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The Old Guard:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART,

AND THE

Political Principles of 1776 & 1860.

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THE OLD GUARD:

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

VOLUME VII.—SEPTEMBER, 1869.—No. IX.

THE CRIMES OF IMPERIALISM IN ROME.

IN the last number of *THE OLD GUARD* we gave a brief history of the fall of liberty in Rome, from the usurpation to the death of Cæsar. In this number we shall give a hasty sketch of the miseries of Rome under Imperialism. As everywhere else, the history of Roman Imperialism is a record of little else but crime, misery and oppression. The foundation of all Rome's greatness was laid by the Commonwealth, or the Republic. All its glories were extinguished by the Empire. That supineness of the popular mind which allowed Cæsar to lay his imperial designs, was followed by a popular weakness and irresolution which permitted him to chain the necks of the Roman people. True, there were a few brave and virtuous men left in Rome who heroically slew the usurper. But the noble

deed came too late to save the Republic. By killing Cæsar, the Republic gained nothing—they only made room for another Cæsar.

As soon as Octavius, the nephew of the assassinated emperor, heard the news, he hastened to Rome to revenge the death of his uncle. But his mother and relations dissuaded him from his rash design, and shrewdly counseled him to appear to approve of his uncle's death, since it met with the approbation of the Commonwealth, as by that means he might hope to succeed him in the Empire. Octavius was young, only eighteen years of age, and he enthusiastically followed this advice. He proved himself an apt scholar in the politician's art of hypocrisy. He began by declaring himself against Marc Antony, who was hated by the Commonwealth because he had been

beloved by Cæsar ; and thus he was immediately, by the advice of Cicero, created a Senator of Rome, and sent in the character of Vice-Prætor to attack Marc Antony, who had besieged Modena.

Thus the man who came to Rome for the purpose of murdering his uncle's assassins, was in a few weeks at the head of their army marching to destroy his uncle's friends.

He had, by his adroitness and hypocrisy, made himself the leader of the armies of the Republic, while he was in reality resolved to preserve the empire in his own person. His first act was to secretly procure the death of two of the bravest Generals of the Republic, Pansa and Irsius, as he feared that their virtue and courage might prove obstacles in the way of his continuing the empire, and succeeding Cæsar.

Pansa and Irsius were Consuls of Rome, and Octavius addressed the Senate, requesting to be appointed to the office made vacant by their death, for the remainder of the year. But the Senate and the Commonwealth, already suspecting his ambition, refused his demand. But by large presents he had so far wound himself into the hearts of the soldiers, that he boldly marched at their head towards *Rome*, and made himself Consul by force. When once a people, by permitting usurpation, grow familiar with its oppressions, they have lost their manhood and their courage, and then they easily sink to the condition of slaves. The moment Octavius saw that the populace did not rise up in arms against his usurpation, he felt that the courage of the populace would prove no obstacle to his finally wearing the crown of Cæsar. But there

were two powerful Generals in his way, Lepidus and Marc Antony, and he therefore drew them into a plan for dividing the Commonwealth into three divisions, to be ruled over by them, for the space of five years. Greece and Asia were to be under Marc Antony. Africa, under Lepidus ; and Italy, France, Spain, Germany, and Slavonia, under Octavius.

Thus three tyrants joined and parceled out the Roman Commonwealth between themselves, and formed that famous league known in history as the *Triumvirate*, which ruled Rome with such an iron hand. The curse of Rome was that she had such a powerful army, which was always an instrument of despotism in the hands of her tyrants.

This *Triumvirate* agreed that all the principal citizens of Rome who still adhered to the Commonwealth, and declared against their pretensions, should be imprisoned and put to death. Three hundred Senators, and a thousand of the Equestrian Order were immediately massacred, which filled all Rome with tears and blood.

This trinity of scoundrels furthermore agreed to assist in exterminating each other's enemies, which they bound themselves by solemn oath to do. In the execution of this last article, Marc Antony gave up his father's brother to the rage of Lepidus ; Lepidus abandoned his own brother to the revenge of Octavius ; and Octavius sacrificed Cicero, whom he used to call father, to the wrath of Marc Antony.

Thus every hope of the Commonwealth was crushed. The Republican armies of Brutus and Cassius were, it is true, yet formidable in

Greece ; but the combined forces of the tyrants soon overcame them, and annihilated the last chances of the Commonwealth. And soon Octavius, having marched against and vanquished Marc Antony, became master of all Rome. He came to the Capitol in triumph, and the people gave him the title of Augustus, a name bestowed formerly on the gods ; and he closed the Temple of *Janus* in token of profound tranquillity throughout the known world. It was the blind and besotted people of Rome who gave this title of the gods to the tyrant who had waded his way to the throne of Cæsar through an ocean of their own blood. He had murdered their senators and their sons. And yet so dead was the very sense of liberty in the hearts of this once free people that, like slaves, they kissed the hand that smote them.

But, having at last arrived at the Imperial dignity, Augustus had the sagacity to perceive that if he would escape the doom of Cæsar, he must grant the people, at least, liberty of speech. And this he did at first—almost to license. To such an extent did he allow freedom of speaking and writing, that when the most seditious things were spoken and written against him, he would not so much as give himself the trouble of asking the names of the offenders. He said : “Let us not punish *words*, but *deeds* only.” “Let man’s words,” said he, “be free.” He wrote to his step-son, “be not grieved that any one speaks ill of me—be satisfied of this, that no one can do evil against us.”

Tiberius, his successor, in his funeral eulogy on Augustus, gives him the praise of conceding free speech

in council. Even Livy’s praises of Pompey and his party—so great that Augustus used to call him the Pompeian—did not separate him from his friendship ; nor yet did his eulogies on Cæsar’s murderers. In Augustus’s hearing, Cremutus Cordus dared to call Cassius “*the last of the Romans.*”

From his friends he would bear the greatest liberties. When he was once giving away to the passion and tyranny which were natural to him, and was condemning several to death, Mecænus wrote on a slip of paper before his eyes, “Rise, hangman.” On a similar occasion the philosopher, Athenodorus, whispered in his ear : “Pronounce judgment against no one ’till thou hast repeated the twenty-four letters of the Alphabet.” Augustus sighed and said : “I have need of thee ; remain still longer by me.” Even caricatures and epigrams on some of the most delicate personal and domestic affairs of the monarch were unvisited with punishment. Augustus knew that none but a nation of slaves would long submit to have their freedom of speech restrained, from the fact that it is a point where the people most easily realize the loss of liberty. But at last, in his old age, Augustus began to show, in spite of his philosophy, the natural passions of his nature, and to place restrictions where he had before allowed the largest liberty. His study, evidently, had been to do all in his power to keep the people of Rome from remembering and sighing for their lost Republic. It was, however, under this emperor that occurred the first trial for high treason, in the year 10 of the Christian era, and just five years before

the great monarch's death, at the advanced age of seventy-five. The victim was Cassius Severus, the famous, but bitter and passionate orator, who, in the history of Roman eloquence, marks the turning point of the transition from the Republic to the Empire, and who was, in his speeches as well as his character, an image of sorrow and grief for the lost Republic. His speeches, far removed from all Ciceronic charm and polish, and, on the contrary, stormy, sharp, jagged, flashing, and forked, were the last flashes of freedom's lightning. He exhibited an inveterate hatred of the venal present, against which he struggled, restless as the wave of the sea, which breaks itself, and, broken, returns again to the fight.

This man, therefore, to whom existence without an open war, with all surrounding circumstances and persons, was an impossibility, had carried his attacks beyond the limits of the forum, and allowed his rage free course in pamphlets against both men and women of the highest standing in the new empire. Augustus, irritated beyond control of his passions, resolved upon the prosecution of the orator. The Senate, before whom, as the highest criminal Court of Justice in the infant Monarchy, the inquiry was conducted, sentenced the impeached to banishment in the Island of Crete, and ordered the destruction of all his writings. But notwithstanding all this, Severus did not rest in his banishment, and his terrible writings, in spite of all prohibitions, were still preserved and read hundreds of years afterwards. Suetonius made use of them in the reign of Adrian,

one hundred and twenty-five years afterwards.

This case of Cassius was the first instance of the punishment of high-treason. So the trial of Movatius, a plebeian, about this time, for a libel, was the first of the penalty of that kind. Still Augustus continued to avoid the extremes into which his successors fell, in restraining and punishing *treason* and *libels*. He drew a line between *freedom* and *licentiousness* of speech, and only used the rein when the libel concerned honor and fame. In this respect, also, he differed from the fierce tyrants by whom he was followed in the persons of Caligula, Nero, and Domitian, of whom it may well be said, that they ruled over slaves without truth, and hypocrites without submission. His immediate successor, Tiberius, his son-in-law, ascended the throne by committing the double crime of murder and usurpation. Agrippa was the rightful heir to the crown, if there can be such a thing as right where all is usurpation and wrong. Tiberius prevailed upon his mother Livia, to conceal the death of the Emperor, until he should have time to make way with Agrippa. This murder was accomplished so adroitly, that suspicion did not fasten upon himself.

The murder of Agrippa spread such terror among the unsuspecting Senators that they entreated Tiberius to accept the Empire, to prevent it from being usurped by some yet undiscovered tyrant, who had, as they supposed, for that purpose procured the murder of Agrippa. But Tiberius at first cunningly pretended to refuse the offer of the crown, in order that he might ap-

pear to the Roman people to wear a virtue which was destitute of ambition. It is one of the commonest and baldest tricks of tyrants, which was not worthy of the intellect of Tiberius. Let us dismiss it without further notice.

Like his predecessors, Tiberius was obliged to begin his reign with the largest professions of liberty of speech. Although the Romans, since the fall of the Republic, had become fearfully demoralized and dwarfed in the stature of their manhood, they had not yet fallen so low as to submit quietly to a restriction upon the freedom of speech and writing. Even her tyrants were compelled to yield that much to the popular will. "In a free State," said Tiberius, "speech and thought, word and feeling, must be free." He discouraged informations, and endured reproaches on his own conduct quietly, and said he would give account of his deeds, if complaints were brought against him, at the proper time. He let the wits amuse themselves with the coarsest lampoons upon his personal affairs. Even the *punsters*, for there were, alas! punsters in those days, might freely crack their jokes at him. In allusion to Tiberius's love of the bottle, one of them called him *Biberius*. But all this moderation was but the mask of absolutism. He was a hypocrite, and used all these glorious promises as an art and a disguise, by which he could more effectually secure his arbitrary powers. As early as the second year of his reign, he began to show his guilty hand of power by the restoration of the law of treason, which he had himself abolished in order to fasten himself more firmly in the

seat of the Empire. He was terribly goaded by the numerous lampoons circulated from mouth to mouth on himself, his pride, cruelty, and quarrels with his mother.

His manner of restoring the law of treason was by a consummate trick. He commanded the Prætor, Pomperius Macer, to ask him in public whether the law of treason was to be put in force, and the Prince was to reply, "the laws must be executed." But as soon as the law was thus held up before the eyes of all the people, he hypocritically contrived to have it appear that he himself was averse to its fulfillment, and so he actually himself acquitted the three first persons who were accused, in order to have it appear to the people of Rome that he was still for liberty. But this was only the exhibition of devils chained—the next year the people were to see the devils loose; and men were prosecuted for acts which had been committed years before, which were now discovered to have been all this time eating into the welfare of the State. Thenceforth remarks reflecting on the words or actions of Tiberius brought certain destruction. Often was an innocent word perverted and tortured into an offense, and every offense was punished with death, even if it only constituted a few harmless words. The poet Saturninus, for writing a few satirical lines on Tiberius, was condemned by the corrupted Senate, and thrown from the top of the Tarpeian rock. Prompted by certain Senators, and other lords of the Court, a slave assumed the name of Agrippa Posthumus, the name of the rightful heir to Augustus's throne, who had been murdered by

Tiberius. Tiberius ordered him to be sent for, and asked him how he came to be Agrippa. "Just," answered the slave, "as you came to be Emperor." The enraged Tiberius caused him to be murdered and his body conveyed secretly away, but did not venture to prosecute his accomplices. But it was not always without a last word for liberty, and a last blow for the tyrant, that the free-speaking men of that reign were silenced.

Tacitus gives the defense of Cordus, who was arraigned for the crime of having called Cassius "the last of the Romans," who, knowing that he must die, determined to open his heart before his execution. Beneath the beetling brow of Tiberius he recounted the freedom with which Cicero praised Cato, with which Livy eulogized Brutus and Cassius, and with which *Bibaculus* and Catullus published their satires on the Cæsars; and, as he went out of the Senate to put an end to his doomed life, he flung upon the tyrant these last words: "Though condemnation be pronounced against me, there will not be wanting those who will call to mind not only the memory of Brutus and Cassius, but *mine*."

Was it to be wondered at, as Tacitus and Seneca say, that the free great spirits died, and literature and taste fell into decay in Rome? Was it to be wondered at that in the mouth of the historians the voice of truth was dumb, and its place taken by the cowardly bombast of adulation? The mean monarch even went so far as to fabricate ridiculous speeches in praise of himself, and attributed them to persons who had never uttered them. But, notwith-

standing his convulsive efforts to punish and to restrain, the veracious libels of his subjects continued—oozing out even from the dungeons of the prisons—flung by unknown hands into the orchestra and benches of the theatres, and often in the posthumous freedom of a man's last will and testament, as in the case of *Fulcinus Trio*, whose soul, in contemplation of death, relieved itself by bequeathing to Tiberius his eternal hatred and scorn.

The tyrant was at last murdered by Caligula, whom he had nominated his successor; and, notwithstanding the horrible crimes at last committed by Caligula, he began his reign with a most seeming honest determination to avoid the excesses which had made the name of Tiberius so odious to the Roman people. He at once removed those restrictions upon the freedom of speaking and writing, which had so galled and irritated all the free and thoughtful minds in the preceding reign. He allowed even the burned and prohibited works of Cassius Severus, Titus, Cordus, and others, to be put in circulation again. All facts, he said, should be freely given to posterity, and the veil lifted up under which government had attempted to conceal its designs. He declared that, unless this were done, all history would become untrustworthy. Writers, said he, will be guided wholly by fear, friendship, or hatred in their works, and there would be a constant suspicion that everything was done, or left undone, at the command of the government. And thus *Rome*, by imagining that she was again to have full enjoyment of her liberty, gave herself into the hands of the new Emperor.

But the same dark cloud which had descended, after similar fair sunshine on his predecessors, fell on him. This strange fatality, common to all the tyrants, took with Caligula the unintelligible form of caprice. So sudden was the change that the people believed a report that his wife, *Cesonia*, fearing that she might one day be divorced as several of her predecessors had been, gave him a love potion, which was so violent that it turned his senses.

But, at any rate, no sooner did he feel himself firm in the seat of his power than he began to practice unimagined cruelties. Even those who spoke slightly of his play-fights were branded, sent to the mines, or exposed to the wild beasts. One of those subjected to the latter punishments cried out in the midst of the horrid arena that he was innocent, and Caligula ordered his tongue to be cut out. He had an established quarrel with all the laudatory inscriptions on the public monuments of Rome, and he extended it to the works of Homer, Livy, and Virgil. Virgil, he said, had written without learning or talent, and Livy had too many words. Therefore, he ordered that their works should be destroyed. There was danger of all learning and science becoming extinct, when death to the madman came to give life to the world.

He and his wife and an infant daughter were assassinated by Cherea, a tribune of the Prætorian guard, assisted by many others who mercifully freed Rome of such a monster.

On the death of this tyrant an effort was made to restore the Republic and liberty. The Senators headed a great number of cohorts,

or trained bands of the city, and took possession of the capitol. Claudius, Caligula's uncle, concealed himself in a closet in the Imperial palace to avoid being exposed to the first rage of this tumult and disorder. But being discovered by a Prætorian soldier, he immediately cried out, "*here is the Emperor!*" He was joined by several others, who espoused his cause until the clamor for Claudius became so general that the Senate were obliged to yield and accept him as Emperor. Thus the senseless people again destroyed the last hope of the commonwealth, and fastened the reign of tyranny upon their own pliant necks.

Claudius was the very senselessness or *naivete* of absolutism. Not bad in himself, he was yet not good enough to hold unlimited power. He was either innocence or stupidity. His virtues were no merits, and his sins no crimes. He ruled without system, or, without system, others ruled him. He invited people to dinner, and was surprised they did not come, whom he had executed the day before.

In the midst of his allowance of much freedom of speech, and utter indifference to many jokes on himself and his stupidity, he caused the advocate, Julius Gallicus, to be thrown into the Tiber while he was openly pleading according to his duty. This cruelty had a more serious effect on the course of justice than the random Emperor intended. When a client of the drowned Gallicus came to another advocate, asking him to plead his cause before the tribunal of Claudius, the witty reply was, "Who told you that I could swim better than Gallicus?"

Claudius being informed that several of his *freed slaves* were men of great *learning* and *talents*, raised them to places of the highest dignity in the empire, and reposed in them the greatest secrets of the government. But these persons, changing their *morals* with their *fortune*, began to sell justice and to tyrannize over the poor and innocent. They also formed a conspiracy against the Emperor, and brought his wife, Messalina, a woman of unbounded vices, into their measures by encouraging all her irregularities. The wretched Emperor was finally poisoned by a second wife, *Julia Agrippina*, to make way for her son, by a first marriage, *Nero*.

Like the rest, Nero began his reign well—with a most seeming toleration and love of liberty. In his opening speech to the Senate, he refused to take upon himself the office of Supreme Judge. Judgment, said he, should be according to law, and he would have no private trials and no venal awards. While fastening himself in power, he was the very model of a humane, wise, and tolerant prince. He affected to have a heart as tender and as full of sweet charity as a woman's. One day when he was called upon to sign a death-warrant, he let the pen drop from his hand, and exclaimed, "*Would to God I had never learned to write!*"

And yet this was the monster who afterwards put his own mother to death, murdered two wives—one, the beautiful and virtuous Octavia—ordered his preceptor, Seneca, to be executed, and finally set Rome on fire, and fiddled and danced by the light of the consuming temples. It was Nero who put Peter and Paul

to death for preaching the Christian religion. Like his predecessors in tyranny, he came to a violent death; and his career had brought such a scandal upon the name of monarchy that the Senate made another effort to restore the republic. But, in vain! There was the army, with another of its generals for Emperor, and the Senate and the friends of the commonwealth were forced to yield. *Forced*, not by the power of controversy and argument, but by the power of the sword.

And thus Rome continued for three hundred years—the republic in vain struggling to get back into being again, and all the time crushed beneath the iron heel of a military despotism. Before the nation finally sunk to eternal ruin it was ruled over by forty-three Emperors, thirty-three of whom died by the hand of violence.

It has always been a mystery how the Republic of Rome could have merged so rapidly and so hopelessly into the empire. How did its slavish and prostrate submission to these intolerable scoundrels become possible? We can understand the acquiescence in Cæsar's will from the state of parties, and from the greatness and power of command. The continuation of this in Augustus is also intelligible from prestige, from his own skill, and from the irresistible desire for peace and rest. But how was it that the dark and cruel selfishness of the cruel Tiberius did not arouse an indignant people? How was it that the enthronement of stupidity, in the person of Claudius, did not raise a blush of intolerable shame on the empire? How was it that Domitian, Caligula, and the singing,

dancing, profligate mimist, Nero, did not sting the people to universal fury?

Surely the idea of a dictatorship must have been a fatal thing in the republicanism of Rome, and must have habituated men's minds to the vision of despotism, vindicated on some such fallacious ground as expediency or necessity. That was, indeed, the plea of every intolerable tyrant of Rome—"necessity."

What a delusion! Admit a dictator for a year—admit him for a day—nay, admit him but to drive a nail in the capitol, and you have conceded the principle, and then the whole matter between the empire and the republic is simply an affair of time and occasion. Consign the liberties of the people to one man for an hour, and why not for a year?—for a year, and why not for life?

The Emperor on the field of battle also familiarized the Roman mind to despotism. The victorious general at the head of his troops is practically an absolute monarch. The

way of tyranny, the world over, has been to make a supreme military control of a large army in the field the subjugation of the civil power. The slavish spirit of the camp imperceptibly steals over the mind of the State, until the natural courage and manliness of a nation perish. Now we have no heart to make an application of these few sad details of *imperializing* the free Commonwealth of Rome to the present condition of our own country. We will only say that all of Cæsar's usurpations which resulted in the final ruin of the republic were really light offences compared with the late usurpations of the Congress of the United States. If Cæsar deserved a Brutus, how can reason and patriotism deny that the usurpers of Congress also deserve a dagger as brave and as unerring? Does the question freeze with horror the blood of the reader? So also do the usurpation and despotism of Congress set the heart and brain of the writer on fire with amazement and despair.

“JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER.”

Just before the battle, mother,
Johnny felt unwell;
What was ailing, Johnny, mother,
Johnny couldn't tell.
Johnny ran away, mother,
Braving captain's ire:
Johnny can't abide, mother,
Hearing cannons fire.

Johnny came to me, mother,
Wasn't Johnny right?
Tea with me was nicer, mother,
Than a horrid fight.
Let me marry Johnny, mother,
And we'll bless the day,
When just before the battle, mother,
Johnny ran away.

THE THREE WISHES.

[FROM THE POLISH OF K. SIENIEWICK.]

“Gdybym rodziców kochanych,” &c.

Could I o'er my mother's brow,
From my father's aged head,
See the white locks hanging now,
They by toil unwearied,
Happy—happy should I be !

Could the one beloved by me,
Gentle wife and mother blest,
Ever, still more tenderly
Gazing, henceforth be possessed,
Happier—happier should I be !

Could that wild prophetic dream,
Vanishing so oft, deplored,
More like truth than fancy seem,
Could my country be restored,
Happiest—happiest should I be !

G. H. H.

—:o:—

I O N E.

The sunlight has kissed her beautiful hair ;
It has tinted her cheek with a tint so rare,
That I envy the sunlight playing there
With her : lone.

I have watched her fondly at romping play,
At the hour when night folds up the day,
With its works and its deeds recorded for aye—
Watched her : Ione.

And watching her there to my heart came the light
Of untold joy ; of a hope so bright ;
That I've waited the going of time that I might
Say I loved Ione.

When the child is conquered by the conqueror, Time,
To the woman I'll tell these whispers of rhyme,
And the heart now so young will be all, all mine
Then, Ione.

JAMES H. LAMBERT.

THE CUB OF THE PANTHER;

A MOUNTAIN LEGEND.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS, ESQ.*

BOOK THIRD.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CUB OF THE PANTHER.

It must not be supposed that, in the midst of the terrible excitements of the scenes we have witnessed, the family had been so engrossed with the dying mother as to be forgetful of the living child.

Fortunately, Mattie Fuller, with a newly born child herself, had an abundance of milk; and the babe of Rose Carter was duly put to the bosom of another mother.

Though supposed to be prematurely born, because so small, the infant of Rose was vigorous, and sought his nourishment with appetite if not with greed.

In the first and pressing troubles and anxieties about his mother, the two women had not particularly observed the child. They only knew that he was seemingly strong and healthy. But, it had not wholly escaped the notice of Goody Waters,

as she washed the infant, that he had a large and curious mark in the very centre of his forehead. She mumbled her own comments over it, at the time; but, called away to the dying woman, whose case absorbed the attention of all, she had really forgotten the circumstance, until reminded of it by an exclamation of Mattie Fuller, when she brought the child to her to nurse. Not till then had Mattie noticed the mark. She now exclaimed:

“Bless me, Goody Waters, what a mark is this! and right in the very middle of his forehead! It is a positive disfigurement to the poor child. It is a mark for life.”

“Yes; I seed it afore, when I was awashing it. It’s a horrid big mark, and of sich a horrid colour. Now, the child’s naterally dark. You see he’s got the yellow gum. But this is blacker by far; a sort of reddish-brown, and it kivirs the whole front—kivirs the face over both the

* 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.

eyes; and it's so queer of shape. What kin it be?"

And the old woman wondered, and the young woman wondered, and their dialogue on the subject led to a long chapter of experiences from the former.

"I've seed many a mark upon a baby, but never one like this. And in sich a place, too—right on the forehead. I've seed the mark of a strawberry on a child's cheek; the mother, you see, longed for strawberries when they worn't in season, and she couldn't get none. Now, you knows that ef, when the mother is alonging, you kin get the thing she longs for, in right time, she won't mark the child. Well, I once seed the baby of a woman from about the Galts, and he was marked with a long, yellow-brownish fruit, they called a banyanna. And I seed another marked with *wine*, as the doctor considered it; but, you see, none of them was ever marked like this on the very forehead of the baby. They was all, except the one with the strawberry on the cheek, marked on the arm or the shoulder. I've seed three upon the shoulders, and one low down on the arm, and one upon the thigh, and—yes, there was Jane Cotter's baby, that had a mark, nobody could tell what it was, and the mother couldn't remember, on the buzzom, and 'twas jist for all the world like a cabbage in the head. But this hyer mark beats me all hollow. Ef I hed a notion at all, I would say 'twas some beast or varmint, and like nothing that was eat-able."

"Jimini!" cried Mattie Fuller, suddenly enlightened, "and a beast it is. Why, look you, Goody Waters, it is the very CUB OF A PANTHER!"

"An' so it is! Oh! Lord! Oh! Lord! Only to think!"

"You see," continued Mattie, "it's the very tawny color of the Panther."

"So it is."

"And hyer, you see is the long body like a cat. And hyer's the tail—and you see the lectle legs just below. And, oh! my God! it looks as ef it satsquat upon its haunches, jest ready to bounce and devour! The Lord have mercy upon us! Thar's no seeing into the insights of Providence."

"It's a most wonderful! Lord! only to think how that poor gal must hev suffered, seeing the beast so nigh, and considerin' well, how 'twas a beast that never show'd no marcy, but jist tore and slashed and devoured."

"And to think, Goody, that I should be suckling the *Cub of a Panther!* Oh! take away the beast! I shall be afeared, some night, that he'll get up in the night and devour my dear little Mike Baynam Faller."

"Never you be afeared, Mattie Fuller! It's only a mark, you know; and the poor little innocent baby hes got no harm in him to do the sort of thing that a raal genooine painter is born to do. It's only a mark!"

"But the same thing that gives him the mark, Goody Waters, kin give him the nater too."

"It's the skear of the poor mother that gin him the mark; and all the skear in the world kin never give a human baby the *nater* of the beast."

"But it's so dreadful, Goody, I'll never be able to put the poor brat to my buzzom without thinking I sees a painter watching at the door,

and ready to spring out upon me! It's dreadful to think on! That I should suckle, one minute, my own beautiful Michael Baynam Fuller, and, in the very next minute, hev to put to the other breast a "CUB OF THE PANTHER; for, talk of it as you please, the child of Rose Carter wi.l always be a 'CUB OF THE PANTHER' in my sight!"

CHAPTER XIV.

CATASTROPHE AT ROSEDALE.

The two good ladies at Rosedale Cottage, meanwhile continued, after their ancient amiable fashion, to keep life from stagnation, carrying on the habitual game of tit for tat; Mrs. Fairleigh being always elegant in her sphere, and Aunt Betsey antagonistically vulgar.

Little did they dream, that snowy morning, as they beheld the fleecy white mantle covering all the ground, for whom that mantle had formed the death shroud of the preceding night! Little, in the domestic strife which seldom knew cessation between them, did they dream, that, while they squabbled about the *fortune* of the fair daughter, so equally precious to them both, the Fates had interposed, with their iron will, and were weaving her melancholy doom. At the very moment when the poor girl was passing out of the world, her poor mother was fondly calculating upon her triumphant entrance into, and progress through it! Her head was full of conjectured successes, splendid displays in society, and an astonishing distinction by marriage. Alas! alas!

"It's been over two weeks," said Aunt Betsey, interrupting the oriental fancies of Mrs. Carter, "sence

Rose has been hyar to see us; and now, with this heavy fall of snow, that's keeping on to fall as ef it would never stop, I reckon she kain't come for another week."

"How often, Betsey Moore, shall I have to rebuke you for your want of exactitude in respect to dates, numbers and weeks. It is scarcely thirteen days since Rose has been here last."

"Well, sure, it's a monstrous great difference twixt thirteen days and fourteen, Jane Carter! You will always be disputing about nothing and nobody!"

"Doubtless, Betsey, when you are the subject."

"Oh! yes! Wouldn't be you, ef you couldn't fling some dirt in your sister's face! I onderstand you! But, ef it is only thirteen instead of fourteen days, I think that a mighty long time to keep the gal from visiting her kinfolk."

"And who keeps her, do you think?"

"Why the grand old woman that you think so much of! She's a sort of queen to your notion. She ain't to mine. She used to let Rose come once every week—and, more than that, she used to come with her, 'most every time; and now she hain't been onst sence she's got back from her traveling. But her not coming, is no good reason for Rose not coming. *She* ought to come, as any good da'ter would, ef only to see that her mammy and aunty waur lively and good-looking. She's got no excuse, Jane Carter."

"Rose needs no excuse, Betsey Moore. I have no doubt there are good reasons for her failure the last week. I take for granted that Fairleigh Lodge is now crowded with vi.

sitors, all of the best society, who have gone thither to pay their respects to Mrs. Fairleigh, and congratulate her on her safe return to her friends and neighbors."

"Well, if they had wanted to do that, they wan't in any great hurry about it; for the old woman has been home now a matter gwine on two months, quite."

"Seven weeks and three days only, Betsey Moore, as you will see by looking at the almanac. I marked the day of her return. Your arithmetic is not the smallest part of your education which has been neglected."

"Oh, deuse take the arithmetic."

"It is melancholy, Betsey Moore, to think how little reverence you have for sacred things. It is only recently that I had to rebuke you for your disrespectful mention of the Revelations of St. John: and, but yesterday, you spoke impertinently of the Maccabees of Holy Scripture."

"Impertinently, indeed! I jest said, what I did think then, and do think now, that the Jews had never any kind of bees, whether you call them macky or cracky, hafe so good as our own; or made sich fine honey as our'n; for when did you ever hyer of Buncombe bees making their hive in the carcass of a rotten buffalo? I'm sure, none of our people would ever eat of the coming out of such a hive!"

"Was ever such a foolish tongue? It was a lion, not a buffalo, Betsey Moore, in whose body Samson found the hive. The Jews knew nothing of the buffalo. The buffalo is a beast totally unknown in the Holy Land. They had camels and asses in that country, Betsey Moore, and a

variety of other animals. But, why waste instruction upon you? You are incorrigible."

"Comeageable! Well, I reckon I'm not afraid of *your* tongue, though you uses it for anything but grace and blessing. I reckon of the Holy Land had not buffalos, 'twas bekaise they couldn't grow grass enough thar for sich big feeders. I've hearn something about that country; and Jim Smithers once told me in your own hearing, that he haired a great traveler onst say that he wouldn't give a picayune for a thousand acres of it, 'twas so wretched poor; and that, I reckon, is one reason why the Jews crossed and quit, and come over to our country. I heer of their getting thicker and thicker in the mountains every year."

"What miserable absurdity! It amounts almost to insanity."

"Wall, confound the Jews and the bees, and the buffalos, altogether. That's not what we waur talking about. I say, and say agin, that whether it's the fault of the old woman, or the young one, Rose Carter ought to have bin hyer last week to see us, and now with sich a snow storm, thar's no knowing when she kin get hyar."

"She's well enough off where she is, Betsey Moore. She is, no doubt, the centre of an admiring circle; the cynosure of fashion; and the observed of all observers; the admired of all admirers, and makes a conquest with every glance."

"I've hearn of hunters having made many a good shot without hitting the buck, Jane Carter; and so far as I kin see and hyer, I'm mighty jubbious that Rose Carter's aim ain't quite so sartin to hit, though she

shoots all day at the mark. One thing, too, I'll say to you agin, Jane Carter, them fashionable people will kill the poor child with their balls and dancings, all night, and their pic-nicks all day, day arter day. She's looking mighty bad ever sence she got home."

"I don't know where your eyes are, Betsey Moore. To mine, Rose Carter looks better than I ever saw her. She is now fleshy, has grown absolutely stout, from being formerly somewhat too slender for her weight."

"Ah! but that fat mayn't be a healthy fat a'ter all, Jane Carter. I jedges by the eyes and by the skin; but in perticklar by the sort o' sperit the pusson has. Now, Rose hain't got the old fine eye-bright she used to hev, and her skin don't look so clear; and there ain't a good color on her cheeks; and she don't laugh brisk and lively, like a bird on the wing; and she don't get out a quick answer to what you say, as she used to do when she was a gal *with us*, and mixing with plain people like the Baynams and the Fullers, and the Blantons, and the Fitches, and the Scrymgeours, and the—"

"Spare me the catalogue, Betsey Moore. - It is my eternal regret that we should ever have been so reduced, in our souls as well as our means, as to suffer a daughter of mine to consort with this class of people."

"Oh! Jupiter and fiddlesticks! How we mounts and flies, like the wing of a turkey buzzard."

"As for the unfavorable signs which you behold in Rose, and which I do not myself discern—at least not in any degree to make *me* ap-

prehensive—they are naturally due to the superior responsibilities and exactions of her present superior mode of life. All distinctions, Betsey Moore, imply certain penalties; and those of fine society are to be found in its very pleasures. The elegant dissipation of such a life, the *rout*, the ball, and the assembly, involve the idea of late hours, and these, in some measure, will tell upon the cheeks. But the very pallor which follows these so-called dissipations, is perhaps in proof of the superior elegance of the society in which she now moves. In brief, Betsey Moore, she has lost that vulgar coarseness of color, that excess of mere animal vigor, which is vulgarly supposed to be a sign of health, and which made her a hoyden. Her refinements grow in degree with the lessening of those rustic characteristics which she imbibed with such people as the Baynams and the Blantons, and the Fullers and the Fitches. Rose will every day more and more prove her fitness for fine society, by shaking off those peculiarities and appearances which, according to your taste, are so becoming. It is with increased pleasure, Betsey Moore, that I observe, in her letters and her conversation, that she has freed herself from that coarse, slang language, and evil pronunciation, which, I regret to say, she has derived as much from you as from any other source. Alas! that a sister of mine should have proved so incorrigible, both to education and example."

"Comeageable agin, Jane. You must be getting hard-pushed for big words, I'm a thinking, when you hev to say the same thing twice over. As for the difference twixt us two in

the matter of edication, and that sort of thing, I kin agree with you 'bout the difference; and it's a question how it came to happen. Now as it so happens that you went to a famous female college, while I did the dirty work at home, I reckon, some day, when you was a-sleeping—for ef ever you had one vartue more than another, 'twas downright laziness, and laziness always with a good appetite. Well, as I say, some day when you was a-sleeping, with your mouth wide open, some one of the gals must hev flung the dictionary book down your throat, and so it comes easy to you to cast up the big words whenever your stomach's actyve. But big words aint *ideas*, Jane Carter, by a long shot; and ef I've got the *ideas* in *my* head, I don't keer how many big words you kin heave up out of your stomach."

"Oh! how very shocking. How monstrous! But, my poor sister, I forgive your infirmities, and I will patiently endure your vulgarities; assured, as I am, that my daughter is now moving in a sphere where her mind cannot be corrupted; so that the noble gentleman upon whom she confers her hand, will have no reason to be ashamed—nay, will feel himself elevated—by the grace and dignity with which she will preside at the table, and the oriental elegance with which she will grace the parlor and the ball-room, as the acknowledged sultana of the scene."

"Lord save us and be marcful! You're getting worse than ever, Jane Carter. Your head's fair turned about that poor gal; and, as God's my Jedge, ef I was now called up before a Jedge and Jury to answer the question, I'd say, up and down, I couldn't help saying it, 'my poor

sister's *cracked!* She's got a fan-tidget behind her ears that's eating up all her senses.'"

"Cracked! This vulgarity is ingrained! It is ineradicable. It is a curse from nature. Go! leave me, Betsey Moore. I shall make no further efforts to reform your speech or correct your manners."

"Well, I'm willing enough, for I'm quite tired, Jane Carter; and I've got to see to that dinner which you're always willing enough to eat, though you sometimes turn up your nose and say that eating is very vulgar."

"Go, Betsey Moore, go, if you please; but first give me some of my drops. You have quite exhausted me! my drops! some cologne! a fan! ah!"

And she sank back with an effort at elegant languishment, upon her *fauteuil*, not exactly in a faint, but with a graceful tendency in that direction. Under good training of the green room, and with more energy of character, Mrs. Jane Carter might have personated Lady Lydia Languish, and improved upon the original.

Betsey Moore, rough satirist as she was, unconsciously, was yet a dutiful sister in attendance. She never forgot the claims of kindred, and bore with the silly humors of her sister even to her own frequent surprise.

"Ef 'twas any other woman, I'd be cussed ef she mightn't go to the —— her own way, and I'd never try to stop her! But she's my older and my only sister!"

And she handed the fan and the cologne as required, and administered the requisite number of drops.

But, even as the widow sank and

languished, there was a noise at the door without—an absolute outcry for

“Miss Betsey! Miss Betsey Moore.”

The voice was that of Sam Fuller; but so much raised above its usual modest and reserved pitch, from excitement, that Mrs. Carter exclaimed—partially recovering—she had swallowed the drops :

“What monster is that? See to it, Betsey Moore. My poor nerves. See and quiet the brutal creature.”

Aunt Betsey proceeded to the door and encountered Sam Fuller.

“Well, Sam,” began the good old lady, cordially, “how’s Mattie and the baby, and—”

‘Here something in the countenance of Sam silenced her speech.

“What’s it, Sam; what’s happened. You look—”

“Jist you step out here; out of the old lady’s hearing,” said Sam, as he led the way to the opposite end of the piazza.

There was an interval of a few moments, when Mrs. Carter heard nothing. But the silence was suddenly and sharply broken by a piercing shriek from Aunt Betsey, who, in another moment, burst headlong into the hall, her eyes wild and staring, her hands clasped, wrung, and stretched out alternately, while her whole face was filled with consternation and horror. Her excitement was too great for any pause in her revelations, and before Mrs. Carter could get out the words :

“What can be the matter with you, Betsey Moore?” the other shrieked out—

“Oh! Jane Carter, Jane Carter, it’s the worst business—Rose has got a baby.”

“A what, woman?”

“A baby! She’s a mother, Laud hev marcy on us! She’s a mother, and she aint no wife. Oh, Laud! oh, Laud! The shame and the misery.”

“You infamous woman, what is it that you mean?”

“Sam will tell you all. Rose Carter’s got a baby. She’s at Sam Fuller’s—she’s laid in—she’s—oh! the Lord deliver us! It’s too awful to think upon!”

“Is the woman mad?”

“I’m a’most willing to be mad, Jane Carter. But you ax Sam Fuller. Rose has got a baby—all in the snow—and she’s froze up—and she’s got to Mattie Fuller’s—Laud knows how—the old Hag must ha’ driv’ her out—sich a night—and thar was the horrid painther a’ter her all the night, until Mike Baynam killed it; and then the baby came—Rose’s baby—what’s got no father. Laud ha’ marcy on us!—to be a mother and hev no husband!”

“What horrid nonsense are you telling me, Betsey Moore, you and that vulgar fellow? Send him hence! He is slandering my poor child over the whole country! Tell me nothing more.”

“But I kain’t help it, ma’am,” said Sam, desperately, “I’m sent to tell you. Your da’ter’s at our house; and she’s had the baby this very morning; and—”

“We must go to her, Jane Carter. Don’t be gitting into any of your fool tantrums now. I’m afeard it’s all true, and wuss than true. Mike Baynam and Mattie Fuller ain’t gwine to send me any word of lie. The poor gal’s been tempted and overkim. The weakness of the flesh! She’s got a baby—oh, Laud! She’s a mother without being a wife!”

"Infamous slanderer! Vile blasphe-mer! You, Betsey Moore, to utter, and repeat, and believe, the monstrous scandals of that vulgar fellow. They all hate my child, because of her superiority. I know that class of people. Envy of the noble is the ailment their souls delight in. I will not hear. I will not listen. Send him hence."

"You'll hev to hear, ma'am; you'll hev to listen, Mrs. Carter," said Sam, "though I'm sorry to hev to tell you. I didn't want to come and tell you bad news, but Mattie fair driv me off. It's all true, sure as Gospel. Your da'ter, was picked up out of the snow heap this very morning. Mike killed the painther that was a'ter her; and we picked her up, and hairdly had we got her to the house when she had the baby, and a smart chance of a boy it is. You must come to her ma'm, soon as you kin, for she's a-dying."

"Liar, begone!" cried the old lady, rising and staggering forward from her easy chair, with arms outstretched towards the speaker. Her limbs trembling; her eyes starting from their sockets; her cheeks inflamed to more than purple redness; even Aunt Betsey was appalled by her aspect, so unusual.

"Don't, Jane," she cried, "don't be foolish. Hear to Sam Fuller. He wouldn't tell you a lie."

"Not for the world, ma'am."

"He tells you Rose is a-dying."

"He lies! he lies! he lies."

Then Sam Fuller, straightening himself up stiffly, said solemnly:

"Mrs. Carter, Rose is dead!"

At the words, with a terrible shriek, Mrs. Carter staggered towards him, with hands and arms still outstretched, like those of a

harry, as if to rend, when she suddenly fell forward prone on her face; incontinently falling, without seeming will or effort to resist; she fell, "even as the dead body helplessly falls low."

They rushed to help her up, and reseated her in her chair, while Aunt Betsey ran to get the drops and the cologne. The latter she applied to her face. The drops she would have poured into her mouth, but the teeth were closed. Meanwhile, Sam Fuller felt her pulse and said:

"It's no use, Aunt Betsey; she's gone!"

"What! Dead!"

"Dead, ma'am."

"The Lawd be marciful! mother and daughter! It's my turn next."

Mrs. Carter died of disease of the heart, according to the opinion of the physician, who had warned her that any great and violent excitement would probably be fatal. Some of the languishings of the poor lady, which her sister thought to be only so many fine airs, were due, no doubt, to this secret malady.

Mother and daughter were buried on the same day, in the same grave.

But the "CUB OF THE PANTHER" flourished at the bosom of Mattie Fuller.

BOOK IV.—CHAPTER I.

TWELVE YEARS OF THE LIFE OF "THE CUB."

AND Rose and her mother, with all their poor little vanities, and wild, social aspirations, having paid the fearful penalty for their indulgence, slept together in the same grave. Life's fitful fevers were over; the sunshine could no more beguile and betray; nor could the storm

a fright or overthrow! They were at rest.

It was, for that rustic and sparsely-settled country, a great gathering at the funeral. The cruel and picturesque narrative of Rose Carter's fate—the, for so long a season, the *belle* of the mountains, the very flower of the forest,—had obtained wide circulation in a very short space of time; and the sympathizing came from all quarters, far and near, to be present at the melancholy funeral.

The people were mostly the humbler sort of mountaineers, the professional hunters and their families; small farmers, burrowing in little hollows or along the slopes of the mountains; all curious; all eager to hear; all, in some degree, sympathizing; and all more or less affected by the mournful history.

Great was the indignation of many. The truth could not wholly be suppressed; and, though it was long after, before many of the details which we have given were generally known, yet conjecture supplied the place of fact, and was not very wide of the truth. Things were put together plausibly; and the odium in which Mrs. Fairleigh dwelt, in consequence, was at length felt by that stately lady.

It is true that this odium was, at first, confined mostly to classes in which the social circle of Mrs. Fairleigh took but little heed;—but the effects extended somewhat beyond it, and even among her aristocratic equals she discovered, in process of time, a coldness, and reluctance at intimacy, which were equally new and humiliating in her experience. Her abode was no longer the popular centre for fashionable reunions; and, in the absence of her son in

Europe, the good lady began to feel that wealth can not always command influence, or even deference, or supply the want of virtuous human sympathies. The little intercourse which she had suffered to exist between herself and the mountaineers who brought her game, was suddenly ruptured.

This class of people, of large self-esteem, in spite of poverty, resented her stately airs of consequence, especially now, when they had such good grounds for indignation. They no longer appeared at her doors, cap in hand, with a fine buck, or a fat gobbler for sale. They could find customers enough elsewhere; and, gradually, she began to discover that their resentments were taking an active turn for her annoyance. Her cattle were slaughtered among the hills. Her park fences were broken down, and rude replies, and wicked comments, were audibly uttered, in her own hearing, by persons of a class whom she had always hitherto despised. On one occasion, as she was entering her carriage, after leaving church, a stranger stood up to the side of the vehicle, and said abruptly—

“You're waited for, ma'am, by all your friends and relatives! They've got smart accommodations for you, and sich warm fires as you never know'd before! Hurry up!”

“What do you mean, sir? What friends and relations, and what are these accommodations?”

“In hell, ma'am! They've got the biler seven times heated; and all the devils are clapping hands, and on the look out for your coming. The sooner you hurry up the better. They're all dying to see you!”

It was, perhaps, a sorry way to revenge the wrongs of poor Rose Carter; but these rustics knew of no other.

The result of this sudden and unpleasant change, in the experience of the stately lady, was to give her a temporary disgust of the country; and, without beating of drum, working secretly, the good lady suddenly departed to join her son in Europe, leaving "Fairleigh Lodge" in the occupation of an agent, who attended to her estates generally.

In taking her departure she necessarily broke up her establishment; and this led to the discharging of the horrid Mrs. Sweetzer, her house-keeper, without a day's warning, and without any of those rewards, for past services, which this personage considered herself to have merited in such eminent degree.

Breathing fire and fury as she went, Mrs. Sweetzer found temporary shelter with Mrs. Childs, formerly Miss Hall; and it was not till then that the public became enlightened as to those latter cruel scenes in the life of Rose, which led to her temporary derangement and flight by night from "Fairleigh Lodge."

The horrid Mrs. Sweetzer did not suffer her portrait of the stately lady to lose any of its effects from inadequate coloring; and she found a ready listener in Mrs. Childs, who cherished many warm resentments of her own.

Between the two, the whole country side obtained possession of as complete a history of the treatment of Rose, as was necessary for the proper cohesion of all parts of this narrative; and public opinion raged with impotent, though savage pas-

sion, whenever the subject was brought up.

According to Mrs. Sweetzer, the stately lady had made such discoveries, while in New York, of the interview between Rose and her son, as determined her to make secret arrangements for sending the latter off to Europe, on a tour of travel to last two years.

She might still have tolerated Rose as a guest and companion, but for the shocking consequences which threatened the full exposure of the illicit intercourse between the young people.

Her house was to be relieved of the infamy. Her *son* was to escape the shame; and, in the solitude of Rosedale Cottage, Rose Carter was to hide her disgrace as well as she could; leaving public scandal at liberty to fasten upon any other offender.

Her destroying the marriage certificate of the poor girl—whether that certificate were a fraud or no—was one of those crimes which especially made the story odious among the *better* classes, the more fashionable circles, in which Mrs. Fairleigh moved; and, for a long time after, and while the events were still fresh in the popular mind, the good name of the good lady—now that she was absent—was a common by-word of reproach and loathing with nearly all classes.

But, two years in time, has a wonderfully obliterative effect in society; and when Mrs. Fairleigh, at the end of that period, returned to "Fairleigh Lodge," accompanied by her son, and a beautiful English bride whom he had picked up on his travels, the story of poor Rose Carter was pretty much forgotten.

The fashionables were quite well pleased to forget all the unpleasant history, as soon as Mrs. Fairleigh resumed housekeeping, on the same grand scale of hospitality which had distinguished "Fairleigh Lodge" before. Young Fairleigh and his bride were to have a welcome; were to be duly installed in the ancient circle. There was to be a grand reception in which no expense was to be spared. Balls and dinner parties succeeded to each other with great rapidity, and, in the newly resumed gaieties and festivities of "Fairleigh Lodge," the catastrophe of poor Rose was fully forgotten, and the new bride of young Fairleigh, with her rich blooms and foreign attractions, soon rendered society oblivious of all those painful memories, which had been so greatly the annoyance of the stately lady, prior to her departure for Europe.

"Fairleigh Lodge" was again a fashionable centre. Edward Fairleigh became one of the hopefuls of the country, and was soon put in nomination for the Legislature. He became a fox hunter and a deer hunter; and, in his revels, supported by his friend, Bulkley, he seemed emulous of the renown of that jovial English Squirearchy, which talks horse and deer, and prides itself, each member, on his capacity to hide his two bottles of port beneath his belt.

Of poor Rose Carter, and her fate, he seemed to give himself little concern. His mother, however, had not left him uninformed of the melancholy catastrophe. Scarcely had they met in Germany, when she began her reproaches, in the severely virtuous manner of a lady who regu-

larly attended church service. He treated her reproaches very irreverently.

"Why, what can a girl expect, mother, if she throws herself in a man's way? *She* had *her* calculations, and *I* had *mine*; she tried her best to catch *me*, as a husband, and was caught herself. That's all! ha! ha!"

"But how could you be so foolish as to give her a marriage certificate?"

"Ha! ha! ha!—all a sham, mother! It was a pretty farce; my excellent friend, Lieutenant Grimshaw, of the navy, played chaplain, and with his portly abdomen, big wig, and solemn accents, he played the part to perfection. It was hard work to escape coughing during the ceremonies. It was the night when you went to the Van Rensselaer party. *She* feigned sick headache to stay at home; Bulkley went for *you*, as you remember."

"It was a great error, Edward—a very great mistake! Do you know that that certificate would have bound you legally?"

"Pshaw! nonsense, mother! Grimshaw was not in orders; he was only a lieutenant in the navy, and one of the most blasphemous fine fellows you ever met."

"It was *fraud*, and the law, upon proof, would have held it to be a legal marriage, for marriage is a *civil* contract, not needing anything divine for its performance; and you took that girl to wife, before witnesses. It's lucky I got hold of the certificate and destroyed it."

Mrs. Fairleigh was quite a lawyer. Of course, he was told of the death of Rose.

"There was a child, I believe,"

said the virtuous mother ; “ but I studiously forebore all inquiries. The less we know of these things the better. The child is dead, I fancy ; and there’s an end of it.”

But that was *not* the end of it, as we shall see ; nor was the child dead—very far from it. The “ Cub of the Panther ” grew and flourished. Suckled at the breasts of Mattie Fuller, along with her own child, the Cub grew strong, as if he had derived aliment and character from the very disastrous circumstances which attended his birth.

At the end of two years, and at the time of Mrs. Fairleigh’s return from Europe, with her son and his bride, the little urchin was toddling all about ; moving as stealthily as a cat, and prying into every hole and corner. Small of frame, he was yet lithe and muscular, bold and hardy. His limbs were singularly well knit together, and his temperament seemed to promise great energy and activity. Meanwhile, growing with his growth the *token* of the panther, upon his forehead, grew more and more wonderfully distinct. The whole outline of the beast was as clearly marked as if photographed—as if impressed in his very blood ; as doubtless it was. It was remarked that, in his fits of childish passion, and these were frequent, the colors of his mark would deepen, and seemed to glow as if with fire ; the tawny outlines dilating into absolute redness with every emotion.

Mike Baynam, to the great annoyance of Mattie, made a great pet of the child, who followed him about the house, as devotedly as any of his hounds. Aunt Betsey, who had come to live with Mattie

Fuller, after the burial of her sister and Rose, seemed equally disposed to spoil the urchin, and her unwise indulgence of him was a frequent subject of controversy among the women. We should not omit to mention, that the day after Rose’s funeral, Mrs. Fairleigh sent over to the mother, (being as yet ignorant of *her* death) the trunk of Rose, with all her little possessions of wardrobe and trinkets, *minus* those few specimens which the horrid housekeeper, Mrs. Sweetzer, had abstracted for her own uses.

The cottage at Rosedale had been sold, and bought by Mike Baynam, and in process of time, after certain additions had been made to the place, the whole family, Sam and Mattie Fuller, Mike Baynam, good old Aunt Betsey, and the two children, were all removed from the mountain cabin, where they had dwelt so long, to that more commodious and comfortable home, which nestled snugly along the mountain side.

Here Mike and Sam continued the life of the hunter ; the former, subdued to a grave quietude of demeanor ; never being seen to laugh ; and living the lonely bachelor life to which he had evidently resigned himself. He seemed satisfied that he now kept in what had been the chamber of Rose, and that he dandled, at each return from the chase, the son of Rose upon his knee.

With this dandling, the boy grew apace with wonderful strides ; at four years old, he sat like a monkey behind Mike, on horseback. He soon learned to ride, and, at eight years, he had his single barreled shot gun, and was keen

of sight, rarely missing his bird. He and young Sam Fuller, nearly of the same age, were reared in the same hardy school; both were vigorous, lithe, elastic, if not equally reckless in the pursuit of their game. At twelve they accompanied their seniors in the chase; and, day by day, grew into possession of its mysteries. They were both in good training to take the places of their teachers, the "Cub" certainly.

The fortunes of the young "Cub of the Panther," who went by this name first as currently as by that of his father, by adoption, "Mike Baynam," were subjects, at first, of very frequent and earnest discussion in the family. Mattie Fuller was of opinion that his *real* father, assuming young Fairleigh to be the person, had the *right* to the boy, and that he should be *made* to take care of him. This was just after the return of Fairleigh from Europe, with his English bride. The matter, though several times brought up, was always discountenanced by Mike Baynam, and finally silenced decisively.

"How do we *know* that he *is* the father, in the first place; and, even if we did know, what reason have we to suppose that he would acknowledge him? If they cast off the mother, they are just as ready to cast off the son. They don't *want* the connection. They would rather, a thousand times, never hear of the boy, or that Rose Carter had a boy; and with a boy so marked as this, do you not see that every look at him would bring up the history which they would rather forget than remember? Besides, what chance that young Fairleigh would listen for a moment to the

facts, now that he has brought a young wife with him from England? He would deny every thing, and where's your proof, since the old woman destroyed the marriage certificate? No! it's enough for me that the boy is Rose Carter's. I'll do the best for him I can. He shall be mine; and I will teach him all I know, and he shall heir every thing I leave. That's enough! Let me hear no more about the matter."

"And I 'grees with you, Mike Baynam," said Aunt Betsey—"and it's like you to do for the boy as ef he was your own. I'm for not being beholden to these great swell-heads. They'll git the curse upon 'em yit! You'll see! I kain't guess how it's to come; but come it will, and there's some on us hyar, that'll live to see it. Mark my words. You're right, Mike, as you always hev been. Oh! Lawd, ef you and I could ha' fixed it, the boy would hev been your'n by nateral law! you was always the true friend of the family, and poor Rose;—Lawd! when I think of all, my heart swells in my buzzom as ef 'twas gwine to bu'st. But thar's no use in talking. You always talks sensible, Mike, and to the right pint. The boy is rightfully your own, seeing that the onnateral father ain't the pusson to do nothing for it!"

Here the good old lady crossed to where Mike was sitting, with the urchin asleep in his lap, and while one hand stroked the head of the boy, the other did the like office with the head of Mike; a performance which did not seem to please him much, for he put the boy into her arms, and quietly walked out of the house, into the night, and

among the trees, under which he had rambled with Rose in days which had never known a night.

And so the days passed, and so the years, until our "Cub of the Panther" had seen the dawn of his twelfth summer. He had grown and thriven; was vigorous as a young bull, without much height or bulk. He had no spare flesh; was all bone, muscle and sinew; and as lithe of motion, as active, quick and eager as the formidable beast whose *token* he carried on his forehead—an ineffaceable mark which, in his excited moods, seemed to glow and burn, as if with a life of its own; its tawney lines becoming absolutely fiery in their aspect.

He was now a fearless horseman; was a good shot, and accompanied the two hunters, Mike and Sam, whithersoever the chase carried them. Sam's boy grew also, a vigorous fellow, more huge of limb, capable of greater shows of strength, but not of the endurance, or the restless activity of his companion. He was also a mild and gentle boy, and in this respect differed from the "Cub," who was quick in quarrel; irritable and resentful, if not absolutely revengeful.

It may be that this quality will also exhibit itself in his further developments of character. But to Mike Baynam, whom he considered his father, and to Sam Fuller, who was known as his uncle, he was all deference and modest obedience. With Mattie Fuller, whom he knew as his mother, however, he was a little disposed to be impetuous; and he listened very peevishly to the admonitions of that excellent matron, and to those of the garrulous and

good old Betsey Moore.

How had those twelve years passed with the household at "Fairleigh Lodge?" Not happily. Wealth and fashion were inadequate to reconcile the members of the household to one another. The handsome English wife of young Fairleigh was haughty and arrogant of bearing; easily roused to passion by opposition, and possessed of a sharp and acrimonious wit, which, at such times, was unscrupulously exercised. She had also a fund of humor, was keenly alive to the ludicrous, and made herself merry at the expense of her rustic visitors, without caring to conceal her contempt or scorn. She very soon made herself unpopular with many of the old associates of the family, being usually at some pains to expose and jest upon their provincialisms. She treated her mother-in-law, the stately dowager, with just as little reverence as any of her guests, and sharp quarrels followed, from which Fairleigh usually fled, leaving the two women to fight it out as they might; or he took sides with his wife against the mother; a course which usually drove the latter to the privacy of her own chamber.

She, however, had still a power in reserve which effectually kept them from banishing her to the garret as so much worn out furniture. *She held the purse-strings*, and these were contracted or expanded, just in degree as the young people exhibited deference or insubordination. Not that she was at all liberal even in her expansions. With age had come increase of avarice and cunning, her two most distinguishing traits, had given her a capacity for resistance,

which invariably secured her temporary ascendancy after every several quarrel.

Age had told, in twelve years, very heavily upon the stately lady. We doubt if conscience had anything to do with the premature decay which had possessed her frame. Conscience is a thing of education wholly, and we shape it precisely as we do our morals—by training. We can make it as tough and callous as that of the Seminole warrior, in whose death-song you hear the howl of exultation over the scalps of mothers and babes, as well as warriors, which hang from his cabin rafters. Vexing passions, peevish strifes, a perpetual defeat in the search after pleasure—to these, rather than any workings of conscience, we may ascribe that palsied, withered frame, that gray hair, those sallow, hollow cheeks, the caving in of the lips, with but a few snags of teeth within, mocking their former uses at every summons to the table.

Scarcely less striking were the changes which twelve years had made in the son. From being a graceful and slender youth at twenty, he had grown puffy and inclining to corpulence at thirty-two. He had become a voluptuary, a gross feeder, and habitual drinker. From his initiation, upon "peach and honey," he had passed with rapid strides to the enjoyment of heavy potations of "mountain dew," taken *in puris naturalibus*. He sate

long at the table with his friend Bulkley, and some other *bon vivants*, and they all drank deeply. Midnight found them still at their revels, and frequently staggering, and sometimes borne to their chambers, only half conscious of the absurd quarrels, which were common enough, and were usually reconciled over the bunch bowl.

To hunt by day, feed heavily at evening, drink deeply by night, these constituted the entire life of young Fairleigh and his companions at Fairleigh Lodge, broken only occasionally by some great ball or party, when the young wife could persuade the dowager to an opening of the purse-strings.

These occasions seldom failed to bring their usual crowds, in spite of the *hauteur* of the English lady, and the notoriously bad habits of her husband. And, on these occasions, the widow Fairleigh showed the leaven of ancient vanities still lurking in her system. She made her appearance in her best silks or satins, with a lofty headdress, not unfrequently with a topknot of feathers, while her thin gray hairs were all packed carefully away beneath a wig of the most unspotted hues of the raven. And she held on to the last of the company, not sparing the supper, and usually lingering to witness the departure of all her guests. She had evidently but little solace from her pillow.



INSTINCT—REASON—IMAGINATION.

—
Truth

Weighs not the dust and injury of age,
Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,
But makes antiquity for aye her page.—[*Shakespeare*.

Ill digestion has so conglomerated plethoric humors in the brains of men that they're no longer the legitimate children of Adam, but misbegotten of disease on life. All being is a living death, and thought a hurtful vapor of decay.—[*Burton*.

PHILOSOPHISING? Well, why not? Philosophising has become a "gentle craft now-a-days, and the ascetic crust *non-sequitur*, as pabulum of metaphysical inspiration! Men may laugh and grow fat, and be wise too, in these times of cheap learning. Can I not buy a score of books and a bushel of papers now for a few paltry coins, and after thumbing them well, what more is necessary to make me a philosopher? The thumb is a magnetic pole; if through it the gigantic mind of a Buchanan can be supposed to pass into and possess me, why should not a like phenomenon occur under my manipulation of a battery overcharged with thought as that bushel of papers here must be? It's palpable as moonshine!

Your metaphysical philosophers are as thick as blackberries in cherry time, and quite as fussy. Every village pothouse has a genius with ragged breeches and a long score of "chalks" against him, who will prove to you that Christianity is a delusion, and the doctrine of immortality all nonsense, by such imposing

logic as that "you can neither see a soul, hear a soul, taste a soul, smell a soul, nor"—an astounding climax which no one would think of doubting to be true in his case—"feel a soul!" But let them alone. It is all right. This is an age of progression and discovery.

"How many a vulgar Cato has compelled
His energies, no longer tameless then,
To mould a pen or fabricate a nail!
How many a Newton to whose passive
ken," &c.

Let them alone, we say! There is no telling what these "vulgar" Catos and Newtons may not accomplish. The chronicles of olden time are filled with wondrous tales, showing how they, once in a while, shake off the crust and step forth suddenly before the world's eye, *cap a-pie* in shining armor, becoming men of renown in the fight of faith, or the weary marches of science. We have a strong inclination to set up for one of these vulgar Newtons ourselves, with the permission of the benevolent reader. We are going to be guilty of an audacious speculation, and if we were not more in

fun than earnest, we should be glad to deprecate responsibility on the plea of "unsophisticated genius," &c. ; but though one sense of "unsophisticated" might suit us well enough, yet we dare not claim to be a "genius ;" that name is too sacred in the myths of human hope for us to risk an eternity of infamy among its desecrators.

We said, too, "more in fun than earnest ;" that is just as you may choose to take it. It is one of those dreams which, like the poet's ideal, has haunted us since boyhood. We were then, as usual, much fonder of the great wide pages, shadowy, wav-ing, glittering, and green, of nature's writing, than all the black-letter tomes that ever wearied the eye of scholar. And while a scape-grace and hopeless truant, we paddled, bare-foot through the pebbly brook, tore our juvenile trousers climbing for young squirrels, or winning a freckled necklace of bird's eggs for our blue-eyed sweetheart. We had a faint conception that so the language we read there should be translated ! Not that which we read in the blue eyes, specially, do we mean ; but on the general page of the *living* revelation ; for you recollect—

"Spirit of Nature ! thou
Life of interminable multitudes !
Soul of those mighty spheres
Whose changeless paths through Hea-
ven's deep silence lie !
Soul of that smallest being,
The dwelling of whose life
Is one faint April gleam !"

If this be true—then we are right to call the earth a living revelation, and the dumb trees, and stocks, and stones, articulate language. But like the other Holy Revelation, which is only to be named in grave tone,

and with eyes reverently downcast, the types and symbols here must be devoutly studied, with a pious and earnest zeal. Though, perhaps, not very strictly pious in the common acceptation, we were zealous enough. Unconsciously to us, our translations—occasional glimpses of the sense which visited us—began to assume definition and connection ; the indigested chaos of rude forms to take an order ; and before we were aware, an absorbing idea possessed us. All our readings might be summed up under the single head, "Life is one *linked* continuous chain from the Godhead to the atom," and patiently we delved among the rocks, the shells, the bugs, all creeping things, the flowers, the birds, the brutes, and the swift arrowy fishes, to see if we might trace these links distinctly to the bounds of sense. We thought we could.

Then came the inquiry—if this linked gradation be a material law, the law of *forms*, may it not apply also to the immaterial essence which in such varied phases constitute the life—the soul of these ? Here we met with the hoary dogmatism of the schools, and were rebuffed. We veiled our eyes in humility before such names as Bacon, Locke, Hume, Beattie, Brown—as we still bow, we hope, in becoming lowliness. We reverence these high names of Priests in the temple of the Most High. But reverence need not be blind. They said Reason and Instinct were altogether unlike ; that Imagination was a mere adjunct, and Reason the supremest function of the mind ; and how dare we think or say otherwise ? We do not do it daringly, we do it humbly, inquiringly. We say we cannot help it

that our eyes would not see as theirs have. They are poor weak visuals at the best, and but that there is something curious in the obstinacy of the hallucination they have persisted in all our life long, we should not presume to trouble any reader with it now. But let us strive as we may to see that these things are so, it is all in vain.

“For then my thoughts
Will keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind do
see ;
Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents *th's* shadow to my view.”

We said that our incorrigible visuals would not permit us to see that Reason and Instinct were altogether unlike. We took in our hands a definition of reason accepted by the sages, and went out among those sentient breathing forms of life, condemned by them to the blind guidance and fatality of Instinct, that we might compare the theory of the one with the reality of the other. The song-bird twittered at us ; the wild deer turned to stare ; the squirrel sputtered from his nut-crammed jaws, and the insect buzzed curiously around us—for the story got out that there was “a chiel amang them takin' notes,” and they didn't understand but that we meant some imper inence ; but they soon found out that we were harmless at least, and grew reconciled. Many a calm hour we spent among the cool dim ashes of the mighty forests, still as the dark trunks around us, watching now the oriole with coy taste select a twig to hang her cradle from ; and when her motherly care was satisfied that a particular one hung clear beyond the reach of the dreaded snake, or mischievous

climbers one and all—that there was a tuft of leaves above it, which would precisely shield it from the noontide sun—then commence her airy fabric. How ingeniously she avails herself of the forks and notches to twist the first important thread around ! How housewife-like she plaits and weaves the grassy fibres. The unmanageable horse-hair too is used ; how soberly she plies her long sharp bill and delicate feet. Now she drops that thread as too rotten to be trusted, and reprovingly sends off her careless chattering mate to get another. He is proud of his fine coat, and dissipates his time in carolling ; but in her prudent creed, sweet songs wont build a home for the little folk, and so she very properly makes the idle fellow work. At last, after a deal of sowing, webbing, roofing, and scolding too the while, the house is finished, thatch, door and all. The softest velvet from the mullen stalk must line it now ; and then elate upon the topmost bow she turns her bill towards heaven, and pours out her joy for labors done, in trilling gushes.

Or now, sitting upon a gnarled root, we would bend for hours over some thronged city of the ants. Why, how is this ? Here from the great entrance roads branch off on every side. How clean and smooth and regular they are. See, yonder is a dead limb fallen across the course. Amazement ! A tunnel ! A tunnel ! They have sunk it beneath the obstruction too heavy for the power of their mechanics ! Follow the winding track. See, that thick tuft of grass ! It is easier to go round it than to cut through it. And there, behold a mountain peb-

ble in the way ; see how the road is made sweep in a free curve round the base. Lay now that small stone across the narrow way. See! The common herd—the stream of dull-eyed laborers—how they are confounded by the interruption. They fall back on each other ; all is confusion. The precious burdens they bore with so much care are dropped ; to and fro they run ; all is confusion and alarm. But look! That portly, lazy fellow, who seemed to have nothing to do but to strut back and forth and sun himself, now wakes up. He rushes to the scene. All give way from his path, and close crowdingly in his wake. He is evidently one having authority. He climbs upon the stone ; runs over it rapidly ; measures it with his antennæ ; and down he glides among the still expectant crowd. Here, there, yonder, everywhere, in a moment ; he selects among the multitude those best fitted for the purpose with which his sagacious head is full ; touches them with the antennæ of command, and each one, obedient, hurries to the stone. No more confusion—every one is in his place awaiting orders, nor daring to begin yet. He is back now to the stone. The signal is given. Each of the selected workers lays hold of it. See how they tug and strain! What? Not strength enough? An additional number is chosen. They seize hold. Now they move it. My lord, the overseer, does not put a hand to it himself, or a pincer either ; but see how he plays round, keeps the crowd out of the way, and directs the whole. It is done! The stone is rolled out from the highway, and we will not put another one on it ; it is cruel thus to use

our giant's strength like a giant, and we are satisfied. The little laborers resume their burdens ; away they go streaming on to the citadel ; while the great man relapses suddenly into the old air of sluggish dignity. But follow that road ; it leads a hundred yards—clearly traceable through, above, under, around, all impediments : here the main road branches off, and is lost, or ends at a tree with many insects on its bark, or at some great deposit of favorite food that has been found ; and all this pains and labor have been expended in digging that road to secure the conveyance of transportation. Talk of your Simplon or your Erie Canal, or your hundreds of miles of human railroads! Wonderful *Instinct*, indeed!

Dig away the earth carefully, and look into that subterranean city. Here are streets, galleries, arches, and domes, bridges, granaries, nurseries, walls, rooms of state—aye, palaces,—cells for laborers, all the features and fixtures, diverse and infinite, of a peopled city of humanity. But see, a war has broken out with a neighboring city! Marvelous sight! The eager legions pour in a black flood from the gates. The chief men and captains of the people distinguished, not by plumes, and stars, and orders, but by their greater size, and the formidable strength of their pincers. They are marshaled into bands—they know the strength of discipline and military science! In one wide, sweeping, unbroken line, they pour into the enemy's town. The fight is desperate, hand to hand, pincer to pincer ; for it is a battle for dear life—liberty and larvæ!

The vanquished are dragged into

slavery; the larvæ carried off and tenderly nourished by the conquerors, and when they grow up are made helots of, hewers of wood and drawers of water, as is reasonable and right, if human Reason is any authority. Strangely elastic *Instinct* this! If we combine, compare, deduce—is there not something *like* combination, comparison, deduction, here?

The mocking-bird is a great favorite with us. Besides being “king of all earth’s choir,” it is characterized by the most remarkable, and something like weird sagacity. We watched a pair of them once build their nest in a low thorn-bush, growing in what is called a “sink-hole,” in the West. This had once or twice been filled with water by heavy rains, but at long intervals. This year the floods came. The birds had hatched, and four little downy yellow gaping mouths could be seen in the nest. The water commenced rising very rapidly in the sink. The birds became uneasy; they fluttered and screamed, and made a wonderful to-do. At length one of them flew down to the last twig above the rising waters. He sat there looking closely at it till it rose about his feet, and then, suddenly, with a loud chirp, flew away, followed by the mate. We thought they had deserted their young. “The inhuman creatures!” we exclaimed, from the force of habit; if we had a gun we should have had no scruple in shooting them. In about half an hour the water had risen to the bottom of the nest! when suddenly, to our joy and penitent shame, the birds were back—flew down into the nest, and off again, each bearing a young one. They were not gone a

minute, when, straight as the flight of an arrow, and as swift, they were back, the other two little ones were carried off, and in another minute the nest was afloat. Close calculation that! We followed in the direction they went, and, after some search, found the callow family safe and snug in an old nest which they had repaired for their reception, as soon as they became convinced the water must reach them. Instinct must have wide play, indeed, to account for this.

We saw a large, heavy cockroach, fully an inch long, fall into the web of a small spider. The great weight of the insect, and the height from which it fell, were sufficient to tear through the web, and it would have fallen clear but that the long, sharp claws, which arm the extremities of the hindmost pair of legs, gathered a sufficient quantity of the fibres as they rolled down the net, to sustain the weight of the cockroach, who thus hung dangling by the heels, head downwards, and body free. Out rushed the little spider, not half so large as a cherry-stone. What could it do with such a monster? You shall see. Without an instant’s confusion or hesitation, it began rapidly to throw a new web with its hinder legs or spinners over the two claws that were entangled, so that the old there might first be strengthened. The cockroach struggled desperately—his weight began to tear away the web from the beam. The spider felt that all was giving way—and faster than the eye could follow him, ran back and forth along the breaking cords from the beam to the heels of the monster, carrying a new thread from one to the other each time, until the breakage was arrest-

ed, and he was satisfied that the whole would bear all its weight and efforts. He then returned cautiously to the charge, and, after a dozen trials, succeeded in webbing the second pair of legs, and bound them down in spite of the tremendous writhings of the great black beast. The third pair were near the head, and he could not succeed in binding them from the front, so he tried another tack; he crawled along the hard sheath of the back, (it hung back downward,) and commenced with inconceivable rapidity throwing his web over the head. The roach seemed to be greatly frightened at this, and made more furious efforts than ever to get loose. The cords from above began to give way again. The spider darted along them as before, till they were strengthened a second time. He now tried another manœuvre. We had noticed him frequently attempting to bite through the sheath armor of the roach, but he seemed to have failed in piercing it. He now seemed determined to catch the two fore legs which were free. After twenty trials at least he nocsed one of them, and soon had it under his control. This pair of legs was much more delicate than the others; he instantly bit through the captured one. The poison was not sufficient to affect the huge mass of the roach a great deal, but the leg seemed to give it much pain, and it bent its head forward to caress the wound with its jaws—and now the object of the cunning spider was apparent. He ran instantly to the old position he had been routed from on the back of the neck, and while the roach was employed in soothing the smart of the bite, he succeeded in envelop-

ing the head from the back in such a way as to prevent the roach from straightening out again; and in a little while more had him bound in that position, and entirely surrounded by a web. A few more last agonies and the roach was dead; for the neck, bent forward in this way, exposed a vital part beneath the sheath; and we left him quietly luxuriating upon the fruits of his weary contest. This battle between brute force and subtle sagacity lasted one hour and a half, and if the history of Reason in our race can show a more remarkable conquest of superior mind over animal strength, we hope the wiles of the sagacious victor will not be robbed of their glory by being stigmatized as *instinctive*.

These are a few of the many incidents occurring under our own observation, which we have chosen to specify and become responsible for. But the books of natural philosophy are crowded with ten thousand such; no just detail of the habitudes of *any* form of animal life has been or can be given, which will not furnish such. Though the narrators themselves persist in naming these acts *instinctive*, yet common judgment must teach that no possible sense of Instinct can be made satisfactorily to account for them. Every day our horse and dog—to go no further—forced the conviction that this must be so; that they shared with us, to a certain point, reason and emotion. The most eager and accurate investigation showed us that the whole argument for Instinct was based upon error; that the *facts* upon which its most ingenious defenders founded their strong positions melted into thin air before a close examination, and proved to be pedan-

tic whims or mistakes of old writers, perpetuated by the careless ignorance of modern book-makers. Since such men as Cuvier and Audobon have taught the world how the meaning of the sublime pages of the living revelation was to be arrived at—have forced upon their fellows a realization of the astounding discovery that each individual of them possessed eyes of his own and might lawfully use them for himself, and that it was only by the exercise of this primitive and obsolete right that truth was to be made known—the universal mind has been restless on this point. Who has not noticed how common a thing it is, in the modern books of travel, to meet with surmises, doubts, hints, and even broad denials, in regard to the doctrine of Instinct. Scarcely a relation of a trait of natural history can be met with now, to which something of this kind is not appended. These men have left Locke, and Brown, and Stewart, upon the mouldy shelves at home, and there is no stern eye of scholastic bigot to rebuke them, out amidst the wilds and freedom of nature; and removed from the immediate terror of the lash, they dare to write what they see, and draw their own conclusions. Shakspeare has written the motto of these times—

“What custom wills in all things should
we do it ;
The dust on antique time should be un-
swept,
And mountainous error be too highly
heaped
For truth to overpower.”

Are we not in danger of “mountainous error” here? Aye! and since by its side the tumulus of Truth under the slow heaping of atoms

through the ages, has grown and grown, until now even a pigmy upon tiptoe may outpeer and shout to the multitudes in shadow beneath, we will be that pigmy; and though the spectacled and lamp-dried book-man may shake his withered sides, and curl his lean lips in scorn, yet will we make articulate the voice which has so long been struggling in us for utterance. There are no blind fatal impulses known to nature. Reason is the impulse of volition! and wherever animal life exists, whether in the dumb stock or stone, the herb or molecule, brute or man, Reason directs it! The self-same principle which, through our organization, governs or wields the material forces, acting through the organization of the ant, the atom, and the elephant, produces like results to the full extent of the organic susceptibility and creative intention in each. Organization is the law of Reason.

Now that our conscience had been unburdened, and our still small voice had gone forth with this portentous announcement—we shrank back upon ourselves abashed and horrified! Fear came upon us! What was it we had done? After all this flourish of trumpets little more than prolong the echoes of dull and stale materialism? Yes, this is it! If Reason be determined by organization, then, of course, the dissolution of the one is the end of the other! Who could fail to recognize the heavy and asinine front of this ancient philosophic bore? Shame! shame upon you! A metaphysician, and to get your boat staved against the very rock the light-house stands on! We writhed like a wounded worm. But we were

over-wrought. One truth is as much as the mind can possess and enter into at a time. Long we paused, and wrestled on the threshold of the next. What! the thick rayless gloom, hopeless and aweary, of this sensual creed, to be our abiding place! Fairly and well, by the clear lamp of Truth, had we counted our footsteps heretofore. From link to link, carefully had we traced the interfusing grades through all forms, and saw and felt the universe of matter an harmonious whole—the harp of God!—each string accordant with the string last touched, and melting into the tone of that before. No jarring notes—no discord! but order the law, and music, such as Seraphim can hear and mortals *feel*, the expression! Then came a dim hint of what we sought and yearned for, like a distant ray of daylight to a lost wanderer in a cavern :

“Such sweet compulsion doth in music
lie

To lull the Daughters of Necessity,
And keep unsteady Nature to her law,
And the low world in measured motion
draw

After the heavenly tune.”*

Since Jubal's pipe awakened the young echo, so have the sage poets sung. The Poets! Who were these Poets? The Kings of Mind! Always their white swift feet have led the van of science—and the quick flash of their luminous eyes has startled the darkness of caverns where treasures were, and showed to the gaping crowd the heaps of gems! It is their mission to discover. They leave to those who followed them now, to drag the riches forth to day, classify, name, arrange, and add to the treasury of general

science. In many a measured legend and guise of graphic allegory, they have said and sung that harmony. Order was the supremest law of God's created universe—the highest revelation of himself—the garment that we know him by, woofed of stars and clouds, colored by the many tints of the moon and sun, when they play on these, or on the shining earth, with her waters, mountains, trees, and herbs, and myriad forms that creep, and walk, and run, and fly, and swim—many and divers—a life and will to each, yet all softly and sweetly blending in those mellow hues which make it beautiful when seen from heaven—worthy to robe the limbs of Infinite Might. Well then, if the law of gradation be necessary to these harmonies—as applied to organization and form, consistent with them—then must the same law apply to animal life, when introduced into these grades of organized matter. One general principle, animal life, must animate them all. Why are they differently organized? Why, not all after the same structure, size, and shape? The harmonious diversity of creation requires it should be so. The principle of life passing into this variety of structure, give this required diversity of result. Though the principle be the same, the machinery acted upon is different. In the higher forms of organization, the principle of life is active; in the lower, passive.

Those which are to be active, must have the means of self-direction; it would be fatal to the harmonies so jealously guarded, should they shoot into space sphereless and aimless, the restless life hurrying them to motion till they were

* Milton.

self-destroyed, and confusion carried everywhere. No, they shall have senses which shall inform the life within of all external things, through the retina of consciousness. All impressions, then, of outward things, their qualities, etc., shall be retained upon that retina, and shall be called experience of life—memory. This experience shall be to the principle of life for a guide, and it shall have a power given it called *Reason—which is the highest result of the principle of life, educated by the experience of the senses!* This education will be justly proportionate with the power of the senses to inform; and therefore in the precise ratio of the sensitiveness, delicacy, and complexity of the senses, will be the corresponding attributes of this educated life, Reason. It is harmonious that it should be so! Animal existence is confined to a material earth. The forms and objects co-existing there, are to it all that necessity demands. Its powers, capabilities, wants, are filled and circumscribed by these. The end and object of its being, first defined by organization, is carried to the ultimate highest creative aim by Reason. The mite which builds its coral cell—the savage who piles his hut of bark, are equally guided by this principle to the consummation of all their sheer physical necessities, and gregarious or social duties.

The cause why Reason is not progressive in other forms of animal life, as we see it to have been in man, is this:—Man is a complex being—the animal is a simple one. The organic necessities of the bee led its *experience* simply and directly to the discovery of a mathematical law, by which the form and arrange-

ment of its cells was perfected; though it knows nothing of mathematics as a system, yet the wants of its social habitudes, crowding it in great numbers into a small space, soon led to the assertion of the utmost power its experience was capable of furnishing Reason with, in regard to those lines and angles by the use of which space might be best economised. The result was as we see; this was the highest exertion of the mathematical faculty its organization admitted, or its necessities required; here its display rested, and will continue to rest. Reason has carried it up to the ultimatum of its creative intention. So with the ant, the organization of which is more complicated, its necessities more diverse, and the results of its reasoning more varied and curious! So with all forms of animal life! We arrive at man—the perfection of organized matter. We find reason in him capable of nearly all the bee does or the ant can accomplish, and, as a general average, superior to all other animals—though in particular traits he is inferior to most of them. He has not the eye of the eagle or the vulture; the scent of the hound or the moth; the hearing of the deer; the sense of touch of the mole; the taste of the coy humming-bird. Therefore, the experience of his senses, or his physical ability, will not enable his Reason to accomplish just such feats as characterize these particular animals—but yet, the general superiority of his senses over those of any one of these—their more equal and perfect balance—the higher complexity, susceptibility, and delicacy of his whole organization—give to him the first

position as the mere "reasoning animal." Though the migratory bird, or fish, from the superior acuteness of one sense, and familiarity its habits must give it with the currents of the element it dwells in, can traverse the world in a straight line, without other guide than this experience—yet man can do the same thing by a more roundabout process; his necessities gradually taught him the qualities of the magnetic needle, and by the aid of this, he can do what the fish or bird accomplish directly, by their superior sense. Here, then, we have man, *so far*, a mere form of animal life,—more perfect, indeed, than any other—but sustained by the same law which sustains them, and, like them, ceasing to be, when his organization is dissolved. For we have said, the office of Reason, like that of caution and the love of life, is to protect this existence, and carry it up to the consummation of its creative intention; to lead on the vital forces in the battle against decay. And when, in that unceasing war, decay has conquered, Reason must die. Its mission has been fulfilled—for all the objects, purposes, and duties of simply animal life in a material universe, it was sufficient,—the animal needs it no further. It has been resolved into the original elements, and the principle of life returns, to become again a part of the Spirit of Nature. That Reason carried man up to the highest point of physical perfection his organization was capable of attaining, there can be little doubt. "And all the days of Methuselah were nine hundred and sixty and nine years, and he died"—is a sufficient comment on this point.

But we said, "man was a complex being, the animal a simple one." We have thus far presented him as a mere form of animal life, and shown the disposal of all that portion of his being he holds in common with it! We have tarried long enough amidst the "flesh-pots!" Joy in Heaven and thanksgiving on Earth! The murky gloom of terrestrial materialism has been pierced and flooded by the keen joyance of a celestial light! Moses, the first Poet—the primeval "King of Mind"—has sung of how "The Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the *breath of life*—and man *became a living soul!*" He tells how "God made the beast of the earth after his kind, and cattle after their kind, and every living thing that creepeth upon the earth after his kind," but he does *not* sing that He breathed into the nostrils of the beast of the earth the "breath of life," and that *it* became "a living soul!" Now, this was the crowning act of the six days' labor; and man, the last, the perfect work—the sublimation of material forms—alone was trusted with that awful gift—"the breath of life!" There is no mention of the "breath of life" when he made the beast, cattle, and creeping thing—yet in the common sense of these words, they too were given the breath of life. No! He before says—"God made man in his own image"—that is, in his spiritual image—for there can be no material likeness of spiritual existence, and these majestic words were used in reference to that spiritual resemblance of which the Eternal Life of God was the first feature. The *breath of life* from his own lips

was the bestowal of the eternity of his own spiritual being. A distinct, peculiar act, adding another element to the animal framed of the same dust of which the beast was made—interfusing a portion of Himself, of His own ultimate and indivisible essence, into the subtlest, purest organism of compounded matter *and man became a living soul*, and that soul in the image of its Maker! Between the atomic reasoner and the reasoning man, there is a mighty stride. The shadow, though far away, is like, for one and the same principle governs in each. The stride between the attributes of God, so far as he has chosen to reveal them, and the attributes of the Living Soul in man, made after his own image, is vast too; but the shadow, though cast from afar and dim, is still *like!* We cannot know how much more high those other attributes of which it has not pleased Him to instruct us may be; but we do know from His own words that the *Creative Power* is one of them, and Omnipresence and Fore-knowledge are others. Then has not the IMAGINATION, or the Living Soul of man, in its own narrow sphere, the *creative power*? Out of the chaos of material imagery does it not body forth creations of its own, which had no being else, and with the reflex glories of this a. om orb, people a universe? Does not the speed of thought in unappreciable time traverse all space like omnipresence? Has it not whilome cleft the dark-lined horizon of Now, and felt the Future shiver in cold prophetic beamings on its plumes? Says not the Sage Poet—

Imagination which from earth to sky,
And from the depths of human phantasy,
As from a thousand prisms and mirrors,
fills

The universe with golden beams!

The universe! Aye, there is its peculiar home! Reason may deal with things of earth—cope with her physical laws—and teach the arm of flesh to wrest from their hard grasps shelter and food; but the rarer, empyrean will not sustain its heavy plumes; when the

“Spirit, the Promethean spark,
The lightning of our being”—

has passed beneath them; when, possessed of an immortal vigor, the self-same drooping vans bathing in silver exhalations at far starry fonts take on the youth and splendor of eternity, and in long weariless flights traverse infinity, questioning the seraphim, front to front, of God and mysteries. Here is the mission of IMAGINATION! We are of earth earthy; and all its grosser essences thrice winnowed through decay, meet once again in *The I Am*, without extension, weight, or form—the ultimatum material being—buoyant and strong as angels are, and meet to bow with them before God’s throne, and bide the awful Future. And as Imagination here has wrought His will, has faithfully tasked the poor wings of Reason lent it but for Time, and delved and soared in every secret place where they might bear it, searching for knowledge of that will—so shall its wages be.

“Has she not shown us all
From the clear breath of ether to the
small
Breath of new buds unfolding! From the
meaning
Of Jove’s large eye-brow to the tender
greening
Of April meadows?”

Everything that we may know of our relations to the *Eternal Cause*—duties as citizens of the star-spangled, extended universe, we must be taught by this Imagination, which has been “since mind at first in characters was done,” the chiefest theme of Poets. In many a guise and strange impersonation, they have sung of it. Moses first named it Job, and in that noble allegory showed how the prone Reason strove to drag it earthward, with tortures and wiles beset in vain its pure allegiance to the Lord of Hosts. Then through a long line of Prophet, Priest, and King, the Hebrew chroniclers have traced it down to the day of the Cæsars; and here they showed how the Prince of Spiritual Life—the very fountain of eternity—might blend itself with matter, and become incarnate through a Virgin!—that the lowlier essence of itself imprisoned here might learn to love, to hope, and to endure! And the less favored nations symbolized its attributes as Dryad, Fawn, and Nymph—

“A beautiful though erring faith, is ’t not?
Which populates the brute insensate earth
With beamy shapes, the ministers of love
And quaintest humors !”

Or, in the sublimer tale of Prometheus, who wrestled defiant with the Gods, and dared them, through torments without name, to quell that spark of their own life he won from heaven for his race, to overleap the ages. What is the Prometheus of Shelley but an impersonation of the Soul—of Imagination warring with the great powers of evil who cursed it with a body—the Rock, Animal Life—Reason, the Chain—and fell Disease, the Vul-

ture; and when the Demons drove the Vulture off that they might be refreshed with taunting him, the fearfullest image of fierce torture they could conjure was—

“Thou thinkest will live through thee one
by one
Like Animal Life? And though we can
obscure not
The soul which burns within—that we will
dwell
Beside it, like a vain loud multitude,
Vexing the self-content of wisest men :
That we will be dread thought beneath thy
brain,
And foul desire round thine astonished
heart,
And blood within thy labyrinthine veins,
Crawling like agony !”

Poets have written no cumbrous tomes, nor heaped dull dogmatisms mountain high to awe the world; but they have *felt* all truths, and written them just as they felt, and called them too by universal names in scorn of pedant nomenclature. They leave it to the drudging scholiast to classify; under one name in every tongue they have synonymed Imagination and the Soul. Without a thought of schoolmen’s terms, they have felt them to be one and so inscribed them! Aye, and so they are! And our theory is but a gleanings from “the chronicles of wasted time,” of “what their antique pen would have expressed !”

But we said that all our readings of *The Living Revelation* might be summed up under a single head—“Life is one linked continuous chain from the Godhead to the atom! The universe has no abrupt gradations! *Facilis descensus* is the law so far as we can trace it from inessential spiritual being down to man, and certainly from man down to the atom.

To begin at the atom and trace the law of gradation up to man, furnishes the most complete train of analogical argumentation the mind is capable of realizing. The microscopic observation of Physical Philosophy through atonic existences up to sensible ones, has traced a perfect chain of life, with an individual standing between the extremes of each species, partaking of the character of both. When we arrive at the sensible, no ordinary thinker, who has walked with his eyes open, can have failed being astonished at the perfect symmetry of this gradation. Who has not seen in the Sensitive Plant, the first faint stir as in a dream before awaking, of the great active principle of life, which slumbers so profoundly passive in the mountain and the forest; and then in the (*dionæ muscipula*) Fly-catcher Plant, the smiling play of an odd conceit across the features of the half-aroused sleeper; and then the full waking in the Hydra Polypus, this strange creature, forming the link between vegetable and animal life, sharing the character of both, capable of dissection into a thousand fragments, yet reproducing from each a perfect polypus: and the Humming Bird, the link between Insects and Birds, agreeing with the larger species of moths in the character and manner of taking—(on the wing)—its principal food; though it cannot live long on nectar alone, but, as a bird, must have insects occasionally, or it will die; and then the feather which in the moths has been becoming gradually more perceptible to the naked eye, in this bright creature, is splendidly perfected. How beautifully the waves glide

into each other in this calm harmony of being! Then at the other end of the scale of birds, we have the Ostrich and the Penguin, with wings incapable of flight; and then the Bat, the link between birds and animals; and, what is still more curious, an animal in New Holland with the horny bill of the duck and body of the hair seal. We have not time for more particular enumeration. We will go on up to the monkey, the ourang-outang, the man; the intermediate grades are filled up in the manner we have shown. And here we lay it down as a proposition of physics: that through the whole chain of being, whether what is called animate or inanimate, there is yet this connecting link between every change, not only of class, but of order, genus, and species—that the individual immediate in this change possesses a double nature, embracing in a less degree the characteristics of the class, order, etc., left, and in a greater those of that entered upon—that this chain of progression is unbroken from the atom up to man! Taking for granted, of course, the proposition of Spiritual Existences, the irresistible inference from all this linked analogy is—that man, being the perfection and last gradation of material existence, forms the link between it and a spiritual; being the individual intermediate, possesses a double nature, embracing in a less degree the characteristics of the class left, and in a greater, those of that entered upon: that the two elements of this double nature are the material or reasoning, which he possesses in common with other forms of animal life; and the Spiritual or Imaginative which

he possesses in common with angelic beings. Why, even a coarse-grained Russian could not resist this conclusion, and, with the vigor of the rude north, finely expresses the idea:

“I hold the middle rank 'twixt heaver,
and earth,

On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realms where angels have their
birth,

Just on the boundaries of the Spiritland:
The chain of being is complete in me,

In me is matter's last gradation lost,
And the next step is Spirit—Deity.”

This chain of being is the Jacob's ladder of the allegory, the rounds of which, form “principalities and powers in Heavenly places,” through all the orders of spiritual intelligences, lead down to man, resting with him, the link between earth and heaven. We have a perfect and just right to the argument, that the next step is pure spirit, unalloyed with matter—angelic being—and that there are grades and orders of this being swelling sublimely up to the Infinite. Before the discovery of the microscope, the world of the dew drop—the atomic legions “from the low herb where mites do crawl,” to the myriads of “far spooming ocean,” and the wide air, where all is as far beyond the apprehension of our senses as these spiritual existences now are. Yet the most patient investigation has gone to show that the analogies of higher existences hold good in these, and science does not hesitate in the application of these analogies to them. Why should they hold good at one end of the scale and not at the other? Is it because we cannot see, taste, smell, or handle thought and spiritual existences?

Neither can we do all this with the atom; its very being is only arrived at through imperfect instruments; while the existence of spirit and thought is proven by our consciousness, than which there can be no higher evidence. Yet no man in his senses pretends to deny atomic existences because he cannot see them, nor the application of the laws of life which he can see in sensible existences to them; nor would any such man deny the same application at the other end of the scale to spiritual, especially, since he has higher order of proof, independent of revelation, that they are!

Though each of those two natures in man, is a unit capable of separate existence, yet the imagination is only *apparent* through the material, as electricity through the atmosphere, which conveys to us the flash and sound. We do not argue that electricity is a property of atmosphere, because we only hear and see it through this medium; nor do we argue that electricity is not, because it is not always apparent. We know it to be above us, and around us, nevertheless, and gentle and familiar as the airs of home; but if we should forget! then, shaken with grandeur through the last quivering fibre, we are reminded that it is. Though it sleeps now “with silence, in its old couch of space and airy cradle;” yet its articulations are all of the sublime, and the awed earth, and the reverberating heavens rock beneath its stunning shout, when it answers the far spheres in laughter. As electricity to nature, so imagination to man's material or reasoning part. It is not always apparent to his drowsy consciousness; yet it always is, subtle and silent, refining

his coarse passions or making them more terrible ; and its articulations, too, are all of the sublime ; and when the gathering nations, with rapture on their multitudinous tongues, swell the huzza to glorious deeds, you may know that it has leaped from its "dumb cradle." All that is grand, magnificent, sublime, the Past has to tell—the Future has to hope ;—Imagination wrought or must create. The Chieftain, the Architect, the Sculptor, the Painter, the Poet, are her slaves—and at her bidding the world is showered with splendors. In a word—Imagination is the soul.

The cause of that gradual physical deterioration we notice from the times before the flood to the present, evidently may be traced to the unceasing antagonism of these two opposite elements of man's nature. Each successive generation marks the victorious progress of the spiritual in the declension of mere ani-

mal bulk ; the more delicate and sensitive texture of nervous tissue, and greater frontal development, a falling off in the actual numerical span of life, but a corresponding increase in that which constitutes its true measurement—the number, variety, and intensity of emotions and thoughts ; in short, an every-day and increasing recognition of all higher truths. Men are beginning now to appreciate the true offices of Imagination, and to separate them from the monstrous and unnatural fraternity of mere Machine Rhyming ! and to know and feel that

"A drainless shower
Of light is Poesy ! 'Tis the supreme Power,
'Tis might half slumbering on its own right arm.
The very arching of its eyelids charm
A thousand willing agents to obey ;
And still she governs with the mildest sway !"

ASPIRATIONS.

Our aims are all too high ; we try
To gain the summit at a bound,
When we should reach it step by step
And climb the ladder round by round,
He who would climb the height sublime,
Or breathe the purer air of life,
Must not expect to raise in ease,
But brace himself for toil or strife.

We should not in our blindness seek
To grasp alone for grand and great,
Disdaining every smaller good,
For trifles make the aggregate.
And if a cloud should hover o'er
Our weary pathway like a pall,
Remember God permits it there,
And His good purpose reigns o'er all.

THE ANCIENT FEUDAL AND MODERN BANKING SYSTEMS.

It is a fact rendered evident to the most cursory observer of the history of society, that in its progress of improvement it is constantly developing some peculiar system of internal government, which pervades every part of its structure, and sways it for the time being with paramount control. The rise, development, and decline of these master influences upon the body politic, would appear to be a law of social existence, for they have kept pace with the progress of civilization, and manifested themselves in every condition of social advancement.

In the progress of human improvement two influences are constantly at work—the tendency of the Few to avail themselves of the labor and control the energies of the Many, and the efforts of the latter to resist it. Both are equally a part of man's nature; and if we may judge by the experience of the past, these opposite influences will continue to act, whatever modifications society may assume, or however great may be its eventual improvement. That our own age and country has witnessed the predominance of the latter of these influences, we are readily prepared to admit; but even in the improved condition which has resulted from the positive assertion of the great principles of political equality, the efforts of the few may be readily distinguished, pursuing the same object by adapting themselves to the altered condition of society, and se-

curing the control of the new elements of power which that improved condition has evolved.

In every condition of society, some element exists in its social composition, arising from the peculiarity of its pursuits and the state of its progress, which, controlled by a privileged few, gives them a dominant influence over its welfare. Thus, if the pursuits of a nation be chiefly warlike, then those to whom is entrusted the conduct and management of its wars have the control of an element by which its interests are mainly affected. On the other hand, if the pursuits of a nation be chiefly agricultural, then the land of the nation, which is the productive source of its wealth and industry, becomes the principal element of power; and when the great landed interests of the nation are entrusted to particular individuals, they wield an influence over the strongest element that enters into its social composition. It has been by securing a control over the leading and highest interests of the state, that the dominion of the Few over the Many has been accomplished. This disposition has given rise to the creation of systems, through the instrumentality of which power might be concentrated, its exercise secured, and its dominion perpetuated. To this cause is to be attributed the establishment of the feudal system of the middle ages, and to it are we indebted for the rapid growth of the

modern banking system of the world.

The object of the present article is to trace the progress of these respective systems, to exhibit the circumstances under which they were developed, and the leading features by which they are characterized; and, by contrasting their practical operation upon society, to satisfy the reader that the motive which has led to the creation of both is essentially one and the same.

To the proper understanding of the feudal system, it will be necessary to refer to the circumstances of its growth; we shall therefore briefly trace it from the period of its rise down to its final development immediately after the period of the Norman conquest.

The rude original of this singular structure is to be found in the state of society handed down to us by Tacitus, of those nomadic German tribes, who were subdued by the arms of the victorious Romans, and who, in their turn, subjugated, and finally gave laws and customs to their more polished conquerors. The overthrow of the Roman empire by these northern barbarians forms a singular exception to the general consequence resulting from the conquest of a highly civilized nation by a rude and barbarous people. In nearly every similar instance, the conquerors, as in the conquest of Greece by the earlier Romans, have imbibed the arts of the conquered, and have insensibly sunk under the dominion of their alluring civilisation. But the terrible irruption which effected the downfall of the Roman empire, swept away the whole structure of ancient civilisation in Europe, and left little behind it but the rude or-

ganization of the warlike barbarians by which the task of destruction had been accomplished.

From the re-organization of society which followed this mighty irruption, the feudal system took its rise. As this new order of men turned to possess themselves of the countries they had devastated, they introduced the laws, customs, and manners with which they were familiar in the wilds of Germany. And as they gradually began to combine the scattered elements of social existence, and weave out of their detached and irregular confederacies the more settled plans of national organization, they slowly perfected a political fabric of massive grandeur, which, from the compactness of its structure, the harmony of its parts, and the comprehensiveness of its design, is entirely without a parallel in the history of mankind.

Among the early Germans, the existence of separate landed property, or privileged classes in society, was utterly unknown. They lived in separate communities, governed by chiefs who were elected with exclusive reference to their merits. Their king was but the presiding officer of their annual council, where everything pertaining to the interest of the state was submitted to the free voice of a popular assembly. All landed property was vested in the community at large; and at the end of every year, distributed in the annual council to the chiefs, and by them redistributed in their respective communities. Every member of the community thus changed his habitation yearly, and migratory; and unsettled as this custom rendered them, it answered the purposes of a people whose pursuits

were limited to the exercise of war, and to the rudest forms of agriculture.

The Germans retained at first in their new possessions the outlines of their primitive organization. They retained their kings, among most of them their annual council, their original mode of distributing lands, and yearly change of habitation. Being scattered, however, over a large extent of country, their general assemblies became less frequent; and in proportion as they declined, the power of their kings and chiefs increased. With the decline of the general assemblies, the kings appropriated to themselves the exclusive power of distributing lands, which they granted to the chiefs, who, learning the value of permanent possessions, gradually assumed the ownership of them; and, as a consequence of that ownership, established the hereditary right to their possession in their descendants. Immediately after the conquest, large portions of lands were allotted to the more prominent of their warlike leaders, who were followed to their new possessions by large bodies of their subordinates, naturally desirous of adhering in their new condition to those leaders to whom they had become attached by a long companionship in arms. The chiefs parcelled out their lands to their followers, in grants for life or at will, which, in the feudal law, were denominated beneficiary estates; and from this disposition sprang up the feudal relation of lord and vassal, which eventually spread itself over the whole structure of society. These feudal lords or barons increasing in wealth and influence by the gradual improvement

and extension of their estates, their protection and influence were sought by the minor landed proprietors as a security against the depredations and oppressions to which they were exposed in a lawless military age; and the more effectually to secure it, they granted their lands to the barons in fee, and held them thereafter as tenants and vassals. From these and other causes, these feudal barons became possessed of immense landed estates, cultivated and improved by a host of dependent vassals. As the warlike propensities of their age involved them in continual quarrels with their neighbors, their first attention was directed to the efficient military organization of their vassals, and the general cultivation of the law of arms; to effect which object, the lands which were formerly held at gift or at will, were granted to the tenants upon the tenure of military service. Where the primitive institution of things was not retained with the gradual increase of estates, new states or kingdoms were formed, by the combination of estates, either through conquest, alliances by marriage, or by union for mutual protection, until from this primitive organization nations sprang up, governed by kings, overshadowed by nobles, and compactly knit together in that dependent relation which pervaded every part of the feudal system.

From customs peculiar to the original Germans, many of them were reduced to a state of servitude, and formed a considerable body at the period of the conquest of the Roman empire. After that period great numbers of the conquered Romans were reduced to a similar condition; and as it was the custom

of the feudal barons to reduce to slavery the captives taken in their wars, this inferior class, who were known by the appellation of serfs and villains, became in the progress of time a body of prodigious extent. As the tenants or vassals, in conformity with the requirement of their tenures, and in the indulgence of the ruling passion of their age, devoted themselves almost exclusively to the pursuit of arms, upon those serfs or villains devolved the duty of cultivating the earth and the performance of the labor necessary for the support of their privileged superiors. They were, in fact, the producing classes of their age, the really valuable members of the community, the foundation of society, which in our age and in our country, is dignified by the appellation of *the people*. From an utter disregard of the value of labor, and a total insensibility to the rights of humanity, they were crushed to the earth, under the iron dominion of a most despicable servitude. Fixed as bondmen to the soil, they were sold and transmitted with it. Their lives, like their liberties, were equally subject to the caprice of their lords. They were prevented from acquiring property—all political rights denied them—from self-elevation and individual advancement for ever shut out by their condition, so eloquently expressed by their name of “villain,” which, surviving the cause that gave rise to it, has descended to our age, as a characteristic appellation for all that is despicable and vile.

The feudal barons reigned with despotic power over their possessions. They made war, or entered into alliances of peace at pleasure,

and administered supreme judicial power within their baronies. In their earlier condition, most of them were independent of their kings, and made war upon them, with the same indifference as upon each other; but as the system became more compact, and the necessity of the dependent feudal relation more apparent, they assumed a subordinate position; and, in the feudal institution of vassalage, occupied about the same position to their sovereign that the inferior vassals occupied to them.

The feudal system was based upon the predominant influence of landed property, and the necessity of efficient military organization. It was the organization of a people, whose pursuits were confined to war and agriculture, and in which land, the most valuable quality in an agricultural state, was converted into a means for effectually establishing a powerful and permanent military organization. Through the whole feudal relation, the performance of military service was the condition by which land was possessed and enjoyed. By the principles of the feudal law the king was the supreme lord and owner of the soil, and all who possessed it held mediately or immediately from him. The barons held it upon the tenure of military service, and the tenants held from the barons by the same tenure. The tenants were bound to the performance of military service whenever required by their lords, and the barons, at the head of their vassals, were bound to the performance of military service whenever required by their sovereign.

“My castles are my king’s alone,
From turret to foundation stone,”

is the exclamation that Scott puts in the mouth of Douglas, and in this declaration the fiery old baron but frankly expresses the ruling sentiment of his age. The king, from uniting in himself the supreme control of the military power with the general ownership of the land, concentrated in his own person a control over the two great leading elements of the state, and distributed its exercise through the dependent parts of the whole feudal relation. A structure was thus reared, presenting the same aspect in civil society that the Egyptian pyramid presents in architecture, massive and deeply laid in its foundations, each layer of the structure supporting and supported by another, diminishing as it rose, gradation upon gradation, to its topmost stone, which, as the crowning point, to the elevation of which every part was subservient, filled the mind of the observer, when contrasted with the mass beneath it, with an overwhelming sense of its utter insignificance.

The great object of this structure is embraced in one word—*power*. It presents us with one of the most striking examples that history has afforded of the successful labor of the few, in establishing a permanent control over the interests and welfare of the many. The history of the ancient world furnishes many examples of the overthrow of the people's liberties by some vigorous despot, and the successful establishment of himself and descendants in the permanent exercise of power. But the growth of the feudal system exhibits, on the grandest scale, the silent workings of one of the strongest principles of human action, the tendency of the few to encroach up-

on the rights of the many. In its growth, we observe the gradual development of this principle, toiling upwards, through the slow progress of centuries, without revolution or social dismemberment, to a state of more perfect organization, until the whole machinery of society was effectually constructed for the concentration of power at one unnatural point, which, radiating from this common centre, was felt through every part of the structure which secured it. From the king downward, it presented one common feature of political inequality, more unequal as it approached the great mass of society, until a total deprivation of political rights was realized in the person of the down-trodden serf. What in this age is regarded as the common heritage of man, was enjoyed in the feudal only as the gift of the sovereign. The laws were the king's laws, graciously vouchsafed to the people; the courts, the king's courts; the peace of the community, the king's peace; the people, the king's subjects. Even a holy religion, bestowed upon the world for the common benefit of man, lent its sanction to establish the *divine right* of a political ruler; and the presuming mortal, thus placed above his race, rioted in authority as "the Lord's Anointed."

In the causes which contributed to the decline of the feudal system, we discover the germs of a new and entirely different state of society. Europe, in slowly emerging from the ignorance and superstition of the middle ages, was operated upon by a variety of influences, eminently calculated to shake the stability of the feudal fabric. The pure spirit of Christianity, though faintly strug-

gling, was slowly advancing upon the mere physical propensities of the age ; and even the institution of chivalry, though warlike in its objects, cast an elevating influence over the face of society. The domestic feelings which civilization engenders, inspired the tenants with a love of home ; and as, stimulated by this genial influence, they turned their attention to the assiduous cultivation of their lands, personal military service became an onerous and oppressive exaction. To relieve themselves from the burdens imposed by their tenures, they began at first by the employment of military substitutes, and finally commuted for the service altogether, by the payment to their lords of a stipulated rent for their lands. The haughty arrogance of the nobles brought them into constant collision with the sovereign ; and the sovereign, to check their growing power, courted the allegiance and extended the privileges of the people. The long and distant wars, connected with the crusades, gave rise to the institution of mercenary armies, in place of the uncertain service of military vassals ; and the tenants, shaking off the more onerous restrictions imposed upon their lands, gradually assumed the more elevated position of independent proprietors. To these causes, together with the institution of free burghs or towns, the growing importance of the class of merchants and traders, and the gradual increase of the commercial upon the agricultural interests of the people, is the decline of this system to be attributed. The rise of the free burghs or towns exhibits the best practical workings of the causes which contributed to its

overthrow. The burgher enjoyed privileges unknown to the feudal tenant of the country. He was governed by the by-laws of his own corporation, enjoyed property in his own right, and was unfettered in the exercise of his skill and industry, by the grasping avarice of a feudal proprietor. The oppressed villain, if he could escape from his master's estate to the protecting limits of a free burgh, and conceal himself from pursuit for a year and a day, was released from his servitude forever, and took his rank among his fellow-townsmen as a freeman and an equal. Causes so congenial operated powerfully upon these thriving little burghs, and speedily raised them to the condition of active democracies, illustrating, in the heart of the feudal system, the unfailing tendency of the principle of political equality.

The spirit of maritime adventure in the fifteenth century, and the migratory influence it exercised upon society, gave a new impulse to the political condition of Europe. With it arose the commercial age, and the restraints which the feudal system had imposed upon society, insensibly yielded to the silent and equalising influence of traffic. The more frequent communication it established between nations, enlarged the field of individual enterprise, and broke up that local exclusiveness by which the feudal system was mainly sustained. The wants and luxuries resulting from a more extended intercourse, and an extended civilization, increased the mutual dependence of the different parts of society ; and the more equal distribution of wealth, a greater individuality, and the gradual enjoyment of

political liberty, followed the new impulse thus stimulated through the active channels of trade. The possession of wealth, as the fruits of individual exertion, will eventually make itself felt, whatever may be the condition of society, and the dignity of labor be gradually acknowledged, from the influence its exercise commands. This elevating result the commercial spirit has gradually effected in the condition of society; and through its instrumentality, the haughty baron, with his host of dependent vassals, has sunk into political insignificance before the independent tiller of the soil, the industrious artizan, the merchant, and the trader. Personal property, which might scarcely be said to have had a legal existence in the feudal ages, has become, through the instrumentality of commerce, the available capital of the larger portion of mankind, and the more equal possession and independent control of property in general the distinguishing mark of a more improved condition, of a more advanced civilization.

In the change which the spirit of commercial enterprise has wrought in the political condition of the world, we discover the gradual development of new means of power, growing out of the altered pursuits and changed condition of society. One of the principal of these is the superior influence effected through the powerful instrumentality of money. From the nature of the feudal organization, the paramount influence of money was unfelt. The feudal baron, when unoccupied by war, dwelt among his retainers and dependents; and whatever was produced by the community which he

governed was required for its own immediate consumption. When engaged in war he was attended by an unpaid soldiery; and whatever became necessary for the support of his troops was obtained from the bountiful hospitality of his allies, or plundered from the defenceless fields of his enemies. But the first development of the trading spirit in Europe called into active exercise this potent agent of modern civilization; and the revolution which commerce has effected in the condition of mankind has given to it, as an element of wealth and power, a vigorous vitality. What was accomplished in the middle ages through the possession of land, is now effected through the instrumentality of money. As the exchanging product of all other commodities; and the universally recognized standard of value, it has become the great engine of society, and its subtle representative, *Credit*, the means through which its influence is disseminated, for the welfare or misery of millions. The former distinctions of society, and even the purposes of government, yield to the potency of its combined and directed energies; the antagonist principles, passions and prejudices of men, meet and fraternise at its common altar, and even the inspiration of genius and the far-soaring spirit of philosophic abstraction stoop to acknowledge the supremacy of its sway:

“The age of bargaining hath come,

* * * * *

And noble name and cultured land,
Palace and park, and vassal band,
Are powerless to the notes of hand
Of Rothschilds and the Barings.”

For the rise of the system, by which

this controlling element of modern times has been rendered an instrument of power in the hands of the few, we must turn our attention to those Italian states which, from the tenth to the fifteenth century, maintained the limited commerce then known to Europe. To them are we indebted for the origin of many of the facilities by which the present commercial intercourse of the world is regulated, and, among others, to the origin of banking. The word *bank* is derived from the Italian word *banco*, or bench, and owes its present signification to the stalls, or benches, in the market-places of the principal Italian cities, where the Jews, in the infancy of European commerce, sat for the purpose of loaning money. The first institution of the kind was the Bank of Venice. It was established in the year 1157, during the Crusades, and for the purpose of rendering assistance to these expeditions. It was exclusively a bank of deposit, and continued in existence as such for more than six hundred years. The next bank was established in Genoa. It was founded in 1345, and effectually established in 1407, after this enterprising republic had destroyed the commercial superiority of its rival, Pisa, and superseded Venice in the trade of the eastern archipelago. It originated in loans furnished by the wealthy citizens to the state, which it continued to supply, deriving its interest from imposts pledged to it by government, to the period of the destruction of the republic by Napoleon. Genoa, of all the Italian States, dealt most extensively in the business of money and exchange; and the bank, taking its character from the prevailing pur-

suits of the people, enlarged upon the sphere of its predecessor of Venice, by uniting the business of granting loans to that of receiving deposits. The next in the order of succession was established at Barcelona, in Spain. It was founded in 1350 by an ordinance of the King of Arragon, granting banking privileges to the cloth merchants of that city, which they continued to exercise for about fifty years, when the control of the bank was assumed by the city, and it was conducted thereafter as a municipal institution.

The commercial superiority of the Italian states having yielded to the vigorous enterprise and indomitable perseverance of the Dutch, Holland, in the fulness of commercial prosperity, became flooded with the coin of other nations. This coin, from being clipped and otherwise debased below its standard, became of uncertain value, and the commercial transactions conducted through a medium so uncertain became exceedingly complicated and difficult. To remedy this defect, the Bank of Amsterdam was established in the year 1609. The bank received this irregular coin upon deposit, ascertained its proper weight and fineness, and issued its own bills for the actual standard value of the coin it received. These bills rose into high repute, and became exceedingly valuable instruments for carrying on the extensive commerce of this prosperous and enterprising people. This bank was followed by the establishment of the Bank of Hamburg, upon the same principle, in 1619; by the Bank of Rotterdam, in 1635, and by the Bank of England in 1694.

The latter bank may be properly denominated the great parent of the modern banking system. It first effectually exhibited the powerful influence which a systematic control over money and credit may give to a few individuals, and how deeply interwoven with the great interests of society is the tremendous machinery by which that control is effected. The bank was projected by a merchant named Patterson, and was chartered in the reign of William and Mary, in consideration of a loan of £1,200,000, to enable the government to carry on the war against France. The management of this loan was entrusted to the bank, the government paying £4000 annually for the service. This £4000, together with an interest of 8 per cent. upon the original loan, was the capital, in fact, upon which the bank commenced operations. Still farther enlarging upon the sphere of its predecessors, it embraced the three functions of a bank of deposit, discount, and circulation; and, being originally chartered as an engine of government, it has become intimately blended with the whole governmental policy of the British empire. The entire revenue of the government passes through its hands. It acts as a governmental agent in managing the finances and the public debt, in the collection of taxes, and in the payment of interest and annuities. And this important vocation, added to its extensive discount of commercial paper, and the circulation of its notes as money, gives it a commanding influence, not only over the monetary affairs of Great Britain, but throughout the civilized world.

It is in this country, however, that

this subtle system has arrived at its greatest maturity, and where its deleterious effect upon the welfare of society has been most forcibly illustrated. Paper money was issued in the colony of Massachusetts as early as 1690. It was issued for the purpose of defraying the expenses incurred by the colony in its expedition against Quebec, and afterwards continued with the design of defraying the general expenses of government. In 1712 a public bank was established by the colony of South Carolina, and before the year 1730 paper money was issued as currency by the colonies of Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Hampshire, and Pennsylvania. In most of the colonies this vacillating currency was made a legal tender, but so disastrous were its effects upon the morals and pursuits of the people, so effectually had it subjected the industrious classes to the schemes of designing speculators, that an act was passed by the British Parliament in 1763, prohibiting thereafter the issuing of paper money in the plantations of North America. At the war of the Revolution, however, a resort was had to the former provincial paper-money system, and Congress, for the purpose of carrying on the war, issued a forced currency, under the well-known appellation of continental money. This governmental scrip purported to be an evidence of debt due by government to the individual who held it, and the only value it possessed was such as the authority of the government might give it. It was issued under the fallacious impression that it was in the power of government to create money, by giving a value to that which possessed no intrinsic

value in itself, and so deeply imbued were the Continental Congress with this conviction, that laws were enacted making it *treason* to refuse it in payment, and summary punishments, executed with relentless severity, by military force as well as by the civil power, were inflicted, to secure its general acceptance. The ruinous effects of this fatal error were felt, not only during the war of the Revolution, but long after its close. Penal laws were found insufficient to give it vitality, and the whole power of government and the patriotism of the people ineffectual to control the simple principles of trade. An impression remains to this day, that it was highly instrumental in carrying on the war, but it will be apparent to a careful observer that the object might have been far better effected by a simple resort to direct taxation. The use of this fictitious agent but added to the calamities of the struggle, and, as the Tories parted with it as speedily as possible, the main burden of its loss fell upon those whose patriotism sustained the contest, and whose swords achieved the result.

The Bank of North America was founded in 1781. It was established at Philadelphia, with a capital of \$4000,000, \$254,000 of which was subscribed by the United States, and but \$70,000 by individuals. It was established as a bank of discount, deposit, and circulation, after the model of the Bank of England. This bank, by various shifts and contrivances, managed to obtain an extensive credit; but so injurious were its effects on the interests of the community, that its charter was repealed in 1785. By great exer-

tions, however, it obtained a new charter in 1787 for fourteen years, which was afterwards continued by successive acts of the Legislature of Pennsylvania.

Among the first measures of the dominant federal party, after the adoption of the federal constitution, was the creation of the old Bank of the United States, by a charter from the General Government. It was chartered in 1791, avowedly, to use the language of its projector, Hamilton, "as a powerful political engine," with a capital of ten millions, and continued in operation until the expiration of its charter in 1811. About the time of its charter, State banks were established in Massachusetts, New York, and Rhode Island, and before the close of its eventful career, eighty-nine banks had sprung up in different parts of the Union, whose aggregate capitals exceeded fifty-two millions of dollars. In 1816 the late Bank of the United States was chartered by Congress, with a capital of thirty-five million dollars, one-fourth of which was required to be paid in coin, and the remainder in stock. As the history and effects of this institution have become a part of the current information of the day, any further detail for the purpose of this article would be superfluous. From the report of the Secretary of the Treasury, the number of State banks in the year 1836, at the expiration of the charter of the United States Bank, had increased from eighty-nine to five hundred and sixty-seven, and, according to the table furnished by Mr. Raguét, in his late work on banking, the number had been swelled in 1840 to nine hundred and one, with an aggre-

gate capital exceeding three hundred and fifty-eight millions of dollars, and a circulation of bank paper, amounting to about one hundred and seven millions.

By insensible degrees these institutions have increased in number and influence, until they have become deeply interwoven with the business and operations of all classes of society. The system resulting from their establishment has gradually emerged, like the feudal, from the changed pursuits of a new condition of society. Like the feudal, it has developed itself from the wants and necessities of that new condition, noiseless in its progress, but gradually increasing in power and influence, until, from its simple vocation as a means for facilitating the complicated relations of commercial intercourse it has grown into a system of the highest political importance, overspreading the whole structure of society, and pervading its minutest ramifications. The business of banking being especially devoted to the operations of money and credit, it embraces within its influence the two most powerful elements existing in the present commercial structure of society; and the control effected over them, through its subtle organization, operates in a greater or less degree upon every member of the community. The relation which money bears to the present wants of society, affords to any system designed to regulate and control its operations a means of influence the most powerful that can be devised, for affecting the general interests of mankind. The acquisition of property is a pervading feature in our social organization, and that condi-

tion of society which leaves unrestricted the power of individuals legitimately to acquire it, realizes one of the most important ends of political liberty. When its acquisition is left unrestricted, the inevitable result must be a more general distribution of it, and consequently a more independent social condition. Property, from being more equally devised, must more frequently change owners, and the importance of the standard by which its value is estimated must be proportionably increased the more frequent that change and the more general its distribution. The universally recognized standard being money, it becomes the most valuable as well as the most influential property in the state. Money can at all times procure every other commodity, but other commodities cannot at all times procure money. A system, therefore, devised for the purpose of placing the control of this powerful social auxiliary in the hands of the few, and of enabling them, by means of that control, to make it plentiful or scarce, to increase or decrease its value at pleasure, is placing the great interests of society effectually in their hands, and subjecting its welfare to their ignorance, ambition, or cupidity. By the operation of the banking system, the money of the nation, its gold and silver, is placed in the vaults of the banks, and their paper is furnished to the community as its circulating medium in its stead. By a harmony of interests, and through the subtle operations of credit and bank paper, these monetary rulers are enabled to operate in concert, to combine their influence and concentrate their energies, and the power

wielded through such a combination, has subjected the people of this country to a dependent reliance upon its action. A population of thirty millions of souls, the most active in the world, and living under institutions professedly the most free, are reduced to a dependence upon the operations of powerful moneyed corporations, and compelled to regulate the conduct of their affairs, business, and pursuits, by a careful observance of their movements. Credit, from whose healthy exercise society derives one of its most efficient stimulants, is subjected to the arbitrary control of a leagued corporate influence; and a dependent community, at one period stimulated to speculative madness by its wanton abuse, through the expansion of bank paper, are reduced at another to wide-spread distress and calamitous suffering from its ruinous contraction. Yet what are the institutions upon which we have thus freely conferred this omnipotent influence over property, morals, and happiness? The most able writers upon banking have proved with the clearness of demonstration, that they neither create capital nor permanently render money more plentiful; and that so far as the employment of the industry of the country or the commerce of trade are concerned, no advantage whatever is gained by their establishment. Is this tremendous monetary machinery organized, then, for the purpose of enabling a privileged few to profit at the expense of the many? To enable them to circulate their credit in the shape of bank bills, as money, and to realize a multiplied interest upon their capital by receiving it upon the credit

they circulate in addition to their capital? If so, then have we in effect a monetary feudal system, exercising, in the peculiar state of society that has produced it, as positive an influence upon its action as was exercised in a former condition by the gothic structure of the middle ages. Throughout the wide-spread limits of this country, the great agricultural producers watch the influence of this monetary power upon the rise and fall of their produce with as deep an interest as they watch the effect of the atmosphere upon their crops. To them the existence of this system is in every sense deleterious, yet when their number is compared with the trading classes, for whose benefit the system is alleged to be instituted, it will be found that the government of the few over the many is realized by the most marked disproportion. By the census of 1840, the number engaged in agricultural pursuits is estimated at 3,717,756; while those engaged in trading pursuits, including merchants, shopkeepers, &c., are put down at 117,575, a number amounting to about the thirtieth part of the former; and when this is again reduced to those who have the control of banking institutions, or who profit by their existence, the number sinks into comparative insignificance.

The banking system, though acting upon an entirely different state of society, and compounded of elements of a totally different character, is marked, if not in its present state, at least in that to which it advocates desire to advance it, by the great leading feature which characterized the composition of the feudal system. It is equally a sys-

tematic concentration of power in the hands of the few, effected by an organized control over the most valuable interest in the state. If the power inherent in the feudal organization was effected by the control it established over land, its modern prototype secures the same by the control it establishes over money. If one was based upon the paramount influence of landed property, the other is established upon an interest in the state fully as influential and paramount; and, so far as they respectively accomplish an inequality in the social condition of man, there is little to choose between an hereditary titled nobility and a permanent aristocracy of wealth. The tendency of power, unrestricted, is to concentrate, from the many to the few; the great end of political liberty, to resist that concentration. When the feudal barons had secured to themselves an hereditary control over their tenants or vassals, the desire of still greater power led to the establishment of a superior baron or sovereign. The power thus plundered from the people was enjoyed by its possessor as the gift of God, and justified as a necessity for preserving the organization that upheld it. So far as the preservation of that organization was necessary, this great head of the system was necessary to sustain it; and an argument so potent in the feudal age is not wanting in application to the system of our age, the advocates of the extension of bank power among us having discovered an equal necessity for the institution of a "great regulator."

The rise and progress of these respective systems equally illustrate the assertion with which we set out

at the commencement of this article. As illustrating the concentrative tendency of power, they are equally forcible examples; and whatever may be the ultimate destiny of our race, whether, as the far-seeing minds of Germany have predicted, it is destined to arrive at the benign dominion of an all-pervading humanity when the individual as well as the general interests of men shall dictate an harmonious equality, the history of the past is but the history of its concentrative tendency; and the nations that have perished in the progress of the race have either sunk from the anarchy produced by the struggle for its attainment, or the national degeneracy consequent upon its unlimited development. The progress of the feudal system was from a state of agricultural independence to the most abject political subjection, and out of the new order of things produced from its dismemberment, we are rapidly hastening to the creation of another system, calculated to sway as omnipotent an influence over the state of society that has produced it. We are building up a power in society more potent than government; a power which, by affecting men in their property, takes root in the strongest interest in the state, and against the overspreading influence of which written constitutions and the forms of government are but feeble barriers. A vast extent of country is becoming studded over with a host of moneyed barons in the guise of banking corporators, exercising within the sphere of their local operations a paramount influence over the monetary interest; and when we have concentrated their influence and subjected their

action to the dictatorial sway of a mammoth monetary monster, we shall have built up a power which, in the ambitious grasp of some future Cæsar, may enable him to crush for ever the liberties of the republic.

To those who contend for the necessity of this feudal monetary organization, and who believe that the general interests of society as at present constituted demand its institution, we answer, that the advantages flowing from the dismemberment of the feudal system conclusively establish that the continuance of such systems is prejudicial to the progressive improvement of our age. The feudal system declined as the great mass of mankind toiled upwards to a greater individuality. As that individuality of personal independence was realized by the more general distribution and enjoyment of property, we are irresistibly led to the conclusion that a system calculated to repress its more general distribution, to render more unequal its enjoyment, to divide society into classes, to subject the industry of the many to the selfish control of the few, and to widen and render more permanent the distinctions between the rich and the poor, is highly inimical to the present welfare and future advancement of society. In the simple and natural operations of free trade, in leaving the field of individual enterprise and exertion unrestricted by controlling monopolies and complicated systems, do we believe the great interests of society to be advanced. Legitimate freedom in everything we regard as a

cardinal principle of republicanism. We hold that every citizen is entitled to the full exercise of his powers when that exercise conflicts not with the rights of his fellows. The glory of our institutions consists in the fact, that they are fitted for the highest degree of moral and intellectual development that man is capable of attaining. As the most elevating feature in the development of individual character consists in its own faithful self-government, so, in a nation, the noblest spectacle is that of a people governing themselves; and we can only hope to realize that condition which the structure of our institutions contemplates, by resisting the growth of systems in society calculated to render more unequal the enjoyment of property, and opposed to the spirit of our free institutions. In the stability and equalizing tendency of those institutions we rely with a living faith. To the realization of that over-spreading and spiritual democracy, which the whole philosophy of Germany has predicted, we cling with the earnest devotion of a hopeful heart. From the blood and carnage, the evil passions, the selfish struggles that have blotted the pages of past humanity, we turn our eyes towards the dim and distant future for the realization, in this western land, of that condition, when man, having worked out the glorious destiny of his own perfection, shall stand erect in the native vigor of his moral purity, the reflection of his spiritual creator—the mortal image of his God.

THE WITCH-FINDER.

THE following brief history of an English Witch-Finder ought to convey some lesson to our own times and country, where we have a *mania* not less *disgusting*, and scarcely less *fatal to religion and morality*. It ought to impress upon us the awful delusions to which the human mind may be carried by imposture working upon superstition and credulity. The complete history of witchcraft reveals the number of not less than *twenty thousand* innocent lives sacrificed to this terrible Moloch. The history of our own country bears an ample share in this disgrace. Even now we have a *mania*, which, metaphysically and psychologically, belongs to the same family, supported by many "grave and reverend seigneurs," judges, doctors, and clergymen, who nightly bow their brains to receive revelations from Paul and Jesus, through the pedal extremities of a woman of infamous notoriety. Again the history of Agnes Bridges and Rachel Pindar is enacted in our midst, a shameless marriage of lechery and religion, by which the honor of the dead and the feelings of the living are outraged under the prostituted name of "a new revelation." A band of soocerers has arisen, *pari passu*, which with one hand smites the word of God, and with the other feels deep in the pockets of the most remarkable congregation of wise men and noodles that the world ever saw. This history of the witch-finder is a

good enough episode in the narrative of our modern mystagogues.

The belief in witchcraft is a very ancient and deep-rooted one. From the earliest times we can trace records of supposed acts of witchcraft and their punishment. Pliny, in his "Natural History," speaks of Furius Crescinus, who was accused of magic, because he had better crops than his neighbors. For his defense he brought them his heavy plows, and spades, and sun-burnt children, and said these were the charms he made use of. As early as fourteen years after the Christian era, many persons were put to death by Tiberius, for consulting with magicians, which imputations were principally made to get rid of persons obnoxious to the government—a plan which continued throughout the middle ages. It was the excuse made when the Knights Templars were condemned, their power being dangerous, and their riches covetable. The Duchess of Gloster's case, made celebrated by Shakspeare; or that of poor Jane Shore, accused by Richard III., were cases of political hatred thus revenged. But the belief in witchcraft continued to increase, and was greatly confirmed by Pope Innocent VIII., who, in 1484, issued a bull, empowering the Inquisition to search for witches and burn them.

The superstition continued on the increase, and reached its culmination in the Puritanic time of the

Commonwealth, when persons, more cunning and wicked than the rest, gained a subsistence by discovering witches, by pretended marks and trials they used, and denouncing them to death. The chief of these persons was Matthew Hopkins, Witch-Finder General, as he termed himself. He was a native of Manningtree, in Essex, and he devoted his pretended powers so zealously in the service of his native country, that in 1644, sixteen witches discovered by him were burnt at Yarmouth; fifteen were condemned at Chelmsford, and hanged in that town, and at Manningtree. Many more at Bury St. Edmund, in 1645 and 1646, amounting to nearly forty in all, at the several places of execution, and as many more in the county as made up three-score.

In this work he was aided by one John Stern, and a woman, who, with the rest, pretended to have secret means of testifying witchcrafts, nor was their zeal unrewarded by the weak and superstitious parliament. Mr. Hopkins, in a book published in 1647, owns that he had twenty shillings for each town he visited to discover witches, and owns that he had punished many; testing them by a water-ordeal to see if they would sink or swim. He says that he swam many, and watched them for four nights together, keeping them standing or walking till their feet were blistered; "the reason," as he says, "was to prevent their couching down; for, indeed, when they be suffered to couch, immediately come their familiars into the room, and scareth the watchers, and heartneth (encourageth) the witch."

This swimming experiment, which was deemed a full proof of guilt, if

any one subjected to it did not sink, but floated on the surface of the water, was one of the ordeals especially recommended by King James the First, who, with the argumentative folly for which he was so eminently conspicuous, assigned this ridiculous reason for its pretended infallibility—"that, as such persons had renounced their baptism by water, so the water refuses to receive them." Consequently, those who were accused of diabolical practices, were tied neck and heels together, and tossed into a pond; if they floated or swam, they were guilty, and therefore taken out and hanged, or burnt; if they were innocent, they were drowned. Of this method of trial by water-ordeal, Scott observes, "that a woman above the age of fifty years, being bound both hand and foot, her clothes being upon her, and being laid down softly upon the water, sinketh not a long time, some say not at all." And Dr. Hutchinson confirms this, by saying not one in ten ever sank in this position of their bodies. Its utter fallacy was shown when the witch-finders themselves were thus tested; and the last quoted writer says that if the books written against witchcraft were tested by the same ordeal, they would, in no degree, come off more safely.

One of the most cruel cases was that of Mr. Lowes, a clergyman, who had reached the patriarchal age of eighty. He was one of those unfortunate ministers of the Gospel, whose livings were sequestered by the parliament, and who was suspected as malignant, because he preserved his loyalty, and read the homilies of the church. It had been well for him had this been the only

suspicion; but he was accused of witchcraft, and it was asserted that he had sunk ships at sea by the power he possessed, and witnesses were found who swore to seeing him do it. He was seized and *tested*. They watched him and kept him awake at night, and ran him backwards and forwards about the room until he was cut of breath; then they rested him a little, and then ran him again. And thus they did for several days and nights together, until he was weary of his life, and was scarce sensible of what he said or did. They swam him to Framlingham; and, although that was no true rule to try him by, for they put in unsuspected people at the same time, and they swam as well as he: yet was the unfortunate old clergyman condemned to death, and executed.

Hopkins's great success in his own county induced him and his companions to visit others, and he accordingly rambled from town to town, through many parts of Sussex, Norfolk, and Huntingdonshire, to discover witches. Some few conscientious clergymen preached and spoke against them as far as those times would allow. Among the most conspicuous of Hopkins's opponents was Mr. Gaul, of Stoughton, in Huntingdonshire, who did his utmost to prevent persons from believing in witchcraft, or in Hopkins's pretended tests for its discovery. This excited the ire of "the Witch-Finder General," who sent to one in his parish the following impertinent letter, which gives a true insight of Hopkins's character, the gainful nature of his trade, and how those persons who opposed him were discouraged by the Parliamentary committees:

"My service to your worship presented; I have this day received a letter, &c., to come to a town called Great Stoughton, to search for evil-disposed persons called witches, (though I heare your minister is farre against us through ignorance,) I intend to come (God willing,) the sooner, to heare his singular judgement in the behalf of such parties; I have known a minister in Suffolk preach against their discovery in the pulpit, and forced to recant it (by the committee,) in the same place. I much marvaile such evil members should have any (much more any of the clergy, who should dayly preach terrour to convince such offendours,) stand up to take their parts, against such as are complainants for the king, and sufferers themselves with their families and estates. I intend to give your town a visit suddenly. I am to come to Kimbolton this week, and it shall be tenne to one but I will come to your town first, but I would certainly know aforehand whether your town affords many sticklers for such cattell, or willing to give and afford us good welcome and entertainment, as other where I have been, else I shall wave your shire (not as yet beginning in any part of it myself,) and betake me to such places where I do and may persist, not only without controle, but with thanks and recompense. So I humbly take my leave, and rest,

"Your servant to be commanded,
"MATTHEW HOPKINS."

In the book written some years after this, by Mr. Gaul, he mentions their mode of discovering witches, which was principally by marks or signs upon their bodies, which were in reality but moles, scorbutic spots,

or warts, which frequently grow large and pendulous in old age, and were absurdly declared to be teats to suckle imps. Thus, of one Jeane Willimot, in 1619, it was sworn that she had two imps, one in the form of a kitten, and another in that of a mole, "and they lept on her shoulder, and the kitten sucked under her right ear, on her neck, and the mole on the left side, in the like place; and at another time a spirit was seen "sucking on her, under the left flanke, in the likenesse of a little white dogge." (See "the wonderful discovery of the witchcrafts of Margare and Philip Flower, 1619.")

Another test was to place the suspected witch in the middle of a room, upon a stool or table, cross-legged, or in some other uneasy posture; and if she were refractory, she was tied to by cords, and kept without meat or sleep, for the space of four-and-twenty hours; all this time she was strictly watched, because it was believed that in the course of that time her imp would come to suck her, for whom some hole or mode of ingress was provided. The watchers swept the room frequently, so that nothing might escape them; and should a fly or spider be found, that had the activity or vigilance to elude them, they were assured these were the imps. In 1545, one was hanged at Cambridge, who kept a tame frog, which was sworn to be her imp; and one at Gloucester, in 1649, who was convicted for having sucked a sow in the form of a little black creature. In "a Tryal of Witches, at Bury St. Edmunds, 1664," a witness deposed to having caught one of these imps in a blanket, waiting for her child, who slept in it, and was bewitched; that it

was in the form of a toad, and was caught and thrown into the fire, where "it made a great and horrible noise, and, after a space, there was a flashing in the fire like gunpowder, making a noise like the discharge of a pistol, and thereupon the toad was no more seen nor heard." All of which was the simple natural result of this cruel proceeding, but which was received by judge and jury at that time as full proof of the poor toad being an imp!

After a considerable course of wicked accusation on the part of Hopkins and his accomplices, testing all by these modes of trial, and ending in the cruel deaths of many wretched old persons, a reaction against him took place, probably at the instigation of some whose friends had been condemned innocently, or of those who were too wise to believe in his tests, and disgusted with his cool wickedness. His own famous and conclusive evidence—the experiment of swimming—was tried *upon himself*, and this wretch, who had sacrificed so many, was found, by the same test, to be *guilty too*. He was deservedly condemned, and suffered death himself as a wizard.

This man, his feats, and his miserable end, are alluded to by Butler, in his "Hudibras," canto 3.

"Has not the present Parliament
A ledger [*ambassador*] to the devil sent,
Fully empowered to treat about
Finding revolted witches out?
And has he not within a year,
Hang'd threescore of them in one shire?
Some only for not being droun'd,
And some for sitting above ground
Whole days and nights upon their breeches,
And feeling pain, were hang'd for witches;
And some for putting knavish tricks

Upon green geese and turkey chicks,
 Or pigs that suddenly deceast
 Of griefs unnatural as he guest ;
 Who after proved himself a witch,
 And made a rod for his own breech."

Nor was Hopkins alone in his profession. In Sykes's "Local Records," mention is made of a Scotchman, who pretended similar powers of discovering witchcraft, and was engaged by the townsmen of Newcastle to practice them, and one man and fifteen women were hung there. But he ultimately shared, as Hopkins did, the cruel fate he had awarded to so many others. "When the Witch-Finder had done in New-

castle, and received his wages, he went into Northumberland to try women there, and got three pounds apiece, but Henry Ogle, Esq., laid hold on him, and required bond of him to answer at the Sessions. He escaped into Scotland, where he was made prisoner, indicted, arraigned, and condemned for such-like villainy exercised in Scotland, and confessed, at the gallows, that he had been the death of above two hundred and twenty women, in England and Scotland, for the gain of twenty shillings apiece!"



DON'T STAY LATE TO-NIGHT.

The hearth of home is beaming
 With rays of holy light ;
 And loving eyes are gleaming,
 As falls the shades of night ;
 And while thy steps are leaving
 The circle pure and bright,
 A tender voice, half grieving,
 Says, "Don't stay late to-night."

The world in which thou movest,
 Is busy, brave, and wide ;
 The world of her thou lovest,
 Is at the ingle side ;
 She waits for thy warm greeting,
 Thy smile is her delight,
 Her gentle voice, entreating,
 Says, "Don't stay late to-night."

THE NATURAL RIGHT OF SELF-GOVERNMENT.

MR. JEFFERSON was the author of the grandest truth that ever fell from mere mortal lips, when he declared, in 1776, that all (white) men were created equal, and endowed by the Creator with an inherent and *inalienable* right to liberty and the pursuit of their own happiness. This truth is immutable, unchanging, and everlasting, for it is based on a *fact* fixed forever by the hand of the Almighty Himself, and, *therefore*, however mens' perceptions of it may fail at times, or however depraved and faithless whole generations may prove themselves, it will live through all possible mutations of human society, ignorance, folly and misery, and be again the starting point and central light of human welfare.

All who belong to the race are naturally alike—have the same bodily structure and the same faculties—in a word, the same nature and the same wants, and therefore, as declared by Mr. Jefferson, it is a self-evident truth that God has designed them for the same rights and the same duties. Some men are physically stronger than others, and some, with larger brains, have more mental capacity than others; but they have all the same nature and the same wants, and therefore must have the same rights, or the same chances to secure their own happiness, and to live out the life God has blessed them with. The slight

variations in these respects, while they do not affect the natural wants an atom, have been magnified by ignorance and folly into tremendous proportions, and a Cæsar and a Napoleon have loomed up in the imaginations of the foolish as demigods, simply because the masses were so prostrate and degraded by habitude. Nature is perpetually rectifying destiny, chance, or external forces, and restoring her invaded rights and lost balances. Thus, a Napoleon's progeny is no more likely to have a brain above the normal standard than has the son of his groom or valet. When the departure from the natural average is so great that it is monstrous, nature does not permit offspring at all, and the reparatory law, the all-pervading and fundamental principle of restoration, conquers all accident, climate, time, human folly, external force of every possible kind, and preserves the normal order, the actual equality of the race, and nations, or communities of men, are healthy, happy, and prosperous, in exact proportion as they conform their institutions or their habitudes to this grand central truth.

Equal rights and equal duties for those whom God has made equal. How plain, simple, self-evident, and yet it was never recognized or made the basis of a political system until 1776. Men, in all ages, had glimpses of it—some, indeed many, had clear

conceptions of it; but it was the happy destiny of Mr. Jefferson and his compatriots to make it the foundation and corner stone of a new and more glorious civilization than ever before seen.

The Greeks never advanced beyond the idea of the *State*, and Aristotle, the most advanced mind of his time, could not conceive even of a political society that did not rest on slavery. They formed States, even well-conceived and well-defined State rights and confederacies of States, but Democracy, liberty, citizenship, that glorious brotherhood or equality of the race proclaimed by Jefferson, seemed an impossible conception of the Greek intellect.

The Romans advanced beyond the idea of the State; but with them citizenship, or freedom, was a privilege, not a right, and when they indulged in that proud cry, "I am a Roman citizen," it corresponded exactly with the idea of a modern English Lord, when boasting of the privileges of his order.

Rome was free and governed the world; so, too, the English aristocrat is free and governs England; but neither ever conceived of a true liberty or equal citizenship as a natural right.

Christ had proclaimed this grand brotherhood and equality of the race, "do unto others as you would they should do unto you;" or, in other words, admit the rights in others that you claim for yourself; but though the primitive Christians lived this out in practice and their social habits, no one seemed to have even dreamed of applying the rule to politics, or of making it the test of political right. Subsequently, when the Church became the dominating

power, and Rome the capital of the moral, as in the Pagan days it was the capital of the material world, all ideas of liberty, right government, &c., were obscured, surrendered, abandoned, or lost in the great and mysterious claim of the Papacy to own the universe, and administer its affairs as the Vicegerent of the Almighty. It is not intended in this article to condemn or to endorse that once grand and mysterious power called the Church, for indeed there was much good as well as evil wrapped up in it; but it is simply historic fact that the Church claimed to administer the affairs of this world as the agent of heaven, and kings, princes, nobles, and people, for several centuries, did not presume to question that authority, any more than if it had been actually and personally delegated by God Himself.

This continued until the Reformation, that grand revolt of human reason against those terrible shadows which for so many centuries had prostrated it at the feet of the Papacy. But though the returning Crusaders brought back with them the manuscripts and learning of the antique world, the glowing and glorious intellectualism of Greece, and the stately memories of Republican Rome, and the recent discovery of a new continent and unknown world, had quickened and vitalized the long prostrate intellect of the race even then, such was the potency of the old shadows, that new ones were invented to shelter reason while combating with the old enemy.

The dogma of the "Divine right of kings" was invented to neutralize the dogma of Papal infallibility, and behind this screen the best

intellect of Christendom sought shelter against the fierce onset of that great and mysterious power which, in the name of Heaven, had so long ruled the earth, and not only proscribed, but fearfully punished human intelligence if it crossed its path or presumed to question its dread infallibility. The people, the masses, the citizen, the individual man, was as entirely ignored and disregarded by the *Protestants* against the Papal authority as it was by their opponents, but the right of "private judgment" to read and interpret the Scriptures, each for himself, however dimly perceived or misunderstood by Luther, Calvin, and other Protestant chiefs, lay at the bottom of the whole controversy, and was indeed the vital force and very soul of that mighty movement we call the Reformation. The so-called reformation was indeed no reform at all. It was simply a revolt of human reason against a monstrous usurpation, which for so many centuries had held it in abject thrall, and if the new dogma of the "Divine right of kings" had permanently taken the place of the old claim of Papal infallibility, of course nothing would have been gained. But the doctrine of "private judgment," which most of the Protestant chiefs intended should apply only to religion, could not be thus circumscribed, and therefore, unperceived and uncomprehended by Luther, Calvin, and especially by Henry the Eighth, it became the starting point of European liberty and modern progress. And scarcely had the great revolt against the Papal authority closed, when the logical necessities of the doctrine of "private

judgment" came into collision with the "Divine right of kings."

And now properly begins that mighty contest of kings against people—of the few against the many—of the masses against the privileged class, which has gone on ever since, and which must continue to go on until the old mythical idea of the "Divine" origin of government is exploded in Europe, and government is regarded as a mere matter of public convenience, as it is with us. The "Divine right" of kings, set up as a counterpoint to the Papal claim of infallibility, was soon found to be quite as great an obstacle to popular progress and personal freedom as the latter, indeed more so, for the practical observances of the Catholic formulas have always a certain Democratic tendency.

The Pope, no longer the Vicegerent of Heaven, of course the Prince became the source of all power, and conferred privileges on nobles, chartered cities, and gave freedom to the commons, &c., and these chartered "rights" men were always ready to fight for, and shed their blood for, if necessary. Magna Charta, which even some foolish Americans quote, was of this kind; the "Bill of Rights," the "sacred right of petition," &c., all sprung from this European notion of the "Divine right of kings," who, having conferred certain privileges on classes of the people, it became their right and duty to defend them. All the great civil wars in England rested on these assumptions. Charles the First was tried and executed, not because he usurped power over the people, but because he attempted to take that from them which he or his "gracious"

predecessors had conferred on the people. Even the overthrow of the Stuarts, and the calling in of another dynasty to rule over them, did not rest on popular sovereignty, but in the "royal" blood of James the First, found in the veins of the Elector of Hanover.

No one in Europe, the most advanced minds, even the French Encyclopedists of the eighteenth century, rose above this notion of the "Divine right of kings," and among the most advanced minds of the present day there is not one in all England, we believe, who has given expression to the American and true idea of liberty.

John Bright, Stuart Mill, and others, profess, and no doubt feel, a great admiration for American institutions, but they seem utterly incapable of comprehending the great central truth at the base of these institutions. Government, to them, is of "Divine," or mystical origin, and though they sneer at Papal infallibility, and fancy even that they have outgrown the claim of the Stuarts to "Divine right," all their arguments for popular progress rest on the old notion of privilege instead of natural right. These English "Radicals" really desire to benefit the masses, and to reform their institutions, but it is always to widen the oligarchy, never to establish democracy. They deem it safe and just to increase the number of voters, and therefore Mr. Bright and his friends propose to confer self-government on large numbers that are now excluded. If John Bright understood self-government—if he had read Jefferson, and understood the history of Andrew Jackson, and comprehended Virginia as well as

Massachusetts, he would bring a bill in Parliament that simply declared all Englishmen voters at once, and whatever the opposition, or however distant the final triumph, sooner or later it must needs be accepted by the English people. But Englishmen are so impressed by artificial distinctions, by wealth, by habit, by centuries of class rule, that even the most advanced minds are incapable of grasping the "self-evident" truth of Democracy, and the natural right to an equal liberty.

It remained for Thomas Jefferson and his compatriots to first promulgate to the world, or at all events, to first make the great central truth of Democracy the basis of a political system, and thus to found a new and grander civilization than the world had yet seen. Instead of the old mystical idea of Divine origin, or "Divine right," the men of 1776 declared the "self-evident truth" that all men were "created equal," and therefore designed by the Creator for equal rights, or the same liberty.

All our ideas result from comparison and the circumstances that surround us, and these Virginians—for the ideas of 1776 are wholly Virginian—would naturally cast off many of the usages and mental habits of the old world; but even they would not have risen to this "self-evident" truth of the declaration of 1776, had they not been confronted by the *fact* of the negro.

The accidental and artificial distinctions of the old world, wealth, education, social position, &c., all the things of human invention, vanity, habit, pride, &c., shrink into absolute nothingness, when compared with the handy work of the Almighty.

ty Creator. A Virginian—the descendant of English “nobles,”—might feel vain of his birth, or other accidental things that separated him from his poorer neighbor, but when a negro came into sight, when this naturally different human creature—this work of God Almighty—was compared with the accidental differences that separate white men, and wealth, education, &c., contrasted with the work of God, of course all his fancied superiority to his neighbor vanished at once. The natural *fact* of the negro instantly exploded the human inventions or accidents that separated white men, and in exact proportion as men saw the natural distinction of race, they also saw the artificial distinction of class, or in other words, those who saw most clearly the work of God, saw most clearly, of necessity, the wrong, imposture, and folly of men in regard to class distinctions.

And so it is now, and always must be; those Americans who see most clearly the *natural* distinctions that separate races of men, are those who most clearly see the wrong of artificial distinctions in our own race. It was then this *fact*, this negro, this different race, this subordinate creature, whose presence in their midst tested all those accidental and artificial habitudes brought from the old world, and showed Mr. Jefferson and his compatriots that all who belonged to their race were naturally equal, and therefore equal rights, or the same liberty, was indeed a self-evident truth. The Frenchmen who aided us in 1776, became thoroughly imbued with this grand American idea, and carried it back to France, where it was made the starting point and very soul of

the mighty revolution of 1789. Since then it has been universally accepted on the Continent, however difficult its practical progress, and save England and Russia, the people everywhere are struggling with more or less hope to realize it for their children if not for themselves.

Englishmen, as has been said, seem incapable of grasping the American idea of the natural right of liberty; but either through revolution or external conquest the old, absurd notion of privilege must some day give way, and the simple, obvious, palpable, physical *fact*, that they are all created equal, must carry with it the “self-evident” truth, that instead of Popes, Kings, Parliaments, or any human power, God Himself decreed them an equal liberty, of course. “All (white) men are created equal,” and therefore designed by the Creator for the enjoyment of an equal liberty. They have a natural, inherent, and indestructible right to do anything and everything that their interests, their happiness, that even their caprices prompt, bounded only by the rights of others, and government, in the true American sense, is simply an agency or instrument to enable the individual man to practice the liberty that God gave him. The ignorance, if not the natural wickedness of men, lead them to trespass on the rights of their fellows, and therefore government becomes necessary, not to confer benefits or privileges, or even to do good, but simply to prevent evil, to protect one man from the wrong-doing of another man, and the aggregate citizenship from external wrong. And the instant it goes beyond this, and confers privileges on certain per-

sions or classes, it becomes a usurpation, and should be demolished at once if it cannot be brought back to its legitimate uses and proper functions, of protection to all and favors to none.

Of course it follows that that government which governs least is best, or in other words, that is the best and most perfect government which is the simplest in its details, and while it fulfills its functions of universal protection, costs least to administer it. It is, or should be, a simple, human, common sense instrument, popular agent or convenience, and never be permitted to

become a master, or to demand the submission or loyalty of citizens, and every Democrat in America should strive to preserve it thus, or if that be impossible, if it ever becomes so perverted as to affect mastership over the American freeman, that instant it should be demolished forever. Such is self-government, and the duty of self-government as established by the men of 1776, and though under the dominion of a monstrous madness, our people have permitted themselves to wander far from it for some years past, they will sooner or later come back to the standards of the Fathers.

THE DISPUTE ABOUT NEGRO-RELIGIOUS EQUALITY.

WE give place to the following communication, for the purpose of showing what a sandy foundation the opponents of Anthropology are content to stand upon. We ask our patrons to read our article in the July number of *THE OLD GUARD*, and then read this, as a pretended reply to it. It is not our custom to publish articles from anonymous writers, or when we at least do not know who the author is; but we depart from the rule in this instance, in order that our readers may see what has been done by an opponent of science, who has been advertised as "a foeman worthy of our steel." We have submitted brief rejoinders to portions of his article, which are marked by the numerals:

Editor of The Old Guard:

DEAR SIR—I have read with much interest the correspondence between yourself

and the editor of the *Christian Observer*, published in the July number of your journal. I felicitate myself that in the latter part of that correspondence you deem "X***" worthy of something besides vituperation, and congratulate the readers of *THE OLD GUARD* on the partial improvement in its mode of argumentation, which, I hope, may be progressive and permanent. (1)

I do not write to defend the editors of the *Observer*, who are able to take care of themselves. All Southerners know that the publication of such a communication as yours in the columns of a Southern paper would have called out replies from every part of the South. The editors of the *Observer*, doubtless, thought that their columns could be better filled than by the discussion of your peculiar "ism." But if the challenge in the July number of *THE OLD GUARD* (on page 486)—"If there really happens to be a man in that section [the South] who is particularly anxious to play the role of a bull-dog, let him try his teeth on the file of anthropological science" (2)—is, indeed, an invitation to discuss the subject in *THE OLD GUARD*, you

will find many Southern servants able and anxious to refute the farrago of quotations without references, assertions without proof, and conclusions without premises, which you urge for a scientific argument.

You state in the July number of *THE OLD GUARD* (page 488) : "It is always customary among scientific and political editors who maintain a character of fairness to admit both sides of a controversy, especially when their columns have been the medium of the first attack." In the same issue you attack Southern legislation and benevolence and Christianity, and therefore consistently you cannot refuse space to this defence of them. On page 569 you assert : "Their (the negroes') moral natures is a sieve through which Christianity runs like water." If this is so, Southern legislatures greatly erred in securing to the negro slaves the Sabbath as a day of rest, for it could then be only a day of idleness and vice. "No typical negro," you continue, "is any more capable of comprehending the sublime morality of Christianity than he is of mastering one of the problems of Euclid." If so, slaveholders have done wickedly in insisting on the religious instruction of their servants. "You can degrade the Christian religion, but you can never elevate the negro." Southern Christians have tried, and will continue to try, to "elevate the negro," even to the third heaven, so that in the opinion of *THE OLD GUARD* they have "degraded the Christian religion." (3)

The easiest way to defend the South from these imputations will be a review of your arguments to prove the assertions. Your proposition is, briefly, that the negro is essentially, permanently, and radically inferior in religious capacity to the white man, because, *first*, the Africans are irreligious and atheistic; *secondly*, because some Southern negroes have partially relapsed; and, *thirdly*, because negroes have not the right number of convolutions of the brain, or size of nerves.

To the *first*, I reply that it is the testimony of all missionaries and travellers in Africa that the Africans have religion. For every African tribe supposed to want religion there are five tribes which undoubtedly possess it. (4)

To the *second* argument, I rejoin that other races have made as great relapses as

the servants in the South. The Jews repeatedly relapsed from the worship of Jehovah to the service of Belial. The oriental nations "*relapsed*" from Christianity to many-wived Mohammed. The southern natives of Europe "*relapsed*" from a spiritual to a materialistic religion. Relapses, therefore, are not peculiar to the black race. (5)

To the *third* argument, I reply that religion is of grace, not of nature. The infant, in its mother's arms, may be regenerated by that Spirit of God "that bloweth where it listeth." Every human being, every true man, is a fit subject for sanctification and redemption. The benefits purchased by the Son of God do not depend upon the size of the brain. (6)

Afirmatively, I argue *first* that the negro is not *essentially* inferior in religious capacity to the white race. If there is such an *essential* difference, it would be impossible for a single negro to be a Christian. (7)

There were, in 1860, some five hundred thousand colored church members, most of whom exhibited as creditable marks of genuine piety as many white professors of religion. Who will assert that all of these were consistent hypocrites? If there ever was a genuine negro Christian, the religious inferiority is not essential to the negro race. (8)

Secondly: No proof has been offered of their permanent inferiority. It is not four hundred years since the Cape of Good Hope was discovered. No one can prove that the religious condition of the native African has been unchanged for four thousand years. But unless the inferiority is shown to be permanent, it will not prove a *specific* inferiority. (9)

Thirdly: No *radical* or *psychological* or mental difference has been proved. The negro possesses a mind capable of thinking, comparing, analyzing, remembering, a heart that loves and hates, tastes that admire and dislike. Mental philosophy disproves the assertion of *THE OLD GUARD*. (10)

Fourthly: The testimony of those most conversant with the negroes disproves this theory. The Southerners who spend their lives among negroes are capable witnesses, and the vast majority of Southerners believe the negroes, though ignorant and superstitious, capable of christianity. (11)

Fifthly: The testimony of the lives o-

African missionaries on this subject; they cannot be deceived, as it is the sole occupation of their lives to study it in the most favorable circumstances. The dangers of Africa, its diseases, its discomforts, their scant remuneration, all prove the sincerity of their testimony. Surely, the evidence of their lives is of more value than the opinion of those in the North, who hate the negro too much to be near him, and know him only through an opera glass or through books.

Since, therefore, the organic religious inferiority of the negro is improved, and the negro is capable of being christianized, Southern churches do not degrade, but elevate their religion by trying to extend its benefits to others, and Southern masters and legislators are not enthusiasts, but philanthropists.

Yours, respectfully,

X***.

1. Our readers are capable of judging whether our mode of argumentation is not always characterized by fairness and justice. In a short paragraph replying to a bitter and unjust assault upon THE OLD GUARD, we dealt with "X***" as we thought he deserved. Our mind on this subject has undergone no change. It is as much the right of a journalist to chastise impudence as it is to reply to a fair argument.

2. Our readers will perceive that our correspondent is very careful not to get that file into his mouth, for he does not even allude to any of the demonstrated facts which we referred to as proving the specific anatomical, physiological, and psychological difference existing between white men and negroes.

3. Well, suppose it should be admitted that the Southern people have made all these mistakes in relation to the mental and moral capacity of the negro, is that any answer to the *facts* stated by us proving his mental and moral inferiority? The "foeman worthy of

our steel" must sharpen his logic. We know that the Southern people have, from the protest motives, tried to "elevate the negro," but the proceedings of the late Presbyterian General Assembly South prove that the "Christian religion has been degraded" by the negro worship nevertheless, for it was there shown that where they were still not directed and restrained by the whites, they worship God by "boiling snakes and toads in a pot, around which they dance more like devils than men." We ask the reader to turn again to what we said on this subject in THE OLD GUARD for July, and judge whether our correspondent has met our argument.

4. We quoted a good many travelers in Africa, who declare that the negroes are naturally "without religion of any kind," and we can quote a great many more to the same effect, and will if our correspondent will answer what we have already produced. We furthermore stated the fact that no vestiges of religion can be found in any part of savage Africa which may not be traced to an Asiatic or European origin. We wish our correspondent would attempt to put his finger upon a spot which is an exception to this rule. Until he does this, he has not answered us.

5. But such relapses were not due to mental inferiority, or to a natural incapacity to comprehend the sublime principles of Christianity. Those who "relapsed from a spiritual to a materialistic religion" were, intellectually, a match for the stoutest spiritualist in debate. Our assertion was that no instance was known where the typical negro had long retained christianity where the

white man had ceased to control him. If our correspondent would answer us, he must put his finger upon some spot which contradicts this history. Where is the spot? This business of christianizing negroes is a thousand years old, and yet we challenge an instance in all that time of christianity retained by the negroes longer than the white man supplied the ideas. In vain does our correspondent try to hide this disagreeable truth under a cloud of words about matters that do not concern it. Let him, if he dare, meet the point which we affirm proves a rare characteristic of the negro, which marks him as a different moral being from the white man, and proves that he has only *imitated* christianity without *comprehending* it. If our correspondent sees no profanity in this business, he certainly must have less rational respect for the sublime doctrines of christianity than we possess. Wherever christianity has been left wholly to the care of negroes, it has invariably been mixed up with such things as snake-worship and toad-boiling. The thought is enough to scare the imagination of every true Christian, while it is proof to the philosophic mind that the negro is incapable of retaining christianity of his own motion. If he holds it, it is not *his*, but it belongs to the race which must perpetually pump it into his unequal nature.

6. We have no need to dispute our correspondent's assertion that "religion is of grace and not of nature;" but we contend that both science and history prove that christianity is too high in the intellectual and moral scale to be grasped

and retained by the inferior intellect of the negro. The Chimpanzee has intellect, has reason, has affection, and revenge, and all the other attributes of the human intellect, but of such an infinitely inferior degree as to render him incapable of religion. Now, while science demonstrates that the negro is infinitely above the Chimpanzee in the scale of being, yet it just as clearly demonstrates that he is vastly below the white man, so much below the white race that there are several intervening human grades between him and the white man. The white man's religion is as far above the comprehension of the negro as the white man's philosophy is above the negro capacity. This is our theory, and we think the reader will say that "X***" has not attempted to refute it by any argument drawn either from science or history. If religion has nothing to do with the "size of the brain," then why not make the monkey a subject of religious instruction? Or, why not teach it to the idiot?

7. Our position is that no typical negro ever was so christianized that he would not go back, if left wholly to his own race; and that is precisely the point that our correspondent is careful to keep away from.

8. And yet our correspondent will not dare to affirm that history allows him to believe that the "five hundred thousand negroes" would not all lose every vestige of that religion if taken permanently and entirely away from the influence of the white man. Nor is it necessary to believe that these "professors" are hypocrites. They are weak in intellect, and may be easily taught

to imitate all the white man does ; they can follow the white man, but at such an infinite distance that they can never overtake him, and whenever they lose sight of him they invariably cease long to imitate him.

9. The Cape of Good Hope was known to the ancient Egyptians. The eastern coast of Africa was colonized by the Semetic race before the time of Moses. The western coast of Africa was colonized by the Carthaginians six or seven hundred years before the Christian era. The whole of the north of Africa was occupied by branches of the white race five thousand years ago we know, and probably ten thousand years ago. But all this intercourse of so many thousand years with the white race has never lifted the negroes of Africa the millionth part of an inch in the scale of being. If that does not prove "permanence of inferiority," we are anxious to know what would do so to the satisfaction of "X***."

10. In the light of all history and of all experience, how can "X***" say that "no radical or psychological or mental difference has been proved?" Even without the aid of science this difference is proved, by sight and by experience; but science absolutely and infallibly demonstrates it. The brain, which is demonstrated to be the seat and the organ of mentality, is by its size, shape, and structure, the infallible indication of the power of the intellectual functions. Comparative anatomy furnishes us with the clearest proof of the fact, by showing the prevailing law, that through all classes of animal being up to man, the intellectual energy is in proportion to the size and material quality

of the brain. Animals which possess no brain proper, but merely nervous ganglia, or rudimentary brains, occupy the lowest place of mentality, and appear rather to vegetate than to live. Man, on the contrary, who occupies the highest place as an intellectual being, has the largest and most complex brain. Buchner says: "In estimating the intellectual capacity of the brain, we must not merely regard its size and weight, but its shape, structure, the quality of its convolutions, and its chemical composition." Thus it is not denied—will not be denied by "X***"—that in the whole line of animal being, as we ascend from a lower to a higher manifestation of intellect, we find a corresponding increase in the size and structure of the brain. The knife of the anatomist lays bare the fact, for instance, that the brain of the ape is larger and more complex than that of the dog. So is the brain of the negro larger and more complex than that of the ape, and, going still upward, the brain of the white man is much larger and more complex than that of the negro. As this fact is denied by no authority, but is affirmed by the universal voice of scientific testimony, we need not spend time on that point. And that settles the question of the negro's place in the scale of intellect. What we mean to say is that the inferior brain organization of the negro is absolute proof of his inferior intellect, just as the inferior brain organization of the dog shows an intelligence inferior to that of the ape. So wide is the difference between the brain of the negro and that of the white man, that no instructed comparative anatomist could ever mistake the one for the

other. Not only is the weight less in the negro brain, but the cerebral convolutions are every way simpler, narrower, less incised, less frequently folded, and separated by shallower sulci, while the grey substance is almost black, and the cerebral cells contain granules of pigment which are never found in the white man's brain. Though bearing a general likeness to the white man's brain, it is still a different instrument, organized for an evidently inferior mentality. In one of our lectures on the races of men, we point out not less than twenty specific differences between the brain of the white man and negro. These differences are not matters of speculation and theory, but of demonstration. There is no flying from the proofs they give of the specific inferiority of the negro intellect.

11. That depends entirely upon the fact as to whether the Southerner has specifically investigated this question by the lights of science and history. We have never found a Southerner, nor a Northerner, who

has studied this question enough to entitle him to an opinion, who believes the negro is capable of sustaining christianity by himself. The great majority of the Southern people, like the people of the North, are utterly uninformed on this vital question; but they are all, North and South, in a fair way to learn by a terrible experience that the negro is so far inferior to the white man, intellectually, morally, religiously, socially, and industrially, that he must be regarded and treated as another sort of being altogether. Those who treat him as religiously equal to the white man make as great a mistake as those who treat him as intellectually and politically our equal. The political and religious blunder are twins, born of delusion and ignorance.

If "X***" has more to say, we shall take great pleasure in publishing his rejoinder, if he gives his real name, so that we may not be subjected to the charge of carrying on a debate with an anonymous party.

THE IDEAL.

My soul's sweet sister! I had sighed,
 Long years had sighed, and knew not why;
 Hope after hope sprang up and died,
 And Joy in silence passed me by:
 I wept—but wherefore could not I;
 Save that, sometime, there came a dream
 Of one, whose voice about me tol
 Like moonlight on a forest-stream.

It came and passed—and then my heart
 Was dark till it returned again;
 For though the Presence might depart,
 The Shadow haunted still my brain;
 And thus I wandered, sad and lone,
 Scarce knowing why, or what I sought,
 Till in thy look, and smile, and tone,
 There lived the Image of my Thought!

THE CHINESE FLOOD.

UNDER the head of "Our Salvation at Stake," the San Francisco *Dispatch* gives a leading editorial, which we copy entire, as being a voice from the only region of our country which has had any experience with the Chinese :

"The Chinese fever has smitten the people at the East. They are taking it badly. So much has been said of these people as cheap laborers, by the enemies of the white man on this coast, that Eastern capitalists have concluded their introduction is indispensable. The industry and resources of the country cannot be developed until poor whites are reduced to the Chinese level. Never until the 'white trash' are reduced to rice diet, and the money-holders squeeze the last farthing possible consistent with human existence, will they be satisfied. The South is organizing to introduce Chinese labor, and the journals East and West are busy in working up the fever in other portions of the country. We are on the eve of a great event. Asia is about to pour millions of her people into this country. The demand for this species of labor, attended as it is by what in China is considered enormous wages, will give an impulse to emigration of almost boundless extent. Have Californians reflected upon the effect this great wave of human beings is to have upon this State? It will strike our shores first, and, burst-

ing, will scatter over the whole country. Here, if encouraged, the great bulk of it will settle. We are nearest to them. They can reach here at much less cost, and superior inducements are offered by the greater value of labor. They will not pass through California, where labor is worth \$30 or more in gold per month, and go to the West and South to receive \$12, or even \$20, in depreciated currency. Common sense teaches that. What, then, will be the result? If encouraged to remain, we shall soon be overrun by them as the plains are by grasshoppers. The land will fairly swarm with degraded Mongolians, and, in a few years, we shall be in a far more pitiable condition than any of the Southern States, with their ignorant negro population. Would not that be a calamity sincerely to be deprecated? What will then be the condition of the State? Pretty soon labor would be a glut in the market, and the consequence would be that the value of labor would rapidly decline until it approximated to the standard of China. Those who employ laborers may think that this would be desirable, as it would enable them to make more money; but let them remember that the population of the State would soon be reduced to a comparatively few white land-owners, merchants, and manufacturers. White laborers could not live here, but

would either leave or starve. God knows where they would go with any assurance of improving their condition, but here they could not live. There would eventually be ten Chinamen to every white man in the State, for with the white working men would go the tradesmen who are now engaged in supplying the wants of that class. They could not hope to do business with the Chinese, except to a very limited extent, for they import their clothes and chief articles of food from their native country, and, besides, they would trade with their own countrymen in preference. The result, therefore, would be the depopulation of this State of whites to a great degree. Do property-holders think such a state of affairs desirable? Do heads of fami-

lies desire to rear and leave their children under such conditions? Think what would be the state of morals and society.

“We must escape this Chinese deluge if possible. Our safety as individuals and as a State demands it. There is but one way to do it, and that is for the people to set their faces like flint against giving them encouragement to come or stop here. Let them understand that they cannot obtain employment, and they will not remain. They must go to other States. Let them go. When it is understood we are free from the curse, and when laboring whites are driven out of other States by them, there will set in a tide of immigration of people of our own race, which will soon compensate us for any sacrifices we have made.”

NAMELESS.

There is no heart but hath its inner anguish,
 There is no eye but hath with tears been wet,
 There is no voice but hath been heard to languish
 O'er hours of darkness it can ne'er forget.

There is no cheek, however bright its roses,
 But perished buds beneath its hues are hid;
 No eye in its dewy light reposes,
 But broken star beams tremble 'neath its lid.

There is no lip, howe'er with laughter ringing,
 However light and gay its words may be,
 But it hath trembled at some dark upspringing
 Of stern affection and deep misery.

We are all brothers in this land of dreaming,
 Yet hand meets hand, and eye to eye replies,
 Nor deem we that beneath a brow all beaming
 The flower of life in broken beauty lies.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

Mr. E. A. Pollard, who makes books as the hero of Peter Pindar made razors, "to sell," and whose main object in life seems to be to prove that all the Confederate leaders were either knaves or numbskulls, makes his appearance again on the stage of letters with the old tragi-comedy in a new shape.* This time, as always, he indulges in a large amount of compassion for the infirmities, and hatred for the wickedness, of the ex-President of the Southern Confederacy, mingled with detestation for the weakness and wickedness of nearly everybody, except Andrew Johnson, and everything except himself. That he should admire Mr. Johnson does not surprise us, for he doubtless thinks that the peccadillos of the Great Impeached have been all washed away in the blood of Mrs. Surratt; but his admiration for himself is passing strange when we consider that the most striking characteristics of Mr. Pollard have been a lack of self-appreciation and an extreme modesty. It is true that he informs us first, "without vanity or self-assertion, that he is particularly fitted to be the biographer of Jefferson Davis," and that "Jefferson Davis should have a truthful and acute biographer." This, which in many would be thought the very *Ultima Thule* of conceit, is nothing more than a stern judicial decision on his own abilities, diffidently arrived at, and modestly uttered. His self-admiration there is not the result of arrogance and pride. It is the deliberate conviction of a great mind, and he announces it because his conscientiousness is too strong for his retiring nature. He assures us, with inimitable candor that "he has been accused of personal hostility to Mr. Davis,"—and there is a faint impres-

sion of that kind among those who have read previous essays from Mr. Pollard's pen; but he "repels the accusation of any prejudice." In order to show this, in his preface, he speaks of his hero, "in the foreign land in which he is reported to have descended to the common-places of trade and an unnoticed existence," and in the introduction, that "already he has sunk into obscure occupations and immeasurable neglect." It is true, indeed, that he accuses Mr. Davis of acting "in a theatrical manner" on the floor of the Senate, and in the Legislature of Mississippi, that he calls him "a reproach and an abomination," "a narrow-brained person," "an accident of the war," "ready to make a quarrel of State for the whim or distemper of his wife, or to take into his political household the most contemptible of lick-spittles," "placed the veriest jacks in office, and would take tribute to his vanity in the very smallest coin," "pliant as a child to those who chose to manage him with a few plums of compliment," "trifling and whimsical," "had made a record of bluster," "invented a subterfuge, probably the meanest of all his stock of expedients," was "a nervous, ill-tempered person, making his government a fretful distribution of his personal likes and dislikes," his "life steeped in petty meannesses," "a man of prejudices," "had a curious way of double-dealing with public sentiment," an "unworthy affection for Pemberton," had a "black hand and weak spirit," "experimenting upon the popular sentiment by braggadocio," his speeches in Georgia "curiosities in the way of swollen and braggart rhetoric," "of which a part must necessarily have been insincere," "an oversanguine temperament partaking largely of conceit," with him it was "staggering menace followed by prompt abasement," and he tried to obtain since the war "the

* Life of Jefferson Davis, with a Secret History of the Southern Confederacy, &c., &c. By Edward A. Pollard. Philadelphia: National Publishing Company; 8vo., pp. 536.

place of a distinguished loafer." He speaks of the "dishonest afterthought" of Mr. Davis's pen, his "infamous subterfuge," then of his "sinister purpose," "studied misrepresentation," "duplicity," "dishonor," and "falsehood." But this is not through prejudice. Mr. Pollard cannot be prejudiced against every one, and few fare better in his hands. Buchanan is "the weakest and most plausible of Presidents." Memminger, "remarkable for his servility," J. S. Pettigru, "a declared Secessionist," (!) Joe Brown "the coarse, obese prince of Southern demagogues," Winder, "his face a picture of cruelty," Lee, the utterer of a falsehood, making a promise to resign which he never kept, holding his tongue about the events of the war when he ought to speak, and "disingenuous" in his account of Gettysburg; D. H. Hill, "a man of coarse and brutal eccentricities," John B. Floyd, "a statesman"—that is especially severe; Stonewall Jackson, "fierce in his notions of war, almost to savagery," with the religious element "among the least admirable parts of his character," and with "an enormous, consuming ambition;" James Lyons, "the elevated Turveydrop of the House;" Joshua Hill, "the very picture of a smooth and plausible mediocrity," Humphrey Marshall at Richmond guilty of the conduct of John P. Hale at Washington; Doctor Burroughs "a puddy, little Baptist clergyman;" Henry A. Wise, "the supreme absurdity of the war, a shallow-brained and large-mouthed charlatan—in peace the elder edition of George Francis Train, Colorado Jewett, and other notoriety-hunters—in war, a scare-crow made up of buckskin leggings, flint-lock pistols and profanity;" James A. Seddon, "a man always in the condition of servility to some other, and one not above the suspicion of administering his office for private gain;" and Mrs. Davis "a brawny, able-bodied woman," "tawny, even to the point of mulattoism," and "loud and coarse in her manners." Places and the people at large are treated with a like impartiality of abuse; Richmond is described as a modern Sodom; and there are no words too severe to apply to the Southern population. The essence of all that has been so long charged against the South by the most bitter partisans of the North, is repeated by the author. In short, Mr. Pollard, as usual, pours out his gall and

bitterness upon paper, and friend and foe are deluged with the stream. In his unrelenting hatred and his determination—thinly veiled by a faint avowal of his own impartiality—to see no good in either the motives or actions of Mr. Davis, it would be strange indeed if none of his strictures were deserved. His comments on the fatal blunder which displaced the cautious and astute Johnston for the rash and impulsive Hood, are in the main correct. If the statements about the secret instructions to Hood be truthful, then there was another error. The two combined dealt the most staggering blows to the Confederate cause. But the "facts" of Mr. Pollard have to be accepted not merely *cum grano salis*, but with a cargo of salt. He has a reckless way of assertion that is almost ludicrous. A remarkable instance is where he speaks of J. S. Pettigru, of Charleston, "a distinguished lawyer," as "a declared Secessionist." James Louis Pettigru, for Mr. Pollard has blundered with the name, opposed secession openly, predicted that it would result in emancipation, and even went so far as to declare openly and definitely in the hot-bid of secession, that there was no cause for secession in the election of Lincoln. It must be noted, however, that Mr. Pollard more frequently conveys his libels by innuendo than by broad statements, and that when the reader has been prepared for a narrative of appalling truths, he is confronted with a possibility or conjecture. The volume before us will answer its purpose. It will be bought, read, and thrown aside. It has the merit of persistency. To call it a biography is, however, absurd. It is a diluted piece of blackguardism; a collection of abusive epithets; and fulfills the condition of Talleyrand in having both novelty and truth, the truth being not new, and the new things not true.

Of Lossing's new work on the War of 1812,* we have spoken before, from an examination of the advanced sheets. We have nothing to add after another reading, now that the work has been formally is-

* The Pictorial Field-Book of the War of 1812; or, Illustrated by Pen and Pencil, of the History, Biography, Scenery, Relics of the Last War for American Independence. By Benson J. Lossing. New York: Harper & Brothers. Imp. 8vo., pp. 104. Eight hundred and eighty-two illustrations.

sued. We repeat the substance of what we have said before, namely, that it possesses a deal of irrelevant and impertinent matter, but when it confines itself to the subject indicated by its title-page, is interesting and trustworthy.

Of the many clever and charming stories from the pen of the Frau Marlitt—we believe she is married—the recent one, of which the first part only has appeared, bids fair to be the most clever and charming.* The reader's interest is awakened in the first few chapters for the brother's detestation for Jutta, and his contempt for the Frau von Herbeck, while Gisela grows at the last into his affection. The interest of the tale never flags, and the situations are striking throughout. The ultimate fate of the characters it is not difficult to discover, and the disguise of the South American millionaire is of the thinnest; but these do not constitute serious defects. The narrative is artfully broken at a point calculated to stimulate the curiosity of the reader, who will be anxious to reach the conclusion.

Dr. Woolsey, in his recent essay on the dissolution of the marriage tie,† has not only given us a thorough history of the law of divorce of Europe and America, but has added some suggestions of his own for a general law on the subject which has force and value. The facility with which divorces can be obtained in Connecticut and Indiana, the almost farcical nature of the proceedings in each of those States, and the infamous charges, at the same time baseless, thus put on record, are matters of reproach and shame to every honest man. It is scandalous to note the proportion of divorces to marriages in several of the States. The statistics show that in Connecticut, in eight years, there were 2,910 divorces to 33,217, or 1 in 11.40; and in Vermont a seven years' average shows 730 to 15,710, or 1 in 21.5. If we deduct the Catholic marriages—the parties to which, believing marriage a sacrament,

rarely petition for divorce—the proportion in Connecticut would be about 1 to 9; in Vermont, the fraction would be off. Prussia, where matters of this kind are notoriously loose, shows in one year's record, excluding the Catholics, 2,937 divorces to 84,914 marriages—a ratio of 1 to 29—which is lower than the average of the State of Ohio. The extent to which divorce has been carried in Connecticut is shown by a startling illustration. The *Abbe Gregoire* says that at the outbreak of the French Revolution there were 20,000 divorces granted in France in eighteen months. This was at the rate of one divorce to every 1,950 inhabitants. In Connecticut, in 1866, there were 488 divorces, or 1 to 1,075 inhabitants. At the Connecticut rate, there should have been nearly 40,000 divorces in France during the time named. It is about time that the matter should become the theme for writers to discuss, and the subject for Legislatures to act on. The laws in regard to the dissolution of the marriage tie should be made the same in the States by an international treaty, or by endorsing acts, the result of an agreement between commissioners. But while we are in favor of uniformity of cause and of procedure, we cannot agree with Dr. Woolsey in his proposition to prohibit marriage between the guilty parties after divorce. There are evident moral reasons, outside of the parties themselves, why this proposition should not be entertained. We think better of the idea of a special attorney to represent the State's interest, which is against divorce—something like the *cheverheidiger* proposed in Russia. The work contains much to ponder on, both in its body and appendix, and we recommend it to those who wish to obtain, in a short compass, the main points of consideration of a subject of importance and interest.

Among the other works of Charles Reade, of which the Harpers are printing an edition so admirable, we have "Foul Play,"* to the machinery of which Boucicault contributed. It is unquestionably the most dramatic and effective in its situation and incidents of his recent works, though

* Countess Gisela. From the German of E. Marlitt. Part I. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

† Essay on Divorce and Divorce Legislation, with special reference to the United States. By Theodore D. Woolsey, LL. D., President of Yale College. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 12mo, pp. 303.

* Foul Play. A Novel. By Charles Reade and Dion Boucicault. New York: Harper & Brothers, 8vo., pp. 148.

here and there extravagant to the point of absurdity. For serial publication it is admirable; but it will not, as a work of art, compare with either of Mr. Reade's other novels.

Mr. Sands—better known to the New York public as the manager of a half-political, half-elemosynary organization called "The Citizens' Association," having manœuvred himself with admirable dexterity into an important position in the public service, proceeds to show his zeal for the public welfare by a brief treatise on matters and things connected with education.* The little work contains three essays, covering forty-eight octavo pages of large type, beside an appendix. The points it makes are occasionally worthy of note—those having been made before. There are some views that are wrong or even mischievous; those appear to have originated with Mr. Sands.

Professor Marsh, in his little but very important book, † has made a step toward a better mode of teaching the structure of the English language than many of his predecessors, and one of great use to beginners. Some points in this neat and generally well-considered aid to instruction, lead us to hope that in process of time instructors will fully realize the fact that to give a pupil a thorough knowledge of that curious building—the English language—they must go to the foundation, and accompany their lectures on the mode of erection, with a full account of the materials. Mr. March's book is a step in the right direction, and, if we object that his definitions do not always define, we may add that in this respect he is no worse than most of his predecessors.

Men, in general, look upon the movement made by the advocates of the legal and political equality of both sexes with contempt, and women with indifference. But that cannot be properly contemned

which may result in a permanent injury to society, and which is in itself a source of demoralization. So long as a few men—women, some of them restless, and others disreputable, meet in so-called conventions, and ape the proceedings of more practised demagogues, we can afford to laugh; but when men like Mill, who have obtained some reputation as thinkers, write pretentious essays in favor of entrusting women as well as men with the employments of State, it is time to examine carefully the claims thus submitted. Our space is too limited to do this. We have not the room even to point out some of the many errors of fact, and the false deductions with which the pages of Mr. Mill's recent production bristle.* We have only to say, in a general way, that Mr. Mill takes too many of his own assumptions as undoubted premises, and does not generally accord to his opponents sufficient respect; and that, if he were to descend to posterity solely on this volume, he would be considered a shallow thinker and weak reasoner. For any man to inform his readers that it is "but of yesterday that women have been qualified by literary accomplishments, or permitted by society to tell anything to the general public," is to insult the intelligence and knowledge of his readers. Women who had anything to tell have been always listened to, and will be listened to again; but the babblers of either sex have not commanded, for any length of time, nor will they ever command, the attention of the public. A woman can enter any field for which nature has qualified her; but no amount of culture will give her a masculine brain, or masculine muscles. The employments, the aims, and ends to which she is best fitted, she will find. Mere talk will not make her hermaphrodite. That she should have her mental and physical faculties thoroughly cultivated we admit; but in matters of out-door government she stands like a minor of the male kind, and must prove her capacity before she can be permitted to exercise it. When she does prove it, there are none who will prevent her performance of duties which then become rights.

* The Philosophy of Teaching, the Teacher, the Pupil, and the School. By Nathaniel Sands. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo., pp. 60.

† A Parser and Analyser for Beginners, with Diagrams and Suggestive Pictures. By Francis A. March. New York: Harper & Brothers. 18mo., pp. 86.

* The Subjection of Women. By John Stuart Mill. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo., pp. 188.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

—A gentleman, “a student of science,” writes to ask what we do “with the facts proved by Huxley, that man is only a compound of simple chemical elements, as phosphorus, &c.” We don't know that we have anything to do with it, as coming from Professor Huxley, for the fact was not by any means discovered by him. We think we read something like it in the old Book of Genesis, where it is declared that man was made out of the dust of the ground. This is precisely Mr. Huxley's big idea, only he calls it *protoplasm*, from two Greek words—*protos*, first, and *plasma*, moulded—that is, *first moulded*. The Bible says man was first moulded of the dust of the ground, and Mr. Huxley, with an enormous parade, sets himself to the task of precisely proving the same thing, and calls it *protoplasm*. We find nothing new in Huxley, except that he calls it *protop'asm*. But *moulded* (or created) *out of the earth* sounds as well to us as *protoplasm*, and we think a little better. We think even that the Bible phraseology is more truly scientific than Huxley's. Indeed, there has a school of “philosophers” sprung up who seem mad on the subject of hard words as substitutes for old and simpler names. For instance, to the exploded notion of spontaneous generation they give the name of *Heterogeny*. The opposite theory, that all forms of life must originate from some germ they call *Panspermy*. We find little in Mr. Huxley besides these linguistic antics. Certainly we have never been able to fish up a really new idea out of any of his writings. He is a cold speculator, whose mind seems utterly blank of the idea of a God, and whose bosom can find no higher object of human sympathy than a negro. And we find it not safe to take his *facts* unsupported by other authority.

—We have often had occasion to call the public attention to the worthless and par-

tisan character of many of our school books, but no books of this description have come under our notice which are so utterly shameless and malicious in their partisan character as a series just published by Mason & Brothers, and prepared by Benson J. Lossing. There are two volumes of school history, which seem principally designed to impress the young scholar with the idea that all the crime ever heard of in this country was born of what is perpetually called “the slave power.” Southern statesmen, of the greatest repute for character and ability, are called “conspirators” and “traitors,” and the pages literally teem with the most abominable perversions and lies ever before put forth in the name of history. The idea of constructing school books out of such lies may be worthy of Benson J. Lossing, but the parent who will permit his child to be educated in such falsehoods is an unnatural scoundrel.

—The Masons have also published a new series of school readers, prepared by Richard Edwards, which are also full of this vile partisan poison. Many of the lessons for youth to read and “analyze” are stuff entitled “Northern Laborers, by Henry Wilson;” “Our Slaves shall Live, by Henry Ward Beecher;” “Conservatism, by Edward Baker.” In this last named lesson *conservatism* is denounced as *Moloch*. Then there is a lesson on “New England as a part of the Union,” by drunken Dick Yates; a piece of intolerable trash, entitled “Drafted,” by a M.s. Bostwick. The whole series seems prepared chiefly for the purpose of indoctrinating the youth in the principles of “radical” politics, and of inspiring them with an unbounded admiration for the chief leaders of the great “radical” rebellion against the Constitution of the United States. There is a chapter of a page and a half, by J. L. Holand, in which the name

of "Lincoln" occurs twelve times. It is a lying anecdote, designed to impress the youth with the idea that Lincoln was the greatest man that ever lived. And of such stuff our school books are composed.

—Several books have recently been published in England by learned clergymen, for the purpose of proving that geology and other sciences do not furnish proofs that the world is older than the eight or nine thousand years embraced in what they call the largest Scriptural chronology. Now it astonishes us that really learned clergymen will waste time on so vain a purpose. If the Bible teaches that the world is no more than eight or nine thousand years old, all is up with it as an authority in matters either human or divine, for we have absolute physical proof of its greater age. But it is surprising that any man of learning, or, at least, any Hebrew scholar, can shut his eyes to the plain fact, for all the Bible teaches to the contrary, the world may be not only a hundred thousand, but a hundred thousand millions of years old. The Hebrew word *Zom*, translated *days* in the account of the creation, may mean an indefinite period, or all time, without limitation. In that most learned of Hebrew authorities, Leigh's *Critica Sacra*, one definition is "*time, under the figure of days.*" The *six days* of the creation, therefore, means that the world was created in the six periods indicated in the order of creation. For aught that the Bible teaches, each of these periods may have embraced a hundred millions of our years. The idea that *days* in the Bible account of the creation means only six of our days is so foolish that it is abominable. But we have received two books from England, within six months, expending vast stores of learning in trying to prove this absurdity. Twenty minutes spent in looking up the meaning of the Hebrew word *Zom*, rendered *days*, would save any man of learning the mortification of such a waste of time in book making.

—Edward Bunnet Taylor, an English author who has produced a book of considerable research, entitled "*Researches into the Early History of Mankind and upon the Development of Civilization,*" makes this remark: "I do not think I have ever met with a single fact which seems to me to justify the theory, of which Dr. Von Mar-

tiers is, perhaps, the leading advocate, that the ordinary condition of the savage is the result of degeneration from a higher state." And it is equally true that there are nowhere to be found any instances of civilized races descending into barbarism. What is called *civilization* and *barbarism* may, therefore, be said to be natural conditions of different races. Barbarism is a natural and necessary condition of some species of men as civilization is of others. The white race has no more progressed out of savageism than the negro, the Indian, the Australian, etc., have fallen backwards out of civilization. There is not a particle of evidence to show any such notion. The nearest approach to it is where the white race has mingled its blood with lower races, as in Mexico and Central America. Wherever this mingling of the bloods of superior and inferior races has taken place society, of course, has partaken of the mixed characteristics of the hybrid population. Thus, a superior race may lose its civilization by mixing its blood with a naturally barbarous race, but never otherwise. While the blood of a race is left pure its civilization cannot be lost. It can lose its civilization only by losing its physical and mental destruction through amalgamation.

—Mr. Beecher (O, easy dreamer!) flatters us by telling us that "there is no population on earth so grand and hopeful as that of the United States." Alas, what nonsense! The population of the United States is simply a class of nationalities, and it is rapidly rushing onward into a chaos of different races. Hopeful, indeed! Its hopefulness, just at this moment, is like the grinning of a fool, or the laughter of *delirium tremens*. An incongruous, restless, impatient, unscrupulous, unthinking mass of men, worshipping wealth, and despising culture, praised for virtues which the whole civilized world sees we do not possess, is a mark for the especial contempt of mankind. Is it painful to contemplate ourselves in this light? But it would be still more painful to a discriminating and just-minded man to flatter his own nation with foolery and lies. "We must know our faults or we are lost," said a great philosopher. What would have been his language to such a shallow, adulating babler as Mr. Beecher? Let us

imagine the United States to continue running down in commerce, in faith and honor in business, in public and private morality, for ten years to come as we have for ten years past, where shall we be at the end of this next decade? "Hopeful!" O, generation of fools!

—A New York paper says: "The Democratic press throughout the country are welcoming the Chinese." We don't see it. The Democrat who welcomes the Chinese under the circumstances which attend their coming—with the "Fifteenth Amendment" hanging over the country—might as well go over to the Mongrels at once, and assist in swelling the tide of influences which are rapidly tending to the ultimate extinction of our civilization. Any laboring man who votes with a party which "welcomes the Chinese," is, to say the most civil thing under the circumstances, a fool. The Chinese can live on rice and rats, and the white laboring man must live as cheaply to compete with these hordes of Asia in the labor market. But the great curse to our country from the Chinese inundation will be the addition of another inferior race to our population, all standing upon the platform of "Brotherhood" and "Equality." Hell itself cannot present a worse medley than we shall be after a few years more of this damnable doctrine of the brotherhood of white men, negroes, Esquimaux, Indians, and Chinese. Mexico and Central and South America have gone to perdition by the mixing of these races, but we shall have *four* to help us on to the same pit of ruin. Then let all the loud braying human asses in the land set up the grand hailing sign of welcome to the Chinese! Welcome all races, and death, hell and the devil besides! That seems to be the grand "progressive movement" of these times. *Progressive*, indeed, like the stupid swine swimming down a swift current sheeted with thin ice. The faster it "progresses" the more it cuts its own throat. Behold *progressive* America!

—Some of our exchanges join with the so-called Republican papers in ridiculing Senator Sprague for his manly and patriotic attempts to expose the imbecility and villainy of Congressional legislation. We perceive neither the wisdom nor the justice of this course. What member of the Senate has done so much to open the

eyes of the people to the great crimes of the party now in power as Mr. Sprague? One paper abuses Mr. Sprague because, it is said, his father-in-law, Chief Justice Chase, is a candidate for the Presidency. We do not see the logic of such abuse. No one doubts that Mr. Chase is the ablest of the statesmen left in our country, and it would be a refreshing sight to see a man of ability, culture, and statesmanship, once more in the White House. The Chief Justice is undoubtedly in a position to win the gratitude of the people to such a degree as would cause them to proclaim him their choice in despite of all the management and intrigues of Conventions. Whether he will improve the situation or not is another thing. But the Presidency is certainly within his grasp if he patriotically devotes his ability and his great experience to the task of saving his country from the grasp of the spoilers who now hold it. The path to the White House is open before him if he chooses to enter it. We do not therefore see the wisdom of those who affect to ridicule the idea of his elevation. If he uses his undoubted power to save the country, no name can be stronger than his for the nomination of the Democratic party. If he puts himself on precisely the right platform to restore the Government to its constitutional foundations, nothing can prevent his election to the Presidency, if he desires it. We desire to see the next nominees of the Democratic party, both for President and Vice-President, statesmen of the highest ability the country affords. There are already a dozen political nincompoops who contrive to get their names into the papers as candidates for the Presidency, who hope by this trick to get themselves on the ticket for Vice-President. Any man who has a right to aspire to the Presidency should keep himself aloof from all bargains with any of these adventurers.

—A letter-writer says: "Gen. Grant affects great contempt for all speech-making." And that is as bad taste as it would be for a blind man to affect contempt for seeing. If Grant possessed the ability for speaking, he would use it as constantly as a kitten does its tail. His remarkable gift of dumbness is therefore a great blessing to all the cultivated ears in the country, which otherwise would be split with the

din of his loquacity. His love of showing himself in public is so great that his stupidity, which keeps him necessarily silent, is the greatest of blessings.

—A clergyman in this city has preached a sermon to prove that Adam was an Indian or redman, because, as he says, the word Adam means *red*. That is a common opinion of the meaning of *Adam*; but it is not quite true. The most learned of Hebrew lexicographers, Edward Leigh, (in his *Critica Sacra*,) translates the word by the Latin, *Rubuit*. *Adam* literally means "he has blushed." It may be properly translated "the blusher." Leigh, referring to a great number of Hebrew texts in the Bible, says: "These passages show that *Adam* means the blood-colored race, or that race which shows the hue of the blood through the skin." The same word, in the Arabic, means "the rosy creature." In the Hebrew Scripture, the word *Adam* does not mean a single individual of the male gender, but it embraces woman as well. Leigh says: "Adam was the name of both man and woman, and is also the name of their children." It means the rosy-cheeked race, in distinction from all other species, which are incapable of blushing, or of showing the hue of the blood through the skin. The very word *Adam*, therefore, is a generic term signifying a peculiar type of man distinct from all other races. Our race is not properly called the *white race*, because there is no white race, correctly speaking. It is the rosy-hued race, the blushing race. Although we are sorry to say that there are, as it seems just now, an innumerable number of "unblushing" rascals belonging to it.

—One of our exchanges discusses the merits of the various morning dailies of this city. In our opinion there is but one morning daily published in this city which can lay any just claim to being a great newspaper, and that is the *Herald*. We do not, of course speak of the political career of the *Herald* at all, but of its merits as a newspaper. It is indeed the only morning daily we have which is not run in the interest of some faction, great or small. It is the only one to which the general public may look for anything like a fair and open field for all interests and all enterprises. In a word, it is the only one which has not an *ism* of some sort for a heart.

—A lady writes us that she has seen letters come gradually on the naked arm of a spiritual medium on rolling up his sleeve; and triumphantly asks us, "can you, sir, explain that on scientific principles?" Most certainly we can. We can prepare several solutions with which letters may be written on the arm and remain invisible except when the sleeve is rolled up, so that the part may be exposed fully to the air. Any chemist can teach him how to do it in five minutes. While at Manchester, N. H., a few months ago, we heard what purported to be the spirit of an Indian speaking through a medium by the name of Colby, we think, but we noticed that the language had not a single sound of Indian to it—on the contrary, it seemed a very man attempt to imitate the lingo of an Irish brogue, which the scoundrelly "medium" had not even the skill to do. But there were a dozen or two of men and women present who were foolish enough to be deceived by the rascal. The idea that an Indian Chief who had shuffled off this mortal coil a hundred years ago, comes back to this world, unsuccessfully attempting to imitate a bog-Irish brogue, which he never heard in the flesh, is precisely worthy of the imagination of fools. But the villain who plays the trick upon such lack-wits deserves to have his head broken with a pudding-stick.

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