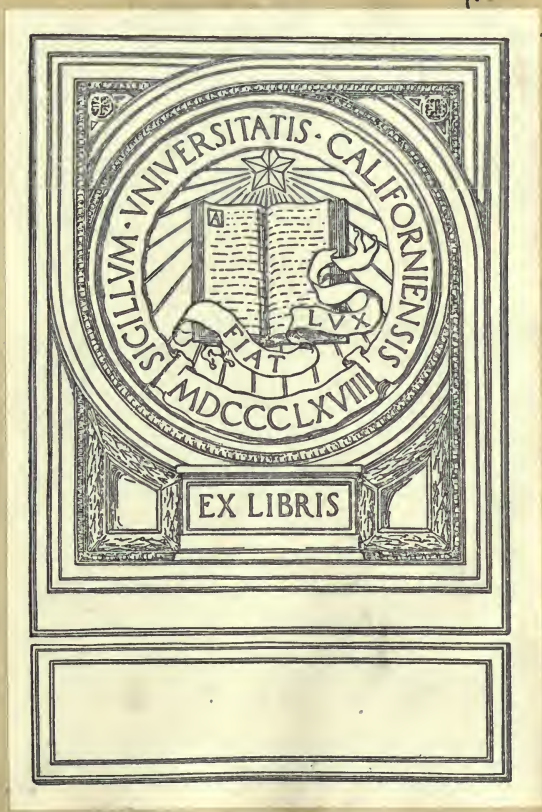




Edward H. Greenleaf.

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THE WRITINGS

OF

JAMES KENNARD, JR.,

WITH

A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE AND CHARACTER.

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BOSTON:
WILLIAM D. TICKNOR & COMPANY.

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M E M O I R ,

BY

A. P. PEABODY.

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MEMOIR.

JAMES KENNARD, JR., was born in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, on the 20th of November, 1815. His parents were James Kennard, and Mary P., daughter of Thomas Manning. He received the best education which the schools of his native town afforded, and was distinguished through his boyhood by quickness of apprehension, keen powers of observation, and the most happy and genial temperament. His acquisitions were highly respectable, and a love of reading and a thirst for knowledge were very early manifested. There was nothing, however, in his prevalent tastes and habits, which seemed to point him out as a subject for a liberal education; and his own inclinations led him to an active rather than a studious life. He was accordingly placed, in his fifteenth year, as junior clerk in a wholesale and retail dry-goods store, still remaining a member of his father's family. After little more than a year, a lameness in the right knee, which could be traced to no injury, and which resisted all usual modes of

treatment, compelled him to abandon the business on which he had entered. From this time onward, his life, with scarcely an intermission, was one of prolonged and acute suffering. For two or three years he remained principally at home, the object of the most assiduous and devoted care, and surrounded by all the appliances for his relief and restoration which skill could suggest or love afford. At times, especially in the winter, he was confined to his chamber, — at other times, he was able to walk, ride and sail, to visit his friends, and to enter freely into the less wearisome forms of social amusement. During this period, he manifested the most entire patience and cheerfulness, the elasticity of his spirit remained unbroken, the sunniness of his temper unclouded. A large portion of his time was spent in reading, and the extensive and admirably selected library of the Portsmouth Athenæum furnished him an ample supply of the books best adapted to direct and cultivate his literary taste. He read with method and system, compared author with author, and sought full and accurate information on all the subjects on which his curiosity was excited. His disease having evidently become chronic, his parents reluctantly consented to his making experiment of the restorative influences of a milder climate; and in October, 1835, he went with a party of friends, who were to

reside there permanently, to Jacksonville, in Florida. After remaining there through the winter, he spent two months at Winnsborough, South Carolina, and returned home, apparently much improved in health, in July, 1836. During the first part of his absence from home, he kept a journal, principally for his mother's gratification. We regret that we cannot print this entire. But the following extracts from the portion that remains unmutilated will tell his story in his own words, and will present an interesting picture of his mind and heart at one of the most critical periods in the formation of his character.

“Charleston is an antiquated-looking place, wholly unlike the Northern cities of the United States. All the buildings look old, and none of them are elegant. They are mostly of brick, plastered with a composition resembling, or meant to resemble, granite. I saw but one building which looked less than thirty years old, in the whole town. I am told that the moisture in the atmosphere is the cause of this general appearance of age exhibited by the city. Charleston agrees very well with my idea of an Oriental metropolis. The buildings are generally detached; I saw but few blocks. The principal streets are broad and spacious, and lined with pride-of-India trees, which must give them a very pretty appearance in the summer season. They are filled with people, who do not appear to move with the activity of the Northerners; and the blacks, especially, barely creep along. The wharves were covered with cotton, the busy season being about to commence.

“I was very much pleased with Charleston as a whole. We staid there three days, and on the morning of the 14th

of November, we again set sail for Florida. There was scarcely wind sufficient to fan us down the harbour. We found on the bar an English ship, which sailed from the city the day before; and hardly had we passed over, when the wind came, slap, right back into its old quarter, southwest. The British vessel swung off and sailed back to town, leaving us to beat out against a fresh southerly breeze. We were three days in reaching the mouth of the St. John's, — being most of the time becalmed. About ten o'clock, A. M., on the 17th of November, we descried the long wished-for point of our destination, the St. John's lighthouse, and the low, sandy coast of the land of flowers. The beach was as white as snow, and sterile and barren enough did the promised land appear. We anchored off the bar, which was distinctly marked out by the breakers, and waited for the tide to rise. The water has the same muddy appearance as that on Charleston bar, and is so full of sharks, that, while the captain was out in the boat sounding preparatory to entering the river, his line was nearly pulled from his hand by a shark which had seized the lead; — when hauled up, the lead bore the marks of teeth deeply impressed upon it. We entered the river that evening, and anchored about seven miles inside the lighthouse.

“I rose before the sun on the morning after we entered the river, and what a glorious sight met my view! The wide expanse of the St. John's was calm and glassy as a mirror, reflecting the ten thousand beautiful tints which the skies possess in this sunny clime, just before sunrise and just after sunset, and from the banks the graceful trees bent in admiring contemplation over their own beautiful images clearly defined in the dark stream beneath them. Thousands upon thousands of every variety of water-fowl floated lightly on the bosom of the waters, or wheeled in mazy circles gracefully over the surface of the river. They had just fled from the approaching severity of a Northern winter, and appeared

to be rejoicing in their happy escape from that frozen clime. A bird of passage myself, — I had fled like them from ice and snow, to seek in Florida a refuge from disease and a restoration to health. When I left the North, the chill winds of autumn had robbed the trees of their foliage, and the sear leaves were heaped up and whirled about by the eddying blasts, which already partook too much of the nature of winter for my personal comfort and health. Four short weeks had elapsed, — I was breathing the balmy air of the South, — while in my native State the ground was covered deeply with snow, and the lakes and rivers were bound in ice:

“ In New York the trees are less bare and the foliage less lifeless than at Portsmouth. In Charleston every thing appeared blooming and fresh as during September at the North ; and in Florida I found myself, as it were, in the midst of summer. The mildness of the atmosphere, the gorgeous splendor of the sunrise, the warbled music of the birds, the water-fowl with their discordant screams, and the trees clothed in their green and luxuriant foliage, were all connected in my mind with the idea of July. Among other productions entirely new to me, the tall cabbage-tree, with its branchless trunk and tufted top, the beautiful magnolia, and the majestic live-oak, attracted my attention and excited my admiration. With the sun arose a light breeze, — we weighed anchor and proceeded slowly up the river.

There was scarcely wind enough to move the vessel. The smooth face of the river was hardly broken by a ripple. Now and then a porpoise rose to the surface, and, after breathing, dived again immediately, and occasionally an alligator jumped from the bank and sank like lead to the bottom.

“ By 10, A. M., the sun got to be very hot, the wind failed entirely, and, finding it impossible to stem even the slow

current of the St. John's, the captain ordered the anchor to be dropped.

“Being rather discontented on board the vessel, B. and myself took our guns and rowed ashore in the boat. The tropical appearance of every thing, the strange character of the herbage and trees, compared with what we had been accustomed to see, the insects and reptiles, excited feelings of astonishment, and curiosity to see more of the country which might become our future place of residence. O, the wild thrill of joy which passed over me when I first stood upon the sandy beach of that noble river! For years this had been the wish of my heart; for years had I striven for this; and for this I had left home against the wish of my parents, though with their tacit consent.

“In my boyhood, my imagination had been excited and captivated by accounts of Florida; and an invincible desire to behold that favored land, clothed by fancy in the most brilliant colors, had for five years been the dominant wish of my soul. Two years after my ideas were first awakened upon this subject, I experienced a severe attack of the rheumatism, which was repeated during the following winter, entirely depriving me for the time of the use of my limbs, and leaving me in so weak a state as to be unable to return to my business. I passed a year and a half in idleness, gradually recovering during the summer of 1834, until in September I thought myself nearly able to return to business again. I had in view a very good situation in Jeremie, but lost it by waiting for my father's consent, he being at sea at the time. Had he arrived home a week before he did, God only knows what might have been my destiny. His approval of the measure came too late. The place was occupied by some one else, and I was condemned to pass another winter at the North. It was in vain that I urged the necessity of my case, in vain that I foretold the effects which the approaching cold weather would pro-

duce in my system. My father had seen a great deal of the Southern climate, and thought it fully as bad as that of New England. Neither he nor my mother could bear the idea of my being taken sick among strangers, deprived of the comforts to which I had been accustomed at home. I cannot blame them; it was in kindness to me. And it really did seem a wild undertaking for one in delicate health to wander alone twelve hundred miles from home, in the midst of strangers, and liable to be rendered entirely helpless at any time by a fell disease, which would yield to no remedy but time. Many an anxious hour would my poor mother have passed, and many an unhappy thought would have preyed upon my dear father, had they permitted me to set out *alone* on such an expedition. Had any misfortune occurred to me, they would have blamed themselves. I spent that winter of 1834–35 at home, and miserably enough as regards my bodily comfort. It is a dark spot on memory's field. I recovered sufficiently by May, 1835, to allow of my going to Boston in search of medical advice. I spent five or six weeks there, under the care of Dr. —, a professional bone-setter, and wasted about one hundred dollars in fees and other expenses, and then returned to Portsmouth in the same state in which I left it. I was discouraged; dark visions of amputated limbs and cork legs haunted me, both asleep and awake. But what weighed most upon my mind was the idea of becoming a burden upon my father for life, — a galling thought to an independent spirit. I was convinced that time alone, with a warm climate, would restore me. Seeing my despondency, and knowing the determination of my wishes towards Florida, my father gave at last an unwilling consent to the long wished-for expedition. How my blood thrilled at the thought, and what a load was taken from my mind! But for two months, up to the very day of my departure, he never ceased to persuade me to resign all thought of the voyage; and even at the

very last hour he seriously urged me to have my trunk taken from the vessel, and remain at home. But he might as well have attempted to move Mount Washington. Sadly enough I felt at the thought of leaving every thing dear behind, and many a night had I waked in tears at the anticipation. Deeply rooted was my affection for home, but stronger for the time was the wish to travel.

“I went in company with friends, with whom I had been intimate from my childhood, and upon whom I could depend in case of sickness. This it was which reconciled my mother to the step I was taking. And friends indeed they proved! — Miss D. was as kind to me as a mother, and the young ladies were as sisters to me. The whole family secured a place in my affections which can never be vacated. And happy indeed should I be at the thought, that the recollection of *me* would continue as fresh in *their* memories.

“I have wandered widely from the course of my narrative; but in writing this journal I follow the impulses of the moment, and record whatever comes uppermost in my mind. It is a journal of thoughts and feelings as well as of actions, and being intended, my dear mother, only for your eye, I write as I think and feel, without suppressing any thing. I am satisfied, my dear mother, that you will be better pleased with my freely expressed ideas than with a constrained style, stiffly written, or clumsily decorated with the ornaments of poetry or rhetoric. I began this in compliance with your wishes, and for you I shall continue it until we next meet.”

On Mr. Kennard's return from the South, he considered his health so firm, that he made arrangements to enter into business with an elder brother then established in Philadelphia. While in Boston on his way thither, he was attacked in the diseased joint

with great severity, and was obliged to abandon all plans that involved the necessity of physical effort. The succeeding winter was passed in severe suffering, but with a serene, happy, and hopeful spirit, and in the enjoyment of books, and of the society of a numerous circle of friends, who did every thing in their power to alleviate the weariness of his long confinement. In the spring of 1837, he found himself so far relieved and invigorated, as to commence the study of medicine with his family physician and faithful friend, C. A. Cheever, M. D. But, after a few months, renewed infirmity compelled him to resign all thoughts of a professional, as he previously had of a mercantile life. In August of the same year, he put himself under the professional care of Dr. Hayward at the Massachusetts General Hospital, where he remained four months. The disease seeming incurable, and at the same time being apparently confined to the knee-joint, it was deemed expedient to amputate the leg above the knee. The operation took place on the 4th of November. He declined sending notice of the time to his parents, in order to save them the pain of being in Boston at the critical moment, or of protracted anxiety as to the result. On that morning, he wrote them a letter, apprising them of what was to take place, and promising to add a postscript in case of the successful issue

of the operation. He then took his last walk with the doomed limb, and quietly submitted to the knife. At ten o'clock, he added to the letter the simple words, "All is well and over." We have seen this letter, and have never seen any thing more beautifully indicative of true heroism, fortitude, and Christian resignation. To the deep regret of his friends, this document held by them as so precious has been mislaid. But we can in part compensate for its loss by printing a letter and postscript of like tenor, addressed to his eldest brother, then on his passage to New Orleans.

" *Boston, Nov. 3d, 1837.*

" MY DEAR BROTHER : —

" Your letter dated New York, October 29th, was received on the 31st, at which time I suppose you were dashing through the water on your way to New Orleans, in the good ship Alabama. I had heard of your intended move through father, a day or two before, and was living in the hourly expectation of seeing you as you passed through the city on your way to Portsmouth. I hope from my soul that every thing may turn out as you would wish. I hope you may be successful in your business. I should like much to be with you this winter at New Orleans, but it may not be. I am to undergo rather a severe operation before I leave the Hospital. I have often stated to you my fears that my knee would come to amputation. They are now about to be realized. *To-morrow* at eleven o'clock I shall get rid of a troublesome appendage, which has palsied every effort that I have made for the last four years. However, I do not

complain of that. I think the knee has been of service to me in many other ways. It, at least, has kept me from a deal of wickedness and dissipation, has given me time to reflect, and to form serious resolutions. I am content.

“I am in the best possible state for an operation, and (God willing) shall probably recover from it in four weeks. Dr. Hayward told me this morning, that he last year amputated the leg of a young man similarly situated, who was walking in the yard eighteen days afterward. I hope to be at home and well, by Christmas, at least.

“I have lost much flesh while I have been here, owing to the medicine and want of exercise. Since the former has been discontinued, I think my appetite has improved and my countenance looks better.

“I feel no fear at all at the prospect before me. I have no wish to put off the evil day. At my solicitation, it was agreed to perform the operation a week before the time appointed. I wished to have it done before my parents knew that the time was appointed. I would not have them here in the city at the time for any thing. I shall thus save them the pain of suspense while I am under the knife. A consultation of seven of the first surgeons in Boston decided on my case. I told them I wished them to understand, before they recommended any thing new, that I was ready to suffer amputation at any moment. As a last trial, they put me on a course of mercury for a week, and then at my solicitation gave it up, and agreed to cut immediately. Our parents will remain in ignorance until all is over. I wrote them a few days since, in order to reconcile their minds to the measure, but left them under the impression that it would not happen under two weeks. Father’s ship will be launched to-morrow at twelve, and my leg cut off at eleven, — a curious coincidence. The nearer the time approaches, the cooler I feel about the matter. It does not trouble me

in the least. Though the knife will pain me, it will be but for a few moments. I'll put in a P. S. after the operation.

“ Adieu. — Your affectionate brother,

“ JAMES KENNARD, JR.

“ *Nov. 7.* — All is over. Not half so bad as I thought. Have been rather feverish and restless since the operation, but am now getting quite calm. Doctor says I am doing well.

“ Expect father and mother to-day. Yours truly,

“ J. K. JR.”

Mr. Kennard's parents went to Boston on the 7th of November, and found James apparently at the point of death, from an erysipelatous inflammation in the limb which had been subjected to the operation, and a sympathetic febrile affection of the whole system. After a few days these symptoms abated, and his recovery was very rapid. Towards the close of December, he wrote to his parents that he would be shortly permitted to return home. They went immediately to Boston, to accompany him on the then long and tedious ride; but found that he had anticipated them, and returned the same day by a different route. For several months, he appeared to be in the enjoyment of the most vigorous health. He walked easily and freely with the aid of a crutch, and was patiently waiting for the entire cicatrization of the maimed limb, to avail himself of the support of an artificial leg. But in July, 1838, his left knee suddenly became swollen and inflamed, and was for a long period the seat of more intense suf-

fering than he had ever experienced before. From that time he never walked. A small carriage was procured for him, and in this, for a few months, he was occasionally drawn to take the air, or to visit his friends. This, however, he could use but for a little while, as all motion soon grew intensely painful. After a short period it became apparent that the process of ossification was taking place in the remaining knee-joint, and in the joints of the elbows, wrists, and fingers. Thenceforward he was confined almost entirely to his chamber, and for the greater part of every day to his bed, with much less power of self-help than a new-born infant. He was occasionally brought down stairs till the summer of 1841, when he found that he could no longer bear removal, except that with the most careful preparation, and with the utmost delicacy of touch, he was taken daily from his bed, and placed for an hour or two in his easy-chair. Within a year after his return from the hospital, he became unable so much as to raise his hand to his head, or to assist himself in the least in taking his food. A very limited power of action remained in his right wrist, and in two or three of the fingers of his right hand. His eyesight, however, was still unimpaired, and his mental industry, with book and pen, exceeded in amount that of most professed students and scholars. A frame was

fitted to his bed, and on this his book was so placed, that he could turn over the leaves with the aid of a small wand ; and on the same frame his writing-apparatus was so adjusted, that he could write in a perfectly legible and clear hand, though, except at the very first, only in double columns on a letter-sheet of the ordinary size, the gradual induration of the wrist allowing his fingers only that narrow range of motion. In this way he penned the greater part of the contents of this volume, besides numerous articles for the weekly press, and very many pieces, both in prose and verse, which have never been printed ; and conducted at the same time an extensive and increasing correspondence with relatives, friends, authors, editors, and not a few whom he had never known personally, but who had become deeply interested in him by the report of his talents, merits, and sufferings.

But even this resource was soon to fail him. In November, 1844, while reading a badly printed book, he was seized with inflammation in the right eye, and suffered so agonizingly, that all that he had previously endured seemed trifling in the comparison. The left eye, of course, was sympathetically affected. The residue of his life was spent with a deep shade over his face, and in a darkened room. Similar attacks of inflammation ensued at uncertain intervals,

and were generally about a week in duration. When not violently inflamed, the eye could not bear a direct ray of light without severe pain, and the shade was never lifted from his face, except to afford him a momentary glimpse of some countenance which he was unwilling to forget. During the paroxysms of this new disease, he was able to speak only in the faintest whisper, and could hardly bear the sound of another voice. But in the intervals he still continued his literary pursuits and his correspondence, with the aid of his sisters and a numerous corps of friends, who were all emulous of the privilege of serving as his readers and amanuenses. How cheerfully he bore this last and sorest privation of all may be seen from the following extract from a letter to a favorite cousin in Boston, — the first that he had dictated to him since his inability to write. We should not insert this quotation, did it not stand in the most perfect and beautiful accordance with the whole tone of feeling and spirit which marked every day of his now sightless life. The letter bears date January 12th, 1845.

“ You will doubtless be astonished at the alteration of my handwriting; but my experience goes to prove, that, the more I am deprived of the usual aids, such as eyes, hands, joints, &c., the better I can write, and the easier I can get along in every way. Just shut up your eyes, chop off your hands, and try it. If you only have faith and a good amanuensis,

my word for it, you will succeed to perfection. I feel in such high spirits about it, that I intend soon to commence writing my life, and expect to become as renowned as Milton, and to get more for my book, to be entitled, 'The Life of an Invalid,' than he did for his *Paradise Lost*, to say nothing of the fame."

Nearly coincident, in point of time, with Mr. Kenard's loss of vision, was the severest affliction of his life, — the death of the mother, whose daily prayer had been that she might outlive her suffering son. In many beautiful traits of mind and heart had he reflected her image, and borne the impress of her fidelity. In his early years, his father had been an enterprising and successful shipmaster, and, though eminently faithful in all domestic relations and duties, had been so much of the time absent from his family, that James may be said to have grown up almost wholly under his mother's guidance; and, in his infirmity and pain, she had watched by his bedside, entered with entire sympathy into all his plans and pursuits, and made herself seemingly as essential to his existence as she was in his infancy and childhood. Her sickness was long, and marked by the frequent alternation of hopeful and discouraging symptoms. While the case remained doubtful, he was deeply agitated. When a fatal issue became certain, he grew calm, and even cheerful; and, when the last scene was over, consolation, strength, and

peace seemed to flow from his chamber for the whole grief-stricken family. But his serenity of spirit resulted, no doubt, from a conflict, in which his slender residue of physical strength was essentially impaired.

Though he never ceased to feel the void created in the circle of his affections by his mother's removal, yet, as regarded all the outward offices of motherly care and tenderness, he sustained no loss. His sisters had become thoroughly versed in all that appertained to his comfort, and deemed no privilege so great as that of attendance on their invalid brother. And one other friend there was, in humble life, but of a noble heart, whose extraordinary bodily strength had long rendered her services absolutely indispensable. We refer to Nancy Sherburne, (the Nancy commemorated in one of the poems in this volume,) an elderly woman, who, on his return from the hospital, was officiating as cook in his father's family. From the first, she took great pleasure in rendering him whatever assistance he demanded. When he was disabled from walking, she drew him in his carriage, and bore him in her arms over the staircase. As he grew more helpless, she gradually suspended her other duties, and devoted herself wholly to the care of him, remaining perpetually within call by day and night, and so strongly attached to her charge, that

other friends could hardly win permission of her to perform for him any service that lay within her power. She lifted him as if he had been an infant, and with a grasp as gentle as it was firm. There were frequently times, when even the adjustment of his pillows by a less skilful hand than hers would have given him excruciating torture, and the hour-long process by which alone he could be conveyed from his bed to his chair, a process as delicate as if his frame had been strung with threads of glass, demanded more than a common man's strength, and all of a woman's love. Had he been her own child, she could not have loved him better; and, though a person of the scantiest education, and bearing no outward marks of refinement, she gradually grew into a sympathy of spirit and character with him, and evidently derived the richest recompense for her self-denying toil in the improvement and elevation of her whole moral nature. His attachment to her was only less than filial; and one of his last requests was, that room for Nancy should be left at his side in the family inclosure at the cemetery.

Early in the year 1847, Mr. Kennard had three successive attacks of influenza, which greatly reduced and enfeebled him. He recovered, however, so far as to take much interest in the construction of a rocking-chair of his own contrivance, in which he

hoped to enjoy some little measure of exercise without suffering. With how much buoyancy of spirit, in his helpless and sightless condition, he could regard even this slender alleviation of his confinement, will appear from the following extract from a letter to his cousin, dated May 6th, 1847.

“ I wish you could see me rocking in my chair, while I dictate ; my *new* chair, mind ye. It is a regular hobby-horse, only it has not any head, and I don't exactly bestride it ; but I rock, Sir, in the most elegant, long, swinging fashion, and with the greatest ease. This gait is very agreeable to me, after remaining so many years a fixture. The slightest touch sets me agoing ; in fact, Sir, it is the latest improved kind of perpetual motion, and if you want to see the machine working, you had better come soon, or it will be entirely worn out. It is of my own contrivance, and I consider it my greatest *essay* ; it has not yet travelled 'round the world,' but I am expecting every day when it will 'make the circuit of the globe,' as B. says ; for Nancy declares that I go to Boston and back in it, every day. That is the way she dignifies my morning exercise.”

This was one of the last letters that he dictated. Shortly after it was written, he became alarmingly ill with an attack of nausea. From this he recovered, and remained in his usual health, though feeble and languid, till July 22d, when the nausea returned. Nature was now exhausted, and medical treatment proved unavailing. The disease of the stomach was probably the last symptom of an entire functional derangement. For six days his sufferings were

acute and constant, yet borne, not with patience merely, but with entire self-possession, and unclouded serenity of spirit. On the morning of July 28th, having retained his consciousness to the last moment, and after several hours of entire freedom from pain, he departed this life in perfect peace.

We have thus followed our friend through the successive stages of his suffering, decrepitude, and decline. And, at first view, it might seem only a course of disappointment, sorrow, and agony. He was a youth of the most active habits and the most sanguine temperament, in full sympathy with all the gayer and more festive aspects of life, and seemingly as little fitted as one could be for the stern discipline which was appointed him. Flattering prospects were opening before him. With superior talents for business, with friends able and willing to place him on the career of enterprise under the most favorable circumstances, his hopes were blighted at the very age when such sacrifices are the most severely felt, and when the atmosphere of the sick-chamber seems the most uncongenial. Yet we have never known a happier person. A word of discontentment, murmuring, or repining never escaped him. His countenance, though thin and wan, bore no trace of grief or care, but to the very last wore an expression, not only of serenity, but even of joyousness. His cham-

ber was an eminently cheerful place. To his family and his friends, it was not the scene of sad and anxious duty, but the happiest apartment in the house. The social communings by his bedside are remembered without any of those associations of solicitude and gloom that are wont to cluster about our reminiscences of even the most patient invalid. When absent from him, we pitied him; when in his presence, we forgot that he was a sufferer, and rejoiced with him. Never did the spirit achieve a more entire conquest over the body, — never can the independence of the soul on the mortal frame have been more fully manifested, — never can more of heaven have been witnessed on earth.

Of course, a victory so entire could not have been won without strong religious faith. He was early the subject of judicious and faithful religious instruction; and his sincere interest in the great themes of Christian doctrine and duty was attested by his constant service as a Sunday-school teacher, from the time that he ceased to be a pupil till he was no longer able to go to the house of worship. From the period of his residence at the hospital, religious faith seemed the very atmosphere of his being. His trust in a merciful Providence was implicit and unwavering. The truths of Christianity were fully verified in his daily experience, and assumed in his

mind the form of self-evident propositions, too plainly written on the tablets of the heart to need the outward evidence so essential to persons of a less elevated religious consciousness. But this evidence, though to him no longer needful, he still held sacred. It formed the steps of the ladder on which he had risen as from earth to heaven; and, for the sake of those who were still toiling up the ascent, he would not have removed the steps. Immediate revelation could hardly have strengthened his belief in immortality. His views of death, and of the reunion of friends beyond the grave, were eminently cheerful. He was at all times ready to die; yet was too happy to long for dissolution. On the very last day of his life, he said, — “Although I have no fear of death, nor doubt of future blessedness, I would willingly recover and stay longer here, my life has been so happy.”

In estimating the sources of his happiness, his prompt and generous social sympathies demand distinct notice. We never knew a more unselfish being. He never talked about his own trials, and cut off the kindly inquiries of visitors with the briefest answers consistent with courtesy. But in every thing, were it little or great, sad or joyful, that concerned the welfare of kindred, friends, or acquaintance, he manifested the warmest interest. As his coevals came

forward to occupy prominent and prosperous places in life, no matter how remotely from him their lot was cast, he took diligent note of their successes and their honors, and never seemed more happy than when apprised of their merited good fortune. Nor were opportunities wanting for what we might term his active benevolence. Very many were the plans for individual and social improvement and benefit which had birth from his suggestion, and were matured at his bedside. Very many were the mutually advantageous acquaintances and friendships formed through his agency. Very many were the wrong stories set right, the characters vindicated, the kind interpretations made current, by his instrumentality. There were not a few who never undertook any thing aside from the routine of business, without resorting to him for sympathy, encouragement, and counsel; and still more there were who would have deemed a good book unread, a pleasant journey unfinished, a happy chapter in life incomplete, till they had talked it over with him. Of course, with such a spirit, he never lacked society, or assistance in his literary studies and labors. His reader or amanuensis for the time being was conscious of receiving, not conferring, obligation; and there were several, not of his own household, who for years devoted certain portions of each day or week to him, with the feel-

ing that they were doing much more for themselves than for him. Indeed, it has often been remarked, that no one ever visited him, or performed any service for him, simply as an act of kindness, but always in the temper and spirit in which the most pleasant social engagement would be made and kept.

Sympathies thus active could not be confined within the circle immediately around him. He kept himself constantly informed of every phasis and movement of social and political life, and took a deep interest in all plans and measures of reform and philanthropy. His ethics were entirely of the Christian school. He called evil, wrong, and sin by their own names, and admitted in justification of them neither ancient prescription, nor venerable authority, nor the most plausible grounds of expediency. Yet he was most tolerant in his judgment of the motives both of individuals and bodies of men; and, while he strikingly verified that portion of St. Paul's description of charity, "rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth," his considerate candor and his confidence in the ultimate triumph of the Right and the Good reminded us of those other traits in the same sketch, "believeth all things, hopeth all things." He early became warmly interested in the cause of the slave, not as an Ishmaelitish partisan of some one idea of emancipation or some one unvary-

ing mode of agitation, but in communion of spirit with all who, with the slightest measure of sincerity, gave their efforts, influence, or simple Godspeed, to the work. On all subjects of this class, as well as on the politics of the nation, he united, to a degree perhaps almost unattainable by one not withdrawn from the turmoil of active life, decided opinions, strong preferences, and the most comprehensive fellowship for all of every party whose aims and purposes seemed patriotic, philanthropic, and benevolent. Nor were his judgments on such matters those of a secluded theorist, or founded on a defective and one-sided acquaintance with facts and circumstances. The accuracy with which he kept himself informed as to all the significant transactions, movements, and speculations of the passing day, in fine, of every thing worthy of a benevolent curiosity, alike in the larger and the narrower circle, excited our continual surprise. It seemed as if the figures of all the prominent actors in the great drama and in all the little by-plots were perpetually passing and repassing before his eye, as in the mirror of a *camera obscura*.

Mr. Kennard's literary attainments and activity, though by no means the most interesting, present one of the most extraordinary aspects of his character. From the preceding sketch of his life, it will be seen that he was far from having received a schol-

arly education. The studies of his boyhood had been chiefly directed with reference to his destination for the counting-room; and, though faithfully pursued, they were closed at too early an age for extensive acquisition. But, during the last nine years of his life, he made himself a thorough proficient in many departments of historical, critical, and elegant literature. He was satisfied only with the most accurate knowledge. If an unfamiliar location was referred to, he inquired at once its place on the map. If an unknown historical personage was named, he sought out his history. If a new word occurred, he never passed it by, without ascertaining its etymology and its exact significance. He was master of that most essential element in the acquisition of knowledge, the art of shaping questions. On every subject, he seemed to understand intuitively just what to ask, what were the points really at issue, what the prime topics of investigation, what the collateral sources of evidence or illustration.

The impulse which made him an author it is not difficult to define, yet to some minds it may be hard to understand. He had no thought of fame, nay, seemed unconscious to the last of the degree to which his productions had attracted notice and found circulation. He was led to write, we believe, solely from the desire to be useful. He felt the importance

of his own opinions, and was solicitous to make others feel them. The editor of the Portsmouth Journal was his friend and neighbour, and that quite extensively circulated paper was his first, and for some time his only, medium of communication with the public. He commenced by furnishing articles almost every week, under the signature of "Vattel," on such subjects as from time to time occupied a prominent place in the general mind, especially on the moral bearings of the great political questions, and on the reformation of existing wrongs and evils. Many of these pieces were extensively copied, and read by thousands. Some of them were among his choicest productions, and might have occupied a place in this volume to the exclusion of much of the excellent matter that we have inserted, had not the occasions on which they were written, and the questions which they discussed, so far passed out of mind, as to deprive them of much of their original interest. When he became known as a writer, he was solicited to furnish articles to be read before the literary associations of the town. Subsequently he was urged to become a writer for several of the leading literary publications of the day, especially for the Knickerbocker, the editor of which repeatedly expressed a high sense of obligation to him for his valuable contributions.

His earliest poetical pieces, so far as known, were written to beguile the occasional loneliness of his residence in Florida. As his thoughts flowed readily in verse, he afterwards adopted that medium for the record of his personal experiences, his reminiscences of boyhood, his solitary and midnight musings, his sources of support and consolation. At the same time, whether in a playful or a more sober mood, he often threw into a metrical form his offerings of congratulation or sympathy to his personal friends. Subsequently he adopted this mode for the more energetic expression of his opinions or emotions, on a large range of moral and religious subjects. After the publication of some of these pieces, requests for poetical contributions flowed in upon him from various quarters. Thus, with the most modest appreciation of his own poetical genius, he has left in print and manuscript compositions of this class, of a high order of merit, numerous enough of themselves to have filled the present volume. One of the pieces, which will be found in the selection now printed, has a singular history attached to it. We refer to the poem entitled, "What shall I ask in Prayer?" It was the spontaneous effusion of his own spirit at an early period of his confinement. It was one of the first of his published pieces, (under his usual signature of Vattel,) in the Portsmouth Journal, from

which it was subsequently copied into other papers. Two persons, strangers to each other, and ignorant of his signature, both of whom had been deeply afflicted, at different times cut this poem from newspapers, and sent it to him, expressing the hope that a piece from which they had derived great consolation might open sources of comfort to him under his heavy trial. He was deeply moved by this experience. "I never was more gratified," said he; "for I then felt, that, if any thing that I had written had comforted and supported those in affliction, I had not lived in vain." On his death-bed, he requested, with characteristic modesty, that no obituary notice of himself should be furnished for the public prints. His friend of the Portsmouth Journal, reluctantly acceding to this prohibition, and without any knowledge of the circumstances just related, in connection with the simple statement of his age and the date of his removal, reprinted this poem as peculiarly congenial with the life, and expressive of the character, of the deceased.

In closing this sketch, we must be permitted to refer for a moment to the light cast by the subject of it on the true sources of happiness. "*Mens sana in corpore sano*, — A sound mind in a sound body," — has come down to us from remote antiquity, as a proverbial expression of the essential conditions

of earthly felicity ; and there are multitudes who feel, that, with an elastic bodily constitution, they could brave and outlive the sternest buffetings of calamity, could sail through stormy seas and under lowering heavens, who yet would regard chronic and wasting illness as an intolerable burden. There is, indeed, no person who seems entitled to so much commiseration as one equally removed from life and death, poised between the two worlds, the outward man perishing without hope of restoration, and yet so slowly that it may be years in dying, while for those years there cannot be one moment's consciousness of health, or free use of limbs, or respite from suffering, or natural repose. But instances like this show us that the sound body may be dispensed with, if the sound mind be retained, if the heart be right and true, sincere and pure, generous and devout. They prove that the soul has a life of its own, a separate interest, a peace and joy independent of its bodily environment. And is there not, in a life-experience like this, a distinct foreshadowing, or rather foreshining, of immortality? Must not the soul that remains thus unscathed as the body wastes, that grows with the increase of infirmity, that clothes itself in new beauty while limb after limb and sense after sense refuse their office, that beneath the death-shadow looks forth from the mutilated and worn-out

wreck in calm and holy triumph, live on, when dust returns to dust? Why should not the spirit, which survives the maiming and decay of the body, survive its dissolution also? Why needs it the frame to whose healthy action it has manifested such supreme indifference? And if so much of heaven can be enjoyed under the severest pressure of earthly calamity, how can the human heart worthily conceive of that heaven of which it is written, — “There shall be no more death, neither sorrow, neither shall there be any more pain”?

The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been elected to the office of Justice of the Peace for the year 1877. The names are given in alphabetical order of their surnames. The names of the persons who have been elected to the office of Justice of the Peace for the year 1877 are as follows: John A. Smith, James B. Jones, William C. Brown, Thomas D. White, Charles E. Green, and others. The names of the persons who have been elected to the office of Justice of the Peace for the year 1877 are as follows: John A. Smith, James B. Jones, William C. Brown, Thomas D. White, Charles E. Green, and others.

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PROSE WRITINGS.



ECONOMY.*

GLANCING superficially at the civilized world, one would think this a very economical age. Innumerable are the contrivances for the saving of labor, both of the body and the mind. Time and space are almost annihilated in travelling over the natural world; and in the literary world, thought also is rendered unnecessary, to such a degree that the traveller through that mazy region may almost sleep as he goes, so small is the mental exertion required of him.

In every thing we are productive; yet are we the most prodigal nation in existence. In many things we are truly economical; in others, we do but verify the old proverb, — “Penny-wise and pound-foolish.”

My subject is *Economy*, physical and mental, political and social, real and false. In physical economy no age ever equalled the present. Earth, air, fire, and water are apparently turned to their utmost account. Railroads, canals, turnpikes, and aque-

* A Lecture written for the Portsmouth Lyceum, in 1841.

ducts form a vast network over the land ; steamships and sail-craft of every kind cover the ocean and bays ; the leviathan steamboat is heard panting and puffing on our mighty rivers ; the hum of busy commerce never ceases in our cities ; and the buzzing of machinery and the clank of the engine are heard in every village.

The waterfall, once hidden in the depth of the primeval forest, and visited by travellers from distant parts, through toil and danger, as a wonderful natural curiosity, is now turned from its wonted course by means of dams and canals, and made to labor for the benefit of man ; while around it a busy village takes the place of the hoary woods, and through the multitude of man's inventions the aspect of the place is entirely changed. What was before valuable as a piece of natural scenery is now esteemed a matter of dollars and cents. The age of romance has, for that spot, passed away for ever ; its age of utility has commenced.

The example is infectious ; every beautiful cascade, every thundering cataract, is looked upon as a matter of speculation ; and does the solitary traveller, the ardent lover of Nature, discover a new wonder of this sort, as yet hidden in the depth of the ancient woods, and far removed from the profaning footstep of the manufacturer, he cannot even then indulge long in unmixed love of the beautiful, or admiration of the sublime. The thought will intrude, "How will this noble specimen of Nature's handiwork be one day marred by the handiwork of man !"

Ay, that it will, right soon! and so *should* it be, if the wants of man demand it, or his happiness will be thereby promoted. Bread for the body, bread for the multitude, is needed, as well as pretty sights for the favored few to gaze upon.

We have pierced the earth in all directions for mineral productions; we press the winds into our service, and hunt the leviathan on the boundless deep; we compel those two antagonist principles, fire and water, to work together for our good; the ocean is no longer a barrier to our progress; the valleys rise, the hills sink, and mountains are almost literally removed and cast into the sea. "The crooked roads are made straight, and the rough ways smooth."

We have done all this; yet how have we done it? Has it been done economically?

By all this vast system of internal improvements and of intercommunication between nations great good has doubtless been accomplished. The hidden resources of the country have been brought to light; the useless has been made valuable; and wealth has taken the place of poverty. But it must be remembered, that the actuating spirit in all these enterprises, the dominant motive, has been *love of money*, which, it has been said, "is the root of evil." However that may be, Providence has so ordered this great ruling passion of our nature, that the good which results from its gratification greatly exceeds the evil. And this will, undoubtedly, on a careful examination, be found to be the case (so far as the whole

race is concerned) with every passion of the human heart. Still, as all the works of man are necessarily imperfect, so we, although the most pains-taking, time-saving, labor-saving, and money-saving people on earth, have committed many grand errors in carrying our money-making plans into execution. That which was begun in a spirit of economy has been prosecuted extravagantly. That which was supposed to be a safe investment has turned out a ruinous speculation. And where this has not been the case, where pecuniary success has crowned our efforts, the waste of human life has been, and continues to be, deplorably great, and the wear and tear of morals immense.

True economy is liberal, far-sighted. It aims at worthy ends, and knows how to adapt means thereto. In fact, true economy is *comprehensive good management*.

Let us notice a few of the great changes and improvements which so strikingly mark the progress of the present age, and examine them in an economical point of view. Unavoidable evils should be endured with philosophical and Christian resignation; but it is believed, that, in following out many of our plans of improvement, there occurs, incidentally, an unnecessary demoralization of human hearts, a weakening of human intellects, and a useless waste of human life.

To begin with the latter. Look at our railroads, for instance. Fifty lives are lost, fifty limbs are broken, now, through carelessness, where one was,

under the old stage-coach system of travelling. Railroads are generally constructed with but one track. Legislatures ought never to give a charter in which it is not stipulated that two tracks shall be laid on the road ; or, if they deem it advisable to grant charters for roads with single tracks, they should at least make it a penal offence for an engineer to endanger the lives of passengers by disobeying orders or varying from the regular routine prescribed by the directors. It might be demonstrated, that any projected railroad route, which would not be likely to warrant the expense of laying two tracks, ought to be abandoned, on the ground that it is not sufficiently demanded by the business wants of that section of the country. It could be proved to be true pecuniary economy, as well as a vast saving of human life, to let such a route alone. Had the States of our Union been governed by this rule, the great expense involved in the construction of railroads would have effectually prevented their engaging in many of the unprofitable undertakings which now hang like millstones around their necks, and bid fair to sink some of them irretrievably in the gulf of bankruptcy and disgrace.

There is another piece of parsimony of which every railroad corporation in our country has been more or less guilty. I refer to the practice of making their cuts through hills, their passages by viaducts, and their tunnels through mountains, so narrow and low as constantly to endanger the lives of passengers and officers. It is surely not very strange

or blameworthy in an inexperienced traveller on railroads, when he finds himself in sudden darkness, to thrust his head out to see what is the matter. A lucky man is he, in this saving age, if he gets it in again without having his brains knocked out. This is unpardonable in a railroad company. It is laying a trap for the unsuspecting passenger. It is infringing on that well-known rule, — “No tricks upon travellers.”

The practice of such economy should be discountenanced and frowned upon by an endangered public. It is only necessary for all whose lives are thus in danger of being trifled with to speak out loudly, by word of mouth, and through the press, and the evil would soon be remedied. Travelling on railroads would become unpopular, unless these obstacles to safe travelling were removed; and that route on which these salutary reforms should be earliest introduced would reap the benefit, and win golden opinions from all men, at least, from *all travellers*. Other companies would soon follow the example thus set them, and, on the principle of economy, would make the changes demanded of them.

The travellers on railroads are surely numerous enough to accomplish the reforms necessary, if they would but *speak out*. But, as usual, “what is everybody’s business is nobody’s business”; and the public will probably suffer to a much greater extent than has yet been the case, before it will rise in its majesty and put down these crying abuses.

Among the numerous societies which are every-

where springing up, for the furtherance of almost every object under the sun, would it not be well to introduce and organize yet *one more*, — to be called the Railroad Reform Society? With the watchword “Agitation,” and with all the machinery of Presidents, Corresponding Secretaries, and Travelling Lecturers, something might be accomplished. At any rate, we recommend the consideration of this suggestion to all who are afflicted with a propensity for society-making. Here is a large field for their operations.

What, then! Shall we preach a crusade against railroads, because of a few incidental evils? By no means. The good which they produce greatly predominates over the evil. The question is, whether the abuses may not be reformed, while the blessings are retained; whether the rotten branches of the tree may not be lopped off, while the healthy ones are preserved. Do not strike at the root; it is assuredly a good one. As well might one have all his teeth extracted, because he occasionally suffers with the toothache. It is only necessary to extirpate the useless ones, and fill the slightly decayed. There is no danger, however, that men will ever attempt to do without teeth, or the world without railroads, or some contrivance which will afford even a more rapid mode of conveyance.

To railroads and canals our country is indebted much, and *will* be indebted more. In a commercial point of view, they furnish great facilities for the conveyance of produce to market, and thus render

valuable immense sections of country before nearly worthless, and in this manner wealth and prosperity are spread more equally over the different portions of our broad Union, instead of being confined, as under the old system, to a few favored districts.

They facilitate travel ; and thus, by the more frequent intercourse which takes place between the people of the North, the South, the East, and the West, render our national character more homogeneous. Above all, the artificial barriers of State boundaries, and geographical obstructions, are alike annihilated. Sectional distinctions and prejudices are abolished ; and the nation is bound together by that strongest of all ties, without which all others would be useless, — *the tie of interest.*

Thus, individual love of wealth, and private economy and speculation, prove, in the end, true *Political Economy.*

There is one certain result produced by the railroad system, the ultimate effect of which upon our national character and institutions yet remains to be seen. Large cities must inevitably grow up at all the great central *dépôts*. Under our democratic institutions, it is a difficult, and oftentimes an impossible thing, even now, to keep in order the population of a large city. A great metropolis has been compared to an issue, which, foul in itself, serves to drain the system of its unhealthy humors, and thus preserves the soundness of the whole body. Unless subordinate to law, it is, rather, a cancer, which produces disease and death in the whole body politic.

Whether this is a just comparison or not, one thing is certain, — that nowhere else can be found such extremes of virtue and vice, wealth and poverty, splendor and wretchedness, refinement and vulgarity. It remains to be proved, that the population of overgrown cities, composed of such materials, can be kept in subjection to the law without military force.

Among all the *saving changes* of the present day, none are more remarkable than those which are taking place in the *Economy of War*. There seems to be a general mania abroad for inventing engines and missiles for the destruction of human life. No less than fifteen or twenty kinds of explosive shot have been invented within the last three or four years. Paixhan guns and steam-frigates are destined to make an entire revolution in Naval Economy. The world has already seen their power demonstrated, in the reduction of Acre and the bombardment of Canton. But it has yet to see the effect of these two inventions, when brought into action in a sea-fight between two large fleets. May such a sight *never* be seen !

Then with regard to *private* warfare, — how innumerable are the inventions of secret weapons for *its* prosecution ! — the patent revolving many-chambered rifle pocket-pistols, the bowie-knives, dirk-knives, and sword-canes.

This is a singular sort of economy ! indeed it is. It aims at effecting the greatest destruction of human life with the least possible expenditure of time and money. In the case of railroads, the loss of life is

incidental and unintentional ; but here it is the direct aim and end of the inventors.

The wearing of secret weapons is, doubtless, productive of unmixed evil. The consciousness of having them in his possession makes the bad man still more ruffianly in his conduct, and causes even the more respectable man to resort to their use when insulted. They are ready instruments of vengeance, and Satan is always whispering in the ear of the wearer, "Strike!" Even peaceably-inclined men sometimes conceive themselves obliged thus to arm themselves, when travelling in some parts of our country. Where nearly the whole adult male population is thus armed, it is not surprising that murderous brawls should frequently occur. The actors are seldom punished. Jurymen are very lenient to such offenders. Each man of them thinks, — "I may soon be in the same predicament as the prisoner"; and so, as he hopes for mercy in such a contingency, shows mercy himself, by bringing in a verdict of "Not guilty." This is *his* practice of the golden rule, — "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you." Under this order of things, (or rather *disorder*,) death by violence has become so common in many portions of our republic, that the murder of a human being is regarded in those regions with less horror than is excited by the murder of a *dog* in Constantinople!

All this is extremely bad economy, both with regard to human life and to public and private morals. The march of improvement is here retrograde.

As to the improvements in *national* warfare, they will, undoubtedly, have a really beneficial influence on the fate of the world. As, in ancient times, "out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness," so now (as always) does Providence bring forth good out of seeming evil. Let the art of destruction be perfected to such a degree as to insure the death of nearly all the combatants, and the belligerent parties will fight wonderfully shy of each other. The fate of battles will depend upon engineers and firemen. The small will be equal to the great, nay, superior, for they will expose less surface. The weak will, by the help of machinery, be able to cope with the powerful. Personal prowess will go for nothing. The glory of war will have passed away for ever. If nations *will* fight, then let us make the means of destruction as perfect as it is possible to make them. This is true economy, as far as it goes; though, doubtless, it would be better economy still to "beat our swords into ploughshares, and our spears into pruning-hooks," and so abandon war altogether. When will nations and individuals learn that it is for their interest to live peaceably with each other? When will they learn to make this great saving in time, money, life, and morals? When will they learn that it is *cheaper*, as well as more conducive to happiness, and therefore wiser on all accounts, to leave war to the beasts? They, for the most part, make no war upon their own species.

When will the happy day arrive when "nation

shall no more rise up against nation"? It will assuredly come, though *we* shall not live to see it. The march of society is *onward*, and will not cease until this important result is accomplished. Even in *our* day, wars of conquest are becoming disreputable among civilized nations. This is a great step in economy, and a long stride toward universal peace.

This is a *saving* age; time-saving, labor-saving, fuel-saving, and (in connection with the latter) even *air*-saving. Labor-saving machinery is multiplied to an unprecedented extent. Every thing is done easily. A man may travel from Maine to Louisiana in twelve days; from New York to London in fifteen; and from New York to Jerusalem in thirty days. We may see it stated in the newspapers, that such a man "left this country, made the tour of Europe, and returned in sixty days!" What of that? What is the result? How much more does that man know than when he set out? He steps on board a steamship, is taken seasick the moment he gets outside the harbour, and, before he recovers sufficiently to pay any attention to the glorious ocean through which he is ploughing, he is safely landed at Bristol. He inquires of the waiter at the hotel where he puts up, at what time the cars leave for London, and looking at his watch, finds that he has just time to swallow his breakfast and be off. This is lucky! he has *seen Bristol*; what more does he want with that place? He has only sixty days to spare from his counting-room, — he must make the most econom-

ical use of his time, and see as many places as possible. He bolts his breakfast, jumps into the cars, passes the outskirts of one English town, dives under another, flies over a third on a bridge built from mountain to mountain, taking a birdseye view by the way, and at the close of the day, lo! he is in London. He retires to his chamber that night with great satisfaction, calls for a map of England, searches out the names of all the chief towns through which he has that day passed, and notes them down in his memorandum-book as so many places which he has visited, intending to consult the Traveller's Guide next day concerning the history of said towns, for materials out of which to manufacture a descriptive letter to his friends at home. What a grand day's work he has performed! — crossed England in nearly its widest part! — seen the best portion of the country in one day!

Next day he posts to Dover, steams to Calais, and then posts and steams over the whole Continent. He visits all the principal places, examines them quite as thoroughly as he did London and Bristol, and, at the end of thirty days from the time when he first set foot upon English soil, he finds himself again on board a noble steamship, heading for America. Sixty days from the time when he left New York he is again walking in Broadway. His friends shake hands with him, and ask him where he has been for the last two or three weeks. He endeavours to look unconcerned, but his heart swells with satisfied ambition, as he answers, — “I was in

Vienna twenty days ago." "Ha! is it possible?" returns a friend; "you have been absent so short a while, that I thought you had only gone to the Springs, or to Niagara Falls!"

If our hero has labored for the reputation of being a rapid traveller, "verily he has his reward." But I again ask, What is the result of all this? How much more does that man know than when he set out on *his travels*? Has the *mind* been enriched, or the *heart* expanded? No! the humble pedestrian who has spent a week among the "highways and by-ways" of his own immediate neighbourhood has done more for the education of *both* than has been accomplished by the European traveller, with all his expense of time and money.

The habit of travelling rapidly over the superficies of things is as common in the literary as in the natural world. It is fostered by the literary economy of the present day. It appears almost a necessary and unavoidable evil. The multiplicity of books is so great, and the rate of increase so rapid, that it is impossible for the most diligent reader to keep pace with them. To do so, he who *reads must run*; and, finding it impossible to run fast enough on the common roads, he patronizes the literary railroads, (that is, the Reviews,) and by their help he is enabled to run over the whole world of letters in an amazingly short space of time. As to the benefit received from his travels, it is about equal to that received by the European tourist who travels over the whole Continent by steam in ten days. He knows the titles

of all the books that are published, and can tell the names of one half their authors; and that is about all. The traveller on the by-ways of literature, the retired villager, who peruses and reperuses a hundred times his well-thumbed library of fifty volumes, receives infinitely more real benefit therefrom.

Book-making is now-a-days a trade, which, being a very profitable one, is followed by a multitude who have no natural talents for the business. Thus the manufacture has increased to an enormous extent, while the products have proportionately decreased in value. Ideas are scarce, but books are plentiful. An author commences with *a thought*, (*sometimes*,) and, by dint of hard work, he spreads it out over the surface of two hundred pages; like the gold-beater, who commences with an ounce of gold, and, by dint of hammering, extends it to the length of a mile.

The author does the whole work, and leaves nothing for the reader to do. He examines and explains his idea in all its possible phases; and when he is done, there is not a new position in which the reader can view it, — there is not a new application which he can make of it. Works of this kind are the most profitless of all. To the mind they are truly labor-saving machines. But as the well-being of the body is preserved by exercise, so also is the health of the mind secured by action. Labor produces strength; one cannot exist without the other. The mind perceives and thinks only through material organs. It acts *by* them and *upon* them. Work, therefore, is as necessary to the mind as to the body; and the system

of labor-saving book-making is, intellectually and morally, the worst economy in the world. A more lavish expenditure of ideas, and a greater saving of ink and paper, would be a decided improvement. As it is, the reader finds every thing done to his hand ; nothing is required of him. The road is *too smooth* ; and in travelling over it, be his mind never so active, it is almost infallibly lulled to sleep.

It is a true principle, that whatever is most easily obtained is least valued ; and this is true of mental as of physical acquisitions. Books are so numerous at the present day, that, were they as perfect as could be desired, still they would be esteemed but lightly, compared with the value set upon them before the invention of types and printing-presses. How much less, then, should they be valued, when they have not only increased so immensely in quantity, but deteriorated so greatly in quality !

From these two causes, books receive, *individually*, but little consideration in our day. In the *aggregate*, they are much sought after, read indiscriminately, and then thrown aside for newer publications, which, in their turn, are as lightly glanced over, and as quickly forgotten. It is but *one* lamentable result of the lethargic state of mind thus induced, that a proper consideration is seldom bestowed upon the books which most deserve it.

The only really valuable books are those which are *suggestive* ; those in which the reader is expected to accompany the author on his rugged road, and keep up with him by his own labor. Such a writer

receives but little encouragement ; he demands too much exertion of his followers. That author is preferred who takes his indolent admirers upon his back, and transports them from beginning to end without labor to themselves. They are accustomed to such a conveyance ; their limbs have become enervated by such indulgence ; they cannot go alone. As to the benefit obtained by such a journey, it is a question if any is really received.

I like not a book over which one can travel from beginning to end at a railroad pace. I like a book which is continually opening new sources of thought, and inviting me to lay it down and prosecute the search on my own account. No one is so patient as an author. He will stop *when* I please, and *as long* as I please ; never scolds me for tardiness when I come back, and is always ready to start again when I give the word. After such an excursion, I return to him with pleasure, and find my strength renewed for the journey. Again and again I request my friend to stop, while I make a short trip up this rugged ravine, or down that beautiful valley.

Not unfrequently I step into the balloon-car of metaphysics, and sojourn for a while among the clouds ; and anon I descend deep into the mines of industrial economy and national wealth. But always, on my return, I find my friend quietly waiting for me. He never chides me for these absences ; for he himself points the way to these minor journeys, and urges me to accomplish them by my own

unassisted labor. I reap a rich reward, and, so far from being fatigued by my solitary rambles, I am able the more vigorously to prosecute the remainder of my journey on the great route.

Thus, when the goal is finally attained, and I look back upon the ground passed over, I find that the main line of travel is but the connecting trunk of a thousand ramifications. It is as if the episodes exceeded the chief poem itself.

The friend who accompanied me on that route is dear to my heart. He did not carry me in his arms, — he did better, — he taught me to go alone; he taught me to think for myself. I delight, again and again, to travel with him over the same ground; and I continually find something new to arrest my attention and excite my admiration. Were the margin of his book wide enough, and could I write thereon all the thoughts suggested by its perusal, ere I had done with it, the work would be trebled in size, — the notes would far exceed the text in quantity. The style of that author may be uncouth, affected, even clumsy; these are small faults. They are but as clouds to the sun. I only the more admire the brilliant genius which, through all such petty obstructions, lights up my mind, as the sun illumines the earth, even on the darkest day.

Style is much, but thought is more. Yet, as in the social world the dress is often more thought of than the man, so in the world of letters words are often more valued than ideas.

The elegant coat is frequently the passport to

good society ; the heart that beats beneath is seldom examined into. The flatterer is a favorite ; while the plain-spoken man of truth has fewer *admirers*, though perhaps more *friends*.

Upon the same principle, a book often sells well because of its elegant language, because it can be read easily and without thought, or because the author falls in with the popular feelings of the day, and flatters the habits and prejudices of the majority of his readers ; while the writer, who, without regard to expediency, boldly utters his true thoughts and feelings, without fear or favor, frequently receives but little consideration from the public in general. The former is caressed and rewarded by the *many* ; the latter is appreciated only by the *few*. Yet Heaven is just, and verily they both "have their reward." The one receives it from his own conscience, and from the *hearts* of his *friends* ; the other from the *pockets* of his *admirers*.

One of the most remarkable features in the literary economy of the present day is the multitude of magazines and mammoth newspapers with which the reading public is overwhelmed. As to the latter, they have increased to such an extent, that they have become a pestilence in the land. They are so numerous, so large, and so frequently published, that the editors are sorely puzzled to find respectable matter to fill them. Sufficient *good* matter, sufficiently *new*, could hardly be found in the whole world, and the cost of obtaining it would be too great to be borne by such cheap publications. Con-

sequently, they are filled with whatever comes most easily to hand, — generally the poorest sort of trash, such as love-stories of every imaginable kind, sickly sentimentalities, and miserable doggerel. Here and there really good articles are found ; but we are obliged to wade through such seas of rubbish to get at them, that the labor and time thus spent are altogether disproportionate to the reward obtained.

The effect of these publications is almost wholly injurious. Many who could not think of subscribing three dollars a year to some really useful work, or of spending the same amount in purchasing truly valuable books, will, nearly every week, waste six cents upon these worthless productions. They do not feel the loss of so small a sum, and never stop to calculate how much they thus spend in the course of a year. In this manner these papers obtain an immense circulation.

The evil effect is twofold. Many buy because the paper is *cheap*, and afterward, astounded at the magnitude of the undertaking, never have the courage to attempt the reading of it. *They* have their pockets picked, — but that is a slight matter. It is bad economy to purchase that of which you make no use ; it is worse economy, in this instance, to use the article than it is to purchase it. He who constantly reads one or two of these *weekly* publications, and who reads scarcely any thing else, is in imminent danger of becoming *weakly* himself. He is indulging in the worst kind of literary dissipation. The mind must be supplied with wholesome food, or a mental

dyspepsia will follow. A morbid appetite is created which is insatiable. It urges him on. He reads without relish and without nutrition, yet read he must. Good books become distasteful to him. His mind is enfeebled. Like the body, it must not only be supplied with proper food, but it must *labor* for it.

Now these mammoth papers require no labor in the perusal, except of the arms in holding them, and of the eyes in scanning their immense surfaces. If any ideas are obtained, it is without exertion of the mind. *That* is overladen with a quantity of trash, which, in its weak state, it is wholly incapable of digesting, and which, if digested, would yield but the smallest modicum of nourishment.

The mammoth newspaper is literally a *literary omnibus*; for such a variety of useless *litter* was never before huddled into the same space.

If, then, they are really of so little value, why are these worthless publications so well patronized by the public? The most obvious reason is, they are *so cheap* that it is deemed good economy to buy them. On the same principle, many persons buy articles at auction, not because they have any use for them, but because they are knocked off *so low*. In both cases purchasers "pay too dear for their whistle."

Intimately connected with these mammoth weeklies is the daily penny press. Curiosity was the besetting sin of mother Eve, and her descendants appear to be nowise lacking therein. The love of news is inherent in human nature. We read, that,

when Paul was at Athens, "all the Athenians and strangers which were there spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some *new* thing." Nearly two thousand years have passed since then; but human nature has not changed. To tell or to hear some new thing is quite as powerful a passion among the Yankees of the nineteenth century as with the Athenians in the time of Paul. Doubtless, God implanted it in us for good purposes; but man has, in all ages, striven hard to thwart the intentions of Providence.

In no country or age has this passion been more abused than in our own country at the present day. It has always been the fruitful cause of gossip and slander in a small way, in petty village circles, and in fashionable city coteries; but it required the invention of printing and of the steam-engine, and the liberty of the press, to carry the system to the high pitch of perfection to which it has attained in this country. It really does seem as if the art of gossip could be no more improved. But no one can look into futurity; no one can say what effect will be produced, when the principles of electricity, electro-magnetism, and animal magnetism are once brought into subjection, and rendered willing slaves to this all-absorbing passion. By means of the latter, we may sit by our firesides and learn at any one time what may be then happening at any spot on the earth's surface, or even in its most hidden recesses. By the two former principles, when used in telegraphing, we may literally "put a girdle round about the

earth in forty minutes." So let us not boast too loudly of the facilities which we at present enjoy for gossiping on a large scale. We shall be entirely outdone by our great-grandchildren. Let us be modest, or there will be such a laugh raised at our expense, by our news-loving descendants, as will go nigh to wake us from our graves.

But let us fold the wings of imagination and come down to sober reality. The penny papers of the present day, — What are their objects? What efforts are made to attain those objects? What is the foundation of their success? As a whole, are they good or evil in their effects? And, finally, ought they to be encouraged?

As to the objects aimed at by the proprietors of these papers, there can be no mistake on that point. They are, first, to make *money*; secondly, to make *more* money; and, thirdly, to make *most* money; and so on to the end of the chapter. There is no other motive.

And every thing is sacrificed in order to attain this end. Misery and crime are the daily food served out to the readers of the penny paper. Horrid murders are greedily seized upon, and crimes which should never be mentioned out of the court-house or the prison are given forth, with all their disgusting details, to be read by hundreds and thousands of innocent children, who have never before dreamed that it could enter into the heart of man to commit such deeds. Police reports are daily made, in which ignorance and helplessness are ridiculed, and vice and

wretchedness are shown up as things to be laughed at. Trials of persons charged with the most revolting crimes are seized upon with avidity, and served up in the most piquant manner to the lovers of the horrible. The sanctity of private life is invaded, and innocent individuals, who are so unfortunate as to be connected with the criminal by ties of blood or marriage, are dragged before the public, and made to undergo a double torture.

These papers are sold by newsmen who *must* have some astounding piece of intelligence to announce each day. The sale of the papers depends upon this; and so a "horrible murder," or a "dreadful case of depravity," is daily furnished or manufactured to answer this purpose. Some piece of news must, at all events, be blazoned forth every day. One day, it is "News from the Steamer President," which turns out to be an announcement that "no further intelligence has been received from this ill-fated vessel." Another day, it is the "Trial of McLeod," which, upon examination, proves to be a "Postponement of the trial until next week." The day after, we are startled with the announcement, that "*Mr. Smith* has suddenly disappeared, and it is supposed he has been murdered, as he had a large sum of money about him at the time." In the afternoon, an extra is issued, to inform the anxious public that "Mr. Smith has been discovered, safe and sound, having ridden out to his farm without informing his family, and having been detained there all night by a storm."

The paper is filled with such trash as this. If any good things are admitted, they are in extremely small quantities. If any really worthy subject is introduced, it is not with the intention of advancing the cause of truth ; it is presented in that view which will be most likely to attract attention, and conduce to a large sale of that day's paper. It is treated of in a single article, in a single paper. It must not be dwelt upon ; it would be old matter the next day. Is there any subject of great public interest upon which you wish to be informed ? You will there find but a hint of it, — just enough to make a news paragraph ; the paper is too small to contain more. You must resort to some larger and better-conducted journal for the information which you require. You need not wait till to-morrow in the hope that your penny paper will furnish it. The penny paper *never looks back*.

It looks forward, though ; it is fond of predictions. It delights, for instance, in anticipations of war ; per-adventure it would delight in war itself. Such a lamentable event would furnish paragraphs without number. Bloody victories and disastrous defeats would glare from every page in large capitals. War would prove a mine of wealth to the penny papers. When the political horizon is unclouded, when the more respectable and considerate journals speak of nothing but peace, if you would believe the penny press, the sky is black with the impending storm, and they stigmatize their *quiet* editorial brethren as false prophets, “ crying, Peace, peace, when there is

no peace." People, and above all people, editors, are accustomed to prophesy loudly that which they wish to come to pass.

If the penny papers are all that I have declared them to be, why are they so largely patronized? What is the foundation of their success?

The answer is plain. The penny paper is cheap, — curiosity is strong, and here is an opportunity to gratify it *economically*. Then there is the love of the awful and the horrible, a feeling common to nearly all of us, and which it is the business of the penny paper to pamper and gratify. The same passion which delights in the "Mysteries of Udolpho," or "The Monk," delights also in the stories of blood and murder which daily appear in the columns of the penny paper. The public taste is depraved and sickly. Does the penny paper attempt to rectify it? O, no! that would endanger the craft. The low, the fearful, the terrible, must be served up each day. The mind of the reader craves this stimulus as the drunkard craves his drink. A moral intoxication ensues, and it is the business of the penny paper to see that the appetite abates not. It is fostered by every possible means, until habit has done its work, and the victim has neither the will nor the power to break through the meshes in which he has become entangled. I have read of a lady (whose daily spiritual food was gathered from penny papers) who deemed herself sick, and sent for a doctor, because, for the week previous, she "*had not relished her murders.*" Poor lady! she was unconsciously, and in spite of herself,

approaching a state of mental and moral health. If this were sickness, it is to be hoped that she never recovered. Would that there were many more like her! Would that we all might lose our "relish for murders"! The penny paper would then reform or die. Not long since, a well-meaning friend, who is somewhat infected with this mania for the horrible, actually sent me a paper with the recommendation that it contained "*a grand lot of murders.*"

At times, certain crimes seem to become, as it were, epidemic diseases in the land. Who does not remember the startling rapidity with which the accounts of fearful and horrible murders rushed in upon us during the autumn and winter of 1840? Those were glorious times for the penny papers. They made money; and — by their disgustingly minute reports of horrible scenes — *I solemnly believe they made murderers.* There is a sympathy in crime, as in every other manifestation of powerful action, in the human mind and heart. And thus it is that criminals increase in proportion to the publicity given to crime.

"Vice is a monster of such frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

The faults of the penny paper have been dwelt upon. Their virtues should likewise be pointed out; but, after the most diligent search, none have been discovered; unless, indeed, it be deemed one, that

they afford a very cheap vehicle by which quackery of all sorts may ride into public favor.

I arrive, then, at the conclusion, that penny papers, as at present conducted, are an almost unmitigated evil. And with them, in the same category, I would place all papers, whether penny or two-penny, which are chiefly hawked about by newsmen, instead of being regularly subscribed for. There may be those which deserve to be excepted from this sweeping censure. If any such exist, they are of course excepted. I can see no reason why all may not be so conducted as to be wholly unexceptionable.

A cent apiece daily from sixteen thousand men amounts to fifty thousand dollars in the course of a year, three fourths of which are returned to the contributors in the shape of deadly poison, and the other fourth remains in the pockets of those patriotic and disinterested individuals, the editors and publishers. This is miserable economy in those who patronize these public nuisances, which pick the pockets of purchasers, and demoralize the hearts of readers.

“What, then!” it may be asked; “would you abolish newspapers? We receive the earliest and cheapest news by these publications which you so much condemn. We know that their moral tone is not very good; we know that they contain much exceptionable matter; but *the news, the news*, how shall we obtain *that* so readily and cheaply?”

To all which I would reply by asking, Is it abso-

lutely necessary to your comfort, welfare, and happiness, that your families should be informed of every bloody fight, rape, robbery, or murder, in the shortest possible space of time after the crime is committed? Is it necessary that they should be informed *at all* of these events? You shudder at the barbarity of the Spaniards, who teach their children to delight in bloody bull-fights; why should you not shrink from instilling into your sons and daughters a love for the recital of sanguinary tragedies of a far deeper die? They will become quite sufficiently enlightened upon the subject of crimes, by knowing those which are perpetrated in your own immediate neighbourhood, — do not rake the whole earth for a larger supply of poisons with which to pollute their young minds and hearts.

As to the commercial news, to obtain which you might be excused in making some haste, it is well known that no merchant relies on the penny paper for information. Besides which, every man who pleases has access to some reading-room, where he can always find credible and respectable journals to consult.

The penny paper is, therefore, wholly useless to the merchant, and worse than utterly worthless to the general reader.

How would Sir William Berkeley hold up his hands in astonishment and horror, could he step from his grave and witness the crying abuses of the press of the present day! When governor of Virginia, in 1671, he wrote thus to the Lords Commis-

sioners : — “ I thank God there are no *free schools* nor PRINTING, and I hope we shall not have them these hundred years ; for learning has brought disobedience and heresy and sects into the world, and printing has divulged them, and libels against the best government. God keep us from both ! ”

Hon. Henry A. Wise, about two years since, in the House of Representatives, publicly thanked God that not a single newspaper was printed within his district. He must have had in view such papers as I have been censuring ; otherwise it is inconceivable that he could have made such a speech.

There is no necessity for abolishing newspapers ; only *improve* them. “ And how,” it may be asked, “ is this to be done ? ” Simply thus : — Patronize only those papers which are honest and thorough, and which could not soil the mind of the purest maiden who might peruse them. Papers can be found which have attained or nearly approached this standard. Encourage them, and them only. Many such have ceased to exist, or have fallen into bad hands, merely because of the want of support. Subscribe only to those papers which “ noble ends by noble means pursue.”

Literary travelling and book-making, mammoth weeklies and penny dailies, have been viewed in turn. All these exert a controlling influence on our advancement in art, science, wealth, and happiness. They are a part of the education of the people. And, as a whole, it must be admitted that their advantages immeasurably exceed their disadvantages.

Still, as a people, we are far from perfect. That our political economy needs amending is evident from the fact, that, in a time of peace, our national and state governments are deeply in debt, and some of the latter almost irretrievably so. That our social and personal economy is not all that it should be is made plain by the near approach to a general bankruptcy in purse and morals which prevails over the greater portion of the Union. A French lady writes thus to her friend in Paris: — “There have been so many failures and frauds, explosions of fortune and character, vicissitudes of condition, abscondings, elopements, family misfortunes and feuds, that I shall scarcely venture to inquire about any one when I go back.” Could not an American, who had been absent seven years, write thus, with truth, to his friends in the United States?

We are too fond of novelty. True, we have advanced rapidly; we have made many improvements; but we are such an ambitious, scheming, go-ahead people, that we never stop to complete one undertaking before we commence another. We have “too many irons in the fire at once.” Our nation may be personified as a gigantic “Jack-at-all-trades,” who is “good at none.” Would it not be better for us to pause awhile, and complete and perfect the undertakings upon which we are now engaged, before attempting the execution of any new schemes? We are the most productive people on the face of the earth; but we are far from being *truly economical*.

But, with all our improvements, although we ran-

sack land and sea for opportunities to exercise our inventive talents and our penny economy, there yet remains, among many others, *one* subject which is too much neglected, — a subject in which the truly economical may find a large scope for the exercise of their saving and managing propensities, and upon which depend not only our wealth, prosperity, and happiness, but our very existence as a nation. I refer to our common schools, to the education of *the whole people*.

Among the many means employed for national advancement, this is by far the most effective. In the whole range of important subjects, this is, *to us*, the *most* important. A democratic people cannot afford to be an ignorant people. A liberal government and a liberal education of the many must go hand in hand. The former *cannot* long exist without the latter ; the latter *will* not long exist without the former.

It has been said, “ The price of liberty is eternal vigilance.” Very true ; but the vigilance of the ignorant will never suffice for the preservation of liberty. Let us say, rather, the price of liberty is the *school-master’s salary*. Education must come first ; vigilance will then follow as a matter of course, *and to some purpose*.

We have already done much ; our common schools are the glory of the republic, especially so of New England, and still more so of some particular States of New England ; but they are still far behind the wants of the people. Under our system of govern-

ment, when a man becomes a citizen, he is endowed, for himself and his children, for ever, with the right of suffrage, — with the right, virtually, of taking part in the government of the country. In order to fill this high office properly, and with safety to the commonwealth, he should be educated, *well* educated, not only in the common branches of reading, writing, and arithmetic, but in morals, and in the general principles of common and constitutional law. Religious education also should be attended to, and for this end Sunday Schools should be encouraged.

The right of suffrage is possessed by the whole people; they can never be deprived of it; — we ought to thank God that they cannot; it is not desirable that they should be. For this fact, when rightly viewed, in all its possible and probable consequences, by the property-holding portion of society, will lead them to see the absolute necessity that exists for the education of *the whole community*; and thus will knowledge and the fruits of knowledge be secured to *all*.

Not a single person who has the capacity to learn should be allowed to grow up in ignorance. No parent should be permitted to bring up his children thus. He has no moral right, and he should have no legal right, to do so. We should go out into the “highways and hedges” of society, and “compel” *all* to come in and partake of the feast prepared for them by the bounty of the public.

When men enter into the social compact, they surrender some of their natural rights, in order to

secure to themselves the enjoyment of others of far greater value, such as the protection of life and property, and the exercise of *just so much liberty* as is consistent with the happiness of the rest of the community. Now it is not consistent with the happiness and welfare of the community, that men should be allowed to deprive their children of the blessings of a good education; and they should be *obliged by law* to surrender their *right* to commit such a crime. There is no other safe course to be pursued in a *free, democratic* republic.

We should have a sufficient number of primary and secondary schools to accommodate every child in the country, and every child should be *obliged* to attend school when circumstances permit. High schools ought to be established, sufficiently numerous to educate all who might wish to attend them; and they should equal, if not excel, the best private schools. All this should be done at the public expense. This course is imperiously demanded by an enlightened self-interest, by a well-directed love of national glory, by the necessity of the case, by *true economy*.

An ignorant nation is not fit to be free, does not deserve to be free, and, moreover, never can be free. A glance at the history and present condition of the Spanish American states will establish the truth of this assertion beyond a doubt. All the revolutions and counter-revolutions in which those unhappy countries abound will effect nothing towards their political freedom, unless the rising gen-

eration be better educated than the present. What they need is not so much political emancipation, as emancipation from the thralldom of ignorance. And until this shall have taken place, peace, happiness, and prosperity will never dwell in those ill-fated lands. They will be governed by a succession of tyrants. No matter how democratic a revolution may be in its origin, the ignorance of the mass of the victors will compel them to invest their chief with dictatorial powers, which he will soon use for the oppression of the people. He will govern until his tyranny can be borne no longer, when he will be overthrown by another revolution, the leader of which will in his turn become a tyrant ; and so on for ever, unless the education of the people is provided for, or unless some chief, more powerful and more popular than his predecessors, should establish an hereditary monarchy, with a titled nobility and a standing army which would rally around the throne, and thus preserve order by force.

Let us take warning from the distracted state of our sister republics on the continent of America. Let us educate the whole people. Let us do this, in justice to the memory of our glorious ancestors, in justice to ourselves, in justice to posterity, that perpetual heir to the consequences of our virtues and our vices, which is destined to cover the broad continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and to count its hundreds of millions.

THE WAY.*



“And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called, The way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those: the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein.” — ISAIAH XXXV. 8.

It is supposed, that, when he uttered these words, the inspired man spoke prophetically of the Gospel of Christ and of his glorious kingdom.

What is this highway, which shall be called the way of holiness? Who are the chosen guides to conduct the lost sheep to this glorious path, which leadeth unto the pleasant meadows and the living waters of heaven? Are they Catholic, or Protestant; Calvinist, or Lutheran; Unitarian, or Trinitarian? Has sect any thing to do with it? Has any one denomination taken out a patent right to carry passengers over this road, and to exclude from the benefits thereof all who will not travel in *its* vehicles? Was heaven closed to the Gentiles before the Christian dispensation? Is it even now eternally sealed to the countless millions who have never heard the name of Jesus?

* A Lecture read before the South Parish Society for Mutual Improvement, in 1842.

God made man: God is good: therefore, God made man to be happy. God is all-wise: God is all-powerful: he fails not in adapting means to ends: therefore, man *will* be, *must* be, happy. Not one man; not one class of men; not one sect of Christians; not even all Christendom, exclusively; but all heathendom also, and all mankind. For *all* has God provided a broad highway to heaven. And so plain is it, so easily found, that even the wayfaring man, though a fool, though a pagan, though a Mahometan, shall not err therein.

What is this highway, this way of holiness, which is so plain to all?

God has never left himself without a witness in the hearts of men, from the creation of the world even unto the present day. He has implanted in us the two great sentiments of veneration and benevolence, upon which is founded all *true religion*, — regard and love for the Good, the Beautiful, the Sublime, — in fine, the perception and adoration of a Deity; and love, pity, and charity for our fellow-beings. Thus said our Saviour: — “Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind; this is the first and great commandment; and the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.” He but uttered that which already existed in the hearts of all, — dimly comprehended, perhaps, but still there. These two commandments are stamped indelibly upon the spiritual constitution of every man. Though obscured by the clouds of ignorance,

though darkened by the mists of superstition and priestcraft, they are more or less intelligible to all, and more or less obeyed by all. Less obeyed, however, than intelligible. So deeply graven are they in human nature, that there is not to be found on record a well-authenticated instance of a nation which has not recognized them, however faintly; and it may well be doubted if there ever existed a single individual from the tablets of whose heart they have been utterly obliterated.

This, then, is the great highway, — *love to God*, and *love to man*. We are told that the second is like unto the first. Where the first is obscured, where God is shown to the benighted heathen painted by their priests in such hideous colors that only fear and disgust are excited, instead of love, then is the second all-sufficient for their salvation. Love, kindness, meekness, charity to their fellow-men, will never fail to conduct their possessors to happiness and heaven, whether they be disciples of Confucius, of Mahomet, or of Christ. He who can truly say to the "angel" with "the book of gold," — "Write me as one who loves his fellow-men," — fulfils *both* commandments, whether he be *nominally* a worshipper of Jove or Jehovah. Be his ideas of the eternal, all-pervading Spirit of the Universe howsoever crude, erroneous, and dim, — if he do but recognize and reverence the true, the pure, the noble, the lofty, in man, he is a true worshipper of God, — he sees God in man; and therein he errs not, for "God made man in his own image"; and though sin and suffering have done

their utmost, they have never been able wholly to destroy the likeness. What God hath joined together (the animal and the godlike), all the powers of darkness have not been able to sunder.

No system of idolatry has ever existed on earth which has not been animated by some portion (however small) of the spirit of true religion. Whether this originated in the innate moral constitution of man, or from dim recollections of a former revelation which God had made to the fathers of the human race, is a question not easily to be determined; and, indeed, is not important. For, if the latter supposition be true, then the hearts of the children must have been fitted to receive and perpetuate the truths communicated to the fathers. The voice of God which spoke to our first parents in the garden must have found in the hearts of their descendants a responsive echo, which has not died away even yet. It is the voice of God within, and, though still and small, it yet speaks to the deafest ear among the most degraded heathen, directing to the broad highway to heaven, which is ever open unto all.

But if, on the other hand, religion springs spontaneous in the human heart, then therein also must we recognize the hand of God stretched out for the salvation of even the meanest of the human family. In either case, it is certain that God has neither left men to consummate their own destruction, nor predetermined them to perdition.

Thus in no age, in no clime, under no form of religion, has man been left to grope his way in utter

darkness. In the heart of every one has God kept alive a light to illumine the path; and the highway to heaven has always been open. "Faith and works" have been demanded, not only of the Christian, but of the heathen; and all have been measurably able to render them; — faith in the higher part of man's nature, and benevolence, pity, and charity for his faults, his sufferings, and his crimes. "For not the *hearers* of the law are just before God, but the *doers* of the law shall be justified. For when the Gentiles, which have not the law, do by nature the things contained in the law, these, having not the law, are a law unto themselves: which show the work of the law written in their hearts, their conscience also bearing witness, and their thoughts the mean while accusing or else excusing one another."*

But here many questions arise which it is difficult, nay, almost impossible, to answer. If God had previously provided ways and means for the salvation of mankind, whence the necessity for the missions of Moses and the prophets, or for the still higher and holier mission of Jesus? Or, if the necessity of these be admitted, why were not the truths thus communicated to man spread over the whole earth, and made plain to every inhabitant thereof? Why was their advent so long delayed, and when at last they appeared in all their glory, why were they confined to a single nation, as in the case of the Hebrew dispensation; and to but a small number of

* Romans ii. 13 - 15.

nations, as is the case with the Christian dispensation after a lapse of eighteen hundred years? If a knowledge of the miraculously revealed word of God be absolutely essential and necessary to salvation, why should it be confined to so few, and why should the millions who now live, and the millions who have died, in ignorance, be condemned for that ignorance which has not been of their own seeking or making? No, no; God has inscribed on the hearts of all the rudiments of the law which Moses and Christ wrote out in full.

We are bound to believe that our good God has ordered all things rightly. But although we contend that the salvation of the heathen is provided for, yet let us not on that account be led to undervalue the blessings of the Gospel. We cannot be too thankful that *we* have been chosen as the depositaries of its precious truths; and we cannot be too solicitous to use aright, or too fearful of misusing, the treasure intrusted to us.

Jesus said, "I am the way, and the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me." That is, "I am come to show you the way to truth and life, and no man cometh unto the Father but by this way." *What* this way is he has elsewhere declared to be loving God with all our heart, and our neighbours as ourselves.

For *us*, then, the Bible is "the way"; or rather, it is the guide which points to "the way" to heaven. But are its directions, its advice, always given so plainly, that "the wayfaring men, though

fools," never "err therein"? *I* contend that they *are*, in all essential points. So does almost every one. Yet, in reality, how great are the diversities in opinion and doctrine!

The Bible is a glorious book. Its truths are revelations from God. It is of vital importance to all to whom it has been given. But does it never strike your mind, that it is a pity it were not a little plainer to the understandings of its readers?

It would be a difficult task to enumerate the many different and opposite doctrines which men have in all ages imagined that they discovered in this Book of Truth; and texts in any quantity have been found therein to support every doctrine, even the wildest. Even at the present day, new doctrines are continually arising, and new modifications of doctrines are taking place, in all which movements support is drawn from the Holy Book.

Why is this so? If God had pleased, could he not have made all as plain as the sun makes the earth at noonday? He would by so doing have quelled for ever all doubt in the minds of his creatures. There could have been then but *two* parties, at most,—the friends and the enemies of God. The former would have formed one perfect church; there could have been no sects on the face of the earth. The latter (if any could have existed under such circumstances) would have ranged themselves together as one unbroken mass of God-haters.

If God had pleased, he could have done this; but he did not see fit so to do, and we are bound to believe that he acted with infinite wisdom.

But though I arrive at this conclusion, yet I love to read God's mind in his creations, spiritual and material. Though I believe that all his works are perfect, that there is an entire adaptation of each to all and all to each ; though I believe that man is fitted to the world and the world to man ; though I believe with the poet, that,

“ In spite of man, in erring reason's spite,
One thing is plain, whatever is is right ” ;

yet I love to *trace out* this general adaptation ; I love to explain away apparent imperfections by reason, if possible. When that fails, I love to fall back upon the ever-enduring support of faith, — faith in the goodness of God ; *that* never fails me. When reason's lamp burns dimly, when the clouds of doubt encompass me, when I am weary with groping my way, and my feet stumble along the dark and uncertain path, if I but invoke the blessed light of faith, the clouds are dissipated, and all is bright again. Bright, — but with a dim and uncertain brightness, like moonlight ; sufficient, indeed, to show me my path, to acquaint me with what lies immediately around me, but vague and deceptive if I attempt to scan the horizon. And herein lies a great truth. For, after all our mental labor and study, man can obtain only partial and uncertain glimpses of his spiritual destiny. This is but the *night* of his existence ; and only when the dawn of another life breaks upon him can he hope to see eternal truth face to face, and gaze upon it with undazzled eye. Till then he must be contented to see,

by the borrowed light of faith, the reflection of the Deity, valuable chiefly in its being an evidence of the existence of the Source of all light. What if it be occasionally eclipsed by earth, we but value it the more highly after it has emerged from its dark shadow. There was a sublime truth in the ancient Hebrew notion, that no man could see God and live. Mortal man cannot comprehend Jehovah.

And not until his prison wall
Is left, although unwillingly ;
Not till his galling fetters fall,
And leave the long-bound prisoner free ;
And not until his quailing eye
Is strengthened, can his soul embrace
The glories of eternal truth,
And see Jehovah face to face.

It is a profitable employment of the time, talents, and opportunities which God has given us, to endeavour to prove to our minds, (what faith avers to be true, but which, practically, reason often doubts,) that in the perfection of wisdom has God ordered all things.

To return. Why has not God revealed himself to us in the Bible so clearly that none could doubt? Why has he not informed us of our duty and our destiny so distinctly that all men should act and believe alike? Let us, then, not disdaining the assistance of the heavenly lights of faith and revelation, examine this subject by the lamp of reason also.

One question is often answered by asking another, and the answer to the latter is also the answer to the former.

Look at the material world, and what do we find? Is it perfect, according to the imperfect notions of man? Is he always sufficiently well clothed, fed, and housed to satisfy his ideas of bodily comfort? Does he suffer nothing from the vicissitudes of climate, from sickness, or from any of God's creatures that cover the earth, swarm in the air, and fill the waters?

We find that man is condemned to physical toil and suffering. Hardship seems to be the condition of his existence. And yet this very hardship is found to be, in reality, the condition of his happiness. Without labor, health could not exist, and the pleasure of rest could not be enjoyed; without sickness, the advantages of health could not be appreciated; without weakness, strength could not be valued; in fine, (as we are constituted,) without pain, there could be no pleasure; without *apparent evil*, there could be no *real good*. We are, as it were, most readily instructed by *opposites*. Evil is *apparent* only; for with God nothing can be evil which produces good. Thus we find that the principle of compensation (so called for want of a better term) is all-pervading. Look as closely as we may (and the more closely the better) into the physical constitution of man and the world, and we find that they are perfectly adapted to each other. Let no one deny this, and attempt to explain the apparent evils by saying that they are real, and that we were condemned to suffer under them as a punishment for the sin of our first parents in the Garden; for this, if true,

would only remove the difficulty a step farther, or involve a charge of injustice against God in punishing the children for crimes which they did not commit. But it is *not* true ; for the penalty is not confined in its operation to man. The inferior animals sinned not in Eden, yet do not they also suffer from cold and heat, from thirst and hunger, and from torment and destruction by hostile tribes ? Are not their lives spent in labor to sustain themselves and perpetuate their races ?

Toil and suffering are, therefore, the innate, inherent, and all-pervading conditions of animal existence on earth.

Leaving the inferior animals, let us observe the operation of the law of toil upon man. Nations which are least subject to it are least advanced in religion, morals, arts, and sciences, and also in individual comfort and national wealth. Witness the inhabitants of tropical countries, where nature furnishes food almost gratuitously, and where clothing and houses are hardly deemed necessities of life.

On the contrary, nations upon whom this law lays its commands more imperatively, whose lot is cast among ungenial climes and sterile soils, whose whole existence is spent in a constant war with the elements, are far more robust in body and mind, purer in morals, and generally farther advanced in arts, sciences, and religion. Witness the inhabitants of the temperate, and even of the frigid zones.

Thus we find that the law of labor is a blessing, and not a curse ; and from the comparatively misera-

ble condition of those upon whom this law bears most lightly, we may form some conception of the wretched state into which the world would be plunged, were mankind entirely exempted from its operation. Look about among your own circle of acquaintances, in your own immediate neighbourhood, and tell me who are the happiest, — those who spend their lives in idleness, or those who are compelled by circumstances, or induced by innate vigor of mind, to lead a life of continual activity. “In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,” was uttered in kindness, and not in anger. Blessed is the man who has always something to do.

The *law of toil* is therefore productive of great benefit to man. So also is the *law of suffering*. Uninterrupted prosperity hardens the heart. Adversity subdues its pride and its passions, and elevates and purifies its higher feelings. A man’s own personal sufferings call forth in himself the virtues of patience and resignation. They separate him from the earthly, and attach him to the spiritual. The night of adversity robs the low earth of its borrowed splendor, but reveals to the soul the countless lights of heaven. In fine, affliction leads to reflection, to repentance, to love of God, to true Christianity.

The sufferings of others awaken in us the tender emotions of pity, benevolence, and love to man. They render us thankful for the blessings which we enjoy, and make us desire to impart them to others. Were there no suffering in this world, were the physical and moral constitution of man perfect, ac-

ording to our ideas of perfection, the command, "Love thy neighbour as thyself," would never have been uttered. Its necessity would have been superseded. There would have been nothing upon which it could act.

The law of suffering is, therefore, beneficial both to the sufferer and to those around him. In wisdom has God ordered all things.

Examine still further the physical and mental condition of mankind, and we find, that, as God has made great differences in climate and geographical situation, in societies and nations, thereby creating an infinite variety of situations, to be filled by differently constituted individuals, so also has he fitted mankind thereto; and we accordingly see, so innumerable are the qualities and combinations of qualities, both of the body and the mind, among the individuals of the human race, that no two are found to possess exactly the same cast of personal powers and mental characteristics. All situations are thus filled, and generally by those who are naturally constituted to occupy them profitably for themselves and mankind. There are the strong for labor, the skilful for art, and the intellectual for science, with every variety of combination of these three, in all imaginable grades, from the African slave up to Newton. At the same time, we are also endowed with so great a degree of mental and physical flexibility, that we are able to accommodate ourselves easily to almost any situation into which we may be thrown.

I have endeavoured to show that the laws of toil and suffering are blessings to humanity; that variety in the world is fitted to variety in mankind; that all things are suited to man, and man to all things; in fine, that in wisdom has God created the world and all things therein. Though in our moments of thoughtlessness we may practically deny these positions, yet calm reflection must convince us of their truth. The beauty of creation appears to man, not so much in the perfection of each separate part, as the exact adaptation of all parts to each other, and in the grandeur and perfection of the harmonious whole. Let mortal man (could he be endowed with the requisite power) remove but one stone from this glorious arch, in the vain hope of improving it, and he would be awakened from his foolish day-dream by the thundering crash of ruined worlds. If thou canst not bring thine intellect to acknowledge this, then let Faith assist thee, for thou hast need of her aid.

I said that the answer to one question will often be found to contain the answer to another, though apparently on a different subject. There is an analogy among all created things.

If God has thus perfected his material creations, if he has thus admirably adapted thereto the animal and the intellectual constitution of man, think you he has neglected his *moral* constitution, — the highest and most important part of his nature? Think you that he is unmindful of man's spiritual condition, progress, and destiny? Has he provided for the

body and neglected the soul? Has he provided for time and neglected eternity? No, no; he who sees clearly must perceive that with God the welfare of the soul is the primary, and the welfare of the body the secondary consideration. Matter is but the vehicle on which the spirit rides to heaven, to be cast aside when no longer needed. We arrive, therefore, at the conclusion, that, if God's material world be thus perfect, his spiritual creation cannot be less so. In that, too, means must be perfectly adapted to ends.

Among the innumerable aids provided to assist man in his spiritual progress, the Bible is the most important. Indeed, many natural aids which we deem independent of it were in fact revealed by it. Yet all who study it do not arrive at the same conclusions. There are *a thousand and one* sects, each differing in its creed from every other, — differing in what each deems essential points; and more than this, each member of each sect differs in minor points from every other member of his society; and *all* claim to be supported by this Holy Book of Truth!

Can this be so, and be right?

Yes, it *is* so, and it *is* right. Why is it right?

1. Because human nature cannot perfectly comprehend the Deity. If it could, it would be able to attain to the possession of infinite knowledge, even in this world. We should be gods, and not men.

2. Because (except in his direct revelations to the heart of each) God must necessarily reveal

himself to us in human language, which can never be otherwise than imperfect. Or he must reveal himself by human agents, or by agents in the shape of humanity. If by the latter, they look, act, and speak like men, be they never so perfect. If by the former, as has most frequently been the case, then they are but men like those around them, and are subject to their passions and infirmities. Besides, how could these special agents, — these prophets, — themselves have heard God otherwise than imperfectly? They were men, and therefore comprehended but faintly. Consequently, their revelations could not have been otherwise than faint, — more faint even than their own conceptions; for they could speak only in human language. Indeed, the conceptions of the prophets and apostles themselves must have been extremely vague; for in our every-day experience, how uncertain are our *comparatively tangible* thoughts, until shaped into language! If words cannot be found in which to embody them, how soon they elude our grasp and fade away!

Revelations of the Deity are, therefore, according to the present constitution of man and of the world, necessarily imperfect. Let us endeavour to discover why it is best they should be so, and thus to discern real perfection in apparent imperfection.

1. It is best, because spiritual truth, if obtainable without exertion, would not be properly esteemed by man. He values least that which is most easily acquired; he values most that upon the obtaining of which he has expended the greatest amount of labor,

whether of body or mind. *Action* is the condition upon which the health of the soul depends. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," said God unto Adam. "By mental toil shalt thou earn thy soul's food," is stamped quite as plainly on the mental and moral constitutions of his descendants. Herein is the analogy between the material and spiritual creations perfect. Labor is alike the condition of progress in both.

The great law of Jehovah

Is action, here on earth ;

It is the only prover

Of spiritual worth.

Then tempt me not, and think not

To shake my soul with doubt ;

God helping me, I'll shrink not,

But fight the battle out.

The language of another will here apply, altered somewhat to suit the subject.

"Therefore, God, in his revelations of himself to man through the Holy Book, hath not instructed him as to all the particulars in relation to the subject-matter of instruction, but still insinuated some perception thereof, that thus a desire of examining and acquiring the knowledge of it might be excited and cherished ; which desire would die away, in case all the particulars were explained."

2. It is best that revelation should be imperfect, and hence that innumerable sects should be called into being, because, as in the animal existence

* Swedenborg, N. 35.

of mankind, sickness and suffering in others call forth pity and benevolence in ourselves, so the soul's sickness, the ignorance and the spiritual wants (or what *we deem* the spiritual wants) of others, lead us to attempt to enlighten their path with *our own* feeble lamps, and to nourish them with *our own* scanty stores of knowledge, — lead us, in fine, to attempt their conversion. And if the attempt be made in the right spirit, our lamps glow the brighter, and our stores increase in proportion as we impart them to others. Differences in religious opinions are of incalculable benefit to mankind. They excite thought; and though the discussions which arise often fan the embers of discord, they serve also to keep alive the pure flame of true religion. Thus, differences in the physical condition of mankind, and differences in their spiritual condition, both alike serve to help them on their road to heaven.

These latter differences result, inevitably, from the apparent imperfection of revelation, and the differences in the constitution of the minds and hearts of individuals. And,

3. This brings us to our last and most important reason for the apparent imperfection of revelation. It does not appear alike to all, *because the minds of men are not all alike*. It is suited to the acknowledged imperfection of human nature. It is not entire, because the mind of man is not infinite, and therefore could not comprehend revelation if it were so. It was intentionally made imperfect. Prophets and holy men of old were designedly allowed to

mingle with the eternal truths which they revealed somewhat of their own human passion and infirmity. Some minds cannot receive as truth that which seems perfectly plain to others. *Perhaps none can receive truth unadulterated.* As in the natural world an infinite variety of climate, of food, and of occupation is provided for the infinite variety in the physical constitutions of men, so in *the Book in which God reveals himself to men he has provided for the infinite variety in their spiritual constitutions.* Thus, while the path of *human duty* is made plain to all, a wide range is given for *theorizing* and *speculation*. In the latter every one may, and every one does, suit himself; and hence arise sects innumerable. With regard to human duty there is but little difference in opinion; there is hardly room for it to exist; for in the Sermon on the Mount the whole duty of man is laid down. It speaks to the hearts and understandings of all. It points to the great highway, which, beginning on earth, ends in heaven. So that we do not lose sight of the path of *human duty* we shall be pardoned for an occasional episode or vagary in creed and doctrine. *This is the path* in which "wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err." This is the path which is open alike to Jew and Gentile, to Christian and to heathen.

I have endeavoured to show that the physical constitutions of man and of the world are perfectly adapted to each other, so as to produce the intended ends. I have also endeavoured to show, by analogy

and otherwise, that the moral and intellectual constitution of man is exactly suited to his circumstances, and that God has adapted thereto the revelations which, from time to time, he has made of man's origin, duty, and destiny. I have also endeavoured to show that God has provided a highway on which *all* may travel to heaven, and that this highway is *love*, — that "love" which is said to be "the fulfilling of the law," — love to God and love to man, which are in practice the same. In fine, I have endeavoured to show that in wisdom God has made all things, spiritual as well as material. Volumes have been and may be written on this subject, but it never has been or can be exhausted; for it comprehends *all* subjects.

Art thou undecided between the Trinity and Unity? Art thou fearful that thou shalt not render due honor to each member of the Godhead? Worship the Almighty Spirit of the Universe; and be assured, that, in adoring the whole, thou adorest each part. Art thou lost in the mazes of the doctrine of Atonement? Art thou unable to receive it, and at the same time fearful of condemnation in not accepting it? Go and do a kind service to a suffering brother-man, and thy path shall be enlightened, thy heart made easy, and thou shalt go on thy way rejoicing. Dost thou doubt of thine own salvation? Go, repent of thy sins; forgive all who have offended thee, as thou desirest to be forgiven; do unto others as thou wouldst that others should do unto thee; and, as thou fearest the judgment of God,

judge kindly of thy fellow-mortals. Quarrel with no man on account of his honest belief; for if thou art wise, thou wilt bethink thee how likely it is that thou thyself art in error,—nay, how impossible it is, that, on many points, thou shouldst be otherwise.

Thus, whenever thou art lost in the mazes of theoretical theology, go, practise that which thou knowest to be right, and fear not the issue. For “if any man will *do His will*, he shall KNOW OF THE DOCTRINE.”

THEORY AND PRACTICE,

OR PRINCIPLES CARRIED OUT.*



“My dear,” said Mr. Mallory to his wife one morning at the breakfast-table, “my dear, you know I have fully adopted the principles of Teetotalism, Abolitionism, and Non-resistance. Upon reflection, I have come to the conclusion, that principles are of no use whatever, unless put in practice; and I have determined to carry mine out to their full extent, and be governed by them in every act of my life, however apparently trivial.”

“Your theory sounds very well, Mr. Mallory,” said his wife; “but what change do you intend to make in your practice? I am sure you have always been temperate; you have always raised your voice against slavery at all proper times; and certainly you are not a fighting man; I never knew you to get into a quarrel in your life, although your temper may have been occasionally ruffled. How can you alter your practice, except by keeping a more strict watch

* Published in the Knickerbocker, for October, 1842.

over your thoughts, actions, and words, so as to offer as perfect an example as possible of a Christian life? I confess I cannot see."

"We must go farther than that, my dear. It has been the fault of most moral reformers, that they have endeavoured to eschew evil themselves, to wash their own hands clear of sin, and at the same time have practically upheld others in their iniquity. As for myself, I am determined to make thorough work, be the consequences what they may. We must discontinue the use of sugar and molasses. They are products of slavery; and I will not uphold that institution, how indirectly soever. I will have no more cotton used in my family for the same reason. You must purchase linen instead."

"But, Mr. Mallory, how expensive that will be!"

"I can't help it, wife; I will not sell my soul for money. And there is another thing; you must not buy any thing more of Mr. Winkle the grocer. I hear he sells wine by the gallon, and I cannot conscientiously patronize such a man. And you know I told William the next time he played truant I would punish him, and lock him into his room two days. Now yesterday morning he did not go to school, as he was told to do, and in the afternoon he carried a forged excuse for his absence. Superficially considered, perhaps, if he ever deserved punishment, he does now; but mature reflection convinces me that the principle of non-resistance forbids the use of coercion, even upon a boy. We must rule by love. Is it not written, 'Vengeance is mine,

I will repay, saith the Lord'? And are we not commanded, 'Resist not evil'? No exception is made in the case of children. It would be doing evil in my family for the sake of keeping evil *out* of it. No; I'll not punish William; for it is no better for a full-grown man to fight with a little boy than for two men to fight. It is a relic of barbarism, this using the rod, and shutting up children in dark rooms. It is an awful crime for a parent to strike his child. — No; I will use love and moral suasion, and leave the rest to God."

"But, Mr. Mallory, have n't you always punished William in love? I should be sorry to think you had punished him in anger. You know he is always a good boy for two or three months after punishment; while, on the other hand, talking and persuading seem to have no effect whatever upon him at certain times. I fear you will ruin him for ever by this sudden change in your system of government."

"I think not, Mrs. Mallory; but even the fear of that should not deter me from doing my duty, which I conceive to be plainly this: Whenever I discover that I have been acting on wicked principles, I must discard them at once, and adopt Christian principles in their stead; and no consideration of expediency should induce me for a moment to continue in my old course. I cannot serve God and Mammon."

"I have a case in point, which I think you will allow to be an exception to your rule. A man was injured by a fall last week, who had been accustomed to drink a pint and a half of spirit daily.

He was taken to the hospital ; and the doctor, who was a thorough-going teetotalist, refused to allow him any stimulant whatsoever, because he considered the use of spirituous liquors a great sin ; and no considerations of expediency, he said, should induce him for a moment to consent to such a thing. He must do *his* duty and leave the rest in the hands of God ; and the consequence was, that the poor sot had the *delirium tremens*, and died ; when half his usual quantity of spirit, slightly decreased daily, would probably have saved his life. Now I am afraid the sudden change in your system of government will prove equally fatal to William. Can't you make a change more gradually ? ”

“ Gradually ! Would you ask a pirate to leave off robbing and murdering gradually ? The principle is the same in my case ; the difference is only in degree. ”

After uttering this sage opinion, Mr. Mallory put on his hat and walked down to his counting-room, to attend to his mercantile business, mentally reiterating on the way the new rule of action which he had laid down for himself : Never to depart for an instant from his non-resistant, abolition, and teetotal principles, whatever might be the consequence to himself or others. He determined to test every act of his life by his new code of morals. Poor man ! he did not reflect that there is a higher principle, — the only primary, true, and immutable rule of action : ‘ Cease to do evil ; learn to do well ’ ; and that all others are but secondary to this great principle, and,

when found conflicting with it, cease to be correct rules of life.

Now it chanced that one of Mr. Mallory's ships had arrived on the previous night, and one was to sail on that day, after clearing at the custom-house. But as he had repudiated human government, absolved himself from all allegiance to it, and renounced its protection, what could he do with those vessels? Pay duties on his cargo in one case, or pay for clearance in the other, he could not; for would not these sums contribute toward upholding a system of violence and war? His vessel could not go to sea without papers; so he discharged captain and crew, and laid her up at the wharf. He could not, for the same reason, pay the duties on the cargo just arrived; so he discharged the crew and laid up the other vessel also!

Not many days elapsed before Mr. Mallory discovered that the person to whom he paid wharfage led a very dissolute life. He came to the conclusion, that the money which he paid him went to support him in his extravagance and dissipation. He could not encourage any man in such courses; and as he owned no wharf himself, and could find no wharf-owners whose characters were immaculate, he was sorely puzzled what to do with his vessels. Providentially, he succeeded in finding a sufficient number of abolitionists and temperance-men whom his conscience would allow him to employ, and thereupon he caused his vessels to be taken to the middle of the stream and safely moored. He was then easy

on that score. He had many offers for his vessels ; but they all came from men to whom his conscience forbade him to sell. As a matter of course, none who agreed with him in opinion wished to engage in such unholy traffic ; and he could not sell to others, for that would be encouraging them in sins which he dared not commit himself.

A few days after this, Mrs. Mallory asked her husband for a little money, which she needed for some household purpose.

“I have no money, my dear,” said Mr. Mallory.

“You have no money, Mr. Mallory? Why, you have become very poor all at once! There were large dividends declared on your bank stock last week ; why don't you draw them?”

“I can't, Mrs. Mallory ; my conscience will not allow me to do so.”

“Heaven help us! — is the man crazy?” exclaimed his wife.

“I trust not, my dear ; but listen and judge whether I am right or not. I have discovered that large profits are made in these banks on loans of money to distillers ; to traffickers in spirits and wines, and in products of slave labor ; and to the government, to be employed in building war-ships, and in carrying on wars of extermination against the poor Indians. The capital which I have invested in those banks is used in a thousand ways to uphold vice and crime. It grieves me to the heart to think that money of mine is employed for such base pur-

poses. It has become the sinews of war, the oppressor of slaves, and the demon of the distillery. This money of mine is scattering moral pestilence and death, wherever it goes. And it is potent for evil; for no sooner has it finished one deed of darkness and returned to the bank vaults, than it is again sent forth on another errand of iniquity, and so on for ever. I will touch no more of the spoils!"

"Then sell your stock," said Mrs. Mallory; "sell it, and we can live on the principal."

"Sell it, woman?" said the short-sighted moralist, with virtuous indignation; "do you suppose I would encourage *others* to commit crimes of which I shrink to be guilty *myself*? Never! I will leave the matter to Providence. I will neither touch, taste, nor handle the accursed thing."

"If you are not mad yourself, you will drive me mad, Mr. Mallory. It is lucky that you owe no debts. But there are many things wanted in the family, and unless you can contrive some way to get them, we shall be obliged to go to the workhouse soon."

"O, I can raise a little money for immediate use. Brother Brumble wants to buy some furniture for his parlour, and as I know he is a good man, and will not make a bad use of it, I intend to sell him all our drawing-room furniture."

Mrs. Mallory controlled herself with difficulty; and when she saw the furniture carried away, she retired to her chamber and wept bitterly at the miserable prospect before her.

William soon got wind of his father's new system of family government. He concluded not to go to school any more; spent his time in bad company; rode about a great deal, and ran up a large bill at every tavern and stable in town. He was but thirteen years old, yet he soon reached half a century in sin. Mrs. Mallory was heart-broken. Mr. Mallory *would* have been wretched, but his principles upheld him in this hour of trial. He could not interfere, for it would violate his conscience; and so it came to pass that William went to the Devil as fast as he could travel.

Time rolled on. With bills against his son continually coming in, and never-ceasing demands for household expenses, Mr. Mallory was sorely puzzled for money. One by one, every piece of spare furniture was disposed of; expenses were curtailed, domestics dismissed, and yet there remained many calls unanswered and many debts unpaid. Mrs. Mallory at this time discovered that her husband was a large proprietor in the Lowell railroad; a circumstance of which she was not before aware, for all husbands do not inform their wives of all the property which they possess. This corporation had lately made a semi-annual dividend of four per cent. Mr. Mallory owned fifteen thousand dollars' worth of stock; six hundred dollars would make them quite easy again. She resolved to mention the subject to her husband; and accordingly at supper that evening she began by inquiring of Mr. Mallory why he did not draw his dividend on his Lowell railroad stock.

“Lowell railroad stock!” said he; “how did you know that I owned any?”

“No matter how I discovered the fact,” said she; “you do own it: now why don’t you make use of it, and relieve your family from disgrace and want? I have been obliged to take Emily and Ann from school, because I have no means of paying their tuition; and unless you will avail yourself of the means you possess, I shall be compelled to send them to the district school; no great hardship, certainly, were it not that we are able to do better for them. Almost every decent article of our furniture has been sold; yet our butcher’s and grocer’s bills are unpaid, and our children are greatly in need of dresses and shoes. Do, my dear husband, draw this railroad dividend; we shall then be at ease, at least for some months to come, by which time I hope you may be brought to entertain more rational views on these matters.”

“Rational views!” said Mr. Mallory; “that is ever the way with you advocates of expediency! When one has grasped the truth, and determined to hold fast to it, be the consequences what they may, he is ‘irrational’; he is ‘a fanatic’; he ‘carries his principles too far,’ &c.; as if truth were a thing to be taken up when convenient, and dropped when burdensome. In my days of sin and darkness I purchased a large amount of stock in the Lowell railroad; but now that my eyes are opened, my conscience will not allow me to draw any support from that polluted source. The profits of that road are

made by conveying passengers of all kinds, many of whom are engaged in morally unlawful business, and are enabled by it to prosecute their sinful undertakings with vigor and success: for instance, distillers, and wholesale and retail dealers in wine and ardent spirits. The money of pickpockets, gamblers, drunkards, keepers and inmates of bad houses, and of almost every kind of vile creature in the shape of humanity, all goes to make up and swell the profits of this corporation. And yet you ask me to partake of this unholy spoil! But there are worse objections. A large proportion of the revenue of the road is derived from the transportation of cotton, a slave product, from Boston to Lowell, and from freight of manufactured cotton goods from Lowell to Boston. This is the great business to which the road is devoted, — this, and the conveyance of persons engaged in manufacturing cotton. The Lowell railroad is one great prop of the tottering edifice of slavery. I will touch none of the unhalloved spoil!”

And thereupon Mr. Mallory put on his hat and walked out of the house, with his head very erect, and his face glowing with the expression of the self-satisfied and self-righteous feelings which filled his heart, and which he mistook for philanthropy and virtuous resolution.

As he passed along the street, and recognized “morally unlawful business,” he indulged in thoughts and feelings which would have startled him, could he have seen them put into words. Thus they

ran ; and though he knew it not, the Devil was busy with his heart : — “ I thank thee, God ! that I am not like those whom I see around me.” He forgot the publican who was justified before the Pharisee. “ I thank thee that I am not a wine-bibber.” He forgot that his Saviour drank wine, and, when there was none to be had, even turned water into wine, for the use of the wedding-guests. “ I thank thee that I do not, like these sinners around me, contribute to support human government and all its attendant iniquities.” He forgot that the Saviour paid tribute to Cæsar, which went to support the government of Rome and all its concomitants.

Thus wrapped in the mantle of self-righteousness, and possessed by the demon of scorn, he passed through the streets, in his heart despising all whom he met, and arrogating to himself a purity beyond that of his Divine Master. And yet Mr. Mallory imagined that his heart was filled with true philanthropy, and the pure religion of the meek and lowly Jesus. Alas for him ! alas for us all ! For are we not liable, in a greater or less degree, to the same condemnation ?

Time passed on ; and Mr. Mallory, being determined to act “ up to his principles ” in all things, extended the operation of his impracticable theories day by day into the minutest ramifications of the business of life. He was soon looked upon by many as an insane man, and his friends had a guardian appointed to administer his affairs and look after

the welfare of his family. This had become a necessary step, and Mrs. Mallory readily consented that it should be taken.

But from that day and hour her husband refused to live in the house, or partake with the family in their meals. He said that this "would be but sharing in unholy spoil." He went about preaching his favorite doctrines, living upon alms, and altogether leading a precarious and vagrant life. For, instead of eating such meats as were set before him, on the principle that "the workman is worthy of his hire," into whatsoever house he entered, he first asked, — "Are you abolitionists, teetotallers, and non-resistants here?" If answered in the negative, he proceeded no farther; but retracing his steps to the street, faced round and poured out such a volley of terrible denunciations against them and theirs, dooming them to infamy in this life and eternal perdition in the next, that the inmates soon closed their doors and windows in self-defence, and left him to deliver the rest of his lecture to the crowd of laughing and hooting boys who always gathered about him on such occasions. If, on the contrary, the answer was in the affirmative, he would enter that house with pleasure, and seat himself for a talk on his favorite and only topics. He seldom found any of his friends, however, who held doctrines so ultra as his own; and when he discovered that they were not inclined to carry their principles to such a ridiculous extent as he had carried his, he charged them with "making a compromise with the Devil"; with attempting to

serve both God and Mammon ; and invariably departed from that house immediately, refusing to partake of any refreshment, and breathing out denunciations even more bitter than he bestowed upon those who differed from him wholly both in principles and practice. "For," said he, as he shook his skirts clear of such friends, "you sin with your eyes open ; you sin against the Holy Spirit that is within you, whose teachings you comprehend, but refuse to obey ; and never, either in this world or the next, shall the dew of forgiveness descend on your parched and thirsty souls."

Mr. Mallory would have been starved outright, were it not that some charitable persons kept their opinions to themselves, tacitly allowing him to believe that they agreed with him in all things, and by this kindly silence inducing him to accept of their hospitality. Not always, however, could these considerate friends avoid giving cause of offence to his scrupulous conscience. He would inquire the history of every article of food that was set before him, and if he could detect any slavery, alcoholic, or warlike taint therein, he would refuse to partake of those viands, and would often quit the house altogether, lest he should be contaminated by those who, as he said, "professed one thing with their lips and practised the very opposite in their daily lives." He once spent a few days with a benevolent physician, for whom he did some writing as an offset for his board ; but he left his house in holy horror, on being requested to copy a prescription

for the cholera in which the word "brandy" appeared!

Thus sane on all other points, (and some may think on *all*,) Mr. Mallory led a vagabond life, preaching through the cities and villages his favorite doctrines of moral reform, speaking really a great deal of truth, laying down generally correct premises, but reasoning thereon in such a manner as almost invariably to lead to error. His motto was, — "Never stand still; follow unhesitatingly where principles lead; always improve." An excellent motto, certainly, and worthy to be adopted by all. But unfortunately, Mallory, though possessed by a strong desire to be a great reasoner, had only a semi-logical mind. The consequences were lamentable. His principles, as he called them, proved but *ignes-fatui*, which led him away from the great highway of truth into the wilderness of error, — convenient disguises assumed by Satan to lure him to destruction.

It can be no wonder, therefore, that every day found him engaged in some new vagary. The last was the wildest of all. He laid it down as a fact not to be controverted, that our ancestors obtained possession of this country by fraud and murder. He thought the receiver as bad as the thief, and one that would profit by murder as bad as the murderer. He came, therefore, to the conclusion, that all who occupied lands which were originally obtained by fraud and murder were themselves guilty of fraud and murder. He *had* shared in the unholy spoil, but he would partake of it no longer, either directly or indi-

rectly. He had renounced houses and lands himself; he would now refuse to receive any sustenance or support whatever from the occupants of the polluted soil of the country. He resolved to leave it for ever.

He sought, but sought in vain, for any conveyance by which he could escape, without violating the principles which he had adopted as his rule of action. Either the ships in which he thought to embark were owned by wicked men, or were bound on some sinful voyage; or in the act of leaving the country, he would be obliged to do something by which he should recognize the validity and propriety of a civil government which relied upon war for its defence, Finding himself thus hedged in by his sovereign principles of truth, so that he could turn neither to the right nor left without committing sin, he wandered away to the sea-coast, that being the very verge of the polluted land from which he wished to escape; and there, seating himself on the brow of an overhanging cliff, he darkly mused on himself and on the unhappy world in which he was placed. The land-breeze bore to him the scent of flowers and of new-mown hay; but to him it seemed the rank effluvia of corruption. The stars were shining in the clear sky, and the moon was just rising from her ocean-bed; but their mild glances bore no heavenly message to his heart. To him they appeared to glare in fiery wrath on the iniquitous world below. He could not bear to look at them; they seemed to consume the very soul within.

His gaze fell upon the ocean. Unrippled by the light fanning of the land wind, it was calm and smooth as glass as far as the eye could reach. Its bosom rose and fell regularly, like the young breast of a lovely maiden in a deep and placid sleep. The radiant fires of heaven and the distant blaze of the light-house flashed brokenly from its surface in long lines of undulating light. It presented to his weary spirit a picture of rest and peace. And tossed and worn indeed must his mind have been, when the never-resting ocean seemed peaceful in comparison. Only when it touched the accursed land on which he stood did it arouse itself from its slumbers, and thunder forth its indignation and wrath.

Up to this period, amidst all his vagaries, Mr. Malory had been in some measure a sane man ; but the balance of his mind was now irretrievably lost. Behind him lay the depraved and vicious earth ; above him from the countless eyes of heaven glared Almighty wrath ; below him was peace and rest. His brain whirled ; he leaped from the cliff, and plunged into the waves below. He perished, a victim to a false system of morals and philosophy.

ALISON'S HISTORY OF EUROPE.*



THIS work, originally published in Great Britain at the price of fifty dollars, has been republished in the United States, entire, for four dollars, and an abridgment for the use of schools has been issued at the low price of one dollar. Both of these reprints have, we believe, been extensively circulated in this country, and, for good or for evil, will work an effect on the minds and hearts of our people. Therefore a few remarks, founded upon the early Edinburgh edition, may not at this time be amiss. It would occupy more time and space than we can command, regularly to review this great work;—great, certainly, in material volume, as well as in the events of which it treats; great, also, in several other points of view from which we shall have occasion to observe it.

The first feature which attracts attention is the frequency of typographical errors, and slips of the pen. We are tempted to think that the author never corrected his proof-sheets. We read of the “*Bavarian Republic*” (intended to be *Batavian*); and

* Published in the *Christian Examiner*, for January, 1845.

very often find "Russia" and "Prussia" each in place of the other. The good old English word "nowise" our author never uses, but in its place employs such expressions as "no way," "noways," and "no ways," which occur so frequently as to disfigure almost every third page of his work. His statistical figures, as well as his figures of speech, often exhibit discrepancies and contradictions; and, in following out his generally good descriptions of military movements, the reader sometimes finds himself on the wrong bank of a river, and before he can advance another line in the narrative, is obliged to make whole divisions and battalions move about and change places with a celerity which even Bonaparte himself might have envied. The numerous contradictions which appear in this voluminous work, alike in matters of philosophy, of fact, and of opinion,—taken in connection with the familiar sound of many passages,—have suggested the notion, that this "History" is chiefly made up of political articles from Mr. Alison's pen, which have appeared at various times in the British Reviews, and which the author has tacked together, with little or no collation, and published as one work. But, upon a more careful examination, we find that even this hypothesis fails to account for the frequency of the discrepancies which continually startle the reader; for the author sometimes utters a sentiment on one page which he contradicts on the next; and this has induced us to extend our supposition so as to include even the newspaper articles of Mr. Alison in our fan-

ciated list of his materials. Thus the whole work is like a confused heap of stones; not a solid pyramid, built by a master-workman.

Mr. Alison is a superlative Tory, with many of the virtues, and most of the faults, of that character. He is a rank aristocrat in all his feelings, and takes every opportunity to flatter the nobility of Great Britain, with which he is connected by blood or marriage. He belongs to the worthy old Scotch nation, which any one might guess, for he never lets slip, unimproved, an opportunity of lauding Scotch troops, Scotch generals, and Scotch lords, or even any foreigner of Scottish descent, however remote. His praises may be well merited, — we are inclined to think that they are; but while liberal to the Scotch, he overlooks the merits of the English and Irish, as such, can hardly find it in his heart to be just to a Frenchman, and is absolutely unjust to Americans. Russia seems to be his model government, and he thinks remarkably well of Austria. Great Britain under the Tories is glorious, but under Whig government is almost contemptible.

Slavery is a favorite hobby with our author, and (we were about to say) he has ridden it to death; — would that he had! But no, his whole object is to resuscitate and reinvigorate the dying monster. Russian serfdom he thinks an admirable institution. He says, that no people ever arrived at freedom and happiness except through slavery, and that none ever can! He thinks that the Irish would be better off, if they could only be slaved during a couple of cen-

turies ; it would fit them for freedom ! He forgets, however, to tell us how it is that the Cossacks, who never were enslaved, are so happy, substantially free, and well off in worldly respects, as he represents them. Rude plenty, courage, and loyalty, with an extra allowance of the private virtues, are theirs, — all that a Tory like himself could desire in a people ; yet, up to their remotest ancestry, they have never been slaves. The mass of Russian rustics, he informs us, are below the Cossacks ; yet, if slavery be such an excellent thing to elevate a people, they ought to be far above them. Thousands of years of slavery on one side, and an equal duration of freedom on the other, have produced effects fatal to his theory. He laments West India emancipation, and, regardless of the quiet demeanour and general advancement of the blacks, he measures the comparative blessings of slavery and freedom by the number of hogsheads of sugar which can be spared for exportation. The proverbial hardships to which the negroes were subject in the cultivation of cane and the manufacture of sugar, under the ancient *régime*, are sufficient to account for their dislike to that employment in a state of freedom, and for much of the consequent deficit in the export. The remainder may be charged to the increased consumption of sugar by the blacks themselves. While slaves, they consumed no more sugar than they could manage to steal. Moreover, by means of the lash, the blacks were compelled to do vastly more work than nature ever intended that man should perform in hot climates, where little

clothing is needed, and the earth produces the subsistence of the inhabitants almost spontaneously. What wonder that nature asserted her supremacy, when the unnatural forcing system was abandoned? Does Mr. Alison mean to say that it is right for Great Britain to enslave nine tenths of the population of her tropical colonies, and set the other tenth over them as drivers, in order that absent proprietors may live in splendor in England; that a large mercantile marine may be built up; that the profits of manufacturers may be increased; and, finally, that through all these means the revenues of government may be augmented; which revenues would go chiefly towards supporting the aristocracy and the younger sons of the nobility of Great Britain? Can such ends, however good Mr. Alison may think them, justify such means? If so, then let it be proclaimed that power gives right; this would simplify the code of morals greatly. If not, then let Mr. Alison expunge from his next edition all the fine moral and religious observations which he is continually parading before his readers. For one thing, however, we thank him. In treating of the propriety and expediency of slavery, he makes no distinction of color. He is too philosophical for that. He desires not to limit the benefit of his favorite institution to blacks; but is willing to commit to its beneficent influences Russians, and Irishmen, and, we infer, Englishmen, Americans, and Frenchmen. Yet, strange to say, notwithstanding this, and although he elsewhere stigmatizes as shallow those who condemn the

Americans, he twits us repeatedly with the inconsistency of slaveholding. The sneer may be deserved, but it comes with an ill grace from him.

Mr. Alison is never weary of telling us that the welfare of the people depends upon the existence of a landed aristocracy. He glories in the fact that England has but three hundred thousand landed proprietors, and laments that France, in consequence of the Revolution, has six millions. He thinks, that, in consequence of this fact, she can never be free, and dooms her in perpetuity to an Oriental despotism. Doubtless France must suffer a long while for the crimes of the Revolution; the great change in the proprietorship of landed possessions was too sudden and violent not to produce temporary evil. A few generations will settle this matter, and when France is fit to be free, the subdivision of estates will not prevent her being so; nor will it, we think, greatly retard the approach of that happy day, if, indeed, it do not hasten it. Strangely enough, in contradiction to his general opinions and arguments on this subject, he depicts Tyrol as almost an Elysium; dwells with enthusiasm on the religion, morality, substantial freedom, inflexible loyalty, and rustic plenty of the inhabitants; and doubtless his encomiums are well deserved, for he has in person minutely examined that country. But, almost in the same breath, he informs his readers that in the Tyrol a state of almost absolute equality exists; there are few large proprietors, and the land is minutely subdivided!

For the anecdotes which Alison has interspersed through his work concerning Napoleon and his generals he has manifestly often no other authority than mere gossip. The best French authorities have exploded, long since, some of the very romantic and very absurd stories, which he notwithstanding gravely relates as matters of history. And sometimes, too, where the tale has some foundation in truth, the time and scene are so changed by the author of this "History" as utterly to confound the reader. He makes Napoleon utter at Dresden, in 1813, a reproach to his generals and marshals for their lukewarmness, which in fact was spoken in Poland, in 1812, when, with nearly half a million of men, he was on the point of invading Russia. And, worse still, he makes Napoleon address Rapp, who was in fact, as we are elsewhere informed, at that moment shut up in Dantzic, hundreds of miles away. Undoubtedly these errors are to be charged to carelessness, not to ignorance. But when he comes to deal in the affairs of America, we are obliged to suppose that both causes have combined to produce that "Comedy of Errors,"—his chapter on the United States.

Numerous as are the anachronisms, slips of the pen, and typographical errors in that portion of the work devoted to European affairs, they are as nothing, compared with the blunders contained in his chapter on America and the American war. It seems to us that Mr. Alison is better fitted for a party politician, a warrior, or a poet, than for an his-

torian, or, as he often assumes to be, a preacher of religion and morality. He seems to have a tolerably correct eye for military affairs, the reader is left in no doubt with regard to his political partisanship, and no one who has perused his remarks on America will hesitate to award him high rank among the prose poets of the nineteenth century. He is so given to idealizing, that the reality is often entirely lost sight of. The following extract is a favorable specimen of his style of poetical description. With a few touches of his pen, our author has entirely annihilated those scourges of the mariner in the Gulf of Mexico, the tempestuous "northers" of winter and the devastating hurricanes of summer. But, to compensate for this, he bestows the West India Islands upon the Gulf of Mexico, and makes grapes very convenient to sailors. Doubtless Jack will be exceedingly grateful for the change.

"In the Gulf of Mexico the extraordinary clearness of the water reveals to the astonished mariner the magnitude of its abysses, and discloses, even at the depth of thirty fathoms, the gigantic vegetation which, even so far beneath the surface, is drawn forth by the attraction of a vertical sun. In the midst of these glassy waves, rarely disturbed by a ruder breath than the zephyrs of spring, an archipelago of perfumed islands is placed, which repose, like baskets of flowers, on the tranquil surface of the ocean. Every thing in those enchanted abodes appears to have been prepared for the wants and enjoyments of man. Nature seems to have superseded the ordinary necessity for labor. The verdure of the groves, and the colors of the flowers and blossoms, derive additional vividness from the transparent

purity of the air and the deep serenity of the azure heavens. Many of the trees are loaded with fruits, which descend by their own weight to invite the indolent hand of the gatherer, and are perpetually renewed under the influence of an ever balmy air. Others, which yield no nourishment, fascinate the eye by the luxuriant variety of their form or the gorgeous brilliancy of their colors. Amidst a forest of perfumed citron-trees, spreading bananas, graceful palms, of wild-figs, of round-leaved myrtles, of fragrant acacias, and gigantic arbutus, are to be seen every variety of creepers, with scarlet or purple blossoms, which entwine themselves round every stem, and hang in festoons from tree to tree. The trees are of a magnitude unknown in northern climes; the luxuriant vines, as they clamber up the loftiest cedars, form graceful festoons; grapes are so plenty upon every shrub, that the surge of the ocean, as it lazily rolls in upon the shore with the quiet winds of summer, dashes its spray upon the clusters; and natural arbours form an impervious shade, that not a ray of the sun of July can penetrate."—Vol. x. p. 553, first edition.

In describing the United States geographically, (for which the reader may judge, from the foregoing specimen, how well our author is qualified,) he represents the Alleghany Mountains as being covered, among other trees, with "the majestic palm" and "verdant evergreen oak." The inhabitants of that region will be greatly astonished at this information, and doubtless will appreciate the importance of the discovery that evergreens are verdant.

We have always thought, that, as the Missouri is the main branch of the Mississippi, the two should be considered as one river, and spoken of under one

name. But, until the change is made by competent authority, we must continue to use the received geographical nomenclature. Mr. Alison makes no protest against the use of the customary terms, and is, therefore, entirely inexcusable in jumbling together, in such inextricable confusion, the names of our two great rivers. He makes the Missouri empty into the Gulf of Mexico, and represents the Mississippi as one of its branches; in company with "the Ohio, the Tennessee, the Arkansas, the White River, the Kansas, and the Red River"; which three latter rivers (as well as the four former), he says, "have given their names to the mighty States which already are settled on their shores."

He speaks repeatedly of New England as a State, thus: "the two States of New England and Massachusetts." He seems to think that Louisiana is in Virginia; for, after describing the new-made lands at the mouth of the Mississippi, he observes, — "and at length, on the scene of former desolation, the magnificent riches of the Virginian forest are reared." He might as well have said, "the Mexican forest."

A striking instance of the recklessness with which Mr. Alison often makes assertions, and of the unphilosophical manner in which he frequently establishes a general rule from an exception, is found in the following extract.

"The law allows any rate of interest agreed on by the parties to be taken, and it is often excessive; one *per cent.* a month is an usual, three *per cent.* a month no uncommon occurrence." — Vol. x. p. 580.

Now the first portion of this allegation is wholly false, and the second is true only of a short period. If Mr. Alison were writing at the present time, he might with equal truth declare, as a general rule, that "in the United States interest is very low; four and one half *per cent. per annum* is a usual, three *per cent.* no uncommon occurrence."

A certain portion of our population will be glad to learn, that, in this country, "a widow with eight children is sought after and married as an heiress"; and all will be astounded at the credulity or mendacity of the *soi-disant* historian who declares that in America "even family portraits, pictures of beloved parents, are often not framed, as it is well understood, that, at the death of the head of the family, they will be sold and turned into dollars, to be divided among the children." And this is history!

Our "common sailors" will be happy to learn that their wages are raised to "four or five pounds a month"; and our Democrats surprised to hear that "it is generally made an indispensable pledge, with every representative on the [Democratic] side, that he is to support the system of 'repudiation,' and relieve the people of the disagreeable burden of paying their debts." The election for President, he says, takes place on the 4th of March; and he seems to have strange notions with regard to the Veto power; for he declares that "the President can refuse his sanction to the laws, but, by a singular anomaly, though that prevents their execution, it does not prevent them from being laws, and carried into

effect, when a more pliant chief of the republic is elected." It is impossible to make any thing but nonsense of this passage; if he means as he has written, then he has put forth an absurdity; if he means, that, at a future time, under a new President, Congress may repass a rejected act, and the new Executive may approve it and put it in force, then he errs in calling that an "anomaly" which may take place in England or France at any time after a change in the ministry. Our President occupies a position in some respects similar to that of the English Premier, and *all* the incumbents of the Executive chair are not bound to "follow in the footsteps of their illustrious predecessors," although Mr. Alison seems to think it an anomaly that they are not. Equally without foundation in truth is our author's assertion, that "that noblest of spectacles, which is so often exhibited in England, of a resolute minority, strong in the conviction and intrepid in the assertion of truth, firmly maintaining its opinions in the midst of the insurgent waves of an overwhelming majority, is unknown on the other side of the Atlantic." With what propriety is the term "*insurgent* waves" applied to a legally ruling majority? And if the Americans do, in a political sense, so "crouch to numbers" and "feign acquiescence," as Mr. Alison represents, then how is it that our frequent political changes, State and national, are brought about? The former question indicates a ruling propensity in Mr. Alison to use high-sounding words without regard to their meaning, and the lat-

ter points out another instance of his recklessness in assertion, and his wholesale mode of generalization. The scenes presented in the halls of Congress are sufficiently disgraceful, and we blush for our country when we think of them; but our author never lets a good piece of national slander pass from his pen without additions and corrections. According to him, "murders and assassinations in open day are not unfrequent among the members of Congress themselves; and the guilty parties, if strong in the support of the majority, openly walk about, and set all attempts to prosecute them at defiance." Now, unless our memory fails us, the author cannot find a solitary instance of the crimes which he declares to be so frequent. "All the State judges, from the highest to the lowest, are elected by the people," says Mr. Alison, — another sweeping assertion, which we hope may not prove prophetic.

Concerning American manners Mr. Alison remarks, very judiciously: —

"The manners of the Americans are the manners of Great Britain, *minus* the aristocracy, the land-owners, the army and the Established Church." "They are vain on all national subjects, and excessively sensitive to censure, however slight, and most of all to ridicule." "The Americans have already done great things; when they have continued a century longer in the same career, they will, like the English, be a proud, and cease to be a vain people." — Vol. x. pp. 628, 629.

This is all true, and Alison is doubtless correct when he sarcastically compares us with "those class-

es or individuals who have not historic descent or great personal achievements or qualities to rest upon, and who, desirous of general applause, have a secret sense that in some particular they may be undeserving of it." He has likewise represented justly, though strongly, the restless activity which is the prominent feature of American character.

"Every thing goes on at the gallop ; neither society, nor the individuals who compose it, ever pause for an instant : new undertakings are incessantly commencing ; new paths of life continually attempted by the unfortunate ; successful industry ardently prosecuted by the prosperous. Projects of philanthropy, of commerce, of canals, of railways, of banking, of religious and social amelioration, succeed one another with breathless rapidity," etc. — Vol. x. p. 592.

In his geographical description of the United States, Mr. Alison makes no mention of the great lakes, although two are entirely within our border, and we have at least an equal share in the remainder ; but when he comes to describe Canada, *a British province*, he is never weary of glorying in the magnificent chain of great lakes which he seems to think are exclusively within its boundaries. So enraptured does he become in contemplating Canada, that he predicts she will one day conquer the United States ; or, in his own words, "assert the wonted superiority of Northern over Southern nations." Perhaps she may ; but neither Alison nor any one else can know any thing of the matter. There is such a thing as British "vanity" ; nothing else could have induced our author to print this bellicose suggestion.

Although Mr. Alison has sufficient reason, as a military historian, to be proud of the soldiers and sailors of his country, he is not satisfied with pure truth, but falls into the same one-sided mode of relating battles which is so common among our own writers and orators. He always represents circumstances to be favorable to the Americans and unfavorable to the British, in order to palliate British defeat or enhance British glory. By way of giving advice to the British government, he does state, concerning the action between the Chesapeake and Shannon, that the latter was manned by a picked crew, more numerous than usual, who had long been trained by Captain Broke for the very purpose of doing what had never yet been performed, — capturing an American frigate. But he neglects to state, what is equally well known, that the Chesapeake had an inexperienced crew, just shipped, many of whom had never been at sea. He is still more unfair in his account of the capture, by a squadron of British frigates, of the frigate *President*, which he coolly declares was fairly beaten by a single frigate, the *Endymion*. It is well known that this same victorious frigate was so roughly handled as to be obliged to fall back out of reach of the *President*, who could not stop to take possession of her, but continued her flight in her crippled condition until she was overtaken by a fresh frigate of the enemy. Because one or two broadsides from this new antagonist sufficed to bring down the stars and stripes, Mr. Alison sagely concludes that the *President* was

beaten before, or she would not have surrendered so soon to her new enemy. He seems to think that an American frigate ought to be able to beat, in detail, a whole British squadron, without being crippled herself, and that she should be able to commence each successive action with undiminished forces; and he makes no account of the remainder of the British squadron, which was pressing all sail to come into action. Really, for Mr. Alison to boast of the result of this battle must to most minds only demonstrate to what straits he was driven to find material, in the naval encounters of the war, with which to soothe wounded British vanity. For ourselves, we should not, in this review, have noticed these instances of our author's unfairness, were it not to add one or two more items to the proof we have already adduced, that he is unworthy of the confidence which should be bestowed upon an accurate and impartial historian. Alison is not an historian, but a partisan political writer.

It is to be presumed that Mr. Alison is more to be depended upon in his European chapters than in that portion of his work devoted to America, in preparing himself for which he apparently spent but little time, and of the blunders contained in which we have given the reader a very few of the many specimens which might be gathered. But, if some of his European critics tell the truth, he is not trustworthy even in European affairs. He has himself acknowledged numerous errors in his early editions, by lately publishing a new one, "revised and cor-

rected." Now it is certainly better to correct errors than to allow them to remain uncorrected; but it would be better still, more dignified and faithful, besides being more just to those who purchase the books and imbibe the errors, to see that none are put forth. Errors are not easily removed from the mind, when once imbibed. How many of Mr. Alison's first readers — those who first patronized his work, and set him up in the world as an historian — will ever peruse his corrected edition? One does not often read twice over ten octavo volumes of from eight hundred to a thousand pages each. Mr. Alison puts forth hastily, while yet in a crude state, the first volume of a "History of Europe," so called, and, like the modern serial novel-writer, hurries volume after volume before the public in an equally uncorrected state, to take advantage of the interest which his former volumes may have excited. Certain friends, acquaintances, and gullible individuals among the public, purchase his first edition as it comes out, volume by volume. From them he receives his first encouragement, by them he is first made known to the world. When he has finished his work, and drawn fifty dollars apiece from the pockets of the said friends, acquaintances, and gullible individuals, he finds leisure to do what should have been done before publication, namely, to revise and amend his manuscript, and correct his proof-sheets. A new and ostensibly perfect edition appears, with which the remaining portion of the public is supplied, while the old purchasers are left with ten

worthless volumes on their hands. In this predicament stand many American libraries; the work, imported at an exorbitant price, now remains on their shelves an almost useless incumbrance. For if the new edition be what it purports to be, (which is greatly to be doubted,) if it is to become a standard historical work, then must all large libraries in Europe and America be furnished with copies of it, whether they possess the defective edition or not. We beg leave to suggest that it would only be honest in Mr. Alison to make the offer to his first customers of exchanging the old for the new edition.

The style of Mr. Alison is ambitious, high-sounding, but often empty, very unequal, and frequently decidedly bad. Long, parenthetical periods, and even ungrammatical sentences, are not infrequent. Still, there is an air of pretension, an owl-like gravity, and a pseudo-philosophic and religious tone, in his wordy periods, which appear to have taken the fancy and misled the judgment of many worthy people. But he frequently contradicts himself in philosophy, and is guilty of gross inconsistencies in morals and religion. He is continually holding up the idea, that in national affairs, as well as in those of individuals, the only righteous rule of conduct is to do to others as we would that others should do to us. Yet he attempts to excuse, almost to justify, the transfer of Norway to Sweden, — her hated enemy; and declares, without qualification, that the British government committed a great fault in restoring to Holland Java, which had been seized at

a time when Holland was sinking under the yoke of her merciless conqueror, Napoleon. The Cape of Good Hope and several other colonies, of which Holland was robbed, are not sufficient to satisfy the acquisitiveness of the just, honest, and religious Mr. Alison. England should have kept more of the property of her unfortunate ally, whose only fault consisted in her being subdued by England's enemy. Poor Holland! it was her fate to be plundered alike by friend and foe.

The religion, morality, philosophy, and politics of Mr. Alison, as a public writer, all seem to be spurious, and this, not because he has not made many wise and just observations, but because he has marred their effect by attempting to reconcile things which are irreconcilably repugnant to each other. With high-toned principles in his mouth, he yet justifies deeds which were enacted in defiance of all principles, save, perhaps, these two:— Might makes right; and, Do evil that good may come. If we may gather his ideas concerning Christianity and Christ from an expression used in his chapter on India, they are low indeed. After mentioning the various hordes of conquerors who had overrun India previously to the advent of the Europeans, he speaks of their being followed by "the disciplined battalions of Christ." Disciplined battalions of Christ! Does he think, if our Saviour were to return bodily to the world, he would put himself at the head of such an army, and direct their movements in a course of robbery and bloodshed? Does he think that the spirit of Christ

filled the hearts and inspired the deeds of these "disciplined battalions," which he thus impiously designates as his?

Mr. Alison is a conservative in the worst sense of that term. Whatever has been sanctioned by time, whether right or wrong in itself, he upholds. One instance out of many will suffice to give an insight into his character in this respect. He laments the destruction of the "rotten boroughs" of England. He thinks it a good thing, that half a dozen men, or even a single man, should have had power to send a member to Parliament, while a city of one or two hundred thousand inhabitants could do no more; and his only argument to sustain his position is, The system has worked well,—why disturb it? Very good, so long as the nation is satisfied with it; but a system can hardly be said to work well, when it has become odious to nine tenths of the people. Yet Mr. Alison laments the extinction of those sources of corruption, the "rotten boroughs." It is a principle of his, the violation of which he never excuses in a government, that nothing should be yielded to popular clamor. He would grant reform as a favor, after the clamor has subsided, but never as a right. The government should never acknowledge that the people have any rights but those which they have always exercised. He disapproves even of the measure of Catholic emancipation. The terrible scenes which followed the concessions made by Louis XVI. to the democrats of France, and which he thinks were consequent thereon, seem

to have inspired him with a horror which allowed his mind no rest except in the idea of a strong government, right or wrong; right, if possible, according to his notions, but strong at any rate. He is frequent in his praises of the aristocrats, but has never a good word for the democrats of Great Britain. Yet justice demands that we should say, he seems to endeavour to be impartial, and if he does not praise the opposite, he often condemns his own party, albeit his censures are generally called forth by their concessions to the democratic spirit of the age. Democracy is his *bête noir*, and truly the aristocracy of the Old World have some reason to fear it. Such men as Mr Alison, even on account of their ultra-conservatism, do good in the world. They serve to retard the otherwise too hasty and destructive advance of the said black beast, to prevent his approach until the world is prepared for him,—when it will be found that they can no longer interpose an available obstacle, and at last that the monster is not such a frightful creature, after all, as they imagined him to be. Democracy must come; until then, we look with complacency even on its opposers, though we must strive against them. There rises before the mind's eye a picture of strife, and by the mental ear sounds of anger and clamor are heard. It is the lumbering vehicle of Human Society. Mist and darkness surround it; before and behind, on the right and on the left, crowds of excited people are tugging it this way and that. Hardly any progress seems to be made; the different parties appear to be

more engaged in quarrelling with, and throwing stones and dirt at, each other, than in advancing on their common journey. Lament it not; there is a deep ravine in front, down which, were the old omnibus to tumble, it would be dashed to pieces, and need reconstruction. This would inevitably be its fate, could those ahead have their way; but those behind are so busily engaged in pelting those before, that the latter, from the necessity of self-defence, pull but little; and, meanwhile, how beautifully that ravine is filled up by the falling missiles which overshoot their mark! Do those before see this, and thank those behind? Do those behind perceive that they are thus preparing the way of those before? No, the success of society depends upon their mutual ignorance and antagonism. Let the democrats cease their efforts, and the world will stand still, or retrograde. Let the aristocrats and monarchists suddenly join their efforts to those of the democrats, and the whole will rush together into the jaws of destruction.

Mr. Alison's picture of the "results of equality in America" is not, however, by any means appalling, although he does his best to make it so, by comparing some of these results with, nay, making them "*exceed*, the savage atrocities of the French Revolution." In his concluding paragraph he can find nothing tangible to charge, as the "results" of democracy in America, more awful than, first, that we have not liberated our slaves; which fact, according to his principles, ought to redound wholly

to our credit : secondly, that our government did not re-charter the United States Bank : thirdly, that we talk of "abolishing the national debt" ; a statement entirely untrue, and doubly so from the fact that we had no national debt, properly speaking, when Mr. Alison penned this passage : and, lastly, that "deeds, exceeding in cruelty the savage atrocity of the French Revolution, have been perpetrated in many parts of the United States" ; an assertion which must be taken with a few small grains of allowance. Now remove from this list those charges which might be made against any monarchy, and those which are entirely false, and what remains ? Nothing but the charge concerning slavery, which we should say was rather a "result," and a continuation of *inequality*. Quite as accurate is his statement, that President Washington, in 1794, as "one of the *last acts* of his administration, by his *casting vote in Congress*," established a commercial treaty with England. Mr. Alison cannot have read, attentively, the Constitution of the United States ; and he appears to have adopted the most objectionable portions of the generally excellent works on America to which he refers in his margin. He is too fond of declamation, and of generalization from insufficient data, to be a correct writer.

It seems to us that our author deals very fairly with Bonaparte ; in fact, he palliates some of his crimes which appear to us to be worthy only of utter condemnation. He shows also much impartiality in criticizing the faults of the Duke of Wellington,

—evidently, however, in pretty much the same manner in which an astronomer would describe the exact size and number of the spots on the sun. He declares that “the Duke” was surprised and out-generalled by Napoleon previously to the battle of Waterloo; which battle he won only by his indomitable perseverance, and torrents of British blood shed by others to expiate *his* fault. Thus only was the campaign redeemed. Wellington had a narrow escape; for, had he been compelled to order a retreat, the defiles in his rear might have turned it into an entire overthrow; in which case, the term “Waterloo defeat” would have had a very different meaning, in France and England, from that which it now bears.

The sum and substance of all Mr. Alison's political philosophy are contained in the following sentence:—“No community need be afraid of going far astray, which treads in the footsteps of Rome and England.” What the “footsteps” of Rome were, in which every nation should follow that is desirous of not “going far astray,” Mr. Alison tells us on the very next page:—“To the surrounding nations Rome appeared a vast fountain of evil, always streaming over, yet always full, from which devastating floods incessantly issued, to overwhelm and destroy mankind. We may judge how far and wide it laid waste the neighbouring states, from the nervous expression which Tacitus puts into the mouth of the Caledonian chief, — ‘Ubi solitudinem fecerunt, pacem appellat!’”

It appears to us, in our ignorance, that Mr. Alison

is a sound military critic ; and we also deem him a good financier, and a tolerably fair political partisan, as the world goes. Had he confined himself to these departments, we should never have been induced to review his "History." We like his descriptions of battles better than his sermons ; he figures with much more credit in the former than in the latter, though he seems to consider preaching his especial *forte*. His father, as is well known, was a clergyman ; which may serve to explain many of our author's inconsistencies concerning ethics and religion. May he not have obtained his really sound morals and religion from his father's fast-day sermons, and afterwards marred their beautiful proportions by placing in contact with them his own worldly morality and loose philosophical notions ? It is this perpetual inconsistency which renders Alison's History a work of peculiarly pernicious tendency. The apparently sound philosophical and religious views which it contains serve to sweeten and disguise the poison with which they are mixed ; the respect inspired by the former has induced many to take all the rest on trust. We cannot charge Mr. Alison with hypocrisy ; we believe him to be sincere, but not thorough. By his palliation of sin, and his support of established abuses, he spoils all his fine sermonizing. One of the deadliest thrusts ever made at true religion is delivered by Mr. Alison, in his constant attempt to hold it up as useful chiefly as an instrument of political government,—a very good thing to keep the people orderly and obedient. He

has no faith in the vitality of religion, unless she is fed from the government crib, — no trust in the voluntary system. The example of the Irish Catholics, who support their own Church-establishment voluntarily and the intrusive Church of England by compulsion, and the experiment of the Puritans in New England, have neither of them any weight with Mr. Alison. In truth, he denies the success of the latter experiment. With him, religion is a nonentity, unless it be government religion. He is not at all particular as to its form. Let government support the Establishment, and force one or more creeds on the people, and all is well. Government may support Heathenism in one part of the empire, Episcopacy in another, and Presbyterianism in a third; or, like the Prussian government, may cause to be taught under one roof both Roman Catholicism and Protestantism, the latter according to a creed altered and amended at the pleasure of the king.

Our author declares that “the popular and democratic party,” “in general, evince the most deadly hostility to the tenets of Christianity,” while “its principles form the corner-stone of the opposite body, who endeavour to maintain the ascendancy of property and education.” Suppose he had instanced the Puritans of England on one side, and the court of Charles II. on the other; what would have become of his assertion? Where has property ever been more safe than in New England? and in what country has the education of the whole people been

so long and so thoroughly provided for? Where are the common schools of Old England? What has *she* done even for the liberal education of those who are able to pay for it? Why, shut them out from her Universities, unless they subscribe the "Thirty-nine Articles." Does Mr. Alison mean that aristocratic religionists "maintain the *ascendency* of education," by placing it on heights inaccessible to all but those who have full purses, and consciences cut according to the government pattern? We presume that he is a Protestant; but had he lived in the sixteenth century, where would his present principles have placed him? In his own country, he would, of course, have been on the side of government, that is, Catholic and Protestant alternately; and when finally settled as a Protestant, it would have depended upon his precise locality whether he had been a Presbyterian or an Episcopalian. Had he lived in Germany, Charles V. would have moulded his conscience according to the last Papal bull; and in Constantinople he would have been an excellent Mahometan. This, too, from choice and political principle, — not as a matter of birth, education, and conscience.

No, religion does *not* depend on government patronage for her existence and progress; and in proof, Mr. Alison to the contrary notwithstanding, we adduce the example of the United States of America, on one side, and, on the other, the Spanish and Portuguese states of this continent. And, furthermore, we quote Mr. Alison's own admission and lamenta-

tion of the fact, that, even in Great Britain, "the National Church [has fallen] behind the wants of the inhabitants, and a mass of civilized Heathenism [arisen] in the very heart of a Christian land."

Instances without number might be cited, to prove that religion has only been polluted by the embraces of the state. A sovereign may do vast good in the cause of religion; but he must act as a munificent private individual, and his efforts must differ from those of such an individual only in degree, not in kind. Compulsion destroys the vitality of religion. Religion has lived in spite of governments, not by their help; and every step made in advance has been made outside of, and in opposition to, state establishments. Were it not for this, the Christian religion never could have made any progress at all.

Mr. Alison praises the Emperor Alexander for his Christian virtues, and lauds, *ad nauseam*, the religious proclamations of the pious emperor to his pious soldiers. Russia was sound at heart: religion reigned in the hearts of the Czar and his army. An excellent thing, — a state religion! Through it the emperor can so easily command the whole resources of the nation, moral and material! No matter, if he is (as Mr. Alison coolly informs us Alexander was) an habitual adulterer, and a "profound dissimulator"; no matter, if he does spend his life in adding to his territory "more by the arts of diplomacy than war," that is, more by lying and cheating than by robbing; no matter, if he does share with an enemy the spoils of a defeated ally; no matter, if he is a

perfidious enemy, a false neutral, and a faithless friend ;— he is none the less an excellent Christian. Who can doubt that the interests of the Church are safe in such hands? Not Mr. Alison. And the religious soldiers, too, to whom such excellent addresses were made, — it does seem to us that they might have been considered better Christians, if they had perpetrated a little less of the robbery, rape, and murder for which they rendered themselves notorious in France. A loss of such religion would have improved their Christianity. In truth, in a description *con amore* of the wars which followed the French Revolution, the less there is said of Christianity, the better.

In conclusion, it seems to us, that, as a military and political writer, Mr. Alison deserves credit for general ability, though frequently incorrect ; but, as a moralist and Christian philosopher, he is utterly unsound, — looking at his work as a whole ; for what is unexceptionable in this department of his work is more than neutralized by that which is of decidedly evil tendency. As an historian and geographer, he has been severely criticized, and, it appears to us, justly ; and, unless his last edition is truly a “ revised and corrected ” one, “ Alison’s History of Europe ” is far from being sufficiently near perfection to insure it an immortality of fifty years. Its bodily form may cumber the shelves of libraries for centuries ; but the early editions, at least, will be looked upon, by all future historians, as untrustworthy, dead for all the purposes of history. Nev-

ertheless, we desire distinctly to admit that much of this work — perhaps the greater part of it, counting by pages — is worthy, taken separately, of admiration and praise; and, had it not been that with this there is so much contradictory and erroneous matter mingled, we should have been engaged in the pleasant task of quoting from and commending the former, instead of the less agreeable one of noticing a very small portion of the latter.

WHO ARE OUR NATIONAL POETS?*



Who says that we have no American poetry, no national songs? The charge is often made against us, but (as will be hereinafter proved) without the slightest foundation in truth. Foreigners read Bryant, and Halleck, and Longfellow, and hearing these called our best poets, and perceiving nothing in their poems which might not just as well have been written in England, or by Englishmen, they infer, that, as the productions of those who stand highest among our poets have nothing about them which savors *peculiarly* of America, therefore America has no national poetry;—a broad conclusion from narrow premises.

What are the prerequisites of national poetry? What is necessary to make the poet national?—this being, in the opinion of these foreign critics, the highest merit he can possess. Certainly, liberal education and foreign travel cannot assist him in attaining this desirable end; these denationalize a man; they render any but the narrowest soul cosmopolitan. By these means the poet acquires a

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higher standard than the national. By a kind of eclecticism, he appropriates forms and thoughts, images and modes of expression, from all countries and languages; by comparing the specific, the transient, and the idiosyncratic, he arrives at the general and the permanent; and when he has written in his own language a poem in accordance with his new ideal standard, he may have produced a noble work, but it can hardly be a *national* poem. He has striven to avoid the faults peculiar to his own countrymen, — faults which he might have deemed beauties, had he finished his education in his village school, and never ventured out of his native valley. He has become enamoured of the excellences of the poets of other nations, the very knowledge of which prevents him from being national himself. He has become acquainted with the rules of universal poetry, as the linguist learns, in the study of foreign tongues, the principles of universal grammar. His standard is universal, not national.

From what has been said, it follows, that, if it be so desirable as some people think, that poetry should smack strongly of the locality in which it is written, then, in order to obtain that end, we must keep our poets at home, give them a narrow education, and allow them no spare money by which they may purchase books or make excursions into other ranks of society than their own. If we could only pick out the born poets when they are a fortnight old, and subject them to this regimen, the nation would be able to boast of original poets in plenty,

during the next generation. This is the way in which Burns became Scotland's greatest national poet. If he had been born a lord, had been educated at Cambridge, and had made the grand tour of the world, does any one suppose he would have been a better poet, or half so good? At best, he could not have been so original, nor so Scottish; and he might have proved to be only a tasteful Haynes Bayley, or Barry Cornwall; or perhaps a miserable, moody, misanthropic Lord Byron. Where would have been the glory of England, the immortal Shakespeare, had the boy William received an education like that given in the nineteenth century to lads of genius who have rich fathers?

Applying this rule to America, in what class of our population must we look for our truly original and American poets? What class is most secluded from foreign influences, receives the narrowest education, travels the shortest distance from home, has the least amount of spare cash, and mixes the least with any class above itself? Our negro slaves, to be sure. *That* is the class in which we must expect to find our original poets, and there we *do* find them. From that class come the Jim Crows, the Zip Coons, and the Dandy Jims, who have electrified the world. From them proceed our ONLY TRULY NATIONAL POETS.

When Burns was *discovered*, he was immediately taken away from the plough, carried to Edinburgh, and fêted and lionized to the "fulness of satiety." James Crow and Scipio Coon never were discovered, personally; and if they had been, their owners would

not have spared them from work. Alas that poets should be ranked with horses, and provided with owners accordingly! In this, however, our negro poets are not peculiarly unfortunate. Are not some of their white brethren owned and kept by certain publishing-houses, newspapers, and magazines? Are not the latter class, like the former, provided with just sufficient clothing and food to maintain them in good working condition, and with no more? And do not the masters, in both cases, appropriate all the profits?

Messrs. Crow and Coon could not be spared from the hoe, but they might be introduced to the great world by proxy. And so thought Mr. Thomas Rice, a "buckra gemman" of great imitative powers, who accordingly learned their poetry, music, and dancing, blacked his face, and made his fortune by giving to the world his counterfeit presentment of the American national opera; counterfeit, because none but the negroes themselves *could* give it in its original perfection. And thus it came to pass, that while James Crow and Scipio Coon were quietly at work on their masters' plantations, all-unconscious of their fame, the whole civilized world was resounding with their names. From the nobility and gentry, down to the lowest chimney-sweep in Great Britain, and from the member of Congress down to the youngest apprentice or school-boy in America, it was all

"Turn about and wheel about, and do just so,
And every time I turn about I jump Jim Crow."

Even the fair sex did not escape the contagion; the tunes were set to music for the piano-forte, and nearly every young lady in the Union and the United Kingdom played and sang, if she did not *jump*, "Jim Crow." "Zip Coon" became a fashionable song, "Lubly Rosa, Sambo come," the favorite serenade, and "Dandy Jim of Caroline" the established quadrille-music. White bards imitated the negro melodies; and the familiar song,

"As I was gwine down Shinbone Alley,
Long time ago,"

appeared in the following shape: —

"Near the lake where drooped the willow,
Long time ago."

What greater proofs of genius have ever been exhibited than by these our national poets? They themselves were not permitted to appear in the theatres and the houses of the fashionable, but their songs are in the mouths and ears of all; white men have blacked their faces to represent them, made their fortunes by the speculation, and have been caressed and flattered, on both sides of the Atlantic.

Humorous and burlesque songs are generally chosen for theatrical exhibition, and this fact may have led many to believe that the negroes compose no others. But they deal in the pathetic as well as the comical. Listen to the following, and imagine the hoe of Sambo digging into the ground with additional vigor at every emphasized syllable: —

“ Massa an’ Misse promised me
 When they died they ’d set me free ;
 Massa an’ Misse dead an’ gone,
 Here ’s old Sambo hillin’ up corn ! ”

Poor fellow ! it seems a hard case. His “ massa an’ misse ” are freed from *their* bonds, but Sambo still wears his. He might here very properly stop and water the corn with his tears. But no ; Sambo is too much of a philosopher for that. Having uttered his plaint, he instantly consoles himself with the thought, that he has many blessings yet to be thankful for, even if the greatest of all be wanting. He thinks of his wife, and the good dinner which she is preparing for him, and from the depths of a grateful and joyous heart he calls out, at the top of his voice, —

“ Jenny, get your hoe-cake done, my darling !
 Jenny, get your hoe-cake done, my dear ! ”

and Jenny, in her distant log-hut, which is embowered in Catalpa and Pride-of-India trees, gives the hominy another stir, looks at the hoe-cake, and giving the young ones a light cuff or two on the side of the head, to make them “ hush,” answers her beloved Sambo in the same strain : —

“ De hoe-cake is almost done, my darling !
 De hoe-cake is almost done, my dear ! ”

Now if that field of corn belonged to Sambo, and the hut and its inmates were his own, and he belonged to himself, this would be a delightful specimen of humble rural felicity. But perhaps his

young master may be so unfortunate as to lose the ten thousand dollars which he has bet upon the race that is to take place to-morrow; and poor Sambo and his family may be sold, separated, and sent just where their new masters please, — possibly to labor on a sugar plantation, the hell of the blacks.

The greater portion of our national poetry originates in Virginia, or among involuntary Virginian emigrants. Slaves are worked very lightly in that State, comparatively speaking. They are raised chiefly for exportation. Every year, thousands are sent to the far South and Southwest for sale. The Virginian type of negro character, therefore, has come to prevail throughout the Slave States, with the exception of some portions of Louisiana and Florida. Thus everywhere you may hear nearly the same songs and tunes, and see the same dances, with little variety and no radical difference. Taken together, they form a system perfectly unique. The negroes have many doleful ditties about the slave-drivers, which never reach the ears of the world. It is only their comical or humorous songs that arrive at the honor of being set to music and sung by the aristocracy. Without any teaching, the negroes have contrived a rude kind of opera, combining the poetry of motion, of music, and of language. "Jim Crow" is an opera; and all the negro songs were intended to be *performed*, as well as sung and played. And considering the world-wide renown to which they have attained, who can doubt the genius of the composers? Was not the

top of Mount Washington, once upon a time, the stage on which "Jim Crow" was performed, with New Hampshire and Maine for audience and spectators? So saith one of the albums at the foot of the mountain. And does not William Howitt tell us that the summit of the Hartz mountains was the scene of a similar exhibition?

These operas are full of negro life; there is hardly any thing which might not be learned of negro character from a complete collection of these original works. A tour through the South, and a year or two of plantation life, would not fail to reward the diligent collector; and his future fame would be as certain as Homer's. Let him put his own name, as compiler, on the title-page, and (the real authors being unknown) after the lapse of a few centuries the contents of the book will be ascribed to him, as "the great American poet," the object of adoration to the poetical public of the fiftieth century. What was Homer but a diligent collector? Some learned people *say* that he was nothing more, at any rate. Thou who pantest for glory, go and do likewise!

While writing this, your city papers advertise, — "Concert this evening, by the African Melodists." *African* melodists! As well might the Hutchinsons call themselves *English* melodists, because their ancestors, some six or eight generations back, came from England. Whether these performers are blacks, or whites with blacked faces, does not appear; but they are doubtless meant to represent the native colored population of "Old Varginny," and as

such should be judged. They are *American* melodists, *par excellence*.

It is a true test of genius in a writer, that he should be able to put his sayings into the mouths of all, so that they may become household words, quoted by every one, and, nine times in ten, without knowledge of the author of them. How often do we find in Shakspeare, Sterne, and other celebrated old writers, the very expressions we have been accustomed to hear from childhood, without thought of their origin! They meet us everywhere in the old standard works, like familiar faces. And how often, when uttering one of these beautiful quotations, if questioned as to its origin, we feel at a loss whether to refer the querist to Milton, Sterne, or the Bible! Proverbs are said to be "the wisdom of nations"; yet who knows the author of a single proverb? How many, of the millions who weekly join their voices to that glorious tune, Old Hundred, ever heard the name of the composer? How transcendent, then, must be the genius of the authors of our negro operas! Are not snatches of their songs in every body's mouth, from Johnny Groat's to Land's End, and from Labrador to Mexico? Three hundred and fifty times a day, (we took the pains to count once,) we have been amused and instructed with "Zip Coon," "Jim Crow," and the tale of a "Fat raccoon, a-sittin' on a rail." Let Webster tell of the tap of Britain's drum, that encircles the world! Compared with the time occupied by Great Britain in bringing this to pass, "Jim Crow" has

“put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes.” At no time does the atmosphere of our planet cease to vibrate harmoniously to the immortal songs of the negroes of America. At this present moment, a certain ubiquitous person seems to be in the way of the whole people of these United States simultaneously, (a mere pretender, doubtless, dressed up in some cast-off negro clothing,) and any one may hear him told, a hundred times a day, to “Get out ob de way, old Dan Tucker!” But if he gets out of any body’s way, it is only that of “Dandy Jim of Caroline.” O that he *would* obey the command altogether! but, depend upon it, he will do no such thing, so long as the young ladies speak to him in such fascinating tones, and accompany their sweet voices with the only less sweet music of the piano. Dan takes it as an invitation to stay; and doubtless many a lover would like to receive a similar rejection from his lady-love, — a fashion, by the way, like that in which the country lass reproved her lover for kissing her: “Be done, Nat!” said she, “and [*sotto voce*] begin again!”

Who is the man of genius? He who utters clearly that which is dimly felt by all. He who most vividly represents the sentiment, intellect, and taste of the public to which he addresses himself. He to whom all hearts and heads respond. Take our “national poets,” for example, whom, being unknown individually, we may personify collectively as the - American Sambo. Is not Sambo a genius? All tastes are delighted, all intellects are astonished, all

hearts respond to his utterances; at any rate, all piano-fortes do, and a hundred thousand of the sweetest voices in Christendom. What more convincing proof of genius was ever presented to the world? Is not Sambo the incarnation of the taste, intellect, and heart of America, the ladies being the judges? Do not shrink from the answer, most beautiful, accomplished, delicate, and refined lady-reader! You cannot hold yourself above him, for you imitate him; you spend days and weeks in learning his tunes; you trill his melodies with your rich voice; you are delighted with his humor, his pathos, his irresistible fun. Say truly, incomparable damsel! is not Sambo the realization of your poetic ideal?

But our national melodists have many imitators. Half of the songs published as theirs are, so far as the words are concerned, the productions of "mean whites"; but, base counterfeits as they are, they pass current with most people as genuine negro songs. Thus is it ever with true excellence. It is always imitated; but no one counterfeits that which is acknowledged by all to be worthless. The Spanish dollar is recognized as good throughout the world, and it is more frequently counterfeited than any other coin. The hypocrite assumes the garb of virtue and religion; but who ever thought of feigning vice and infidelity, unless upon the stage? Every imitator acknowledges the superior excellence of his model. The greater the number of imitators, the stronger is the evidence of that superiority; the

warmer their reception by the public, the more firmly becomes established the genius of the original.

But the music and the dancing are all Sambo's own. No one attempts to introduce any thing new *there*. In truth, they, with the chorus, constitute all that is essentially permanent in the negro song. The blacks themselves leave out old stanzas, and introduce new ones, at pleasure. Travelling through the South, you may, in passing from Virginia to Louisiana, hear the same tune a hundred times, but seldom the same words accompanying it. This necessarily results from the fact that the songs are unwritten, and also from the habit of extemporizing, in which the performers indulge on festive occasions. Let us picture one of these scenes, which often occur on the estates of kind masters, seldom on those of the cruel. So true is this, that the frequent sound of the violin, banjo, or jaw-bone lute, is as sure an indication of the former, as its general absence is of the latter.

Like the wits of the white race, the negro singer is fond of appearing to extemporize, when, in fact, he has every thing "cut and dried" beforehand. Sambo has heard that his "massa" is going to be put up as candidate for Congress; that his "misse" has that day bought a new gold watch and chain; that Miss Lucy favors one of her lovers above the rest, that "massa and misse" have given their consent, and, in fact, that Violet, the chamber-maid, saw Miss Lucy looking lovingly on a miniature which she had that morning received in a disguised package.

Sambo has learned all this, and he has been engaged the whole day, while hoeing corn, in putting these facts, and his thoughts thereon, into verse, to his favorite tune, "Zip Coon." He never did such a day's work in his life before. He hoed so fast, that his fellow-laborers looked at him in astonishment, and said Sambo had "got de debbil in him; dumb debbil, too; no get a word out ob him all day." Sambo finished his hoeing task by three o'clock, but not his rhyming. He could not sit still, so he went to work in his little garden-patch; and just at sundown, having completed his verses to his satisfaction, and hummed them over till confident that he could sing them through without hesitation, he threw down his hoe, and shouted and capered for joy like a madman.

Soon after tea, Violet enters the parlour: — "Sambo sends compliments to Massa and Misse, and de young gemmen and ladies, and say he gwine to gib musical entertainment to company dis evening in de kitchen, and be happy to hab a full house." Sambo is a favorite servant, and so, with an air of kindness and dignity, the master replies: — "Give our compliments to Sambo, and say that we will attend with pleasure"; and soon the whole family go out to the kitchen, which at the South is always a building by itself. The master's family occupy one end of the room, standing; the doors and windows are filled with black faces, grinning ivory, and rolling eyes. Sambo emerges from behind a rug, hung across the corner of the kitchen, and the orchestra,

consisting of one fiddle played by old Jupe, strikes up, "Clar de kitchen, old folks, young folks, old Varginny neber tire." This is a feint, skilfully planned by Sambo, just as if he intended nothing more than to sing over the well-known words of one or two old songs. He goes through this performance, and through two or three more, with the usual applause: at last, old Jupe strikes up "Zip Coon," and Sambo sings two or three familiar stanzas of this well-known song; but suddenly, as if a new thought struck him, he makes an extraordinary flourish, looks at his master, and sings, —

"O, my ole massa gwine to Washington,
 O, my ole massa gwine to Washington,
 O, my ole massa gwine to Washington,
 All 'e niggers cry when massa gone.

I know what I wish massa do,

I know what I wish massa do,

I know what I wish massa do,

Take me on to Washington to black him boot an' shoe.

Zip e duden duden, duden duden da.

"Misse got a gold chain round her neck,
 Misse got a gold chain round her neck,
 Misse got a gold chain round her neck;
 De watch on toder end tick tick tick,
 De watch on toder end tick tick tick,
 De watch on toder end tick tick tick,

Jus de same as Sambo when he cut up stick.

Zip e duden duden, duden duden da.

"Miss Lucy she hab a gold chain too,
 Miss Lucy she hab a gold chain too,
 Miss Lucy she hab a gold chain too;

No watch on de toder end ob *dat*, I know,
 No watch on de toder end ob *dat*, I know,
 No watch on de toder end ob *dat*, I know,
 I reckon it's a picture ob her handsome beau.
 Zip e duden duden, duden duden da."

Great tittering and grinning among the blacks; hearty laughter among the whites; blushes, and a playfully-threatening shake of the finger at Sambo, from Miss Lucy. Sambo meanwhile "does" an extra quantity of jumping at an extra height. His elation at the sensation he has produced really inspires him, and he prolongs his saltations until he has concocted a genuine impromptu stanza: —

"Who dat nigger in e door I spy?
 Who dat nigger in e door I spy?
 Who dat nigger in e door I spy?
 Dat old Scip by de white ob him eye.
 Zip e duden duden, duden duden da.

"By de white ob him eye an' he tick out lip,
 By de white ob him eye an' he tick out lip,
 By de white ob him eye an' he tick out lip,
 Sambo know dat old black Scip.
 Zip e duden duden, duden duden da."

Exit Sambo, behind the rug. Great applause; and white folks *exeunt*. The evening winds up with a treat of whiskey all round, furnished by "massa" on the occasion, and in due time all disperse to their several log-huts, and retire to rest, after one of the most joyous evenings they ever passed in their lives. All sleep soundly but Sambo; he lies awake half the night, so excited is he by the honors he has acquired, so full of *poetical thoughts* seeking to

shape themselves into words. Slumber at last falls on him ; but his wife declares, next morning, that Sambo talked all night in his sleep like a crazy man.

Thousands at the South would recognize the foregoing as a faithful sketch of a not infrequent scene ; pictures just the reverse of this may be drawn with equal truth, we know, but that is not our purpose here.

“The man who has no music in his soul,
Nor is not moved by concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils ;
Let no such man be trusted.”

Shakspeare never uttered a more undeniable truth ; and if he were living at the present day, and needed evidence to back his opinion, a short experience as a cotton-planter would furnish him with the requisite proof. This thing is well understood at the South. A laughing, singing, fiddling, dancing negro is almost invariably a faithful servant. Possibly he may be lazy and idle, but “treasons, stratagems, and spoils” form not the subject of *his* meditations. He is a thoughtless, merry fellow, who sings “to drive dull care away,” sings at his work, sings at his play, and generally accomplishes more at his labor than the sulky negro, who says nothing, but looks volumes. These last words have struck “the electric chain” of memory, and forthwith starts up a picture of by-gone days. “The time is long past, and the scene is afar,” yet the mental daguerreotype is as fresh as if taken yesterday.

One day during the early part of the Indian war

in Florida, we stepped into a friend's boat at Jacksonville, and, with a dozen stout negro rowers, pushed off, bound up the St. John's with a load of muskets, to be distributed among the distressed inhabitants, who were everywhere flying from the frontier before the victorious Seminoles. As we shot ahead over the lake-like expanse of the noble river, the negroes struck up a song, to which they kept time with their oars; and our speed increased as they went on and became warmed with their singing. The words were rude enough, the music better, and both were well adapted to the scene. A line was sung by a leader, then all joined in a short chorus; then came another solo line, and another short chorus, followed by a longer chorus, during the singing of which the boat foamed through the water with redoubled velocity. There seemed to be a certain number of lines ready manufactured; but after this stock was exhausted, lines relating to surrounding objects were extemporized. Some of these were full of rude wit, and a lucky hit always drew a thundering chorus from the rowers, and an encouraging laugh from the occupants of the stern-seats. Sometimes several minutes elapsed in silence; then one of the negroes burst out with a line or two which he had been excogitating. Little regard was paid to rhyme, and hardly any to the number of syllables in a line; they condensed four or five into one foot, or stretched out one to occupy the space that should have been filled with four or five; yet they never spoiled the tune. This elasticity of form is peculiar to the negro song.

But among these negroes there was one who rowed in silence, and no smile lighted up his countenance at the mirthful sallies of his sable companions. When the others seemed merriest, he was unmoved, or only showed, by a transient expression of contempt, the bitterness which dwelt in his heart. In physiognomy he differed entirely from his companions. His nose was straight and finely cut, his lips thin, and the general cast of his countenance strikingly handsome. He was very dark, and in a *tableau vivant* might have figured with credit as a bronze statue of a Grecian hero. He seemed misplaced, and looked as if he felt so. The countenance of that man, as he carelessly plied his oar, in silent contempt of the merry, thoughtless set around him, made an impression on my mind which will never be effaced. He spoke not, but "looked unutterable things." He had no "music in his soul"; he was not "moved by concord of sweet sounds"; but his thoughts were on "treasons, stratagems, and spoils"; he was thinking of the muskets and ammunition which the boat contained, and of the excellent use that might be made of them, in the way of helping the Indians, instead of repelling them. "Let no such man be trusted!" would have been a proper precaution in this case. A few weeks after this, he ran away and joined the Seminoles, and was suspected to have acted as a guide to the party that subsequently laid waste his master's plantation.

Comparatively speaking, however, there are few negroes at the South who have "no music" in their

souls. The love of music and song is characteristic of the race. They have songs on all subjects, witty, humorous, boisterous, and sad. Most frequently, however, specimens of all these classes are mingled together in the same song, in grotesque confusion. Variety is the spice of the negro melodies. Take the following as a fair specimen of negro humor and pathos: —

“Come, all you jolly niggers, to you de truf I tell-ah;
 Neber lib wid white folks, dey neber use you well-ah;
 Cold frosty mornin’, nigger bery good-ah,
 Wid he axe on he shoulder, he go to cut de wood-ah;
 Dingee I otten dotten, balli’ otten dotten,
 Dingee I otten, *who dar’?*”

“Come home to breakfast, get somethin’ to eat-ah;
 And dey set down before him a little nasty meat-ah;
 Den at noon poor nigger he come home to dine-ah,
 And dey take him in de corn-field and gib him thirty-nine-ah!
 Dingee I otten dotten, balli’ otten dotten,
 Dingee I otten, *who dar’?*”

“Den de night come on, and he come home to supper-ah,
 And dey knock down, and break down, and jump ober Juber-ah!
 Den a little cold pancake, and a little hog-fat-ah,
 And dey grumble like de debbil, if you eat too much ob dat-ah!
 Dingee I otten dotten, balli’ otten dotten,
 Dingee I otten, *who dar’?*”

“Den, O poor nigger! I sorry for your color-ah;
 Hit you on de back-bone, you sound like a dollar-ah!
 Cold frosty mornin’, nigger bery good-ah;
 Wid he axe on he shoulder, he go to cut de wood-ah!
 Dingee I otten dotten, balli’ otten dotten,
 Dingee I otten, *who dar’?*”

The intelligent reader, conversant with Howitt's "Student Life in Germany," cannot have failed to note the close similarity of style between the foregoing and some of the students' songs, translations of which are therein given. The question arises, Who was the imitator? Surely not the negro: he knows not that there is in existence such a being as a German student. But the students know the whole history of the negroes, and doubtless are acquainted with their world-renowned songs. The inference is irresistible: the student is the imitator of the negro, just in the same way that he is the imitator of Homer, and Anacreon, and Sappho. The student is a man of discernment, able to recognize true genius, and not ashamed to emulate it, however lowly the circumstances in which it may be found. He remembers that Homer was a blind, wandering beggar, and, knowing that simplicity and adversity are favorable to the growth of true poetry, he is not surprised to find it flourishing in perfection among the American negroes. Or, say that the student is *not* an imitator of the negro: then we have a case which goes to establish still more firmly the well-known truth, that, human nature being the same everywhere, men of genius, living thousands of miles apart, and holding no communication with each other, often arrive at the same results.

Proofs of the genius of our American poets crowd upon us in tumultuous array from all quarters. A few of them only are before the reader, but enough, it is hoped, to establish their claim beyond a doubt.

Now let justice be done. Render to Cæsar, and Pompey, and Scipio, and Sambo, the just honor which has so long been unjustly withheld; and render to America the meed of praise which has been so pertinaciously denied to her. Sambo claims honor for the fact that he *is* a true poet: America asks praise for bringing him up, with infinite pains, in the only way in which a true poet should go; which fact was demonstrated in the beginning of this article. Acknowledge, then, ye British critics, your sins of omission and commission; eat your own slanderous words, and proclaim the now undeniable truth, or else be branded as false prophets, and "for ever after hold your peace"!

A wise man has said, "Let me have the making of the songs of a people, and I care not who makes their laws." The popular song-maker sways the souls of men; the legislator rules only their bodies. The song-maker governs through love and spiritual affinity; the legislator by brute force. Apply this principle to the American people. Who are our true rulers? The negro poets, to be sure. Do they not set the fashion, and give laws to the public taste? Let one of them, in the swamps of Carolina, compose a new song, and it no sooner reaches the ear of a white amateur, than it is written down, amended, (that is, almost spoilt,) printed, and then put upon a course of rapid dissemination, to cease only with the utmost bounds of Anglo-Saxondom, perhaps of the world. Meanwhile, the poor author digs away with his hoe, utterly ignorant of his greatness.

“Blessed are they who do good, and are forgotten!” says dear Miss Bremer. Then blessed indeed are our national melodists! “True greatness is always modest,” says some one else. How great, then, are our retiring Sambos! How shrinkingly they remain secluded, and allow sooty-faced white men to gather all the honors and emoluments! The works of great men are always imitated. Even those miserable counterfeits, “Lucy Long,” and “Old Dan Tucker,” have secured a large share of favor, on the supposition that they were genuine negro songs. With the music no great fault can be found; that may be pure negro, though some people declare it to be Italian. Be that as it may, the words are far beneath the genius of our American poets; this any student, well versed in negro lore, can perceive at a glance.

Bryant, Longfellow, Halleck, Whittier, do you ardently desire fame? Give heed to foreign reviewers; doubt no longer that nationality is the highest merit that poetry can possess; uneducate yourselves; consult the taste of your fair countrywomen; write no more English poems; write negro songs, and Yankee songs in negro style; take lessons in dancing of the celebrated Thomas Rice; appear upon the stage and perform your own operas; do this, and not only will fortune and fame be yours, but you will thus vindicate yourselves and your country from the foul imputation under which both now rest. With *your* names on the list with Crow and Coon, who *then* will dare to say that America has no national poets?

TOLERATION.*



“Do unto others as ey would that others should do unto you.”

“HE is a skeptic!” says one; “have nothing to do with him!” Yes, he is a skeptic, and *therefore* it is the duty of all good Christians, of all who have the welfare of their souls at heart, of all unchangeable believers in established forms and creeds, to shun him as they would the plague. They deem him the victim of a moral pestilence, and fancy that he scatters disease and death wherever he goes. Is Truth, then, so weak, and her influence on her followers so enervating?

But who is this skeptic? Is he honest? “O, yes! no one doubts that he is sincere, honest, and desirous of being truly virtuous; but all this makes him only so much the more dangerous. He is Satan in the garb of an angel.” How do you *know* he is a devil? You do *not* know it; but I will tell you why you think as you do,—why you judge thus harshly of your brother. It is because he is not a Christian *according to your creed*. And who made *you* a ruler and a judge over him? He believes in

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God, and that Jesus is the Christ; he believes it to be his duty, and feels it to be his privilege, to love God with all his heart, and *also* to love his neighbour as himself; but he does *not* believe some other things which you *do*; he does not subscribe to every item of your church creed, and therefore he is to you a heathen. Be not so uncharitable, or you may disgust him at the outset with what you deem Christianity. He has already, through much toil, comprehended and received the above-named four cardinal articles of your faith; speak kindly to him, encourage him, and he may in due time understand and embrace the remaining and minor articles.

But how came you with your creed? Were you educated in it? Did you take it on the authority of your teachers? Ah, indeed! Then if you had been born a Turk, it would have been a sin in you to have questioned the truth of Islamism. It is now a sin for you to ask a Turk to doubt the authority of his teachers. If it is right to believe all that our early spiritual guides have taught us, and a sin to doubt the infallibility of their authority, then all who unhesitatingly receive the religion of their fathers are right; then all mankind are right, except skeptics and apostates; and even the skeptics are right, if their parents and teachers were skeptics before them. Call home your missionaries; abolish your societies for the conversion of the heathen. You ask them to sin, when you invite them to emancipate themselves from the thralldom of authority.

This is slavish. To be a savior, yours must be a living faith: you must work out your own salvation; others cannot do it for you. You must build up your own faith, and breathe into it the breath of life from your own soul. You must begin by doubting; you must be a skeptic; a skeptic, but not a mere caviller. Be earnest, be truth-loving. "Seek and you shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you." And look not askance on others who seek truth in a different path from your own, for the castle of Truth has many approaches; nor on those who knock not at the same door with yourself, for it hath many portals,—ay, and many a postern and private entrance, by which those whom you despise may chance to obtain an audience before you, with your crowd, shall have reached even the anteroom of the castle.

You believe in a certain creed and certain forms of worship; and if you believe with all your heart, I say, God speed you on your road to heaven! I will never attempt to turn you from what you deem the path of duty, by denunciation and threats of the penalties of hell-fire. Believing as you do, it would be a sin for you to act otherwise; it would be a sin in me to ask you to belie your conscience. I may, indeed, question your belief, and inform you of mine; but I have no right to condemn you, if you cannot forsake yours and adopt mine.

Have charity, dear brother! have charity for those who differ from you. All stomachs cannot digest the same kind of food; all souls cannot draw

nourishment from the same spiritual aliment. All eyes cannot see through the same spectacles; all souls cannot worship through the same forms, cannot discern God through the same medium. He who is honest and earnest is on the road to heaven; and whether his progress be slow or rapid, he will surely reach it, be he Jew, Gentile, or Christian; and he will find a little charity no burden on the road.

The human mind is a kind of telescope; the elemental faculties are the glasses; and as in no two are these found alike, so no two persons see with equal readiness, distinctness, and power. The vision of some is distorted; of others, clear and piercing for distant objects, but useless for their immediate neighbourhood; of yet others, almost microscopic, perceiving with surprising minuteness objects near at hand, but blind to those which are distant, — discerning the near flower, but failing to comprehend the entire landscape. This will account for the different manner in which we view things. Where I see a plain natural fact, you see a miracle; where I see a simple truth, and reverentially state it, you hold up your hands in horror, and exclaim, — “Falsehood and blasphemy!” Verily, friend, we resemble two persons standing on a cliff, observing the distant ocean; the one with a pocket-glass, the other with a powerful telescope. What appears a schooner to one is a cockboat to the other; where this man sees naught, the other beholds a distant fleet; and, as each believes his own glass the best, or (if he be *very*

modest) at least as good as his neighbour's, however earnestly they strive to convince one another, each obstinately remains of his own opinion, the one believing in his cockboat, the other in his schooner.

Which has the best glass, you or I, I will not undertake to determine; though I am fully as much inclined to think that you have it as that I have. Could we but exchange for a moment, as the ocean-gazers might easily do, what a light would break in upon the short-sighted one! What a clearing up of doubts would there be! What a doing away with disputed questions! But, unhappily, as every tub must stand on its own bottom, so every man must see with his own mental telescope; hence there must needs be doubts and disputations to the end. Or rather, I should say, this is happily contrived; for what a sleepy world were this, if all saw alike! and what an unhappy man would he be, who, after enjoying a friend's fine telescope, should be again reduced to his own old horn-spectacles!

After all, it must be best as it is; for God made every thing; and I must even be contented with the pocket-glass which he gave me, although you may have your heaven-searching telescope.

But we are a proselyting race, and though we are perfectly well satisfied with our own spy-glasses, we are continually endeavouring to improve the faulty ones of our neighbours; and certainly this is a laudable undertaking, if conceived and executed in a proper spirit. But when I would restore sight to a blind man, I must not begin by charging him with

blasphemy because he says the sun shines not, or he will be apt to avoid me, and so prevent me from doing a good action. Thus, without finding fault with this man or that for beholding according to the faculties which God has bestowed upon each, I would merely desire the same privilege myself; and if, in my blindness, I should honestly aver that there is no sun in the sky, do not open on me the cry of "falsehood" and "blasphemy," seeing that to me no sun exists.

Are you undecided between the Trinity and the Unity? Are you fearful that you shall not render due honor to each member of the Godhead? Worship the Almighty Spirit of the Universe, the great God of Nature; and be assured that in adoring the whole, you are adoring each part. Are you lost in the mazes of the doctrine of atonement? Are you unable to comprehend it, and at the same time fearful of condemnation for not accepting it? Go and do a kind service to a suffering brother-man, and your path shall be enlightened, your heart made easy, and you shall go on your way rejoicing. Do you doubt of your own salvation? Go, repent of your sins; forgive all who have offended you, as you desire to be forgiven; do unto others as you would that others should do unto you; and as you fear the judgment of God, judge kindly of your fellow-mortals. Quarrel with no man on account of his honest belief; for if you are wise, you will bethink yourself how likely it is that you may be in error,—nay, how impossible it is, that, on many points, you should be otherwise.

Thus, whenever you are lost in the mazes of theoretical theology, go and practise that which you *know* to be right; and fear not the issue; for, "If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine."

WHAT IS TRANSCENDENTALISM?*



THIS question has often been asked, but seldom answered satisfactorily. Newspaper editors and correspondents have frequently attempted a practical elucidation of the mystery, by quoting from their own brains the rarest piece of absurdity which they could imagine, and entitling it "Transcendentalism." One good hit of this kind may be well enough, by way of satire upon the fogginess of certain writers who deem themselves, and are deemed by the multitude, Transcendental *par éminence*. Coleridge, however, thought that to parody stupidity by way of ridiculing it only proves the parodist more stupid than the original blockhead. Still, one such attempt may be tolerated; but when imitators of the parodist arise, and fill almost every newspaper in the country with similar witticisms, such efforts become "flat and unprofitable"; for nothing is easier than to put words together in a form which conveys no meaning to the reader. It is a cheap kind of wit, asinine rather than Attic, and can be exercised

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as well by those who know nothing of the subject as by those best acquainted with it. Indeed, it is greatly to be doubted whether one in a hundred of these witty persons knows any thing of the matter; for, if they possessed sense enough to make them worthy of being ranked among reasonable men, it could be proved to them in five minutes that they are themselves Transcendentalists, as all thinking men find themselves compelled to be, whether they know themselves by that name or not.

“Poh!” said a friend, looking over my shoulder; “you can’t prove *me* a Transcendentalist; I defy you to do it; I despise the name.”

“Why so? Let us know what it is that you despise. Is it the sound of the word? Is it not sufficiently euphonious? Does it not strike your ear as smoothly as Puseyite or Presbyterian?”

“Nonsense!” said he; “you don’t suppose that I am to be misled by the sound of a word; it is the meaning to which I object. I despise Transcendentalism; therefore I do not wish to be called Transcendentalist.”

“Very well; but we shall never ‘get ahead,’ unless you define Transcendentalism according to your understanding of the word.”

“That request is easily made, but not easily complied with. Have you Carlyle or Emerson at hand?”

Here I took down a volume of each, and read various sentences and paragraphs therefrom. “These passages are full of Transcendental ideas; do you object to them?”

“No,” said my friend; “for aught I can perceive, they might have been uttered by any one who was *not* a Transcendentalist. Let me see the books.”

After turning over the leaves a long while, he selected and read aloud a passage from Carlyle, one of his very worst; abrupt, nervous, jerking, and at the same time windy, long-drawn-out, and parenthetical; a period filling a whole page.

“There,” said he, stopping to take breath, “if that is not enough to disgust one with Transcendentalism, then I know nothing of the matter.”

“A very sensible conclusion. Bless your soul, that is *Carlyle-ism*, not Transcendentalism. You said but now that you were not to be misled by the sound of a word; and yet you are condemning a principle, on account of the bad style of a writer who is supposed to be governed by it. Is that right? Would you condemn Christianity because of the weaknesses and sins of one of its professors?”

“Of course not,” replied he; “I wish to be fair. I cannot express my idea of the meaning of Transcendentalism without tedious circumlocution, and I begin to despair of proving my position by quotations. It is not on any particular passage that I rest my case. You have read this work, and will understand me when I say that it is to its general intent and spirit that I object, and not merely to the author’s style.”

“I think that I comprehend you. You disregard the mere form in which the author expresses his thoughts; you go beyond and behind that, and

judge him by the thoughts themselves, — not by one or by two, but by the sum and substance of the whole. You strip off the husk to arrive at the kernel, and judge of the goodness of the crop by the latter, not the former.”

“Just so,” said he; “that’s my meaning precisely. I always strive to follow that rule in every thing. ‘Appearances,’ you know, ‘are deceitful.’”

“That is to say, you go beyond or transcend appearances and circumstances, and divine the true meaning, the substance, the spirit, of that on which you are about to decide. That is practical Transcendentalism, and you are a Transcendentalist.”

“I wish you would suggest another name for it,” said my friend, as he went out of the door; “I detest the sound of that word.”

“I wish we could,” said I, but he was out of hearing; “I wish we could, for it is an abominably long word to write.”

“I wish we could,” mutters the printer; “for it is an awfully long word to print.”

“I wish we could,” is the sober second thought of all; for people will always condemn Transcendentalism until it is called by another name. Such is the force of prejudice.

“I have been thinking over our conversation of yesterday,” said my friend, the next morning, on entering my room.

“O, you have been writing it down, have you? Let me see it.”

After looking over the sketch, he remarked, — “You *seem* to have me fast enough ; but, after all, I believe you conquered merely by playing upon a word, and, in proving me to be a Transcendentalist, you only proved me to be a reasonable being, — one capable of perceiving, remembering, combining, comparing, and deducing, — one who, amid the apparent contradictions by which we are surrounded, strives to reconcile appearances and discover principles, and from the outward and visible to learn the inward and spiritual, — in fine, to arrive at truth. Now every reasonable man claims to be all that I have avowed myself to be. If this is to be a Transcendentalist, then I am one. When I read that I must hate my father and mother before I can be a disciple of Jesus, I do not understand that passage literally ; I call to mind other precepts of Christ ; I remember the peculiarities of the Eastern style ; I compare these facts together, and deduce therefrom a very different principle from that apparently embodied in the passage quoted. When I see the Isles of Shoals doubled, and the duplicates reversed in the air above the old familiar rocks, I do not, as I stand on Rye beach, observing the interesting phenomenon, believe that there are two sets of islands there ; but, recalling facts which I have learned, and philosophical truths which I have acquired and verified, I attribute the appearance to its true cause, the refraction of light. When, in passing from room to room in the dark, with my arms outspread, I strike my nose against the edge of a door, I do not thence con-

clude that my nose is longer than my arms. When I see a man stumble in the street, I do not at once set him down as a drunkard, not considering that to be sufficient evidence, although some of our Washingtonian friends do; but I compare that fact with the state of the streets, and with what I know of his previous life, and judge accordingly."

"Well," said I, "you are an excellent Transcendentalist, — one after my own heart, in morals, philosophy, and religion. To be a Transcendentalist is after all to be only a sensible, unprejudiced man, open to conviction at all times, and spiritually-minded. I can well understand, that, when you condemn Transcendentalism, you object, not to the principle, but to the practice, in the superlative degree, of that principle. Transcendentalism is but an abstract mode of considering morals, philosophy, religion, — an application of the principles of abstract science to these subjects. All metaphysicians are Transcendentalists, and every one is Transcendental so far as he is metaphysical. There are as many different modifications of the one as of the other, and probably no two Transcendentalists ever thought alike; their creed is not yet written. You certainly do not condemn spiritualism; but ultra-spiritualism you seem to abhor."

"Precisely so. I did not yesterday give you the meaning which I attached to Transcendentalism; in truth, practically you meant one thing by that term, and I another, though I now see that in principle they are the same. The spiritualism which I like

looks through nature and revelation up to God ; that which I abhor hardly condescends to make use of nature at all, but demands direct converse with God, and declares that it enjoys it too, — a sort of continual and *immediate* revelation. Itself is its own authority. The ultra-spiritualist contains within himself the fulness of the Godhead. He admits nothing external, unless it be brother spirits like himself. He has abolished nature, and to the uninitiated seems to have abolished God himself, although I am charitable enough to believe that he has full faith in God after his own fashion. He claims to be inspired, to be equal to Jesus, — nay, superior ; for one of them lately said, — ‘ Greater is the container than the contained ; therefore I am greater than God, for I contain God ’ ! The ultra-spiritualist believes only *by* and *through* and *in* his own inward light. Let him take care, as Carlyle says, that his own contemptible tar-link does not, by being held too near his eyes, extinguish to him the sun of the universe. Now the true spiritualist makes use, not only of his own moral and religious instincts, but of all that can be gathered by the senses from external nature, and all that can be acquired by untiring consultation with the sages who have gone before him ; and from these materials in the alembic of his mind, with such power as God has given him, he distils truth.”

“ Truth ! ah, that is the very point in question. ‘ What is truth ? ’ has been the ardent inquiry of every honest mind from the days of Adam to the

present time, and the sneering demand of many an unbeliever. Eve sought it when she tasted the forbidden fruit. But since then, thank God! no prohibition has been uttered against the search after truth, and mankind have used their liberty with great industry for six thousand years; and what is the result? Is truth discovered? How much? And how much of falsehood is mixed up with what is known to be true? These questions are constantly suggesting themselves to thinkers, and to answer them is the labor of their lives. Let them have free scope, ultra-spiritualists and all. Even these latter go through the same operation which you have just claimed to be peculiar to the true spiritualist. All do, whether they will or not, make use of observation, learning, and the inward light. Some arrive at one result, and some at another, because the elements differ in each. If any two could be found, whose external observations, learning, intellect, and inward light or instincts were precisely equal in volume and proportion, can it be doubted that these two would arrive at precisely similar results? But they are *not* equal; and so one comes to believe in external authority, and the other refers every thing to a standard which he thinks that he finds within himself. The latter is deemed by the public to be a representative of pure Transcendentalism, and he is condemned accordingly as self-sufficient.

“And privately, between you and me, my good friend, I cannot help thinking it rather ungrateful in

him, after becoming so deeply indebted to his senses, to books, and the Bible, for his spiritual education, to turn round and despise these means of advancement, and declare that they are mere non-essential *circumstances*, and that a man may reach the same end by studying himself *in* himself. It is as if a man should use a ladder to reach a lofty crag, and then kick it over contemptuously, and aver that he could just as well have flown up, and ask the crowd below to break up that miserable ladder and try their wings. Doubtless they *have* wings, if they only knew it. But, seriously, I am not inclined to join in the hue and cry against even the ultra-Transcendentalist. He has truth mixed up with what I esteem objectionable, and some truth to which others have not attained; and as I deem the *eclectic* the only true mode of philosophy, I am willing to take truth where I can find it, whether in China or Boston, in Confucius or Emerson, Kant or Cousin, the Bible or the Koran; and though I have more reverence for one of these sources than for all the others, it is only because I think that I find there the greatest amount of truth, sanctioned by the highest authority. To put the belief in the Bible on any other ground is to found it on educational prejudice and superstition; on which principle, the Koran should be as sacred to the Mahometan as the Bible to us. Do we not all finally resort to *ourselves*, in order to decide a difficult question in morals or religion? and is not the decision more or less correct, according as we refer it to the better or to the baser portion of our nature?"

“Most certainly! I have often said I would not and could not believe in the Bible, if it commanded us to worship Sin and leave our passions unbridled.”

“Well said! And in so saying, you acknowledge yourself to be governed by the same principle which actuates the ultra-Transcendentalist, — the moral sense or instinct, similar to the ‘inward light’ of the Friends. After all, I apprehend that the real point in which men differ is, whether this moral sense is really an instinct, or whether it is evolved and put in operation by education. How much is due to nature? is the true question. But to solve it is important only theoretically, for practically we all act alike; we cannot, if we would, separate the educational from the natural moral sense; we cannot *un-educate* it, and then judge by it, freed from all circumstantial bias. But whether more or less indebted either to nature or education, it is to this moral and religious sense that the ultra-Transcendentalist refers every question, and passes judgment according to its verdict. It is sometimes rather vaguely called the ‘Pure Reason’; but that is only a *term*, hardly a ‘mouthful of articulate wind.’”

“You and I shall agree very well together, I see,” replied my friend. “If we dispute at all, it will be foolishly about the meaning of a word. All the world have been doing that ever since the confusion of tongues at Babel. That great event prophetically shadowed forth the future; for now, as then, the confusion and disputation are greatest when we are striving most earnestly to reach heaven by our

earth-built contrivances. We may thence draw a lesson, not to be too aspiring for our means; for our inevitable failure only makes us the more ridiculous, the higher the position we seem to have attained."

"Very true; but we should never arrive at the height of wisdom, which consists in knowing our own ignorance and weakness, unless we made full trial of our powers. The fall of which you speak should give us a modesty not to be otherwise obtained, and make us very careful how we cast ridicule upon others, seeing how open to it we ourselves are. Every man may build his tower of Babel, and, if he make a right use of his failure, may in the end be nearer heaven than if he had never made the attempt. Ridicule is no argument, and should only be used by way of a *jeu d'esprit*, and never on solemn subjects. It is very hard, I know, for one who has mirthfulness strongly developed to restrain himself on all occasions, and what is solemn to one may not be so to another; hence we should be very charitable to all, — alike to the bigots, the dreamers, and the laughers, to the builders of theoretic Babel-towers, and the grovellers on the low earth."

"There is one kind of Transcendentalism," replied my friend, "which you have not noticed particularly, which consists in believing in nothing except the spiritual existence of the unbeliever himself, and hardly that. It believes not in the external world at all."

"If you are on *that* ground, I have done. To talk

of that would be wasting our time on nothing, — or ‘our eternity,’ for with that sect time is altogether a delusion. It *may* be true; but the believer, even in the act of declaring his faith, must practically prove himself persuaded of the falsity of his doctrine.”

“You wanted a short name for Transcendentalism; if a long one will make *this* modification of it more odious, let us call it *Incomprehensibilityosity-ivityalityationmentnessism!*”

My friend said this with a face nearly as long as the word, made a low bow, and departed. I took my pen, and reduced our conversation to writing. I hope by this time that the reader has a very lucid answer to give to the question, *What is Transcendentalism?* It will be a miracle, if he can see one inch farther into the fog-bank than before. I should like to take back the boast made in the beginning of this paper, that in five minutes I could prove any reasonable man a Transcendentalist. My friend disconcerted my plan of battle, by taking command of the enemy’s forces, instead of allowing me to marshal them on paper to suit myself; and so a mere friendly joust ensued, instead of the utter demolition of my adversary, which I had intended.

And this little circumstance has led me to think what a miserable business controversialists would make of it, if each had his opponent looking over his shoulder, pointing out flaws in his arguments, suggesting untimely truths, and putting every possible impediment in the path of his logic; and if,

moreover, he were obliged to mend every flaw, prove every such truth a falsehood, and remove every impediment, before he could advance a step. Were such the case, how much less would there be of fine-spun theory and specious argument! how much more of practical truth! — always supposing that the logical combatants did not lose their patience, and resort to material means and knock-down arguments; of which, judging by the spirit sometimes manifested in theological controversies, there would really seem to be some danger. O, it is a very easy thing to sit in one's study and demolish an opponent, who, after all, is generally no opponent at all, but only a man of straw, dressed up for the occasion with a few purposely tattered shreds of the adversary's cast-off garments!

NOTE BY THE "FRIEND." — The foregoing is a *correct* sketch of our conversations, especially as the reporter has, like his Congressional brother, corrected most of the bad grammar, and left out some of the vulgarisms and colloquialisms, and given me the better side of the argument in the last conversation; it is *very* correct. But it seems to me that the question put at the commencement is as far from being solved as ever. It is as difficult to be answered as the question, What is Christianity? to which every sect will return a different reply, and each prove all the others wrong.

PASSAGES FROM MY NOTE-BOOK.*

BY AN INVOLUNTARY RECLUSE.



MAY 16TH. — A beautiful day! The sky is blue; the earth is green; the trees are putting forth their first leaves, with here and there a blushing or snowy blossom; the air is balmy from the west; the birds are singing gayly during the intermissions in their labors of nest-building; all nature is busy, and beautiful, and happy. How am I? I was happy when I awoke, and for some time after; but as I was sitting on my bedside, and quite near the window, the latter was opened, and I saw how brightly every thing looked out of doors, felt the soft wind on my cheek, and heard the cheery notes of the birds. They appealed to memory; they called up forgotten or dimly recollected feelings and scenes; they raised the ghost of my former self, and made me long once more to be free, — to roam over the earth, to sail over the waters, to climb the trees, swim in the rivers, gallop over the plain, or plunge

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into the surf of the ocean-beach! I longed to partake again unrestrainedly of outward and animal life; and thought wistfully of the spiritual food also which might thus be gathered. Man was not made to live in a chamber, and subsist wholly on the bolted flour of intellectual aliment,—books; he needs to labor and struggle for his soul's food in the broad field of the outward world, and to swallow it, Graham-like, bran and all! "Ah!" thought I, "with what a different eye should I *now* look on the wonders of God's world! After years of confinement, it would appear to me as a new creation. Even thus does it strike me now, as I catch but this partial and restricted glimpse of its glories. O that I had better improved my opportunities when I *was* in the world! Give me back my youth, give me back my health, and I will render a better account of the future than I can of the past." ("Bold mortal!" whispered a mysterious voice.) Thus I thought; thus I longed; my equanimity was disturbed; my chamber looked gloomy and narrow,—my old chamber, at the thought of leaving which I once wept. I became discontented; I felt unhappy. Seat me in my chair; shut down the window, and turn my back to it; truly, "comparisons *are* odious."

The ghost is laid, and I am myself again; my present, not my former self; I hear that same mysterious voice saying, "It is not so bad, after all, to live in a chamber, and have the quintessence of all things brought in the shape of books, and laid on

your table. Out in the world there is nothing to be found but 'sour grapes'; but it is only the *eau de vie* distilled from them that ever reaches you. Never desire that which cannot be obtained. Resign yourself to Providence, and be as happy as you *can* be."

MAY 18TH. — O the green and flowery meadows; the groves, melodious with birds and redolent of perfume; the dark pine woods, with their solemn and eternally whispered hush! How do I long once more to roam over them and through them! It is impossible to do it bodily, and I will not repine thereat, but desire rather to be thankful that *the mind* is free, that I am yet able to roam in the spirit. Memory, conjure up the beautiful Past! Present reality, vanish! Past reality, become present! And, O beloved Imagination! take me by the arm and let us once again wander, and adore Nature and her God. Yet it is no *wandering*, devious though the path may seem; for, rambling thus in the right spirit, we are on the straight road to heaven. Now to the past!

It is the Sabbath of the Lord. We are far away from church or meeting-house, but this blue sky shall be our cathedral dome, these sweet birds our choir, this boat shall be our pew, and all nature our prayer-book and sermon. Step with me into this light skiff, thou who lovest Nature in her quietness. There is no breeze; the waters of the stream are like a mirror; and as we pass along, hardly dipping the paddle once in the space of a [minute, look at

the little minnows, scudding away as the shadow of the boat covers them, and then stopping to see what is the matter! And see the long eel-grass and sedge, streaming away before the current, pointing earnestly towards the head of the stream, but advancing not one inch! When the tide turns, they will point just as eagerly the other way. They are like the courtiers of a despotic government, always subservient to the reigning tyrant; or the demagogues of a republic, ever ready to do the will of the multitude.

Hark! 't is the sound of Newington bell, calling the farmers and their wives and children to worship. It has passed over a league of land and water before it reached our ears, mellowed by the distance into a soft and bewitching treble. Hark! once more; and now we have the bass, as, miles away down the broad Piscataqua, the deep-toned bells of Portsmouth add their solemn voices to the anthem. Nothing harsh or dissonant reaches us; we hear not the stroke of the hammer; only the most spiritual portion of the sound strikes our ear. Trembling, wavering, swelling, sinking, — it is like the voice of a celestial wind-harp, swept by the breezes of paradise; and it breathes into the soul a spirit of rapt devotion akin to that which one might imagine a seraph to feel. This is, perhaps, “sentimental religion,” but a little of it is good in this work-day world, and is certainly in accordance with this scene. Often thus have I felt myself carried from earth to heaven on those sonorous undulations,

the last wave of which is even now sweeping past us.

But to the head of the stream we are slowly tending, borne onward by the gentle flood-tide. On the left are green meadows, with here a patch of corn, and there a patch of potatoes, with a plentiful sprinkling also of apple-trees. On the right is a gentle ascent, covered to the top, here with grass, and there with grain. Of this, however, only transient glimpses are caught through the irregular rows of trees with which the stream is on this side lined; first willows, then maples, birches, and beeches, and finally terminating in an extensive grove of lordly oaks. There is a strange kind of bird calling from one of those trees to its wandering, perhaps its murdered mate, for its note is rather mournful. I wish I were an ornithologist, that I might tell you its name; but it speaks to me as plainly as if I knew the Latin for its genus and species. There is a monstrous boulder of granite on the right hand. It stands as the advanced guard of the point which we are just passing. Now, if I were a geologist, I might fancy that I could tell you whence it came, how it came, and why it is rounded instead of being angular. But to relate the history of that *boulder* requires a *bolder* man; I confess my ignorance; and, with an extra dip of the paddle, we pass on.

There is a clump of barberry-bushes on the left, at the top of the bank; the current carries us close to it, and small birds fly from it with a whirring, at our approach, forsaking their nests in fear. We will

not harm them ; indeed, we could not, without harming ourselves. The middle of a large barberry-bush is a safe place for a nest ; those who otherwise would rob, being in salutary fear of scratched faces and hands, pass peaceably by a nest so ensconced. Here we are, opposite the oak grove. What a dark shadow it throws upon the water ! What is this on our left ? A pigeon-stand, built for murderous purposes ; and there, too, is the booth of pine branches, erected to conceal the sportsman. The stand is covered with wild pigeons ; they seem to know that no one will molest them on the Sabbath, for they fly not at our approach. Were it Monday, and had we a gun with us, they would be off in a twinkling. Here the creek divides, both branches becoming mere gutters ; but that is a beautiful point which separates them. There, too, is a pigeon-stand, and farther on, a little to the left, is another. This is a famous neighbourhood for pigeons. On a calm morning in the latter part of summer, twenty dozen are often shot in sight of this place before breakfast. I have seen many killed, but cannot boast of having shot many myself. To-day they are safe ; short respite !

Let us land and saunter through these grand old pine woods on our left. Our boat touches the strand, we disembark, make her fast to a bush, and prepare to enter the solemn forest. This is the way ; here is the path ; take care that the boughs of the saplings, rebounding from my pressure, do not put out your eyes. Here we are at last, in one of

the noblest of God's houses, with the pillars of Nature's church raising their tall shafts around us in every direction. Although there was not wind enough to ripple the waters of the stream which we have just left, yet the tree-tops are uttering ceaselessly their solemn, mournful, soothing murmurs. 'T is as if angels were whispering in the boughs above us. The wood-bird whistles mysteriously in the distance, and his mate answers yet more distantly. Let us lie on the soft moss, and, in Nature's grand cathedral, worship Nature's God! O, how great, how good, how beautiful, seems every thing around us! On this glorious day, earth, water, and sky vie with each other in praising the Almighty. O, how infinitely great, good, and beautiful must He be who created all things!

These feelings are raised within us by observing the marvels of this small spot. Let us now glide in imagination over the whole earth; continents, oceans, and islands; rivers, lakes, cataracts, volcanoes, valleys, mountains, burning deserts, and frozen zones. Long before our flight is completed, our wonder and adoration are raised seemingly to the loftiest pitch, and we feel how utterly insignificant we are, compared with the mighty sphere on which we move. Could we live twice ten thousand years, and be possessed, each of us, of a Fortunatus's wishing-cap, we should not, at the end of our long lives, have done more than to commence our investigations. And this is earth! A mere speck, compared with the millions of orbs which circle eternally through God's illimitable universe!

Let us, in the spirit, (which says, and it is done,) leave the earth, wing our way to the mighty sun, to the most distant planets, to the farthest comet of our system; then, sailing through the immeasurable space which separates them, let us visit the millions of other solar systems; let us penetrate to the grand centre; let us pass to the outmost confines of creation. The grand centre! it moves around a yet grander! and that around a grander still, and so on to infinity. We may seek in vain for the ultimate centre,—the source of all things. Equally vain will be our search for the outmost confines of creation. Can any one discover the boundaries of space? Can any one imagine a line, a partition-wall, beyond which space does not exist? No! do what we may, we can never get rid of the idea of space; wherever we imagine ourselves, *that* surrounds us. As with space, so is it with duration. We cannot conceive of a moment which had not a preceding, nor of one which will not have a following moment. Negatively, we comprehend the eternal and the infinite; but positively and by experience, never! Then how utterly beyond human comprehension the Author of eternity and infinity! “He is past finding out.”

Here we are, in mid space, thousands of billions of leagues distant from our own planet. The spirit is fatigued, the imagination is weak; the Finite cannot measure the Infinite. Let us return to our own solar system, which now in the mighty distance is but one shining speck amid many that dot the black

space ; the sun alone being visible, as a very small star. Could we speed toward home with only the rapidity of light, thousands of years would elapse ere we could reach our destination. But imagination is fleeter than light ; and, while the thought is passing through the mind, we are within the boundaries of our own system. Let us slacken our speed a little ; we feel quite at home, although millions of miles intervene between us and Earth. We desecrate our native planet in apparently close embrace with the moon ; but they separate as we advance, like a maiden and her lover at the approach of strangers. We are now enabled to see what a magnificent moon Earth is to her own satellite ; and we are taught thereby a lesson of modesty, and discover that the moon was no more made for Earth, than Earth for the moon. We will not visit the satellite, for she has been so overrun lately by Mesmeric tourists and Shakers, not forgetting Locke, the lunar Munchausen, that we could not hope to gather a new fact, and should not like to publish a book on so threadbare a subject.

Homeward, then ! We are near enough to Earth to see her continents, islands, and oceans. Here is our own America ; our own New England ; our own Piscataqua ; our own creek ; our own pine woods ; and here also are our own bodies, which we left on the moss half an hour since. They are asleep ; how could it be otherwise, when the spirit was absent ? Often, while the body is taking its rest, does the soul thus wander through creation ; and on this

account it is, that, while travelling in strange regions which we never before visited in the body, a sudden flash of memory comes over us, and we say to ourselves, "We have been here before, God only knows when or how"; and the next moment the impression passes away for ever. Our bodies move uneasily; they feel that their souls are near; they sleep most soundly when we are farthest away from them. Let us enter.

Come, arouse!—the tide is falling, the boat is grounding, and by the time we get home dinner will be waiting. The body needs food as well as the mind, and it will take a longer time to paddle corporally down the stream in our skiff, than it would for us to sail spiritually over the whole earth.

THAT is a pleasant reminiscence to me. Eventful years have passed since then; but the scenes still lie brightly and greenly before my mental eye, and to no portion of Memory's varied landscape do I so often turn, and with such unfading pleasure. The dear tenants of the old farm-house, my aged grandparents, dust though their bodies are, still live in my heart; and with the recollection of them mingles not one painful thought. I remember them as embodying my highest ideas of goodness, and love, and simplicity. They departed in a good old age, when, on account of the infirmities which had crept upon them, it would have been sinful to wish them to live longer. One of the strongest desires of my heart is to meet the dear couple in the other world.

If I could be the same simple boy that I once was, and live with them on the same old farm, drive the same old cows to pasture, drink the same milk, eat the same sweet bread and butter and the same luscious baked apples, and paddle in the same "float" on the same creek, I almost think I should hesitate to exchange *my* heaven for any that I have ever heard of, or seen described.

MY LEG.*



It was a most dismal night, in that most dismal of months, November. The storm howled loudly without, and the sleet drove furiously against the windows. I sat in my apartment alone, in my easy-chair, before a blazing wood-fire. There was no other light in the room. MY LEG, my *lame* leg, rested on a chair before me, with a soft cushion under it. Without, raged elemental war; within, all seemed peace and comfort; but it was only in seeming, for in the bosom of the lonely occupant of that room a battle was going on between hope and fear, as violent as that of the elements without.

O that leg! It was the torment of my life. Years ago I had strained my knee, and what was at first a slight affair had, by neglect, mismanagement, and rheumatism, increased to such an inconvenient and alarming degree, that I was regularly confined to the house every winter, and constantly threatened with the loss of my limb. There it was before me, always before me; I could not get rid of

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it. The sight of it tormented me by day, and the thought of it haunted me by night. It had thrown me out of business; it had cut off my prospects of happiness in life, of usefulness to myself, my friends, and the world; and, last *and* least, it had tormented me night and day with bodily pain. I detested, I perfectly hated, that leg! I had tried coaxing and good treatment; I had tried driving and rough usage; but all in vain; for "still the leg kept on" its old course of obstinate and incurable lameness. It headed me off in every undertaking. It flattered me when idle, but if I imagined myself well, and entered into the active business of life, it invariably drove me again into retirement, with a few additional twinges as a punishment for my temerity. If my fancy were excited, my reason convinced, or my heart touched by the charms and accomplishments or the talents and virtues of a fair daughter of Eve, I must close my heart at once; I must conceal my thoughts and feelings; I must shun her society. My bosom must be mailed against the darts of Cupid; for, should one chance to strike home, what gentle hand would extract it, and apply the healing balm of affection returned? Who would love and marry me? I had a most inveterate spite against that leg!

Well, there I sat; sometimes looking into the fire, in which I could see nothing but surgeons' knives, plasters, and tourniquets; sometimes around the room; but the dancing shadows on the wall looked like so many cripples "going it" with their wooden

legs, with which they beckoned me to become one of their number; while a grin on the countenance of each seemed to say, "Our invitation, like that of royalty, must be complied with"; and then, not relishing this picture, I turned my eyes toward the windows, but nothing pleasant was *there* to be seen. The space just outside the windows seemed crowded to the utmost with the malignant faces of the baffled demons of the storm. There they were, glowering in at me, vaguely terrible, with little visible save their horrible eyes. They seemed to say, — "O, how we would rain, hail, and snow upon you! how we would pierce you with the cutting blast! how we would stiffen your joints for you, and rack your frame with rheumatic pains, if we only had you here!" Then, raging with disappointment, they vanished, while the storm howled more loudly than ever, and shook the house to its base; and the sleet beat more furiously against the windows, as if the malevolent spirits of the tempest were making a last effort to beat in the glass or overturn the whole establishment.

I shrank back, and buried myself in my easy-chair and in thought. The current changed: Fear vanished and Hope triumphed. I looked into the fire again; the surgeons' knives and plasters had disappeared, and in their places were green fields, wooded glens, and forest-glades. On a mossy rock, by the banks of a winding brook, under a green and graceful canopy of waving elms, sat my lady-love and myself. The declaration had been made, the

suit had been successful, and happiness was in our hearts and on our countenances. Again the scene changed. I saw a noble house, a commodious and elegant country-seat, with grand avenues leading to it, and verdant lawns and beautiful gardens surrounding it. On the green in front of the house three or four children were playing, and under the piazza sat a good-looking couple, who seemed to be highly amused at the pranks of the little folks. And that good-looking couple was myself and my wife; and those were my children; and that house and those beautiful lands were mine too, earned by my own labor; and we were all very happy.

Just then a stick of wood, which had burnt through the middle, parted, and one of the brands fell, point foremost, toward the hearth-rug, and scattered half a dozen coals upon it. I jumped up as well as I could, seized the brush, swept the coals into the fire, and sank back exhausted into my easy-chair. The bright vision had fled for ever, and for its loss I had nothing to console me but an extra quantum of pain.

I looked at that leg again, half spitefully, half sorrowfully. "O," thought I, "what would I not give to the man who should restore that limb to health! I'd be his servant for five years; I'd bind myself to a blacksmith for seven years; I'd trundle a wheelbarrow three hours a day during my life; I'd do *any thing*, almost."

"Would you?" said a voice near me.

I looked up in astonishment. I was not aware

that I had uttered my thoughts aloud; how, then, could any one know what was passing in my mind? I had not heard the door open; how, then, came any one into the room? "The speaker must be the Devil himself," thought I.

"Hem!" said the stranger; "just so! just so!"

The fire brightened up at that moment, and enabled me to obtain a good view of my visiter. He was of a perfect brimstone hue; he might have been taken for a gigantic yellow-bird. His boots were yellow; his trowsers were yellow; his coat, vest, and cravat were yellow; his hair, whiskers, eye-brows, and skin were yellow; in fine, he was all yellow, from top to toe, except his coal-black eyes. Such eyes I never saw before in my life, and hope never to see again. Instead of sparkling as black eyes generally do, the iris of each seemed to have no glistening cornea in front, but appeared rather to be the circular mouth of a deep cave, in which darkness alone was visible. I looked into those terrible eyes, and felt that the owner could be none other than Satan himself. At that instant a light flashed up in the depths of their dark recesses; and while I gazed more intently, I distinctly saw, in those gloomy caverns, two miniature pictures of hell.

At length the stranger spake:—"Well, I see we know each other; and you probably can guess my business with you to-night, as you are a Yankee."

"To tempt me, I suppose?" said I.

"Why, not exactly that," said he; "I come to make a bargain with you; that's all; and I intend

to be perfectly fair. For value received, I expect you to render me service equivalent."

"That sounds well," said I; "but what is the value I am to receive, and the service I am to render?"

"The value is a good sound leg, and health so long as you live. The service is to gamble three hours each day through life, instead of trundling a wheelbarrow for the same length of time. Certainly these are better terms than you had any right to expect; especially are they so, considering that I shall insure you success in all your gambling speculations."

"But," said I, "I wish to live respectably in the world, and to win the regard of my fellow-citizens. I cannot do this, and be a professed gambler."

"Pooh! pooh!" growled the man in yellow; "I am astonished at you; you are not the man I took you for; you are a perfect greenhorn. There are more ways of gambling than by venturing money on games of chance. Gamble in stocks, man! gamble in bread-stuffs! gamble in fuel! You can be a deacon of the church, if you please, and do these things, without perilling your reputation as a Christian or a man of honor. I will furnish you with a large capital with which to commence business, and will guaranty success in all your commercial enterprises; and the more extensive they are, the more successful they shall be."

In the back part of the easy-chair in which I sat lay a small Bible, a gift from my mother; I remem-

bered it at this moment, and, recollecting also the many stories which I had heard of the Devil's being baffled by the Holy Book, I determined to play him a trick. Not bearing in mind the old proverb, "He who would sup with the Devil should use a long spoon," and foolishly hoping "to dance without paying the piper," I opened the negotiation thus:—

"Well, old gentleman, suppose you make a trial of your skill! I do not believe that you can give me a good sound leg, and I should like to have that point established before I conclude a bargain with you; if you can, I frankly acknowledge it will be a great temptation to me. If, after a few minutes' trial of my restored physical powers, I should refuse to accede to your terms, you could, undoubtedly, cause me to return to my former condition?"

"To be sure I could!" quoth my diabolical visiter; "and I have not the slightest objection to gratifying you. There, now! move your leg, and see whether it is not perfectly well and strong."

I hesitated, for there was an eagerness in the manner of Satan, a glow, as of anticipated triumph, in his horrible eye, which startled me, and caused me to pause and reflect. I felt that I had only to will to take one step, in order to my restoration to physical soundness. I revolved my scheme in my mind; there seemed to be no flaw in it; and at last, overcome by a sudden impulse, I moved my leg. I lifted it up, I put it down, I drew it toward me, and then, extending it suddenly, kicked the easy-chair

against the Devil's shins with such force that he roared out lustily, in real or pretended pain, and stooped to rub the injured parts, casting at me a glance of malignant joy, which was hardly noticed at the time, though afterward vividly recalled; for at that moment I seized my Bible, jumped up, and, after dancing round the room two or three times, to make sure of my entire restoration, ran up to the Devil and thrust the Holy Book in his face, expecting of course the results which are said invariably to follow such a proceeding. A howl in my ears, and a brimstone stench in my nostrils, were all that I imagined would be left of his Satanic Majesty in one instant after that operation. "Have I not read so a thousand times?" thought I, as I put the book to his nose.

"Yes, you have!" answered Satan aloud, rising at the same time with a malevolent grin on his countenance, and knocking the Bible into the farthest corner of the room; "yes, you have; but those stories were all lies, got up at my order, and published to bamboozle such greenhorns as you, who would fain obtain the agreeable portion of the wages of iniquity without doing the work. Fool! to think that a certain quantity of paper and ink, bound in sheepskin, could save you from the consequences of sin! I know that there is a vulgar superstition to that effect, but that is all my work. Had you treasured the principles of yonder book in your heart, you would have been invulnerable to my attacks; you would not have invited temptation by

discontent and murmuring ; you would not have tampered with me, knowing me to be one ' who goeth about seeking whom he may devour ' ; nor, if you had obeyed the spirit, would you have placed dependence on the letter of your Bible. ' The letter killeth, the spirit leadeth to life.' I quote from memory," continued Satan, with a mocking air, "and if I am wrong, you, who rest your hopes of salvation so much on the letter, ought to be able to set me right. Ha! ha!" laughed the gentleman in yellow, after a short pause ; "a goodly number of servants have I on this earth ; excellent Christians, as they deem themselves, dear, delightful old scandal-mongers, as they really are, who go to meeting twice a week, read their Bibles every morning and night, and would not tell a lie for the world, but who circulate, with a rapidity equal to that of Morse's telegraph, every lie concerning their neighbours which they can find ready-made for their use, and who, if the story be not complete, think it no harm to make the requisite additions. With hearts filled with envy, they eagerly spread every thing which they hear to the disadvantage of those whom they fancy the world thinks their betters ; and they practically spend a great portion of their time in mentally thanking themselves, (not the Lord,) that they are not like other people, sinners living without God in the world. Ha! ha! ha! a rich harvest do these faithful servants gather in for my garner ! These are they whose lives cast reproach upon the religion they profess ; who neither

go in themselves, nor allow others to go in. Disgust at their hypocrisy causes the voluntary banishment from your infinity of Christian churches of many better people than themselves. These are my tools; yet they read their Bibles daily; they, like you, trust to the letter, and like you, they are deceived."

I retreated, as Satan stretched forth his hand, struck with horror at the conviction that I had overreached myself.

"Overreached yourself!" ejaculated the Devil, giving utterance to my thought; "you have taken the purchase-money, and so bound yourself by the contract. You cannot escape, and might as well surrender at discretion gracefully."

"I am not satisfied with my leg," said I, sitting down in my chair; "you may return it to its former condition, and be off."

"But suppose I will do no such thing! I tell you, my fine fellow, you are just as much compelled to do my will, as the man whom I fitted with that famous 'cork leg' was compelled to travel."

And thereupon I found myself rising against my will, and advancing to meet Satan, who stood in the middle of the room. He took my hands in his; a sort of diabolical music, that might have come from Satan's own royal band, fresh from his infernal palace, struck up without, and immediately I found myself dancing a jig with the Devil. No words can describe the steps or the figure of that dance. Such a cutting of demoniac pigeon-wings, such dia-

bolical double-shuffling, never before were witnessed on earth. The music grew louder, the dance more "fast and furious," and my brain whirled amid evolutions which seemed interminable, and which my body performed in spite of my mind. I now sincerely repented that I had ever entered into negotiations with Satan; I attempted to kneel and ask pardon of Heaven, but found, that, instead of sinking to the floor, the most that I could do was to bend my knees by lifting my legs. Gravitation seemed annihilated; I kneeled on air, and in this position I continued to pop up and down, and hither and thither, in precise imitation of the Devil, who performed opposite to me, and kept his cavernous eyes fixed steadily on mine, while our hands were locked in an embrace which I vainly strove to loosen.

Thus things went on for several minutes, I still dancing on air, with my knees bent, when suddenly I observed an expression of vexation take the place of the look of triumph which the face of Satan had hitherto worn. It deepened gradually as our movements grew slower, until at last, with a horrible glare of disappointed malignity, he let go my hands and disappeared, while the demoniac band without gave a parting flourish, compounded of groans, screeches, and howls, which made the house rock. Simultaneously I fell to the floor with a tremendous shock, and became painfully aware, as I waked from my dream, rubbing my knee, that at any rate the Devil had not flown away with my lame leg.

I had risen from my chair during my sleep, and fallen across the stool in front; and I leave it to mental philosophers to settle the question, whether the whole dream was caused by that accident or not. Be this as it may; concerning the noises which saluted my ears on waking, it was difficult to persuade myself that they came from any other source than Satan's own brass band. The roaring of the wind through the trees, the furious beating of their branches against the house, the rattling of the windows, and the hollow moaning of the storm about the corners of the dwelling, were enough, one would think, to justify that suspicion. But add to this the slamming of doors, and the rushing up stairs of half a dozen persons from the room below, alarmed at my fall, and you can hardly wonder that for a moment I doubted whether I had been dreaming. "The Devil makes more noise in departing than he did in coming," thought I; but at the next instant the quickly opened door, the thronging heads, and friendly, though anxious, faces, set me all right again.

That limb had "offended me," and, not long after, I "cut it off and cast it from me." It is many years since Satan lost the power of tempting me through MY LEG.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF KITE-FLYING.*

BY A YANKEE "POOR RICHARD."

WERE you ever in your youth addicted to kite-flying? There is a great deal of fascination in the sport, and, it must be confessed, not a little vexation also. There is poor Willie, going down the street, crying as if his heart would break; twisting his knuckles into his eyes, and uttering an occasional "boo-hoo!" that is absolutely touching. What is the matter with him? I will tell you.

Willie has been saving his pence for three months past, in order to buy a huge ball of twine; for he was determined to fly his kite high, this summer. He has been a week making a frame; and this morning, before going to school, he covered it with a "double" of the defunct "Brother Jonathan," made a long "bobtail," and fitted on the "belly-band." He fancied it would be dry, and ready to fly, by twelve o'clock; but during school hours he thought so much of his kite, that he missed all his

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lessons, and was kept in till one. There was no kite-flying for him before dinner; and after that was over, just as he was darting out of the door, his father called him back, and told him he had some errands for him to do. Willie's face lengthened an inch, but, saying nothing, he sat down on the sofa till his father was ready, and then took his little wheelbarrow and followed him "down in town" to get some groceries. He was very much afraid the wind would fall before he could get back; he never in his life wheeled so fast, or stopped so few times to rest. He was as red as a lobster when he reached home, and the perspiration poured from his face; but what cared he? The breeze blew freshly, and there were no more errands to do. Hurrah for the big kite!

I think I can see him rushing with it out of the yard. It is taller than himself; twenty feet of tail are dragging behind; and in his hand is a great ball of twine, containing three skeins of "twid-line." "Here, Tim Wilkins, set up this kite for me: now then!" and away runs Willie, "letting out line" at every step, as his kite rises. The street makes a bend; Willie deviates from a straight course; the kite unaccountably swings to the right; "Look out for those elms!" He runs more swiftly, hoping the kite will get above them before it reaches them. "Either stop entirely, and pay out, or else run quick, Willie; I advise you to stop. No? well, run then, quick! quick! it is almost clear: bah! the tail has caught!" Down on its side swings the kite; Willie

pulls like a good fellow, but all in vain ; the tree wont let go. At last the line parts, after breaking the back-bone of the kite ; the wreck remains in the tree ; and Willie winds up the remainder of his line, and goes home crying. Poor Willie ! this is the end of all his toiling, and saving, and anticipation !

After all, what are all men, and all women too, but kite-flyers ? And how great a proportion of their schemes end, like Willie's, in disappointment and grief !

The most persevering kite-flyers that I know of are the reformers ; and if they were better acquainted with the art of flying common kites, they would be more successful in their endeavours to elevate to a respectable position the various kites of reform which they are engaged in flying. I will venture to assert, that Martin Luther was, when a boy, a "first-rate" kite-flyer. I do not believe he ever lost a kite on an elm-tree in his life. And as to Father Miller, of present notoriety, I think I may with equal confidence assume, that he neither knows now, nor ever did know, any thing about kite-flying. The eager reformer too often gets his kite into some unforeseen moral elm-tree.

The kite is the scheme or plan of reform. The wind is the moral atmosphere of society, which is always in motion in some direction. Even when a calm prevails down below, there is always breeze enough aloft, if you can only get your kite sufficiently high to take the benefit of it. The line is the

necessity and propriety of the case, combined with the motives and means of the actors, and twisted into a cord, the goodness and strength of which alone can justify the experiment, and by which the kite at the same time maintains its place in the heavens and its connection with its originators and the earth below. Those who fly the kite are the reformers; and the bobtail is composed of those who strenuously oppose the new scheme, — the ultra conservatives, who always, on the announcement of any new piece of kite-ism, seize its tail in order to prevent its ascension, not perceiving that they are the balancing power of the whole concern, without which the new kite could not ascend one yard.

When any set of men wish to fly a new kite, they spend, like our friend Willie, a long time in cogitation, anticipation, and preparation. I am going to suppose a successful ascension. Every thing is ready, but a dead calm pervades the lower atmosphere. Not to be discouraged, however, the schemers “set up” their kite, and, line in hand, straightway start off at a full run through the streets and lanes and over the broad fields of society, raising a breeze as they go, and carefully avoiding the neighbourhood of *elm-trees*. Out from their workshops and houses run the inhabitants, to see what is going on. Some encourage, some hoot, and others sternly determine to keep that kite down at all events. Away run these sturdy old opposers after the kite, which, meanwhile, for want of a bobtail, is doing nothing better than skimming the ground, and

occasionally digs into it head foremost, and needs to be "set up" again.

Just at this moment up comes Tom, and seizes the kite by its lower extremity, determined to keep it down. But the kite, finding itself in some measure balanced, rises and takes him off his legs. With desperate gripe, Dick seizes Tom by his ancles, and is carried up also. Harry rushes forward, makes a grab at Dick, and finds himself going up likewise. The kite is getting a respectable bobtail. A dozen more string themselves on; the kite only ascends the more steadily; the conservatives are alarmed; those below dare not fasten on, those above are too proud to let go; the kite is just balanced, and rises majestically to the breezy heavens. The reformers may rest now, make their line fast to a tree, and enjoy their success, saying to each other, — "What an excellent bobtail those conservatives make!" Very true, brother reformers; but without those same adversaries, where would your kite have been? Respect them, therefore, for they answer a useful purpose, and are indispensably necessary to the successful issue of your scheme. Acknowledge your obligations, and be thankful.

Let us look into the sky of the Past. What a multitude of vast and shadowy kites do we there see flying! There soars the kite of Galileo, with a host of learned doctors, an infallible pope or two, and a college of cardinals, dangling at its tail. There floats the kite of Columbus, with the New World painted on its front, and the Old World, and

nearly all its great men, strung together on its magnificent bobtail. Higher and broader yet, see the mighty kite of Luther, and count, if you can, the innumerable popes, cardinals, and priests, the images, the monasteries, and the convents, which swing in shadowy grandeur below, — tipped off with the vast and misty shape of Satan himself, who writhes and struggles in vain to keep the kite from rising. He has a black spot on the side of his face; that came from the inkstand which Luther, when once tempted by him, dared to cast at the arch-conservative; and since then, the Reformer and his disciples have kept the Father of Evil so busily employed, that he has not found time to wash his face. Look yonder at the scientific kite of Harvey, with a heart on its broad bosom, and all the anatomists, physiologists, surgeons, and physicians over forty years old at the time that kite was set up hanging as an appendage to its lower extremity. Nearer yet behold the kite of Washington and the American Continental Congress of 1776, with the United States of America on its breast, France, Spain, and Holland assisting to hold the line, and a long string of Tories, ending with the empire of Great Britain, for a bobtail.

These are some few of the kite-flying schemes which have proved successful; but let not the ardent reformer imagine, that, because these have succeeded, his own will therefore be equally fortunate. These are the happy exceptions. On the other hand, let him not be discouraged by the numerous

failures; but let him learn wisdom by experience, and avoid, in flying his next kite, the obstacle which proved ruinous to his last. It is well for us that

“ Hope springs eternal in the human breast ” ;

and if, on mature reflection, his head and his heart approve his plan, let him set up his new kite, by all means. And you, grim old conservatives! if your consciences justify you also, seize its tail, and prevent its ascent, if you can. If you can keep it down, (as you often do,) it will be right that it should be kept down; if you are carried up with it, that will be perfectly proper also; you will make a beautiful bobtail, and will, moreover, in so doing, have fulfilled your “ mission.”

Cast your eyes up at the sky of the Present. Wherever you look, you see kites flying, of all sizes and shapes, and at all heights. Some are wriggling from side to side, as if striving, snake-like, to work their way upward; and now and then, when the wind rises, they turn a succession of somersets, downward, until near the ground, when, the breeze failing, they resume an upright position; and those who hold the lines contrive, by dint of running, to raise the kites to their former elevation. Those kites have bobtails either too short or too light. Once in a while a bob gets reinforced, just as the kite has nearly reached the ground. Look! there is one which has just “ turned a pudding ” twenty times; it is close to the ground, and, were its opponents content to look upon it with perfect con-

tempt, it would probably sink hopelessly to the earth. But a mob of opposers are fearful that it may, and determined that it shall not, rise again. Half a dozen string themselves on, and the former wriggling and ridiculous affair calmly ascends to a lordly position, which it maintains with great dignity. Look at yonder thing which is continually making bows to the left ; that is a one-sided affair, and all the bobtail in the world could not make it respectable. Enough to balance it would be sufficient to drag it to the earth. There is, however, one thing about these wrigglers of all kinds, which makes them very safe, though very ridiculous ; they dive, and dive, but seldom come entirely to the ground. But let one of those majestic, well-balanced kites, that float aloft as steadily as stars, — let one of them, by a sudden blow, lose its balance and dive, and “when it falls, it falls like Lucifer,” with one long, steady, rush to the earth, shattering itself as it strikes, “never to rise again.” Such a fate always threatens even the best-balanced political kite. It is only the truly moral, philosophical, and religious kites that possess a sort of immortality ; their materials are imperishable, and if they do make a dive, as during the Dark Ages, they are always sure to be set up again, on a larger and more perfect scale, on the first proper opportunity.

With regard to the kind of kite-flying which we are now discussing, an individual may multiply himself indefinitely. He may be engaged in flying half a dozen kites, and at the same time be swinging

at the bobtails of half a dozen others; yea, his former self may be dangling at the tail of a kite which his present self is busy in flying. You and I are at this moment apparently engaged only in philosophically observing the doings of others; but, by our written or spoken word, we are in truth tugging away at this or that kite-line, or swinging at the bobtail of this or that ridiculous wriggler or majestic soarer. Take this mnemonic telescope, and see for yourself. Mind and use it right end foremost; and if you see yourself in a foolish position, and are inclined to feel chagrined, take heart; look a little farther, and you will find you have many excellent people to keep you company. If you find me cutting a ludicrous figure, moderate your mirth until I have taken a look through the glass at your various representatives, and then we will both have a hearty laugh together. "'Fore heaven! we are all in a case."

After all, what is there in this state of things to cause lamentation? In the moral, as in the material world, nothing can be done, unless the centrifugal and centripetal, the projectile and the restraining forces, are duly balanced. This equilibrium exists not in the individual, but results from the combined action of the whole. Were all reformers, the world would soon be dashed into pieces, through some false step, taken in the headlong race to perfection. Were all conservatives, what a gloomy and hopeless destiny would await the race of man on earth! HOPE, sometimes well, frequently ill founded, is the

motive principle of one party; **DISTRUST**, based often on prejudice, frequently on sound reasoning, impels the other party. Practically, no man is altogether a reformer, or entirely a conservative; but he joins this party or that, as his conscience and reason direct. If there be such a person on earth as a true philosopher, who never descends from his lofty mount of observation and contemplation, he probably never witnesses, among the struggling masses below, a single enterprise of which he can wholly approve, nor one which he can utterly condemn. But amid all the quarrels of polemics, the advances and retreats of parties, the battles and intrigues of factions, the action and the counteraction, he discerns clearly that the great body of society moves slowly but surely on toward the far distant Paradise, transient glimpses of which are perceived only by the prophetic glance of the faithful seer.

But all men are not philosophers, and those who are most deserving of that name frequently descend into the arena of active life and take sides with the combatants. Not to do so would argue in a man the want of human sympathies. Such a one might be above man in intellect, but he would be below him in feeling.

Let each one, then, do what seems to him his duty. Fear not, — Providence is over all. What is right to me may be wrong to you; but let us all act our parts honestly; the world will be the better for it, and I am sure each individual will. Fly your kite, neighbour; perhaps I may help you, either at one

end or the other ; and I shall be pleased to have you reciprocate. As Mr. Weller says, "Reciprocity is mutual." Never was the profound wisdom of that saying more satisfactorily exemplified than in KITE-FLYING of all kinds.

WHITE-LYING AND ITS VICTIM.*



“WALK in and take pot-luck with us,” said friend A——. In an unlucky moment I accepted the invitation, forgetting that a fine turkey awaited me at home. On entering the parlour, we met Mrs. A——, who received me very politely, but seemed rather disconcerted when her husband announced that I had dropped in to dine with them. I turned away to give her time to recover her equanimity, but in the opposite glass saw her dart a reproachful look at her spouse, accompanied with a gesture of vexation; and at the same time I saw him elevate his hand in an imploring attitude, and cast at her a beseeching look. All this was seen at a single glance; but it was sufficient. I was miserable from that moment. I thought of the turkey, and said to myself, — “What a goose, not to have thought of it before!” But what could I do? It was plain that the good-wife had only a poor dinner to offer me, and was greatly mortified

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thereat. I pretended to be looking at some engravings on the centre-table, but was all the while trying to invent a scheme by which to extricate myself from my unpleasant position, and had nearly come to the conclusion that I would suddenly pretend to recollect a previous engagement, when a domestic announced that dinner was ready. It was too late : in another minute I was in the dining-room ; and “*there* I smelt ’em out.” I was about to partake of a salt-fish dinner ! My heart sank within me at the thought that I had left a *real* gobbler at home to come here and dine on a “Cape-Ann turkey” ! Of all articles tolerated on a dinner-table, I most abominate boiled salt-fish ; and now it was to be seasoned with the sauce of misery and the pepper of domestic irritation. “I must get rid of these last two ingredients, at any rate,” thought I, “and the only way to accomplish it is to swallow the former with a good grace.” “Shall I help you to some fish ?” said the lady. “Certainly,” replied I ; “there is nothing of which I am so fond.” Here I observed her countenance to brighten. “Some onions ?” “Thank you, yes ; I always eat onions with fish.” (Face brighter still.) “Beets ? carrots ? parsnips ?” “Yes, yes, yes.” (Another shade vanished.) “Eggs ? butter ? potatoes ?” “Yes, that ’s exactly right ; you understand these things, I see ; I could not be suited better. What a lucky fellow I was, A——, to fall in with you to-day !”

By this time his wife’s face was as bright as a sunny day in May, and the perturbation so long visible

on the countenance of my friend had given place to a smiling calm. I felicitated myself on the happy turn of affairs, and the thought of having made my entertainers easy almost made me happy myself; *almost*, but not quite, for right before me lay an enormous plate of salt-fish and accompaniments, which I must devour as a proof of the truth of my declaration, that "there was nothing of which I was so fond as a salt-fish dinner." I put on a smiling face, and addressed myself to the task. Mustard and vinegar alone saved me from loathing. Host and hostess were now on excellent terms with each other and with me; and we discussed at large the merits of dun-fish, pickled fish, pollock, hake, cusk, haddock, and salmon; also lump, halibut, mackerel, lobster, shad, and trout; but we unanimously agreed that there was nothing so delicious as the dun-codfish, served up exactly like the one on which we were then dining! By and by my friend brought forth a bottle of excellent Madeira and some fine Havanas. We were quite a happy party; and, when I reflected that this was owing entirely to a little innocent falsehood of which I had been guilty, I took great credit for my benevolent artifice, and thought, "Here is a case which would prove, even to Mrs. Opie, that good *can* come out of a white lie." Just then the voice of that dear woman seemed to whisper, "Wait a little!"

Just a fortnight from that day, I received from A—— a written invitation to dine with him; to which, owing to an unfortunate repugnance to saying

“No,” which is my besetting sin, I returned an affirmative answer. To tell the truth, I had no objection; for I thought it likely that he was going to show me that he did *sometimes* dine on other things than salt-fish. I expected a sumptuous dinner, and was accordingly very punctual. There were no frowns now, no gestures of vexation, no perturbed visages; all seemed smiling, peaceful, happy. There was an air of ill-concealed triumph in the countenances of my friends, which seemed to say, “We will show you to-day what a good dinner is.” I expected venison, at the least. “Dinner is ready, if you please, Ma’am,” said the servant; and we proceeded at once toward the dining-room. I was a little surprised that there were no guests except myself, for I had expected to meet a large company; but, on reflection, I felt it to be a higher compliment to be invited to dine *alone* with my friends, — on venison. How kind they were! By this time we were in the hall. “Is it possible,” thought I, “that the odor of that salt-fish dinner has hung about this place for a fortnight? It’s rather too strong for that. It *can’t* be that we are to dine on salt-fish again *to-day!*” My doubts increased at every step. We entered the dining-room, my friend a little before me, as if to prevent my seeing what was on the table, until I was close to it, when *he* stepped aside, and *she* withdrew her arm from mine; and both turned and looked, first at the table and then at me, with an air of mingled triumph and friendship, which was particularly vexatious; for on the table lay a dinner iden-

tical with the one of which I had reluctantly partaken a fortnight before! The blood rushed to my face, as if determined to find vent there, and then as suddenly retreated. I am sure I looked very pale, for I felt as if fainting; but, recovering soon, I complained of being subject to vertigo, declared I had not felt well all day, and made this "white lie" a plea for eating very sparingly. During the whole time I sat at table, I could not get Mrs. Opie out of my mind. "She is avenged," thought I; "my white lie has brought its own punishment."

Not long after this, I was *again* invited to dine with the A——s. Would you believe it, I was fool enough to accept; and AGAIN a salt-fish dinner was set before me, "because I was so ill as not to have been able to enjoy my favorite repast the last time I was there!" How I "groaned in spirit"! Neither my friend's wine nor his exquisite cigars could elevate me. I was about to say, in reply to a commiserating remark, that my mind was preoccupied with very serious business matters; but I thought of Mrs. Opie, and was silent. I tried to smile, but I have no doubt the result was a grimace. I escaped as soon as possible, and hoped, as I left the house, that I had taken my farewell of salt-fish dinners for ever.

But "the end was *not yet*"! This was about two years ago; and since then, I have been inveigled into the acceptance of no less than seventeen invitations to salt-fish dinners, of which I have now the *general* reputation of being passionately fond! I

am sure, if such a thing were possible, I should have acquired a taste for them long ago; but, on the contrary, my dislike of them increases in a geometrical ratio. I have been several times on the point of feigning dyspepsia, as an excuse for declining *all* invitations; but the thought of Mrs. Opie has prevented me. I have prayed that I might have a slight touch of it,—just enough to swear by; but my chylifying function continues as strong as that of an ostrich or an anaconda. I begin to think that Fate itself is against me. Without doubt, I am “doomed for a certain time to walk the earth,” during which I shall be compelled to accept invitations to cod-fish dinners! They will “be the death of me,” at length, however; I shall be “found gone for good,” some pleasant night; the “crowner’s quest” will sit on my corpus, and the verdict will be, “Died of a white lie, and a suffusion of salt-fish dinners on the brain!”

WAR WITH MEXICO.

IN FOUR PARTS.*



SCENE. — The Battery at New York. Present, — officers of the government, civil, military, and naval, — soldiers, sailors, citizens, &c. Ship-of-war lying in the stream, — boats going to and fro.

PART I.

The Three Warriors, — and their Reasons for fighting the Mexicans.

DIALOGUE I. — THE CHRISTIAN WARRIOR.

A. Good morning, friend ; I hear you are bound for Texas ; how can you consent to engage in this war ?

1st Officer. My duty calls me thither.

A. Your duty ? Have I not heard you at various times during the last two years condemn the policy and morality of the annexation of Texas *in toto* ? Have I not heard you call the Mexicans an injured people ; and stigmatize your own countrymen as

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ruthless robbers, preying upon a weak nation, and doing their utmost to spread the dark spot of slavery still more widely over the American continent? Have I not heard you characterize the Texans as a set of godless freebooters, — the very scum of the earth, — outcasts from all well-ordered communities?

1st Officer. Yes, your memory is correct; I have said all that and more; but it is the duty of a soldier to obey orders, and serve his country in time of war, without questioning the propriety of the commands received from head-quarters.

A. You profess to be a Christian, I believe.

1st Officer. Yes, I am an humble disciple of Jesus.

A. How will you manage to perform your duties as a Christian and as a soldier, simultaneously? Will not the orders of your Heavenly Commander conflict with those of your earthly general? The former bids you do as you would be done by; the latter commands you to shoot and stab those who never injured you, whose faces you never saw, whose names even you do not know, and whom your countrymen have systematically pillaged. You are commanded to do justice, love mercy, and walk humbly with your God; but you are about to assist in consummating an act of the grossest injustice; are ready to murder your victims without mercy, if they resist; and then daringly stand before God and the world, and call yourself a Christian! You are about to enlist in the service of brigands, and assist them in securing their ill-gotten plunder; and although you detest slavery from the bottom of your heart, you are

ready to lend the weight of your arm to spread the curse wider and wider. Light, and knowledge, and freedom, and happiness should be your desire for all mankind ; but darkness, ignorance, slavery, and misery are the ends and aims of this accursed war. I cannot wish my country success in such an undertaking ; and I cannot see how you, as a Christian, can have part or lot in it. How can you pray for success in such a contest ?

1st Officer. Sir, you are a fanatic ; there is no reasoning with such people as you. You are a traitor, too, and deserve a traitor's fate.

A. Perhaps so ; I will not take offence at your language, for I have spoken plainly myself. Before we part, however, let me relate an anecdote.

A certain bad man had been in the habit of pilfering from the fields and barns of his neighbours, much against the wishes of a pious son, who often remonstrated with his father on his iniquities, but without effect. At last the old man determined on a grand foray, for the purpose of laying in his winter's supply of provisions, and invited his son to join him. This the latter steadily refused to do, until he saw that his father was determined to commit the robbery at any rate, with or without him ; he then, notwithstanding his piety, joined the expedition, and did his best to plunder his brother Christian, with whom, by the way, he had partaken of the sacrament only the Sunday before. The two robbers were taken, tried, and condemned to the State's prison for five years. The young man claimed exemption from punishment on

the ground that he had endeavoured to dissuade his father from the crime, and had only taken part in it as an act of filial duty, when he found the old gentleman firmly determined to execute his purpose. The judge, however, was so obtuse, that he could not perceive that this lessened the young man's guilt at all. And to prison he went, accordingly. Think you the Eternal Judge will excuse you for the part which you are about to take in this unjust war?

DIALOGUE II. — THE AMBITIOUS WARRIOR.

2d Officer. Have you heard the news? We are to have war with Mexico.

A. I hope not; it has not come to that quite yet; peaceful counsels will prevail.

2d Officer. O, I forgot! — you are a Peace-man. Now I suppose I shall have a lecture on the enormities of war. But it is of no use to talk to me; I want war; it will be just the thing for me.

A. Why do you wish for war? You certainly cannot have faith in the justice of your cause.

2d Officer. I have never looked into that matter; it is none of my business. I want promotion and distinction; I long for honor and glory; if the two countries choose to go to loggerheads with each other, so much the better for me, — it is an ill wind that blows nobody good.

A. Suppose you should fall on the field of battle.

2d Officer. I should fall covered with glory.

A. With blood, you mean; and where your soul

would go, the mantle of glory would not cover your sins. Before the bar of God, it would change to a garment of shame.

2d Officer. There, I told you so; I knew I should get a lecturing. But it is of no use; I hope there *will* be a war; I should glory in it.



DIALOGUE III. — THE MERCENARY WARRIOR.

3d Officer. Well, those rascally Texans have brought us in for it, at last; we are to have a war in real earnest, I verily believe.

A. How do you relish the idea of fighting in their behalf? I think I have heard you condemn the scheme of annexation, and all its aiders and abettors thus far. Will you take part in the war notwithstanding? Does the phantom of glory mislead you?

3d Officer. No, indeed; I care nothing for glory; I fight for something more substantial. I do not pretend to be a patriot, either; I entered the service of my country for pay and plunder, and nothing else under heaven. I don't *wish* to fight; if I could get better pay in civil life, I would resign my commission to-morrow.

A. Perhaps you would accept one from the Mexicans, if they would double your pay. Excuse me, but your language might have come fitly from the mouth of a "free-companion" of the Middle Ages.

3d Officer. No, no! I would not exactly do that, either; especially as those poor devils of Mexicans are out of money, and stand a bad chance of waging a successful war.

A. Well, there is one thing at least for which I admire you, — your candor. *You*, at any rate, make no pretensions to a Christian character; nor do you attempt to cover your motives with the cloak of ambition. You plainly avow your objects to be mercenary. The Devil will not be able to cheat *you*, at worst, entirely out of your purchase-money; for, if you fall in battle, your wife and children will probably receive a pension; and thus you will, in a manner, continue to draw pay even after death. I think you have the advantage of the Christian warrior and the ambitious warrior; for the former professes not to look to his pay for his reward, and, should he be killed, he certainly could not, as a Christian, expect to be rewarded in heaven, for deeds of injustice and bloodshed which he might have committed on earth; and the ambitious warrior would find that his earthly glory would avail him nothing in the spiritual world. He must live in order to enjoy it, and he might chance to die in a hospital without having ever obtained it. He certainly runs a great risk in the hope of obtaining a very small reward. Little honor is to be obtained in this war.

3d Officer. As you say, I make no pretensions to Christianity; I am a man of the world. In my opinion, a Christian has no business in the army or navy. I agree with the Duke of Wellington, that a man of tender conscience is not fit for a soldier. If ever I am converted, I shall throw up my commission immediately.

A. I wish you would talk to your brother officer, —

the professing Christian ; I think he might learn some wholesome truths even from a man of the world.

3d Officer. As to the justice or injustice of this war, that is no concern of mine ; you must settle that matter with the government ; I only obey orders.



PART II.

The Three Statesmen, — and their Motives for ordering the Warriors to fight the Mexicans.

DIALOGUE I. — THE CHRISTIAN STATESMAN.

A. I have conversed with several officers of the army and navy concerning the threatened war with Mexico. They give various reasons why, in case such war ensues, they shall obey the orders of government, and join their respective regiments and ships ; but all, without exception, when questioned with regard to the justice of the contest on our part, refer me to head-quarters, declaring that to be a matter with which they have no concern. To you accordingly I come, as one of the highest, if not the very highest source to which I can apply for the information needed. Your reasons for supporting the war must be the best that can be offered ; for you are, I believe, a professing Christian, and have, I know, although a Southerner, proved yourself under trying circumstances willing to stand by your principles, though at the risk of losing your character as a man of honor. To refuse to fight a duel, in the

Southern States, is a proof of high moral courage. I ask you then, how you, as a Christian statesman, can lend your aid to this scheme of national robbery, and use your influence in support of this unjust war.

1st Statesman. I thank you for your compliment; but you have come to the wrong person. But for the present, a very few words will suffice to place the responsibility of these measures where it truly ought to rest. I am only the exponent of the will of the people; it is the duty of the public servant to obey his masters. The people have spoken, and I obey. On them alone rests the praise or blame which this matter should justly call forth.

A. Have you no higher master than the people? "Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto men more than unto God, judge ye."

1st Statesman. As a private citizen, I should say that we had not justice altogether on our side; but, as a public servant, it is my duty to put my private opinion entirely out of sight. "The powers that be are ordained of God"; and surely, in our country, the "powers that be" are the people: them I must obey, or I shall disobey God. "*Vox populi, vox Dei.*" What would you have me do?

A. If you are a Christian, trust not to such sophistries; resign your place, and wash your hands of this matter; or else retain it, and use all your influence to promote the ends of justice.

1st Statesman. A pretty proposition, truly! I see that you are one of those fanatical Peace-men. Had

I know that in the beginning, I would not have exchanged words with you. Good morning, Sir.

DIALOGUE II. — THE AMBITIOUS STATESMAN.

A. I am curious to know how it is that you, whose eloquent voice was so lately heard on the floor of Congress, thundering forth denunciations against President Tyler for his iniquitous plan of a treaty of union with Texas, — that famous “bomb-shell” that was intended to explode in the midst of the Baltimore Convention, and scatter the ranks of the faithful in dismay and disorder, — I am *very* curious to know how it is that you have so suddenly altered your tone. You were for obtaining Texas, truly; but only with its old boundaries; and that, too, by peaceful negotiation with Mexico. Yet, amid the preparations now going on for rudely seizing, not only Texas, but portions also of four other Mexican departments and provinces, you have suddenly become silent, and your influence is exerted only in favor of this grand scheme of national robbery. What is the cause of this sudden change?

2d Statesman. My dear Sir, it will not do for a politician to go too far ahead of the people. He may lead them, it is true, if he can do so without their knowing it; I have done that myself often; but this time I miscalculated my powers. I went ahead too fast, and soon found myself obliged to take the back-track or be left entirely alone. Ah, Sir! I forgot for a time that I was a politician, foolishly allowed my

heart to soften, and felt and spoke as a man indignant at the injustice and folly about to be committed. But I was a fool myself, and you don't catch me in a like predicament again. I have learnt a lesson which I shall not *soon* forget. It will not do for an ambitious politician to oppose the wishes of his sovereign, either in a monarchical despotism or a democratic despotism. He must play the courtier, if he wishes to be advanced. I have had some hope of reaching the Presidential chair; but for a time that hope seemed set for ever. Its aurora again illumines the horizon of my political fortunes; I shall take care, if possible, not to extinguish it again.

A. Your motives, then, are entirely ambitious. Do you feel no compunctions of conscience at this iniquitous business?

2d Statesman. None whatever: the justice or injustice of the matter lies wholly with the people. I have done what I could, but the people will have their way; and I do not consider myself bound to sacrifice my political fortunes to no purpose. If I were in the Presidential chair, I might be able to do some good. I might then afford to look more to the ends of justice, and the opinion of posterity; but, in order to reach that station, I must be a time-server, and look only to the opinion of my contemporaries.

A. Does that satisfy your conscience?

2d Statesman. Not exactly; but I intend to make up for that, when I get to be President. I mean to take Washington for my model; I am going to make

one of the best Presidents that ever graced this republic ; I am, upon my honor ! and you may tell all your friends so. Only elect me President, and you will never have occasion to repent of it. I have some sins to answer for, and I intend to atone for them all then. O, what a blessed thing it is to have the power, as well as the will, to do good ! I wish you a very good morning, Sir.

A. (*solus*). Ah ! I am afraid to trust him ; he is too much of a time-server. I wonder if he talks so good to a half-horse, half-alligator Westerner, with his rifle on his shoulder, bound for Texas. I suspect that he keeps different kinds of bait in his pocket, to suit all sorts of gudgeons.

DIALOGUE III. — THE MERCENARY STATESMAN.

A. Your face looks bright this morning, friend. You seem to be pleased at all these preparations for war.

3d Statesman (*rubbing his hands*). My Texas bonds and Texas land-scrip will now be worth something ; I shall make my fortune out of this ; why should not my face look bright ?

A. You seem to look at the thing in a business point of view, entirely. You speak rather unguardedly, however. One might suppose from your language, that the support which you have rendered to the scheme of annexation had been bought and paid for. I do not mean to hint at such a thought, however.

3d Statesman (with a sinister smile). O, of course not!

A. But have you no consideration for the justice or injustice of our cause?

3d Statesman. I have no time to think of that; it is as much as I can do to attend to my own business. Go and talk to the people about the justice of the war. I should be a fool not to improve the advantages of my position. I saw from the beginning that the people were determined to have Texas, and I knew it would be impossible for me to stem the current. I confess, however, that I had no great desire to do so. "There is a tide in the affairs of men," &c.; this tide I have "taken at the flood," and, if it does not "lead on to fortune," I am mistaken. Good morning, Sir.

PART III.

The Five Citizens,—and why they upheld the Statesmen who ordered the Warriors to fight the Mexicans.

DIALOGUE I.—THE CHRISTIAN CITIZENS.

A. I asked the warriors, why they were going to fight the Mexicans. They gave various reasons; but the chief one was, that the government commanded them. I asked the members of the government, and the head politicians, why they commanded the officers to fight the Mexicans. They declared that the people ordered them to do so; they were their servants, and must obey them. You rank among the

most respectable of our citizens, and are, I believe, professors of religion; yet, if I have heard aright, you uphold the government in the course it is pursuing, and helped to form the public opinion on which the action of the government is founded. Will you be so kind as to give me your reasons for so doing?

1st Citizen. I have no objection at all to do so. I am a Southerner, and am interested in upholding the divine institution of slavery. That institution, Sir, was ordained by God, when he declared that Canaan should be a servant in the house of Japheth. Governors McDuffie and Hammond have proved that beyond a doubt; and some dozen of your Northern clergymen, in elaborate publications, have done the same thing. This ought to satisfy anybody but a heretic; and, Sir, when I behold your Northern fanatics endeavouring to pull down this venerable institution, established by Jehovah, and sanctioned by all the prophets and apostles of our holy religion, my heart is filled with indignation, and, were I not a Christian, I would almost consent to see those fellows burned alive, as some of our people threaten to have them, if they catch them south of Mason and Dixon's line. Well, Sir, in order to prevent the desecration intended, it is necessary that we should render the South politically stronger than the North. This can be done only by annexing Texas. There are many reasons for taking this important step; but if there were no other, this alone would be sufficient to justify me in upholding the government at the present crisis. I must say, however, that my

heart warms with a glow of philanthropic satisfaction, as I contemplate the inestimable blessings which we are about to bestow upon, as well as receive from, Texas, — the free institutions, the civil and religious liberty, and the high civilization of our own country. When I say Texas, I mean, of course, all those adjoining Mexican provinces which we may incorporate with Texas proper, and which are now settled by descendants of the Spaniards, — poor, benighted creatures! deprived at present of the invigorating influence of that precious boon of Providence, — domestic slavery. (*Exit 1st Citizen.*)

(*Enter 2d Citizen.*)

2d Citizen. Well, well, I am afraid war is coming at last; I did hope that we should finish the annexation of Texas without bloodshed; but, if the Lord wills it, we must submit. I did not like this business, at first; it seemed rather unjust, and adapted, at first sight, to extend and perpetuate the atrocious system of slavery, which from the bottom of my heart I detest and abhor. But — but — but —

A. I should like to hear your reasons, if you can manage to express them, for upholding, at this late hour, a scheme of the enormity of which you seem to have had at first a very clear conception.

2d Citizen. Why, Sir, in the first place, the people were determined upon it. They have got the country into a predicament from which we cannot withdraw with honor, and it is the duty of every good citizen to stand by the government at

this juncture. The tide of popular opinion could not be stayed, and now, Sir, I see that the finger of the Lord directed it. In this new acquisition, sought for the purpose of building up slavery, I foresee that an avenue is about to be opened through which our black population will pour forth without ceasing, until it has dissipated itself in the vast regions of the South and Southwest ; for this is not the last Mexican province which we are to absorb. Slavery will spread through every one of them ; no more negroes will be imported ; the old States, as they become exhausted by slave cultivation, will, one by one, rid themselves of their servile population, which, according to the laws of supply and demand, will find a market among the virgin lands of Mexico and Central America. Here they will mix with the Indians ; the colored population will in time so far outnumber the whites, that it will be impossible to keep them in a state of slavery, and liberty for the dark-skinned race must be the inevitable result. O, what a blessed thought, — that the down-trodden African will be able to stand erect and say, “I, too, am a man” ! Who would not vote men and money to carry on this Mexican war, with such a prospect before him to cheer him on in the path of duty ?

A. Not so fast, my friend. If “God maketh the wrath of man to praise him,” no thanks to us. Take care how you do evil in order that good may come. The evil you are sure of ; the good may never arrive.

DIALOGUE II. — THE AMBITIOUS CITIZEN.

A. On all hands I am referred to the people as the source of this threatened Mexican war. Can you tell me *your* reasons for assisting to bring the country to this pass?

3d Citizen. O, I had nothing to do with the initiation of this business; the scheme was concocted among the rabble, the rowdies, the counterfeiterers, the horse-stealers, and land-stealers, — the sovereign mob, — what we call the *democracy* of the land. Ha, ha, ha! “what ’s in a name?” A good deal, say I. You see, Sir, I was tired of being a plain citizen; I wanted to get an “H-o-n.” before my name; I saw that the democracy were pleased at the idea of acquiring Texas; each man felt as if he were sure of a farm for nothing but the taking. This offered too good a chance to be missed; I turned orator at once, — pleaded for the oppressed Texans, — talked of rich lands, of honor and glory, the stars and stripes, and the spread of free institutions. If I was not quite as eloquent as Demosthenes, it was no fault of mine; nor was the failing discovered, for the enthusiasm of the people made up for all deficiencies. I expect to ride into Congress yet on this hobby. This is, of course, *entre nous*.

DIALOGUE III. — THE MERCENARY CITIZENS.

4th Citizen. Well, my friend, what do you think of our prospects? Shall we have war?

A. I hope not ; it is a disgraceful, unchristian business, from beginning to end.

4th Citizen. O, fiddlestick ! don't go to sermonizing now. I have got two or three profitable contracts already, for the supply of the army now on its way to the frontier ; and, should we have war in real earnest, I shall make a snug little fortune before it is over. At any rate, war or no war, I shall come out the gainer by this business. I shall make a hundred *per cent.* on my Texas bond and land scrip ; and the settlement of a new country always offers grand chances for speculation. I have hopes, too, of a fat office from the party. Here is my friend B. from the South. Ah ! what say you to this business ? Do *you* want war or not ?

5th Citizen (B). No ; I don't want a war, if we can get through without one. The sooner this question is settled, and Texas ours, the sooner will the tide of emigration commence ; and then, Sir, will come the fruition of all my hopes. If I continue to live in Virginia, and raise negroes for sale, I shall get double the price for them that I now do ; and if I choose to remove to Texas with my slaves, I shall get a fine plantation for next to nothing, and shall realize a fortune out of the abundant crops of sugar and cotton which can be easily made from the virgin soil of that rich country. They say we can make three hogsheads of sugar to an acre, and a dozen bales of cotton to a hand. As to the war, if we cannot get Texas to the Rio del Norte peaceably, and that too very soon, then I say let us settle the

matter at once by fighting. Six months of active operations would finish the business.

A. You seem to look at the matter very coolly, gentlemen, as a concern only of dollars and cents. Do you not care to inquire whether our country is right or wrong in this matter?

4th Citizen. Pshaw! Go to the adventurers who planned, and the half-horse, half-alligator set who executed, this Texas enterprise, and talk to *them* about the justice of the proceeding;—what do we care about it? Have you heard the news?

A. What?

4th Citizen. Scrip is looking up.

5th Citizen. Negroes are rising.

“Ha, ha!” shouted Satan, from his throne in Pandemonium, whither a report of the preceding conversation had been instantaneously conveyed by a branch of Morse’s electric telegraph, lately established between New York and the infernal city,—not so far apart, by the way, as some people seem to imagine,—“O, ha, ha! that inquisitive fellow has carried his investigations pretty far; but if he wants to arrive at the true source of this business, he must take one step more, and come to me. I can tell him more about the origin of this Texas scheme than any of those faithful servants of mine whom he has been questioning. Ha, ha, ha! devil never had better!”

4th Citizen. What noise is that?

5th Citizen. Don’t you know? They are testing cannon at Sandy Hook.

PART IV.

The Chaplain ; and how he intends to pray for Success to his Country in the War which Satan instigated the Citizens to uphold the Statesmen in ordering the Warriors to wage against the Mexicans.

— CONCLUSION.

A. I am glad to meet you here ; I have been engaged in making some curious inquiries this morning. With a question or two more, addressed to you, I may appropriately close my investigation into the motives of those who instigated, and those who stand ready to carry on, our threatened war with Mexico. It is lamentable that the professed followers of Christ should be so ready to engage in the murderous game of war.

Chaplain. Ah, my friend ! war and pestilence are sent by Providence as punishments for the sins of mankind.

A. You confound the acts of man with the doings of God. Epidemic pestilence may be properly said to be sent by Providence, as it is the result of his natural laws, over which man has no control ; but war is a crime springing directly out of man's own heart, over which he *has* some control, or else he is not responsible for his actions. But we will not engage in a theological discussion. I wish to ask you, whether, on the field of battle or the deck of a man-of-war, you can pray that victory may perch on the banners of your country in this contest with Mexico.

Chaplain. Ahem! certainly; it would be my duty to do so.

A. Then I suppose you approve of the origin and progress of this affair, and think it right that the acquisition of Texas should be consummated. Doubtless there are many excellent people who have been misled in this matter, and who deem themselves actuated by the purest of motives in forwarding the project of annexation; but it has been my lot to meet with very few such, and of these, the greater part attempted to justify themselves only on the ground of expediency. But here come those whom I have been questioning this morning concerning *their* motives for furthering this scheme: and what are they?

Christian Warrior. Duty.

Ambitious Warrior. Honor and glory.

Mercenary Warrior. Pay and plunder.

Christian Statesman. Obedience to the people.

Ambitious Statesman. The Presidential chair.

Mercenary Statesman. Bonds and scrip.

1st Christian Citizen. The divine institution of slavery. The extension of the area of freedom.

2d Christian Citizen. The destruction of the accursed system of negro bondage.

Ambitious Citizen. A seat in Congress.

1st Mercenary Citizen. Government contracts, speculation, spoils of office, &c.

2d Mercenary Citizen. A new market for negroes.

Adventurers. Any thing for a change. Hurrah for the gold and silver of Mexico, and a "revel in the halls of Montezuma"!

Satan (taking a long stride from *Pandemonium* to the deck of the man-of-war lying in the stream). To build up my kingdom on earth; and no lack of workmen, either; ha, ha, ha!

Citizen. Ha! what is that?

Officer. Those are the signal guns.

2d Officer. Yes, the old sea-dog has set his pups a barking, and we must be off.

And so they were signal guns, and yet none the less the expressions of Satan's uproarious mirth. His favorite mode of laughing is through the cannon's mouth. How, from his brazen throat, on the embattled field, he breathes out fire and smoke, shaking his sides with mirth, and making the welkin ring with shouts of joy! When the armies of the North and the South meet on the plains of Texas or Mexico, ere they join in mortal combat, with what edification will his Infernal Majesty listen to the prayers for victory, put up on the one side by the Catholic priest, and on the other by the Protestant chaplain! And then how will the merry fiend howl with delight, as Christians mow down Christians!

The embarkation was finished; the man-of-war weighed anchor; with magic celerity the snowy canvas covered her tall spars, and she moved majestically down the broad bay of New York, — a beautiful spectacle, were it not for the thought of the deadly errand on which she was bound.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

A DREAM.



FOR a week I had been reflecting on matters of deep concernment. Theology, cosmogony, humanity, and eternity were the food of my thought. All modes of religion passed in review before my mind, and from the midst of the overwhelming mass of ignorance, superstition, and priestly duplicity, I strove to extract the small portion of truth, a few grains of which pervade even the lowest form of religion which is found on the face of the earth. My spirit was employed, as it were, in an eclectic tour, seeking for materials wherewith I might build an impregnable castle of faith, in which my soul might dwell secure from the attacks of my incessant enemy, — Doubt. Heathenism, Mohammedanism, and Judaism were soon passed over; — they offered no abiding-place, — hardly a spot where the spirit might rest her weary wings, and refresh herself for another flight.

O, what a relief to the toil-worn, storm-beaten soul, to fold her pinions and nestle in the bosom of

Jesus! Here are Love, Purity, Goodness, Truth. Here is the representative of the sovereign Lord of all things. In him dwells the fulness of the Godhead bodily. Such, and nowise different, is God himself. Does not the trusting soul long to throw herself on his bosom, melt into perfect union, and be one with him?

His life, works, precepts, death, prove him to have been a Divine Man, in the perfect likeness of God, — the highest manifestation of infinite love and power that the world ever witnessed. Here, then, may we find truth; here may we learn what true religion is. In what, then, does Jesus tell us that religious duty consists? “Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; this is the first and great commandment, and the second is like unto it: Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.” Here we have the whole duty of man. There is no act of our lives, no thought of our hearts, which does not come under one, or the other, or both, of these two all-comprehensive moral and religious rules. Do we love God? Then we love infinite Goodness, Purity, Beauty, Mercy, Truth, and we shall strive, both in thought and deed, after the Good, the Pure, the Beautiful, the Merciful, the True. Do we love our neighbours as ourselves? Then we shall be kind, forgiving, helpful, toward them, and strive to do them all the good in our power.

Thus I sought, and thus I found, *Truth*, — truth so simple, that he who runs may read; and I felt in my heart that “Love is the fulfilling of the law”; that in love to God and love to man lies the very essence of Christianity. I regarded all other doctrines taught in the name of Christ as non-essential, — good, if they led to a stronger love to the Creator and the creature, — evil, if they narrowed the soul, and led to bigotry and persecution.

Feeling assured in my heart that I had found the true talisman, the Ithuriel-spear, at the touch of which all disguise would fall, and every thing appear in its true colors, I straightway set about examining the doctrines and the practices of the dominant Christian sects since the days of the Apostles. Heavens, what an *exposé*! What a “teaching for doctrines of the commandments of men”! What a murdering of souls and bodies! What anger and clamor and uncharitableness! What wars and oppressions! All this, in the sacred name of Christ! Wearied out, I fell asleep; but my mind rested not, and uncontrolled fancy reproduced and moulded into strange shapes the thoughts and visions of my waking hours.

I stood in the heart of a vast and populous city, on an immense elevated square or park, miles in extent, in the centre of which, on a gentle elevation, arose the walls, the columns, and the mighty dome of a church, grand and extensive beyond the power of my faculties to comprehend. Toward this central point crowded, in interminable masses, the

countless millions of the vast city which stretched away to the horizon on every side. They said this was the Church of Christ, in which the Almighty dispensed his munificent spiritual bounties to mankind, "without money, and without price." Yet, strange to say, I observed that the different masses kept studiously separate from each other; and the leaders of each host claimed to be the exclusively commissioned almoners of God. They spent more time and energy in railing at the leaders of the rival hosts than they did in pressing forward to the goal, and seemed more desirous to prevent others from entering, except in their train, than they were to enter themselves. The larger grew the respective parties of the different leaders, the louder grew their railings, and the more freely did they pour out their excommunications and Christian curses upon their rivals. They held up pieces of paper, on which were inscribed certain phrases which they themselves did not profess wholly to understand, shouted out some cabalistic words, and declared that all who could not pronounce their *shibboleth*, and declined to sign their incomprehensible papers, should be for ever shut out from the Church of Christ, and punished for their obstinacy with eternal torments. Some turned pale with fear, on hearing these awful denunciations, and straightway gave in their adhesion to the party which dealt them out most freely. Others, of stronger make, but with somewhat too little of patience and faith, turned back, saying, "If your Church of Christ can be reach-

ed only on such terms as these, it cannot be worth toiling after. If you are the servants, what must the master be!" And thus was many an honest man, who had longed to worship in the great church, turned from his purpose, and thrust back into the crimes and pollutions of the city from which he had made his faint attempt to emerge. Others still felt only pity and contempt for the bigots who so freely poured out their maledictions on all non-conformists; and, finding all their attempts to soften the hearts of their godly opponents vain, they quietly drew together, and pressed on with what speed they could make toward the great object of their desires. Yet now and then (alas for human nature!) a railing voice went up from the midst of their ranks, and poured out censures and reproaches against the rival parties with whom they came in contact. And sometimes the outskirts of one host came into bodily collision with portions of another,—and then blood was shed by antagonist Christians!

The tracks of some of the parties, for a long distance behind, were strewn on either side with the mutilated remains of Christian brethren, who had been burnt or otherwise tortured to death, because they were unable to pronounce the party watchword of the majority. Large companies of the friends of the murdered seceded from the hosts of which they had formed a part, and pursued a separate route to the great church. Yet, horrible to relate, no sooner was their organization completed than they set about slaying and torturing every strag-

gler who came within their reach and could not utter their new *shibboleth*. These persecuting refugees from persecution claimed to be *the saints par éminence*; they were austere in countenance and manners, freely doomed others to the stake, the gallows, and hell, and "for a pretence made long prayers."

Meanwhile to my eye the church remained as far in the distance as ever; it seemed to recede as the toiling hosts advanced. Though the ascent was gentle, yet it seemed interminable; and though clearly defined against the blue sky, yet the columns, portals, and dome of the vast edifice of dazzling white looked down upon us from the immense distance and height, in seemingly unapproachable sublimity. But I observed that those around me saw not as I did, but deemed themselves already at the entrance of the church. Yet now and then one would get tired, and return to the city, which on such occasions always seemed miraculously near at hand to receive him.

My dream here became confused and indistinct. At times it seemed as if the great temple enlarged itself, rose to the sky, and stretched to the horizon on all sides, comprehending in its vast walls the entire mass of toiling millions around me. And then, again, all this changed, and the temple seemed more distant than ever. Then there arose, on this hand and that, strange structures, which seemed to be rude copies, impudent forgeries, intended to represent the great church. Into these crowded the respective hosts, marshalled by their leaders, each

of whom, in confident tones, assured his followers that *this* was the *true church*, to reach which they had so long been toiling; and, with regard to the rival edifices into which were crowding other hosts, each leader declared, sometimes in pity, at other times in wrath and contempt, that all such were false churches, and that all who worshipped therein would be condemned to eternal torments. I drew near, first to one and then to another of these miserable counterfeits, and invariably found, when close to them, that the mighty temple in the distance was totally obscured by the dust raised by the sectarian hosts around their poor shanties. But in spite of the heart-burnings and jealousies, the anger and clamor, kind words now and then passed between the rival sects, and there was more love for each other at the bottom of their hearts than showed itself on the surface. This was evident from the fact, that, during the truces that frequently occurred, they sought opportunities to serve each other; but let the magical *shibboleth* be uttered, and all was discord and bitterness again. The sects seemed to fear to be too kind to each other, lest they should compromise their principles. That their hatred to each other was not personal was proved by the fact that every new convert received a hearty and joyous welcome. The points of difference between the rival sects seemed very small, and it appeared lamentable that they should quarrel about such unimportant matters, while frequently neglecting "the weightier matters of the law." And then I looked up, and saw plainly,

as the dust cleared away, that the great temple had again risen to the sky, and extended on every side, until it embraced every one of those conflicting sects who had so long sought an entrance into it. From the azure dome and green walls, everywhere shone out the smile of God, and the countenance of the Saviour, slightly shaded by sadness at the bickerings of his followers, beamed benignly upon the rapt worshipper whose heart was filled with love.

We *all* were in the Church of Christ; and the little counterfeit structures "built with hands," scattered here and there, occupied, each, but a very small portion of the pavement of the great temple. One of these buildings (all of which seemed to me now mere baby-houses) I recognized as the house in which many of my friends worshipped, and which I had sometimes entered myself. I attempted to do so now, but so greatly seemed I to have increased in stature, that I was obliged to go through an operation similar to that of the armed giant in the Arabian Nights, when he shrank again into the brazen casket. When I presented myself at the portals, entrance was denied me unless I could give the watchword, and soldiers were stationed to enforce the rules. My dream here became confused; I heard prayers and hymns of praise from within, — shouts, and curses, and firing of guns, by the guardians without; I longed to reach the interior, and tell the worshippers what evil deeds those without were doing in their name. A party of friends came up, and I attempted to enter with them, but was

driven back with curses and blows ; I resisted not, but retreated in despair of effecting my object ; a soldier followed me for a long distance, pricking me with his bayonet, until I lost all patience ; love departed from my heart, and resentment and hatred took possession of it ; I put aside his musket, seized a knife from his belt, and plunged it into his heart, exclaiming, "Die, wretch ! I will obey the law of love when I can, but you would not let me do so." Then, as I saw him fall and expire, my soul was filled with remorse. Just at the time when I was thoroughly convinced that love was the fundamental law of Christianity, I had murdered a fellow-man ; and the fact that I had apparently done it in self-defence did not seem to mitigate my agony at all ; and equally without effect was the consideration, that my crime was in a great measure caused by the false organization of society and the so-called Christian churches. One thought only occupied my mind, — I had committed murder. I looked up and around, but the smile of God I could no longer see, nor the face of the Saviour beaming love upon me. The azure ceiling of the lofty dome was not now visible, — I seemed cast out from the great temple, — clouds and darkness surrounded me, — I was alone with Despair. I groaned and cried aloud for mercy, and in the effort — I awoke, — my eyes rested on the familiar walls of my chamber, dimly lighted by the night-lamp, and I thanked God it was but a dream !

Yet, as I lay awake, reflecting upon the matters which had thus employed my mind during my sleep-

ing as well as my waking hours, I could not but perceive that the dream was strangely methodical, — in fact, it consisted, for the most part, of the abstract thoughts of the preceding day, reduced, as it were, to canvas by a wakeful imagination at night. I determined to transfer these pictures to paper by “word-paintings,” ere they had entirely faded from memory. If my dream is more consistent on paper than it really was at the time, it is owing to the fact, that the inconsistencies were the soonest forgotten, and the chasms occasionally filled with an afterthought. But the concluding portion stands unamended, and is it not lamentably true to every-day experience? Are we not driven daily to violate the dictates of conscience, — to disregard eternal truths which in our highest moments have been revealed to us, — to employ for ends comparatively good means which we loathe, and for using which we despise ourselves, — are we not driven to do all this, and more, by the false organization of society and of the self-styled Christian churches?

We may not be responsible for the existence of this state of things, but for its continuance we certainly are. Society is a whole, and each individual forms, indissolubly, a part of it; each one is responsible for a portion of its sins, be he himself as pure as the driven snow; and to relieve himself from the load, he must lessen the amount of it in an equal proportion, by the influence of his example, by his written or spoken word, by all the means in his power. No man can retire from the world and say, “I will

keep myself aloof from my fellow-men lest I be polluted, I will maintain my purity in private, and thus will I fit myself for heaven";—no man can do this, and accomplish the end which he proposes to himself. Such selfishness defeats itself. It disregards the most important of God's laws. **ONLY IN THE HOPE OF THE SALVATION OF THE RACE IS THE SALVATION OF THE INDIVIDUAL TO BE FOUND.**

TYRANNY IN A FREE COUNTRY.*



MR. EDITOR: — A law, lately passed in Alabama, proscribing free colored persons, has been going the rounds of the papers, and, so far as I have seen, without comment. Said law prescribes “that every free person of color arriving in that State, on board a vessel, as cook, steward, or mariner, or in any other employment, shall be immediately *lodged in prison*, and detained until the departure of said vessel,” &c. Also, “if any free person of color thus sent away shall return, he or *she* shall receive *thirty-nine lashes*; and if found within the State twenty days after such punishment, he or she shall be *sold as a slave* for any term not exceeding one year.” The sixth section makes it lawful for any person to seize and *enslave for life*, for his own use, any free person of color who may have come into the State of Alabama after the first day of February, 1832; provided, that this section shall not take effect until the first day of August, 1839. The seventh section makes it lawful for any person to seize upon,

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and enslave for life, any free person of color who may be found in this State after the passage of this act, and who shall have come into the State subsequently to its passage.

Here is a most unrighteous law, and one clearly unconstitutional. The Constitution of the United States provides that "the citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States." (Art. 4th, Sec. 2d.) But here is a law which denies to a free colored citizen of New Hampshire "the privileges and immunities of a citizen" in Alabama. If business call him to that State by sea, he enters it only to tenant a prison; and the captain of the vessel is called upon "to give bonds in the sum of two thousand dollars that he will take him away when the vessel departs." If for business, or other purposes, he enter Alabama by land, he may be seized and sold into perpetual slavery. And this is done in a country which boasts itself *free*, and under a constitution which guaranties equal privileges to all *free persons* of any State who may choose to travel or sojourn for a while in any other State of the Union!

If the free colored people of the Northern States do not know their rights, or fear to demand them, it is high time that they were informed of them; and it is high time that the North should assert and maintain the rights of her citizens, whether their skins are white or black, whether they are learned or ignorant, whether they are honored or despised. The District Courts of the United States will give them redress;

to them let them apply. North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Mississippi, and Tennessee all have laws similar in their tendency to this lately passed in Alabama. The law has been resisted by the English, and effectually. The case was tried many years ago in Charleston, South Carolina. Some colored persons were taken from a British vessel which arrived at that city, and were conveyed to prison. Remonstrance was made, and the case was carried before the United States court. The court declared the law to be unconstitutional, and therefore null and void. Notwithstanding this decision, the law has been in force from that day to this; and I never heard of an American captain who *dared* to raise an objection to it. It is *too much trouble*; it will *cost a little money*; and so shipmaster after shipmaster allows his cook, steward, or foremast hands, to be taken away from his vessel and incarcerated for one, two, and sometimes three months, without opening his mouth to protest against such injustice. The law remains, a standing proof of successful Nullification.

The Southerners sometimes call us truckling and mean; they say that we will submit to the greatest insults, if by so doing we *make money*, and that we will suffer ourselves to be robbed of our dearest rights, rather than risk life or limb in their defence. This can hardly be believed while it is remembered that Boston was the hot-bed of the American Revolution. But when Northern men will allow their vessels to be unmanned, and the rights and liberty

of those under their protection to be infringed, without uttering one word of remonstrance, who can wonder that the Southerners charge us, and with some appearance of truth, with mean and truckling policy? Let the Northern States assert the rights of their citizens, and maintain them. If they cannot, it is time that the union of these States were dissolved. Our independence was declared on lighter grounds.

Southern policy has too much the ascendant in our national councils, and always has had. Southern policy created the tariff, and Southern policy abolished it by the threat of nullification and secession. Southern policy refuses to form a treaty with the independent republic of Hayti, or even to acknowledge her independence; and with a commerce of 1,500,000 dollars *per annum* with that island, our merchants are obliged to pay ten *per cent.* more than those of any other nation, merely because the Southerners will not consent to have a colored minister at Washington! How do the aristocratic courts of England and France manage to tolerate the presence of Haytien ministers? I have a most sacred regard for our Union, and would do all in my power to keep it holy and inviolate; *provided* always, that the rights of *every* class of our free citizens should be respected as the Constitution guaranties. But a union cemented with the blood of our citizens sold into perpetual slavery, or drawn from their backs by the thirty-nine lashes ordered by the legislature of Alabama, would be a union *unholy* and *infamous*.

The operation of this law is also in direct contravention to our treaties with foreign nations. Free English, Spanish, French, Portuguese, and Brazilian colored citizens are subject to the same treatment as colored people from the Northern States. If we should succeed in forming a treaty with Hayti, their vessels would be completely unmanned, if they dared to enter a Southern port.

I am no Abolitionist, in the technical sense of the word ; the Slave States may settle the question of Slavery among themselves ; the Constitution guaranties them that right. But let them also respect our rights, — the rights of even our meanest citizens.

There sail out of New Bedford ships owned by colored merchants, and officered and manned by colored mariners ; and the crews are allowed by all who have seen them to be better behaved than any white crews that sail out of the United States. Yet these merchants and mariners cannot prosecute any voyage to the Southern ports of our country, by reason of the oppressive laws of the Southern States. If they were ever obliged to put into one of these ports in distress, the crew, officers and all, would be plunged into prison, and their ship might rot and sink at the wharf, for all the relief they would get in that country of "free and equal rights."

I have shown the operation of this law upon the free colored citizens of the North ; now let us look at its effect upon the free colored persons who have immigrated into Alabama, upon the faith of the laws of the State, since the first of February, 1832, and

up to the time of the passage of the law under consideration. The sixth section, as given at the head of this article, condemns all free colored persons who have immigrated into the State during the last seven years, by a piece of *ex post facto* legislation, to *perpetual slavery*, unless they leave the State before the first of August next. They must sell all, wind up their concerns, pack up, and be off, in six months, under penalty of forfeiture of liberty! But how are these poor people to get out of the State in safety, with their goods and chattels, if they have any? How are they even to know that such a law is passed, — since they know not how to read, thanks to the anti-literary laws which are the lasting disgrace of the statute-books of the Slave States? Who will inform them, when, by withholding the fact for six months, they may seize upon them for slaves? But suppose them duly warned; — they have settled their concerns, packed up their little all, — and the next question is, Where shall they go? Can they pass into Mississippi? O, no! According to the laws of that State, they would be sold for slaves for a term not exceeding five years. Can they pass into Tennessee? No! They would be fined from ten to fifty dollars, and condemned to hard labor in the penitentiary from one to two years, according to the laws of that enlightened State. Can they pass into Georgia? Not there! They would be fined one hundred dollars each, and, if not able to pay, would be sold by public auction. Can they pass into Florida? No! not even there can the

poor, persecuted beings take refuge. The penalties of entering that Territory I do not know; but no free colored person is allowed to pass the boundary line. Where, then, can they go? Every State adjoining Alabama spurns them;—their only refuge is the sea!

And what have these poor, persecuted beings done to deserve such ignominious treatment? Have they committed any crime? Are they murderers?—incendiaries? No! their only crime is, that their faces are darker than those of their persecutors! They are called "*free*" in the very law which decrees their expulsion; yet they are driven out of the State like so many wild beasts! To get to Mobile from the upper part of the State, the fugitives would be obliged to travel several hundred miles; and, destitute of means as many of them are, that would be no trifling journey, if not an utter impossibility. The summer season is the time allotted for their departure, — a time when there are very few vessels in Mobile, and those few it would be utterly out of the power of the blacks to charter. No! no! few of them will be so fortunate as to escape from that inhospitable State.

It needs but a slight examination of the case to become satisfied of what will be the horrible effect of this law. There are probably several hundreds of free colored people in Alabama, who have been driven into that State during the last seven years by the tyrannical laws of the neighbouring States; and ninety out of one hundred of these miserable fugitives,

who have not where to lay their heads, will be *reduced to slavery*. Suppose there be but *one* hundred in the State; the bad principle of the law will be equally apparent, and the bad policy of it more so, considering that it was hardly worth while to disgrace the State by passing such a tyrannical law for so small an object as the expelling of one hundred poor blacks, men, women, and children, from its territory. The same would be true, were there but ten free blacks in the State.

This *ex post facto* legislation is against the principles of the constitution of Alabama itself, and is a most unwarrantable exercise of power without right. This is, however, a concern of their own, and they may settle it among themselves; but we have a perfect right to express our opinion upon the subject; and we do say that such a law is a disgrace to any people pretending to be free and civilized. It is equal to the famous expulsion of the Moors from Spain,—equal to the tyrannical laws against the Jews which the various governments of Europe promulgated during the Dark Ages.

I should be glad to hear that there was a provision in the law for the safe exportation of the fugitives from the State, prior to August 1st, 1839. There must be some good people in Alabama;—let them see that these poor creatures are sent safely out of the country, before their doom falls upon them. Let them look to this thing, lest a greater disgrace come upon their State than has already befallen it.

It may excite a sneer in some, that any one should

take up the cause of so degraded a class as our free colored population are said to be. If they are degraded, it is our laws and customs that have made them so. If ignorant and in some measure helpless, so much the more do they need our assistance, and so much the greater is the dishonor of deserting their cause. Were they educated and wealthy, they could assert their rights themselves. Let those sneer who will, but never let them again boast of their country's Declaration of Independence, which declares that "all men are created equal." If this matter concerned as many white persons as there are colored people involved in it, would not the country ring from one end to the other? Are they not *men*, then, that their interests should be passed over so lightly?

AN HISTORICAL PARABLE.*



THE country was called Philanthropia by the inhabitants, because they assumed to be the warmest lovers of the human race that could be found on the face of the earth. They were the first to declare equality of rights among all men; the first to assume, as the only premises on which political action could righteously be founded, the self-evident truth, that every man possesses an inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. They were the first to light the torch of freedom, and throw it among the combustible materials of the old monarchies. Their disciples increased; other nations emulated their example, and some outstripped them in the race.

But though the Philanthropians declared, in theory, the equal rights of all men, yet, in practice, they made some exceptions; for what general rule is *without* its exceptions? Exceptions were necessary in order to *confirm* the rule. There were certain red-haired people among them, whom they relieved of

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the burden of liberty, exempted from the laborious duty of pursuing happiness, and occasionally eased of the load of life, when dark-haired people would, under similar circumstances, have been left to pursue what all Christians declare to be, at best, but a weary pilgrimage in a vale of tears. Believing "a little learning" to be "a dangerous thing," and having read that one of the wisest of men had declared, after a life spent in study, that he knew nothing at all, they, out of pure kindness, forbade that the red-haired people should be taught any thing but the arts which are necessary to satisfy the physical wants of man. Knowing that human beings, if left to themselves, often come to want, and having never heard of a milch cow that was starved to death by the man who lived by selling her milk, they humanely passed a law by which the red-haired people were elevated to the rank of cattle, and assigned to certain persons among the dark-haired race, who were thenceforth called their masters, or owners, and who extended to them the same parental care which they bestowed upon their other stock, and sold and bought them in the same manner. Being thus endowed with all the privileges and immunities of perambulating merchandise, so admirably did the system work, that a cow would as soon have been expected to demand admittance into the alms-house, as a red-haired person. Pauperism was unknown among this favored portion of the inhabitants; and of the whole population, they alone were truly independent. In order to extend the blessings of the system as far as

possible, the descendants of the red-haired, to the remotest generation, were endowed by the law of inheritance with all the privileges possessed by their ancestors, even though the red hair should in process of time be displaced by black ; and upon any such the masters were forbidden to thrust the curse of liberty ; and he who should lead any one of these favored beings astray was declared worthy of death.

Were not the dark-haired people deservedly called Philanthropians, and their country Philanthropia ?

After the lapse of centuries, the two races had so mingled their blood, that many dark-haired persons were, by the law of descent, elevated to the rank of cattle, who, if red and black had any thing to do with the matter, had no more right to that station than their masters. Among these was Emma, who, from her resemblance to her owner and his family, might have been taken for his daughter. A wicked dark-haired man, named John, lured her to leave her master, flee from Philanthropia, and take up her abode in the adjoining country of Misanthropia, (so called by the Philanthropians,) where equality was more practised, but less talked of.

But the fugitives were pursued, overtaken, and brought back. Emma received a good cow-skinning ; for is it not written, " Spare the rod and spoil the child " ? John was very properly tried, found guilty, and condemned to be hung, in order that the majesty of the law might be vindicated ; and who can doubt the justice of the sentence ? Are not the powers that be ordained of God, and, by conse-

quence, infallible? And the judge, is not he one of the highest of the powers that be? and is not all that he utters full of wisdom and goodness, profitable for reproof and edification, and redolent of the Christian virtues? Ye who doubt, listen to the sentence pronounced upon the criminal by the judge.

“John, you are to die a shameful, ignominious death upon the gallows. You little thought, when you stepped into the bar with an air as if you thought it a fine frolic, that you were so soon to hear this appalling annunciation; and I reckon you ’ll laugh now on the other side of your mouth. But that is the way those who break the laws of Philanthropia are always brought up. You have committed the awful crime of aiding the great-grandchild of a red-haired person to run away, and depart from her master’s service; and you are now to die for it!

“You are a young man, and I fear have been an idle as well as a dissolute one; not that this would have been any great matter, if you had held in bondage a hundred or two of red-hairs, and been dissolute and idle according to law. Your crime was the consequence of a want of attention, on your part, to the duties of life, shown in the fact of your falling in love with the descendant of a red-hair, and wishing to marry her. Had you kept her in concubinage, and thus increased the property of her owner, no one would have found any fault with you; and if you had dressed decently, and conformed yourself to the rules of good society in other respects also, you

might have dwelt among us respected and honored, and perhaps one day been elected Vice-President of the nation. But to free a red-hair, and then marry her! — horrible! You must acknowledge that you deserve to be hung. Had you remembered in the days of your youth Him who created all men equal, and endowed them with an inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, you would never have committed the unpardonable sin of helping a fellow-creature to exercise these rights. Unpardonable, did I say? No, the arms of your Father are continually stretched out, in love, towards you, the vilest of sinners, although the arms of your brethren are about to be employed in hanging you. He will forgive, though we persecute to death.

“Perhaps you can read; if you can, read the Bible. You will there learn that it is your duty to do to others as you would that others should do to you; that is, you should assist owners of red-hairs to retain and increase their stock, as you would wish to be protected in the possession of your own property. You will there learn that it is sinful to covet and steal your neighbour’s *maid-servant*, or any thing that is his. You may also read there, that God is no respecter of persons; but be careful to construe that passage aright. He is not a respecter of persons, but he is of property; and when persons are made property by law, then they are no longer persons. You may, indeed, read that we are forbidden to kill; but when a man does that which he knows will be followed by the punishment of death, we do

not kill, — he commits suicide. But above all, you will there learn that it is the duty of men to forgive each other, as they themselves hope for final forgiveness. Harbour, therefore, no ill-will to us of the dark-haired race who are about to hang you. You have erred ; but remember that

‘ To err is human ; to forgive, divine.’

“ But perhaps you cannot read : if so, it is not to be wondered at ; for in this department of Philanthropia we have no free schools, and the expense of education at the private seminaries is too great for those poor people who own no red-hairs. Consequently, you may know but little with regard to the principles of *our* holy religion, and perhaps nothing of the law by virtue of which you are to be hung ; but you shall not be left without comfort in your last moments ; the ministers of the Gospel will aid you ; they will read and expound the Scriptures to you, and prove beyond a doubt, that God ordained the slavery of the red-haired race, and the death, by hanging, of all who oppose it.

“ The sentence of the law is, that you be taken hence to jail, securely confined till —, on which day, at —, you will be taken to the place of public execution, and there be hanged by the neck till your body be dead. And may God, who is now looking down upon us, judge between us and you, and have mercy on *your* soul ! ”

And certain distant observers arose, who said it was a sin to enslave the red-hairs and their descend-

ants; a crime to hang those who assisted them to escape; a meanness, in those who reigned only by right of the strongest, to exult over the victim condemned to the gallows; a piece of hypocrisy, at such a time, to put on the garb of religion, and of blasphemy, to use God's name as a sanction to such proceedings. And the slaveholders felt very uncomfortable; the consciences of some smote them, and others grew wrathful at this interference with their *rights*.

And it came to pass that certain other observers arose also, and rebuked the fault-finders, and defended the judge and his dark-haired compatriots, and exhibited a great deal of solemn horror at the harsh language applied to *them*, and the consequent great injustice of which *they* were made the victims; but had no word of sympathy for John, no perception of the injustice of which *he* had been made the victim, in common with the red-hairs. Some declared, that the red-hairs *ought* to be enslaved, they deserved nothing better. Others, very excellent and estimable people, wished that all should be free alike, provided such a state of things could be brought about without suffering to the dark-haired race; and they really believed it could be done, if people would only let the matter alone. They therefore said a great deal to induce people to adopt this course, and to prove that slaveholding was only a misfortune, not a sin. And when the slaveholders knew these things, they felt very comfortable; the scruples of the conscientious were satisfied, and the ire of the wrathful was

appeased : and, one and all, they set about extending and perpetuating red-haired slavery.

But the governor of that department of Philanthropia was a tender-hearted man ; he thought that John had not committed a crime worthy of death, and feared that God would not hold him guiltless, if he permitted his execution ; yet he dared not grant him a full pardon, for public sentiment demanded that some punishment should be inflicted for the offence of breaking the laws ; he therefore commuted the penalty of death to that of a public whipping.

And when many centuries had passed away, and Christianity dwelt in the hearts and ruled the lives of the people of Philanthropia, and liberty was a fact, not a name, — then the posterity of the ancient Philanthropians read the history of their country, and, contemplating some of the deeds of their forefathers, said, — “ * * * * * ”
* * * *

P O E T R Y .

17-11-1906

MIDNIGHT MUSINGS.*



IN at the open window shine
The far-off solemn stars of heaven :
With sleepless eyelids, I recline
Upon my couch, to musing given.

A holy silence fills the air ;
In sleep repose earth's sons and daughters ;
One voice alone is heard afar, —
The rushing " sound of many waters."

Piscataqua ! I know full well
Thine old, familiar tone, dear river !
To thee, as by a mighty spell,
My inmost heart is bound for ever.

In boyhood, while life's morning dew
Still moistened hope's delusive blossom,
In sail-boat, or in light canoe,
I loved to sport upon thy bosom.

* Published in the Knickerbocker, for November, 1845.

And when the summer sun sank down,
At eve, among his gorgeous pillows,
Far from the hot and dusty town,
I've bathed amid thy cooling billows.

Full many a river may, I fear,
In point of length be ranked before thee ;
But thou art broad, and deep, and clear,
And blue as are the heavens o'er thee.

Of Mississippi they may speak
Who find t' explore him time and season ;
But I have pierced thine every creek,
And love thee for that very reason.

No mighty common sewer art thou,
To do the drainage of the nation,
But thy pure waters ebb and flow
With Ocean's every heart-pulsation.

Oft sound the echoes on thy side,
With music, song, and laughter hearty,
As o'er thy breast, at even-tide,
Floats the returning water-party.

And oft, as now, when summer night
The harsher din of daylight hushes,
I listen to thy voice of might,
As seaward thy strong current rushes.

Anon, above thy solemn bass,
A sound like Fate's dread step approaches,

As o'er thy bridge, at hurrying pace,
Come tramping steeds and rumbling coaches.

That midnight train hath come and gone,
From silence sprung, in silence ended;
But further, naught to me is known,
Or whence it came, or whither tended.

From voiceless gloom thus suddenly
Emerges man, — a solemn marvel!
From mystery to mystery,
Thus o'er the bridge of Life we travel.

O, what a bitter mockery
Were this brief span to mortals given,
Had we, O God! no faith in thee,
No staff on earth, no hope of heaven!

O, no! there lies beyond the tomb
No "silent land," awaiting mortals;
A land of melody and bloom
Spreads out behind Death's gloomy portals.

Then bravely bide the doom that waits;
Bear all of earth, for all of heaven;
Step, like a conqueror, through those gates, —
Not like a captive, chained and driven.

O river! rushing to the sea
With eager and impetuous motion,
Soon thy pent waters shall be free
To roam the deep and boundless ocean.

Then, while thou murmurest in mine ear,
Let me accept the lesson given :
Dost *thou* pant for a wider sphere ?
So should my spirit long for heaven.

Though in the silence of the night,
I thus discourse with thee, dear river !
Though flowing almost in my sight,
Loved stream ! we meet no more for ever !

For ever ? When the ties which chain
My soul to clay kind Death shall sever,
Free as the wind I'll roam again
Along thy banks, delightful river !

A SAIL ON THE PISCATAQUA.*



O'ER the dear Piscataqua
Gaily is our light boat dancing ;
Brightly on its crystal waves,
Lo ! the morning sun is glancing.

Portsmouth Bridge is left behind ;
Now we 're past the " Pulpit " † pressing ;
Lift your hat, and bend your head
To the Parson for his blessing.

Stationed on the rocky bank,
From his Pulpit, as we near him,
Through the pine-trees, whispers he
Solemn words, would we but hear him.

Thus sweet Nature everywhere
Truth reveals to all who need it ;
Thus on life's tumultuous tide
Borne along, we lightly heed it.

* Published in the Knickerbocker, for June, 1846.

† " The Pulpit," a pine-clad cliff so called on the southwest bank of the river, before which it is customary to make obeisance in passing.

Far and near, on either hand,
See the trees like giants striding
Past each other, up and down,
With a ghostly motion gliding.

From the rocky pass emerged,
Sinking cliffs and shelving beaches,
Far receding, usher us
To the loveliest of reaches.

Stretching wide, a beauteous lake
To the raptured eye is given ;
Far beyond, the blue hills melt
In the clearer blue of heaven.

Rustic dwellings, clumps of trees,
Upland swells, and verdant meadows
Lie around, and over all
Flit the summer lights and shadows.

O'er the river's broad expanse
Here and there a boat is darting,
Swelling sails and foaming bows
Life unto the scene imparting.

Humble market-wherry there
Lags along with lazy oar ;
Here, the lordly packet-boat
Dashes by, with rushing roar.

Comrades, look ! the west-wind lulls ;
Flags the sail ; the waves grow stilly :

Rouse old Æolus from his sleep !
Whistle, whistle, whistle shrilly !

See, obedient to the call,
O'er the beach the breeze approaching !
Now our little bark careens,
•Leeward gunwale nearly touching.

Luff a little ! ease the sheet !
On each side the bright foam flashes :
In her mouth she holds a bone,
O'er her bow the salt spray dashes.

To and fro ; long tack and short ;
Rapidly we work up river.
Comrades, seems it not to you
That we thus could sail for ever ?

A FRIEND INDEED.*

A NURSE more tender, friend more true,
Man never saw, man never can see,
Than ever unto me has been,
Through many a dark and painful scene,
The good, warm-hearted NANCY !

Her kind attention never flags,
She faileth in no exigency ;
No mother to her child could be
Devoted more than she to me,
The generous-hearted NANCY !

When sorely crippled in each limb,
As one may feel, but none can fancy,
She lifts me then, with gentle care,
From chair to couch, from couch to chair,
The dear, kind-hearted NANCY !

When racked with pain in every joint,
She practiseth true necromancy ;

* Published in the Knickerbocker, for August, 1846.

And by her soothing kindness then
Drives pain away, brings ease again :
A true physician NANCY !

When melancholy fills my mind
With many a dark and dreary fancy,
With cheerful voice and laughter gay
She drives my gloomy thoughts away :
A true consoler NANCY !

Of a large portion of my heart
She hath the rightful occupancy ;
And there, while life and sense remain,
Her image shall its place retain,
The noble-hearted NANCY !

When I am gone, O, may it prove
No idle and unfounded fancy,
That, whether in her joy or woe,
She 'll think of him who lieth low !
I know thou wilt, dear NANCY !

And when I reach the "better land,"
Where sorrow hath no occupancy,
My joy can never be complete
Till in those realms of bliss I meet
With thee again, dear NANCY !

THE BALLAD OF JACK RINGBOLT.*



JACK RINGBOLT lay at the Seaman's Home,
And sorely afraid was he,
Lest he should end upon the land
A life spent on the sea.

He was born upon the ocean,
And with her dying groan
His mother gave him being,
Then left him all alone, —

Alone upon the desert sea,
With not a female hand
To nourish him and cherish him,
Like infants on the land !

The storm-king held a festival
Upon the deep that night ;
His voice was thundering overhead,
His eye was flashing bright :

* Published in the Knickerbocker, for December, 1846.

The billows tossed their caps aloft,
And shouted in their glee ;
But, O, it was for mortal men
An awful night to see !

Among the shrouds and spars aloft
A host of fiends were shrieking ;
And the pump-brake's dismal clank on deck
Told that the ship was leaking.

The ship was lying to the wind,
Her helm was lashed a-lee ;
And at every mighty roller,
She was boarded by a sea.

The doom-struck vessel trembled,
As the waves swept o'er her deck ;
She rolled among the billows,
An unmanageable wreck.

To their boats they took for safety,
The captain and his men,
And the helpless new-born infant
Was not forgotten then.

A rough, hard-featured countenance
The storm-tossed captain wore ;
But his heart for tender innocence
With love was flowing o'er.

“ He shall not perish here alone,
Upon the ocean wild !

But only God can nourish him,
The motherless young child !”

But all in vain his kindness,
Had they not at break of day —
Glad sight ! — beheld before them
A vessel on her way.

They were rescued, and on board of her,
As the passengers drew round,
In woman’s arms the orphan boy
The needed succour found.

He lived ; but to his inmost soul
His birth-night gave its tone ;
The spirits of the stormy deep
Had marked him for their own.

He lived and grew to manhood
Amid the ocean’s roar ;
His heaven was on the surging sea,
His hell was on the shore !

He joyed amid the tempest,
When spars and sails were riven ;
And when the din of battle drowned
The artillery of heaven.

He often breathed a homely prayer,
That, when life’s cruise was o’er,
His battered hulk might sink at sea,
A thousand miles from shore.

And now, to lie up high and dry,
A wreck upon the sand !
To leave his weary bones at last
Upon the hated land !

The thought was worse than death to him,
It shook his noble soul ;
Strange sight ! 'adown his hollow cheek
A tear was seen to roll.

“ Could I but float my bark once more,
'T would be a joy to me
Amid the howling tempest
To sink into the sea ! ”

Then, turning to the window,
He gazed into the sky ;
The scud was flying overhead,
The gale was piping high :

And in the fitful pauses
Was heard old Ocean's roar,
As in vain his marshalled forces
Rushed foaming on the shore.

Look now ! his cheek is flushing,
And a light is in his eye ;
“ Throw up the window ! let me hear
That voice before I die !

“ They 're hailing me, the crested waves,
A brave and countless band,

As rank on rank, to rescue me,
They leap upon the land!

“ ’T is all in vain, bold comrades!
And yet, and yet so near!

Ye are but one short league away, —
Must I — die — here?

“ No! the ship that brought me hither
Is at the pier-head lying,
And ere to-morrow night she ’ll be
Before a norther flying.

“ Now bless ye, brother sailors!
If ye grant my wish,” he cried;
“ But curse ye, if —— ” He spake no more,
Fell back, and gasped, and died.

PART SECOND.

THEY sewed him in his hammock
With a forty-two pound shot
Beneath his feet, to sink him
Into some ocean grot.

Adown the swift Piscataqua
They rowed with muffled oar,
And out upon the ocean,
A league away from shore.

’T was at the hour of twilight,
On a chill November day,

When on their gloomy errand
They held their dreary way.

The burial service over,
He was launched into the wave ;
Now rest in peace, JACK RINGBOLT !
Thou hast found an ocean grave.

Down went the corpse into the sea,
As though it were of lead ;
But it sank not twenty fathoms,
Ere it touched the ocean's bed.

Then up it shot and floated
Half-length above the tide ;
A lurid flame played round the head,
The canvass opened wide.

No motion of the livid lips
Or ghastly face was seen ;
But a hollow voice thrilled thro' their ears,
"Quarter less nineteen !"

Then eastward sped the awful dead,
While o'er the darkened sea
Upon the billows rose and fell
The corpse-light fitfully.

They gazed in fearful wonderment,
Their hearts with horror rife ;
Then, panic-stricken, seized their oars,
And rowed as if for life.

Their eyes were fixed with stony stare
 Upon the spectral light ;
 They rowed like corpses galvanized, —
 So silent and so white.

They darted by " The Sisters " ;
 They went rushing past " Whale's Back " ;
 With tireless arms they forced the boat
 Along her foamy track :

But not a single face was flushed,
 Not one long breath they drew,
 Until Fort Constitution
 Hid the ocean from their view.

PART THIRD.

'T WAS midnight on mid-ocean,
 The winds forgot to blow ;
 The clouds hung pitchy black above,
 The sea rolled black below ;
 On the quarter-deck of the Glendoveer
 The mate paced to and fro.

There was no sound upon the deep
 To wake the slumbering gales,
 But the creaking of the swaying masts,
 And the flapping of the sails,
 As the vessel climbed the ocean-hills
 Or sank into the vales.

The mate looked over the starboard rail,
 And saw a light abeam ;

The lantern of a ship, mayhap,
A faint and flickering gleam :
Was it bearing down on the Glendoveer,
Or did the mate but dream ?

A phantom-ship on a breezeless night
To sail ten knots an hour !
Now on the beam, now quartering,
Now close astern it bore :
All silent as the dead it moved,
A light — and nothing more !

No creaking block, no rumbling rope,
Was heard, nor shivering sail ;
But, luffing on the larboard beam,
A voice was heard to hail,
That made the hearts of the Glendoveers
Within their bosoms quail.

It broke upon the still night-air,
A hoarse, sepulchral sound : —
“ What ship is that ? ” A moment,
And the mate his breath has found : —
“ The Glendoveer, of Portsmouth,
From Cadiz, homeward bound ! ”

A livid glare, a ghastly face,
A voice, — and all was o'er ;
“ Report JACK RINGBOLT, sunk at 'sea,
A thousand miles from shore ! ”
Silence and darkness on the deep
Resumed their sway once more.

“LUFF WHEN YOU CAN, BEAR AWAY
WHEN YOU MUST.”*



WHEN the mariner sees, far ahead on the ocean,
By the yeasty white waves, in their wildest commo-
tion,

That breakers are lying direct in his path,
He dashes not onward to brave all their wrath,
But, still in his compass and helm placing trust,
Luffs, luffs if he can, bears away when he must.

'Mid the lightning's sharp flash, 'mid the thunder's
deep roar,

When the foaming waves dash on the rocky lee-
shore,

When Hope disappears, and the terrible form
Of Death rides triumphant upon the dark storm,
In God and their ship the bold mariners trust,
Luff, luff while they can, yield a point when they
must.

Then make it your rule, on the billows of life,
So to sail as to shun all commotion and strife:

* Published in the Knickerbocker, for February, 1847.

And thus shall your voyage of existence be pleasant,
Hope smile on the future, Joy beam on the present,
If you in the rule of the mariner trust,
“Luff, luff while you can, bear away when you must.”

And when the lee-shore of grim Death is in view,
And the tempests of fate your lone vessel pursue, —
Even while your last prayers unto God are addressed,
Though prepared for the worst, still hope on for the
best ;

Carry sail till the last stitch of canvass is burst, —
Luff, luff while you can, drive ashore when you must.

WRECK OF THE SEGUNTUM:

A BALLAD.*

[THE Spanish ship Seguntum was wrecked on the Isles of Shoals in the winter of 1813, and all hands on board perished.]

FAST o'er the seas a favoring breeze
The Spanish ship had borne ;
The sailors thought to reach their port
Ere rose another morn.

As sank the sun, the bark dashed on,
The green sea cleaving fast :
Ah ! little knew the reckless crew
That night should be their last !

They little thought their destined port
Should be the foaming surge, —
That long ere morn again should dawn,
The winds should wail their dirge !

As twilight fades, and evening shades
Are deepening into night,
The sky grows black, and driving rack
Obscures the starry light.

* Published in the Knickerbocker, for July, 1847.

And loudly now the storm-winds blow,
And through the rigging roar ;
They find, too late to shun their fate,
They 're on a leeward shore.

'Mid snow and hail they shorten sail ;
The bark bows 'neath the blast ;
And, as the billows rise and break,
She 's borne to leeward fast.

The straining ship drives through the seas,
Close lying to the wind ;
The spray, on all where it doth fall,
Becomes an icy rind.

It strikes upon the shrinking face
As sharp as needles' prick ;
And ever as the ship doth pitch,
The shower comes fast and thick.

And with it comes the driving snow,
Borne on the bitter blast ;
The helmsman scarce the compass sees,
It flies so keen and fast.

A sound of fear strikes on the ear ;
It is the awful roar
Of dashing breakers, dead ahead,
Upon the rocky shore !

“ Wear ship ! hard up, hard up your helm ! ”
Aloud the captain cries :

Slowly her head pays off, and now
Before the wind she flies.

Now on the other tack close braced,
She holds her foaming course :
Short respite then ! too soon again
Are heard the breakers hoarse !

Ahead, to windward and to lee,
The foaming surges roar :
“ O Holy Virgin ! save us now,
And we will sin no more !

“ We vow to lead a holy life ! ”
Too late ! alas, too late !
Their vows and complaints to imaged saints
Cannot avert their fate.

They strike a rock ; O, God ! the shock !
They vanish in that surge !
Through mast and shroud the tempest loud
Howls forth a dismal dirge.

There lives not one to greet the sun,
Or tell the tale at home ;
A winding-sheet for sailors meet,
The waves around them foam.

The storm is o'er ; the rocky shore
Lies strewn with many a corse,
Disfigured by the angry surf,
That still is murmuring hoarse.

And thus the Spanish crew were found,*
Cast on those barren isles ;
There, in unconsecrated ground,
They rest them from their toils.

No mourners stood around their graves,
No friends above them wept ;
A hasty prayer was uttered there ;
Unknown, unknelled, they slept.

* Thirteen in number. Their graves are still to be seen on one of the Isles of Shoals. These islands lie off the harbour of Portsmouth (N. H.), nine miles from the mouth of the Piscataqua.

THE WATER-CURE :
OR THE BALLAD OF KATE PETERSON.*



AN honest man Tim Peterson,
Hard-working and hard-faring ;
And Mary was a loving wife,
His daily labors sharing.

Along the border of his farm,
His well-tilled fifty acres,
The beautiful Piscataqua
Threw up its mimic breakers.

A small, neat house, a large, full barn,
A thrifty farmer proved him ;
Yet none looked on with envious eyes,
For all who knew him loved him.

Upon this model farm of his,
Laved by those briny waters,

* This, and all or nearly all of the following poems, were published, at different times, in the Portsmouth Journal.

A model family he raised,
Of noble sons and daughters.

Throughout the township, they were famed
For goodness, beauty, quickness ;
And on them fate shed not the blight
Of poverty and sickness.

They loved each other, and they loved
Jehovah, and their neighbour ;
And did not strive to shun their lot
Of never-ending labor.

They paid their taxes to the town,
The parish, and the nation ;
Had faith, but rested not alone
On that for their salvation ;

But rendered unto every man
The debt or tribute due him,
And, if another failed to pay,
Were never known to sue him.

They went to meeting twice a week,
Each one was a professor,
And, though it seem incredible,
Each one was a possessor.

“O, what a happy family !”
I hear my reader saying :
“May I as good and happy be !”
I hear my reader praying.

And yet no happiness was theirs ;
They nursed within their bosom
A canker-worm, by which their joys
Were blasted in the blossom.

An antiquated maiden aunt
(His heart with pity swelling)
Tim sheltered ; in return, she proved
The demon of the dwelling.

She said that he was needing much
A steady, prudent person
To take the charge of his affairs, —
And he *might* get a *worse* one ;

Hinted, that, for his sake alone,
From cherished plans she parted
And rendered, upon his account,
Three suitors broken-hearted.

But then she loved her nephew dear,
And so at last consented.
Such was her story : but too late
His kindness Tim repented.

Blow high, blow low, — rain, hail, or snow, —
Be foul or fair the weather, —
Within that house a storm raged on,
Weeks, months, and years together.

They were an amiable set,
Averse to strife and anger,

And often yielded to the shrew,
To stop her dreadful clangor.

And thus it was, that, step by step,
She grasped all household power,
And made the farmer's family
Like slaves before her cower.

And he himself was often fain,
When raged the battle sorest,
To seek a refuge in the fields,
The orchard, or the forest.

But even there, in summer time,
When doors were open flying,
While birds were sending up their hymns,
And zephyrs gently sighing, —

From the far homestead issuing,
Discordant notes would mingle
With Nature's melodies, that rose
From meadow, wood, and dingle.

And therefore Tim, when winter came,
A hearty welcome gave him ;
For then closed doors and woodland work
Would household torment save him.

But when the farmer and his sons,
At eve, were homeward wending,
A furlong off, the vixen's voice
The frosty air was rending.

Desire of rest and dismal dread
Were in their bosoms blended, —
While, through the spacious chimney-throat,
The piercing tones ascended.

To wish her sick, or wish her dead,
Poor Tim was strongly tempted :
Alas ! from all the ills of flesh,
Aunt Katy was exempted.

If strict obedience to her will
They ever failed to grant her,
She vowed that she would have her way,
Or hang herself *instantly*.

One summer eve, by rage and spite
For the fell purpose seasoned,
She ran up stairs and slipped a rope
Around her scraggy weasand.

They found her ; — “ O Aunt Katy dear !
How could you be so wicked ? ” —
They did not notice, in the dusk,
She stood upon a cricket ;

But lifted her, took off the rope,
And ceased not their complaining,
Till Katy yielded signs of life,
When wearied out with feigning.

From that time forth, as might be guessed,
She reigned with tenfold rigor ;

The hanging really seemed to give
Her evil passions vigor.

PART SECOND.

“Accursed family is this !
I’ll live no longer in it.
The blessed river runs close by ;
I’ll drown myself this minute.”

They noticed not her thrilling threat,
As through the door she darted ;
But pleased, their plan had worked so well,
They smiled as she departed.

Away she marched, with lengthy stride,
Head up, and hair wild-flying ;
Her outward semblance, all the while,
Her inmost heart belying.

She climbed the fence across the path ;
A sudden qualm came o’er her ;
She cast a furtive glance behind,
An anxious look before her.

Among the trees the autumn wind
A mournful moan was making ;
The tiny waves along the beach
In puny rage were breaking.

She waded in the chilly tide, —
A horrid thrill it gave her ;
She cast another glance behind ;
Would no one come to save her ?

With slower, slower, slower step,
She moves among the billows :
She does not see the laughing eyes
That watch behind the willows.

She pauses, listens, thinks she hears
Behind an eager bustling ;
Darts on, then stops ; — 't is but the wind
Among the dry leaves rustling.

Her courage sank, — the waves arose
The higher and the colder,
As though within their dark embrace
Preparing to enfold her.

Between her pride and love of life
A struggle here ensuing, —
The latter won, — her stern resolve
To die at once undoing.

“ I see,” cried Kate, “ to drown myself
Would only be to please you ;
But, cruel monsters ! I will live
A long while yet, to tease you.”

Then back toward the welcome shore
With rapid steps she hurried,

Soon reached the house, and in her room
For two long weeks lay buried.

From that time forth her temper cooled ;
She every day grew meeker ;
Her manners softened, and her voice
With every day grew weaker.

She felt ashamed ; shame led to thought,
And thought to late repentance ;
She felt subdued, and seldom smiled,
Or spoke a wordy sentence.

And when a year had passed away,
And by its trials proved her,
Of that late wretched family
Not one but dearly loved her.

Years fled in tranquil happiness ;
Tim's sons and daughters married ;
And when, at last, Aunt Katy died,
And to the grave was carried, —

A long procession followed on,
A mournful silence keeping ;
And every heart was filled with grief,
And every eye was weeping.

EPIGRAM

BY A TEXAN, ON THE DEMISE OF HIS COUNTRY AS A NATION.

DEFUNCT is my nation ; with rapture I sing ;
And yet a most thorough-paced patriot I :
For one's country to live is a glorious thing,
And, O, it is sweet *for one's country to die !*

THE LAY OF THE JILTED.

SHE 's married, — the girl that I loved the best, —
She 's married to another ;
And what I shall do I do not know.

O, what a plaguy bother
These flirting coquettes are ! I think
I never will love again.

My hopes of the future were centred in her ;
But, alas ! all my hopes were in vain.

Another has stolen the heart away
Which I fondly hoped was mine, lang syne ;
And she vowed as strongly to love him till death
As she vöwed to love *me* till mine.
And she stood at the altar and vowed that she 'd
cherish,
Obey him, and love him, and honor !
One evening she thus promised me, when the light
Of the moon and the stars shone upon her.

O, well I remember the happy night
When that vow of my Mary was given ;
She gazed at the sky, and she lisped, “ When I fail,
Then fails the north star of the heaven ! ”

Then fails the north star of the heaven! the star
 Shines as brightly as ever it did;
 But where is my Mary, sweet creature! O, where?
 And where has her constancy fled?

O the wretch! how I'd spurn her! her perfidy
 Has turned all my love into hate.
 But hark! what whispers? 't is Conscience, I think!
 "Your memory is treacherous of late.
 To how many damsels have you, in your day,
 Promised constancy, love, and devotion?
 Say, how many girls have you thus led astray,
 And then cast adrift on Life's ocean?"

"For fear that you don't recollect, even now,
 I'll just jog your memory a mite,
 About one Kate — ah! now I see that you take.
 But, dear me! don't look quite so white!
 You'll faint, I'm afraid; take some water, — that's
 well;
 You've recovered, and now I'll proceed.
 If I err in my story, correct me, that's all;
 Attention! good sir; pray take heed.

"Perhaps you remember one night in September,
 (I think it was on the eleventh),
 You walked with 'sweet Kate,' and you called her
 your *angel*,
 And 'first love' (you knew 't was the seventh).
 You gazed at the stars, and you talked of the spirits
 Who live in those bright worlds afar;

And you said that you hoped you should one day be
dwelling
With her in some far-distant star.

“ And the ‘ angel,’ alas ! she believed all you said,
And gave you her heart, the poor maid !
And you — left her, and carried your vows to another ;
And Kate — poor Kate ! — was betrayed,
Well, how fared your next love ? — you don’t recol-
lect !

O, then, I ’ll just ask, did you banter —— ”
O Conscience ! dear Conscience ! do pray hold your
tongue,
And I vow I ’ll get married *instanter*.

Well, now, I declare it is quite too provoking
To have such a conscience as this,
That recollects all my old sins, and keeps poking
Them at me, to mar all my bliss.
Confound it ! I meant to have made a good story
Of this same unfortunate jilting,
And woven a coverlid, thick, for my sins ;
But Conscience, the jade ! spoilt the *quilting*.

FOURTH OF JULY.

A THOUSAND thrilling recollections flash
From memory's field in vivid colors forth,
As, starting from my sleep, I hear the crash
Of pealing cannon, and the noisy mirth
Of joyous multitudes. The dewy earth
Is not yet lighted by the rising sun,
Yet doth the welkin ring, from south to north,
With cracker, pistol, blunderbuss, and gun,
Proclaiming that the boys have just commenced their
fun.

Memory is busy, and I feel almost
A boy again ; I seem to be once more
Just springing from my bed, counting as lost
The time there spent beyond the hour of four.
Short was my prayer just then, my toilet o'er
In half the usual time, — I grappled quick
My powder-flask and gun, — stole to the door
All silently. Ah ! then my heart beat thick,
Lest I betrayed myself by some untimely creak !

In vain may parents try to keep their children
In bed till sunrise on a morn like this,—
The sounds are so exciting and bewildering, —
It is a pity thus to mar their bliss ;
What 's more, unless they tie them, they will miss
The little urchins, if into their bed
They take a peep, long ere the sun shall kiss
The hill-tops with his rays. — Oft have I fled
Thus, through the old back window which hangs o'er
the shed.

And when my mother (bless her!) thought me close
And safe in bed, well out of danger's way,
Around me then the smoke of powder rose,
Pealed from my gun loud welcomes to the day,
And careless I pursued my dangerous play ;
For, on this day of Liberty, I thought
'T was quite excusable to disobey
My parents, (naughty boy!) — and, if not caught,
My conscience scarcely ever spoilt my morning's
sport.

Boys will be boys! and now, to tell the truth,
I wish myself a wild young boy again.
O, in the thoughtless joyousness of youth,
How little is there known of care and pain!
How little felt the storms of Fate which rain
So heavily on manhood's hopes, and quench
In gloom the flame which strives, but strives in vain,
To gather strength, — sinking beneath the drench
Of ceaseless sorrows, which oft make the strongest
blench.

T O — — .



How beautiful, how beautiful,
Thy clear cerulean eye!
I gaze upon it as I gaze
Upon the azure sky:
And as unto my longing look,
At some rapt hour, is given,
Far in those bright, ethereal depths,
By faith, a glimpse of heaven;
So, as into those orbs of blue
My ardent glances dart,
Far in their liquid depths I read
The heaven of thy heart.

But as the Peri mourned the fate
Which closed on her the crystal gate
Of Paradise for ever,
Yet, while bewailing her sad lot,
Still hovered near the sacred spot
Which she might enter never;
So, while I look upon thy face,
And in its every feature trace
The guilelessness and matchless grace

Of the pure heart within,
How ardently my soul aspires
That glorious heart to win !
But soon in darkness hope expires.

It may not be ; it may not be ;
And yet I linger near to thee,
And nourish passion's fires
By gazing at those azure eyes,
Which, like the gates of Paradise,
Half-opened, show the heaven within,
All-glorious and free from sin.

O lady ! is there not for me,
As for the Peri, still a hope,
As she won heaven, that I win thee ?
O, tell me, lady ! what can ope
The portals of thy heart to me ?
I'd roam the broad earth through and through,
I'd sail from sea to sea,
But I would find that potent charm,
The gift most worthy thee,
That I might make thee all mine own,
That peerless heart, mine, mine alone !

THE LAKE AT SUNSET.



How stilly sleeps the wood-girt lake !
There 's not a zephyr to awake
A ripple on the mimic sea ; —
It sleeps, — it sleeps, — how tranquilly !

'T is evening : 'neath the glowing west
The glorious sun hath sunk to rest ;
But still his latest beams adorn
The misty curtains round him drawn, —
Those gorgeous clouds which hang on high
Their many-tinted canopy !

The deep blue arch, the golden west,
Are painted in the lake at rest
So perfectly, that, while I stand
Upon this jutting point of land,
Between two worlds I seem to move, —
A heaven below, a heaven above !

The trees that o'er the lake are bending,
The smoke from cottage-hearth ascending,

The cliff that towers in majesty
In bold relief against the sky,
The goat, so statue-like, so still,
That crowns its loftiest pinnacle,
And e'en the early bird of even,
That flits across the fading heaven,
Are mirrored back without a break
From the smooth surface of the lake.

The Christian, thus, with placid soul,
Calmed by Religion's mild control,
In whom the Spirit from above
Hath writ the truths of heavenly love,
Reflects them clearly in his life,
Still calm amid this world of strife.

But hark ! the rustling of the trees
Tells of the coming evening breeze.
Lo ! o'er the surface of the lake
The unchained winds their courses take ;
And, as in rising strength they sweep,
The waves awaken from their sleep. —
'T is gone ! that heaven within the deep !

Above, the stars of evening glow,
But not within the lake below ;
Its broken surface, rough and black,
Gives to the eye no image back.

'T is thus that wildly o'er the heart
At times the storms of passion start,

And, while they last, obliterate
 All vestige of a happier state.
 No longer shows the spirit forth
 Rich tokens of its heavenly birth,
 But, gloomy, fierce, and tempest-driven,
 Refuses to look up to heaven.

Grant, Heavenly Father! my request :
 May my soul be the lake at rest !
 And, if upon its bosom deep
 The storms of passion e'er should sweep,
 Then, gracious Father! may thy will
 Say to the tempest, " Peace, be still ! "



As home I wandered on that even,
 A truth — it seemed a truth from heaven —
 Breathed on my spirit ; thus it spake : —
 " Learn thou a lesson from the lake !
 None are so good, but o'er the soul
 At times the earth-born tempests roll ;
 None so depraved, but, if we look
 Into the heart's most sheltered nook,
 We there may some faint image trace
 Of heavenly truth and heavenly grace :
 As in the lake you still may find
 Some spot unruffled by the wind, —
 Some far-retiring, tree-girt cove,
 Reflecting still the heavens above."

THE EARTHQUAKE.



ALL day the clouds had hung
Gloomy and threatening in the far southeast ;
And hollow murmurs, like the distant crash
Of mountain billows on the rock-bound shore,
Came through the stagnant air, and waked a dread
And fearful boding in each listener.

The darkness spread ; the blessed sun was hid ;
Deep gloom pervaded all the firmament,
And all the earth, and every heart therein.
The solid globe seemed in its mortal throes ;
Deep, hollow rumblings passed beneath our feet ;
Earth shook and wavered like the unstable ocean.
Houses and churches toppled down, and men
Ran shrieking from their falling tenements ;
And the dark forest waved and nodded, like
The cornfield 'neath the wild autumnal blast ;
And lightnings flashed from the black mass above,
And ever and anon the deep-voiced thunder spake.
But still the air stirred not ; no rain-drops fell ;
And from the thirsty ground, when shaken by
The passing earthquake, rose huge clouds of dust.

But still the air moved not ; a calmness dread,
Portentous, did pervade the atmosphere,
Which, though itself was motionless, was filled
With screaming fowls of heaven on restless wings,
Who, as if conscious that some dread catastrophe
Impended o'er creation, swept and wheeled
In mazy circles, shrieking warningly,
But resting not their weary wings. Fear looked
From every countenance ; and parents then
Gathered their trembling offspring round and fled,
Seeking protection on the rock-based hills ;
While closer to her breast the mother clasped
Her helpless and unconscious babe, as if
There it were shielded from all harm.

But some fled not. Despair had struck
Their inmost hearts, and numbed all faculties,
All feelings except fear, which reigned triumphant.
There they sat, — while others, in whose breasts
Hope still burned with a feeble flame, rushed on,
In the vain thought of finding safety ; *where*
They knew not, but still on they fled, — on, on,
'Mid wail and shriek ; and at each rending crash
Of heaven's artillery, came forth a louder howl ;
And every quake, which shook Earth to her centre,
Prostrated thousands. O that piercing cry !
“ O God ! great God ! art thou a God of mercy ? ”
And the lightning's flash, and the thunder's crash,
And the earthquake's rumbling roar,
And, in the lull, the warning sound
From the distant ocean's shore,

Were the stern answers to their wild demand.
On, on, they rushed. — But, as I said, some fled not.
And now a dark thought seized them ; desperate,
They burst into the cellars, reckless all
Of rending earth and houses falling fast,
And rolled into the city's square huge casks,
And, gathering round, commenced their fearful revels,
And strove in the intoxicating bowl
To lose all sense of danger, while around
A vast bonfire they danced, and yelled, and howled
Like hell-born demons. And the deep draughts
worked
Within, until each mad, infuriate wretch,
Seizing his blazing brand, spread hell around,
Till the whole city roared and crackled fierce,
In fearful conflagration.

From afar,
The frightened denizens who fled looked back,
And deemed the last great day had come, when earth
Should melt with fervent heat, and heaven shrink up
And vanish like a scroll.

Amid these horrors, one calm scene there was.
A glorious company had gathered there,
In the broad field : none shrieked, none fled ;
But faith and hope beamed from each countenance :
Not earthly faith, not earthly hope ; for well
Knew they that death was nigh ;
But faith in God, hope in redeeming grace.
And if, when fiercer flashed the lightning forth,

When deeper rolled the thunder, or when shook
The quaking earth, as in its last death-throes,
Their cheeks grew pale, and fear seized on their
 hearts,
It was but for an instant ; gathering strength
In prayer, they cast it off, and still awaited,
With new serenity, God's hour.

'T was near the close of day, when from the west
The brazen clouds rolled up ; and, dim and faint,
The dying sun looked forth, as if to take
His last farewell of earth. All nature then,
As for this solemn interview, was hushed.
The earth quaked not, the lightning flashed no more,
And the last echoes of the thunder died.
The beasts, which all day long had run, and howled,
And rent the air with cries of terror, ceased.
The screaming birds quelled their discordant shrieks,
And settled down again on tree and bush,
To rest their wearied pinions. And again
The hearts of men beat free ; they *hoped* once more !
Yet, hardly daring to indulge their hopes,
They gazed in mute inquiry on each other.
Low bowed the Christian band, and, with bent knees,
Clasped hands, raised eyes, thanked God inaudibly.
E'en the inebriate crew stood still, in awe
At the impressive silence. Not a sound
Was heard, save the far voice of Ocean.

O God ! that shock ! — The solid earth had sunk
A hundred fathom 'neath the ocean's level !

Louder and louder came that distant roar.
The sea had burst its bounds! and inland rolled
On the devoted earth, devouringly,
Foaming and thundering on its rapid way.
Houses, and ships, and churches were submerged,
Or borne resistlessly upon the crest
Of the huge mountain billow that advanced,
With a deep front, a hundred fathom high,
In foam and mist, on its o'erwhelming course. —
Now recommenced the flight; and howl and shriek
Joined the deep bass of the advancing ocean
In horrid harmony! On, on it came!
High up in air its white and foamy crest
Gleamed fearfully distinct against the dark
Background of heaven.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY THE RINGING OF BELLS AND THE FIRING OF CANNON IN CELEBRATION OF THE CAPTURE OF VERA CRUZ.

Ho! Christians, rejoice, there is news of a fight, —
Rejoice for the victory of wrong over right.
Vera Cruz is in ruins, the battle is o'er, —
Babes, matrons, and maidens lie stiff in their gore.
'Mid the crashing of shot, and the bursting of bombs,
Dark Slavery triumphs, pale Freedom succumbs.
Ho! Christians, rejoice, this is Christian-like work!
Not the deed of the barbarous heathen or Turk.
Bid the merry bells ring and the loud cannon speak,
For the battle is won by the strong o'er the weak.
Ho! brothers, rejoice at the glorious news,
We are *Christians*, no doubt! *battering down Vera
Cruz!*

Rejoice, for in *this* worthy compeers have we, —
Pandemonium rings with demoniac glee;
The boom of the cannon, the clang of the bell,
Find a ready response in the echoes of hell!

But, hark! from the city a cry of despair;
The mangled, the murdered, the widowed, are there.

Heaven looks on the vanquished with pitying eyes,
The bosoms of angels respond to their sighs,
And their tears draw down answering tears from the
skies.

LIBERTY.

SCENE.—A town in South Carolina; drums beating, guns firing, colors flying. *Time*,—4th of July. A cottle of slaves seen in the distance; four sons of liberty on horseback, with long whips, acting as drivers.

TUNE.—“*I see them on their winding way.*”

I SEE them on their toilsome way,
Their faces wear no smiles to-day;
The white man's note of revelry
Blends with the captive's wailing cry,
And waving arms, and banners bright,
Are glancing in the noonday light;—
But not for them this jubilee;
Waves not for them the banner free;
And at the contrast, fainter still,
The sinking captives mount the hill.

Crack, crack the whip! — the cruel lash
Leaves on their shoulders many a gash;
Weeping and chained, along they drag,
Above them waves fair Freedom's flag,
And, from the crowded court-house near,
The white man's hymn of joy they hear.

Forth, forth, and meet them on their way,
Their bleeding feet brook no delay ;
Strike off their fetters, make them free,
Then raise your songs of liberty.

DEATH ON THE PALE HORSE.

(A PAINTING BY DUNLAP.)



Not thus, not thus, should Death be shown,
With fearful form and countenance,
With writhing serpent following on,
With hope-annihilating glance,
With all that's withering to the heart,
And all that's hideous to the eye,
With hands from which pale lightnings dart,
With all that tends to terrify ;

Not thus should Death, our kindest friend,
To mortal view be bodied forth, —
Death, in whose bosom is an end
For all the sin and woe of earth :
O, 't is a heathen custom, this,
From which all Christians should be weaned ;
The friend who ushers us to bliss
Should not be painted as a fiend.

Around God's throne in heaven above,
Death was the mildest of the throng,
His heart most filled with holy love,
In warmth and charity most strong ;

For angels differ in their frame
Like men, and not to all are given
A mind and heart in each the same ;
Thus all are not alike in heaven.

When God ordained man's destiny,
To Death the blessed task was given
Of setting careworn spirits free, —
Of ushering souls from earth to heaven :
As downward on this blest employ
He darted on his pinions bright,
How thrilled his heart with holy joy !
How beamed his countenance with light !

And ever since that blessed hour
Has Death watched o'er each child of clay,
As bends above her darling flower
A tender girl, from day to day ;
Till, when the long-sought bud appears,
Expanding to a lovely blossom,
She plucks it from its stem, and wears
The cherished flower upon her bosom.

Thus tenderly Death watches over
Each struggling spirit shrined in clay,
Till, at the mandate of Jehovah,
He bears the ripened soul away.
The bond, the free, the high, the low,
Alike are objects of his love ;
And though he severs hearts below,
He joins them evermore above.

I have a picture in my eye :—

A bowed-down captive drags his chain
Along his dungeon mournfully,

And writhes and groans in bitter pain ;
But suddenly the walls are burst,

There rushes in unwonted light ;
Dazzled and blind, he shrinks, at first,
From his deliverer, with affright.

And not until his prison-wall

Is left, although unwillingly, —
Not till his galling fetters fall,

And leave the long-bound prisoner free, —
And not until his quailing eye

Is strengthened, — can his gaze embrace
The look of calm benignity

That beams from his deliverer's face.

And this is Death ! O, paint him not

As yonder canvas shows him forth, —
Death, who removes us from a spot

So full of sin and woe as earth !

O, 't is a heathen custom, this,

From which all Christians should be weaned ;
The friend who ushers us to bliss !

Should not be painted as a fiend.

SAD HOURS.

THE cold winds of autumn are sighing around,
And the leaves sere and yellow lie strown o'er the
ground ;
By the eddyng blasts they are whirled through the
air,
And the tall trees that bore them are naked and bare.
Ah ! thus has a frost nipped the plans which I cher-
ished,
And desolate left me : my hopes have all perished !
Disappointment has tracked me, misfortune assailed ;
In vain I resisted, the storm has prevailed :
The present is misery, the future a void ;
O, the foliage of hope is for ever destroyed !

For ever? O, no ! to the heart, tree, and plain
A spring is approaching ; in verdure again
The tall oak shall be clad, and where chill winter
hovered,
With a carpet of green the brown heath shall be
covered.

Bethink thee, sad youth ! were thy hopes placed
aright ?

Didst thou rest on thy God ? Didst thou pray, day
and night,

For the strength which should bear thee in victory
through ?

In sickness and sorrow he still will be true.

Though friends should forsake, though misfortune
assail thee,

Trust humbly in God, — he never will fail thee :

In the hour of thy trial look upward to heaven,

Ask strength of thy Father, and strength shall be
given.

THE GRAVE.

[FROM THE ANGLO-SAXON.*]



ERE thou from mother camest forth,
 Into the broad world sent,
For thee was built a house of earth,
 For thee a mould was meant.
But 't is not ready-made for thee,
 Nor its depth measured,
Nor hath been seen by mortal een
 The length of that chill bed.
Thy future house I show to thee,
 Thy mansion dark and cold :
Thy measure first must taken be,
 And afterward the mould.

Not loftily thy house is built,
 With wall and ceiling high,
But when thou art therein, thou wilt
 Find but just room to lie.

* Versified from the literal translation of Longfellow, — *Voices of the Night*, p. 114.

The roof is low upon thy breast
Now freed from worldly care ;
So thou in mould shalt dwell full cold,
Dimly and darkly there.

That house is doorless, black within,
And Death doth thee detain,
For he the key hath turned on thee,
And there must thou remain :
Yes, though within that earth-house damp
'T is loathsome to reside,
Still must thou dwell in that chill cell,
And worms shall thee divide.

Thus in the dark grave laid away,
From loved ones separate,
Thou hast no friend to come or send,
In pity of thy fate,
And ope thy prison-door, and ask,
With look and accent kind,
If in thy cold, dark house of mould
Thou 'rt suited to thy mind :
No friend shall come to share thy home,
Or gaze once more on thee,
For in the tomb thou 'lt soon become
A loathsome sight to see.

AFFLICTION. — A FRAGMENT.



How prone are all to think
Their individual troubles greater far
Than those of others! and thus, link by link,
They forge the chains which bind them to the car
Of fell Despair; thus cloud the kindly star
Of Hope in darkness! — Is it well to bend
Beneath our sorrows thus? No! burst the bar,
And up to heaven our thoughts and wishes send;
Though ever with the strain some earthly note will
blend.

Who ever had his wish fulfilled on earth,
Who ever deeply drained the cup of joy,
And did not find some drawback to his mirth,
Some dregs at last, some balancing alloy,
To mingle with his gladness, and annoy
E'en while he would be happiest? — Is it wise
To be seduced thus, by such earthly toy,
From the strait path? No! let us upward rise
Above the earth, and place our hopes in Paradise.

There, and there only, can we hope to reap
In joy the fruit whose seed was sown in sadness ;
O, when misfortune causes us to weep,
Let not our sorrows goad us on to madness ;
But tune we then our harps to holy gladness ;
For by these fiery trials we are made
Fit candidates for heaven.

WEARY NOT.



As vapor, ever to the sky ascending,
Becomes condensed in rain, and, downward tending,
Rushes all madly to the earth again,
So strives the spirit, ever, to attain
The heaven of purity, — but strives in vain ;
For, vapor-like, when highest it is floating,
Some low-born passion, some weak earthly doating,
Checks its career, unnerves the spirit's pinion,
And re-subjects the soul to sin's dominion :
Failing, and fluttering, from its lofty height,
Down, down the spirit rushes into night !
Weak spirit ! — *weary not* ; again resume thy flight.
Who, that can soar, would dwell on earth for ever ?
Each trial strengthens ; and when death shall sever
Thy bonds, then shalt thou take a loftier flight,
Emerge from darkness into endless light,
Stretch thy freed pinions, soar from sun to sun,
And fold them not till heaven itself be won !

NIGHT.

A HYMN FOR THE AFFLICTED.



HATH thy spirit, sinking, pining,
Seen *earth's* sun of hope depart? —
Stars of *heavenly* hope are shining
On the midnight of thy heart!

Though diminutive, in seeming,
When compared with thy lost one,
Every star in heaven gleaming
Is as mighty as thy sun.

Erring one! short-sighted spirit!
Canst thou not this great truth see, —
All thy sun's transcendent merit
Was, that it was *near* to thee?

Ever thus the nearest pleasure
Veils the distant from the view:
See thou more correctly measure,
To eternal interests true.

What is space unto the spirit ?
Let not the material eye
Blind the soul's ! Strive to inherit
Hopes, though distant, that ne'er die.

Thank thy God, who doth the glowing
Sun of earthly hope withhold ;
Thereby to thy spirit showing
Heavenly hope a thousand-fold !

S O R R O W.



Doth the sullen surge of sorrow
O'er thy troubled spirit roll?
Is the prospect for to-morrow
Darker, stormier, for thy soul?

Whiter are the sands of ocean,
Beaten by the raging tide:
So by sorrow's sad emotion
Is the spirit purified.

THE SOUL'S DESTINY.

BEHOLD yon moon, slow lifting up her head
From out that smoky cloud ! How deeply red
Is her broad disk, as through the evening fog
She wends her way ! Those vapors seem to clog
Her footsteps, pointing to the upper heaven. —
But look ! that murky veil night's queen hath riven ;
The shadows from her face fast disappear ;
Paler, yet brighter, grows that lovely sphere,
Till in mid-heaven, unveiled, undimmed, she rides,
Transparent ether laving her bright sides.

Thus shall the soul of man, which on this earth
Is fettered to the soil and chained from birth,
Released from Death's kind hand, to heaven rise,
And, purged from sin, gleam bright above the skies.

WHAT SHALL I ASK IN PRAYER?



WHAT shall I ask in prayer? Have I not all
That fortune can bestow of earthly gifts, —
Health, riches, friends?

What shall I ask in prayer?
That God continue to pour out on me
Thus bountifully all earth's choicest blessings?
Shall I kneel down and pray that he will still
Preserve my health inviolate, sustain
In all its robust strength this wondrous frame?
That he will still pour wealth into my coffers,
Nor leave a single wish ungratified
Which luxury can prompt? Or shall I ask
That friends may yet be true, — that time may not
Estrange their hearts from me, nor death destroy?
Shall I pray thus? — No! — let me rather bend
In fearful, trembling meekness at the shrine: —
Father in heaven! O, give me strength to use
Aright those talents which in wisdom thou
Committedst to my care! I am thy steward;
And when the final day of reckoning comes,
May I then render in a good account!
I pray not that thou wouldst continue all

These earthly blessings ; for thou knowest what
 Is best for me. — Should sickness, sorrow, want,
 E'er come upon me, all I ask, O God !
 Is *resignation to thy holy will.*

What shall I ask in prayer ? — Misfortune sweeps
 Resistless over all my earthly hopes.
 Storm after storm has beat upon my head ;
 Broken and scattered to the winds the fabric
 Of all my worldly greatness. One by one
 My plans have failed ; and, striving to regain
 The ground which I had lost, and seat myself
 Again on Fortune's highest pinnacle,
 I have but overwhelmed myself the more,
 And made my fall the greater. — All is gone !
 Riches have fled, and deep, corroding care
 Has preyed upon my very life ; this frame,
 Erect in health and manly vigor once, —
 Which scarcely knew what illness was, — is bowed
 By sickness : tottering and feeble now
 The once elastic step. Pale is the cheek
 Which once did wear the ruddy glow of health ;
 And dim the eye which shone with joy and hope.
 One comfort only yet remains to me : —
 A gentle friend ; — true as in former days ;
 More kind and more affectionate than ever.
 She watches by my bed, and soothes my pain,
 And droops not, though my spirit sinks within me.
 Adversity 's thine element, O woman ! —
 What shall I ask in prayer ? Shall I send up

To heaven's gate complaining notes of woe,
 And supplicate Jehovah to give back
 The riches and the health of former days?
 Doth not the Lord know what is best for me?
 Father, above! I bow beneath the rod:
 Amid the desolation of my hopes,
 I ask but *resignation to thy will*.

What shall I ask in prayer? I have no friend!
 Misfortune robbed me of my wealth, and then
 I saw, alas! the ties which bound my *friends*
 To me were golden strings; they snapped in twain;
 My riches fled; and *friendship* was no more!
 Death snatched away my last, true, only friend.
 She died! and I am left alone to drag
 In misery the burden of my life along.
 Grim famine stares; and sickness eats into
 My very vitals, nor permits repose.
 Poor, friendless, sick,—I raise my thoughts to heaven.

What shall I ask in prayer? — Shall I besiege
 God's throne with lamentations? Shall I pray
 That he restore to me health, riches, friends?
 Then would my sorrows have been all in vain.
 Health makes us thoughtless that a time will come
 When "dust returns to dust"; and riches are
 Too prone to keep our thoughts from higher things;
 And friends do often fill the heart so wholly,
 That not one thought of God can gain admittance.
 "'T is good for me that I have been afflicted."

I thank thee, God! and should there be in store
Yet further trials, strengthen me, I pray,
And give me spiritual health, and let
My riches be laid up in heaven above!
My everlasting Friend, thou God of mercy!
In earthly troubles, Lord! I only ask
For *resignation to thy holy will.*

THE END.

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