and start off with the simple and unavoidable *facts* fixed by the hand of the Almighty Creator. Each race, or rather each *species*, as each sex has its own nature and wants, and instinct as well as reason and common sense, is always sufficient to guide us in regard to their rights and duties. All our calamities and present ruin grow out of foreign interference—the North, ignorant of the nature of the negro, attempting to force the South to give him the rights of the white man—and the movement to give women the rights of men, results from this diseased and monstrous madness. But ruin and suffering will bring the people to their senses, and again, "as it was" and is ordained by the Almighty, and fixed forever in the body and soul of the universe, each *species* and each *sex* will have their own rights of course, but no more.

THE GODDESS OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

[A BOHEMIAN LEGEND.]

“Love—from its awful throne of patient power
 In the wise heart, from the last giddy hour
 Of dead endurance—from the slippery steep,
 And narrow verge of crag-like agony, springs,
 And folds over the world its healing wings.”

[*Prometheus Unbound.*]

In the early ages of the world lived the Beautiful Goddess—the fairest upon earth—the divinity of love—called Venus, Cytherea, Aphrodite, Minna, or by whatever name it pleased the sons of men to call her. Wherever she went she was honored as the archetype of all the forms of grace and beauty. Temples were built to her; groves were consecrated to her images, and happy were those to whom her presence was manifested. Three celestial sisters, the Graces, attended her, and derived from her such radiance of loveliness that they were hailed wherever they moved—the benefactors of the human race.

The Beautiful was of heavenly origin, and immortal youth was her portion. Popular tradition represented her as having risen from the foam of the sea; for the pearly crest of the wave was an emblem of her airy lightness and purity.

But the time came when the belief in divinity of various orders gave place to a severer and sublimer creed. The Goddess of Love was no longer worshipped; her temples

were thrown down; her statues vanished from the groves. She lived still—but life was nought to her without love. She withdrew into solitudes; no one followed her thither. Then, wounded by an infinite woe, she fled from the wilds, and plunged into the abyss of ocean.

The Goddess Venus—or Minna, as the Germans called her—sank into the ocean’s depths, but perished not. The wild waters, in their everlasting soothing, writhed and roared around her pale form; but her heart beat warmly as before. The nymphs of the sea, moved by her beauty, built her a palace of pearls; laid garlands at her feet, and named her their queen.

Many long years dwelt Minna below in the sea, though at rare intervals she would ascend to the upper air. There, if a son of earth, captivated by her beauty, fixed his gaze upon her, she would turn away quickly and descend beneath the waves, while but vain wishes remained to him. Months thus grew into years, years into lustres and centuries; and still the Goddess, sur

rounded by her nymphs, lived in her palace of pearls—herself the brightest pearl, and queen of the sea.

At last came longings after the green earth. She was weary of the eternal murmur of ocean waters, and longed to slumber again in her bowers of roses. Were she to appear again among men, she thought, her faithful votaries would throng around her and name her their sovereign, and she would rule as before, with rose-wreathed sceptre, over the world.

Thus, on a lovely morning in spring, she again walked the earth. The air was soft and balmy; nature bloomed with fresh beauty, and the Goddess thought the time had come for the re-establishment of her dominion.

Full of hope, she passed over plain and meadow. Men saw her, and gazed astonished at her beauty, but stayed not long to admire; for ambition, avarice, and thirst of gain filled their hearts. Even the nobler among them dreaded her power and fled from her presence.

“Ah!” sighed Minna, “I see—I feel too well—my power in this world is at an end. But few would acknowledge my sovereignty, and these must I win by coy, seductive arts, if I would build up the throne that is mine by eternal right! I will leave the earth forever!” So saying, the Goddess sprang into a fountain that bubbled up at hand, and its heated waters closed over her head.

This time no nymphs received her; no pearly palace rose for her abode; no sweeping ocean sang its lullaby. In the burning fountain the Beautiful gradually turned to stone. Her heart yet beat, instinct with love,

but her limbs were motionless; her form grew like a marble statue, pale and cold, though heavenly fair. She strove in vain to unclose her eyes or move her lips; the spirit was imprisoned hopelessly within the breas of stone.

Thus lay the heavenly one, buried beneath the earth, and none knew whither she had gone. A few in the world, initiated votaries, missed the glory of her presence, and sought her everywhere in vain. How long she slumbered in the fountain tradition does not declare. The Emperor Charles IV. first discovered the fountain; it was excavated, and soon after a convulsion of the earth not far from Carlsbad, with a fierce struggle of conflicting elements, lifted the petrified form to the surface of the ground.

The beautiful statue was borne to the castle of a wealthy prince, and placed in a gallery where there were innumerable other images of gods and goddesses. It was said to be a creation of ancient art.

It was sad for Minna to take her place among these cold and dead figures. Though to all appearance as lifeless as the rest, the living, sentient heart yet throbbed in her bosom!

A mighty count of the Rhine visited the gallery of the prince, and was so enchanted with the statue that he obtained it as a gift from the owner. It was conveyed to his own noble castle, and placed in a small temple of exquisite workmanship, embowered with roses. Artists visited it as a masterpiece of sculpture, and a monument of the Grecian age, and strove to make copies of its wonderful beauty. The count

died, and his young son was removed to the distant dwelling of his uncle.

Years passed, and the young Count Oswald grew into a noble youth. In his first battle he won the golden spurs, and a name among the brave and renowned heroes of his father-land.

He might have chosen a bride among the noblest and fairest ladies of the country; but none of those he saw, however eminent in birth and loveliness, equalled the fair ideal of beauty and grace enshrined in his heart. Where he had seen this heavenly image he knew not; but it haunted his dreams, and stood before him night and day.

After many wanderings, the count visited his ancestral castle. The old castellan had preserved the buildings and grounds in excellent order, and his home was pleasant to the heart of Oswald. Not many days after his return, while walking in the gardens, he perceived the little temple overgrown with rose-bushes, which had been the favorite sporting-place of his boyhood. He entered. Before him, in snowy marble, stood the image he had so long worshipped.

From this time he passed the greater part of every day in the temple, gazing on the divine statue, and often, at night, might be seen, torch in hand, moving stealthily and in silence towards the consecrated spot. Happy for many months was he in the contemplation. By degrees a passionate longing crept into his soul; he desired to breathe life into the marble breast. He had heard the story of Pygmalion, and, as day after day he yielded to the enchanting vision, it seemed at length not impossible to him. Every wish—every thought—every aspiration tended to this alone. His reason, under the consuming ardor of his longing, had nearly forsaken him.

It was fortunate for him that war

broke out again, and honor called Count Oswald to the field. Commending the beloved statue, from which he separated with bitter anguish, to the especial care of the castellan, he departed.

And Minna! She had seen Count Oswald; she had listened to his vows of love and her heart beat for him, though still imprisoned in the cold and motionless stone. Till now, she had only inspired, but never felt, the passion of love. Sorrow weighed on her spirit; she repented her former flight from earth; she struggled to burst from her thralldom and return to a visible life; for in her innocent delusion she deemed the noble figure of Oswald a piece of sculpture animated, and his soul of heavenly origin like her own.

A warrior in distant lands, Count Oswald won fame by his sword. His victories and the homage rendered him awakened in his breast the dormant spirit of ambition. The war closed triumphantly; victory was celebrated by feasts and rejoicings, and the young hero, lauded by all, caressed by the high-born and fair, forgot the image he had worshipped. With permission of the emperor, he paid court to a maiden of the imperial family. Yet in the new love was some trace of the former; for the young Countess Irma, his betrothed bride, resembled the marble statue in his temple, save that she possessed not the divine and ineffable charm that encompassed Minna like a halo of glory.

The mother of the Countess Irma wished the marriage of the youthful pair to be celebrated with great magnificence in the ancestral castle of Count Oswald. The Count, happy as he was at Irma's side, felt a sensation of indefinite anxiety as they approached his home. It almost seemed to him as if he had been guilty of falsehood to a living and conscious object of love. He resolved never to enter the temple; he would remove to another castle

but would preserve the shrine of the beautiful statue unprofaned, veiled by its encircling drapery of rose-trees and myrtle—a monument of the happiest days of his life.

From afar had the imprisoned goddess perceived the approach of Oswald; and a thrill of pain shot through her breast, as she saw him avoid the temple, and pass through the grounds with his bride. Numerous guests filled the gardens, which were gorgeously illuminated; for the following day was the bridal. Suddenly a well-known step sounded; and the next moment Count Oswald stood before the marble figure. His face was pale; but on his finger glistened the ring of gold with which he was on the morrow to espouse the lady Irma.

“Oh, divine image!” he exclaimed, sighing, “who can equal thee?”

He rushed wildly from the temple. Trumpets and lordly music sounded through the still night from the lofty hall of the castle. The feet of the dancers and the blithe notes of revelry echoed to its festal sweep. Then did the wild storm of anguish its work, which the gleam of tender joy could never accomplish. The throb of despairing woe sent the warm blood once more through the veins of the Beautiful Goddess. Her fair hands were clasped and lifted heavenward, and slowly she passed from the temple, through the avenue of lindens, towards the castle.

There was high feasting in the ancient hall; the bride and guests were joyous; but Oswald was sad at heart; his soul had returned with an earnest and ineffable desire, that was in itself agony, to his early love. Ere long it was perceived that a strange lady, simply attired in white, but beautiful beyond description, mingled with the richly-dressed

dames, who were glittering with jewels. None knew her; but none ventured to inquire her name, as there was a glory about her that dazzled all hearts.

She advanced towards Count Oswald, whose face was suffused with sudden joy. The music began to play more loudly; the strange lady placed her fair finger on her lip, and turning, passed in silence from the hall. Oswald hastened after her, none of the others venturing to follow.

What further took place is unknown. When the next morning the pages went to awaken their lord, they found his chamber empty. After much search, he was discovered in the little temple, lying lifeless at the feet of the marble statue. The arms of the goddess were stretched out over him; but she was cold and motionless as before. Only for a brief space had passion prevailed to animate that wondrous form; and her spirit was again locked in stone.

The Count Oswald was buried with great pomp. The castle passed into the hands of other possessors; and the fair statue was transferred from owner to owner, till lost sight of by the cotemporaries of the count. It stands, at this day, in some cabinet of antiquities; and none know that life is hid beneath the polished marble, or that intense and yearning love abides in the breast that seems so cold. From time to time it is said, this ardor of feeling is enabled to burst her fetters; and she mingles at night, for a brief space, among the living. Many, who know this, imagine themselves to have received visits from her; and some, to whom she has appeared in reality, are unconscious of being favored with a revelation of the Beautiful.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

Mr. Benson J. Lossing once compiled a bulky "Field Book of the Revolution," the result of visits to the localities of certain events which occurred during our successful war of rebellion against Great Britain. In this he gave, with great care, a number of minor facts, of greater, less or no consequence, about the time when our rebel fathers fired on the national flag, seized the forts and custom-houses of what was then regarded as "the best government the world ever saw," appropriated the revenues of the government, hunted fiercely, and slew eagerly, the loyal of that day, organized guerilla bands, and did all that rebels usually do, when they meet their sovereign in arms on the field. This he illustrated by all kinds of wood-cuts, representing all kinds of things. The book was a success. The author has ventured into another field. He has endeavored to give us the main facts of the war of 1812, and has succeeded in making the biggest book, in proportion to the subject-matter, that we have yet seen.* The process of swelling the book to its present dimensions is very simple, in all shades of meaning which may be applied to the word. The events detailed are given in tolerably fair sequence, but they form the skeleton around which the author throws the flesh of his own political speculations. The book abounds with stump-speech eloquence, and the politics of the bar-room brawler. The writer displays, in many places, gross ignorance of the principles upon which our government is founded, the character of our people, the genius of our institutions, and the motives which animated our states-

men in the past. He loses no opportunity to step aside from the current of his narrative, in order to assail the carcass of the Southern "rebellion," and hesitates at no absurdities of expression in order to gratify malice, or possibly to pander to a sectional hate which he has not the sagacity to see is dying out before the pecuniary difficulties of the time, and the force of reason. Sometimes these passages are refreshing in their nonsense. He quotes a part of Mr. Webster's speech in 1812, in which the following sentence occurs:—"By the exercise of our constitutional right of suffrage, by the peaceable remedy of election, we shall seek to restore wisdom to our councils and peace to our country." Forgetting that for less than this—for signing a humble petition to Congress for peace during the late war, men of character and position were sent by that twin brace of scamps, Seward and Stanton, to the casemates of forts, without a warrant of law, he intimates that Webster would have sustained an administration that was at once cowardly, tyrannical, weak and arrogant—an administration that gathered as its instruments all the noted scoundrels of the land, and swept the penitentiaries to fill its places of trust and honor. So, in his account of the mob in Baltimore, in 1812, he justifies and applauds the conduct of the ruffians who were engaged in it, and then, in a foot-note to his foot-note assails an equally vile mob, because that happened to be on a side of the question not to his liking. In his details of the atrocities committed by the British at Hampton, he literally describes the course of the Northern troops in Georgia and South Carolina during the late war, but has no word of condemnation for the latter offenders, whose pursuit of "beauty and booty," he doubtless thinks to have been holy. His slang about "Copperheads," and his reproduction of Alvan

* The Pictorial Field-Book of the War of 1812; or, Illustrations by the Pen and Pencil, of the History, Biography, Scenery, Relics and Traditions of the Last War for American Independence. By Benson J. Lossing. New York: Harper & Brothers. Imp. 8vo., pp. 1044.

Stewart's nonsense about the Bladensburg skirmish, shows the narrow mind and thorough incapacity of Mr. Lossing. But all this might have been overlooked, had there been much industry in collating facts in regard to the many brave skirmishes of the war. These would have furnished materials of some value upon which the historian might build. They are the real object of a work such as that before us. But the author gives us too little of these. He follows a beaten track, and gives us in a diluted form what we have had before. The book has value, nevertheless. It here and there contains a little that is new; but that little is the pennyworth of bread to an intolerable quantity of sack. To compensate for its other deficiencies, the book has eight hundred and eighty-two engravings, representing various things from a tobacco pipe up to the map of a battle; it is printed on an excellent paper, with clear type, and although not indexed with great care, affords a tolerable reference-book to which one may turn for information concerning the leading events of the second war with England.

The Students' Series of Dr. Smith and others, has thus far been productive of a number of carefully-prepared and acceptable condensed histories, sacred and profane. The last of the issue, giving in an attractive form the events narrated in the Old Testament,* and applying to their elucidation all modern investigations, will be fully as attractive as any of its predecessors. The text is clear, precise and forcible, while the notes are careful, accurate and thorough. We recommend this book to our readers.

Mr. Robinson, whose "No Man's Friend," "Mattie," and "Christie's Faith," have proved him to be a writer of some skill and force, has given us another novel of English middle-class life, by no means inferior in general merit to either of its predecessors.† The characters of the old baronet,

of the two Hopes, and of Louisa Kelpdale, are drawn with great ease and finish—that of Richard Kelpdale is almost a caricature. The minor people are all well enough in their way. Here and there the incidents are overwrought; but the interest in the narrative is well maintained throughout. The story is one to be read and enjoyed for the moment, but will scarcely bear a second perusal.

Since the advent of "St. Elmo," we have had nothing so queer in the shape of a novel as the last production of Mr. Walworth.* May Delano, who is intensely pious, but who nevertheless aids and abets a French captain in a bit of deliberate falsehood, and who is exceedingly learned, a splendid horsewoman, and an adept at masquerades, is merely Edna at New York. She breaks out into a display of learning on all occasions. She infects every one else with it. Herself and her friends amuse themselves at social gatherings, and between the pauses of the dance, with the most exhaustive, profound, and philosophical discourse about Ibrahim Ebn Abn Ayub, King Alfred and his "Enchiridion," Ictinus, Phideas, Scopas, Pax teles, the Pentacosimodimni, Hippodatelountes, Zengitæ, Thietes, Lycurgas, Anacharsis, Grotius, St. Clement, Voltaire, Theocritus, Schiller, Goethe, Schlegel, De Witte, Schott, Paulus, King Lucius, Elvin, Fagan, Medwin, Damian, Claudia, wife of Pudens, Græcina, Beda, Gelas, Germanus, of Auxerre, Eric, Constantius, Themistocles, Claude Admuez, Father Dablen, Count Maurepas, Irlan Ed Mikle, the Saga of Snorio, Psenophis, the Hætopolitan, and Sanchis, the Saitte, Plato, Solon, (not Shingle, but another man,) and two or three hundred more of such pleasant topics; and while away time by philosophical, ethnological, archæological, and all sorts of logical and illogical discussions, in which they exhaust the encyclopedia and the patience of their interlocutors. Of course, she falls in love with the younger Earle, who goes through many changes of fortune, but as he discovers a gold mine several hundred feet below the bottom of the mammoth Cave of Kentucky, which he

* The Old Testament History. From the Creation to the Return of the Jews from Captivity. Edited by William Smith, LL. D. With Maps and Woodcuts. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo., pp. 715.

† For Her Sake. By Frederick W. Robinson. New York: Harper & Brothers. Imp. 8vo., pp. 191. Illustrated.

* Warwick; or, The Lost Nationalities of America. A Novel. By Mansfield Tracy Walworth. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co. 12mo., pp. 479.

reaches by jumping down a natural dry well, guided by good fortune and an umbrella, of course the pair are—but we must leave the reader to learn the catastrophe for himself. To all who admired "St. Elmo," this book should be welcome. They will find it equally learned, equally obscure, and equally aimless.

Mr. Whyte Melville is an English writer of novels, their scenes laid in English society, and though he rarely achieves a great success, never fails in producing a readable story. In the latest that has been reprinted on this side of the water, he has about kept up to his usual standard.* The characters are natural enough, without being new, the incidents striking without being startling, and the interest strong throughout. Here and there we come upon passages of some force. The two most skillfully drawn characters are Vandeleur and Dolly. The story ends conventionally, but in a satisfactory way; and is altogether a pleasant book for a warm day in a country place, just exciting enough to keep the reader thoroughly awake, and leaving a pleasant sensation in the mind at its close.

In "The Quaker Partisans,"† we have a well-told story, stirring from the adventures it records, but written in a simple style, and with no straining after effect. The localities introduced are described with a minute faithfulness betokening familiarity, and the characters are naturally given. The author's name is withheld, but from the statement on the title-page, we infer that he has written before. He does his work with sufficient cleverness to make us wish that he may write again.

Among all the hand-books put forth by publishers, none will be more eagerly caught up by the public—especially by rural readers—than one upon the modes of training horses, dogs, and in fact all sorts of animals, which has just come from the

press.* This little volume is the first and only one of its kind of which we can say that it is very full, very explicit, very entertaining, and very thorough. To residents in the country—to boys most especially—it will be invaluable.

An interesting book of its kind is to be found in the "Wedding-Day"—an account of the ceremonies attending weddings in all ages and countries, prepared by an English author.† The details are full, and generally trustworthy, though here and there the writer has been betrayed into inaccuracy. Barnaby, who was a great liar, is the authority for the statement made on page 115. There never was such a word used for the practice noticed, which was, by the way, a local one, and not prevalent among "the lower orders" anywhere. It was practiced at times among the descendants of the Welsh in one or two parts, in the lower part of West Jersey, and in one or two of the German counties of Pennsylvania. But it is obsolete even there, and when it was in existence, the Welsh name was given to it—"tarrying" being never used. There are some omissions too—the Irish custom of "riding for Black Betty"—which is kept up by the descendants of the Scotch-Irish settlers in Tennessee and West Virginia, not being mentioned. The volume, however, is amusing enough; but though some of the details are masked with decorous words, the book can hardly be recommended as suitable reading for the inmates of female boarding-schools.

That the author of "The Cord and Creese," a novel which made some sensation in its serial form, should have written a series of humorous and bizarre sketches of Italian travel, which defy all criticism and mock calm consideration, requires the evidence of a very positive statement in the title-page. But there it is in very plain print, and there is the book,‡ with its hundred

* Haney's Art of Training Animals. A Practical Guide for Amateurs, or Professional Trainers. New York: Jesse Haney & Co. 16mo, pp. 210. Illustrated.

† The Wedding-Day in All Ages and Countries. By Edward J. Wood. New York: Harper & Brothers. 16mo., pp. 299.

‡ The Dodge Club; or, Italy in 1859. By James de Mille, Author of "The Cord and Creese." With a Hundred Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. Imp. 8vo, pp. 133. Paper.

* The White Rose. A Novel. By G. T. Whyte Melville. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 16mo. pp. 537. Paper.

† The Quaker Partisans. A Story of the Revolution. By the Author of "The Scout." With Illustrations. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 16mo, pp. 294.

illustrations, and its peculiarity of construction, which allows you to begin in any part, and read in any direction, with a certainty in any case of being amused. "The Dodge Club" is a book entirely after its own fashion. Its characters are nominally American—trading Yankees, not very well educated, by no means gentlemen in associations, culture or connexions, but very possible Americans. Their troubles, losses, crosses, and harem-scarem adventures are told with a mixture of carelessness and spirit, and in a style that cannot well be given any certain name. But those who read the book as it came by monthly fragments, will be glad to have an opportunity of getting it in its present shape.

The writings of Max Mueller always display research, scholarship and brain. His investigations are valuable of their nature, and because of their thoroughness; and he contrives to invest the driest subject with a profound interest. To this general description of his works, his more recent productions, containing disquisitions on the mythology of the eastern and northern nations, form no exception.* The first volume contains disquisitions on the Rig-Veda, Zend Avesta and Tripitika, the modern Parsis, Buddhism, Semitic Monotheism, and kindred subjects, all clearly and exhaustively treated. In the second volume we have a series of older essays, reprinted from various periodicals from 1855 down—some of a more popular character than others, but all very full, clear and entertaining. Among these we have "Comparative Mythology," a very exhaustive essay; "Caste," marked by care and conscientiousness; and less pretentious but equally deserving of note, "The Norseman in Iceland." "Folk-Lore," "Zulu Nursery Tales," "Popular Tales from the Norse," and "Tales of the West Highlands," whose subjects are shown by the titles. Our only regret is that with our limited space we are unable to give our readers a clearer notion of the ability of the author, and the cleverness evinced in handling the subjects, by the quotation of various striking passages.

* Chips from a German Workshop. By Max Mueller, M. A. Volume I. Essays on the Science of Religion. Volume II. Essays on Mythology, Tradition and Customs. New York: Chas. Scribner & Co. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. xxiii, 374; vi., 402—\$5.00

Few works written in defence of revealed religion view the subject from the most effective stand-point. They assume at the outset that what to them are great truths must be taken for granted by their opponents. They raise up opposition by at once outraging prejudice and reason. Bishop Clark, in his recent work upon the primary truths of the Christian faith, pursues a different plan.* He treats his opponents as men who are honestly convinced that Atheism is right, and were they convinced it was wrong, would abandon it. He recognises the very honesty which causes their unbelief. He throws aside the prejudice of his cloth and training, and calls on them to do the same, and look for truth as a matter in which they have a common interest. Few can read his little treatise without being either fully convinced, or aroused to a closer scrutiny of the grounds of unbelief; and none can read it without profound respect for the candor, ability, and good feeling of the right reverend author. The work is one that will become a small but sufficient store-house of weapons for those who have occasion to engage in controversy with rationalism and the various phases of modern unbelief.

Mrs. Holmes, whose stories are always pleasant narratives of probable middle life, and whose characters are neither more nor less than such as we meet in our every day affairs, has attained just that popularity which makes her books safe investments for the publisher. Her last novel, "Ethelyn's Mistake,"† is a favorable specimen of her style, and will satisfy her admirers. Along with an easy flow of narrative, there are some scenes painted with more than her usual force, and there are passages where a situation of interest to the reader is worked into pathos, with a skill beyond that of many writers who make more pretensions to eminence in their craft. The story is one that the father may place in the hands of his daughter without fear, and yet may read it himself with his interest and sympathy kept awake all through the perusal.

* Primary Truths of Religion. By Thomas M. Clark, D. D., LL. D.; Bishop of the Diocese of Rhode Island. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 18mo, pp. 313.

† Ethelyn's Mistake: or, The Home in the West. A Novel. By Mary J. Holmes. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co. 16mo, pp. 380.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

—A learned divine of this city, in a recent discourse on the Resurrection, told his hearers that “none but Christians ever had a faith in a resurrection.” We desire to ask what good can come to the sacred cause of Christianity by the preaching of such falsehoods? The doctrine of the resurrection even of the body is thousands of years older than Christianity. It was a very common opinion in pre-Christian ages that the soul, or *manes*, has a perfect human shape, and that when it leaves the body it eats and drinks like the living man, and that a long time after death it would be united to its body again. It is easy to sift some such idea out of Homer. The Pythagorians taught something like it also, Cæsar describes similar notions among the ancient Gauls, and Apollonius affirms that the ancient Germans believed in a resurrection. Among the ancient Scythians the same hope prevailed. Every student of Herodotus knows that similar notions prevailed among many nations. Such a doctrine prevailed among the ancient Egyptians; or, perhaps, more properly speaking, they believed the soul never leaves the dead body, and that was the reason why they were so careful to preserve or embalm the body. Their thought was, that the soul never quitted the body so long as it could be preserved, and that after it perished utterly, the soul would find a new body and live forever. Sometimes the better families of the Egyptians kept the dead bodies of their friends for a long time in their houses, and sat them at the table during meals. Lucian assures us that he had dined in Egypt with such guests. The Chaldeic philosophers taught the doctrine of the resurrection. What else but this are we to understand by the Emperor Julian's description of the Assumption of Hercules? The Romans believed that Romulus was taken up to heaven after his

death. Plutarch tells us that it was the common opinion of the Greeks that *Cleomedes Astypalensis* was translated even in his body into heaven, and that many others had been publicly so translated. It was the doctrine of Heraclitus that at death the soul flies from the body like lightning from a cloud. But the ancient people of India had the most tremendous legends about a resurrection, which some of them held would take place 4,326,000 years after the death of the body. Others put the resurrection at 360,000 years, and others 36,000, and still others at 7,000 years after the body's death. These notions were wild—but they still acknowledged a resurrection. But we must stop somewhere. There is no end to the examples which might be brought of a belief in a resurrection. Indeed, there has never been known any nation comprising any variety of the Caucasian man which was without this idea of a resurrection in one form or another. And we utterly fail to appreciate either the ignorance or the dishonesty of the clergy who keep their hearers in ignorance of these facts. It evinces a weak and trembling faith to seek support to the invaluable doctrines of Revelation in such delusion or imposture. As if it could rebound to the glory of God to teach that He left all mankind utterly without comprehension of truth until within a very recent period. Saint Paul taught differently, for he declared that the heathen “who had not the law, showed the work of the law written on their hearts.” So we say every branch of the Caucasian race has shown this idea of a resurrection “written on their hearts.”

—The *Tribune* says that the late war was a struggle for dominion on the part of the South as well as on the part of the North. Grant it, but then with this essential difference—we were struggling for dominion

over others—the South was struggling for self-dominion. And this latter is the noblest of all struggles. Whether in defeat or victory, it always commands the respect and admiration of all the good and virtuous of mankind. Said one of the great divines of England in the last century: “I have no notion of slavery, but being bound by a law to which I do not consent.” The struggle on the part of the South was to prevent precisely this sort of slavery. The man who says that such a struggle was not just and patriotic, must be a rascal, if he is not a fool. And liberty in this country will never be restored until it shall be popular to speak out thus truly and plainly on this subject. The northern press must stop lying about the nature and the results of the conflict before we shall get the country fairly started on the road back to freedom and prosperity.

—A generation of dolts here, in the United States, is just beginning to realize the fact that the negro war has really made an end of the monopoly which our country enjoyed in the cotton staple, and which, more than anything else, was at the bottom of our marvellously rapid accumulation of wealth. New England is slowly opening its eyes to the fact that the sun of its prosperity has set. Europe will soon be entirely free of all dependence upon any of the great American staples—and the people of the United States may sit the rest of their lives hugging themselves with the consolation that they destroyed it themselves fighting for negroes.

—Professor Goldwin Smith's advent in the United States has stirred but very little the currents of our intellectual atmosphere. We have too many scholars of our own devoted to theories and isms, to be much excited by the arrival in our midst of even so eminent a doctor of opinions as Goldwin Smith. Our clergy, especially, seem to have given him rather a cold shoulder. Why? The reason is almost laughable. A London magazinist, in reviewing Professor Smith's “*Plea for the Abolition of Tests*,” calls him a *theosophist*. The clergy of the United States look into Webster's Dictionary to see what the meaning of that word is, and they find it laid down as follows: “*Theosophist*, one who pretends to divine illumination; one who pretends to derive

his knowledge from divine revelation.” Now this definition would seem to show up Dr. Goldwin Smith as a bit of an impostor. But the fault is probably more with Webster's definition of *theosophist* than with Dr. Smith's opinions. This word is made out of two Greek words, *theos*, God, and *sophia*, wisdom, literally meaning *wisdom of God*, or, in the scholastic use, *wisdom to find out God*; that is, one who believes in the ability of human reason or wisdom to apprehend the Deity. This, we take it, is Dr. Smith's belief, in opposition to the theory of Mansel, (which is also generally accepted by our clergy,) that man possesses no natural ability to know God. This doctrine is abhorrent to *theosophists*, who teach that God has endowed man with wisdom to comprehend His existence and attributes. The word is not applicable (as defined in Webster's Dictionary,) to those mountebanks and fanatical dreamers who pretend, or fancy themselves, to have received an especial illumination from Deity. The *wisdom*, or *illumination*, claimed by the *theosophists*, is on the natural sufficiency of the human faculties to comprehend the Divinity. Or, in Bible language, that “God has not left Himself without a witness” in the human reason. This is Professor Goldwin Smith's opinion. But the blunder of Webster's Dictionary, and the ignorance of our clergy have made a bad fellow of him.

—Professor Gunning has been enlightening the good people of New England with a lecture, or course of lectures, on “*Origin of Species*,” in which he adopts the Darwinian theory of the animal origin (or monkey origin) of man. From the reports we have seen, his lectures are well written, but, from the following extract, we judge that his *facts* are to be taken with many grains of allowance. “Equatorial Africa is the centre of one great branch of the human family. In Asia is another. In Africa is the gorilla, and in Asia the chimpanzee. The color of the equatorial African is the color of the gorilla—the Asiatic is the color of the chimpanzee:—The African resembles the gorilla in form and character, while the Asiatic approaches the chimpanzee in moral character.” Now, there are no chimpanzees in Asia. It is an African animal, and its color is black.

There are a great many apes and monkeys in India, (none in higher Asia,) some very black, and some not so black. But unfortunately for those philosophers who teach the monkey origin of the human race, we have no doubt that man is, to say the least, as old on the earth as the apes. We know that the apes were four thousand years ago just as they are at the present time. Man, we also know, was the same five thousand years ago that he is to-day. Neither history nor science afford the least evidence of this monstrous doctrine of the animal origin of mankind. And just as little do history and science favor the idea that all mankind sprung from one pair. Nothing can exceed the tenacity with which nature sticks to her types. The idea of monkeys changed into men, or of white men being changed into negroes, or negroes into white men, is a monstrous and baseless dream. But the doctrine that the negro was once a *monkey*, has just as good a foundation in history and science, as the idea that he was once a *white man*. The only proposition which is at all in harmony with history, science, and revelation is, that they are different species, and different creations of the Almighty hand. This is the ground assumed and argued at length in our course of lectures on "*The Races of Men*." And it is the only ground on which, with the present lights of science, the sublime doctrine of the divine origin of man can be sustained for a moment. With the present demonstrations in the comparative anatomy and physiology of races, there is no way in which the clergy can oppose this view without fighting on the side of infidelity. Their stubbornness must in the end yield to our view, or to that of the atheistic philosophy of the animal origin of man.

—As we are in the constant receipt of letters making inquiry in relation to our lectures on *The Races of Men*, we will here say that we have a course of either *five* or *ten* lectures, (or, to accommodate Lyceums, we give a single lecture,) illustrated by the largest collection of paintings ever before used in a course of scientific lectures either in this country or Europe. The paintings, embracing over a hundred figures, are mostly life-size pictures in oil, of all the different species of men, and their numerous cross breeds. The lectures are purely

scientific and historical in their character. Their object is to popularize the most important and beautiful of all the sciences, so that its divine truths may be brought to the comprehension of the unlearned, as well as the learned. We will further state that the theory of human origins presented in these lectures is in harmony with the Revealed Word of God, rightly interpreted, as we show, is now affirmed by many of the most learned orthodox theologians of this country and Europe. Officers of Lyceums, Lecture Committees, or other persons wishing further particulars, may address C. Chauncey Burr, Office of THE OLD GUARD, 162 Nassau street, New York.

Rev. Mr. Corbett, the eminent Methodist Minister of this city, in a recent quarterly meeting said: "He had baptized a whole family of Jews—father, wife, and children. He continued to say that when the wife had been baptized she was subjected to the most terrible persecution by her husband, and a deacon of the church had gone to remonstrate about it, but the husband raved and tore, and roared. The deacon told him that if he did not keep quiet he would thrash him; that he must keep cool, come to church the next Sunday, and there he would have his own soul converted. And sure enough he did come, and he was baptized. (Laughter.) Mr. Corbett said that he had often to force the gospel into men. (Great laughter.) This may be called *muscular gospel*, we suppose. The "gospel forced into men!" Well might this strange language provoke great laughter among those truly muscular saints. But there are some few of us, who have respect for the gospel of Christ, who beg to denounce this abominable farce and profanity, as an insult to every truly religious man. A man might about as well send his daughters to a political caucus, to be religiously impressed, as to allow them to go to such prayer meetings as the one above described.

—At a recent session of the Presbyterians at Mobile, in a discussion on the means of keeping the "freedmen" from relapsing into barbarism, the Rev. Dr. McPhail said: "When I was in South Carolina last year, I heard in several places that they had actually introduced into their worship a dance around a witch kettle, in which they were boiling snakes and toads."

And this is just what Christianity will become debased to everywhere among negroes, if not otherwise enforced by white men. There is not money enough, nor prayers enough in Christendom to save them, if left to themselves. Their moral nature is a sieve through which Christianity runs like water. No typical negro is any more capable of comprehending the sublime morality of Christ than he is of mastering one of the problems of Euclid. After you have been to the pains and expense of "converting" every negro in the South, save them wholly to themselves for three years, and you will find their Christianity so mixed up with "boiling snakes and toads," that it would be a mockery to call it religion of any kind. Call this an unhappy truth, if you will, but it is nevertheless *truth*. You can degrade the Christian religion, but you can never elevate the negro. Before that can be done, you must add a number of convolutions to his brain, so as to make it correspond to the brain of the white man. You must diminish the relative size of his nerves. The whole instrument of thought and emotion must be reconstructed, until it corresponds with that of the white man, before you can give the Christian religion a self-supporting existence in the moral nature of the negro. He no more possesses the same moral nature as the white man than he possesses the same skin, the same nervous system, or the same blood. Science, if the American churches would listen to its voice, would very quickly put them right about the negro—would save them from the monstrous delusion of spending so many millions of dollars to give him what he can neither comprehend nor retain.

—It seems that while the Northern Presbyterian Church is illegally holding on to stolen churches in the South, it is making propositions to "unite" with the Southern Church, which it has plundered. In the recent General Assembly at Mobile, the Rev. Mr. Baxter, discussing the question of reunion, said: "Who are the people with whom we treat? The same as are now holding violent possession of our church in Jacksonville, Fla.?" And he might have added that the whole spirit of northern bitterness, northern theft, and northern tyranny, that is now crushing the southern people, has, at this very moment, its chief inspiration from the northern churches. Are the southern people dogs, that they should supinely lie down amica-

bly in the same fold with these northern wolves, for the sake of being denounced by them? We cannot entertain a doubt that the union of the northern and southern churches, at the present time, would prove an immeasurable curse, both to the Church and the State. To "unite," the southern churches must give up, and consent to be led by the nose. Union on any other ground would not last long enough to have the news reach every portion of the country. The intolerance of Puritanism never yields, never dies. It seeks union with the southern churches only to crush them beneath its domination, and remove every obstacle in the way of its political dogmas. Thus, for the southern churches to unite with these northern dens of Puritanism, is to embrace death—is to descend into hell.

—Gen. J. Jordan, who fought against the Yankees in the late negro war in this country, has gone to Cuba to fight for them—for the strife in Cuba is another war for the negroes—to turn loose another batch of barbarians upon the civilization and industry of the white man. Gen. Jordan's present attitude as filibuster for the negroes, shows that he is an adventurer who does not so much care what side he fights on, provided he finds employment for himself. It does not surprise us to see the disciples of the northern Mongrel politics rushing to Cuba to fight there another edition of war for negroes. But for a southern white man to join in such a crusade is a shame and disgrace. Let Cuba alone, and it will continue to be the richest country, of equal area, on the face of the globe. Why make a foul negro's nest of it? Why blot out from the map of the white man's civilization almost the only spot left in the West Indies? The world has already been robbed of millions of pounds of cotton and sugar annually by turning loose the negroes in the rest of those Islands. The white laboring man, everywhere, has been robbed of cheap clothing and cheap sugar, as well as of the employment growing out of their commerce. Turning loose the negroes in Hayti alone robbed a million of white laborers in France of the best wages for their labor, while it, at the same time, increased the price of their food and clothes. Now turn loose the negroes of Cuba, and there is not a white laboring man in the world who will not feel the effects of it in the increased price of sugar, and in the withdrawing from commerce vast staples which employ white industry everywhere. If every man who goes filibustering from the United States to help inflict such a curse upon the commerce and industry of the world, leaves his bones in Cuba, he will get no more than his deserts; and his death will be much more useful to mankind than his life.

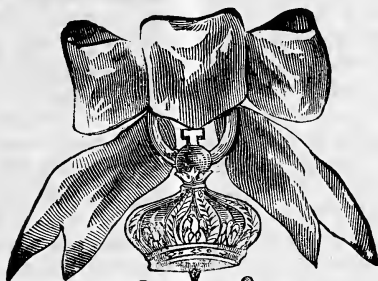
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1869.

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