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The Old Guard:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART,

AND THE

Political Principles of 1776 & 1860.

AUGUST, 1869.

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THE OLD GUARD:

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

VOLUME VII.—AUGUST, 1869.—No. VIII.

THE FALL OF LIBERTY IN ROME.

WHATEVER may be the feelings of others, we approach this subject, of the fall of liberty, with emotions of perplexity—almost of dread.

We are dizzy with the events of the present hour. There is a confusion and darkness before our eyes which shuts out the future, and compel us, if we see at all, to turn our face backwards towards the past.

We do not know the present. We only know the past.

As a *system*, there is, indeed, no such thing as the *present*.

That which is not completed is not. We can only see an unfinished part. We do not know what the whole is, and therefore we do not know what it is in itself.

There is, therefore, no such thing as a history of the world, but only of a part of it.

The world is not yet a thing of

the past—its destiny is not yet run out; we do not know what it is.

It is not the wheat, as we put it in the dry ground, but as it brings forth its ripe fruit, that shows us what it is in itself. We are in the same predicament with regard to the world, and to ourselves. We are only in progress towards our destination, and we can only write a part of our own, and the world's life—of our, and its infancy.

History, therefore, is only a great fragment, and the portion of history to which we call attention in this article is but a single point of that fragment.

But, as a point, it is past—it is finished. We may, therefore, study it as a *system*, where the struggles of liberty and the history of its restrictions, may be traced, if not from their beginning, to what was

at least their end. The beginning of the restrictions upon freedom are as old as sin—which is supposed to date from a very high point of antiquity.

Almost all the early forms of restrictions upon human liberty were directed against words or deeds. The only restriction attempted was a repression of overt freedom. The more refined process of fettering *thought* had not yet been discovered. Thought had to be spoken or acted before it could be restricted. The early tyrants of the world never attempted to punish a man for his opinions—never locked him up for his *sympathies*, as did Lincoln and Seward. But with the more extensive use of writing, and still more, subsequently, with the invention of printing, there came in a different sin, and there soon grew a different mode of dealing with it. The common process of restriction in the shape of punishment after transgression, was held to be inapplicable to the new condition of things.

When the word was uttered, or the deed done, the mischief was complete, and it was too late to punish. Hence arose the system of anticipation of ideas, or at least of the expression of them.

Tyrants established a preventive service over thought. The censorship arose. This represents the highest development of repressive tyranny. It was a thousand-headed, thousand-handed power, which could check in as many ways the movement of the human mind. It was more subtle and penetrating than the merely repressive system. The one arraigned the published word, the other the contemplated word. The one killed the body, the other

the soul. The one wished to be an open reprisal, the other was a clandestine surprise.

The censorship suppressed the undisclosed thought—murdered the child in the womb; was the instrument of torture, a rack of the thoughts.

The first stage in human society, then, was natural freedom. This was followed by the repressive system, or the punishment of supposed offenses before they became actual, by being *done* or *spoken*. This, again, was followed by the preventive system, or censorship, which attempted to deal with the thoughts before they became overt acts. This is the extreme of tyranny, from which the monarchies of Europe have for a long time now been receding. They are dropping the censorial and retaining more the repressive power. And even this is giving way in England and parts of Europe, where the area of freedom is widening year by year; and the domain of coercive restraint narrows with the progress of popular wisdom.

The old tyrannies that spread over the world from the East, seem almost everywhere dying out in the West—everywhere but in the United States. In the ancient world tyranny was born in the East, where free thought seemed an impossibility. There were but two classes—*despots* and *slaves*. That is the penalty which God attaches to cowardice—that when the people allow despotism to live, *they* must become *slaves*.

But in Greece mind burst forth, and with that the consciousness of liberty, and with that free thought, even to license of speech. Words were avenged by words, and no one

watched the turns of thought and speech, to subjugate the mental life and cramp it within fixed limits and restraints.

Therefore was it that the Greek State was so full of life and the freshness of youth, that it is a source of admiration to us to this day. The Greek literature is so full of nobility, sap and juice, that even now, after thousands of years, it endures, the most beautiful, the most healthy, the undying food of the cultivated mind. The Greek is an *eternal*, because it was a *free* mind. And Greece was the teacher of Rome. After the model of Greece the Roman republic moulded itself in free, manly power. The laws of the Roman republic only restrained *deeds—writing and speech* remained unshackled. And so they continued till the decay of the republic. The restriction upon free speech began in the civil wars, in the last days of the republic, and the empire finally destroyed it. Restriction was in the dying republic what high treason was in the days of the monarchy. With the fall of the republic fell the liberties of Rome. But oppression did not venture suddenly upon the people. It came on by stealthy degrees. The people were assured that the changes which were going on were for their benefit, and would lead to an expansion of their liberty and prosperity.

It is remarkable that in the beginning of the empire every one of the emperors began his reign with a most full and flattering assertion of liberty of thought and speech ; but every one departed, in a longer or shorter time, from every profession which they had made, and rush-

ed into the extreme of suspicious, harsh and tyrannical restraint.

Cæsar and his partisans destroyed the republic of Rome by encouraging a civil war, and then seizing the reins of government under the pretence of saving the commonwealth. He, in the first place, procured his elevation to the consulship, in which position he labored continually and cunningly to persuade the Roman people to believe in the advantages of a single government, and actually disposed their minds to approve of monarchy in consulship. He passed with them for a *consul*, while he actually was introducing usurpation and tyranny—while he was destroying their republic and laying the foundations of the empire.

He raised a mighty army under the pretence of serving and saving the commonwealth. He tried to bribe the senators of Rome, but failing in that, he seduced the soldiers by giving them double pay, after which he put himself at their head and passed the Rubicon, driving the senators out of Rome, who fled to Durazzo, leaving all Italy in his power.

And though he was now master of Rome, he did not at first act as though he was so. He justified his conduct by attributing the cause of all the civil strife to Pompey ; professed that he was desirous of peace, and by such plausible pretexts caused himself a second time to be chosen Consul.

He ordered a strong garrison to be left in Rome, and persuaded the people that he was doing all this in his zeal for the commonwealth. There was now but one bar to his

ambition, and that was the army of Pompey, which still represented the republic.

He was a professed friend of Pompey, and had no enmity against him, except that he was an obstacle to his reigning over Rome. He pursued the legions of Pompey into Spain, where he lost the first battle, but gained the second on the Plains of Pharsalia, and thus became master of Rome.

After he had subdued Egypt and many other African provinces, he returned to Rome to receive the honors due to his conquests; but he sagaciously refused to allow his victories against Pompey to be reckoned among them. He knew that he could not triumph over a Roman consul without alarming the fears of the friends of the commonwealth; and on his first appearance in the capital, he received more applause for omitting that victory than for all he had gained. He assumed an admirable moderation, and thus caused himself to appear in the eyes of the people both glorious and triumphant, without a mixture of pride and ostentation. Cæsar's very enemies, who had been once conquered by his arms, were thus a second time conquered by his prudence and seeming virtue. This triumph established the Roman Empire, and made Cæsar the master of the world.

At first, however, he would not be called King, but Emperor, a title usually given to a General who had triumphed. But as soon as he dared throw off the disguise, he declared himself King—assumed absolute authority, rose no more from his seat, as he used to do when the Senate appeared before him, and at

last made a public jest of the very name of the commonwealth. The disguise was off now, and he punished some Tribunes who had committed a man to prison for crowning one of his statues. When a Senator asked him how he had disregarded the laws of Rome, he replied by quoting a verse of Euripes—“*That it was lawful to break through the laws to serve the government*”—a hypocritical excuse, of which the people of the United States have had many examples within the last ten years.

It was at this time that Cicero uttered those words of folly, which have by ignorant people been since called a maxim of law, that *silent legis inter arma*—“in war the law is silent.”

It was the language of a coward, attempting to justify the acts of a usurper and a tyrant. How often did we hear the same thing in Mr. Lincoln's bloody reign?

But although Cæsar had destroyed the republic and established the empire of Rome, he was too great and wise a man to at once strike down the personal liberties of the people. Usurpation and tyranny are a science with a mind possessing the greatness of a Cæsar. He, therefore, allowed the largest liberty of speaking and writing in the beginning of his reign. He went upon the policy that what was least noticed was soonest forgotten. But when some notice appeared inevitable, instead of punishing the offender, he knew that no other means could be effectually employed against words but *words*, and so when Cicero published his eulogy on *Cato*, Cæsar met it with the *anti-Cato*.

Again, when his intercourse with

Cleopatra, and the supposed offspring of that intercourse, were made the subjects of scandalous mirth all over Rome, he caused a pamphlet to be written by one of his friends, Oppius, the object of which was to prove that Cleopatra's son was not Cæsar's.

Had he imprisoned his accusers instead of answering them, all Rome would have taken it for granted that the accusations were true. Imprisonment for criticising the acts of public men is the last resort of a tyrant, when revenge and madness get the better of his judgment.

But what most chagrined Cæsar was the banter relating to his connection with Nicomedes, King of Bithynia. This rose at times into the expression of the most vehement scorn, and even found utterance in the Senate from the lips of the greatest Senators. The enemies of Cæsar constantly alluded, with loud and confident sarcasm, to the notariety of this affair.

But, though greatly grieved at these real or supposed stains upon his character, Cæsar resorted to no arbitrary measure to remove them. He was above all things anxious to preserve his fair fame among his companions in arms; and when, therefore, he found his own soldiers singing the Nicomedian scandal up and down his own camp, he deemed it necessary to give it a public contradiction, and for the rest, by his tact, frankness, and careful avoidance of anger, succeeded in disarming many of the talkers. His policy was not to *punish*, but to *check*—not *vengeance*, but *victory*.

Therefore, in the early days of the Roman Empire, words were never treated as crimes. And this

was not because Cæsar was not a tyrant, but because he was not a fool. We must not forget that the usurper was at this time only working his way to absolute power. He had too many and too formidable obstacles in his path to allow of any outbursts of arbitrariness. When he began to feel the consciousness of the possession of this power, he was quick enough to exercise it. And the conduct of his successors must be in part accounted for on the same principle. Monarchy was a new thing in Rome—or if an old thing, an old thing with a bad name, which was worse—and each succeeding emperor must have felt, at first, a certain precariousness of tenure, which made him commence his reign with loud professions of respect for the public liberties.

The instances above given, therefore, of Cæsar's leniency and forbearance, and of his respect for freedom of speech and thought, are not to be taken as evidences that he was not a tyrant. They are not examples of power achieved, and used with moderation, so much as of power achieving, and exercised with sagacious caution and cunning.

Presently, however, the germ of a different policy showed itself. We have alluded to the fact that Cæsar had at first declined being saluted as king. The Tribunes of the people gladly took him at his word, and they summoned before the courts some persons who insisted on bestowing upon him that title. The emperor interpreted this as an act of personal hostility to himself. The Tribunes complained, declaring that they were no longer free to consult the welfare of the State.

The Tribunes were in the right, but Cæsar made their representations a ground of bitter complaint to the Senate, and it evinces the slavish spirit which had already begun to dawn in the *Curia*, that there were some Senators found capable of proposing that the Tribunes be put to death.

Fortunately, Cæsar was not mad enough to carry through such a proposition, but the Tribunes were displaced from their office; and the spirit of manliness and liberty had already become so dwarfed among the Roman people, that they for a while submitted to this loss of freedom.

Cæsar, however, lost credit by this palpable step towards absolutism.

Till now, the proud spirit of freedom slumbered in Rome. The gigantic strides of the great Cæsar had amazed and paralyzed the public mind. The republic had perished and the empire had become established without the people realizing it. So infatuated and deluded were they, that they even joined to aid the usurper in undermining the ancient foundations of their liberties.

Thus he was safe as long he was temperate; but indignation and the dormant spirit of liberty raised their heads as soon as he began to introduce measures of restraint upon thought and speech.

Thus, it often happens, that the very means by which governments hope to insure their safety, are those by which it is lost. As with the individual man, no grief is so gnawing as that which is buried without sound or expression in himself, so if a people are not permitted to speak, their sense of injury becomes deep-

er, and their opposition intensified into hate or despair.

All the grounds of disaffection kept down for a time, formed the substratum of a volcano which at length burst forth and engulfed the great Cæsar.

The people began to think of the lost republic, which they had themselves so blindly, so foolishly allowed to perish, and began to call for another Brutus. "O! that thou wert yet alive," was written on the tomb of the founder of the republic. Genealogies soon appeared, showing that the then Brutus was descended from the ancient Brutus, and on his Prætorian tribunal was flung the note—"Thou sleepest, Brutus!" and "Thou art no Brutus!" These symptoms of general discontent soon brought the rule and life of Julius Cæsar to an end, and that end was occasioned more by his departure from his first policy, and from his efforts, as his power increased, to restrict the public freedom of thought and speech, than by any other causes. He was assassinated by Brutus and five other friends of the republic, while sitting in the capitol, in the midst of the Senate. He had made himself king while pretending to be a staunch republican; and when the cheat was fully realized, the republicans themselves were his executioners. He fell, pierced by twenty-three wounds. Though thus surprised, he maintained his greatness of mind to the last moment. Seeing Brutus among the conspirators, he exclaimed, "Oh! son! art thou among them too?"

These were his last words, and covering his face with his mantle, he calmly received his fate. After

he fell on the floor, with his left hand he drew down the skirt of his imperial mantle to his feet, as if thus setting a greater value on his dignity than his life.

Thus perished the greatest name in history! Thus was destroyed by the people of Rome the immortal Cæsar, whom themselves had aided in destroying their republic.

But though Cæsar was dead, his works were not dead! Though they were rid of the usurper and the founder of the empire, they had not restored their lost republic! Though

the mighty genius which robbed them of their liberty was no more, their liberty did not return! There was never to be a return to that; for republics there may be a *death* and a *grave*, but there is no re-creation.

We sha'l conclude this melancholy history of the fall of Roman liberty in the next number of *THE OLD GUARD*, and show the startling parallel between it and the drift of events in our own unhappy country at the present time.



DEMANDS FOR A NEW INTERPRETATION OF THE ACCOUNT OF ADAM'S CREATION IN THE BOOK OF GENESIS.

To Professor R. L. Dabney, D.D., of Virginia:

DEAR SIR—I take the liberty of sending you the last or July number of *THE OLD GUARD*, for the purpose of calling your attention to an article on “The Political Aspects of Religion in the United States.” Although that article is no more than an intimation, or an outline, of the wonderful mass of evidence which science is now producing to show that God has created different species of men, to inhabit different zones of the earth, just as He has created different species in every genera of the lower animal kingdom—yet I think it will be sufficient to impress you with the very great importance of this subject. I hope it may induce you to use your justly

great influence with the clergy of the United States to reconsider the interpretation of certain passages of Scripture which are supposed to prove what is called the *unity of the human race*; or, that man is the single species of a single genus. By the latest demonstrations of science, the plurality of the human species is as clearly proved as is the *rotatory motion*, the *stratification*, or the *spheroidal shape* of the earth. When science first revealed these great facts, they were supposed to be directly contrary to many portions of the sacred Scriptures, and a fierce and bitter warfare for some time raged between science and religion. Galileo was forced to make, on his knees, a public renunciation of the earth's motion. But what a farce! How use-

less to the cause of religion such a recantation! It neither altered a scientific fact, nor prevented its universal spread in the world. When Galileo rose from his prostrate renunciation, he said, in a low voice, *E pur si muove*—i. e., “and yet it does move.” To what effect was the edict of the Inquisition of 1616, that “the doctrine of the earth’s motion is contrary to Scripture?” The doctors of the church had now to confess that it was only contrary to their mistaken interpretation of Scripture. And the eminent Cardinal Bellarmine finally gave the following most sensible and prudent rule in relation to changes in the interpretation of Scripture: “When a *demonstration* shall be found to establish the earth’s motion, it will be proper to interpret the sacred Scriptures otherwise than they have hitherto been interpreted in those passages where mention is made of the stability of the earth and movement of the heavens.” Now in the very spirit of this decision, one of the most eminent of the modern theologians of Europe, the Rev. William Whewell, D. D., one of the Professors of the Cambridge University in England, has said, in his work entitled “Indications of the Creator:” “When a scientific theory, irreconcilable with the received interpretation of Scripture, is clearly proved, we must give up the interpretation, and seek some new mode of understanding the passages in question, by means of which it may be consistent with what is proved.”

This distinguished divine says, in another place:

“It is in the highest degree unwise in the friends of religion unnecessarily to embark their credit in

expositions of Scripture on matters which appertain to natural science. By delivering physical doctrines as the teaching of revelation, religion may lose much, but cannot gain anything.”

This wise rule was affirmed by St. Augustin, who said in relation to over confident interpretation of Scripture, in matters of dispute: “Let us not rush headlong by positive assertion to either one opinion or the other; lest, when a more thorough discussion has shown the opinion which we had adopted to be false, our faith may fall with it; and we should be found contending, not for the doctrine of the sacred Scriptures, but for our own; endeavoring to make our doctrine to be that of the Scriptures, instead of taking the doctrine of the Scriptures to be ours.”

Kepler in a very prudent manner pointed out the misfortune to Revelation of attempting to use the Scriptures in opposition to science, in these words: “If you will try to chop iron, the axe becomes unable to cut even wood.”

In another place this great author says: “In theology we balance authorities; in philosophy we weigh reasons. A holy man was Laetantius, who denied the earth was round; a holy man was Augustin, who granted the rotundity, but denied the antipodes; and holy to me is the Inquisition, which allows the smallness of the earth, but denies its motion; but more holy to me is Truth: and hence I prove from philosophy that the earth is round, and inhabited on every side, of small size, and in motion among the stars; and this I do with no disrespect to the doctors.”

It is certain that no scientific mind was ever yet influenced by the opposition of Scripture; while it is undoubtedly true that hundreds of thousands of men have had their faith in Revelation unjustly shaken by the unwise opposition of the clergy to new disclosures of science. And so firm is my belief that the Bible, rightly interpreted, will never be found in conflict with any true discovery in science whatever, that I am constrained to entreat the clergy of America to thoroughly investigate the sublime and beautiful truths of anthropological science, before they vainly attempt to drag the Bible before the wheels of advancing knowledge. In this conflict the clergy will be sure to come out where they did in the fight they urged upon astronomy and geology. And the general cause of religion will be sure to come out *worse*, because of a fatal leaning of the public mind of this generation to infidelity of a gross and alarming character. The dogged adherence of theologians to the doctrine that all the widely different types of mankind sprung originally from one pair, gives the atheist a base to stand upon which is invulnerable. If climate, or all fortuitous agencies combined, can convert a white man into a negro, an Indian, a Malay, or Mongolian, or *vice versa*, then we assent to the existence of a force in matter which may account for all the various forms of animal life from the *mollusk* up to the highest type of man; and thus every Christian idea of a God would be dismissed from the universe. Science has now proved that the anatomical, physiological and psychological differences between these different types of men

are *specific*, and as great as obtain between any of the different species in the lower animal kingdom. Science, therefore, proves that these different species of men are not *brothers*, except in the sense that the horse, the ass, the zebra, &c., are brothers. Science at this day can no more permit a man to believe that all mankind sprung from one pair, than that all the different species of every other animal *genera* sprung from one pair. And it is useless for the clergy to drag the Bible down under the wheels of this science. It is pernicious for them to do so. I can speak from some experience on this subject, for I have been engaged more or less in lecturing upon the Races of Men for several years; and, while the great majority of the most learned and intelligent clergymen, who have listened to these lectures, have gladly assented to their doctrines, I have frequently met with opposition from the less learned and more reckless portion of the clergy. But, in every such instance, I am certain that science has entirely triumphed in the public mind.

I find no difficulty in convincing all candid and intelligent men and women that there is no more reason in quoting the Bible to prove that all mankind sprung from Adam, than there was in using it to prove that the earth was flat, and without motion. In a very learned work which I have just received from England, entitled, "The Biblical Antiquity of Man, by Rev. S. Lucas, F.S. S.," I find that even while he is vainly laboring to prove the unity of man, he is compelled to make this confession: "True, the brief history that is given to us on the sub-

ject in the Book of Genesis, does not in so many words expressly assert that *no* human beings existed before the Adamic creation." The same assertion was made long ago by old Dr. Parr, and has, I believe, been affirmed by the great majority of divines who have thought especially upon this subject. And the confession certainly opens a way for the clergy to seek an interpretation of the account in Genesis which shall not be in conflict with the positive teachings of science. In the early part of the seventh century a book of great research was published in England entitled "*Preadamitæ*," which admitted the inspiration of the Scriptures, but contended that the account in Genesis did not affirm that Adam was the first and only man that was created, but that there were very many ages of men before him, who peopled the greater part of the world. If I had space I could show that such views have been, and are now entertained by many of the most learned and pious divines, both in this country and Europe. It therefore seems to me to be a lamentable fact that so many of the clergy of the United States have suffered themselves to remain in profound ignorance in relation to this vital matter, and continue to fight the conclusions to which men of science have almost universally come in relation to the plurality of

human species. This course can but bring religion into further and greater disrepute among a great many of the most intelligent men and women of America, while at the same time it is rendering aid and comfort to the most monstrous and abominable political dogmas—dogmas which, if not speedily arrested, will result in the complete overthrow of our civilization, as well as in the loss of popular liberty. Those whom God has made to differ in *every particular*, can never be made alike in *any particular*. All the godless tinkering of man to *equalize* what the Creator of the world has made radically *unequal*, can never result in anything but failure and disaster, both to Church and State. It is to clergymen of your learning and liberality that we must look to correct the fatal error of too many of your profession at the present alarming moment. I hope that the article in this magazine, to which I have called your attention, will convince you that it is of vital importance to the cause of Christianity that the clergy of this country should no longer attempt to shut their eyes to the progress of scientific knowledge, which is absolutely demonstrating that the common interpretation of the account of man's creation in Genesis must be erroneous.

Your obedient servant,

C. CHAUNCEY BURR.



THE CUB OF THE PANTHER;

A MOUNTAIN LEGEND.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS, ESQ.*

BOOK THIRD.

CHAPTER X.

THE MIDNIGHT SUMMONS.

WE have reached a point in our narrative which makes it necessary that we should appeal to the higher susceptibilities of the reader's imagination, or what is spiritual in his nature, to prompt sufficient credence in our legend, as popularly believed in the obscure world in which the events occurred.

That region had not survived, forgotten or discarded the early superstitions of the race, as descended to its people from their ancient British progenitors. A people living in solitude, indeed, rude, unsocial and nomadic, are usually singularly tenacious, indeed, of the superstitions which they inherit. Tradition with them becomes a more sacred thing than any books or history, and in the absence or deficiency of human associations, the mind naturally looks for, and recognizes,

a superior companionship in the supernatural world. It is from a rude and wild people, like the Arabs, that we derive most of these creations of wood and water, mountain and lake—the dryad and faun and satyr; the Ondine and Naiad; and those exquisite and capricious tribes of elf and fairy—which have prompted the inspirations of our poets for five thousand years.

Our legend will now exhibit, in some degree, the susceptibility of our mountain people to spiritual influences; show the faith which they still possess in agencies beyond and above those of humanity, and exhibit that working of the individual soul, here and there, which demands, in extreme conditions, where humanity can command no other agency to effect some great good, or prevent some great evil, the intervention of some superior power, whose mysterious operations it is impossible for science to define

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

or discover, and the belief in which, in many countries, is almost their only substitute for religion.

In referring now to some such agency, in the case of Rose Carter, in her great peril, we still follow the old mountain legend, as transmitted to us by a generation of simple hunters, some fifty or sixty years ago.

That dreary evening in which we have seen Rose Carter, speeding, crazed with fears and fancies, and the agonies at once of heart and conscience, up the dreary steppes of the mountain, conscious of the terrible and savage beast which sped also in keen pursuit, was yet even cheerfully passed in the cabin of Sam Fuller—at least, by two of its inmates.

A rousing fire was blazing in the chimney-place, the shutters were all fastened in, excluding all sight of the melancholy snow-drifts, and the presence of a dismal winter was only made apparent to them by the sad soughing of the wind, simmering through crack or crevice.

A hot supper of venison steaks, wheaten biscuit, corn pones, and warm coffee, reconciled Sam and his wife to the atmospheric influences which they did not feel, and care hung upon neither heart, in the consciousness of peace and plenty. Besides, there was the dear baby, now several weeks old, "as hearty," in Sam's phrase, "as a buck," and looking about him already as "spry as a young puppy, of good nose, in his first deer-hunt."

Mattie Fuller was a vigorous and healthy woman, and did not suffer herself to keep her bed, or even her chamber, more than two weeks af-

ter the baby's birth. Though she still retained Goody Waters, the female *accoucheur*, as her nurse and assistant for a while, she yet made herself almost as busy as ever about the household. She had an abundance of milk, and the baby thrived wondrously. Every day she makes some new discovery of his perfections, and to-night she particularly challenges Sam's attention to the length of his limbs.

"It's about the tallest boy-child," quoth Goody Waters, "that I ever did see. Mattie Fuller, I never seed sich long legs and long arms to a baby before."

"He'll take after Mike," said the sister; "he's tall and Sam's short."

"I short, Mattie! You hear *that*, Goody Waters! Who ever said I was short before, I wonder! I'm jist of the right height, and ef little Mike will only grow like me, he'll do, I reckon, for any young woman in the country!"

"Well, Sam, I'd rather he'd grow tall like Mike. He looks mighty like him in the face too."

"Well, Mattie, I must say you've eyes to see what no man has ever yit been able to find. Now, Goody, you take a good look at little Mike, and then you look well at *big* Mike and me, and ef you don't say's he's *my* very picture, then, I kin only say, the eyes in your head ain't of much service in helping you seeing! Why, jist you look at little Mike's nose, thar! Now, ax yourself whose nose is that cut out a'ter—Mike's or mine?"

"Well, Sam, it does jist look like your'n—its got the same sort of turn up at the eend."

"My nose hain't got no turn up,

Goody. Look again, and you'll see little Mike's nose and mine both as straight as the barrel of my rifle."

"Thank the stars, Sam," said Mattie, "that they're neither on 'em quite so long. But you're right about one thing, Sam; baby's nose is straight! There's no crook in it, Goody."

"No; that's true, Mattie; I see it now! Its rigilar straight; but I think thar's a leetle turn up at the eend of Sam's."

"Oh! phibs, you're getting old, Goody, and don't see straight. It's the crook in your eye. Nobody that ever seed *me* before, ever seed anything turnuppy in *my* nose! That's my nose all over again. 'Taint like Mike Baynam's a bit! And thar's the mouth—who can claim that mouth better, or hafe as well as me?"

"Well, Sam, I do agree that baby's mouth is jist like yourn. The very picture of it, I may say."

"And the eyes—look at 'em, and say, ef they aint adzackly mine, all over?"

"Oh, Sam!" said the wife, "don't be a'ter making a stupe of yourself. Baby's eyes are right bright blue, and your's as black as a coal; and thar's the color of the skin, Sam; its a cl'ar red and white, and yours is *brown*."

"That's all sunburn!"

"No, 'taint! Look at Mike's! He's jist as much in the sun as you air, yet you sees how cl'ar red and white he is! And his eyes air blue, and he and baby hev both got brown har, and yours is coal black!"

"Oh! his har will git black, too, as he grows older."

"But jist look at his head! See

what a broad, high forehead he's got, and yours is low and narrow! I tell you, Sam, he's a'most the picter of Mike, and I'm glad of it, for Mike's one of the handsomest men I ever did see, and if he'd only git out of his sulks, he might stand up with any man all on this and 'thother side of the mountains, too!"

"Why, dean it, woman! ef you go on in this sort of calkilation, you'll hev it that I've got no sort of share in the baby at all; no right, title or interest!"

"Oh hush your tongue, and git your fiddle and play a tune for baby. That's a good goose of a husband. Git your fiddle."

And the fiddle was got, and Sam, hanging over the baby, in the lap of Goody Waters, played such inspiring strains, that the child woke with a scream, and set up a pitiful chorus of its own, which rendered it necessary that the fiddle should stop, and the mother take the infant.

"Why couldn't you play easy and soft, Sam? You're always in such a storm when you take up the fiddle, that one would think your very soul was in the catgut."

"And so I sometimes thinks it is. My fiddle is to me what Mike Baynam's pipe is to him. It's a comfort, I tell you, and it makes my hairt easy, and takes the aches out of my bones after a long day's hunt."

The allusion to Mike Baynam, the elder, and his pipe, seemed to draw his attention to the fact that he had been for some time already drawing upon it, for its soothing vapors, after he had exhausted all the tobacco in the bowl. This was the

only sign he had yet given of having taken in any of this domestic dialogue.

He had sat, already musing, sadder and darker of aspect than usual, his thoughts running upon the past with more than usual activity, from the survey that evening of the grand abode, in the supposed pleasures of which, as he supposed, Rose Carter had forgotten him.

As if conscious that his melancholy humors did not accord with those of the happy little family with which he dwelt, and perhaps with some notion that his gloom was something of a restraint upon their baby prattle, he rose in a little while quietly, and, without a word, retired to his chamber, seeking whatever degree of peace could be yielded by his pillow. He was probably wearied also from the protracted fatigues of the day.

The family very soon after retired also.

It was about midnight, when Mattie Fuller, whose chamber adjoined that of Mike, awakened Sam, and said :

"Sam, something's the matter with brother more than usual. Hear how he's a-groaning in his sleep!"

Sam drowsily listened and said :

"Oh! its nothing, I reckon, but sore bones. He's tired out like myself. I wish, Mattie, when I am in such a sweet sleep, you wouldn't be waking me with your notions."

He had scarcely spoken the words when a wild shriek, succeeded to the groaning from Mike's chamber, and in a minute after he was heard to leap from his bed across the floor, like a drunken man, heavily and staggering along, until, in the darkness, he had reached the door of

Sam's chamber, and knocking loudly, called out with a voice full of tremor :

"Sam! Sam Fuller!"

"What's it, Mike?"

"Get up and bring your light!"

When Sam entered the chamber of Mike he was standing in the middle of it, waiting for the light, his cheeks ashy white, his eyes staring wildly, and one hand clenching his rifle, which, as if by instinct, he had caught up, even before he sought his clothes.

"Why, God-a-mercy, Mike! what's the to do with you? You looks fair skear'd out of your seven senses."

"I have seen her, Sam!"

"Seen who?"

"Rose Carter!"

"The h—! you hev! and whar?"

Sam held up the lamp as he spoke, and looked about the room as if expecting to discover Rose in a corner.

"I have seen her plainly as I see you, Sam, and she ran to me with a cry of terror, and called out three times to me—'Oh! Mike Baynam, save me! save me, Mike Baynam! save me if you ever loved me!'"

"Oh! you waur a dreaming, Mike. It's nothing but a dream! I reckon you had the night-mar, for you was a-groaning bitterly in your sleep, jist before you screamed out!"

"Did I scream? But I might well have done so, for I was terrified at the sight of her terror! She rushed towards me and fell forward at my feet; her arms stretched out, her hair flying over her shoulders, and her eyes seemed ready to burst from their sockets. And her cry, O! so pitiful!—'Save me, Mike, if you ever loved me!'"

"Well you see, Mike, 'twas noth-

ing but a dream! Thar's no Rose Carter hyar."

"But what a terrible dream! and all so distinct—so vivid—as if she was wrapt in the moonlight! And then her voice—so clear—so shrill—it rings through my brain even now!"

"'Tis all come from your looking at the house of that rich old hag that she lives with—looking at the house and thinking over old times, and then the night-mar, owing, perhaps, to the heavy supper."

"I ate no supper, Sam."

"Well, that was so much the worse. You smoked pipe after pipe on an empty stomach, and that's always bad. The smoke gits into the head, and the tobacco juice, somehow, gits into the stomach, and then one has bad dreams. Git to bed agin, Mike, you'll git your death, standing up thar, a'most naked, in the cold. I kaint stand it, Mike; I'm all in a shiver, and for nothing but a dream!"

And Sam abruptly disappeared, taking the light with him.

Mike Baynam, left in the darkness, and the ordinary processes of thought working in him, was something ashamed of his fright, and got into bed again.

But scarcely had he slept for half an hour, when the alarm was repeated, and Mattie Fuller, this time, went to Mike's chamber, Sam refusing to go, and found him, as Sam had found him, with the same looks and attitude of fright.

"Again! again!" he cried, "The very same vision! The very same cry of terror! I tell you, Mattie Fuller, I never saw Rose Carter more distinctly in the daylight than I have seen her twice to-night, rush-

ing towards me in the moonlight—rushing to my very feet, stretching out her arms to me and crying, in such tones of pleading and terror, imploring me to save her—save her *if I had ever loved her!* God! how I would have saved her, and cherished and protected, and loved her, if she had suffered me!"

"But you see, brother, you are here alone in your chamber! you sees nothing, nothing; you hears nothing now; its but a dream! I'll open the window. Thar!"

She did as she said.

"Thar! you see that thare's no moonlight; or, if the moon is a shining, she don't show her face hyar. Its nothing but snow. Now, listen; you hears no cry. Everything's jist as silent as death and the grave!"

"Death and the grave!" echoed Mike ominously, but unconsciously; then he said:

"It is even so! But what can it mean, Mattie? Twice, twice, this dream—this vision—for of a truth, Mattie, I saw her—oh! so plainly: and heard her voice, crying, like one in the wilderness, so very pitifully, as if laboring under a mortal terror!"

"Jist so it is with some of the dreams I've had, Mike. Its mighty strange what raal pictures of the life is made in one's dreaming. We kin swear we seed, and we kin swear we haired; and yet we finds out, a'ter day-break, that it's nothing a'ter all but a dream!"

"But twice, twice, Mattie—the same!"

"Well, Mike, ef such a thing was to happen *three times*, all on the same night, I might think something of it! But it's only your

thinking by day that makes your dreaming by night. Its your foolishness to give a thought to sich a fool-girl as that, all vanity and feathers!"

"Hush! hush! Mattie! had you but seen that face of terror, and heard those pitiful cries——"

"Nothing but your dreaming. I reckon the gal's a dreaming, too, jist now, at this very hour, never once putting you in her dream, but jist a dreaming sweetly of that young cock-sparrow, the fashionable young squirt, Edward Fairleigh."

Mike turned as if stung by a serpent.

"Get to bed, Mattie! Go!"

And, with his self-esteem newly awakened, Mike Baynam closed the door behind his sister and got into bed also.

And now, as if it were so decreed, he again sunk rapidly to sleep, to be roused, within the briefest possible space of time, in the same manner as before.

"Thrice! thrice!" he exclaimed, leaping from the bed and thundering in the darkness at the door of Sam Fuller.

"Get up, Sam Fuller, if you be a man! Get up, dress, and go with me! Thrice, thrice have I had this vision! I can endure it no longer! I can sleep no more! I must go forth! That shrieking prayer—it rings in my ears like a bell of death! That pleading, pitiful, prostrate form, it pleads to me as if it with a prayer for life! Ever it sounds—'Save me, Mike Baynam, if you ever loved me!' It says nothing of Edward Fairleigh! The prayer is *to me—me alone!* And O! when she

cries, 'My mother! my poor mother! how am I to face my mother!'—These were her words, ending ever with, 'Mike, O! Mike! save me, if you ever loved me!' Hasten, Sam Fuller! hasten! I must go down to Fairleigh Lodge; I cannot rest till I know that she is safe!"

He had dressed himself in the dark. He had grasped his trusty rifle. His *conteau de chasse* was in the belt at his side. He was at the door making his way out, when Sam Fuller, half dressed, followed by his wife, came forward, and questioned eagerly.

"Again! again!" was the reply to all his queries. "Thrice have I seen this vision! Thrice have I been called to save her! It is no dream, I tell you! There is some fearful tragedy going on, and I may yet be in time to save! My God! why did I not go forth at first? It may be too late now! Follow quickly, Sam Fuller, if you love me. I will hurry on to Fairleigh Lodge."

"Shall I bring the dogs?" asked Sam.

"Anything you will, but follow fast; I'm off!"

And he darted forward, into the bleary moonlight, under that leaden sky, the snow still falling, and deep silence hovering over all with bat-like wing, significant of fate and doom.

"Gimini!" cried Fuller, as he hastened back to his chamber to prepare—"What a morning; snow so heavy and falling fast; and all for a dream, owing to tobacco smoking, I reckon—nothing else."

But, however reluctant, he obeyed. The superior wit and will of Mike Baynam had long since co-

erced his own. And Mattie Fuller egged him on. Solemnly speaking, she said :

“ Three times warning, Sam— three times ! It’s no common dream, I tell you. “ hurry, hurry ! here’s your coat !”

“ My knife ! whar’s that ?”

“ Thar, you hev it, and thar’s your rifle ! Take the dogs, be sure. It’s near upon daylight, and, though you can’t see the moon, her light’s on the snow. Now, be off, and keep close to Mike. It’s near upon day, I reckon.”

“ Bolt the door a’ter me, woman ; rouse up Goody Waters, and see to the baby. Git a good hot breakfast ’gin we come. Hyar, Tearcoat, Snap, Bruiser, Swallow !”

The dogs came bounding out from under the house and began to give tongue ; but with the smart stroke of a whip, the wary hunter silenced them, and with a sign he taught them to follow, and even to course, in silence.

CHAPTER XI.

BURIED IN THE SNOW.

Rose Carter had reached the level of one of those terraces which occur frequently in mountain regions, as it were to break the uniformity of slope in the ascent, and afford places of rest for the exhausted traveler. It constituted a long ledge tolerably level, and might have been some fifty feet below the plateau upon which stood the habitation of Mike Baynam and the Fullers. It needed only that she should gain the terrace above, and there would be but half a mile of distance to overcome, when the cottage of the hun-

ters would afford her perfect security.

But as it is the last feather which breaks the camel’s back, so it is the last mile, after a protracted journey, which is found the most wearisome and tedious ; which seems the longest of all, and is the most difficult to compass.

Rose was not equal to the task. She had made wonderful progress, all circumstances considered, sustained by a temporary insanity for much of her success in the first instance, and then, goaded forward by that pursuing terror, which had restored her somewhat to her senses, in making her fully conscious of the horrors of her situation.

But human nature could do no more ; and, gasping with agony, she shrieked her mournful appeal for succor to the winds ; the sounds of her voice being laid in the never-ceasing fall of the snow, while she sank exhausted to the soft white couch which it offered her, and which seemed decreed to become her grave ! How white, how very pure ; but oh ! how cold !

A new terror was now upon her— one so novel to her experience, and accompanied with so much physical suffering, that she half forgot the voracious monster whom she knew to be tracking her footsteps.

Rose Carter asked herself, for a moment, what was the cause of these novel pains which she felt ; and, in the next moment, answered, herself, the question. The natural instinct told her that she suffered from the pains of labor ; and with this consciousness, startling and terrible beyond all that she had felt before, her shrieks were redoubled on the midnight air, and summoned

mother and aunt, and the discarded hunter indiscriminately, to her succor. Had he really heard these cries?

What a terrible conflict! Life and Death, at the fearfulest wrestle that ever tried the strength of woman! And, in place of soft couching and loving tendance, a couch so desolate; and in night so wild; and with such a coverlet of snow momentarily accumulating its incumbent masses around her prostrate and writhing form!

And the new birth—the yet undeveloped Life—was to be cradled in the very lap of Death! No help for babe or mother! And the subtle savage of the mountain gorges approaching—stealthily with catlike tread and agility, and raging with a demoniac appetite for human blood.*

What a condition to endure—what a fate to contemplate! The human sensibilities shrink from the spectacle, while the imagination conceives fully all its terrors. It is in such cases that the poor suffering heart of humanity invokes the supernatural agency—demands of and expects, while it implores, the interposition of a special Providence to rescue from the operation of the general law. The necessity is such as

* It is the belief of the mountaineers, quite a faith, indeed—for which there may or may not be good grounds—that the panther has a special appetite for a woman in the situation of Rose Carter; and that he has been known to follow a woman who is *eniente*, for a whole day, and spring upon her at night. So subtle, according to the popular superstition, is this instinct and appetite of the beast, that he has been known, for days, to circle around the dwelling of a female in this condition, watching for her coming forth. Many are their narratives to this effect.

to be worthy of the interposition of a God.*

The wan light of a shrouded moon, though it softened none of the gloom of the sky, yet served a better purpose, while the whole earth was whitened with the snow, in showing the route, and opening the successive scenes, to the eyes of our hunters. Luckily, they had not brought their horses, knowing how useless they would be with four feet of snow upon the ground, and how dangerous their progress down the gorges, which held great chasms, now filled with snow drift, between gigantic boulders.

Michael Baynam led in advance, Sam Fuller following closely, however, and keeping the dogs in check. For they, too, reaching the terminus of the upper plateau, had heard, from below, the peculiar, and soft, childlike cry of the panther. That beast was then in their very track; and, though impatient of the impediment to his progress, though temporary, Mike felt his necessity, as a hunter, to destroy the monster if he could.

“Keep the dogs quiet, Sam, but come on closely. We must be careful not to frighten him off, for we can’t take his scent to-day, unless with the wind. That’s in our favor now, and, unless the dogs give tongue, and scare him off, we shall have him. Hark, you hear! The beast is eager. He is after a doe.”

How little did Mike suspect the doe upon which he was about to spring!

He went forward cautiously, cov-

* *Nec Deus intersit, nisi degirus vindice Æroclus.* Surely, our legend does not violate the rule of Horace.

ering himself, as well as he could, under some of the great boulders, which broke, here and there, the uniform surface of the second terrace.

Here, crouching behind a rock, Mike motioned back to Sam to come forward, and share the cover with himself. The latter did so promptly, the dogs stealing after, crouching low behind him, and now beginning to show some signs of uneasiness. It might be terror, for they well knew the subtle and fighting qualities of their enemy. But their full faith in the hunters kept them at once firm and silent.

There, looking over the boulder, Sam beheld the panther, long, long, tawny, as he slowly stole around, making a circuit on the plain, which seemed to contemplate some object in the centre of the area which he traversed.

"I see him!" said Sam, in a whisper, "what a monstrous fellow! as large, I reckon, as the one you had the big fight with, down by the Balsame Mountains. But what's he circling about?"

"Look to the left; about thirty yards from the panther—what do you see?"

"It's a bank of snow, Mike, heaped up around some low rock."

"It's something *that lives*, Sam! Look good! Do you not see something slowly waving in the air, just out of that bank of snow?"

"I think I do, Mike; what kin it be?"

"You see how it moves, slowly, waving towards the panther?"

"That's so!"

"That is a human arm and hand, Sam; and I think a woman's! Do

you notice anything else, Sam?"

"Thar's something red, as ef twas clothing, poking out of the bank."

"It *is* clothing, and is partly round the arm, the snow falling off as the arm waves. Stay—it must be a cloak or shawl!"

Then, as he said this, Mike Baynam was seized with a sudden shiver, and he exclaimed:

"My God! my God! *It is a woman!* And O, Sam! Rose always wears a red shawl! Sam Fuller, Rose Carter is under that bank of snow, with one arm out, and she's trying to keep off the beast with that poor little arm of hers! A dream, did you call it? 'Twas no dream, Sam! It was her voice I heard, and she is there, or I'm no living man."

"Psho! How should you hear her cry a mile off at any time, and sich a night as this? It's cl'ar impossible."

"Nothing's impossible with God, Sam; and I believe in God when I have no faith in man or woman. Be ready to let the dogs slip when I give the word. The beast is drawing his circles nearer and nearer. He's hardly fifty feet from her now; and he can leap at fifteen. He's hardly more than sixty yards from us."

"Snow's deceiving, Mike. That painter's a good hundred yards off."

"It matters not. Here is the only cover between us. I *must* shoot."

"Don't; you're all in a shiver, Mike. Let *me* shoot."

"You? No, Sam! I cannot trust *your* shot here. I can trust no eye and aim but my own. Don't you fear. I'll kill him. I *can't* miss him, believing, as I do, that Rose Carter

lies buried in that heap of snow.”

“Wall, stop a minute and steady yourself.”

Mike rose, and seemed to shake himself, like a Newfoundland dog just out of the water. His face was covered with a thick clammy sweat. Then he caught up the rifle, threw it up on a line with his eye, and prepared to fire. Just then one of the dogs gave tongue, and the panther stopt in his catlike circuit, and eagerly snuffed the in the direction of the sound.

In that moment Mike fired, and in the next instant the beast bounded up fully twenty feet in the air, then, as he came down, he tore the snow with his sharp claws, and lashed it with his tail; rolling over and over at every spasm, till he lay writhing directly between the hunters and the snow-covered form of the woman.

Mike Baynam naturally conceived him to be much nearer to Rosa than he really was; and, obeying his passionate impulse, in spite of the expostulations of Sam Fuller, he threw down his rifle, and drew forth his hunter's knife—a sharp, formidable instrument, approximating the well-known Bowie blade, capable at once of cutting and stabbing.

“Take care, Mike, ef the beast is in his death spasm, he's dangerous; and ef he aint got his death from that bullet, you'll hev work to do.”

But he was unheeded, and, in a few moments, he beheld Mike bounding on the prostrate but writhing form of the monster; he saw the flash of his bright blade, as it descended on the beast, and then he saw that the two had rolled over together in the snow.

Without waiting to see more, he,

too, dashed in, the dogs following fast, well accustomed to such scenes, and sagacious enough to know that the beast was partially disarmed, and prepared to put in, after their fashion, when they might profitably work.

Sam found Mike again on top of the panther, and striking at her throat.

“Strike *under* me, at his belly, Sam. He dies hard.”

“Air you hurt, Mike?”

“Never you mind! Strike! strike!”

The panther, meanwhile, worked with his claws, with ruthless ferocity, and Sam somewhat cautiously felt his way.

At length he cried out, putting his rifle to the head of the monster, and firing:

“He's got the lead! Shake off, Mike, ef you kin, and let him tumble about as he pleases.”

It was not so easy to get free, but Mike did so; and in the death agonies of the beast, the dogs proceeded to the attack.

For a few moments he was still formidable. Two of the dogs were thrown off with a slit in their jackets, and then the panther rolled over in the last spasm, no longer capable; while the dogs tore him at pleasure, with a vindictive fury that seemed like the gratification of a long cherished revenge.

Mike Baynam, meanwhile, had hastened to the pile of snow, where lay the object most precious to his heart. Still her hand and arm kept waving above the snow.

She had kept her head free, for breathing, one skirt of her red shawl seemingly wrapt about it with some care. But she was now insensible.

“It is she!” cried the hunter. “It

is she! It is Rose! And she lives! Oh, God! she lives!"

Fuller now came up, and wondered, as well he might. But the impatience of Mike suffered no time for idle wondering.

"Hurry back," he cried to Sam. "Hurry back, Sam, as quick as you can. Put the horses to the wagon, and throw a mattress in some warm blankets; and Sam, bring a bottle of the apple-brandy. She is fainting, feeble to exhaustion. Make haste, or she will die! My God! my God! that she should ever come to this. Oh! those d—d people! And I have come too late!"

Mike could swear at times.

"I'll watch here! Leave the dogs. I'll watch till you come back. My God! my God! Have mercy upon her! I would have saved her from wind and snow, and panther. But she would not! Poor, poor Rose!"

And, while he murmured the piteous sorrows of his soul aloud, never heeding who heard, Sam Fuller sped away; how slowly, was the thought of Mike! And how tedious seemed that single hour, which Sam needed to harness the horses, and bring out the wagon, laden with mattress and blankets.

But they came at last.

Meanwhile, Mike had thrown off his overcoat—cleaned off the snow from the unconscious girl, covered her with the overcoat, and then covered that with the snow.

"It will keep her warm," he murmured, "and unless she keeps warm she will die! Great God! How does it happen? Why is she here? What have they done to her, those miserable people? Oh, Rose! Rose! had you but suffered me, I had saved you from all this!"

Poor fellow! He had as yet no suspicions of the truth. Rose moaned even in her unconsciousness. There were frequent spasms, leading to the contraction of all her limbs, and the writhing of all her frame.

"It is cold," said he. It is fatigue. What a night she must have had upon these hills! And surely it was *her* voice that cried to me for succor. Three times! Three times! Had I only come at first!"*

CHAPTER XII.

"THE JOOKS."

The wagon came at length, with mattress, feather beds, blankets; all that these simple people could think of, as likely to make the poor girl comfortable; and Sam brought, also, the bottle of apple-brandy, and a vial of peppermint—a domestic preparation. With one or other of these, Mike Baynam moistened her lips; but she made no effort to swallow. She answered all their cares with moans only, interrupted, now

*The rude ballad of the mountaineers, illustrating the legend, to which we have already referred more than once, is still sung along the mountains, as the hunter winds through their solitudes. This ballad is one that Rose Carter was supposed to have sung during that period of delirium which carried her off from Fairleigh Lodge in the midst of a snow storm. Its coarseness, bordering on vulgarity, will not permit of its publication; but one of the verses may well be preserved, on account of its touching simplicity. It is the only one that we dare to detach, and runs thus:

"I wish that my poor little babe was born,
A-setting on his father's knee,
And I, poor girl, were dead and gone,
And the green grass growing over me!
Oh! what will my mother say to me,
When she shall see—when she shall see?"

and then, by a short, sharp cry, under a keener spasm than usual.

The two strong men lifted her into the wagon with all the tenderness of women. Mike sate at her head, which now rested upon a pillow in his lap, and from time to time he moistened her lips with the mint or brandy.

They drove slowly over the rough road, and rising the great steeps from one terrace to the other on which stood the cottage of the hunters.

There, after a tedious time which tested severely the patience of Mike Baynam, they at length arrived in safety, and were received at the entrance by Mattie Fuller, and good mother Waters. It was lucky that this old woman was yet there, for, during the journey the pains of labor had so far advanced, that the child was half-born when the two women removed the mother to her chamber, and closed the door upon the men.

Mike, awe-struck, confounded, and utterly miserable, at an event which, to the last moment, he had never anticipated, hung about the door with the most tender anxieties. At length a great shriek from within drove him further from the house; but his anxieties would not allow him to be absent long. When he returned, Mattie Fuller came out of the chamber and said:

"The child is born, Mike."

"Whose child?" was the hysterical query.

"Rose's child."

"Great God! why should Rose Carter have a child?"

"Hum!" responded Mattie, rather coolly—"I reckon its agreeable to one law if not to another. The

child is born, and a fine child it is—a boy—but rather small. I reckon the poor thing hadn't reached her full time. The scare and the fatigue together, have been a-most the killing of her. She's very low, and I think she's a-sinking fast."

"You do not think she'll die?" he asked in low, husky tones, that still declared for the lingering passion which harbored in his bosom.

"She's very feeble and very low. You'd better ride down as fast as you kin, and let her mother and Aunt Betsey know."

"Let Sam go. I can't leave her now."

"Why, what good kin you do by staying here, Mike? You kain't be of any service."

"Good! good! What good can any body do? I'll stay here, Mattie Fuller."

This was said doggedly. Mattie knew him too well to fancy she could move him in his present mood; so she sent off Sam.

But Sam had not compassed a fourth of the distance, when Mattie came again from the chamber to her brother, who waited outside.

"She's going fast, Mike. There's little life left in her now. She's in no pain now, but she kain't speak, and her eyes are shut. I reckon there's some inward mortification; so Goody Waters thinks."

"Great God! can nothing be done? The Doctor——"

"She'll be dead and cold long afore any doctor kin git to her. There's no use, Mike. The poor young thing's not long for this world, hardly an hour."

"I must see her, Mattie—now."

"What's the good of it, Mike?"

"Good!—what's the harm?"

"To you, Mike. It will so unsettle you."

"As if I were not unsettled now, quite as much as I shall ever be again. There"—and he pushed her aside and made his way into the chamber.

"She's gwine, Mike; but she's hardly breathing now," said Goody Waters, in those whimpered tones which are so emphatic in the chamber of death.

Mike stole towards the bed, clasping his own hands together, with a vicelike clutch, and gazed on the face of the frail, fair beauty whom he had so much loved, and who was about to be lost to him forever. She was still fair; but the pallor of death had already taken all color from her cheeks, even that which comes from extreme pain and anguish. The features were all in repose. The eyes were sealed over with the lids fully let down, and the long lashes spreading their silken net-work over the now narrow apertures. She did not even seem to breathe.

A deep sob, choking, for the moment, stifled the voice of Mike Baynam; then, with a burst of anguish throwing himself down by the bedside, with his eyes riveted on her face, while his hands grasped one of hers, which hung drooping by the pillow, he cried:

"Oh! Rose! oh! my precious Rose: look at me. Give me one look of those dear eyes. It is I—it is I, Mike Baynam, who loved you, Rose, as mortal never loved before! One look, Rose, dear Rose; one look of those beautiful eyes, before you

shut them from earth forever, to open them in heaven."

"She looks! she looks!" cried Mattie Fuller; and indeed she did look, as if this fond, sobbing adjuration had arrested the fingers of death for the moment, the lids were rolled away from the orbs, and the large eyes, filled with expression, settled, for a moment, tenderly on the face of her luckless lover. But only for a moment—then they closed again, sealed firmly in death. One slight shiver, and she lay silent. Nor voice of love or hate, nor feeling of pain or pleasure, shall lighten those beautiful orbs again with mortal consciousness of mortal life.

"She is gone!" cried Mattie.

"Gone!" echoed Mike, while a great groan, bursting from his bosom, shook to the centre his Herculean frame. Then, wringing his hands together, he gave one look to the beautiful death before him; stooped fondly, and pressed his lips upon her cold cheeks; and then darted headlong from the chamber—from the house, and into the neighboring solitudes of thickets. None saw him again for the remainder of the day; but at midnight, Mattie Fuller, hearing a noise in the chamber of death, went thither, and found her brother sitting by the coffin, with one cold hand of the dead woman grasped firmly, almost fiercely, within his own! And he bade Mattie depart, sternly—and he watched with his silent companion that livelong night, till they came into him at dawn, to deck the beautiful victim for the grave!

THE LITERATURE AND NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS OF SPAIN.

It is through many smiles and many tears that the poet of every land directs his eyes towards Spain. A thought of the brown mountains of Andalusia, and of the valleys of the Bastan, everywhere wakes the heart with a sigh, and kindles the eye with a light that shall be everlasting memorials of the beauty and chivalry of Spain.

Nor can we look towards this forever happy, and forever unhappy land, as on a motionless picture, for so strong is the national physiognomy of Spain, that every trait of it may be seen as distinctly as we judge of the height of the Pyrenees or the depth of the Gaudianna. The soft banks of the Tagus or of the Gaudalquiver cannot be more distinctly seen by us than by the Spaniard himself, with his fiery, solemn, inexpressible look. If you will think of a deep, contemplative man, a frank, patient, decided man, a man of quick, passionate, generous heart, you will see a Spaniard—such as he was before the ruin by Rodrigo el Desdichado—such as he is now—for the spirit of “progress” was never in the genius or literature of Spain.

The vicissitudes of ages have scarcely produced a change on the Spanish peasantry, nor have they on Spanish literature. Those to whom the inimitable pages of Cervantes are familiar, will find little new in the letters of the European Peninsula now.

But all that Spain ever was, or

ever will be, is completely embodied in her literature. We know of no literature so thoroughly national in this respect. A history of Spain from the fall of the Visigothic monarchy down to the present hour, might be formed from the existing romances alone.

Nor is it the history of a low and selfish people that we shall find there; for it must not be forgotten that, down to the middle of the seventeenth century, Spain was the most splendid monarchy in Europe. Whether we examine its prose writers or its poets, we find everywhere the same spirit of private honor, patriotism and national faith breathing through the whole.

In the noble beauty and proud simplicity of the “Cid,” the sublime morality of Calderon, Gongora, and even in the erratic, wandering Lope de Vega, there are to be found some of the loftiest lessons of public and domestic honor that the literature of the world can afford.

In this characteristic, the Spanish poets stand out in honorable exemption from the utter national faithlessness and private incontinency of all the Italian poets. All the poets of Spain are true-hearted Spaniards—the plot and execution, the fancy and the reality, the idea and the illustration, all are Spanish. To us there is a bewitching beauty, a sweet, never-ending beauty, in the Spanish poetry. A clear, bright light is in the soul of it, flashing

out a strange brightness on the earth—gleaming forever, like the lightning of passion, that plays around the heart.

This poetry has not the pomp and pageantry, the deep, solemn, funeral state of the German, it is true; nor has it the wild, wrapt sublimity of the great English poets; but it has one excellence all its own—a Spanish excellence—soft as the light of a star that beams in the Spanish sky. There is an enchantment in it that sets the heart to beating.

It has been called weak, but then it is sweet weakness—like the weakness of woman, lovelier far for being so.

But, after all, the Spaniard is no weak nature. It is true, he never soars among the clouds, to hear the live thunder “leap from crag to crag,” nor does he play with the lightning; but you will find him on the earth, among its best flows—deaf to the storm, and reckless of vicissitudes there—a soul not to be dismayed. What he writes and what he says are full of pervading sensibility, of noble, natural feeling, and deeply religious often, when the subject is neither connected with religion nor morality.

Let the following, from Juan de Ribera, be an example :

“The good old Count in sadness strayed
Backwards, forwards, pensively ;
He bent his head, he said his prayers,
Upon his beads of ebony ;
And sad and gloomy were his thoughts,
And all his words of misery :
O ! daughter fair, to woman grown,
Say, who shall come to marry thee ?
For I am poor, though thou art fair,
No dower of riches thine shall be.

“Be silent, father mine, I pray,
For what avails a dower to me ?

A virtuous child is more than wealth,
O ! fear not, fear not poverty ;
There are whose children ban their bliss,
Who call on death to set them free ;
And such defame their lineage,
Which shall not be defamed by me,
For, if no husband shall be mine,
I'll seek a convent's purity.”

The charm of Spanish poetry is in this : it is always the portraiture of genuine feeling, unencumbered with the decoration and formalities of artificial life, without the mysticism of refinement or the adornings of deceit. Let a passage from Silvestre be an example :

“Ines sent a kiss to me,
While we danced upon the green ;
Let that kiss a blessing be,
And conceal no woes between.
How I dared I know not how,
While we danced I gently said,
Smiling, ‘Give me, lovely maid,
Give me one sweet skiss’—when lo !
Gathering blushes robed her brow,
And with love and fear afraid,
Thus she spoke—I'll send the kiss,
In a calmer day of bliss.”

We do not doubt but many of our readers may conclude from this passage that *procrastination* is a provoking trait in Spanish literature.

We may have another example from the adored Gongora, whom the Spaniards used to account the prince of their nation. He has been accused by French and English criticism, of bombast and exaggeration; but, for all that, there was in the soul of Gongora a deep fount of pure feeling, of mild, soft beauty and love. There is a harmony in his verses, and a music like the sweet chime of bells, and a grace and facility of expression forever rare and delightful :

“They are not all sweet nightingales
That fill with songs the flowery vales,

But they are little silver bells,
Touched by the winds in the smiling
dells,
Magic harps of gold in the grove,
Forming a chorus for her I love :
Think not the voices in the air
Are from some winged syrens fair,
Playing among the dewey trees,
Chanting their morning mysteries ;
O ! if you listen, delighted there,
To their music scattered o'er the vales,
They are not all sweet nightingales :
But they are little silver bells,
Touched by the winds in the silent
dells."

The simplicity and beauty of nature has, it seems to us, been more amply used in Spanish poetry, to illustrate the charm of the affections, than in any other literature in the world. Nor should it be forgotten that the soul of all Spanish poetry is *beauty*, not *strength* ; but for us, when our heart is bruised and weary from its many rough contacts with life—when after grappling long with its unceasing cares, and exhausted with its anxieties, nothing is more refreshing than a draft from the Spanish muses. To stir up the heart to battle, and fire the soul with strength, we would prefer the German and the English poetry ; but to soothe the affections and quiet the fears into a pleasant dream, let us lie among the flowers of Spanish poesy. Give us to hear the soft murmur of the Spanish muse, like the rippling of a brook in summer—like the voice of a streamlet hid among the flowers :

"Thou little stream, so gayly flowing,
So sparkling in the sunny beam,
Bright flowers are on thy margin blowing !
Glide not so fast, thou little stream !
Thy fount, alas ! is not eternal,
Though joy is on thy waters now—
Thou flowest 'midst the breezes vernal—
In winter thou wilt cease to flow.

Thine is a silent, secret fountain,
Where drop by drop thy source distills,
Hid in the bosom of the mountain,
And gushing into silver rills.
Thou art of humble birth, and proudly
'Tis not for thee to roll along :
O ! gentle streamlet flow not loudly,
But sweet and holy be thy song.
O ! thou may'st water hill and valley,
Revive the mead, re'fresh the wood :
And, like a pensive priestess, sally
From thy own haunt of solitude,
To bless, to charm—on all bestowing
Joy from thy smiles, serene, divine :
And see with smiles all nature glowing,
Reflected from those smiles of thine.

O ! envy not the furious current
That, like an earthquake, shakes its
shores,
Tears up the forest with its torrent,
And breaks the rocks—and as it roars
Fills all the plain with woe and sadness,
And is dispersed while hurrying by :
Its mem'ry fleeting as its madness,
And full of gloom that memory.
Thou little stream ! so gayly flowing,
And sparkling in the sunny beam,
While flowers are on thy margin growing,
Presume not, O thou little stream !
Thy fount, alas ! is not eternal,
Though joy is on thy waters now—
Thou flowest 'midst the breezes vernal—
In winter thou wilt cease to flow."

We cannot forbear to quote in this place another song, from Pedro de Castro, that is full of the same sensibility, pure feeling and quiet lesson to the heart :

"Stay, rivulet, nor haste to leave
The lonely vale that lies around thee !
Why wouldst thou be a sea at eve,
When but a fount the morning found
thee ?
Born when the skies began to glow,
Humblest of all the rock's cold daughters,
No blossom bowed its stalk to show
Where stole thy still and scanty waters.
Ah, what wild haste !—and all to be
A river, and expire in ocean !

Each fountain's tribute hurries thee
 To that vast grave with quick emotion.
 Far better 'twere to linger still
 In this green vale, these flowers to
 cherish,
 And die in peace, an aged rill,
 Than thus, a youthful Danube, per-
 ish."

Was ever the vanity of ambition rebuked with a sterner lesson by the rigid morality of German verse? and yet, was ever reproof administered with a softer voice? And it is true that Spanish literature contains little else than such fine moral touches as these. With all our Protestant prejudices against Spain, we know of no country that has a literature so full of beautiful instruction, and so uniformly free from licentiousness. This remark is true not only of the great masters of Spanish literature, as Cervantes, Lope de Vega and Calderon, but it is even true of the anonymous literature that comes to us from Spain. There is a deep religiousness in every love tale, a principle and goodness in even the most domestic newspaper poetry, as the following:

"Two little streams o'er plains of green
 Roll gently on—the flowers between,
 But each to each defiance hurls—
 All their artillery are pearls.
 They foam, they rage, they shout—and
 then
 Rest in their silent beds again.
 And melodies of peace are heard
 From many a gay and joyous bird.
 I saw a melancholly rill
 Burst meekly from a clouded hill,
 Another rolled behind—in speed
 An eagle, and in strength a steed :
 It reached the vale and overtook
 Its rival in the deepest nook ;
 And each to each defiance hurls—
 All their artillery are pearls :
 They foam, they rage, they shout—and
 then
 Rest in their silent beds again."

Spain has had but few comic poets, and these few have been distinguished for an almost solemn kind of wit, peculiar to a Spaniard. We may take a short fragment from Jose de Cadalso :

"That much a widowed wife will moan,
 When her old husband's dead and gone,
 I may conceive it :
 But that she won't be brisk and gay,
 If another offer the next day,
 I won't believe it.

That Cloris will repeat to me,
 'Of all men, I adore but thee,'
 I may conceive it :
 But that she has not often sent
 To fity more the compliment,
 I won't believe it.

That Celia will accept the choice
 Elected by her parent's voice,
 I may conceive it :
 But that, as soon as all is over,
 She won't elect a younger lover,
 I won't believe it."

We may have another example from Thomas de Yriarte : it hits at what we all have seen a thousand times in life.

"You must know that this ditty,
 This little romance,
 Be it dull, be it witty,
 Arose from mere chance.
 Near a certain enclosure,
 Not far from my manse,
 An ass with composure,
 Was feeding by chance.

As he went along prying,
 With sober advance,
 A shepherd's flute lying
 He found there by chance.

Our amateur started
 And eyed it askance,
 Drew nearer, and snorted
 Upon it by chance.

The breath of the brute, sir,
 Drew music for once,
 It entered the flute, sir,
 And blew it by chance.

'Ah!' cried he in wonder,
 'How came this to pass?
 Who will now dare to slander
 The skill of an ass?'

And asses in plenty
 I see at a glance,
 Who one time in twenty
 Succeed by mere chance."

We will have one more specimen from the same author. The whole piece is too long for our purpose, but the whole moral may be soon told. A bear and a monkey enter into an engagement to go out and gain a livelihood by dancing. The bear gives a specimen of his skill in the art, and asks the ape what he thinks of it: the ape replies that it is bad, that he cannot succeed at all, whereon the bear furiously abuses the monkey's dancing. Just at this point the poet says:

"It chanced a pig was standing by:
 'Bravo! astonishing! encore!'
 Exclaimed the critic of the sty;
 'Such dancing we shall see no more!'

Poor Bruin, when he heard the sentence,
 Began an inward calculation;
 Then with a face that spoke repentance,
 Expressed aloud his meditation:—

'When the sly monkey called me dunce,
 I entertained some slight misgiving;
 But, pig, thy praise has proved at once
 That dancing will not earn my living.'

Let every candidate for fame
 Rely upon this wholesome rule:—
 Your work is bad if wise men blame,
 But worse if lauded by a fool."

Even the staid and sober brow of religion in Spain is adorned with flowers as sweet and beautiful as its own pure spirit. If ever religion was permitted to court the smiles of poetry, it was in Spain. It is true she held in her hand a terrible scourge for those she hated, and entwined her brow with scorpions

and nightshade, but peace and beauty, and blessedness, were in her hand for those she loved.

In Spanish devotion we find none of the remote abstractions of philosophy; nor shall we find there the philosopher's doubts and fears. Simple, open, free and submissive, is the believing Spanish heart. Her Romancers planted myrtle and jasmin in the believer's path, and threw the lustre of fancy over the grim realities that were there.

The general flow of lively faith and meek submission in Marerque's *Glossa* on his departed father, is a just example of the religion of a Spaniard:

"Let's waste no words, for calm and still
 I wait—obey; no idle speech
 Submission needs;
 For that which is my Maker's will,
 Shall be my will—what ere it teach,
 Where'er it leads.

I'm ready now to die—to give
 My soul to heaven resignedly—
 To death's great change:
 For to desire and wish to live,
 When God decrees that we should die,
 Were folly strange.

Thou who didst bend Thee from above,
 And take a mean and worthless name,
 O sovereign grace!
 Thou who didst clothe Thee in Thy love,
 With the low weeds of human shame,
 To save our race.

Thou who didst bear the stripes abhor'd
 And give Thy sacred name to bear
 All mortal pain!
 Not for my merit, heavenly Lord!
 But for Thy mercies—hear me—hear!
 And pardon me!"

We will have one more specimen from Tallante:

"Mighty, changeless God above!
 Father of immensity!
 Righteous!

Whose unutterable love
Led Thee on the cross to die,
Even for us.

Thou who all our sins didst bear,
All our sorrows suffering there,
O Agnus Dei !
Lead us where thy promise led,
That poor dying thief who said—
Memento mei."

In Spain the same spirit which has applied poetry to the daily concerns of life—in a word, to every object of thought and sense—has naturally made it subservient to religion ; and though sometimes the devout hymns of the Spaniards press closely upon familiarity with the Deity, and breathe tones too free and fanciful for the solemn object to which devotion points, yet their effect upon the Spanish heart has been on the whole beneficial ; nor can we fairly estimate it by any reference to our own minds, whose habits and associations are so generally unpoetical.

On the whole, we confess that we admire the literature, as we do also many traits of the national character of Spain. It is warm and heroic, something hospitable, generous,

valorous in Spanish character. It is forever the land of the pleasantest song. Song is the universal element of Spain. Like a bright, ethereal flame, it is mingled with every look and every thought of the Spaniard. There is not a hill, nor a valley, nor a streamlet there which song has failed to consecrate. The very beggar decorates his petition with poetic imagery : he will ask for "*blessed alms from tenderness, for one the flower of whose life has been blasted ;*" or "*from whom the light of heaven has been shut out by a celestial visitation.*"

From the beggar's petition up to "*adios tu hermoso,*" softly breathing on a Spanish lip, all is poetry. But it is just now a most maligned and abused nation, by all those especially who are not content that the negro should remain what the God of Nature has made him. History, however, as well as science, will vindicate the wisdom and the justice of Spain in this particular, and will discomfort every nation which has engaged in the preposterous negro-elevating business.

WHAT IS A YEAR?

WHAT is a year? 'Tis but a type
Of life's oft changing scene ;
Youth's happy morn comes gaily on,
With hills and valleys green.
Next, Summer's prime succeeds the Spring,
Then Autumn, with a tear,
Then comes old Winter—death—and all
Must find their level here.

INFLUENCE OF EUROPEAN ON ASIATIC CIVILIZATION.

EUROPE is commonly said to be the centre of human civilization, and the extension of European civilization the hope of mankind. We do not mean to dispute this position in the sense in which it is probably understood, for European civilization is, without doubt, the highest that has yet been attained, although it promises more from the principles which it contains, almost buried out of sight, than from the fruits which it has hitherto actually produced. The European race, however, is not primary and aboriginal, but derived and composite; not indigenous to that continent, but sprung from eastern sources; and the germs of its civilization, such as it now exists, were found in the Celtic, Gothic, and Slavonic tribes, of which it is composed. Now that Europe has gained an unquestionable ascendancy in controlling the affairs of the world, it is both convenient and instructive to assume that continent as a central or starting-point, and to trace the influences which, by means of its peculiar civilization, it is exercising over the rest of mankind. There are only three main directions in which it can make its influence felt—to the south, to the west, and to the east. In the south, Europe has been to Africa a scourge. In the west, Europe has taken possession of America, trampling with almost equal audacity and recklessness on the rights of the aborigines,

but affording some compensation, not to them, but to the race at large, by casting off the slough of feudalism, and substituting somewhat improved forms of its own civilization. The influence of Europe has not been confined to the south and west, but has extended to the east. In the same manner as America, which derives its existing civilization from Europe, is reflecting its own proper and independent influences, and essentially modifying public opinion and social institutions on that continent; so Europe, which still more remotely derived its civilization from Asia, has exerted, and continues, with accelerated force to exert, its influence over the destinies of the Eastern continent. The law of action and reaction is found to prevail not only in the physical, but in the moral world; affecting not only the character of individuals but the condition of nations. Asia, which formerly sent forth her hordes to overrun and subdue Europe, is now revisited in her most ancient seats, and in her securest recesses, by its disciplined armies, and controlled by its civilized governments. The inquiry naturally arises: In what condition does modern find ancient civilization? In what guise does Europe present itself to Asia? What character does she assume? What benefits or evils does she carry along with her? What instruments does she employ? What are the actual

results and the apparent tendencies of this concurrence of the two most important forms of civilization, the European and the Asiatic, mutually related, yet diametrically opposed, to each other?

1. The first fact that comes under our observation is, that when the two races are brought, as it were, into each other's presence, although thus mutually related, they do not recognize each other; they do not perceive or acknowledge the affinity that subsists between them; they regard each other as strangers and aliens, with whom they have no community of ideas, of feelings, or of interests; no relationship of race or tribe, of kindred or family. In other words, they are so widely separated in dress, manners, and customs—language, religion, and institutions—that, although belonging to the same species, and tracing their origin to the same primeval source of civilization, they yet have no common ground to stand on. They remind one of what has been known to occur in the more intimate relations of real life—of brothers, separated in their early years, and meeting again in mature or advanced age, without mutual recognition, without fraternal affection, without common remembrances or associations; having different habits of thought, of feeling, and of conduct; and looking upon each other according to the ordinary morality of society, as fit objects of plunder and oppression, or of fraud and deception. Thus it is that man estranges himself from his fellow man, and, whether in the family or in the tribe, in the nation or in the race, comes to lose all perception or appreciation of the ties that should

bind them together in a common brotherhood.

The causes of this alienation of the European and Asiatic races are not obscure. Diverging from a common centre, they have each pursued a widely different course. Society in Europe is more the result of migration than of conquest; in Asia, more of conquest than of migration, although both causes have operated in each. Various streams of population, in successive ages, have occupied the European continent; some flowing on and intermixing with those that had gone before; others receding and intermixing with those that were advancing from behind; and others again stopping short almost at the part at which they entered; crossing each other at various points, absorbing one another and reproducing, by their various mutations, that diversity of national character which we actually witness. Society in Asia has undergone also great changes; one tide of conquest succeeding another until it is in vain to seek the original type and matrix of human civilization. Empire has succeeded empire, conqueror has followed in the track of conqueror, petty tribes have swallowed up surrounding states, and been consolidated into great dominant powers which have again fallen asunder and been broken to pieces; but, amid all these changes and convulsions, the actual structure and institutions of society have been comparatively little affected. Mahmood of Ghazni, Chenghiz Khan, Timurlung and Nadir Shah, came and went like destroying torrents, with resistless power sweeping all opposition before them; but, when they retired within their ancient li-

mits, leaving society to move on in its accustomed channels. Europe has been less convulsed, but has been subject to deeper and more extensive changes. Asia has been more shaken, but has retained, with a firmer grasp, her original institutions and her social forms; thus widening the difference between the two, whenever and wherever they shall be brought into contact.

As this source of the alienation of the European and Asiatic races is found in emigration and conquest, and in the changes that have resulted from them, so another source is found in religion, and in the changes which it has produced. The religious sentiment of the early colonists who passed from Asia into Europe first assumed the forms of the Grecian, and subsequently of the Roman, mythology; but has ultimately settled down in the profession of Christianity, which is the distinguishing characteristic of the entire European race. The religious sentiment of Asia has embodied itself most anciently in the institutions of Brahmunism, next in those of Budhism, and more recently in those of Muhammadanism, the three prevailing religions of the continent, not only differing from each other, but radically differing in common from the dominant religion of Europe, and presenting an almost insuperable barrier to intercommunity of sentiment and affection between the two races.

To this it may be added, that until modern times, the intercourse between Europe and Asia has been only transient and little friendly. Alexander penetrated beyond the Indus, but it was a march rather than a conquest, which he achieved.

He conquered Persia, but he was himself subdued in his turn by its luxuries and vices, and his successors ruled as Asiatic monarchs, rather than as the founders of European dynasties. The Greek colonies in Asia Minor were for the most part under the control of Persia; and the Romans have left no lasting memorials of themselves in Asia as they have done in Europe. The crusades merely grazed, as it were, the confines of Asia, so that when Vasco di Gama landed at Calicut in 1498, he found himself among a people as foreign in manners, language, and religion, as did Columbus when he first landed in America.

We have referred to the mutual ignorance and estrangement of the European and Asiatic races, not merely as a fact in history, but on account of the effect which is attributable to this cause. We have no doubt that it is at the foundation of much of the injustice with which the stronger has treated the weaker party in the modern intercourse between Europe and Asia. In proportion as we increase the ties between ourselves and our fellow-men, that is, the better we know them, the more incapable do we become of doing them an injury; and in proportion as we lessen the number of associations that we have in common, that is, the less we know them, the less we are shocked at doing them an injustice. The great trouble is also that we have not recognized the fact that distinct species of men have always inhabited different parts of Asia. The difference between the Caucasians and the Mongolians, for instance, has never been sufficiently considered. We have not acted upon the great fundamen-

tal doctrine that the Mongolian is not our brother, and never can be made our brother by any process of a common civilization. And as long as we fail to recognize this radical difference of species, we shall do our own race in Asia the injustice to confound it with an inferior race. The Caucasians of Asia and Europe have remained as strangers, if not as foes, to each other. In each case there have been few or no associations in common; few or none of the links that bind man to man; few or none of the checks on the corrupt and perverted selfishness of his heart; and hence the importance of extending the knowledge of our species, and of bringing all the tribes of men within the scope of our sympathies, in order that no combination of circumstances may tempt us to commit or tolerate an injustice against them.

2. The next important fact that arrests attention in a comparative estimate of European and Asiatic civilization, when brought into contact, is, that the former is essentially progressive in its character, while the latter is stationary and even retrograde. The progressive character of European civilization has been evinced in every successive stage of its development. We see Greece emerging from a state of barbarism, and in policy and art, in literature and philosophy, producing the highest and noblest forms of thought and action; forms which have descended to the present time, and have been permanently interwoven with the intellectual culture of the race. Rome, less polished and refined, but more vigorous and diffusive, has left her broad impress upon the language and laws of every European people. We need not speak

of the civilization of modern Europe, of the rapidity with which it is moving, of the height to which it is rising, and of the extent to which it is spreading, notwithstanding the incubus under which it labors, of despotic governments, feudal institutions and privileged classes. To know what it is capable of accomplishing, we have only to look around. It is in America, where we see the forest falling before the axe, and populous cities rising in the wilderness, where we feel the breath and hear the tread, and respond to the voices of the advancing multitudes, that we judge, in all its reality, of the progressiveness of European civilization. Even what we see with our eyes, and hear with our ears, and perform with our hands, must give a very inadequate conception of it, without the contrast which a knowledge of the dull monotony of Asiatic civilization would supply. What a different scene there presents itself! In almost all Asiatic countries a centralized and all-pervading despotism rests upon and paralyzes the public mind. There is nothing of the nature of what we call public opinion, public enterprise, and public improvement. The government and its thousand myrmidons are everything, the people, with their tens and hundreds of millions, are nothing. A dull, dead, stationary uniformity encrusts society. The history of to-day was the history of yesterday, and will be the history of to-morrow, occasionally relieved by the march of devastating armies, and more frequently by the tyrannous freaks of local pride and power. In extensive countries and provinces, real property in land is denied to the people who cultivate it as tenants at

will, under the government, on terms agreed on between them and its officers from year to year, or for longer periods. The fruits of industry are thus held at the absolute disposal of government, in any proportion which its necessities may dictate, determined by its own sole will and pleasure. Private and public prosperity are nipped in the bud, and the whole of society becomes stagnant with corruption and oppression. Languor, sluggishness, and apathy take possession of the general mind; poverty and ignorance abound; and there is no public provision either for relief of destitution or for the education of the people. The education they provide for themselves consists of the merest elements, and a knowledge of these is limited to a very small proportion of the mass. The learning that exists, often profound and abstruse, never includes the natural and social sciences, but is almost exclusively intellectual and metaphysical, and, such as it is, is always at the command of the government, or in the pay of the wealthy. These, then, are the chief features of Asiatic civilization: a grinding despotism carrying out its behests by means of untold hosts of corrupt and oppressive satellites of every grade; princes and nobles, and chiefs alternately cringing and tyrannical, according as their faces are turned towards the powerful or the weak; an ignorant and prostrate multitude trembling at every display of power; speculative philosophers, springing from a dry intellectuality, and producing a corrupt public sentiment through the medium of the popular superstitions, of which they are the interested teachers and unbelieving priests; no moral life, be-

cause no principle of morality; no social progress, because no principle of progress. And even to this picture something must be added. Asiatic civilization is at the present day not only not progressive, but it has probably for centuries been retrograding. There are proofs extant, not only of present debasement, but of former advancement; of ground once gained, but now lost; ruins of scholastic institutions, the bequests and memorials of bygone times! systems of law and literature which the present generation but imperfectly understand, and can much less improve; clear indications of civil rights and social advantages which the men of to-day have neither the intellect to appreciate, nor the spirit to maintain. Contrast these two kinds of forms of civilization, and then judge what must be the result when they come not only into contact, but into collision and conflict.

3. Having thus brought European and Asiatic civilization into each other's presence, let us advert to the means which they respectively possess or have employed, to influence the condition of the world, and especially to those which Europe has employed to influence the condition of Asia. Civilization, as it now exists in Asia, is the effect of three principal causes that have been employed to produce it—conquest, colonization, and religion; and the same means have been employed to produce the civilization which now exists in Europe, and which Europe, still in the use of the same means, has transferred to America. Subordinate means, it may be admitted, have been employed to co-operate with these, but their

influence has for the most part been merged and lost in that of the three we have just mentioned. Sometimes one, sometimes another of these has been dispensed with ; but taken altogether, they constitute the chief instrumentalities by which Asia and Europe have produced the peculiar civilizations that respectively characterize them. Sometimes the conquering people have been of the same religion as the conquered; and at other times, when they were of different religions, the conquerors have ultimately embraced the religion of the conquered instead of imposing their own. Sometimes, from peculiar circumstances, colonization to any great extent has not followed conquest; but in general the threefold process has been performed, conquest gaining a footing on a foreign soil, colonization securing it, and religion riveting the chains. Thus the best attainable evidence shows that the Hindoos are not the aborigines of India, but that they subjugated by force of arms the race that preceded them, gradually extended their colonies with their conquests, or their conquests by means of their colonies, and still more gradually converted the real aborigines to their own faith, a process which is still going on, and which is even now far from being completed. The progress of Muhammadanism throughout Asia is an illustration of the combined operations of the same causes. We see the votaries of that religion, sword in hand, taking possession of extensive countries, permanently settling in them after having enslaved or expelled the former inhabitants, and making the profession of Muhammadanism a qualification

for civil and social rights. We need only remind the reader that in the ancient civilization of Europe, in the transition from the ancient to the modern by the overthrow of the Roman Empire, and in the extension of the modern civilization of Europe to America, these three instruments have, with various modifications, been mainly employed. But when we turn from the west to the east, and consider the means which Europe has employed to influence the condition of Asia in modern times, we see that one of these instrumentalities has been dropped, and another substituted for it. Commerce has taken the place of colonization, not performing precisely the same office, nor always following in the same order, but constituting one of the three great means employed at the present day to extend the power and influence of Europe in Asia. The circumstances that have induced or necessitated this substitution are not without interest and instruction. The conditions of colonization on a scale large enough to affect the destiny of nations, and allowing for occasional and influential exceptions, are a climate adapted to the physical constitutions and previous habits of the colonists; a deficiency of population in the country to be colonized; or, if the population is numerous, a debasement of character in that population, subjecting them either to enslavement or expulsion, with a willingness on the part of the conquering colonists to proceed to either of these extremities. Now in those Asiatic countries that have been to a greater or less extent brought under the influence of Europe, the climate is not friendly to the constitutions or con-

genial to the habits of the natives of northern Europe, who have chiefly exerted that influence; those countries, probably the earliest settled on the face of the globe, are numerous and peopled; and it is not consistent with the interests of the dominant powers, or with the humanity of the age, either personally to enslave the inhabitants or to expel them from their native soil. Colonization, therefore, by Europeans in Asiatic countries, as yet at least, is out of the question. On the other hand, commerce, always an important influence, but confined within a narrow range, has, since the settlement of America, and the discovery of the passage to India by the way of the Cape of Good Hope, acquired a new and commanding power. It traverses the globe from east to west, and from north to south. It embraces the remotest islands; it penetrates the interior of continents. It supplies the wants of all. The substitution of commerce for colonization as a means of influence might seem to be an advance in civilization, and to promise pacific and salutary results; for colonization has usually been preceded or accompanied by violence and injustice towards the original inhabitants of the country colonized, while commerce in itself is simply an interchange of benefits, and directly tends to bind man to man and nation to nation in mutual and friendly dependence upon each other. But alas for the perverted ingenuity of man, and the false position in which the institutions of society have placed him, too powerfully tempting him to turn good into evil! For what do we behold in the histo-

ry of the influence which Europe is now exerting over Asia? We see commerce, so beneficent in its direct tendencies, made the base pander to a rampant lust of political power and territorial aggrandizement. We see the same men whose talk has been of barter and exchange, of bales of merchandize and chests of opium, directing the movements of armies and the invasions of empires, subverting dynasty after dynasty, and acquiring kingdom after kingdom, ruling their subjects with a rod of iron, subjecting them to a system of grinding taxation, and closing the whole by offering them Christianity as a solace for their woes, from the hands of a clergy paid from the revenues which are drawn from the poverty of those whom they are employed to convert. What opinion must Asiatics form of our commerce when it is followed, and our religion when it is preceded, by conquest and misgovernment?

4. We are now prepared to take another step in advance, and to endeavor to acquire a correct view of the existing political system of Asia, resulting from the combined influence of European commerce, conquest, and religion; an influence which has more or less operated during a period of nearly 350 years, and the effects of which, therefore, cannot fail to be distinctly marked.

The political system of Asia may be conveniently regarded from two different points of view: first, by classing the different powers according to their origin, as European or Asiatic; and secondly, according to their relative importance, as first, second, or third rate powers; in the same manner as the different inde-

pendent governments of Europe and America are classed in the political systems of those continents.

The Portuguese were the first of the European powers who made settlements in Asia, but their influence is now reduced to a nullity. Their possessions are insignificant; such as Gaa, Damaun and Diu in India, and Macao in China; but they have left a deep impression of themselves in the mixed race descended from them called Portuguese, and spread all over the East; and in the corrupt dialect also called Portuguese, and spoken by that class.

The Spaniards possess the Philippine Isles, but their power does not extend within that archipelago beyond the immediate reach of their armies, and the influence of their religion. They are in perpetual hostilities with several of the native tribes.

The Dutch possess the island of Java, and the Molucca, or Spice Islands. They have settlements on the coast of Sumatra, and are engaged in frequent offensive and defensive wars with the tribes of the interior. They claim the whole of Borneo, although they have only a few unimportant settlements on the coast. The Dutch and Portuguese claim between them the island of Timor, in the Indian archipelago.

The Danes have two small settlements in India, Tranquebar and Serampore.

The French have the settlements of Pondicherry, Mahe, and Chandernagore in India, and the Isle of Bourbon in the Indian Ocean.

The English directly rule, or indirectly control, the whole of India; and besides possess the Mauritius, Ceylon, and various provinces,

islands, and settlements to the east of Bengal, which it is unnecessary to enumerate.

Russia, which is, strictly, an Asiatic as well as an European power, extends her authority over a vast extent of country, constituting the whole of Northern Asia.

She is the only proper Asiatic power that is Christian, and the remaining Asiatic powers, strictly so called, may be subdivided into two great classes; those which profess the Muhammadan, and those which profess the Buddhist religion. The principal Muhammadan governments are Turkey, Persia, Khiva, Bokhara, and Cabul, together with various smaller states in Central Asia; and the government of the Imam of Muscat, on the coast of Arabia. The Buddhist governments are those of China, with its dependencies, Thibet, Corea, and Bhootan, Japan, Cochin China, Siam, and Burmah.

Such is a bare enumeration of the various European and Asiatic powers existing in Asia, or exercising an influence over it, omitting all reference to the nomadic Turcoman tribes of Central Asia, and of the desert bordering on the eastern shores of the Caspian Sea; to the Bedoween, or independent tribes of Arabia; to the petty Malay states, some of them piratical, on the peninsula of Malacca; and to the savage and half civilized tribes in the interior of most of the islands of the Indian archipelago.

This enumeration, dry and meager in itself, may render more clearly intelligible the estimate now to be made of the relative political importance of the different states or governments exercising authority in

Asia. In this estimate we may dismiss all reference to the Portuguese and Danes, whose territorial possessions are insignificant, and whose political influence is null; as well as to the various Turcoman, Arab, Malayan, and savage tribes just mentioned, who have not as yet been brought under the influence even of Asiatic civilization, in its most imperfect forms.

Holland, France, and Spain, may be described as belonging to the class of third-rate powers, from their insular possessions; as well as Burmah, Sam, and Cochin-China, the chief Indo-Chinese nations, frequently engaged in mutual hostilities, but taking no part in the general politics of Asia. A higher place might be given to Holland, if she really possessed what she claims—the three largest islands in the world, (with the exception of New Holland, which is a continent rather than an island)—viz: Java, Sumatra, and Borneo, although in fact she can be said to possess only Java; in itself, however, an invaluable acquisition, and pre-eminently rich in natural resources. Holland, however, as well as France and Spain, holds her Eastern possessions by a kind of sufferance; for England could with ease make herself master of them all within three months after the declaration of hostilities.

In the class of second-rate powers may be marked Turkey, whose importance is derived in part from her connection with European politics, and in part from the fact that she is the chief representative of orthodox Muhammadanism in the eyes of all the Muhammadan states, chiefs and people found throughout Asia. Persia is the next power

in the same class, not because of her resources and strength, which are few and small, but because she offers a tempting prey to Russia, and a barrier against her advance to the south and east, and also because, as Turkey is the representative of the Soonnee, or orthodox doctrine, so Persia is the representative of the Sheea, or so-called heterodox faith, amongst the Muhammadans of Asiatic countries. Khiva, Bokhara, and Cabul, belong to the same class deriving their importance from their relative position between Russia and India; to which may be added Japan, forming, as Thibet does to the west of China, an outpost to the east of that empire, of congenial policy, although, unlike Thibet, enjoying perfect national independence.

The only remaining powers are China, Russia and England, who alone are entitled to be ranked among the first-rate political powers of Asia. Their relations to each other, and the influence which they respectively exert on the condition and destinies of the whole continent, are questions of deep and complicated interest.

China, which first demands attention, is a power of the first order from the extent and compactness of her territory, the amount of her population, the centralization and apparent immobility of her government, and the *prestige* attached to her name by the antiquity and alleged superiority of her civilization. There are, however, various considerations which tend to show that her pretensions and repute are overrated. She is governed by a foreign dynasty of conquerors, who, while they appear to have prudently identified themselves with the religion

and institutions of the country, yet evince their jealousy of the conquered race by retaining the military authority in their own hands. It is known also that there are widely ramified secret associations among the native Chinese, aiming at the overthrow of the existing government, and keenly watched by their Tartar conquerors. It is further notorious that dangerous and threatening insurrections have, within a comparatively recent period, taken place both among the Muhammadan tribes in Tartary, and among the tribes of mountaineers in the very heart of the empire. The restriction of the foreign trade to the port of Canton was contrary to the original policy of the empire, was dictated by the fear of the encroachments of European powers, and was a palpable confession of conscious weakness—a weakness which is rendered more apparent by the removal of the restriction at the close of a war, by means of which England was enabled to dictate her own terms, and in which China, with all the will to injure her opponent, exhibited a total ignorance of the art of war, and an utter incapacity to wield with effect her own immense resources. Her relations with England are at present friendly, but the late war, at once unprovoked in its cause, unjust in its objects, and sanguinary in its consequences, must have left a hostile feeling rankling in the minds both of the people and of the government, which will hereafter find expression; and what experience suggests as probable the best accounts make certain. With Russia, China is, and has uninterruptedly been on still more friendly terms, having allowed her annually

to send a certain number of Russian youths to Peking for a Chinese education, at a time when the seaboard was almost hermetically sealed against other nations. Russia is her natural ally against England, whose career in India is well known to her, and whose further advances she justly fears; but it is probable that shut up in her own self-sufficiency she does not appreciate the importance of establishing positive international relations with Russia with a view to her future safety, and that therefore in successive struggles she will fall an easy prey to her restless and aspiring neighbor. She partakes pre-eminently of the Asiatic character, and is in fact its highest and most perfect development. Her policy is isolated; her position stationary; her government a despotism; her people puppets. Without freedom or a knowledge of freedom; without progress or an idea of progress; without sympathy or the desire of sympathy with or from others, she exiles herself from the community of nations, and except by the mere passive endurance of suffering and passive resistance to attack, she will not and cannot join in the movements that are changing and must still further change the whole form and structure of Asiatic society.

Russia and England alone remain; governments with whose general character we are well acquainted, but whose relative position, policy, and influence, in Asia, are not so fully understood.

The designs of Russia in the East are much less known than those of England, from the different nature of the governments of the two countries; but they may be inferred from her history, her position, and her

acts. She has an extensive territory in Northern Asia, but it is sterile and sparsely peopled, and is employed either as a vast prison-house for state criminals, or as the abode of wandering and uncivilized hordes of human beings. As in Europe it has been and is her notorious policy to extend her power and influence to the South, so it is in Asia also; and the means she has employed have been chiefly those formerly indicated—commerce, arms, and religion. She has wrested from Turkey and Persia some of their fairest provinces between the Black and Caspian seas, and she could at any time overrun and take possession of all the remaining provinces in Asia, of both those countries. From the peculiar difficulties of the country, and the daring spirit of the people, she has been for years engaged in an unavailing attempt to bring Circassia under her complete control; but her ultimate success can scarcely be deemed doubtful. It was the intrigues of a Russian agent with the chiefs of Candahar and Cabul, professing to act under the authority of the Russian ambassador in Persia, and of the Russian minister at St. Petersburg, and the apparent readiness of those chiefs to listen to his proposals, that constituted the primary motives to the invasion of Afghanistan by the British in 1838-39. No sooner was this expedition undertaken, than Russia sent an army to Khiva, professedly to liberate Russian slaves, but in reality to counteract the ambitious views of England, and to restore the supposed balance of power in Central Asia. It is known that persons have been deputed by the Russian gov-

ernment to survey the several routes to India; and to report on the topography and resources of the intermediate countries; and it is alleged that on the occasion of a diplomatic difficulty between the two courts, it was suggested in the official gazette of St. Petersburg, that it might probably require to be adjusted at Calcutta. Whatever truth or falsehood there may be in this statement, we do not believe that Russia has, or ever had, a settled design to invade British India, although the English sometimes allow themselves to be troubled with such an apprehension. Independently of the difficulties of the route, and the formidable opposition she would encounter on the banks of the Indus, she cannot spare her armies from Europe for such a purpose. She will attempt nothing of the kind by a sudden effort on a large scale; but what she will accomplish will be by steady and progressive steps, not the less sure because they will be slow. In the meantime, she pushes her commerce at every point; and the testimony of British travelers shows that Russian products and manufactures are found in abundance at all the great marts of Central Asia. As a government, Russia possesses the passive immobility of an Asiatic power for purposes of resistance, and for purposes of offence and progress she has the energy and enlightenment of an European power. She is directing her course from the north to the south in Asia, as well as in Europe, as sure as that the course of the sun is from east to west. This is a moral necessity, arising from her history and position as a nation, and the influence she will

exercise must partake of the mixed character that belongs to her civilization.

England next claims attention, and, of all the political powers in Asia, she has exerted, and will continue to exert, the widest and most commanding influence over the condition and character of that continent. She is a power of the first magnitude in the political systems both of Europe and America; and in the political system of Asia the same high rank must be assigned to her, whether we consider the extent of her territorial possessions, the number of her Asiatic subjects, the physical resources of the countries she thus rules and controls, or the efficient system of government which she has organized both for the purpose of developing those resources, for coercing obedience to her will, and, whenever her policy may dictate, extending the boundaries of her authority and empire. Three hundred years ago she first appeared in the Indian seas as an humble trader, and presented petitions to the head of the Moghul empire for permission to traffic within his dominions. She is now the paramount power in India, having a standing army of at least 150,000 troops, native and European, protecting a land frontier of 3,536 British miles, and covering 1,111,162 square miles within that frontier, with a population of 123,000,000 of souls. This estimate made in 1837, in an official report addressed to the Indian government, does not include the recent acquisition of Sindh on the western frontier of India. Not content with the whole continent of India, she has at successive periods, under real or alleged provocation,

engaged in war both with Nepal and Burmah, and has curtailed them of extensive and valuable territories as the price of peace. Lahore, on the northern frontier, which includes the fine country of the Punjab, the province of Moultan, and the beautiful valley of Cashmere, is in a state of civil war, which, as the general conservator of the peace in India and on its borders, she will consider herself obliged to settle by taking possession of the country. In attempting to guard against the intrigues of Russia and Persia, she has lately sought to control the politics of Central Asia, by replacing on the throne of Cabul the representative of an old and repudiated dynasty. She has signally failed, and has created against herself a feeling of hostility in those countries, which are thus prepared to throw themselves into the arms of Russia against England, whenever the fit time shall come—thus increasing a thousand-fold the danger she sought to avert. The subsequent acquisition of Sindh, however, including the command of the banks of the Indus, has greatly strengthened her western frontier, and will afford an invaluable inlet for her commerce to all the countries lying to the north of India and Persia. The extension of her commerce was the real object of the late war with China, which has opened five ports of that great empire to the commerce of the world, and brought her thronging millions within the range, for good or for ill, of the full tide of European influences.

There is another source of influence over the Eastern world, which England possesses, not fully developed, and as yet probably almost

wholly unappreciated. England is sowing the seeds of future empires on the Australian continent, in Van Dieman's Land, and in the island of New Zealand, by means of colonies, in some of which the nascent and vigorous spirit of freedom is already demanding a representative form of government. Hobart Town and Sidney are within three weeks' sail of Canton, and by steam probably less than a fortnight. Fifty or a hundred years hence, when these settlements shall be full grown colonies, or young and independent governments, they will not only spread over the whole of Australia, and extend their civilization to the numerous oceanic isles between the American and Asiatic continent, but the inevitable force of circumstances will carry their commerce, if not their arms, into China, Corea, and the isles of Japan. We have spoken of the force of circumstances, and England, to do her justice, does not seek the mere acquisition of territory, of which she has enough, and more than enough. It is the extension of her commerce, in which every successive year she finds more active competitors; it is the colonization of her growing population, every year more numerous and less manageable; it is the supply of old markets and the creation of new ones, at which she aims. It is for these purposes that she founds, and cherishes, and extends her colonies, and it was for these purposes that in India she first established factories, then built forts, then acquired provinces, and finally subdued empires, until her statesmen, groaning under the load of power and responsibility, have resolved and re-resolved that an end must be put to

territorial acquisition in the East. But all in vain. While these resolutions were framing in England, a contingency had arisen in India which compelled the authorities there to engage in a new war, for the purpose, it may be, of punishing a refractory chief, or of keeping the general peace, or of avenging an unprovoked insult, or of protecting an exposed frontier, and the result still is more territory. Her mission, as well as that of Russia, apparently is to advance—to awaken the nations of the east from the slumbers of ages—to spread their commerce, their arms, their religion, their civilization over the whole of Asia. In the prosecution of these objects, these two powers will infallibly, sooner or later, come into collision; and the result it is of course impossible to predict. They may rebound from each other like two air-balls without permanent mutual injury; or like images of clay or potter's vessels, they may dash each other to pieces; but the result will be the same to the cause of humanity. The barriers will have been effectually thrown down between Asiatic and European civilization; a new spirit will have been infused into Asiatic society; precious seed will have been widely sown, which will germinate and produce, some thirty, some fifty, and some a hundred fold, in a renovated people, renovated governments and renovated institutions.

It is consoling to the human mind, amid the warring passions of man, the fierce conflicts of opposing civilizations, and the crime and misery which they produce, to discover in these mysterious operations of Divine providence a purpose—a wise and beneficent purpose—and to

trace it from its feeble glimmerings to its present clearness and distinctness, and in prospect, to its future full and glorious development. This purpose we hold to be the perception and establishment of the moral unity of universal humanity, the moral unity of all the families of the race with each other in the bosom of their common God and Father.

There is, indeed, an apparent wide discrepance between the means and the end; but there is in fact no greater discrepance than between the evil which we see and feel around us, and the good which we also see and feel arises from it, as a part of the moral training which we receive. It behoves to distinguish between the purposes of individual agents and the aggregate results of their acts. Columbus and Vasco de Gama, by their discoveries, contributed to bring America, the youngest daughter of humanity, and Asia, its eldest progenitor, into unity with other divisions of the race, but the moral conception and purpose which we have indicated probably never entered into their minds. Each has achieved an imperishable memory for himself in faithfully performing the duties which he owed, the one to the crown of Spain, the other to the crown of Portugal; but neither looked beyond these results. They did not contemplate the political, the social, much less the moral unity of the whole race, as the certain, the probable, or even the desirable consequences of their high genius and enterprise. Even now into how many minds does this conception enter, although it is the conception which above all others shines forth and is embodied in the religion we profess, and which sheds a peculiar

lustre around the name and doctrine of the peasant of Galilee, above all the philosophers of all other ages and countries. Sitting at His feet, and imbibing the spirit of His meek and all-comprehensive benevolence, we can form some conception of this central truth of Christianity, and of the science of human nature; but how far is that truth from being yet practically realized! Africa has not yet, and never will be, brought within the pale of a common humanity. Colonization, commerce, conquest, and religion, have indeed conducted to a kind of political unity between Europe, Asia, and America, for no important, political event can take place in one without being felt and responded to by a thousand chords in the others. Even as a system of political unity, however, how imperfect and broken, how repugnant and jarring it is, we all know. But the natural consequence of political unity is social unity, of which, in its true and comprehensive sense, we are just beginning to form a conception, while, of the practical means for its attainment, we are as yet profoundly ignorant. Social unity, again, is the indispensable precursor of a true and all-embracing moral unity among the diversified families, tribes and nations of mankind, which is consequently still farther removed from us in the far vista of future ages. There is thus a long and noble career for man yet to run on the face of this globe, high and exalted aims placed before him. Those who may look upon all this as visionary and utopian, we will only refer to the history of events both in America and in Asia, during the last three centuries and a-half; events which

have brought both continents, previously ignorant of each other's existence, into the closest and most intimate relations with each other and with Europe; which have given an unquestioned ascendancy to Euro-

pean civilization in both; and which have thus paved the way for that social and moral unity which is one of the highest aspirations of the human soul, and the true end and destiny of man on earth.

A FRENCH STEEPLE CHACE.

As scientific amusements, field sports are comparative foreign to the inclinations of a thorough-bred Frenchman, who, if he be in the least given to pleasures of that character, finds himself compelled to borrow from perfidious Albion the more prominent ideas for his personal government in manly exercises. And this dependence upon England evidences itself in the language employed in their sporting phraseology, inasmuch as the poverty of the French tongue compels the employment of English terms, applied to specific pastimes. Hence, *turf, sport, jockey, filly, steeple chace*, and a hundred other words of a similar character, have been incorporated into the French vocabulary, as the nation appropriated the sporting manners and customs of their neighbors beyond the Channel.

Horse racing, as a test of breeding, is of no very remote antiquity in France, as the horses of the country, chiefly of the heavy Norman and Flemish stock, are adapted rather more for heavy work than for speed. It was only until the time of the Duke of Orleans, historically known as the Citizen Egalité, a title corrupted by envious Britons into

"rascality," the father of Louis Philippe, that anything like a breeding stud was maintained for the purposes of competitive racing. This nobleman, emulating the British aristocracy, not only kept an expensive stable, but established race courses in various parts of the country. His frivolity and addiction to Anglomania, was at the time caustically satirized by O'Keefe, in his musical comedy of Fontainebleau, a piece once popular on the English stage, although filled with all the narrow-minded prejudice with which a true-born Briton was wont to regard a "confounded foreigner." The grandson of Egalite inherited, in a manner, his ancestor's predilections for horse flesh, and it was mainly through the instrumentality of the late Duke of Orleans that the Jockey Club, or as it is legally styled, "The Society for Improving and Ameliorating the Condition of Horses," became an established institution, and was subsequently transformed into the most aristocratic Club in Paris. Notwithstanding his long and almost incessant military occupations, the Duke was a warm patron of both breeding and raising, his main rival on the turf being Lord Henry Sey-

mour, an Englishman, born in Paris, who never saw England until after the revolution of 1848. This wild and dissipated nobleman, whose scandals in his early youth alarmed even the Parisians, was a younger son of the Marquis of Hereford, British ambassador during the revolution, whose widow, after the revolution, occupied a leading position among the English colonists in the quarter St. Honore. Previous to the fall of Louis Philippe, Lord Henry retired from the turf, reformed his ways of life, and, after the proclamation of the Republic, wended his way to the land of his forefathers. The wars of the empire demonstrated the inferiority of the French cavalry, while the decisive charge of heavy dragoons at Waterloo exhibited the deficient condition of the horses of France, as compared with those of the English troopers. After the restoration of the Bourbons, and the return of the emigrant royalists, bringing with them many of the manners and customs of the land in which they had expended years of exile, the turf was encouraged as well by the aristocracy as by the government, attributing to that source the admitted superiority of English horses for postal and military purposes. Under Louis Philippe, who, as Duke of Chartres, had been colonel of a regiment of republican hussars, a well defined system of improving the breed of horses, at the expense of the government, was established, and inducements offered by means of horse fairs and racing contests, at which both national and local prizes were offered for the best products of interbreeding. The creation of royal studs in the various agricultural

provinces, the importation of stallions from England and Germany, and above all, the infusion of Arab blood, acquired through subjugation of Algeria, did much to encourage farmers and country gentlemen to avail themselves of governmental generosity in supplying the means of generating a new stock in the place of the heavy, vicious, and slow-motioned race of animals, originally of Norman origin.

Notwithstanding the successful establishment of the turf, not only at the capital, within whose limits races were run over, the Champs de Mars, or parade ground in front of the military school, a course plainly visible to the crowds congregating on the opposite banks of the Seine, from whose altitude a gratuitous view of the races was afforded thousands of spectators but likewise in the provinces, the Frenchmen could not remain content without the introduction of a British speciality—that of steeple chacing.

If in flat racing the French were in a great measure dependent upon English assistance, when they attempted the novelty of steeple chacing, they were wholly at the mercy of British speculators. The owners of racing stables had vied with each other in the importation of trainers, grooms and jockeys, who could only be induced to relinquish engagements in England by heavy recompenses. Upon the Parisian course, and upon that of Chantilly, the most aristocratic meeting of the turf season, the presence of English retainers, controlling the chief stables, bestowed upon both events a complexion by no means flattering to Gallic vanity. The pedigrees of the contestant racers amply demonstrat-

ed their origin, the familiar names of the favorite riders denoted the lack of confidence in jockeys of French nativity, while almost the predominant language of the turf men and their subordinates suggested to a stranger that the entire affair had been so tinctured with a Britannic element as to become a vapid translation of a foreign pastime to an unpropitious soil.

The introduction of a steeple chace into France, a novelty demanded by the exigencies of fashion, and for appreciation of which the native-born Frenchman possessed few qualifications, was accomplished by a wholesale migration of men and beasts from beyond the Channel. Although the annual meeting at the Croix de Berny was announced as a French national event, it would seem that, beyond supplying the prizes, or rather the one grand prize, generally exceeding in value any offered upon the British turf, and the very numerous attendance which invariably honored the course, the Jockey Club of Paris exhibited but little visible participation in the actual glory of the affair, which, with a few indifferent exceptions, was confined to a contest between English horses and English riders.

The Croix de Berny became, in 1846 and 1847, the leading feature of Parisian sport, inasmuch as in those years the attendance of a large number of distinguished cracks and gentlemen riders had been secured, embracing the winners of several leading races of its kind upon British soil. Possibly knowledge as to the gentlemanly character of the Jockeys, awakened a deeper interest in the minds of the Parisian fair sex as to result of contests, whence pro-

fessionals had been excluded, for certain it is, that the main reason for the popularity of the Croix de Berny could be adduced from the attendance of females, to whom the exciting nature of the pastime appeared more attractive than mere trials of speed. Indeed, in England, steeple chacing derives a great measure of its patronage from the fact that it is regarded to be no degradation in the owner of a horse, or other gentleman, to assume the saddle, as this pastime is considered as a species of test, wherein an ardent votary of the chace can exhibit in public, and over a defined bit of country, his hunting capabilities. In following in the wake of a fox, the rider oftentimes avoids obstacles, through a superior knowledge of the ground, while, indulging in steeple chacing, over a course of from three to five miles, selected or prepared to test the endurance of the animal and the skill of its rider, in full sight of an observing and critical assemblage, a huntsman can neither shirk difficulties nor avoid the course, without danger to his reputation.

The attendance at the Croix de Berny in 1846, and the universal enthusiasm created among the Parisians at witnessing its novel display, produced at the time a decided sentiment among the putative lovers of horseflesh in favor of steeple chacing; indeed it became the fashion, *par excellence*, as far as equine pastimes were concerned. At that meeting several distinguished Britons, celebrities upon their own turf, had put in an appearance, notably Sir William Don, known to us on this side of the Atlantic as an actor, but then a gay, dashing ex-of-

ficer of the Guards, whose long legs cut somewhat of a ridiculous figure as he bestrode the favorite Pioneer, Capt. Peel, Mr. Veevers, a venerable huntsman, familiarly designated the "West Country Squire," who, upon Little Tommy, came, despite his advanced age, within a neck of being the winner, and other gentlemen of fame and repute. In consequence of this decisive success on the part of the Parisian manager, the succeeding season was determined upon to be one of great eclat, and if possible destined to partake of an international character. Some color was bestowed upon this last pretension from the fact that, in addition to an extraordinary entry of English horses, there was one—Commodore—announced as an American, the property of a Mr. Livingston, one of the colony from our country, inhabiting the purlieus of Pau, in the ancient province of Bearn, in the lower section of the empire.

The village of the Croix de Berny, a very old and mean hamlet, is situated about two posts beyond Paris, in a southwesterly direction, and beyond the pleasant commune of Bourg la Reine, historically known as the residence of one of the female favorites of Henri Quatre, and the point, nearest the rising ground, accessible by railroad; the atmospheric experiment, connecting the capital with the picturesque village of Sceaux by a curiously serpentine track. The grounds surrounding the Croix de Berny, occupied by small farmers, and traversed by a natural rivulet, naturally presented that diversified character, suitable for a steeple chace, but on steeple chace occasions the course of the track had been im-

proved, through the erection of artificial barriers, dispersed in the ploughed fields and upon the hillsides in such a manner as to give the spectators ranged upon the starting field, a fair view of the capabilities of the animals, especially when taking a flying leap.

As a matter of course, the announcement of this grand steeple chace of the Croix de Berny, deeply interested the English residents of the French capital, and for weeks before its coming off, in April, 1847, the entire quarter St. Honore, the favorite location of the Britons, was thrown in commotion, as the news of successive arrivals of horses and riders changed the complexion of the impending contest. When it is taken into consideration that there exists in Paris a population of at least thirty thousand British subjects, many of them maintaining good establishments, fashioned after the strict English manner, with numerous household retainers, the excitement created by this sporting event, among foreign residents, can be readily imagined. The Englishman in Paris is, generally speaking, isolated from his French neighbors, and consequently maintains all his national prejudices intact; in fact it can be truthfully said that the English of the lower classes are much stronger Britons abroad than in the land of their nativity. As a vast majority of the subordinate satellites of the turf in France were of foreign origin, and preserving their individuality as to national customs, the numerous taverns and beer-houses habitually frequented by persons of this description became the centre of attraction to those desirous of being posted on the coming event,

for at those resorts could be found "touters," and such like parasites upon the racing fraternity.

At the "Royal Standard," in the very centre of the English quarter, within a stone's throw of Her Majesty's Legation, and directly opposite the British chapel, could be nightly encountered a congregation of worthies, ready and anxious to dispose of stable secrets, in order to enable speculative geniuses to "make a book," and, as a general thing, their information, derived as it was from beneath the eaves of the stable, and confidentially communicated in a spirit of patriotic fraternity, proved reliable, so hundreds of adventurers were enabled to realize a handsome pile from uninitiated Frenchmen, to whom betting on odds was an incomprehensible mystery, or whose vanity ran away with their judgment.

It is not to be presumed that gentlemen moving in a good sphere of Parisian society, and bearing a reputation as lovers of the turf, condescended to visit in person these Anglican taverns, even to glean that information requisite for betting speculation. In fact, there existed no necessity for such proceedings, as the desired intelligence could be obtained through intermediaries, too happy to accommodate the patrons of the turf with stable gossip and other news items for a pecuniary consideration. With men of this stamp, ever eager to win a precarious livelihood, the Croix de Berny was a source of revenue not to be underestimated, and as the main body of expatriated betting men, oftentimes expelled from the English turf circles, were of a comparatively dubious social character and of des-

perate financial resources, the informers found it to be to their personal advantage never to deceive patrons enjoying the advantage of a position inside the betting ring.

Not to attend the great event of the French racing season, and to fail to comment upon the appearance of turf patrons, masculine and feminine, in their most gorgeous display, would have been a criminal neglect in one who, like me, had wandered over many lands for the sake of viewing the people thereof. Neither would I go in solitary dignity, for the course was too long to be accomplished by an ordinary hack, and not a *remise* or semi-private vehicle could be obtained for love or money. I gathered three of my associates, an American naval officer, a Welch squire, and a cosmopolitan traveler, and conjoined them with me in my projected day's pastime. The Welchman proposed a four-in-hand, the ribbons to be committed to his hands, but such a thing as a drag or appropriate turn-out could not be discovered in a city through which even the royal family are compelled to journey, dependent upon postillions and post horses. We were, therefore, compelled to imitate our regal governor, and resort to the services of the *bureau des postes* for the necessary relays of horses and riders, when a new difficulty arose, for although the post is legally bound to supply the traveler with animals, the law does not compel him to supply a vehicle, posting upon the Continent being always effected in a private carriage, or one hired for a term of days. A visit to the "Royal Standard" and the investment of sundry francs in the bar-room, speedily re-

moved this difficulty, for as a couple of its equine-loving patrons saw in our perplexity the chances for a free ride and a free admission to the racing-course, they promised to have on hand a commodious landau, provided we bore the expenses and allowed them the privilege of seats upon the outside, for, as they remarked, they would be held responsible for the return of the vehicle, which in all probability they borrowed from a private stable. There was no disputing this logic, particularly as one responsible gentleman was a dealer in canines and the other an embryo pugilist, held in great repute by the grooms and coachmen of the vicinity; so we acquiesced at once, bestowing upon our accommodating friends the additional charge of the commissariat for the day.

Neither was our confidence misplaced, for at the appointed hour there was drawn up in the narrow street St. Thomas du Louvre, on the morning of the great day of the steeple-chace, directly in front of the Hotel de Lille et d'Albion, a huge, lumbering carriage, of pre-Noachite construction, which failed not to attract the wonder and admiration of the loungers upon the Place Palais Royal. The vehicle itself was a curiosity, a ponderous family concern, the panels of the door emblazoned with an immense coat of arms, above which a mitre shone conspicuously, while to it was attached four horses of variegated hues, made fast by straggling rope harness, the saddle of the off wheeler occupied by a postillion in the full uniform of his state, who guided the leaders with a complication of directive cords. Behind the

vehicle, in lieu of a boot hastily removed, was lashed a couple of hampers, which our non-paying companions assured us were well filled with wines, porters, ales, sandwiches, chicken fixings and such like delicacies; in fact, our dog-dealer assured us that they had been done up just in the style the nobs do the when going to "Hascot 'Eath."

That our turn-out excited considerable excitement among the British residents of the hotel, versed in the solution of heraldic enigmas, any one can be assured when it comes to their knowledge that our purveyors, unable to obtain a vehicle from other quarters, had considerably borrowed the family equipage of the Protestant bishop of Paris, without letting its custodian know the point of its destination, a fact made patent to observers on the road by display of its armorial decorations, few of whom failed to comment on the presumption that an Episcopal dignitary was doing homage at the shrine of the Croix de Berny.

With a resoanding crack of the whip, the postillion, in red, white and blue livery, gathered up his hempen reins and forced his straggling team into a rapid trot, as the bells on the leaders jing'ed in an accompanying cadence to our onward march. As we passed through the Barrier d'Enfer, and entered upon the road to Italy, a drizzling rain began to fall, but not until a long line of vehicles had fairly entered upon their journey. Suddenly a red coated piquer, with gold-laced hat, dashed in the midst of the carriages, and with his silver-mounted riding whip, motioned them to divide to the right and to the left. Behind him, in the centre

of the roadway, rolled a couple of *coupes* (English-built broughams), in deference to whose inmates the other vehicles either slackened their speed or halted outright. Those unostentatious, dark blue *coupes* contained junior princes of the reigning family, whose presence would not have been noticed had it not been for the attendance of its liveried precursor. Then, as the royal party passed along, came the crash and dash of contending drivers, each striving to follow in the wake of the illustrious personages ; but our postillion, by his trade accustomed to right of way, proved himself equal to the emergency. With a formidable oath and a terrible crack of his whip, he urged his team to a sort of a gallop, and with the exclamation of "the post! the post!" headed off all competitors.

A deep, rapidly-falling rain drenched equestrians and foot passengers as we entered into the environs of the Croix de Berny, into which, as our outside passengers were well versed with the locality, we were driven to obtain a commanding prospect of the racing course. A regiment of hussars, in sky-blue coats and blood-red extremities, not only guarded all approaches to the ground, but were dispersed, with a company of lancers, along the outlines of the track, while a troop of mounted *gens d'armes* maintained order and propriety at the entrance gates, near which was temporarily established an ambulance, with attending surgeons, guarded by a detachment of foot soldiers, a precaution invariably taken by the French Government against accidents liable to occur when large assemblages of the

people are congregated for any purpose.

A more gloomy and desolate sight could scarcely be imagined than the appearance of that race ground upon this celebrated day, so famous in the annals of the French turf. At least twenty thousand persons were in patient attendance upon the course, including thousands of the fair sex, many richly clad and dashing amazons, braving the terrors of the storm to display their daring horsemanship, and others, leaders of the fashion, whose diamonds glistened through the rain-drops, and rich plumes drooped through the spray of the incessant shower. All bore the adversity of their unpleasant position with a stoical gaiety worthy of masculine imitation. At length, as the rain rather increased than diminished, the bugle sounded to the scales ; again its notes called the contestants to the stand, a field of some eleven noted cracks, among them Lottery, Pioneer and Commodore, with a couple of French animals, their first appearance upon a dangerous ground, now rendered trebly difficult from the descending torrents of rain. At last, the bugle sounds the start, and away they go at a headlong speed for the first barrier, a hedge washed by the brook stream, amid the unfolding of umbrellas and the waving of handkerchiefs. A French horse refuses the leap, and its unhorsed rider finds himself in the brook ; at the next hurdle two more lag to the rear ; the ploughed field uses up a couple more ; and when they turn on the homeward stretch, the field is narrowed down to three, almost abreast. A rapid telling pace crosses the meadow-

land, almost simultaneously by the leading racers, rise and take a flying leap; the hedge once passed, the pace augments, as the riders with dexterous skill, husband their horses for a final dash. The last impediment is cleared, the brook is safely crossed, and by less than a half length, Lottery, ridden by Mc-

Donough, the most energetic of steeple-chace jockeys, reaches the winning-post, closely followed by his competing adversaries. And thus, amid rain and under adverse circumstances, terminated the great Croix de Berny of 1847, justly regarded as the most noted of steeple chaces in France.

AN INTERCEPTED LETTER.

[The following letter, addressed to the President of the United States, has fallen into our hands. We are quite anxious that it should reach its proper destination, but as it might miscarry if sent through the mail, and as the penmanship is so bad that it might be difficult to decipher, we have concluded that it would reach its destination more certainly if printed. We are really curious as to its authorship, and if General Grant knows the author's name, he would oblige us by sending it to this office by telegraph. The initials H. W. B. do not necessarily represent Henry Ward Beecher. They might belong to Henry Wiggins Brown, or Horace Wendell Butler, or Harold Wellington Briggs, or Hiram Washington Bibb, or Herman Waddell-thorpe Bell, or Harvey Whiteman Black, or Habakkuk Windbag Balaam, or any other man. Nor is a supposed similarity of handwriting any evidence. In a population of millions, it is just possible there might be one person whose pot-hooks and hangers had the graceful curves peculiar to those of the saint of Plymouth Church. Mr. Beecher may be the author after all; but for reasons of our own, we do not believe he is.—EDITOR OF OLD GUARD.]

To Ulysses S. Grant:

DEAR SIR:—It has been conclusively shown of late, that unless some means be devised to prevent the result, the supply of animals

fitted for the knife of the butcher will not be adequate to the demand. The number of swine, sheep and beeves in the United States and its territories is diminishing year by year—the increase by reproduction being less than the decrease by consumption, or the increase being at least at a less ratio than the increase of population. At the present rate, though we may not be deprived of flesh altogether, yet it will cease in a few years to be found on the table of the poor man. The great mass, growing individually poorer as the rich grow individually richer, will be confined exclusively to a vegetable diet. As in the case of the rice-eating Hindus, our working classes will become deficient in stamina and pluck, and will fall an easy prey to the first flesh-gorging horde who may choose to invade the land. To avoid, or at least to postpone this fate, we must enlarge our list of edible animals.

It is true that we might become hippophagists; but the horses show the same signs of decrease. Beside,

horse meat is tough, dry and coarse. In spite of the efforts of the French savans, and the ostentatious display of dressed horse-flesh in the market-house, the human race does not take kindly to the new viand. The mass of flesh-eaters want something more tender and juicy, as well as with a finer fibre. The Dahcotahs esteem a baked dog to be a great delicacy, and we are assured by hunters who have partaken of the hospitality of the sons of old Mr. Leo, that when the animal has been properly fed on vegetable diet, he makes quite a toothsome dish. It is with a view, doubtless, to increase the supply of dog-meat that Mr. Bergh, the friend of all the lower animals and of Mr. John A. Kennedy, makes such efforts to protect the first canine families and their associates from the dog-pound. But vague notions of hydrophobia being digested and thus assimilated—very unscientific but very positive—will keep dog-meat just yet from the table. Even those who think that a hair of the dog is good for his bite, cannot be persuaded that a bite of dog is good for them. There is an abundance of rats and mice, said to be eaten by Chinese with avidity. The rats, we know, figure acceptably at the cheap restaurants of Paris, but there they appear as squirrels. But to neither these, nor cats, do people seriously incline. The Digger Indians subsist sometimes on worms; but a vermicular diet is disgusting to white men. So do the Central African tribes enjoy a feast on certain minute insects, which the Caucasian abhors except when they are born inside of cheese. Snails are held to be delicacies by Parisian epicures; and, as they are

albuminous, it would be as easy to devour them as to eat oysters; but snails are not abundant. Locusts are used as food in some parts of the world; and really the man who can munch shrimps should have no objection to these; but our grasshoppers, the nearest relation to the locust on this side of the Atlantic—what is vulgarly termed “locust” being only a kind of cricket—are not sufficiently plenty. Nor do worms, gentles, snails, nor locusts supply the craving for solid and nutritious aliment.

Fortunately, this vexed question of reconstruction enables us to settle the difficulty; and thus one problem solves another, and is solved in return.

In the South Sea Islands, when you civilize and Christianize a native—and now and then it is said that pious missionaries succeed in a feat so difficult—the last of his barbarous and Pagan habits abandoned by the convert—the one to which in his regenerate state he looks back most fondly, and to which, in case of a fall from grace, he returns most eagerly, is man-eating. The joys of Paradise are quite attractive to the imagination of the Kanaka; but it is always an even balance in the mind of the neophyte whether it would not be a good thing to let heaven slide, and go back to the more exquisite enjoyment of a banquet on human flesh. The records of the bone-caverns show that the race which once peopled Europe, and who were by no means savages, were cannibals. These were the ancestors of men of this day. The taste for anthropophagy runs in our blood, and there is no reason to assume that a diet wholly, or in part,

of human flesh is incompatible with the highest civilization. It is a mere vulgar prejudice to suppose that human flesh is disagreeable to the palate. Quite the reverse. The concurrent evidence of those who have tasted it, from the free and independent resident of Typee, to the shipwrecked mariner, is that it has the character of pork, but is far more juicy and delicate.

Now, we have been trying to reduce the South to order for four years, or more, by sending to it the most disorderly of our northern population, mingled with a fair proportion of sharpers and sneak-thieves, and have failed in our purpose. We have tried to make the former rebels to admire the magnanimity which impels us to abuse the power given us by the fortune of war, and degrade ourselves in attempting to degrade the conquered; and we have failed in that too. We have subjected refined men and women to the rule of their former Helots, one degree above the savage, and to the scum and refuse of the northern cities, one degree above the brute, hoping thereby to make them admire free government as we understand it; and we have failed there also. There never was such a terribly perverse and ungrateful people to deal with. It will not respect us for our incompetency, love us for our tyranny, nor admire us for our meanness. What can we do to be saved from this trouble which is beginning to act not only on our hearts, but on our heart of hearts, that is to say, our trousers pockets. The answer given by the political economist, the philanthropist, or the patriot, is plain. Let us use the southern States as a source

of supply by which we may relieve the immediate drain upon the food-quadrupeds—let us make the men, women and children there of economic value—let us bring them to the highest state of obesity, and prepare them as needed for mastication by the most refined processes which skill in the sublime art of cookery can suggest.

Setting aside the fact that to adopt this proposition opens a tempting array of tit-bits to the epicure, let us consider the immense amount of food thus thrown into the market—an amount that will not only cause less draught to be made on quadrupeds, and suffer them to recruit their numbers up to the required maximum, but will also agreeably vary our ordinary diet. We will suppose there are six millions of men, women and children fit to be brought into condition for the butcher—the rest being either too old and tough, or being of those scallawags who do our dirty work with alacrity, and are therefore not fit aliment for decent people. Some of the ex-Confederate soldiers must be included among those exempt from slaughter, their campaigning having secured them some acquisitions which renders their flesh unsavory and unwholesome. This six millions embraces probably two millions and a half of homines, male and female, between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, who, after having been penned and fed properly, would acquire the requisite fatness, and be brought to the shambles at an average weight of a hundred and fifty pounds avoirdupois. The remainder, from the infant up to the stout boy and succulent young maiden, might average forty pounds each.

Taking the price of veal as the standard, we suppose our herds of man cattle, on the hoof, would be worth about ten cents per pound; though sucking babes, being delicacies, might draw a larger price from the pockets of the rich. This would add, very much as Republican speakers used to add the hay crop, a sum of \$49,500,000 to the national wealth—a sum nearly amounting to two-fifths of what the Treasury Ring, aided by their fellow-thieves in Congress, manage to steal during a whole fiscal year. It is scarcely necessary with this to show what farther advantage we have in making the consumers the consumed, which, as we absolutely refuse to suffer them to be producers, is the next best thing to do. Thus the whole difficulty of reconstruction is happily and profitably disposed of. The truculent inhabitants thus got out of the way, the land of the South can be enjoyed by the noble Puritan and the angelic negro, while that very inferior kind of native known as the scallawag, being unwholesome as food from his carrion nature, could be put to use as a hewer of wood, drawer of water, and fetcher and carrier in general to the noble carpet-bagger and Sambo the altogether lovely.

Patriotism no less than economy dictates the use of this new article of food. So long as these people, or any of their descendants, remain on the soil, there will be always some vague tradition about that benighted time when this country had a representative republican form of government; and this may interfere with a universal acquiescence in the existing order of things. It may, indeed, serve both as cause and pre-

text for serious disturbances. And while these people remain, it is not only idle to direct northern emigration there, but absolutely mischievous. History shows us that the conquered always avenge themselves by imposing their customs, and at last their modes of thought and prejudices, on those of the conquering race who dwell in their midst. Thus the Normans in England became gradually but completely Saxonised; thus the Fitzgeralds who went to Ireland as invaders, “became more Irish than the Irish themselves;” thus the descendants of the Scotch, introduced by that mild and amiable person, Mr. Oliver Cromwell, to replace those exterminated, became moving spirits in the rebellion of ’98; and thus the Russians who replace the Poles deported to Siberia, are by no means good subjects of that blessed government where they scourge women, and look upon venality and corruption as indispensable qualifications for the accomplished place-holder. No man, who is a man in the proper sense, can now go to the South and make it his abiding place, without sympathizing with the sufferings and admiring the patience of the southern people—none can even glance at the state of affairs there without looking upon the course of Congress since the civil war closed, as one marked by cold-blooded cruelty and intense meanness. We must therefore get rid of the old stock in the South. It would cost too much to transport them to some penal colony, though it was possibly with some such notion that Mr. Seward purchased Alaska. The only remedy is extermination, and if we must kill, why not kill for the good of our

bodies? It is true, indeed, that when we take these away, decent people from the North will not supply their places. Men who respect themselves will not emigrate to a place where they must live on a level with ignorant negroes. If they go, they will not stay. But they are just those who are most wanted at home. We will be able to retain them, and only get rid of carpet-baggers and such vermin, whom we can readily spare. These and the scalawags will soon quarrel; their quarrel will end by their mutual extermination; and thus the negro will have a clear field for the practice of fetishism and the rites of the voodoo, which will be a great gain to liberty and civilization all over the world.

Nor is it contrary to true philanthropy, as some shallow people might think, to devour those who were once our brethren, and whose ancestors, in common with our own, labored to found a republic that for nearly eighty years marched in the van of progress, and enjoyed an unexampled growth and unprecedented prosperity. For when, by the sheer brute force of overwhelming numbers, bought by the lavish expenditure of borrowed money, you have overcome a proud and brave people, whose undaunted pluck rendered so long doubtful a conflict otherwise hopeless; and having at length worn them out, because they had neither armies, munitions, nor food left—if you cannot do what magnanimous men would in a like

case, the next best thing is to exterminate them. The same malignity which strives to make their lives miserable, should make their death infamous; and what greater disgrace could befall any people than to find a grave in the maw of animals who have neither honor, pity, nor remorse?

We have thus proposed a plan which will for a long time preserve us from the horrid fate of an enforced vegetarianism. If, after having eaten all the southerners, we still find the kine, swine and sheep not yet so much increased as they should be, we can endure for awhile to live on horse-flesh, and even eke out the supply by killing and eating asses. But in this last matter we must exercise some caution, or we may find ourselves feeding on some of the brilliant statesmen who suppose they will bring peace to the country and profit to the pockets of the North, by turning its most fertile section to a desert, and reducing one-third of its people to anarchy, discontent, and despotism. Naturally taking the most eminent of such creatures, we might find ourselves feasting on Sumner, Nye and Zack Chandler. To be sure, Sumner would have the tenderness of capon, and Nye be a rich morsel, while Chandler, from his habits, would be both meat and drink; but were we to lose that incomparable three, from what Paradise of noodles could we expect to import their equals?

H. W. B.

POLITICAL SATIRE AND SATIRISTS.

THE most marked trait in the finest political writing is its personality. It is very plausible to reiterate the hackneyed maxim, "principles not men," but it is next to impossible to separate the two. An intimate connection necessarily subsists between principles and those who hold them, as between a man and his dress, a book and its author. Certain abstract philosophers (a very small class) may be enabled by long practice and dint of study, to disabuse their minds of favorite prejudices, and set up a species of claim to impartiality and fairness; yet such thinkers are seldom actors on the great stage, but rather spectators of the stirring contests in the actual arena of politics. They may write philosophical treatises on government, the wealth of nations, or the spirit of laws, but they make inefficient "*working-members*." Even Burke was a partisan, and such have the ablest and honestest politicians of all ages been. There is unquestionably truth mingled with error in every party; yet a man of decided character will find more truth and less error on one side than on the other. Many partisans have been hypocrites, but by no manner of means all. It is rather (unless there exists natural suspicions of interested motives or palpable deficiency) an argument in a man's favor that he is a zealous partisan; for in its integrity, such a character supposes vigor, earnestness and fidelity, the

three manly qualities by pre-eminence. Among the many reasons that incline a man to join this party or that, may be enumerated—hereditary tendencies, peculiarities of mental or moral constitution, personal gratitude, the influence of a superior mind, chance or prejudice. We are apt to consider that this first cause is much more defensible than is generally supposed. Viewed in a certain light, some of the noblest virtues are no more than prejudices. Compared with the universal spirit of philanthropy, patriotism sinks into a narrow prison; the worthy father makes by no means so distinguished a figure, as the humane citizen of the world. Religion, too, in its most important article, impresses a refined selfishness at the same time that it teaches charity and general benevolence. For we must be most solicitous for our own souls; no man can stand in our place, nor can we become the substitute for another. So in the field of politics, a nobler contest than that of the "tented field," a man must take his side, and stand or fall with it. Middle men become indifferent, if originally honest and well-meaning, or mere trimmers, if the reverse; and it is difficult to determine which is the more despicable character. Imperceptibly, too, a man's principles become identified with himself, and by a natural consequence, if we have faith in the one, we learn to love the other. In

the wisest men, we see every day the force of political attachments, which sometimes exhibit a devotion almost heroic. And this is right. One who hazards all for a great principle, a master-doctrine, should be strongly supported. A politician needs his backers as well as a pugilist, to give him heart and constancy. We never could understand the separation, upon which many insist, between the characters of the statesman and the private individual. We cannot distinguish the two different characters of the same person. A single mind impresses an unity of design upon all its performances, and an upright man should be governed by the same law of right and sense of duty, in his official position, that control his domestic and familiar actions. If we admire ability and trust to the unbiased exercise of it, if we believe in the same creed and favor the same principles, how can we refrain from embracing the possessor of such talents, and the advocates of such doctrines, as a personal friend?

To come back to our text. *Personality* we affirm to be the most striking trait of the most brilliant political writing. Party spirit begets political satire. Along with its evident advantages, partisanship includes a spirit of bigotry that displays its worst features. "Party spirit incites people to attack with rashness, and to defend without sincerity. Violent partisans are apt to treat a political opponent in such a manner, when they argue with him, as to make the question quite personal, as if he had been present as it were, and a chief agent in all the crimes which they attribute to his party. Nor does the accused hesi-

tate to take the matter upon himself, and in fancied self-defence, to justify things which otherwise he would not hesitate for one moment to condemn." Exact statements and precise deductions can hardly be expected when a man is making the most of his materials, and defending what he believes to be the true view, though it may have weak spots. From an article that has appeared elsewhere, we quote a few sentences that we are not sure could be better rewritten at present: "It is true that satirists have sometimes transcended the proper limits of truth and discretion; have calumniated where they should have calmly censured, and have written a libel instead of a criticism. The most piquant satire is necessarily one-sided, and carried to the extreme verge of truth; at times overpassing it. Epigrams lose in point where they approach the truth. A moderate thinker is rarely to be found among professed wits. For, when a man comes to ponder and weigh opposite qualities and conflicting statements, to admit this excuse and allow that apology, when circumstance and occasion are considered, and, in a word, when we endeavor to strike a just balance of the actions and characters of men, he rarely can escape a trite conclusion or a mediocrity of argument. * * * It is only where a point is driven home with force, when, to paint one trait vividly, the rest of the features are thrown into the shade, that brilliancy is attained at the expense of fidelity and a liberal construction." In politics, as in most things, the most striking arguments are those *ad hominem* and *ad absurdum*. Ridicule serves too often

as a test of truth ; and though this delicate instrument may be perverted to great injury, yet we all know very well how many people can be laughed out of notions which could not be removed by the fairest and most conclusive argumentation. A laugh is the best logic for these. How many subjects, too, of no little detriment to a cause, though in themselves of diminutive importance, cannot be appropriately treated, except in the way of jesting and raillery. The lightness of some men is far beneath aught but the levity of a squib or a pun ; whereas the specific gravity (or, in plain terms, stolid presumption) of others, requires merely a superficial exposition, to make them ridiculous for ever.

There are other considerations that tend to confirm the usefulness of political satire. Much may be done indirectly that we cannot openly face and attack. An allegorical narrative may include real characters, which it might be imprudent to depict in express language. Bold, bad men, in power, may be scourged with impunity and poetic justice, by the dramatist and novel writer, when a faithful picture of them by a chronicler of the times would, in other days and lands than our own, send him into duress. Existing public abuses which, from their intangible and irresponsible character, cannot always be publicly met, may still be so described in a work of fiction, as in time to effect a thorough popular reformation of them. Thus much at present for the value of the argument *ad absurdum* of which we shall have something in the way of illustration to furnish before we conclude.

The argument *ad hominem* affects a man's interest, and appeals to his pride or excites his indignation, and moves his feelings. It is the most effective argument to be used with the majority of men, and when enlivened by comic ridicule, or exaggerated into something like vituperative eloquence by the presence of a Juvenal tone of sarcastic rebuke, it displays the perfection of political satire, and such as we find it in the most eminent instances.

The finest and most permanent satire, whether religious or political, has been conveyed in works of imagination, which, falling into the hands of the greatest number of readers, have consequently at the same time obtained universal reputation, and exercised the widest influence. Of this nature, especially, are the immortal works of Swift, "Gulliver's Travels," and "The Tale of a Tub," the most admirable union of exquisite satire and allegory. These may be most appropriately styled allegorical satires, to which may be added Arbuthnot's "John Bull," and our Paulding's imitation of it. The extravagance of unmitigated burlesque, however, does not in all respects become the true character of able political writing, which, when it does admit of satire, invariably demands that the wit be based on vigorous sense and logic, and that it appear rather in the form of great intellectual acuteness, sharpened by exercise, than in the guise of pure pleasantry or jesting without an aim. And here we may remark, that not a single political writer is to be mentioned, of any eminence, and who has a reputation for wit or humor, whose wit and humor is not founded upon great

strength of understanding, shrewdness and knowledge of mankind. Political wit admits of little play of fancy, and few or no imaginative excursions. In fact, it is only a livelier mode of stating an argument. It is reasoning by pointed analogies or happy illustrations, a species of epigrammatic logic. This is the wit of Junius, of Horne Tooke, of Tom Paine, and of William Hazlitt. They sought to reach the *reductio ad absurdum* by the argument *ad hominem*. The accumulation of ridiculous traits of character made up a comic picture, and demonstrated practical absurdities in conduct at the same time. On the other hand, by a process of exhaustive analysis, they *precipitated*, as a chemist would say, the ludicrous points of a subject. Cobbett's wit consisted in calling nicknames with an original air. Satire is a prosaic talent, yet it has been exercised by some of the first poets in the second class of great poets, the most distinguished of whom we will refer to soon. It handles topics essentially unpoetical, and in a way that would deprive them of what poetical qualities they might possess. For satire tends to diminish and degrade, whereas true poetry aims to exalt and refine. Satire deals with the vices, the crimes of the worst part of mankind, or the levities and follies of the most insignificant. Much political satire exaggerates both, but that is the original sin and inherent defect of all satire. The value of satire in a practical point of view is great; it is the only curb upon many, and no ineffectual check upon the best. Next to religion, it exerts a happier and a wider influence than anything else, whether law, custom,

or policy. Such is forcible and well-directed satire in the worthiest hands. It is a true, manly style of writing, but it admits of wide aberrations from this standard, and may become hurtful and dangerous. It exposes hypocrisy and encourages an open, frank, fearless spirit; yet this very openness (in base natures) will run into recklessness and a contempt of authority, a neglect of propriety, and a rash avowal of lawless and foul doctrines. It may convert liberty into licentiousness.— Then, again, satire is often unfair, morally unjust, or historically false. The acute perception of Butler, which, aided by his learned wit and matchless versification, saw with exactness, and has transmitted to us with picturesque fidelity, the mere canting, controversial, corrupt Presbyterians of his day, failed to recognise the sturdy vigor of the Independent, and the sublime fanaticism of even the wildest of the Fifth Monarchy men. Even Scott, though he came much closer to the truth in his pictures, unconsciously distorted and caricatured some of the noblest features of the Puritans. That stern race of robust men has hardly yet met with its true historian.

A too frequent consequence of successful satire, we have left for our last objection to its usefulness. It tends to beget a spirit of indifference. Men, looking on the excesses of either side with an eye of philosophic temperance, are too apt to conclude that there is nothing worth contending for; they become disgusted with what they, in their short-sightedness, esteem fruitless struggles, and give over all desire of victory. They become indiffer-

ent spectators of a stirring scene, and might as well, for all good purposes, be altogether removed from it.

In a former paper we promised to lay before the reader a *catalogue raisonne* of those poets who had been deeply concerned in contemporary politics, and whose writings had given an impulse to the parties they had respectfully espoused. At present we can afford to occupy but a slight portion of this very wide general subject. Of this portion, even, we can present but a sort of profile sketch, a mere outline. Hereafter we hope to enlarge our plan and enter more into detail.

From the time of Chaucer, English poetry has been the firm friend and fast ally of freedom. "The Mountain Nymph, Sweet Liberty," has inhaled the melodious airs and caught the musical breezes that float on "Parnassus" hill, and Truth has become the associate of Fancy. But it is only at a comparatively later period that an eminent example occurred of a partizan poet, of a political pamphleteer in verse. Perhaps Dryden may be placed at the head of this class, in point of time as well as in degree of excellence. Butler's mock heroic had more the tone of a general satire, though "of the court courtly," the text-book of the witty king and his lively courtiers. "Glorious John," however, was the first poetical special pleader and rhyming controversialist we can refer to, who was a master in his department. In Church or State, he was almost equally at home.* His most celebrated satire, Absalom and

Achitophel, is a masterpiece, and contains three characters, Absalom, (the Duke of Monmouth), Achitophel (the Earl of Shaftesbury,) and Zinri, (the Duke of Buckingham,) superior to the classic portraits of Pope.† It includes, besides these,

† We transcribe the two last :

"Of these the false *Achitophel* was first ;
A name to all succeeding ages curst ;
For close designs and crooked counsels fit,
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit ;
Restless, unfix'd in principles and place ;
In power unpleas'd, impatient of disgrace ;
A fiery soul, which working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
And o'er-informed the tenement of clay.
A daring pilot in extremity ;
Pleased with the danger when the waves
went high,
He sought the storms; but for a calm unfit,
would steer too near the sand to show his
wit."

Buckingham has been drawn and painted by a variety of hands, and by master limners. Yet in Dryden we find united his Reynolds and Vandycke; a painter, whose expressive skill was marked by the elegance and vivacity of the first Master, with "the soft expression of the clear Vandycke." Pope, in his third Epistle on the Use of Riches, had afterwards sketched with admirable fidelity and brilliancy :

"That life of reason, and that soul of
whim !

Gallant and gay in Cliefden's proud alcove—

The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love;
Or just as gay, at council, in a ring
Of mimic statesmen and their merry king,"

the brilliant, thoughtless, inconstant, acute, imprudent, intriguing, prodigal, Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. But he had been described by Dryden before, in that inimitable picture, which later writers may envy, yet despair of ever equalling :

"In the first rank of these did Zimri
stand ;

A man so various, that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome ;
Stiff in opinion, always in the wrong,

* *Vide*, Absalom and Achitophel, and the Hind and Panther.

vigorous reasoning, occasional fanciful imagery, pointed reflections, and a style completely adapted to the subject, full, rich, varied, sufficiently harmonious to give a gusto to the finest thoughts, and so musical and dignified as to exalt even commonplace conceptions to the rank of heroic sentiment.

The poem just alluded to was the most popular of the day; and Dr. Johnson informs us, in his *Life of Dryden*, of the fact obtained on his father's authority, that more copies were sold of it than of any new book except *Sacheverell's Trial*.

Dryden comprised a school in himself. His imitators were so vastly inferior to him as to have sunk beneath general regard. He is the

Was everything by starts, and nothing long;
 But in the course of one revolving moon
 Was chemist, fiddler, statesman and buffoon;
 Then all for women, painting, rhyming,
 drinking,
 Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
 Blest madman, who could every hour employ,
 With something new to wish, or to enjoy!
 Railing and praising were his usual themes,
 And both, to show his judgment, in extremes.
 So over violent, or over civil,
 That every man with him was God or Devil.
 In squandering wealth was his peculiar art,
 Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
 Beggar'd by fools whom still he found too late,
 He had his jest, and they had his estate.
 He laugh'd himself from court; then sought relief
 By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief;
 For spite of him the weight of business fell
 On Absalom and wise Achitophel;
 Thus wicked but in will, of means bereft,
 He left not faction, but of that was left."

English Juvenal, (in his satires,) as Pope was the English Horace, and exhibits the manly indignation and eloquent invective of the first writer without any of the ease and sprightliness of the second. Saturnine and silent as he has described himself, he could ill let himself down from his position of censor and critic, into the light gaiety of a familiar companion. He is in earnest, and wants humor to trifle with profound meaning like Swift, or Sterne, or Charles Lamb. A sage and serious moralist, he has little or nothing of the wit about him, and in this respect is totally unlike all the later political versifiers in English that we can recollect.

Swift's best satire was directed against pretenders of all sorts, in the *Tale of a Tub* (a satire on ecclesiastical abuses, in its primary intention,) and in his *Gulliver*, against government and politics. His most decidedly political tracts, the *Conduct of the Allies*, and the *Draper's Letters*, we never could relish as we ought, though they both are still highly admired, and at the time of their first publication produced very palpable effects. In the dean's verse almost every political allusion is handled by way of badinage, and expressive of no decided bias or party feeling. The copy of verses by Swift that contain the nearest approach to poetry, (of which few readers can accuse the witty dean of Laracor of often committing,) and which also conveys an impression of his political preference, is his address

"TO THE EARL OF PETERBOROW,

"*Who Commanded the British Forces in Spain.*

"Mordanto fills the trump of fame,
 The Christian world his deeds proclaim,

And prints are crowded with his name.

“In journeys he outrides the post,
Sits up till midnight with his host,
Talks politics and gives the toast ;

“Knows every prince in Europe’s face,
Fries like a squib from place to place,
And travels not but runs a race.

“From Paris, gazette a-la-main,
This day arrived without his train,
Mordanto in a week from Spain.

“A messenger comes all a-reek,
Mordanto at Madrid to seek ;
He left the town above a week.

“Next day the post-boy winds his horn,
And rides through Dover in the morn :
Mordanto’s landed from Leghern.

“Mordanto gallops on alone ;
The roads are with his followers strewn ;
This breaks a girth, and that a bone.

“His body active as his mind,
Returning sound in limb and wind,
Except some leather lost behind.

“A skeleton in outward figure,
His meagre corpse, though full of vigor,
Would halt behind him were it bigger.

“So wonderful his expedition,
When you have not the least suspicion,
He’s with you like an apparition.

“Shines in all climates like a star,
In senates bold, and fierce in war,
A land commander and a tar.

“Heroic actions early bred in,
Ne’er to be matched in modern reading
But by his name-sake, Charles of Sweden.”

This was that Earl of Peterborough, the friend of Pope, (who left his watch to the poet as a daily remembrancer of him,) and associate of the Tory wits, one of the most gallant, accomplished, romantic, and eccentric characters of his time. It was he of whom Spencer relates, that being in the company of Fenelon, with whose sweet, attractive graces he was charmed, the skeptical lord exclaimed, that he was “so delicious a creature, that he must

get away from him, else he would convert him.”

We committed an error when we said above that Dryden’s imitators were beneath regard ; we forgot Churchill. Churchill is now little better than a name ; a past notoriety, a once fashionable satirist. Byron’s brilliant lines upon him, have strengthened this general impression (with the majority of readers a true impression,) of his present obscurity. But the author of the Rosciad, the first pupil in the school of Dryden, the model of Cowper, the friend of Colman and Lloyd, and Bonnell Thornton, and the staunch associate of the notorious John Wilkes, cannot be so easily forgotten, in a list of the truly classical reputations of English Literature. In Southey’s late life of Cowper, we find the most impartial account of Churchill, whose errors, and in some instances whose vices grew out of imprudence, and of a reckless scorn, induced by the temporary oblivion of the claims of conscience and morality. “The comet of a season,” the star of Churchill’s glory set in melancholy and gloom. At war with the world, he beamed restless and dissatisfied with himself ; and this mental anxiety, added to a cutting sense of disgrace and moral desperation, hurried him into the hasty execution of poems, that, polished by study and refined by art, might have stood the test of ages, instead of being thrown as lumber into Time’s receptacle for vigorous curiosities and unfinished poetical studies. Churchill had two qualities which he never lost sight of, nor omitted to exercise, manliness and generosity. He was direct, open, unweaving, and sincere. A

hater and severe lasher of hypocrisy, his defects lay rather in an excess of freedom; and though just and generous to an extraordinary degree, he was not always delicate and fastidious enough for the refinement of modern days. Hazlitt has drawn his portrait in a line: "Churchill is a fine rough satirist; he had wit, eloquence, and honesty." Except his *Rosciad*, all his satirical poems, and he wrote nothing but satire, are directed to political subjects. The *Prophecy of Famine*, (one of the finest,) contains some capital hits at the Scotch; which the author of *Table Talk* must have relished hugely. He was a firm adherent of Wilks's, and thought him the purest of patriots, as he used to speak of Churchill as the noblest of poets. There was, unquestionably, a strong natural sympathy between them. Cowper, who is thought to have taken Churchill for his model in moral satire, entertained an equally exalted opinion of the poet's abilities. "It is a great thing," writes the former, "to be indeed a poet, and does not happen to more than one man in a century; but *Churchill, the great Churchill, deserves that name.*" This is a noble eulogium from the puritanical Cowper, of the impetuous Churchill. With anecdotes, both of Churchill's generosity and manliness, we might worthily fill a page or two, but the dark side of the picture we feel no desire to exhibit, and content ourselves with a reference to the work just mentioned. His verse is characterized by spirit, indignant fire, vigorous sense, and a masculine melody peculiar to himself. He had much of Dryden's talent for portrait and impassioned declamation, with a more dashing

manner, and defects, arising from carelessness and haste. Perhaps Churchill's best production after all, was his *Rosciad*. This may be considered the metrical pendant or corollary to Cibber's *Autobiography*, which contains the theatrical portraits of the age of Pope; as this, of the age of Johnson. We quote these faithful daguerreotypes of Foote and Miss Pope.

"By turns transformed into all kinds of shapes,
Constant to none, Foote laughs, cries,
struts and scrapes;
Now in the centre, now in van or rear,
The Proteus shifts, band, parson, auctioneer.
His strokes of humor, and his bursts of sport,
Are all contain'd in this one word—distorte.

* * * * *
With all the native vigor of sixteen,
Among the merry troupe conspicuous seen,
See lively Pope advance on jig and trip,
Corinna, Cherry, Honeycomb and Snip.
Not without art, but yet to Nature true,
She charms the town with humor just, yet new.
Chcer'd by her promise, we the less deplore
The fatal time when Clive shall be no more."

Pope might have written these lines, and would by no means have disdained the reputation of them. Churchill is in the main just, yet rather hard upon the author of *The Mayor of Garratt*. His predictions as to Miss Pope were entirely verified. This lady and fine performer, afterwards attracted the regard of the author of *Elia*, (the most delicate of theatrical critics,) who writes of her, in one of his admirable essays: "Charming, natural Miss Pope, the perfect gentlewoman, as distinguished from the fine lady of comedy."

As we descend to our own days, we find the bitter personality of political satire has left verse, in a great measure, for the public speech and the editorials of the newspaper. Modern satire is gay and trifling, instead of being weighty and severe. Tom Moore and Peter Pindar are the cleverest in their peculiar style, we remember; Moore the parlor wit, and Wolcott the wit of the alehouse. General badinage and elegant railery, is the forte of the first; as a certain coarse vigor and copious humor is of the last. We give the dictum of the finest poetical critic of the age, on these writers. Of Moore, "he has wit at will, and of the first quality. His satirical and burlesque poetry is his besf—it is first-rate. His Two-penny Post-bag is a perfect 'nest of spicery;' where the Cayenne is not spared. The politician here sharpens the poet's pen. In this, too, our bard resembles the bee; he has his honey and his sting." As this lively *jeu-d'esprit* is not so much read now as formerly, and least of all amongst us, we have thought our readers might not be disinclined to a reference to a few of the cleverest passages.

Here is a choice *morceau* from an imaginary Letter of Y. R., to the E—— of Y——; written the day after a dinner, given by the M—— of H—d—t.

"We missed you last night at the 'hoary old sinners;'

Who gave us, as usual, the cream of good dinners;

His soups scientific—his fishes quite *prime*;
His pates superb—and his cutlets sublime!
In short, 'twas the snug sort of dinner to stir a

Stomachic orgasm in my Lord E——gh,
Who *set to*, to be sure, with miraculous force,

And exclaimed, between mouthfuls, 'A He! cook, of course!

While you live—(what's there, under that cover, pray look,)

While you live—(I'll just taste it),—ne'er keep a she-cook,

'Tis a sound Salic law—(a small bit of that toast,)

Which ordains that a female shall ne'er rule the roast;

For cookery's a secret—(this turtle's uncommon)—

Like masonry, never found out by a woman!"

A certain Countess Dowager, on the eve of issuing five hundred cards "for a snug little route," writes thus to a lady intimate, in her zeal to catch a Lion for the evening display:

"But in short, my dear, names like

Wantz schitstopshinzoudstroff,

Are the only things now make an evening go smooth off—

So bring me a Russian—'till death I'm your debtor—

If he brings the whole alphabet, so much the better;

And—Lord! if he would but *in character* sup

Oh his fish-oil and candles, he'd quite set me up!

Au revoir, my sweet girl—I must leave you in haste—

Little Gunther has brought me the liqueurs to taste.

"POSTSCRIPT.

"By-the-bye, have you found any friend that can construe

That Latin account t'other day of a Monster?

If we can't get a Russian, and *that thing* in Latin,

Be not *too* improper, I think I'll bring that in."

Among other capital things is a letter of a fashionable publishing house to an author, enclosing his rejected manuscripts:

"Per Post, Sir, we send your manuscript look'd it thro'—

Very sorry—but can't undertake—'twould not do.

Clever wo k, sir! would *get up* prodigiously well,

Its only defect is—it never would sell!

And though *sla'esmen* may glory in being *unbought*,

In an *author*, we think, sir, that's *rather* a fault.

Hard times, sir—most books are too dear to be read,

Though the *gold* of good sense and wit's *small change* are fled,

Yet the *paper* we publishers pass in their stead,

Rises higher each day, and ('tis frightful to think it,)

Not even such names as F—tzg—r—d's can sink it.

However, sir, if you are for trying again, And at something that's readable—we are your men."

With professional courtesy, the writer ventures to point more ven-
dible somethings, in the way of Au-
thorship, as Travels, Tracts against
the Catholics, East India Pamphlets,
Reviews, and finally hits upon a
master thought of its kind :

"Should you feel any touch of *poetical*
glow,

We've a scheme to suggest—Mr. Sc—tt,
you must know,

(Who, we're sorry to say it, now works for
the Row,)

Having quitted the borders to seek new re-
nown,

Is coming by long quarto stages, to town ;
And beginning with Rokeby (the job's sure
to pay,)

Means to *do* all the gentlemen's seats on
the way.

Now the scheme is (though some of our
hackneys can beat him,)

To start a fresh Poet through Highgate to
meet him,

Who, by means of quick proofs—no re-
vises—long coaches—

May do a few villas, before Sc—tt ap-
proaches,

Indeed, if our Pegasus be not curst shabby,
He'll reach without found'ring at least Wo-
burn Abbey.

Such, Sir, is our plan—if you're up to the
freak,

'Tis a match! and we'll put you *in training*
next week ;

At present no more—in reply to this let-
ter, a

Line will oblige very much

"Yours, et cetera.

"Temple of the Muses."

Nothing can surpass, for exqui-
site pleasantry, sharp satire, and the
finest wit, this brilliant gem; unless
it be the following letter, which will
be relished vastly by those who are
familiar with the domestic history of
the then Prince Regent, afterwards
George IV., with which we must
conclude our extracts, though there
is more than as much again, of
equal lustre :

"EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A POLI-
TICIAN.

"Wednesday.

"Through M—nch—st—r square took a
canter just now—

Met the *old yellow chriot*, and made a low
bow,

This I did, of course, thinking 'twas loyal
and civil,

But got such a look—oh, 'twas black as the
devil!

How unlucky!—*incog.* he was travelling
about,

And I, like a noodle, must go find him out!
Mem.—When next by the old yellow cha-
riot I ride,

To remember there is nothing princely in-
side.

Thursday.

"At levee to-day made another sad blun-
der—

What *can* be come over me lately, I won-
der!

The P—e was as cheerful as if, all his
life,

He had never been troubled with friends or
a wife.

'Fine weather,' says he—to which I, who
must prate,

Answered, 'Yes, sir, but *changeable* rather
of la'c.'

He took it, I fear, for he looked somewhat
gruff,

And handled his new pair of whiskers so rough,
That before all the courtiers I fear'd they'd come off,

And then, Lord, how Geramb would triumphantly scoff!

Mem.—To buy for son Dickey some unguent or lotion

To nourish his whiskers—sure road to promotion.

“Saturday.

“Last night a concert—vastly gay—
Given by Lady C—stl—r—gh.

My Lo'd loves music, and, we know,
Has two strings always to his bow.

In choosing songs, the R—g—t named
'Had I heart for falsehood framed,'

While gentle H—rt—d begg'd and pray'd
For 'Yours I am, and sore afraid.'”

“Peter Pindar,” says the writer from whom we have already quoted in reference to Moore, “the historian of Sir Joseph Banks and the Emperor of Morocco, of the Pilgrims and the Peas, of the Royal Academy, and of Mr. Whitbread's brewing vat, the bard in whom the nation and the king delighted, is old and blind, (this was written previous to his death,) but still merry and wise; remembering how he has made the world laugh in his time, and not repenting of the mirth he has given; with an involuntary smile lighted up at the mad pranks of his Music, and the lucky hits of his pen—‘faint picture of those flashes of his spirit, that were wont to set the table in a roar;’ like his own Expiring Taper, bright and fitful to the last; tagging a rhyme or conning his own epitaph; and waiting for the last summons, grateful and contented!”

Previous to the period when these authors flourished, and during the era of our great national struggle, appeared our first essays at the union of politics and poetry, chiefly in the form of political satire. Trumbull's Hudibrastic poem is a spirited

copy of the admirable original. A Frenchman, of more politeness than critical sagacity, wrote of it as *superior* (!) to Hudibras; but such praise was *hyper*-Hudibrastic in itself. Our epic poet, Barlow, is said to be the best known abroad, (or rather was the best known,) of our national bards, a fact that tends to injure the true poetical fame of our genuine sons of song. As a burlesque writer, Barlow deserves considerable praise. Dwight, Humphreys, Hopkins, Freneau, T. Paine, and a few of equal rank and ability, have long since been forgotten. It is a little singular that our earliest writers of verse should have been followers of Pope, and destitute of any spirit of intellectual independence.

In England, we recollect nothing of the Anti-Jacobin wits superior to the Croaker effusions. Canning, the best of the writers, was neat and elegant in his verse as in his oratory, and rarely rose above a classical correctness and gentlemanly smartness.

The last satirical *jeu d'esprit* in England that time has made classical, (upon which we can at present lay our hands,) was a joint production of Cleridge and Southey, that appeared in the *Morning Post* some years ago. Since that time epigrams and verses, numberless have, doubtless, been produced, but nothing comparable to the following, with which we shall bring our rambling lucubrations to a close:

“THE DEVIL'S THOUGHTS.

“From his brimstone bed, at break of day,
A walking the Devil is gone,
To visit his little snug farm of the earth,
And see how his stock went on.

Over the hill and over the dale,
And he went over the plain,

And backwards and forwards he swish'd
his long tail,
As a gentleman swishes his cane.

And how then was the Devil drest?
Oh! he was in his Sunday best,
His jacket was red and his breeches were
blue,
— And there was a hole where his tail came
through.

He saw a lawyer killing a viper,
On a dung-heap beside his stable,
And the Devil smiled, for it put him in
mind
Of Cain and his brother Abel.

A 'pothecary on a white horse
Rode by on his vocations,
And the Devil thought of his old Friend,
Death, in the Revelations.

He saw a cottage with a double coach-
house,
A cottage of gentility!
And the Devil did grin, for his darling
sin
Is the pride that apes humility.

He went into a rich bookseller's shop,
Quoth he, 'We are both of one col-
lege;
For I myself sat like a cormorant once,
Fast by the tree of knowledge.'

Down the river there plied with wind and
tide,
A pig with vast celerity;

And the Devil looked wise as he saw how
the while,
It cut its own throat. 'There!' quoth
he with a smile,
'Goes England's commercial prosper-
ity.'
As he went through Cold-Bath-Fields he
saw
A solitary cell,
And the Devil was pleased, for it gave
him a hint
For improving his prisons in hell.

General ——'s burning face
He saw with consternation,
And back to hell his way did take,
For the Devil thought, by a slight mis-
take,
It was *general* conflagration."*

* The history of the above production is interesting, and is related at length in the late London edition of Southey's Poetical Works. It appears the author hip was quite a matter of discussion—Porson, the famous Greek scholar, being named among other claimants. In point of fact, however, whatever merit the piece possesses is chiefly due to Southey, who contributed the longer and livelier portion. In the edition of Coleridge, from which we extracted it, the poem is no longer than we have given; but later editions present it tripled in length, though hardly in piquancy.

FORGIVENESS.

My heart was heavy, for its trust had been
Abused, its kindness answered with foul wrong,¹
So, turning gloomily from my fellow men
One summer Sabbath day I strolled among
The green mounds of the village burial-place,
Where pondering how all human love and hate
Find one sad level; and how, soon or late,
Wronged and wrongdoer, each with meekened face,
And cold hands folded over a still heart,
Pass the green threshold of our common grave,
Whither all footsteps tend, whence none depart,
Awed for myself, and pitying my race,
Our common sorrow, like a mighty wave,
Swept all my pride away, and, trembling, I FORGAVE!

WHAT THE WAR SETTLED.

OVER three years ago, General Grant descended from the governmental heaven in Washington city, to these "lower" southern "regions," to find out the disposition of the vanquished "rebels" towards "the best government in the world"—not in our narrow continent and expiring country—but *in orbem terræ*, and *per tot avos*—on the whole round globe, and in all the ages. General Grant was "the right man in the right place"—"the victorious general of the *revolution*," as quoth Mr. Speaker Colfax—*amblyssimus voi*. He was that little earthly god, whose thunder had shaken the foundations of the country—not *mediocriter labefactantem statum reipublicæ*—but very violently, and whose voice was now invoked to re-establish order—the *Jupiter Tonans* who was to *smile* and become the *Jupiter Custos* of the Republic!

He came at the behest of the President, like *L. Opimus* by the decree of the Roman Senate—to take care of "the new nation," of which Andrew Johnson, by "the act of Providence," the force of the Constitution, (*illud fuit!*) and the rage of Booth, who, like *Servilius Ahala*, who slew *Spurius Melius* with his own hand, *sua ruanne*, had shot Abraham Lincoln, in the midst of his revolutionary designs—*Studentem novis rebus*. General Grant had become the guardian *Præses*—the historical figure-head—the *Pater Civitatis!* His business was that of

Opimus—ne respublica caperet quid detrimenti. He "came," he "saw," and he *reported* to the President, in December, 1865. This did General U. S. Grant, aforesaid, and this is his report :

"I am satisfied that the mass of thinking men in the South accept the present state of affairs in good faith. The questions which have heretofore divided the sentiments of the people of the two sections—slavery and States' rights, or the right of a State to secede from the Union—they regard as having been settled forever by the highest tribunal—arms—that men can resort to. I was pleased to learn from the leading men whom I met that they not only accepted the decision arrived at as *final*, but now that the smoke of battle has cleared away and time has been given for reflection, that this decision has been a fortunate one for the country, they receiving like benefits from it with those who opposed them in the field and council. My observations lead me to the conclusion that the citizens of the Southern States are anxious to return to self-government as soon as possible; that while reconstructing, they want and require protection from the government; that they are in earnest in wishing to do what is required of them by the government not humiliating to them as citizens; and that, if such a course should be pointed out, they would pursue it in good faith."

It is not the object of this paper to show how little the policy of his party was affected by this "report" of General Grant—how his "observations" were discredited by its vengeful leaders, and his pacific suggestions met by legislative usurpation and oppression—how even he was soon forced by denunciation, or

seduced by ambitious aims, and won to an abandonment of his own conclusions, and how the most vindictive "war" has been waged for three years, "outside of the Constitution," upon a vanquished people, "in earnest in wishing to do what is required of them by the government." It is not our object to criticise a man, or to characterize a party. History has it in keeping that Gen. Grant's report "settled" nothing, whatever may or may not have been "settled by the war." It serves our purpose to observe that a false *theory*, or even a true one, does not often benefit a *patent fact*. Men who doubted the system of *Copernicus*, and persecuted *Galileo* for teaching it, never disputed the rising of the sun! It was easy to believe that the southern people, after being wearied and wasted by four years of desolating, savage war, and being compelled to surrender their armies, worn to starving skeletons by unequal conflict, were ready enough to resume their relations to the Federal Government, and undertake the duties of good citizenship—that they were "anxious to return to self-government," and if not willing to give up their property in "slaves," at the least resigned to what seemed to be the inevitable fate; but it was going a bow-shot beyond human credulity to assume that they regarded "Slavery and States' Rights" as having been settled forever by the "highest tribunal—arms—that men can resort to." Not to assert very positively that "arms" is not "the highest tribunal that men can resort to," in an age of Christian civilization and exalted reason, nor to dogmatize unduly upon the fact that "Slavery and States' Rights"

did not "heretofore divide the sentiments of the people of the two sections," and were not fairly put in issue in the *war of coercion*, we must be allowed to think that Gen. Grant was egregiously imposed upon by men whom he calls "the leading men" of the South, who "pleased" him with the assurance "that they not only accepted the decision arrived at as *final*, but now that the smoke of battle has cleared away, and time has been given for reflection, that this decision has been a fortunate one for the country, they receiving like benefits from it with those who opposed them in the field and council." We will venture that a Congressional "Smelling Committee" may explore the whole southern country from Richmond to Galveston, and not find a dozen southern "leaders" who will, under their own names, endorse this Munchausenism!

We assert two cardinal positions:

1st. In the nature of things, wars "settle" nothing beyond physical results. They are an exercise of force, and do not, and cannot, hold reason and conscience, and just law and righteous government, amenable to their tribunal of blood and violence. Force is not reason—it is not always the minister of right. It is not the foundation of law and government.

2nd. Practically, the war unsettled everything that could be unsettled in government and society. Like the Noachian deluge, it did not repeal the laws of nature, nor change the position of the poles; nor blot out the stars; but the foundations of the earth and the fixtures of the firmament remained.

That political, social, commercial

and moral consequences of the gravest significance will follow the war, as they have followed in the tracks of all other wars, we are not set to deny. That some of these consequences may be beneficently overruled for the good of mankind by that Divine Power which presides over and moulds the destinies of our race, we see no reason to doubt.

3rd. "The Union," and "the supremacy of the Constitution," were to be settled by the war. This was the very battle-cry of the war party. The controversy respecting them, which had come down to us *ab urbe condita*, was to be "settled" permanently and forever. *Esto perpetua* was to be graven by the sword upon the pillars of a government of "consent!" We assert that these, of all other things—this "Union"—the supremacy of this "Constitution," and "the perpetuity of this government," were most unsettled—that the war has destroyed "the Union," leaving

its restoration by the Democracy a question of alarming uncertainty. It has overthrown "the Constitution," which the war leaders, civil and military, were accustomed to swear, each day, to preserve inviolate and forever! It has rendered the existence of the government itself, in any form, Republic or Imperial, a matter of the most anxious doubt.

This is what we assert in this initial paper. With favoring opportunities we hope to follow up each proposition, in subsequent contributions, with an amplitude of argument and illustration which ought to convince the most skeptical, and arouse the dormant energies of the Democratic people of this country. The flood has passed. The land smiles in inviting beauty. It is time for us descend from Ararat, and re-idify the altar of a true Republican worship.

FAITHFUL.

O friendships falter when misfortunes frown ;
 The blossoms vanish when the leaves turn brown ;
 The shells lie stranded when the tide goes down —
 But you, dear heart, are ever true.

The grass grows greenest when the rain drops fall,
 The vine clasps closest to the crumbling wall,
 So love blooms sweetest under sorrow's thrall.

I love you, darling, only you.
 The early robin may forget to sing,
 The loving mosses may refuse to cling,
 Or the brook to tinkle at the call of spring,
 But you, dear heart, are ever true.

Let the silver mingle with your hair of gold,
 Let the years grow dreary and the world wax old,
 But the love I bear you will ne'er grow cold ;
 I love you, darling, only you.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

THE past month of July has, perhaps, been the most extraordinary in the annals of Wall street history. Money has commanded as high as one-half per cent. per day, or at the rate of one hundred and fifty per cent. per year ; and while the stock market has, by this most singular state of things, been thrown into the hands of the bears, trade and commerce have been prostrated, and the feeble industry of the country has withered like a green tree under the lightning's blast. Boutwell's policy has been condemned by all parties. He has locked up, by his financial manipulations, an immense sum of currency, which, added to the retiring system of the Wall street bears and bulls, has wrought more or less disaster upon the commercial interests, and complicated the difficulties of the merchant and manufacturer, which have for so long a period, prior to Boutwell's appointment to the Treasury, been sufficiently grave and serious.

To show the alarming and utterly demoralized condition of the money market of New York, which gives a tone, normal or abnormal, to the financial centres of each business section of the whole Union, Wall street loans, in the early part of July, were put on the record at rates varying from 50 to 300 per cent. per year. It is not necessary, under such a condition of the finances, to speculate on the causes of a depressed trade ; such facts touching the

loan market are sufficiently explanatory. Boutwell's policy has tended to aggravate the evils which have so long embarrassed the honest industry of the ninety-five per cent. of the people. The wealth-producer, who is obliged to go into the loan market under such a disastrous state as is now presented, could not borrow, if he would, for mere names are not accepted without tangible collaterals in shape of public stocks ; but the wealth-producer would not submit to such rates as now rule, for they but hasten the ruin which a loan from bank or capitalist, he fain believes, would enable him to escape. When we know that there is at least seven hundred millions of currency in the hands of the people of the United States to-day, which, if the laws governing this agent were left unobstructed, would give the wealth-producers all the aid necessary to move their productions to market, this periodical stringency is an enigma, the solution of which, allowing the law of supply and demand to operate, is as inexplicable and difficult as the squaring of the circle. But this law of supply and demand does not operate. The gamblers of Wall street, and the Treasury Ring, have entered into a conspiracy to periodically retire twenty to forty millions of this currency, that depression may follow in the stock market ; and their purchases of securities to the amount desired succeeding, the

stringency is broken by suddenly letting out all this retired currency, which at once sends the stock market to an extraordinary altitude, when these gamblers unload at huge profits, and again prepare for another depression by calling in the currency, and again producing the desirable stringency. This is the game of fast and loose, so terribly injurious to the commercial transactions of the country, that Wall street has been for months engaged in.

Under proper laws, unmolested by speculators, left free to ebb and flow, governed only by the demands of the healthy and legitimate trade of the country, the currency we have to-day is really double what we need, and a "tight money market" should not exist. We are not moving two-thirds the wealth to-day that we were in 1859, when the entire South were rich and prospering; the cotton yield, 5,000,000 bales, agriculture all over the Union in the highest state of activity; manufacturers in the North making enormous profits, and wealth creating throughout our broad country, infusing life and activity into merchandising, and producing the largest amount of that property exchanging, which comes under the head of "general business." To accomplish all this, and keep 5,000,000 of producers constantly employed, and beside a domestic trade, giving freight to

5,000,000 tonnage of ocean shipping, it required currency to the extent of less than \$400,000,000. What have the political economists of the dominant party to answer in the way of explanation, when the howl of their great rank and file is "give us more money, give us more money?" We have nearly double the sum to-day that we had in 1859; and we have also a prostrate and crippled South, with her great trade blotted out, and we have stagnation all over the North. This state of things requires less money, and yet the cry is, "we have not enough." There is only one remedy for our troubles, financial, political and social, and that is the destruction of the party in power.

The New York *Tribune* is constantly harping upon the reduction of the debt, stating that it has been reduced over \$200,000,000 since July, 1865. On that date it stood \$2,757,253,000. On November 1, 1867, it was down to \$2,491,504,000. It has steadily advanced since that date, and in the nineteen months that have elapsed up to this time, instead of reduction, we find we are \$16,000,000 deeper in debt. In other words, in the year and three-quarters that have passed, we have not reduced the huge debt a dollar; on the contrary, we have increased it to the extent of the sum named.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

Mr. Flagg, in his account of his travels over a part of wine-growing Europe, gives an entertaining and instructive description of the mode pursued there in the culture of the grape and manufacture of wine. His examination was more thorough in France than elsewhere, and he seems to have been fascinated with the low-vine system in vogue in the South of France, which he recommends for adoption on this side of the Atlantic. The German wine districts he passes over carefully, but merely glances at those of Italy. As to Spain, Portugal, Hungary and Greece, he does not touch them, though he has a little to say at second-hand concerning Tokai—a wine which bears the same relation in monetary importance to the rest of the Hungarian vintage, that Montepulciano does to the wines of Italy. A good deal of invective is thrown out against Gall and Gallizing—not as it is so much, as the thing is understood by the author. Mr. Flagg does not have much objection to the use of crystallized cane sugar in Champagne—the conversion of which into spirit produces rum, as he does the use of grape sugar as an addition to a must deficient in saccharine strength, which creates brandy. He also believes implicitly in sulphur as a specific for the Oidium, and gives seventy-three pages to the pamphlet of Mares on the subject, with proper illustrations. He also recommends wine as a habitual drink in quantities rather “heroic,” as the doctors would say—“a quart daily for each adult, and a pint daily for each child.” He thinks the Catawba the best of all American vines, and is a warm friend to the Ives and Norton’s seedling. We have to differ with Mr. Flagg on several things. We are quite satisfied that the treatment under which the varieties of the *Vitis vinifera*—thoroughly artificial plants—will live and even flourish,

would cause, if applied to the varieties of the *V. labrusca* and *V. aestivalis*, still but a few removes from their wild state, in the extermination of the latter. We do not object, in a season where the requisite quantity of sugar is not present in grape juice, to having it supplied artificially. We look upon Catawba as a very uncertain kind of grape for wine-making, at the Ives and Norton as being nearly as bad—as the Concord as a gross humbug; and we do not believe there ever was, or ever will be, a pint of wine made from the Isabella—and never good wine from the Catawba, Ives or Norton, without the addition of sugar to the must. Three of those named are not wine-grapes at all, and the others only in favorable seasons. As to the amount of wine to be drunk, as a habitual thing—if in earnest, it is absurd; if in jest, without point. But a great deal of information can be gleaned from the book, and certainly much entertainment. Mr. Flagg is a pleasant writer—some of his descriptions are very graphic—and the reader will not readily relinquish the book until he has exhausted its contents. The description of the visit to Johannisberg; and his unexpected good fortune in forming one of a distinguished party of tasters, makes one of the pleasantest chapters in the volume.*

The Rev. Dr. Anderson, who was formerly Foreign Secretary of the Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions, has written a book in defence of missionary enterprise, as a means of provoking new contributions to the work in Borrioboola Gha,

* Three Seasons in European Vineyards; Treating of Vine-Culture, Vine Disease and its Cure; Wine-Making and Wines, Red and White; Wine Drinking as Affecting Health and Morals: By William J. Flagg. New York: Harper & Brothers. 16mo, pp. 332.

and parts adjacent.* In doing this, the reverend gentleman goes into a series of panegyrics on St. Paul and St. Patrick, repudiating, however, the claim of the Roman Catholics to the latter, whom he seems to think was a sort of independent evangelical clergyman, engaged on a private mission of his own. From the history of these and their work, the reverend gentleman arrives at the conclusion that after the mission has made converts, it should next make native pastors; and fortifies this conclusion by results in Tahiti and Madagascar. But the American Board might have learned all that long ago, had they profited by the action of the Jesuite missionaries who invariably surpass those of the American Board in this work. When the author asserts that "This necessity of a native pastor to the healthful and complete development of a self-reliant, effective native church, is a discovery of recent date," he shows that he has not made himself acquainted with facts. But the great extravagance of the work is where it assumes to treat of results. When it talks of the progress of missionary efforts in China and Madagascar, one is obliged to smile; but when to this it cites the results had in Western and Southern Africa as successes, persons acquainted with the utter failure of all the missions in those quarters are disposed to laugh. True, "nearly the whole of Southern Africa has, for many years, been under religious culture by missionaries." But let any one examine the concurrent testimony of all travelers, and he will be satisfied that all the money and valuable lives that have been thrown away in an attempt to make Christians of a race incapable of comprehending Christianity, has been entirely wasted. Dr. Anderson probably speaks truth when he says: "But it seems not to be the Divine purpose that Equatorial Africa shall be evangelized by the white man;" but when he adds: "It was reserved, as I now love to believe, for the descendants of Africans to carry the gospel to the lands of their forefathers;" and that "we may expect them to be forward to do so, when once their own Christian privileges have become assured," he merely utters nonsense. But he is not sa-

tified with that. He goes on to say: "No white man should join their missions; and men from their own race will in due time be their agents for raising friends among themselves, and perhaps, too, their Secretaries for Correspondence with the African Missions." *Credat Judæus apella.* An African missionary sent to Africa, out of the influence of white supremacy, would soon reapse into the Voodoo priest, or the fetish worshipper; but if the matter be left to the control of negroes here, it is hardly possible that missionaries will ever be sent. The worst feature of the book, however, is the abuse showered upon missionaries not of his own mode of thinking. Of an attack on one class he quotes, and appures us that "the whole plan of their mission was a lie; that it began in lies and perjury, and was so maintained, and by lying and deception was utterly ruined in the end." All this is in bad taste, to say the least.

Of late years the disciples of the selfish school in morals seem to have outnumbered those who claim pre-eminence for intuitive perceptions of right, and the apostles of the former sect have almost monopolized public attention. The opposite side are now represented in the recent work of Mr. Lecky,* who brings precision of statement, much power of generalization, patient research, and a very pleasant style to the aid of his side of the question. He pretaces his history of the progress of ethics among the European varieties of the white race, with a clear and nearly impartial statement of the points at issue between the rival schools, and betrays no more leaning in his summary than was natural in a man whose convictions were decided. Beginning at the earliest recorded period of European history, he traces the rise of clear and defined notions of morals down to the time of Charlemagne, when the chivalric and chaotic began to give way before the rise of the practical and defined. Into the flow of his narrative he presses an amount of incident that renders the work full of interest to the general reader as well as to the student of ethics. The style is charm-

* *Foreign Missions: Their Relations and Claims*. By Rufus Anderson, D.D. LL.D. New York: Chas. Scribner & Co. 16mo, pp. 373.

* *History of European Morals, from Augustus to Charlemagne.* By William Edward Hartpole Lecky M. A. In Two Volumes. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo, xviii., 498; x. 493.

ing, the design commendable, and the mode of execution displays cleverness. The work may be properly regarded as one of the most remarkable contributions to our literature; and though all of the points made will not be admitted by the disciples of Hobbes and Bentham, it can not be denied that the author has presented the views of those of his own way of thinking with great force and even with some novelty. We commend this work to the consideration of men of all views. Here and there we have an error, manifest enough, and now and then a flash of bigotry of opinion; but on the whole, the volumes are marked by truth, candor, research, and broadly-liberal views.

Mr. Roosevelt, in a small work upon the mishaps of a citizen who removes to the suburbs in order to cultivate ease and vegetables, gives an amusing but a rather too extravagant picture of the attempts made by men in attempting something for which their habits and nature have unfitted them.* The design of the work is well enough, but the execution is not marked by any skill. In all such productions a moderate amount of probability should be maintained. It is simply impossible that a man so ignorant and semi-idiotic as the hero could have existed, and though the reader will be amused at the outset, he will get tired long before the close. The illustrations of the work are wonderful in the way of bad drawing and coarse engraving; and the figures of men and animals are as disjointed as the style.

The recent attempt of some sneaking fellow to find a new claimant—the eighth, we think—for the authorship of “Beautiful Snow,” has called new attention to that remarkable idyl of the town—apropos to which we have the appearance of the poem itself, with eighteen of like character, in an elegant little volume.† Of the production which gives title to the volume it is needless to speak—its merits have already been shown in its extreme popularity. But

* Five Acres Too Much. By Robert B. Roosevelt. New York: Harper & Brothers. 16mo, pp. 296.

† Beautiful Snow and other Poems. By J. W. Watson. Philadelphia: Turner Brothers & Co. 18mo, pp. 96.

with it we have other poems, rarely below, and in one instance above, its standard; and so like it in style and mode of handling as to form powerful evidences of its origin, were there any room for doubt on the matter. It is singular that of all the claimants, by themselves or others, for this popular lyric, none but Mr. Watson write, or have written, in the same vein of thoughts. We have some notion of taking this subject as the groundwork for a paper in the body of the magazine, and should we carry out our intention, it is not our purpose to do our work with gloved hands. In the meanwhile, however, those who desire to have one of the most thorough enjoyable collections of metre of the present day, should add the volume to their library.

Floating from time to time in the sea of journalism, we find admirable articles, displaying fancy, tact, great powers of observation, force of expression, and even genius. Rarely are these waifs gathered. Some friends of the late Mr. Buffum have, as a matter of both duty and pleasure, rescued some of his pleasant sketches of travel and adventure from oblivion, and gathered them together within the covers of book.* The volume is a pleasant one. Without any great profundity of thought, the author had keen perception, and great facility of expression. His description is always clear, and he amuses without fatiguing his reader. The invalid, the man of leisure, and the traveler, will each find this work a sure means of relief from tediousness, and a remarkably pleasant companion for an otherwise weary afternoon.

Much of the popularity of the late Mr. Brown as a lecturer was due to his manner of delivery; and to give his productions in print is to present us with punch minus one half the spirit, or champagne from which the bubbles have entirely gone. Yet there are so many who have heard, and so many more who have heard of him, that anything by the late “Artemus Ward, Showman,” is likely to be sought for with

* Sights and Sensations in France, Germany, and Switzerland; or, Experiences of an American Journalist in Europe. By Edward Gould Buffum. New York: Harper & Brothers. 16mo, pp. 310.

eagerness. His literary executors have brought out in a peculiar shape his latest and most popular performance,* and with a deal of ingenuity have so arranged the typography as to give a fair notion of the manner and style of the delivery. We have chuckled a deal over the book in reading it—whether others would do that, we are not so sure. There are, however, hits to enjoy throughout the volume, that tickle of themselves, and do not want their drollery and point heightened by extrinsic means.

Mr. Kingsley has some reputation as a novelist, and is supposed to be rather a master of his art; but his *Stretton*† would make us think the reputation unfounded, and the supposition unjust. The story is obscure—the plot confused—the characters indistinct—the incidents absurd. After reading it from first and last, we dipped into the story here and there at random, in search of a clue to its purpose; but were not successful. We fear we should fail even were we to read it backwards. At first we began to fear that our mind was failing, but the testimony of friends to whom we handed the book being like our own, we have concluded that the stupidity lies in the story and not in the reader.

The series of commentaries upon the greater Hebrew prophets, by Dr. Cowles, closes with *“Jeremiah.”*‡ In this, as in the rest of the set, the author has done his work in a way to meet the requirements of the class he addresses. The notes are clear, plain and copious, not remarkable for profundity, but expressing that kind of thought likely to be grasped by the general reader. The introduction to the volume has interest. The author complains that *Jeremiah* suffers generally in comparison

with *Isaiah*, whose lofty imagery impresses the reader more strongly than the pathos and tenderness of the man of sorrows. But we are at a loss to see how any two so entirely dissimilar in style and purpose of work, can possibly be subjects of comparison. Each is master of his own field; and certainly there are parts of *Jeremiah*—of the *Lamentations* especially—that are unsurpassed in their beauty.

If we have not produced an American novel, it must be confessed that there is a near approach to it in *“My Daughter Ellinor.”** Here we have a plot—not intricate, but very well-defined, a series of connected incidents, distinct and distinctive characters, and the appearance at least of all that makes up the modern novel of society. But the characters are not always natural, nor the language and events fitted to the locality. The writer has mixed the habits of the landed proprietors of Eastern Virginia, before the war, with manners of English country gentlemen, and brought these to the neighborhood of New York. Clive Farnsworth might have stepped from the pages of any of the modern English novelists. He is an Englishman hardly naturalized. Tom is a Virginian from the immediate vicinity of Richmond, who has traveled himself into a profound respect for the letter R. Rossiter is the Conventional New York politician. And these people talk of a wagon, phaeton, or coach, as a “trap”—a slang word particularly English. The women are little better. Amanda is the “Yankee gal” of the stage, never seen in real life; the *Idol* is a gross caricature; but *Miss Laidley* is admirably drawn, with her consistency admirably preserved throughout; the heroine is scarcely less cleverly given; and the minor characters are generally well done. The author is a young man, has a brilliant future before him, when time shall have toned down his extravagance, and experience shown him where to correct his faults. If he be an old offender, he has spent his force in this shot. We think him young, however, and his book very notable for matter and manner.

* *Artemus Ward's Panorama*, (As Exhibited at the Egyptian Hall, London.) Edited by his Executors, T. W. Robertson and E. P. Hingston. With Thirty-four Illustrations. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co. 16mo., pp. 213.

† *Stretton*. A Novel. By Henry Kingsley. New York: Harper & Brothers. Imp. 8o., pp. 144. Paper.

‡ *Jeremiah, and his Lamentations; With Notes, Critical, Explanatory and Practical, Designed for both Pastors and People.* By Rev. Henry Cowles, D. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo pp. 431.

* *My Daughter Ellinor*. A Novel. New York: Harper & Brothers. Imp. 8vo. Paper.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

—L. W. Schmidt, No. 24 Barclay street, has published in a handsome *brochure*, a treatise on the “Origin of Languages,” by W. H. J. Bleck, Curator of Sir G. Grey’s Library, Capetown, South Africa, and edited, with a preface, by Dr. Hackel, Professor in the University of Jena—the whole translated into English by Thomas Davidson, of St. Louis. The object of the work is to show, through the vocal development of language, the material development of man from animals. That is, to predicate on the grimaces and gesticulative language of monkeys, as their chattering, cries, chicks, roars, howlings, &c., the fact of a common origin with man. It is not claimed that the monkey is the progenitor of man, but that the two are the lateral branches from a common progenitor, distinct and separate from the anthropoid apes. Where this common progenitor is, or has been, for a great many thousand years, or where geological discovery, or palaeontological investigation will determine his whereabouts, as an extinct family group, is left to conjecture to infer. The work is characterized by marked ability, and is written with a truly scientific spirit, and should be carefully read by all who wish to see the best linguistic argument which can be adduced in support of the novel theory. We, however, find in it nothing to shake our belief in the doctrine that not only man, but every species of man, has a distinct and independent origin of his own. To our mind, nothing is more indubitably settled, by all that we know of living nature, than the permanence and unchangeability of *species*. But we can just as easily accept the animal origin of mankind as we can the preposterous dogma that they all sprung originally from one human pair. That is, we can as easily believe that a negro was developed out of an ape, as we can that a white man was developed out of a

negro, or a negro out of a white man. To the purely scientific mind, the doctrine of the animal origin of man rests upon as logical and rational a basis as that of the unity of his human origin. For the anatomical, physiological, and psychological differences between the various species of men, are as great as those which separate the lowest type of man from the highest grade of animals. To say, therefore, that the highest type of man “progressed” from a lower human stratum, is to say that the *lowest* type of man may have “progressed” from the animal stratum next below him. There is no twisting out of or getting away from this conclusion. While, therefore, we entirely dissent from the doctrine of Mr. Bleck’s work, we rejoice that it has been translated and reproduced in this country, for it must inevitably stir the now stagnant stream of scientific inquiry. As it costs only fifty cents, it is within everybody’s reach. We take great pleasure also in informing scientific gentlemen that Mr. Schmidt is the large importer of foreign scientific books of any publisher we know of in America.

—The Rev. John Kirk, Professor of Theology in the Union Evangelical Academy, England, asks this very hard question: “How is it, if savage man advances towards civilization by ever so slow a progress, that he is thus found, after all the inconceivable ages imagined, not advanced in so much as the minutest fraction of a degree? * * No well informed man will risk the sober assertion that there is any evidence of the slightest degree of spontaneous improvable capacity in barbarian man, such as might secure his civilization in the course of ever so many ages.” And the learned divine might have asserted, without the fear of refutation, that the history of all nations has not been that of long *progress*, but rather of *retrogression*.

What is called *progress*, as applied to the whole life of any people, is a baseless dream. It will do to flatter the imagination of the ignorant, but the profound student of history knows better. The splendid Scriptural parable of Adam's fall is really the history of man in all time. Against all the cavils of the infidel, it is true, as a mythical history of the experience of all nations. All the so-called "Reformers" of the world, have only been as a few flies, which were carried under by the very next turn of the wheel of time. The fuss and noise they each make in their turn is only like some angry, muddy stream after a shower—it bubbles and brows along for an hour or two, and then is heard no more. If we think of the number of mighty peoples who have flourished briefly and then gone out in weakness and shame, we shall sadly smile at all the baseless talk about the progress of man. Among intellectual races, one generation may improve upon the physical inventions of another; but these very inventions have at last undermined the moral life, and hastened them on to the gulf where all human greatness has ended, in one common catastrophe. Can we see ourselves? We are yet only in our youth, and yet if we continue to run back morally, politically, religiously, and intellectually, as we have been going on for the last ten years, where shall we be in fifty years? Dig up Sodom and Gomorrah, and we may see ourselves, as history will see us. What a political stream we are soon to be!—apples and onions, and horse-dung, all swimming together, upon one tide into a common gulf! And, as we are borne along, hear the loud lackwits shout *Progress!* While there sits the philosopher, over in his quiet watch-tower, translating the fire-cyphers of history and of destiny! He sees no progress in all the clatter of this "improved" machinery, which grinds the heart and brains of man between the mill-stones of avarice, despotism, and lust. He sees no progress in a state of society where such a mere rich booby as an A. T. Stewart, or such a military dolt as a General Grant, are the foremost sort of men of the times! What would a Socrates, a Cato, a Publius Cyrus, or even a Jesus of Nazareth do in the midst of such a people? Call you this an intellectual age—an age of progress—an

age where brains are in demand? No! The scoundrel who can sell most tape-and-bobbin—who can murder the greatest number of men in the shortest time, or who can easiest get a contract to cheat everybody—he is the great man of this "Age of Progress."

—James Wood Davidson, the Columbia correspondent of the Yorkville *Enquirer*, makes the following remarkable statement relative to the white and black races of South Carolina: "To-day there are 100,000 more negroes than whites in South Carolina. In ten years the two races will be equal in numbers. It is a notorious fact that the negro race does not increase as fast as the white, and we shall assume that this deficiency of increase by births is as three to four. Should this assumption appear excessive, we will throw in the greater immigration of whites. The mortuary report of 1868, in the city of Charleston, shows that out of a population of 40,000, equally divided between the two races, there were 1,208 deaths—380 whites and 818 negroes. That is, one white in every 51 dies per annum, and one negro in every 24, which is less than two per cent. of whites, and more than four per cent. of negroes, there being 20,000 of each in the city. Municipal regulations and public hospitals make the mortality of the negroes probably less in the city than it is in the country." Before the so-called emancipation of the negroes, there was no such frightful mortality of the race in the South. These statistics show that what is called "freedom" is simply murdering the negro. The religious bodies, therefore, who have lately employed so much time in public prayer for the negro, ought, we think, to pray to the Almighty without ceasing that He will put the poor darkey back where he was before the war, as the only possible means of preventing the cruel extermination of the race. The negroes are now a majority of 100,000 in South Carolina; but the way "freedom" is murdering him, the whites will be in a majority in less than ten years. What will Congress do then? Make a law to kill enough whites, perhaps, to preserve the negro majority.

—A lady from Louisville writes us this question: "Mr. Burr, can you tell us what General Grant meant when he said, 'let us

have peace?" He meant what the parrot does, when it says, "polly wants a cracker."

—An effort is being made by some theorists in England to prove that the Round Towers of Ireland do not antedate the Christian Era. What foolishness! Some years ago we spent several weeks investigating these remains, and we cannot conceive it possible for any intelligent man to locate their origin after the Christian Era. We positively know that the ancient Irish designated them *Bail-toir*, i. e., "the Tower of Baal, or the Sun," and the priest who attended them was called *Aoi Bailtoir*, i. e., Superintendent of Baal's Tower. These towers were certainly built by *Sun-worshippers*. And they were unquestionably of Phœnician origin, or, at least, they must have been built by those who had adopted the religion and architecture of that people. The attempt, therefore, to locate the date of these structures within the limits of the Christian Era is not worth the attention of scientific men. We could demonstrate its absurdity by a great many facts at our command, if it were deemed necessary.

—The *Monrel* papers are taking great pleasure in publishing the fact that the Emperor of Russia has written a letter expressing his "gratification at the success of the Union arms and the election of Gen. Grant to the Presidency." Well, we imagine that there is hardly a despot in the whole world who does not feel some satisfaction at the aspect of things in this country. The principles of the party represented by Grant ought to please the Czar of Russia, for they are quite in harmony with the kind of government he administers.

—A religious exchange says, perhaps boastingly, that "Milton was a Presbyterian." But respect for truth compels us to say that Milton's connection with the Puritans was owing more to a union of political views than to a similarity of religious belief. Milton's dislike of the Puritan clergy was always bitter and undisguised. And the Puritan preachers hated him thoroughly in return. When his *Treatise on Divorce* appeared, the Puritan ministers caused him to be summoned before Parliament, and one of them, preaching before Parliament, called the *Treatise* a

"wicked book which deserved to be burned." So disgusted indeed the great poet became with the high-handed deeds and notions of the Puritans, that he at last entirely absented himself from all public worship. He seems in his old age to have entirely renounced some of the most vital doctrines of the Puritans, for he stigmatized the terms of "Trinity," "Tri-unity," &c., as "scholastic notions." Besides, Milton was really a friend of liberty, what the Puritans never were. They were prodigiously devoted to having their own way, but were most cruel and implacable towards the way of everybody else. They were ever ready to hang and burn people who dared to differ from them; but the great Milton stands acquitted of all these abominations. His writings in defense of liberty are in advance of any works produced either in England or America at the present day.

—A German scientific work on Man as the Cotemporary of the Mammoth, translated by A. C. Alexander for the Smithsonian Institute, says: "We are forced to acknowledge that Man, as he stepped at first upon the earth, bore, in his instincts, his passions, and his wants, no small resemblance to the brute." Who or what forces us to make such an acknowledgment? We are not so forced. On the contrary, we affirm that in no part of nature or history do we find the least evidence that man ever resembled the brute more than he does now. On the contrary, the youth of mankind was its most innocent age. The fossil human remains, indicating a low organism, are no lower than the organism of the negro, hottentot or Australian of our day. No department of science yields the least evidence of anything like a progressive development of man from one species to another.

—In a Sunday school-book the children are told that "it is disrespectful to a father to call him *pap* instead of *papa*." But it happens that *pap* is the original word. In the Greek language it is *pappa*, in the Latin *pap*, or *papilla*, but it came into both of these languages from the more ancient Celtic, where it is *pap*. It arose from the fathers feeding their children with a food called *pap*. Among the ancient Greeks the same was called *tat*. Both in the Spanish and Portuguese it is *papa*, and in the Dutch

and Danish it is *pap*. But its original is the Celtic, which is the most ancient of all these languages. The children have therefore very ancient authority for calling their fathers "*pap*."

—Beecher justifies the custom of the "reformers" of various stripes wearing long hair, by saying, "it is a classical custom, for the ancient Athenians practiced it." O, sir, your learning is as bad as your politics. It was the Læcedæmonians who wore their hair long, floating down upon the shoulders, while the Athenians and other Grecians wore theirs short; and hence Plato, in a way of raillery, calls the Spartans *Spartio chaites*, i. e., "long-haired Spartans." The ancient Gauls seem to have imitated this custom, for the Romans called them *comati*, i. e., "hairy." But brother Beecher must not charge these things upon the Athenians. Our modern "reformers" resemble the Athenians just about as much as a Benen orang resembles one of the Patriarchs.

—Mr Grant (spare us the mortification of saying President Grant,) did actually make a speech at the Boston festival after all, and here it is complete: "It affords me great pleasure to visit the capital of the State which did so much for *my support*, and for the support of the Union."

—The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher preached a sermon at the military commencement at West Point, and Grant, with a great war-like parade, attended the "Peace Festival" at Boston. This is a novel example of the "right man in the right place"—a professed disciple of the "Prince of Peace" teaching the professors of the art of war, and a son of Mars the chief figure at a Peace Jubilee!

—Gen. Grant has a political organ in Richmond called the *State Journal*, which says: "Colleges have become great public nuisances." They must be so indeed to a party which proposes to base the political edifice of our country upon the intelligence of negroes.

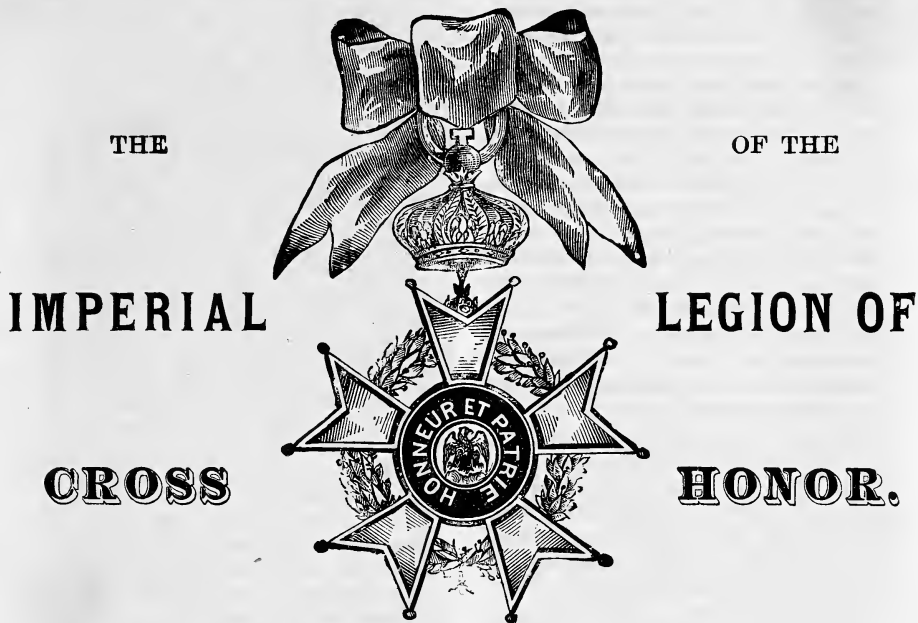
—The sudden death of Henry J. Raymond, editor of the *New York Times*, has produced a profound sensation, especially among the journalists of this city. Mr. Raymond was unquestionably one of the best journalists in this country. Though not a profound writer, he was a very ready

one, and possessed a remarkable gift for seizing the salient points of all questions which agitate the public mind. This gift is perhaps more important for a successful journalist than great ability. But we by no means undervalue Mr. Raymond's ability. He occupied several prominent and responsible posts, and he certainly acquitted himself, intellectually, with credit in all of them. But it is our habit to speak of men, dead or living, with strict justice and truth. We cannot, therefore, while we deeply deplore the sudden and untimely death of Mr. Raymond, refrain from expressing our sorrow that a man of his undoubted ability and great opportunities, should pass away, leaving so slight an impress of himself upon the public mind. On none of the great ideas, either good or bad, which now or in future will rule the destinies of this country, or which may perish, except as they pass eternally into history, has he left the least mark of his intellect. And the reason is, that he was not a man of *convictions*. That is, no truth ever took such hold of him as to burn in his heart and brain, and set him to grappling incessantly with the issues that concerned it. He regarded man and society simply as so much material to be used for the personal gratification, or advancement, of the journalist or the politician, and having thus used them, and now being done with them, they have done with him. He has connected his name with no event, and no idea which will last in the memory of the people. Many men, with far less talent than he possessed, have made a much more lasting mark, by working at, and adhering to, some principle, good or bad, which must be a part of the history of the country. Notwithstanding Mr. Raymond was a man of great mental activities, and played a conspicuous part in the political drift of his time, he has passed away like a shadow. His case is an illustration of how little even prominent journalists may have to do with the creation of public opinion, beyond the mere publicity of news. Thus, every life which is not fastened to some great and enduring idea, is, if we may say so, a failure. Kind friends may bolster its memory at the moment of its passing away, but it is only an artificial shadow thrown up for a single instant upon the wall of time. It vanishes like the winking of an eye.

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